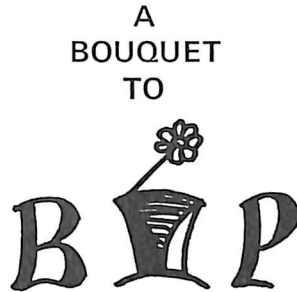


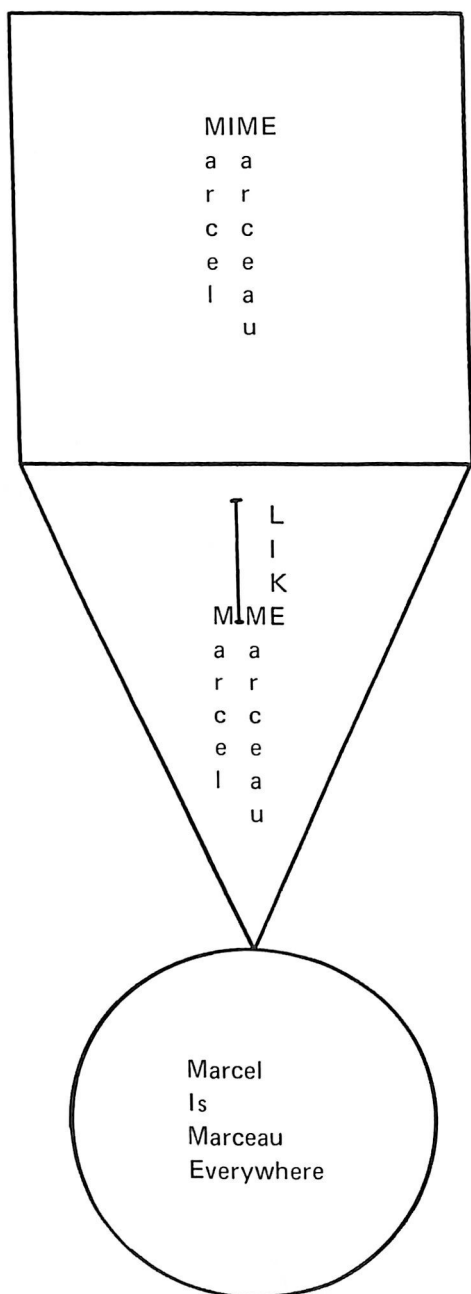
Robert Zend

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A tribute to Marcel Marceau

93







Art History

to the Epoch Maker

After a long, mimeless time
Marceau came, the timeless mime.

A Ditto Poem

to One With Whom I Cannot Speak in French

M a r c e l M a r c e a u
m ' a e m u

("Marcel Marceau m'a emu" — "Marcel Marceau has moved me")

The Time of Our Life

97

to the Poet of Youth, Maturity, Old Age and Death

[illegible]

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TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
SSSSSSSSSSSSDDDDDDDDDAAAAAAYYY
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WWWWWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEDDDDDDDDDNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEE
SSSSDDDDAAAY

TTTTTTHHHHHHHUUUUURRRRRSSSSDDDAAY

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
<p>10:00 AM - 11:00 AM</p> <p>11:00 AM - 12:00 PM</p> <p>12:00 PM - 1:00 PM</p> <p>1:00 PM - 2:00 PM</p> <p>2:00 PM - 3:00 PM</p> <p>3:00 PM - 4:00 PM</p> <p>4:00 PM - 5:00 PM</p> <p>5:00 PM - 6:00 PM</p> <p>6:00 PM - 7:00 PM</p> <p>7:00 PM - 8:00 PM</p> <p>8:00 PM - 9:00 PM</p> <p>9:00 PM - 10:00 PM</p> <p>10:00 PM - 11:00 PM</p> <p>11:00 PM - 12:00 AM</p>	<p>10:00 AM - 11:00 AM</p> <p>11:00 AM - 12:00 PM</p> <p>12:00 PM - 1:00 PM</p> <p>1:00 PM - 2:00 PM</p> <p>2:00 PM - 3:00 PM</p> <p>3:00 PM - 4:00 PM</p> <p>4:00 PM - 5:00 PM</p> <p>5:00 PM - 6:00 PM</p> <p>6:00 PM - 7:00 PM</p> <p>7:00 PM - 8:00 PM</p> <p>8:00 PM - 9:00 PM</p> <p>9:00 PM - 10:00 PM</p> <p>10:00 PM - 11:00 PM</p> <p>11:00 PM - 12:00 AM</p>	<p>10:00 AM - 11:00 AM</p> <p>11:00 AM - 12:00 PM</p> <p>12:00 PM - 1:00 PM</p> <p>1:00 PM - 2:00 PM</p> <p>2:00 PM - 3:00 PM</p> <p>3:00 PM - 4:00 PM</p> <p>4:00 PM - 5:00 PM</p> <p>5:00 PM - 6:00 PM</p> <p>6:00 PM - 7:00 PM</p> <p>7:00 PM - 8:00 PM</p> <p>8:00 PM - 9:00 PM</p> <p>9:00 PM - 10:00 PM</p> <p>10:00 PM - 11:00 PM</p> <p>11:00 PM - 12:00 AM</p>

SATURDAY SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

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mondaywednesdayfridaysundaytuesdaythursdaysaturdaymonday

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[illegible]

My Silent Friend

to the Creator of Bip

98

I imagined meeting Bip many times and, since he is a figment of someone's imagination, our imagined meetings were always quite successful. I knew that a real meeting would be a failure, for it would take away the essence of his character if he were to be deprived of his having-been-dreamt state of existence. The other possibility, of course, would be to deprive myself of real flesh-and-blood life and become an image seen by someone else. It is not in my power to do so. Since we live on two different planes, we can never really meet, only fantasize about the other plane, the other's plane. So we have two possibilities of meeting, both of them ethereal, leaving in the other no pain, no pleasure, no effect, not even remembrances. The third one, meeting on the cross-line of the two planes, is highly unlikely since no such cross-line has been discovered. My reality is as unreal for him as his reality is for me.

The way I imagine our meetings is somewhat romantic. Once it took place in a West-European harbor, on a shipyard, and Bip was a sailor coming with light steps toward me, waving from a distance, with a friendly smile. We sat down on the steps, gazed at the gray waves beneath, then I opened a little bag, offered him bread and bacon (perhaps onion too); he accepted it with a gracious gesture and we ate. Finished, he had to go and I let him go, both knowing we would meet somewhere again. Another time I met him in Florence. He was a bum in the clothes of a knight waiting for the "Nymph Pursued by a Satyr", but she didn't come and he was sad. I sat down beside him, patted his shoulders with sorrow and he knew that I understood him. We met a hundred other times, in lanes, in marketplaces, in small cafes and in big cities, wherever chance brought us together in our wanderings on the curving surface of this globe.

We never talk to each other, we don't need to. He knows that I am a good man and that I love him, and I know the same about him. In our hearts we forgive the world which tests our reactions and actions, cruelly and repeatedly. Our results are not too brilliant, I must confess. But, however clumsy or awkward our adjustments, in the end, somehow, *we* are victorious against the Smart and the Elegant and the Handsome and the Uninhibited. Why. . .? perhaps because deep down, our souls are pure and our minds have peace and when alone, after our noisy and frustrating adventures, nothing else matters. Our solitude becomes a violin, singing secret lullabies.

Beside our meetings, I often think about him for split, fragmentary seconds on various, unpredictable occasions and without any definite

reason. Once a child helped a blind man across a street in New York; suddenly I saw Bip's face emerging with a happy nod, then vanish. Another time, a Toronto-friend of mine — while concentrating on his next sentence — spilled orange juice on my poem; I opened my mouth to rebuke him, but behind his head Bip's face rose with a grimace which said: "This is like you or me, isn't it?" and I shut up. In a gym-class, a weak bookworm hung helplessly from a trapeze while daydreaming that one day he'd become an athlete who in a circus — while riding a bicycle on a rope — would lecture the audience on Newton's Principia. Bip appeared for a second in that classroom and in the far-away look of his eyes I saw memories of his own childhood. A few days ago, he popped up for a second in the office of a high official whose impressive desk and solemn manners had paralysed me. Bip just winked and I suddenly realised that the man behind the desk was ridiculous rather than solemn and the whole affair wasn't important at all, because whether or not I succeeded, afterwards I would go home where I am alone and happy. As I regained my composure, the high official lost his, and stammering, granted me all the things he had been objecting to, without my uttering a word. Sometimes Bip also incarnates himself as my joy after the last stroke of a beautiful poem I've just written: he jumps onto my desk and dances his pirouettes happily as if he were my heart. I said before that he never talks, yet his appearances are not soundless: strangely, whenever I see him, I also hear music, sometimes Mozart, sometimes a lonely fiddle, sometimes electronic vibrations — perhaps his mother-tongue is music.

Regarding my image in Bip. . .there is no certainty. Afterall, he isn't my creation. If he prays at all, he prays to Marceau who created him in his own image. His universe is Marceau's mind. Again, I can only imagine how he imagines me and I have no other way to do it, but by projection. I do not think that a God alone rules over matters of this complex existence. There must be an office where planetary gods report to solar gods who report to galactic gods who report to cosmic gods. Beyond this cosmos emptiness stretches like fields between two villages while driving on the highway; no space and no time for about an infinity: and then another cosmos starts with different — for us unimaginable — laws. Nothing wills me to pray to the supergod of another cosmos, but I will try to imagine him and his worlds and the laws he declared for his worlds. And that is how I think Bip thinks about me.

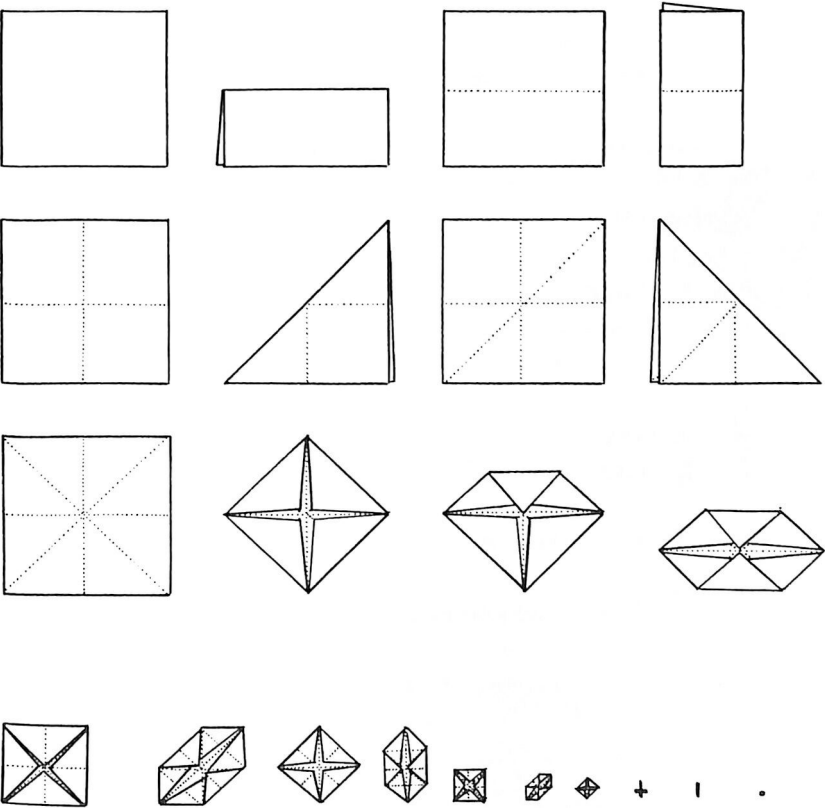
Bip*to Bip*

Bip never said a sentence
Bip never uttered a word
Bip talks his language of silence
Bip has created a world

A handwritten signature in black ink. The letters 'WAS' are written in a cursive, flowing style. Above the 'S' is a large, decorative flourish that loops back down towards the 'A'.

Origami Diagram

to the Humorist of The Sculptor



Garden

to the Seer of The Creation of The World

In the beginning was One

One split into two trees
the first tree was called Herenow
the second tree wasn't called

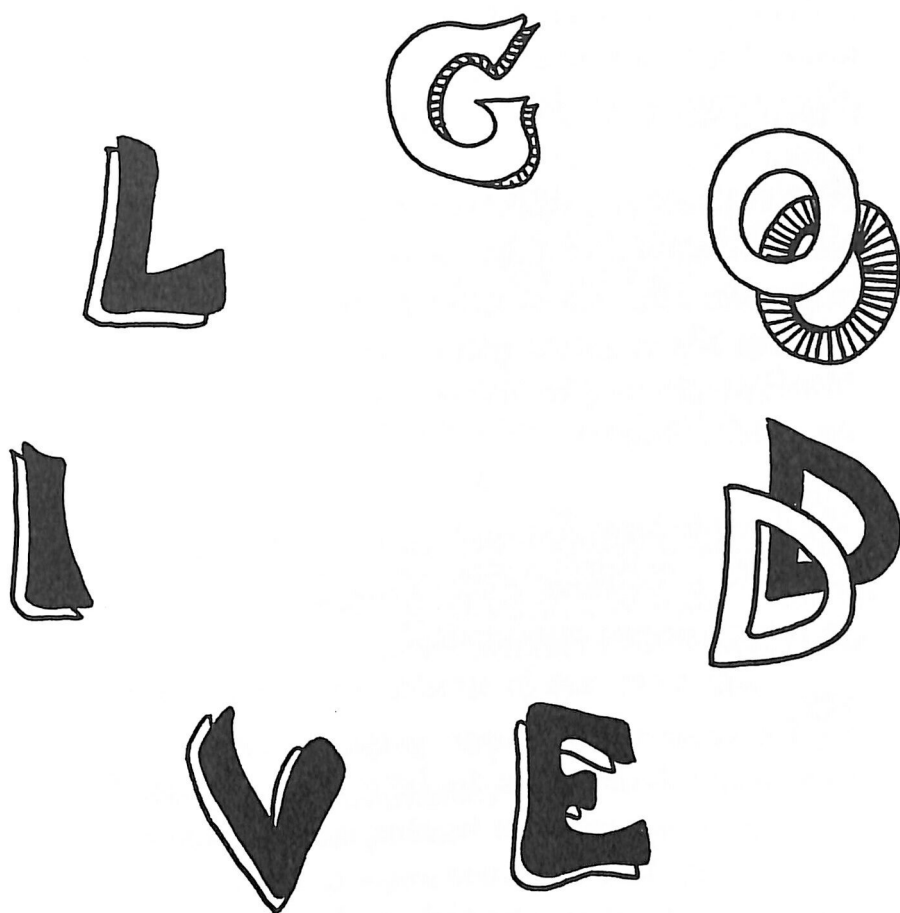
Herenow created Adameve
Adameve devoured Herenow
and split into Adam and Eve
Adam kept Now
and called it Snake
Eve kept Here
and called it Apple

Adam gave Now to Eve
and Eve devoured the Snake
Eve gave Here to Adam
and Adam devoured the Apple

Adam became Here
Eve became Now
and they split into Cain and Abel
and Cain devoured Abel
and became us

And we
here
now
struggle towards the other tree
which is still in the beginning

to the Creator of The Hands



Jeu d'échec

Nos foyers et ateliers, nos cités et champs, nos terres et rivières réduits à des carrés noirs et blancs. Notre sphère à un plan.

Nos pensées et paroles, nos volontés et rapports, nos personnalités et faits symbolisés par des pièces inertes. Nos alliances et rivalités par un contraste de couleurs. Nos inégalités par des variations de formes. Nos intrigues par des mouvements. Nos actions par des gestes silencieux.

Leur libre arbitre tient en nos mains géantes qui planent au-dessus d'elles. Leur prédestination en notre humeur capricieuse.

Elles commencent chaque partie au complet et tout armées. Décimées par les luttes elles sont enfin paralysées. Une partie se termine, mais une autre viendra, telle la résurrection après la mort. Variations infinies sur une règle de base.

Un monde de pantomime

Chess

Our homes and offices, our cities and country-sides,
our lands and waters reduced into black and white
squares. Our round globe into a flat board.

Our thoughts and words, our intentions and communi-
cations, our personalities and actions stylized into rigid
figures. Our alliances and hostilities into contrasting
colours. Our differences into forms. Our plots into
steps. Our behaviour into silent gestures.

Their free will is our giant hands above them.
Their predestination our capricious moods.

They start each game with full numbers and in
full armament. Through struggles they decrease
and finally become paralyzed. One game ends, but
a new game will start again, like rebirth after
death. Infinite variations of one basic law.

A world of pantomime.

He was passionately curious about his empire, but the walls of his palace separated them. He wanted to talk to his people, to know them, to touch them, but his position locked him into a rigid role. He wanted to live a thousand lives and experience the sensation of being someone else, but he was forced to be one person, the ruler of his nation in war and peace. But one evening he dressed in the dirty robes of a street-musician, and leaving the palace through a secret door, mingled with his subjects and found out more about their lives that night than he had during decades of issuing decrees about them. This night changed his life entirely and he became addicted to its delights. From then on he led a double-life: in the daytime he was the powerful khalif, leader and judge; at night he was the man of the street — now the peasant, now the soldier, now the beggar — depending on his mood. During the days he was one; during the nights, many. Others *dreamt* their desires from dusk to dawn, he *lived* them. And as it came to pass, one night he met Zoraida, the gypsy beauty and he forgot about Harun al Rashid, his real self, because, drunk with love, it seemed to him that his daily life was just a role he played, and the mask of the comedian that loved Zoraida, his real self. When, after weeks, he returned to the palace, the guards didn't recognise him and threw him out, for in the meantime his ambitious heir, Ahmed had been crowned. They even buried Harun al Rashid (that is, a corpse they found somewhere and identified as his) so the once-king had to accept his comedian-mask with the dirty robe, and go on living as Zoraida's lover even after love had gone, not mentioning who he really was, for no one would have ever believed him. His only choice was to live in misery and die in anonymity.

This character of Harun al Rashid was conceived and written as a short story by the greatest genius of Hungarian literature, Frederic Karinty, poet, writer, utopist, philosopher and mystic, considered by his contemporaries a mere humorist, which among other things he really was. But rotating the prism of his art, humor changed into tragedy, then into encyclopaedic wisdom, then into religion, for humour was only one facet of that prism. But his age categorised him as a jester and forced him to make his living as one, till the end of his days: his clown-mask stuck on his face and each tear rolling down his cheeks provoked harsh laughter from a cruel public.

I loved this man and regarded him as my spiritual father. I knew him when he was alive, and I suffered seeing him so misunderstood. I knew that time would bring salvation to his name, when he would no longer

be around in the flesh. And indeed, today I see the change of climate: the recognition of his true genius grows day by day.

When Marcel Marceau's Maskmaker sobs inside, under the comic mask, everyone else in the audience bursts into laughter, but me. My tears invariably run down my face, for on another stage, invisible inside my brain, the double-image of Marceau and his Maskmaker fuses with the double-figure of my master and his self-symbol, Harun al Rashid, as they desperately try to tear the mask of the ridicule off their faces. And when after years of calvary (Marceau condenses them into minutes) the Maskmaker finally succeeds in slowly pulling off the laughing mask, the bronze, majestic face which is liberated from under it does not give me the feeling of relieved freedom as it does to others. While the bitter-sweet melody of long-forgotten beginnings fades in again, the old face which reappears from under the mask is a new face, not subjected any longer to either sobbing or laughing: it is the face of a man long dead, a face not made of flesh, for it is the eternal face of its own statue, unfeeling and unchanging, the way posterity keeps it immortal.

Nomograph

to a Friend with Whom I Like Doodling Together



Spheroid Poem

to All Men in Marceau

I wrote a letter
put it in an envelope
stuck a stamp on it,
mailed it that night,
received it the next morning,
opened it excitedly,
read every last word
and didn't quite understand it.

I dialed my number,
the telephone rang,
I picked up the receiver,
and talked to myself,
we had an argument.
I put on my tie
and paid a visit
to myself,
we had a good time together.

After I knew myself
a little,
I felt the need of a real friend —
once, accidentally, I came upon
me,
it was an unforgettable experience
to educate myself
and to be educated,
and this friendship grew,
winters or summers,
we philosophized together
we were inseparable,
my self and I.

I was lonely,
so I got married
to myself,
I desired myself,
myself desired I,
I loved myself,
myself loved I,
so we lived together a long time.

I gave birth to myself
and we loved one another:
I loved my child,
I loved my father,
I clearly remembered
what I was like
when I was my father
and I decided
that I will do better
when I am my child,
and that's how it is.

I, a nobody,
landed a job
with myself,
a somebody —
and I loathed myself
because I was
so unlike myself —
what else could I do,
I, a somebody,
turned over my fortune
to myself,
and I, a nobody,
took my fortune
from myself —
I, a nobody,

grew rich,
I, a somebody,
grew poor,
so I loathed myself as before.

I sometimes met
myself on the street
and punched myself on the nose —
and I was mad at myself
for I wasn't even sorry for myself —
sometimes I stayed home
and penned poems
for myself
which every hundred years or so
I will reread
and either like them
or dislike them.

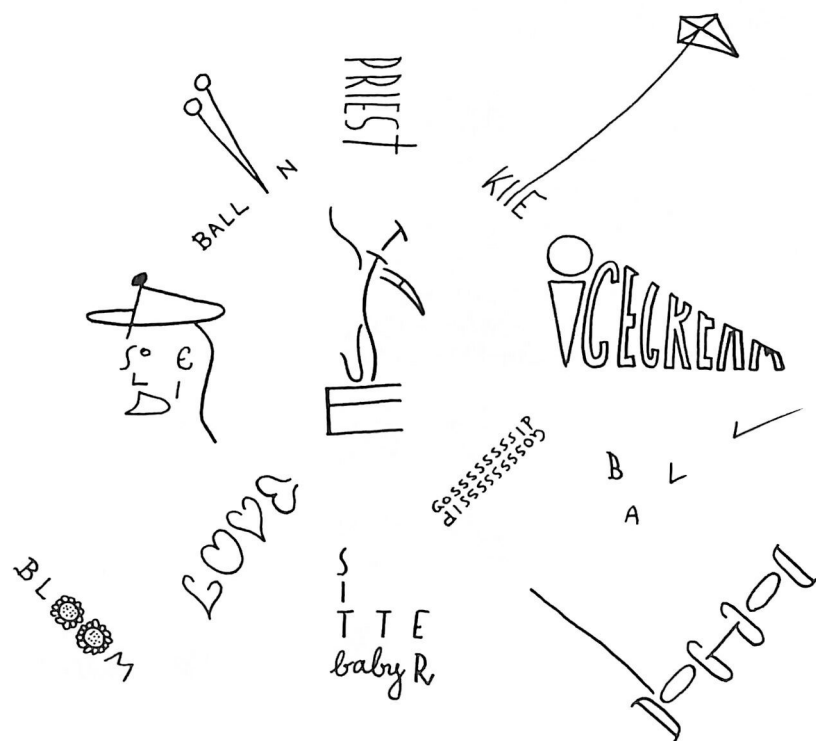
I was often dissatisfied
and rebelled against myself —
I declared war
and in one bloody battle after another
I wiped myself out —
through boring years of peace,
however,
I thought triumphantly about
my losing the war,
so I thought revengefully about
my winning the war,
so I thought triumphantly about . . .
and so on.

Sometimes I,
a frail speck of dust,
prayed piously
to myself,

the infinite god,
and I begged myself to hear
me out,
and my prayer was carried to my throne
and I smiled benevolently
upon myself
and forgave myself
all my sins.

I finally died
and instantly rose from the dead
and shouted to myself
in great anger:
"Is there no escaping you,
not even in the after-life?
Must you follow me even unto death? "
The whole thing practically
started all over again
from the beginning,
but luckily I
God
rebuked me
who was quarreling with myself:
"Please let me rest
on the seventh day! "
then, when I had rested,
we all fell sound asleep
and couldn't even hear ourselves snoring.

to the Creator of The Public Garden



The Universalist

to the Style Pantomimist Who Can Tell Years in Minutes

First he was dreaming about writing the history of the world in ten volumes. But it was impossible to know everything about all the peoples in all times.

Thus he decided to write a trilogy about three consecutive generations of a family. But he realized that the research only would take more than his life-time if he wanted to present a true picture.

Then he wanted to write a play about an interesting conflict. But he became frustrated as he tried to organize disheveled life into rigid stage-structures.

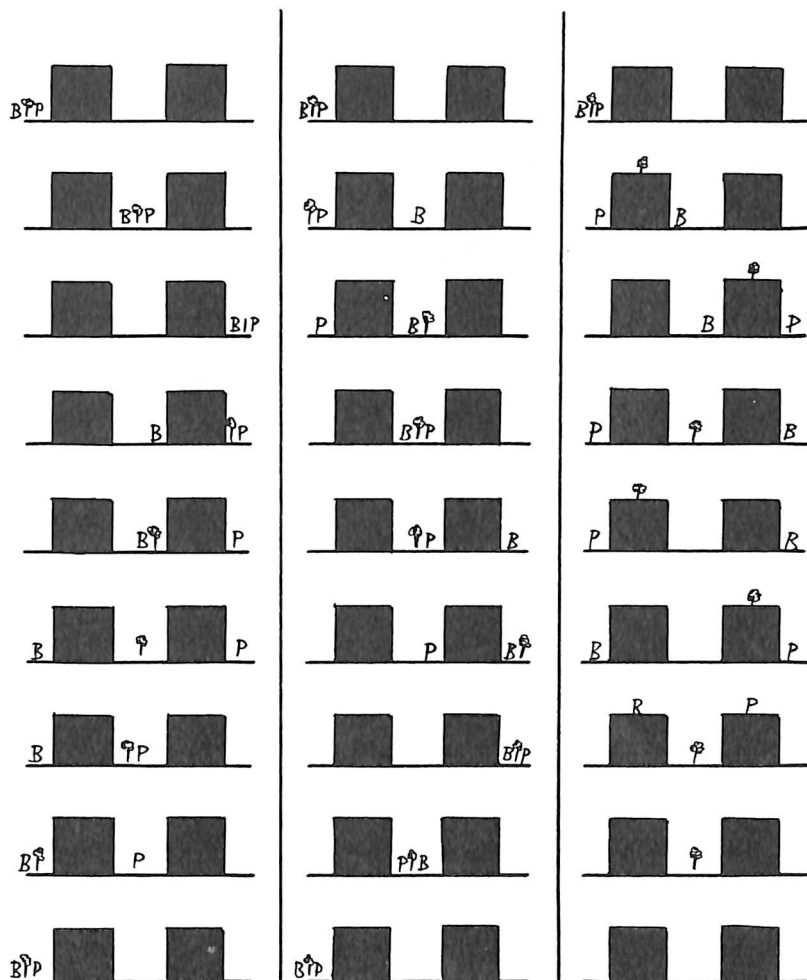
So he reconciled himself into writing one short story about one character. But, alas, the paper-character was as flat as the paper compared to the character he intended to project.

Nothing else seemed possible but to record one of his moods in a short lyrical poem. Yet, a poem seemed to him a fragment, for his mood rooted back into his childhood, into his family, into the culture which bore him, into the whole history of mankind.

Finally — after decades of not writing at all — when he was very, very old — one evening — after careful consideration — he took a clean sheet of paper and immersed his pen in the ink, and — as if he had just finished the magnificent life-work he had started dreaming about when he was very young — he dropped a tiny, little dot of ink onto the paper, and was satisfied and happy, because he knew that the little dot contained hundreds of billions of universes in it, complete with galaxies, and within the galaxies solar systems, and within the solar systems swarming life on each of the infinite number of planets contained in them. He was a god after the creation. No longer afraid of death.

to the Illusionist who Created Bip The Illusionist

H
H C
B I P
P



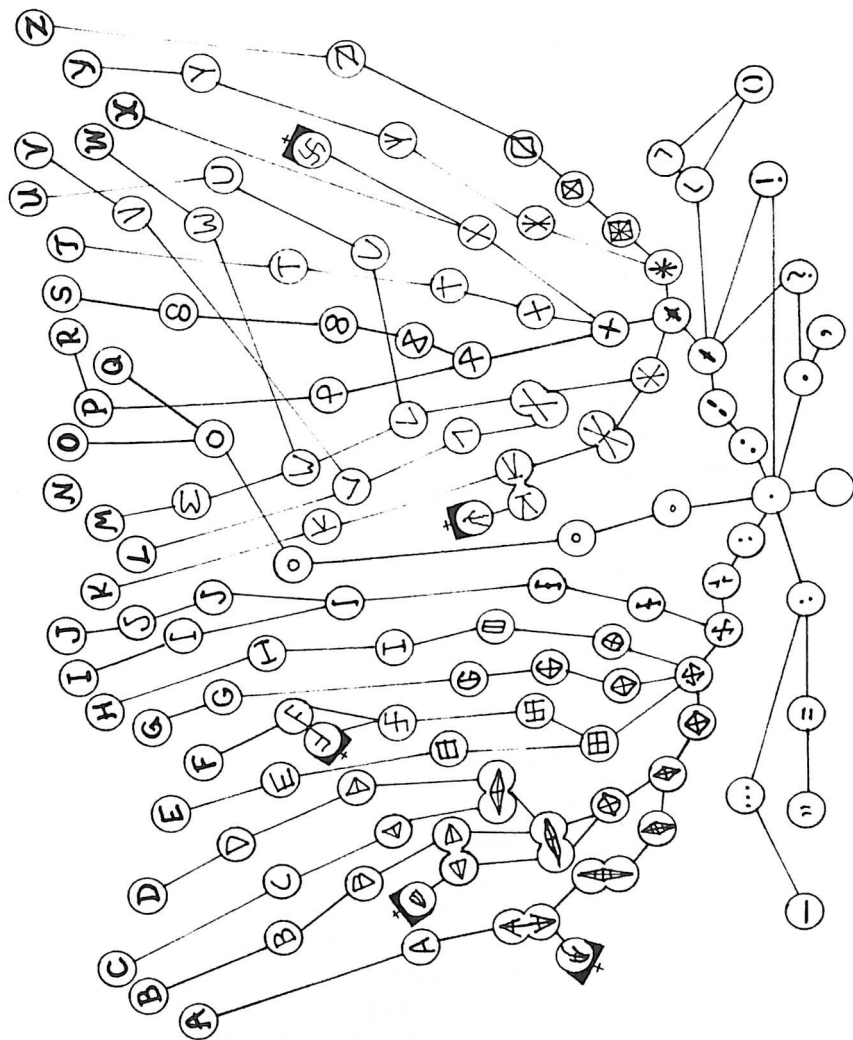
Shift*to the Contemporary*

One century from today
we will be antique
Two centuries
we will be archaic
Five centuries
we will be Dark Ages
Ten centuries
we will be Ancient History
Two millenia
we will be Prehistoric Times
Five millenia
we won't be remembered
Ten millenia
there won't be ~~who'd~~ ^{anyone to} remember
We live long ago

The Family Tree of the Alphabet

to the Author of *Marcel Marceau Alphabet Book*

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The Gallery

to the Creator of The Dream

I was a gallery owner. The paintings filled the walls. I owned a beautiful gallery. My paintings filled its walls.

Each painting was different from the rest. Each had a different theme. There were no two paintings alike. Each had a different style. Each had different colors. Each had different shapes. Each painting different from the rest. I painted all of them.

The frames were also different. Gold and silver and black. Old-fashioned, modern, with glass or without. Their frames were different too.

I was a gallery owner. My paintings filled the walls. I could enter them when I wanted. I could return when I wanted. I spent lots of time in my paintings. As much time as I wanted.

I stepped on the frame of a sea scape. Towering waves began to roar. My feet got wet as I stood there. Wind blew into my face. I took a swim near to the sea shore. Then I lay on the sand and looked around. It was a Robinson's island. In the distance big steam-boats appeared. I was waving to them. Sent smoke-signals to them. But they just passed by, not noticing me. So I stepped on the frame. The noise calmed down I returned to the gallery's floor.

I was a gallery owner. Each painting was a different land. I entered all my paintings. Every day a different land.

Another day I entered a country fair. A girl took my hand at once. We joined the square-dance and drank lots of wine. After sunset we walked on the streets of the village. The church bell rang. The crickets chirped. We made love in the bushes. It was a long night. I returned to the gallery the next day.

I was a gallery owner. Each painting was a different life. I could enter them when I wanted. I could return when I wanted. I painted all the paintings. My lives filled the gallery's walls.

Not long ago I entered
a picture. Painted in abstract
style. Its theme...struggling with
the storm? Or black trees bent by the winds?
Or coffins flying in the night? Or cursed, insane
cripples murdering each other? Or the rape of a goddess?
Or the anatomy of a scream? . . . Not long ago I entered this painting. I couldn't figure out its meaning. I spent some time in its labyrinths. Then I wanted to return to my gallery. So I looked for the frame. But there was no frame. I ran back and forth. Its depth had no bottom. I ordered silence. The hubbub hasn't stopped. I tried to look out. I saw nothing outside. I tried to break out. The space had no walls. . . Wild, obscure creatures gathered around me. Or maybe just the shadows of the night? I told them who I was. The mob jeered at me. Or was it just the rattling of stars? I screamed who I was. I cried who I was. I groaned who I was. I gasped who I was:

"I am a gallery owner! I own a gallery! Its walls are filled with my paintings! Each painting is a life! I own the whole wide gallery! You are just one of my lives! You are just one of the paintings! One of the hundred millions! Outside the gallery there is nothing! Inside the gallery there is no one but me! My gallery is everything! I am everybody! You aren't more than just one of the paintings on one of the walls in one of the rooms on one of the floors of my huge gallery! Outside which there is absolutely nothing! Inside which there is no one but me! "

This is how I scream, how I cry, how I groan, how I gasp to the shapes and the colors. . . or creatures? But the mocking and jeering and scoffing does not stop. . . or the chaos is whirling? I run for the frame, but the space in this painting has no bottom, no top, its depth is infinite. . . And I am turning into a color, a shape, a cripple, a shadow, a wound, a blood-drop, a tree, a coffin. . . into a scream. I am turning into a rattling chaos, I can't even figure out into what. . .

I am a gallery owner. . . Give it back to me. . . at once! I can't find the frame, but today or tomorrow. . . today or tomorrow. . . today or tomorrow. . . tomorrow. . . tomorrow. . . tomorrow. . .

Nib*to the Creature/Creator*

My poem is finished now —
but looking at the sky I see
a giant pen still writing me

THIS DRAWING, POEM, AND ZEND DURING AND AFTER

Marcel Marceau (Bip)

Since Bip is silent, this is how he would react after accepting this bouquet:

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. . . but if he could speak, this is what he would say:

A magician
touched me
with a wand
(his pen)

Instantly
I disappeared
from the noisy stage
where I was mute

and reappeared
on silent pages
where I began
to speak

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Bip During Zend



...And After Zend

