

Gian Paolo Guerini
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question: ?
answer: !

This book contains verbatim quotes or quotes reworked and reshaped, sometimes no more than just a word, yes, or an adjectival phrase, or the space between two words, from Péter Esterházy: *Harmonia Caelestis*, i. e. from Mona Abaza: *The Changing Image of Women in Rural Egypt*. Endre Ady. Ibn Hazm Al-Andalusi: *Doves Collar*. E. van Alphen: *Francis Bacon and the Loss of Self*. Sherwood Anderson: *Winesburg Ohio*. János Arany. Aziz Al-Azmeh: *verbal communication*. László Baránszky: *Poems*. Barolsky: *Giotto's Father and the Family of Vasari's Lives*. Donald Barthelme: *The Dead Father*. Samuel Beckett: *Catastrofe* [Exeo Exeo in Exeo in a Exeo in a spasm Exeo in a spasm tired Exeo in a spasm tired of Exeo in a spasm tired of my Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home its Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the Exeo in a spasm tired of my

bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a black Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a black west Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the

Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a black west throttled Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a black west throttled with Exeo in a spasm tired of my darling's red sputum from the Portobello Nursing Home it secret things and toil to the crest of the surge of the steep perilous bridge and lapse down blankly under the scream of the hoarding round the bright stiff banner of the hoarding into a black west throttled with clouds!?. S. Bellow: *Herzog*. Walter Benjamin. László Berényi: *About Match History*. Klaus Beyrer: *Stagecoach Travels*. Ádám Bodor. Borges: *Fictions*. Péter Bornemissza: *Sophocle, Elettra*. Gesine Bottomley. H. C. Buch: *Ban*. Italo Calvino: *Palomar*. Camus: *The Fall*. Daniel Charms. Gilbert Keith Chesterton: *The Mute Ox*. Cioran: *Notebooks*. Lars Clausen. Craig. A. L. Croutier: *Harem*. Béla Cselényi: *Poetry*. Mary Daly: *Beyond God the Father: Toward a Philosophy of Women's Liberation*. László Darvasi: *verbal communication*. Deutsch-Stix/Janik. Walter Dirks. Luigia Donadoni (my grandfather's handwritten notes from the inter-ear years). Margherite Duras: *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. Ecclesiastes/Qoèlet. Günther Eich: *The Moles*. Harald Eggebrecht: *verbal communication*. János Erdélyi: *Mor Jokai*. Venedikt V. Erofeev: *Journey toward Petušëki*. Gräfin Agnes Esterházy (edited by): *The Loose Wife*. János E.: *The Family E*. etc. Efim Etkind. Mordechai Feingold: *verbal communication*. Ferenc Fejtő. Jens Malte Fischer. Andrea Friedrich. Günther Bruno Fuchs. Dmitrij Galkovszkij: *Endless cul-de-sac*. László Garaczi. Sigfried Gauch. Leopold Ginzburg: *Words of Fathers*. Natalia Ginzburg: *The Things We Used to Say*. Carlo Ginzburg. Goethe (because Goethe is present everywhere). Nilüfer Göle. Witold Gombrowicz: *A Sort of Testament*. Gábor Görgey: *Gallop at Vérmező*. Péter Gothár. Anthony Grafton: *The Footnote: A Curious History*. György Granasztói. Pál Granasztói: *Liane*. Günter Grass. Robert Graves (edited by Várady Szabolcz). Greenblatt (?). Grillparzer. Valentin Gröbner: *verbal communication*. Gian Paolo Guerini (I was not loath to return to myself for

help either). Luigi Guerini (my great-grandfather's diary from 1958). Balázs Györes: *text*. Thomas Hardy: *Weydonn*. Peter Härtling (edited by): *Fathers*. Haydn: *Hi Cd Cover-Text*. Johann Peter Hebel: *Jewel box*. Herbert Heckmann. Heidegger (I don't remember thing). Helmuth Heissenbüttel: *I Don't Wont Write About My Father*. Roland Hengstenberg. Eckhard Henschel. Mrs Horváth (the cook who lent me names of country dishes). Hölderlin: *from a letter to your mother*. Bohumil Hrabal: *Letters to Aprilka*. Peer Hultberg: *Requiem*. A. Huxley: *Brave New World*. Internet (I don't remember where). Jaeckel: *You Are Realy My Father*. James Joyce: *Ulysses* (one word) [Brings (?) out (?) the (?) darkness (?) of (?) her (?) eyes. (?) Looking (?) at (?) me, (?) the (?) sheet (?) up (?) to (?) her (?) eyes, (?) Spanish, (?) smelling (?) herself, (?) when (?) I (?) was (?) fixing (?) the (?) links (?) in (?) my (?) cuffs. (?) Those (?) homely (?) recipes (?) are (?) often (?) the (?) best: (?) strawberries (?) for (?) the (?) teeth: (?) nettles (?) and (?) rainwater: (?) oatmeal (?) they (?) say (?) steeped (?) in (?) buttermilk. (?) Skinfood. (?) One (?) of (?) the (?) old (?) queen's (?) sons, (?) duke (?) of (?) Albany (?) was (?) it? (?) had (?) only (?) one (?) skin! (?) Leopold, (?) yes. (?) Three (?) we (?) have. (?) Warts, (?) bunions (?) and (?) pimples (?) to (?) make (?) it (?) worse. (?) But (?) you (?) want (?) a (?) perfume (?) too. (?) What (?) perfume (?) does (?) your? (?) Peau (?) d' (?) Espagne. (?) That (?) orangeflower (?) water (?) is (?) so (?) fresh. (?) Nice (?) smell (?) these (?) soaps (?) have. (?) Pure (?) curd (?) soap. (?) Time (?) to (?) get (?) a (?) bath (?) round (?) the (?) corner. (?) Hammam. (?) Turkish. (?) Massage. (?) Dirt (?) gets (?) rolled (?) up (?) in (?) your (?) navel. (?) Nicer (?) if (?) a (?) nice (?) girl (?) did (?) it. (?) Also (?) I (?) think (?) I. (?) Yes (?) I. (?) Do (?) it (?) in (?) the (?) bath. (?) Curious (?) longing (?) I. (?) Water (?) to (?) water. (?) Combine (?) business (?) with (?) pleasure. (?) Pity (?) no (?) time (?) for (?) massage. (?) Feel (?) fresh (?) then (?) all (?) day. (?) Funeral (?) be (?) rather (?) glum. (?)]. James Joyce: *Finnegans Wake* (two words?) [It is (?) a confoundyous (?) injective so (?) to say, (?) Shaun the (?) fiery boy (?) shouted, naturally (?) incensed, as (?) he shook (?) the red (?) pepper out (?) of his (?) auricles. And (?) another time (?) please confine (?) your glaring (?) intinuations to (?) some other (?) mordant body? (?) What on (?) the physiog (?) of this (?) furnaced planet (?) would I (?) be doing (?) besides your (?) verjuice? That (?) is more (?) than I (?) can fix, (?) for the (?) teom bihan, (?) anyway. So (?) let I (?) and you (?) now kindly (?) drop that, (?) angryman! That's (?) not French (?) pastry. You (?) can take (?) it from (?) me. Understand (?) me when (?) I tell (?) you (and (?) I will (?) ask you (?)

not to (?) whistle, cry (?) golden or (?) quoth mecback) (?) that under (?) the past (?) purcell's office, (?) so deeply (?) deplored by (?) my erstwhile (?) elder friend, (?) Miss Enders, (?) poachmistress and (?) gay receiver (?) ever for (?) in particular (?) to the (?) Scotie Poor (?) Men's Thousand (?) Gallon Cow (?) Society (I (?) was thinking (?) of her (?) in sthore) (?) allbethey blessed (?) with twentytwo (?) thousand sorters (?) out of (?) a biggest (?) poss of (?) twentytwo thousand, (?) mine's won, (?) too much (?) privet stationery (?) and safty (?) quipu was (?) ate up (?) larchly by (?) those nettlesome (?) goats out (?) of pension (?) greed. Colpa (?) di Becco, (?) buon apartita! (?) Proceeding, I (?) will say (?) it is (?) also one (?) of my (?) avowal's intentions, (?) at some (?) time pease (?) Pod pluse (?) murthers of (?) gout (when (?) I am (?) not prepared (?) to say) (?) so apt (?) as my (?) pen is (?) upt to (?) scratch, to (?) compound quite (?) the makings (?) of a (?) verdigrease savingsbook (?) in the (?) form of (?) a pair (?) of capri (?) sheep boxing (?) gloves surrounding (?) this matter (?) of the (?) Welsfusel mascoteers (?) and their (?) sindyuck that (?) saved a (?) city for (?) my publickers, (?) Nolaner and (?) Brown, Nickil (?) Hopstout, Christcross, (?) so long (?) as, thanks (?) to force (?) of destiny, (?) my selary (?) as a (?) paykelt is (?) propaired, and (?) there is (?) a peg (?) under me (?) and there (?) is a (?) tum till (?) me! To (?) the Very (?) Honourable The (?) Memory of (?) Disgrace, the (?) Most Noble, (?) Sometime Sweeypard (?) at the (?) Service of (?) the Writer. (?) Salutem dicint. (?)]. Jochen Jung. Ernst Jünger: *Adventorous Heart*. Franz Kafka: *Letter to Father*. József Katona: *Ban Bank*. Yasunari Kawabata: *Earth of Snow*. Wim Kayzer. István Kemény: *Poetry*. Herman Kern: *Labyrinthe*. Paul Kersten. Hermann Kestén. Imre Kertész. Danilo Kiš: *The Encyclopedia of the Dead, interview with Gaby Gleichmann*. Tom Klaus. Otto Klemperer: *Say Simply Otto*. Leszek Kolakowski. Fritz Kortner. Dezső Kosztolányi: *Anna Edes*. Karl Kraus. Gyula Krúdy. Emil Kulcsár: *Majk*. La Bruyère: *The Persons*. Renate Lachmann. Christine Landfried. György Láng: Haydn. John Lee: *Searching my Father*. Dénes Lengyel. Wolf Lepenie: *verbal communication(s)*. Mahabharatha. Malacka. Mann (Erika, Golo, Klaus, Thomas). Manuela. Sándor Márai: *Diaries*. Henrik Marcalli: *Maria Theresia*. Gabriel Marcel. Matthäus. Frank McCourt: *Angela's Ashes*. Merényi-Bubics: *Pál E. László Mérő*. Henry Miller: *Plexus*. Petra Morsbach. Mozart. Verbal communication by the chef of Múzeum Étterem restaurant (Bp.). Louisa Muhlbach: *Louisa Of Prussia And Her Times*. Nabokov: *Ada, or Ardor: A Family Chronicle*. Péter Nádas. Sten Nadolny. Nizami: *Leila and Madschnun*. Cees Nooteboom. Hans Erich Nossack: *Private Property*. Kindler

about Joseph Conrad and Cheever? Kenzaburō Ōe: *Personal Experience*. Imre Oravecz. Ortega. Nico Orengo: *Miramare*. George Orwell about Henry Miller, *New English Weekly*. Samuel Osherson. Jürgen Osterhammel. Ender Papp (Bandi). Renato Pasta. Oskar Pastior. Péter Pázmány. Ida Péterfy. Josef Pieper. John M. Prausnitz. Gero von Randow about Ursula Pia Jauch: *Jenseits der Maschine: Philosophie, Ironie und Ästhetik bei Julien Offray de la Mettrie (1709-1751)*, *Die Zeit* 3.12.98. Ágnes Rapai: *The Sea Near Zadar*. Hans Werner Richter. Eberhard Reith. Rilke. Jennifer E. Robertson: *Takarazuka*. Joseph Roth: *Zipper and your Father*. Barbara Sander: *verbal communication*. Otto Sander: *verbal communication*. Schatzmann. Peter Schneider: *Daddy*. Ingo Schulze. Julian Schutting: *The Father, interview with Herbert Glossner, Loccumer Protokolle* 6/1981. Barbara Sherberg. *Spectaculum* 46. Mandyam V. Srinivasan. Ezra N. Suleiman: *How are you?* Magda Szabó: *Old Well*. Béla Szász. László Szörényi: *About Pal E. Georg Tabori: Mein Kampf*. Imre Tóth. Toynbee: I don't remember thing. John Updike. Johannes Urzidil. Domokos Varga. Interview with Mario Vargas Llosa. István Vörös. Mihály Vörösmarty. Peter Wapnewski. Paul Watzlawick: example. Benjamin Lee Whorf. Wilfried Wieck. Gabriele Wohmann. Hans Wollschläger. Conrad Ziegler.

www.gianpaologuerini.it

gpg@gianpaologuerini.it



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