

## In Havana

I sent a photocopy machine to Cuba. Only hesitantly did it disappear in its box on the conveyor belt behind the counter staff of the Air France counter in the direction to Paris. Of course, the box packed with great effort was opened again beforehand at the airport. Was that the mistake? Despite a large number of Air France stickers, the packaging now appeared makeshift.

In Havana, it took two hours to get it through customs. They were sent a notification of its arrival. Art. Havana Biennale. Did the customs officials break it? Or didn't it survive the journey? At any rate, it was clearly broken when I unpacked it. I spent hours looking at it. The copying carriage ran from left to right. The light was on and the paper infeed unit worked. The four toner cartridges were waiting to be used. But all that came out was grey paper. No matter what was copied, it was turned into grey paper. So there it stood in the library in the top storey of the scaffolding and made many who were there sad.

To copy the poem I had to stand in a long queue like everybody else leading to one of the few photocopiers in Havana. The poem explains the picture. The picture was a copy from the Museum of fine arts in Vienna, a detail of Breughel's Hunters in the Snow. I was reminded of Hunters in the Snow by a picture next to the poem that Cuba reminded me of.

You, beloved ...

You, beloved one,  
already lost in advance, who never had come,  
not do I know which sounds might be precious to you.  
No longer I try, with the upcoming's surge,  
to recognize you. All the huge images  
carried in me, the deeply-sensed far-away landscapes,  
cities and towers and bridges and un-  
suspected turns of the path,  
and those powerful lands once  
intertwined with the presence of gods:  
all ascend into meaning in me,  
of yours, who forever evades.

You, beloved, who are all  
the gardens I ever had been looking upon,  
full of promise. An open window  
in a country house -, and you almost stepped  
towards me, thoughtfully. Sidestreets I happened upon,-  
you just had been passing through them,  
and, in the small shops of sellers, sometimes, the mirrors  
were still dizzy with you and gave back, frightened,  
my too sudden form. - Who is to say if the same  
bird did not resound through us both  
yesterday, separate, in the evening?

Eres los jardines, that's what we in Barcelona write on postcards to our friends  
abroad. Beloved one, already lost in advance, who never had come – what was that

for me? The revolution. I would also have enjoyed sitting in the assembly and voting who will now continue to operate the municipal utility (that's from Lawrence from Arabia). That's how I travelled to Havana. Beloved one, already lost in advance, who never had come. The picture next to the poem was a photograph of my snow-covered backyard. So I thought: there is standstill. And I also thought about exile and rolled-up pictures in suitcases. Mobilia.

Breughel's picture is the first winter painting in art history. It is said that it was a protest against the occupation of the Netherlands by the Austrians. At the same time, it is so European: Desierto - frio, at least as seen from Cuba. Although it is day, the light is like moonlight. The background leads to white wastes. And behind them a horse with a sleigh full of people breaks into the ice. Everything went wrong.

Next to the picture it said:

En Havana  
es invierno  
todo esta helado, frio, nevado  
la situacion no se mueve  
los cazadores retornan de la caza  
no han atrapado nada  
una casa desierta a la izquierda  
alguien murio de peste  
la gente desinfecta la casa  
quemaran sus muebles  
el mar helado al fondo  
el caballo tirando una carroza ya extrariada  
sobre el hielo demasiado fino  
árboles como sombras  
el frio, no moverse

Breughel, Museo de bellas artes Viena para Cuba, Havana

In Havana:

goes like this:

Raymond Roussel writes a scene, possibly:

It is night. Inside. Rain pounds against the window panes of a salon. A man next to a desk. He is about to shoot himself.

And send that to a lithographer. And that is exactly what can be seen on the lithography. But what is exactly there are hundreds of different pictures.

So there would be a hundred different pictures to the text I am writing. Of which I brought a detail of a picture by Breughel to Cuba. A painting. Another interpretation, then, a picture containing only that which I was able to see. A picture of a picture.