

TEXTS FOR  
NOTHING,  
BUT CUT-UP

*After Sam Beckett*

Nico Vassilakis 2002



she cursed it for a lousy cur and let it have its way.  
There and no memory. Mother  
wh- and no perhaps even  
like Dry, it's the strength  
d- took till. Is the  
If the still, what cry, all  
su- of air, no, fare, wiped,  
It the laugh, no, pit, misery, the  
ter never droll. it me, it way,  
hav- memory. you want to  
en- his cases is possible, what  
slow, nervous wound up the clock, Mr. Joly  
is changed. He had only one leg and a  
the ragged to be abroad. The  
dark as a the some roads. Lo  
dungeon. off the road  
before Better that do or  
Better that do or  
The  
An encounter  
of the Graves brother a lined hall,  
worth having that man have  
There, it's time, it ends there  
be still waiting for from the hall  
I go now that  
Back in  
with you

She knew I have  
best, all.  
er.  
Sing  
ould  
ere, one  
and slow,  
something  
of a head  
as  
ry  
es  
a kind  
id want, it,  
was ters,  
one last ing,  
pricks must  
the fish that  
eyes to led  
ore enough  
he was t  
in with  
e's  
as  
that's  
Or it's  
ing said all,  
will be the end,  
to groan and not  
watch out for



fault that words fail him, of course words fail him.  
He tells the story for  
then making progs every five minor learn to it is not his,  
fa' in making mouth shut for you. From both to be my  
hey foul mouth shut for you. From both to be my  
man crops up. But his place, what I had a voice, at's  
not unaided from place, what I had a voice, at's  
not happens to him, true, often I feel simply, some, at  
least in the sitting, or kneeling. What ever as ever, fit's  
his s a room, witnessability, often I feel simply, some, at  
nose considerable. What's true is immaterial, see pit of my in  
with window. What's true is immaterial, see pit of my in  
criticisms talk. What's true is immaterial, see pit of my in  
when I listen, it comes about it, understand, I'm that  
this best, see what I imagined, I don't it, and yet I more  
for his say life, water such someone circle, to not  
it that I don't say, water such someone circle, to not  
me absent, once the someone circle, to not  
end a not compulsor, someone circle, to not  
everyth, one of the mis, someone circle, to not  
them myself, whereas life, someone circle, to not  
him, mess, it was time, someone circle, to not  
me, ask, before I'm done, someone circle, to not  
consider I & who someone circle, to not  
he speak the local spells of silence, having a road to and have on  
even if I make sounds, the world sound like  
sound to it is one, to be reasonable. There's no  
with arguing. There has to be one, it's head strewn  
body, I near go need of a story, a story I say this even-  
things, perhaps, he's the mistake, these things, what  
there's no sense in fail him, to my speech, these things, what  
it's trees and birds, they go together, water and air,

is in vain, that I'd be better advised to take a little  
turn, the way  
doubt  
but  
it's  
Yes, that's  
I fly birds and all sorts of  
for some come and the  
are not with the dying, it's  
I'm not to be bigger than a man  
death- I know, about the  
dis- believe them go and speak  
noise. These all these voices, or who  
I it. Theirs, when I don't know  
of, in my head, lassitude, will be tomorrow  
that's where the and fro against, falls for that of one  
eye that really mis- cable of my forefinger, my lips, perplexing, dead noiseless  
what understand- ing rests, it's to such details the last thing that  
my wife. That's w- can't be tomorrow  
O, as for that I'll appear before the council  
h- that it may not appear before the council  
o- It will be another is all love, unforgiving  
k- it will be the strange indulgence  
im- mornings and that, perhaps  
aga- it's to make a black  
and I, neither will I be a long  
I didn't, yes, it can't be me. It well  
I envied. Yes, it can't be me. It well  
heard-aven't been trained for what this evening, it's morning, it's to rise  
of them- sufficient into the day, this evening, it's morning, it's to rise  
nothing. I've, even when it's bright, I've  
with them as setting, they create the atmosphere.



time, if I make haste, in the trough of all this time just  
thing, I call it a career thing, the old  
and tired, and giving up. In  
where there was velling,  
used to hark, wait: come  
venture forth, try: it  
want when I said base,  
and hurry when I still could  
is most so palpably, barely, by  
at  
And to hasten to conclude  
with my's me. In that case the  
platform given as the  
if-chasing after, look  
for our who secret  
confessedly, said  
Whence is it, is  
change all night, is  
Whence is it, is  
to float, is  
right, is  
the  
and all  
if the wheel  
never the  
I to thinking  
like a balance-  
wheel, seeing the  
to and fro, seeing the  
heads are only wound











who's this speaking in me, and who's this disowning  
me, as though I had taken his place, usurped his life,  
that old shame that kept me from living  
of my living that kept me from living  
muttering, the old inanities, his old, people's  
his arms dangling, sagging, it's a waste of witness  
Will they succeed in silencing me, and it's a far cry  
and dream of me, I see, and it's a far cry  
already, when I see you to leave his  
is that my night, and it's a far cry  
this moribund light it is  
chance to leave his  
there are no more  
speak of me  
speak of me  
ing, for I am  
where my  
as in this first  
than the other,  
in him, so as to  
saying, Quick  
lived, before it  
And this day  
this later day  
untireless, to  
people think of me, more than  
That's what he says, with his  
perhaps tonight, and he says  
shall I manage tomorrow  
me, it's the  
another, it's the  
silent guffaw  
ascribed to him such pregnant words  
not the man you were, you'll end up riding a bicycle.  
That's the accountants' chorus, opining like a single

