



You can't imagine  
the number of  
people I had a  
strong relation  
with during the  
last six months.

And most of the time they weren't seeing me. I was inside them, with them, holding their hands, introduced into the gardens of their childhood, their rooms, beds, touching their first records when they were 16, remembering the flavors of a house, a classroom, fingers after love...

I haven't spoken in so long. I found it was easier to have intense experiences with people that way. When they don't know that you exist. They don't even know that you know them! It's much more simple don't you think?

The structure of a dream is created by your mind in 4 seconds. After that's done, it can go on all night long, and come back and visit every night, for eternity. Maybe with some changes, but the structure is the same. That's the amount of time we have to become close friends, or lovers.



I have intensely loved some people I saw for a few seconds or a few minutes. The ones I loved the most I met on trains, terminals, or airports. Places where you go from one point to another. Spaces that stay the same as they move.

We have this common point that we both wait when we meet, and it creates the coincidences. He or she has to meet my eyes, even briefly, and so it is. And during all the time we share the same space, I can't take my mind out of her.

The intensity of this encounter at Otter Lake, it moved me deeply. Without any contact, she showed me the spectacle of her inner universe.

With the same danger, the same duration, the same consciousness that exist in a normal relationship.

It is not just an impression, a simple projection during those moments. It's a penetrating intensity. Each one disrupts my life. I can think about someone I saw a few seconds for several days, or several weeks sometimes. The memory engulfs me.

Sometimes I changed the way I dress, my habits, and even my mannerisms. Once I changed my job after a week of love!

I was evolving through them, living with me, helping me to become a new person...

...

I spend all my time on subways and planes. Anyplace that moves.

I am addicted to those places.









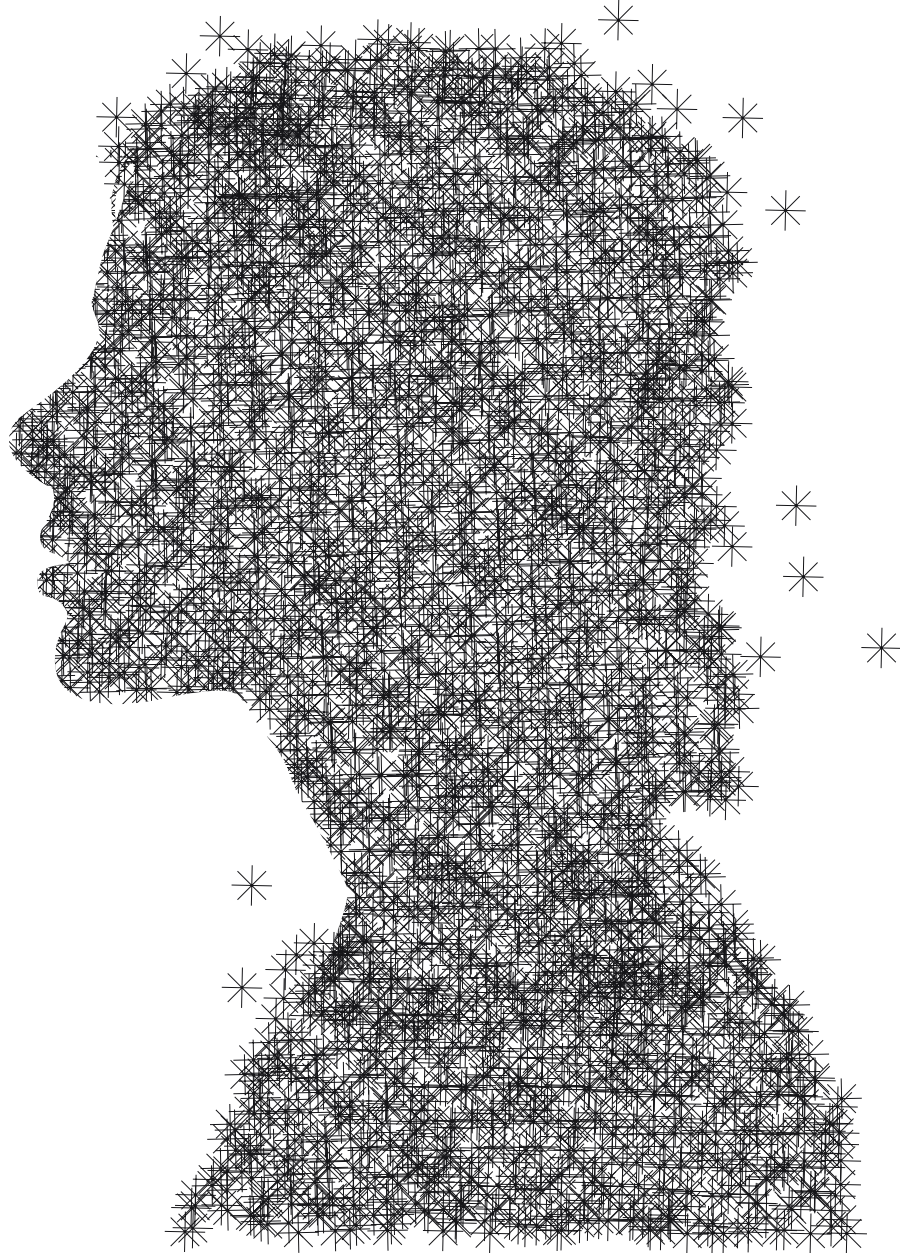


# The Spirit of Otter Lake

As told by Pepe Boucher







ui, oui, this be true I think me. In the Spanish days of Vincennes, there live here a most beautiful senorita whose name be Donna Mariana Gonzalez.

Her father is Don Samon Gonzalez, and he be very proud; too proud to want his daughter to marry young Duffee.

Ma foi, young people who live find way to be together, and with others they went to Otter Lake, to fish, to hunt and to boat ride. Mais one day her father give orders she be going to St. Genevieve, the Spanish settlement on the west bank of the Mississippi below Kaskaskia. Donna Mariana knew her father's word to be law and that when she be in St. Genevieve she must marry a rich old ugly Don who be very rich. He be her father's old frend. Ma foi, they say he be awful old and ugly.

No one be surprised when they not see Donna Gonzalez for days, because her father had told everyone that young Dufree see her no more till she be marry. Bien, one day some French be hunt and some be fish at Otter Lake, and they see a beautiful face float on the water. Beautiful in the distance, mais when it be fish out they see it be Donna Mariana the beautiful daughter of Samon Gonzalez.

For many years no French trap or fish around Otter Lake but they hear the moan of the drowning girl or a weird wail of a song she always sang when she be at the King's Ball. She sang, dance modouieuse — ah! I not tell how lovely she sang, and how beautiful she be. Her father wanted her to be queen, mais when she lay dead he knew she love, oui love hard, to throw herself in Otter Lake to escape the old man she love not. So many say they hear her dying cry go out to meet her lover as she struggle in the waters.

Ma foi, they make your hair stand up, when they been out at Otter Lake after dark and tell you what agony came in wails across the waters, and lights like two eyes travel with moans. Then if any be brave and try to catch the lights, they flicker here, there yonger, hither thither back of him, now before him, always beyond his reach. Then they be swallowed in the water, disappearing with an awful maddening groan. Mon, mon, I hear them not, for I go not to fish where a woman be drown.

I like not de taste of da fish nor de water when my mind recollect de ole story of Donna Mariana Gonzalez.









