

1. <https://www.perfumethescent.com/Article/Detail/375>

"All the inhabitants are made to leave; in each room 'the furniture and goods' are raised from the ground or suspended from the air; perfume is poured around the room; after carefully sealing the windows, doors and even the keyholes with wax, the perfume is set alight. Finally, the entire house is closed while the perfume is consumed"

2. <https://giove.isti.cnr.it/demo/eread/Libri/sad/LoveInTheTimeOfCholera.pdf>

Pages: 221, 222; 224 225.

"And speaking hypothetically," he said, "would it be possible to make a trip without stopping, without cargo or passengers, without coming into any port, without anything?"

The Captain said that it was possible, but only hypothetically. The R.C.C. had business commitments that Florentino Ariza was more familiar with than he was, it had contracts for cargo, passengers, mail, and a great deal more, and most of them were unbreakable. The only thing that would allow them to bypass all that was a case of cholera on board. The ship would be quarantined, it would hoist the yellow flag and sail in a state of emergency. Captain Samaritano had needed to do just that on several occasions because of the many cases of cholera along the river, although later the health authorities had obliged the doctors to sign death certificates that called the cases common dysentery. Besides, many times in the history of the river the yellow plague flag had been flown in order to evade taxes, or to avoid picking up an undesirable passenger, or to elude inopportune inspections. Florentino Ariza reached for Fermina Daza's hand under the table.

"Well, then," he said, "let's do that."

The Captain was taken by surprise, but then, with the instinct of an old fox, he saw everything clearly.

"I command on this ship, but you command us," he said. "So if you are serious, give me the order in writing and we will leave right now."

.....

When there was nothing left to eat on the plates, the Captain wiped his lips with a corner of the tablecloth and broke into indecent slang that ended once and for all the reputation for fine speech enjoyed by the riverboat captains. For he was not speaking to them or to anyone else, but was trying instead to come to terms with his own rage. His conclusion, after a string of barbaric curses, was that he could find no way out of the mess he had gotten into with the cholera flag. Florentino Ariza listened to him without blinking. Then he looked through the

windows at the complete circle of the quadrant on the mariner's compass, the clear horizon, the December sky without a single cloud, the waters that could be navigated forever, and he said:

"Let us keep going, going, going, back to La Dorada."

Fermina Daza shuddered because she recognized his former voice, illuminated by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and she looked at the Captain: he was their destiny. But the Captain did not see her because he was stupefied by Florentino Ariza's tremendous powers of inspiration.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"From the moment I was born," said Florentino Ariza, "I have never said anything I did not mean."

The Captain looked at Fermina Daza and saw on her eyelashes the first glimmer of wintry frost. Then he looked at Florentino Ariza, his invincible power, his intrepid love, and he was overwhelmed by the belated suspicion that it is life, more than death, that has no limits.

"And how long do you think we can keep up this goddamn coming and going?" he asked.

Florentino Ariza had kept his answer ready for fifty-three years, seven months, and eleven days and nights.

"Forever," he said.

Last scene of the movie based on this novel.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lv_VgnkL70s&t=10s

Last scene from the movie "Love in the Time of Cholera" based on Gabriel García Márquez novel.

3. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saturnalia>

Unlike several Roman religious festivals which were particular to cult sites in the city, the prolonged seasonal celebration of Saturnalia at home could be held anywhere in the Empire.^[102] Saturnalia continued as a secular celebration long after it was removed from the official calendar.^[103] As William Warde Fowler notes: "[Saturnalia] has left its traces and found its parallels in great numbers of medieval and modern customs, occurring about the time of the winter solstice."^[104]

The actual date of Jesus's birth is unknown,^{[105][106]} A spurious correspondence between Cyril of Jerusalem and Pope Julius I (337–352), quoted by John of Nikiu in the 9th century, is sometimes given as a source for a claim that, in the fourth century AD, Pope Julius I formalized that the nativity of Christ should be celebrated on 25 December,^{[107][108]} Some speculate that this is around the same time as the Saturnalia celebrations.^{[105][109]}, and that part of the reason why he chose this date may have been because he was trying to create a Christian alternative to Saturnalia.^[105] Another reason for the decision may have been because, in 274 AD, the Roman emperor Aurelian had declared 25 December the birthdate of Sol Invictus^[106] and Julius I may have thought that he

could attract more converts to Christianity by allowing them to continue to celebrate on the same day.^[106] He may have also been influenced by the idea that Jesus had died on the anniversary of his conception;^[106] because Jesus died during Passover and, in the third century AD, Passover was celebrated on 25 March,^[106] he may have assumed that Jesus's birthday must have come nine months later, on 25 December.^[106] But in fact the correspondence is spurious.^[110]



The King Drinks (between 1634 and 1640) by [David Teniers the Younger](#), showing a [Twelfth Night](#) celebration with a "[Lord of Misrule](#)"

As a result of the close proximity of dates, many Christians in western Europe continued to celebrate traditional Saturnalia customs in association with Christmas and the surrounding holidays.^{[105][111][14]} Like Saturnalia, Christmas during the [Middle Ages](#) was a time of ruckus, drinking, gambling, and overeating.^[14] The tradition of the *Saturnalicus princeps* was particularly influential.^{[111][14]} In medieval France and Switzerland, a boy would be elected "[bishop for a day](#)" on 28 December (the [Feast of the Holy Innocents](#))^{[111][14]} and would issue decrees much like the *Saturnalicus princeps*.^{[111][14]} The boy bishop's tenure ended during the evening [vespers](#).^[112] This custom was common across western Europe, but varied considerably by region;^[112] in some places, the boy bishop's orders could become quite rowdy and unrestrained,^[112] but, in others, his power was only ceremonial.^[112] In some parts of France, during the boy bishop's tenure, the actual clergy would wear masks or dress in women's clothing, a reversal of roles in line with the traditional character of Saturnalia.^[14]

During the [late medieval period](#) and early [Renaissance](#), many towns in England elected a "[Lord of Misrule](#)" at Christmas time to preside over the [Feast of Fools](#).^{[111][14]} This custom was sometimes associated with the [Twelfth Night](#) or [Epiphany](#).^[113] A common tradition in western Europe was to drop a [bean, coin, or other small token into a cake or pudding](#);^[111] whoever found the object would become the "King (or Queen) of the Bean".^[111] During the [Protestant Reformation](#), reformers sought to revise or even completely abolish such practices, which they regarded as "[popish](#)";^[14] these

efforts were largely successful and, in many places, these customs died out completely.^{[14][114]} The Puritans banned the "Lord of Misrule" in England^[114] and the custom was largely forgotten shortly thereafter, though the bean in the pudding survived as a tradition of a small gift to the one finding a single almond hidden in the traditional Christmas porridge in Scandinavia.^{[114][115]}

Nonetheless, in the middle of the nineteenth century, some of the old ceremonies, such as gift-giving, were revived in English-speaking countries as part of a widespread "Christmas revival".^{[14][114][116]} During this revival, authors such as [Charles Dickens](#) sought to reform the "conscience of Christmas" and turn the formerly riotous holiday into a family-friendly occasion.^[116] Vestiges of the Saturnalia festivities may still be preserved in some of the traditions now associated with Christmas.^{[14][117]} The custom of gift-giving at Christmas time resembles the Roman tradition of giving *sigillaria*^[117] and the lighting of [Advent candles](#) resembles the Roman tradition of lighting torches and wax tapers.^{[117][111]} Likewise, Saturnalia and Christmas both share associations with eating, drinking, singing, and dancing.^{[117][111]}

4.

CHORAL SONG TO TUPAC AMARU

By Alejandro Romualdo

They will blow him up with dynamite.

In a crowd, they will carry him, they will drag him.

With hits they will fill his mouth with gunpowder,

They'll blow him up: And they won't be able to kill him!

They will turn him upside down.

They will tear his desires, his teeth and his screams

They will hit him in full fury.

Then they will bleed him.

And they won't be able to kill him!

They will crown his head with blood;

his cheekbones, with hits.

And with nails, his ribs.

They will make him bite the dust.

They will hit him:

And they won't be able to kill him!

They will take out his dreams and his eyes.

They will want to dismember him scream for scream.

They will spit out at him.

And at the stroke of slaughter they will nail him:

And they won't be able to kill him!

They will put him in the center of the square,

face up, staring into infinity.

They will tie his limbs.

Badly they will pull:

And they won't be able to kill him!

They will want to blow him up and they will not be able to blow him up.

They will want to break him and they will not be able to break him.

They will want to kill him but they will not be able to kill him.

They will want to dismember him, shred him,

stain him, trample him, take away his soul.

They will want to blow him up and they will not be able to blow him up.

They will want to break him and they will not be able to break him.

They will want to kill him but they will not be able to kill him.

On the third day of suffering

when everything is finished,

screaming FREEDOM! on the earth,

he has to return.

And they won't be able to kill him!



5.'people of little substance who carry the sick, bury the dead, clean and do many vile and abject offices'

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dirty_Pretty_Things_\(film\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dirty_Pretty_Things_(film))


http://www.script-o-rama.com/movie_scripts/d/dirty-pretty-things-script-transcript.html

Run a "find" in the links with the word "clean" and "cleaner".

6.

Bailar en la cueva

Jorge Drexler

 Bailar en la cueva

La idea es eternamente nueva

Cae la noche y nos seguimos juntando a

Bailar en la cueva

Bailar, bailar, bailar, bailar

Bailar, bailar, bailar

Ir en el ritmo como una nube va en el
viento

No estar en, sino ser el movimiento

Cerrar el juicio, cerrar los ojos

Oír el clac con que se rompen los cerrojos

Bailar, bailar, bailar, bailar

Me guías tú o yo te guío

Será que me guías tú o que yo te guío

Mi cuerpo al tuyo, y el tuyo al mío

Los dos bebiendo de un mismo aire

El pulso latiendo y el muslo aprendiendo
a leer en Braille

Bailar como creencia, como herencia,
como juego

Las sombras en el muro de la cueva
girando alrededor del fuego

La música bajó de los árboles y nos siguió
por las llanuras

La música enseña

Sueña

Duele

Cura

Ya hacíamos música muchísimo antes de conocer la agricultura.

7. Indian Schools and Discipline

Foucault: “The plague is met by order; its function is to sort out every possible confusion: ... It lays down for each individual his place, his body, his disease and his death, his well-being, by means of an omnipresent and omniscient power that subdivides itself in a regular, uninterrupted way even to the ultimate determination of the individual, of what characterizes him, of what belongs to him, of what happens to him. Against the plague, which is a mixture, discipline brings into play its power, which is one of analysis. “



The students of the Carlisle Indian School are amassed on the grounds of the school in March of 1892. (Photo by John N. Choate/Provided by Cumberland County Historical Society Photo Archives) [WHYY](#)



[City pledges action to honor lives lost at Indian boarding school](#)

Thursday, July 1, 2021



Figure 4. Albuquerque Indian School, ca. 1895. National Archives at Denver (NAID 292873).

[Student Snapshots: An Alternative Approach to the Visual History of American Indian Boarding Schools](#)

by [Nicole Strathman](#)

8. (To accompany 7, above) Address by the Reverend Alfred L. Riggs, a Congregational missionary, founded the Santee Normal Training School in 1870.

How may we help the Indian to become a **self-regulating** and productive factor of our civil life? How can we make him to rise out of the nonvolitional mass, become a self-directing being fit to be a unit in a great moral order? There are a number of means to this end, among them the quickening of his mind, acquainting him with civilization, and training him in the thoughts and ways of the new life. But more than all, and as the basis for all, is the moral quickening and training which shall supply force and control for the ideal man.

The necessity for this moral basis is illustrated in three particulars: First, in regard to personal health; second, thrift, **and third, social order**. Here let me remark, lest my attitude toward the bright educated Indians who are with us may be misunderstood, that the Indian, as we speak of him as a problem, is a condition and not a race. * * * Now, again, as to the illustrations:

First. Personal health is a necessary factor for progress. The emphasis we put upon all things pertaining to personal health shows how essential it is to life and progress. There is undying need of instruction. The Indian must be made to understand **the laws of life** and must be continually reminded of them.

Second. Our second illustrative point is the question of thrift. How are we to get an Indian to earn, how to make him care for and keep what he earns, and how shall we teach him to spend it only for the best uses? In short, how shall we change him from a destroyer to be a productive factor in our civilized society?

Two strong influences work against it—the hereditary ideas and customs that have come from a hunter's life, and the universal spirit of gambling.

A hunter is a destroyer. It has taken many years of failure for the former hunter to keep from killing his young stock long enough to let the herd increase. Many can never learn to do it. But from the hunter's life have come ideas and customs that still prevail in regard to what is generous and hospitable and that stand in the way of accumulation or right use of property.

Then there is the **universal gambling mania**. Betting and gambling are not outgrowths of civilization, as many seem to suppose, but are proofs that our civilization is **reverting to barbarism**. The excitement of risk and chance and the temptation to

gain without labor quickly demoralize a man. What charms has honest labor for one who can capture easily the hard -earned gains of another? And of what use to teach industry and economy to such a one?

From the [*Report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools*](#), Office of the Superintendent of Indian Schools, Washington, DC, October 20, 1898, pp. 345-46.

9. ALUCINAÇÃO

by Belchior

<https://lyricstranslate.com/en/alucinação-hallucination.html-1>

Eu não estou interessado
Em nenhuma teoria
Em nenhuma fantasia
Nem no algo mais
Nem em tinta pro meu rosto
Ou oba oba, ou melodia
Para acompanhar bocejos
Sonhos matinais

Eu não estou interessado
Em nenhuma teoria
Nem nessas coisas do oriente
Romances astrais
A minha alucinação
É suportar o dia-a-dia
E meu delírio
É a experiência
Com coisas reais

Um preto, um pobre
Uma estudante
Uma mulher sozinha
Blue jeans e motocicletas
Pessoas cinzas normais
Garotas dentro da noite
Revólver: cheira cachorro
Os humilhados do parque
Com os seus jornais

Carneiros, mesa, trabalho
Meu corpo que cai do oitavo andar
E a solidão das pessoas
Dessas capitais
A violência da noite
O movimento do tráfego
Um rapaz delicado e alegre
Que canta e requebra
É demais!

Translation

I've got no interest
In any theory
In any fantasy
Nor in what's beyond
Nor in face painting
Whees and yays, or melodies
To match my yawning
Morning dreams

I've got no interest
In any theory
Nor in those things from the east
Astral romances
My hallucination
Is to bear the daily life
And my frenzy
Is the experience
With what's real

A black person, a poor person
A student
A woman on its own
Blue jeans and motorbikes
Gloomy regular people
Girls kept by the night
Revolver: Sniff it, your bitch!
The miserable park dwellers
With their newspapers

Sheeps, table, work
My body falling from the eighth floor
And the loneliness of people
From those capital cities
The aggressiveness of the night
The traffic movement
A sensitive joyous young man
Dancing and shaking his body
Is too much!

10.

AMO MA POLIWI - *Que no desaparezca*
By Gabriela Citlauhua Zepahua (Tequila, Ver.)

Tla notlahtol ixpoliwis
Nonelwayo wakis
Noxiwyohwan chapaniskeh
Iwan noyolo ayakmo tikuinis

Si mi lengua muere
Mi raíz se secará
Mis hojas se caerán
Y mi corazón dejará de latir

Pampa amo onka okse tlamantli
Tlen nechylotia kemin notlahtol
Amo kemanian niknekiskia ma poliwi
Pampa ompa yaski tosentlachialis

Porque no hay otra cosa que me haga sentir viva
Como mi lengua
Nunca quisiera que se perdiera
Porque ahí se va nuestra mirada al universo

Pampa piltomeh kinehnekih se nelwayotl
Kanin moketzaltihtoskeh
Pampa san kanah monehneki teipanittalistli
Se tlachialis ipan totlalmanikniwan

Kemin tokoltzitiwan iwan tonatzitiwan
Otechmachtikeh ma timoittakan

*Porque la niñez necesita una raíz
Donde sostenerse
Porque donde sea se necesita mirar con dignidad
Una mirada hacia con quienes compartimos el mundo
Así como nos enseñaron nuestros abuelos y abuelas a vernos*

11. "[...] in which power is exercised without division, according to a continuous hierarchical figure, in which each individual is constantly located, examined and distributed among the living beings, the sick and the dead - all this constitutes a compact model of the disciplinary mechanism."

Tangent: Cybersecurity and data privacy

[Why phones that secretly listen to us are a myth](#) (By Joe Tidy
Cyber security reporter, BBC News, 5 September 2019)

[The Pegasus Project - Global Democracy Under Cyber Attack](#)

Leviticus 13:45-46

⁴⁵ “Those who suffer from a serious skin disease must tear their clothing and leave their hair uncombed. They must cover their mouth and call out, ‘Unclean! Unclean!’ ⁴⁶ As long as the serious disease lasts, they will be ceremonially unclean. They must live in isolation in their place outside the camp.

HISTORIA DE LA MARGARITA

<http://folklorenoaargento.blogspot.com/2017/05/jaime-roos-historia-de-la-margarita-y.html>

"La Margarita" se llama la obra escrita por Mauricio Rosencof y musicalizada por Jaime Roos.

Que un prisionero sometido a condiciones de cautiverio inhumanas se haya entregado a soñar una historia de amor adolescente, como forma de crear un escudo contra el dolor y la locura, ya es de por sí una maravilla.

Que esa historia se haya plasmado en versos que sobrevivieron milagrosamente, escritos en papel de armar cigarrillos y sacados subrepticamente de la prisión dentro de la ropa para lavar, es una segunda maravilla.

Y que esa obra, finalmente, sea publicada con el autor en libertad, y que varios de esos poemas sean elegidos por un músico de reconocido talento y sensibilidad, para plasmar un disco excelente, ya son demasiadas maravillas juntas.

DETALLE DE LA NOTA DEL INTERIOR DEL ÁLBUM:

Mauricio Rosencof (Uruguay, 1933) escribió los versos de "La Margarita" en su país (1982) en un calabozo bajo tierra, sobre hojillas de armar cigarros y dudando que alguna vez fueran leídos por alguien. Suponía, además, que no sobreviviría, tras diez años de aislamiento en condiciones inhumanas y sin esperanzas concretas de libertad. En los hechos le quedaban tres años más de cárcel (fue condenado por guerrillero tupamaro) y la obra se salvó de milagro dentro de los dobladillos de las camisas para lavar que una vez por mes recogía su familia. El libro original consta de 25 sonetos, de los cuales Jaime Roos (Uruguay, 1953) seleccionó quince (con la venia del autor) para su musicalización e interpretación.

Otoño

Aquella tarde de otoño era dorada,
árboles y casas tras un tul amarillento,
las copas calmas, el cielo tenue, el sol más lento.
Sus ojos sonreían: estaba enamorada.-
Caminábamos los dos la hora encantada
en que el farol garúa su primer aliento,
cuando salta a su paso un presentimiento:
"Dios mío" dice.- "Que nunca pase nada".-
"¿Qué puede pasar? Nada.- Nada va a pasar".-
"No sé... no sé.- Es que todo esto es tan hermoso..."
Nos besamos con miedo y volvimos a andar.-
Pero tanto silencio se nos hizo penoso;
entonces eligió hojitas secas para pisar
y el juego volvió el dorado más luminoso.-

Mauricio Rosencof / Song <http://jaimeroos.uy/letras/otono/>

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

by J.D. Salinger

After I had my breakfast, it was only around noon, and I wasn't meeting old Sally till two o'clock, so I started taking this long walk. I couldn't stop thinking about those two nuns. I kept thinking about that beat up old straw basket they went around collecting money with when they weren't teaching school. I kept trying to picture my mother or somebody, or my aunt, or Sally Hayes's crazy mother, standing outside some department store and collecting dough for poor people in a beat-up old straw basket. It was hard to picture. Not so much my mother, but those other two. My aunt's pretty charitable--she does a lot of Red Cross work and all--but she's very well-dressed and all, and when she does anything charitable she's always very well-dressed and has lipstick on and all that crap. I couldn't picture her doing anything for charity if she had to wear black clothes and no lipstick while she was doing it. And old Sally Hayes's mother. Jesus Christ. The only way she could go around with a basket collecting dough would be if everybody kissed her ass for her when they made a contribution. If they just dropped their dough in her basket, then walked away without saying anything to her, ignoring her and all, she'd quit in about an hour. She'd get bored. She'd hand in her basket and then go someplace swanky for lunch. That's what I liked about those nuns. You could tell, for one thing, that they never went anywhere swanky for lunch. It made me so damn sad when I thought about it, their never going anywhere swanky for lunch or anything. I knew it wasn't too important, but it made me sad anyway.

14.



El Grito II

Oswaldo Guayasamin

Data: 1983

No Exit: <https://ia800700.us.archive.org/11/items/NoExit/NoExit.pdf>

"GARCIN: There's no more hope--but it's still "before." We haven't yet begun to suffer."

[...]

GARCIN: Open the door! Open, blast you! I'll endure anything, your red-hot tongs and molten lead, your racks and prongs and garrotes-- all your fiendish gadgets, everything that burns and flays and tears-- I'll put up with any torture you impose. Anything, anything would be better than this agony of mind, this creeping pain that gnaws and fumbles and caresses one and never hurts quite enough. Now will you open? (THE DOOR FLIES OPEN: a long silence.)

15.

Psalm 91

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High

will abide in the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say to the LORD, "My refuge and my fortress,
my God, in whom I trust."

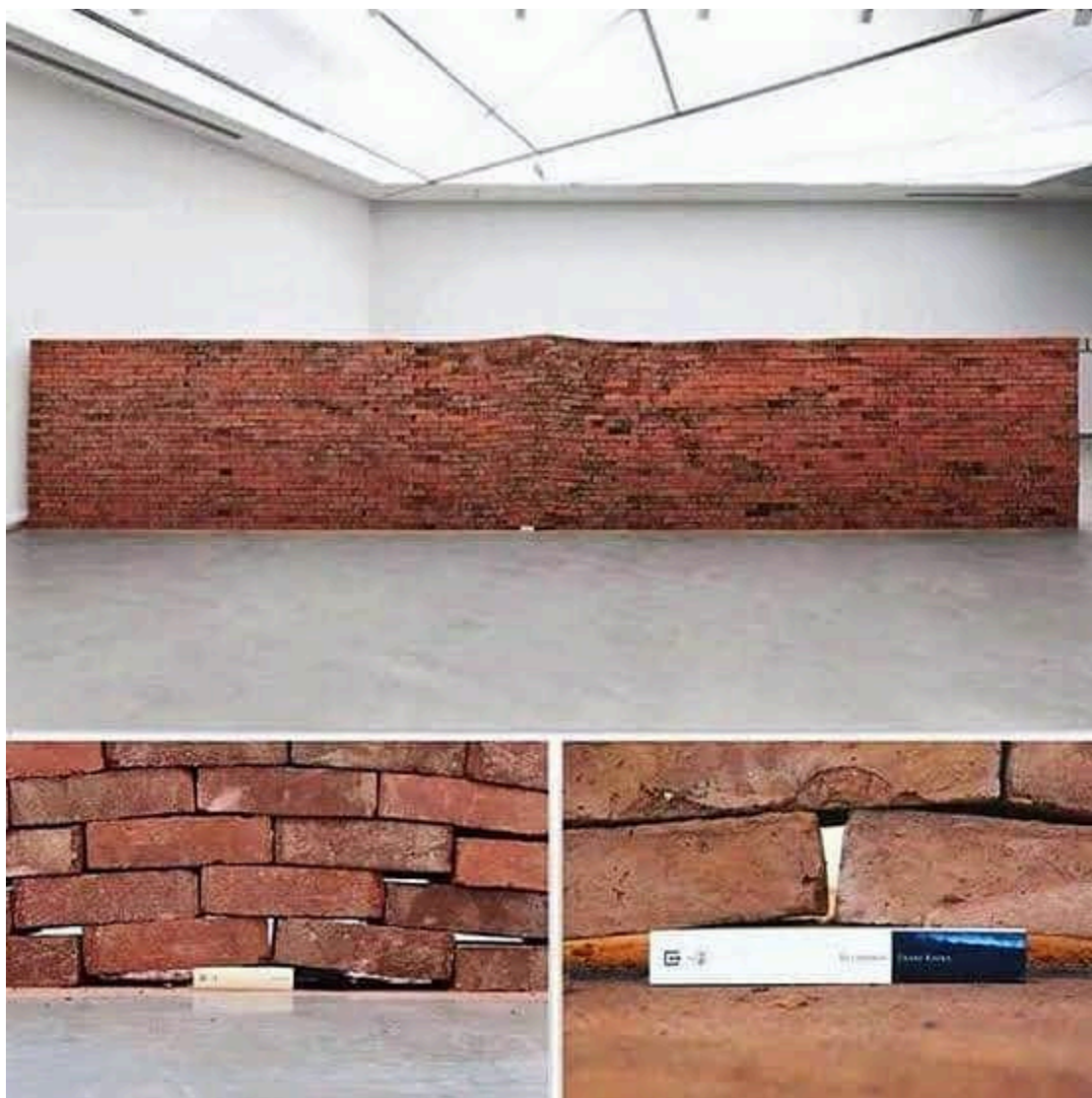
For he will deliver you from the snare of the fowler
and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover you with his pinions,
and under his wings you will find refuge;

his faithfulness is a shield and buckler.

You will not fear the terror of the night,
nor the arrow that flies by day,

nor the pestilence that stalks in darkness,
nor the destruction that wastes at noonday.
A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you.
You will only look with your eyes
and see the recompense of the wicked.
Because you have made the LORD your dwelling place—
the Most High, who is my refuge—
no evil shall be allowed to befall you,
no plague come near your tent.
For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways.
On their hands they will bear you up,
lest you strike your foot against a stone.
You will tread on the lion and the adder;
the young lion and the serpent you will trample underfoot.
“Because he holds fast to me in love, I will deliver him;
I will protect him, because he knows my name.
When he calls to me, I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble;
I will rescue him and honor him.
With long life I will satisfy him
and show him my salvation.”



JORGE MÉNDEZ BLAKE - *THE IMPACT OF A BOOK*