Delicate Crime

By Marçal Aquino
"DELICATE CRIME"

Nineteenth Century.
In the streets,
the proletariat's emancipation.
In the patriarchal households,
the women's liberation.
An arduous and unequal combat.
A struggle, which lacked
no heroines and pioneers.
Idealists dreaming of a new world...
where women would be redeemed...
and men would pay
for their crimes.
Leave!
What a cave of debauchery,
what a Gomorrah!
Carlota, what are you doing
in a lair as abject as this?
What are you doing in my house
without having been invited, sir?
Is it you the ignominious
priestess of this bacchanal?
You've something to look forward to,
corrupter of married women.
I will send my carriage
for the police.
Carlota's aware
of the crass moves...
used on your hypnotized patients.
These magnesium
plates prove it all.
Those are fake, gross impostures.
You did not even bother closing
the windows, you pervert!
They cannot ruin my career like that!
- You are such a scoundrel, Johann.
- Bravo, dear!
- Herman!
- Ma'am?
Search his pockets,
look for a key!
Herman was the outcome
of my first experiments...
with electricity applied
to male discipline.
Dearest, as of now,
you will be a free woman.
-
Out with these shackles!
-
Shackles!
"Poor Schubert, who can no longer
choose his own companions.
The play, scene after scene,
strips itself.
Everything becomes a frenzy of ins
and outs for the impersonation.
Instead of commotion,
only surprises and intrigue...
under precarious
lighting and costumes.
What is the meaning of
a woman dressed as a dominatrix...
with a rabbi's accent, beside a
bearded man dressed as a maid...
calling a analyst
who seduces his patients...
 thru hypnosis a pervert?
Self-promotional...
hysteria of the
spectacle's creators.
On that location,
a sadomasochist club...
where people use theatricalism
to safeguard mental sanity...
a farce like this
one insults and mocks.
The relations of sexuality
become a tangible instrument...
like a rope, a whip, a needle.
Instead of speech, the phallus.
Instead of theater,
sex shop merchandising.
The actors do suffer,
but the audience suffers even more. "
I'm leaving already.
I'll stay a little longer.
- I'm great!
- Oh, darling!
Take care. See ya.
- Aren't you gonna ask my name?
- Of course.

Ins.

Antonio.
Antonio, a saint's name.
St. Anthony, the matchmaker saint.
St. Expeditus, the patron
saint of impossible causes.
I pray every night,
but I don't ask for anything.
Everything is alright with my life.
I get everything I want.

What is that?
A pill to make life easier.
You were staring at me.
You were staring at me!
I was indeed.
You're fast, huh?
Is it bad?
No. Actually,
it's good. Very good.
Nice hand... big.
I like it.
I like to be firmly grabbed by hands.
Is this how your
friend sees you?
Can you see me there?
Just a bit.
- I barely know you.
- Yet.
- Take me somewhere.
- Somewhere?

Antonio Martins.
How do you know my name?
I was told you're a well-known
journalist, a fierce critic.
Is that so?
- Yeah.
- Did you believe it?
I don't find you all that fierce.
Is that why you called me?
- That too.
- That too...
Curiosity.
Shall we?
Say something without
thinking, Antonio.
What?
Anything.
Let it come.
"One day...
I will paint your body
the same way I bite it.
I will be a Duchess of Museum.
Is there not a love between
male and female...
which knows how to swallow
its own secret?
Look at me, Cayetana...
and free me from those red ribbons
which cross your chest...
as if destroying an empire...
and be what this joy must be...
even if life so soon flees from us...
drawing new faces
for these same bodies. "
Say something.
What do you want me to say?
Why are you looking at me like that?
What do you mean?
A while ago, you were at that bar
eating me with your eyes...
and now you're asking yourself
what you're gonna do with me.
What have you seen in me?
What kind of question is that?
Speak.
I don't know, I just looked at you.
Looked at me...
When you look at a woman,
what is the first thing you notice?
It depends on the woman.
You are complicated.
How can it depend on the woman?
A man looks at a woman
passing by...
turns his head, stares at her butt.
Another one, all romantic...
falls in love.
Me, first thing you notice...
is my imperfection.
I don't know.
You don't know?
You are feeling confused.
You are lost.
Do you want me to
draw you a picture?
What a drag!
Do you want me to show you
what I saw in you?
Ins... Ins...
Get out!
You are pretty, Maria.
Pretty as a sin.
It nearly hurts me.
My God!
Can a mortal sin be...
...as pretty as this?
- You're been delirious, Franz.
A lot of people pass thru here,
don't they?
You can talk to whoever you want.
What do I have to do with it?
- You spoke to him!
- Him!
I cannot forbid people from walking
on the streets with their muzzles.
You cannot leave your lips
at home either!
Ain't it so?
What a pit it would be.
They're so beautiful.
Ain't it so?
Did they swell up?
You watch it, Maria!
Wasps also like to land on them.
- And which wasp stung you?
- Him!
Him.
I wish I were him.
Did he come through here?
Did he go up the stairs like this?
Did he stop here like this?
Walked up to here, came here
and stopped here, like this?
Or like this?
Or like this?
Or like this?
He came over here and
sat on the bench? Like this?
Or did he stop here, like this?
Franz, as long as the day is
long and the world is old...
people may be in the same place,
one person after another.
- You bitch!
- Don't you touch me, Franz!
I'd rather have a knife in my body
than your hand on me!
I saw it now.
We can see a lot of stuff...
when we have two eyes
and we're not blind.
While the sun shines.
You're gonna die, Maria!
And you won't?
Every man is an abyss...
and you get dizzy looking into it.
She looks like innocence itself.
But you, Innocence...
have you any sign
which can be recognized?
A stain? A scar?
"It'd be something we could
see, a callus, a deformity...
something we could
grab with the hand.
Modern art revalues the sketches from
ancient masters of Renaissance.
As masterpieces in their unfinished
and subjective state.
The same occurs in the exuberance
of Buchner's texts...
of unmeasured words...
previously cut with a sharp
and revolutionary nib...
from a playwright
killed so young.
The most unaccomplished
of these texts...
Woyzeck has in it the triumph

of its beauty:
An atavistic and rustic sculpting.
Walter Benjamin theorized about
the Byzantine religious disputes...
around the framing
of the icon figures.
The sanctity of the represented
figures would be conditioned...
to the physical integrity
of their representation.
The efficient transposition of
this drama, which establishes...
the coming of Pre Expressionism
to the rural scenario...
fails solely by trying to complete...
the unfinished and extraordinary
author's grammar. "

- Hi, Mr. Antonio. Your mail.
- Thanks.

DIVERGENT BODIES COLLECTIVE

EXHIBITION:
Desire.
Secretly.
Touched me.
Deeply.
Critic.
Cruelty.
Complacency.
Challenges.
Desire.
Critic.
- Antonio Martins?
- Yes.
- I'm Lenita. Nice to meet you.
- Likewise.
- Oh, shit... I'm so clumsy.
- No, it's alright.
- Do you forgive me?
- Don't worry, really.
- Everything is fine.
- Ins told me about you.

And where is she?
She'd never come.

However, Jose Torres Campana,
the artist, is right there.
Don't you want to meet him?
No, don't bother.
So, what do you think?
- It is interesting, at least.
- Interesting?
Yes.
Is she married to the painter?
No!
He's my husband.
What about the last name?
It is an artistic last name.
He's like a father to her.
That's all.
I think it would be nice if you...
No. Look...
Thank you very much.
But I have another appointment.
It was nice meeting you.
Please, thank Ins for the invitation.
Thank you for coming.
Bye!
It's here!
You know all about it.
Where is he?
He...
Who, sir?
Thou comest terrible and menacing
in the middle of the night.
Tumultuously,
with thy servants...
to break down the doors
of my chamber.
What cause, sir?
Am I but an insignificant woman,
a base and despicable creature...
not worthy even that thou shouldst
remember that thy suspicion...
discredits me the minds
of thy lackeys?
- Good Duke...
- Where is he?
Thou madest light thy park...
sentest thy fighting men,
stirrest up the whole palace.
For what cause, sir?
I am a woman, and thou mightest
give me death without causing...
a shameful scandal, without
crushing me 'neath all thy might.
Thou camest encircled by a
vile band of mercenaries...
whom thou needest, but beckon
and they will spit in my face...
for I am a woman and frail,
and thou art a man and feared.
- Is that being noble?
- Where is he?
Where is he indeed!
He's here, sir!
Here in my bed.
They are thy children!
Let they be a testament
to my innocence.
A ribbon!
Oh, Lord!
- Thou shall die!
- Sir Jaime, hear me patiently!
I shall make plain this awful chance
that seems to point to my guilt.
Thou art well disguised
and brave...
to look an outraged man in the
eye and fall not the ground...
on thy hands and knees,
begging forgiveness for thy crime...
and mercy for that which
thou oughtst pay!
A villain who finds in his bed an
adulterous couple, a pair of vipers...
might he smash them with impunity
and yet I nothing do?
Thou canst kill me, sir!
Yet thou wilst regret it,
and thy repentance wilt be late.
Thou wilst know my innocence and
thy remorse wilt ne'er leave thee.
Justify thyself
before all of mine house?
Let it not be said of me that
I wouldst kill an innocent woman.
I can read my condemnation
in thine eyes.
I can see that thou
wilst not pardon me.
And not a heavenly miracle
can show thee mine innocence.
My life has e'er been a stumbling
block for thy designs.
Thou hidest thy conviction so
as more readily rid thyself of me.
I know and see it!
So, if thou wishest to slay me,
good Duke...
if that is thy purpose,
as I do believe...
then kilest me thine own self,
barbarically id thou wishest it.
Let then my name be stained
with infamy's blemish...
yet humiliate me not in the
presence of thy servants.
My name in thine own, sir duke.
Thou canst not remove it.
Yes, m'lady!
I did bind mine name to thine own...
and t 'was thou who undertookst
the labour of mine infamy.
Thou spokest well I might kill ye both,
make martyrs of ye...
trample ye underfoot.
Nothing could for me be simpler.
Yet such vengeance, while it might
perchance satisfy a villain...
would please me not.
Were I sure that this furnace of hate which devours me... 
would not consume me whole 
in but a few hours... 
if I could be sure of life 
until the break of day... 
were mine vengeance otherwise. 
Whereas I cannot be sure of life, 
I shall take another... 
though less splendid, 
equally terrifying vengeance. 
- Enter! 
- Good sir! 
On my knees, I beg thee: Let me 
ot die suffering the false piety... 
of mine subjects who all about me 
will be laughing to themselves... 
...at mine pleas and my forsakenness! 
- Enter! 
Bye, everybody. 
Antonio Martins... 
- It's a pleasure. 
- Likewise. 
Maria Luisa. 
- How are things? 
- Fine. 
- I don't know what to say... 
- It's okay. 
Well, it's been a pleasure. 
Wait! 
I knew you'd be here today. 
I really wanted to meet you. 
I always read yours reviews and... 
- I'm a little embarrassed. 
- Don't be. Everything is fine. 
- Really? 
- Yes. 
- But it may seem that I... 
- It doesn't, okay? 
- Have you eaten yet? 
- No. 
What about dinner? 
I don't go out with actresses. 
Fine.
Neither I with critics.
Shall we?
Where to?
Hello!
- Are you lonesome?
- Why?
- You look like a lonely man.
- Is that so?
Like those who need care.
That's good.
You know a lot about men,
don't you?
- Enough.
- For what?
- To take care of them.
- How nice.
Have you ever been married?
- I've had some affairs.
- Did they last long?
Is this some sort of interrogatory
for a gossip magazine?
- I'm the journalist here.
- I'm sorry.
- I was just asking.
- What for?
I don't know.
Isn't that why we go out with people?
I don't know. I came because you
had something to say to me.
Maybe you have,
and I think I know what it is.
You probably want to establish
some sort of intimacy...
so that you can ask me what
I thought about your play...
thus compromising
my opinion a little.
If not about the play,
at least about your work.
It must be difficult for you since
you've been working hard...
for so long on your career and
saw in me a way to leverage it.
Bringing me here,
exposing me as your trophy.
Maybe you wanted that,
and maybe I wanted things too.
Who knows,
we could exchange something.
Maybe you could
slowly suck my dick...
while I wrote an exclusive about
the great revelation of the stages.
Maybe you could be a little more
generous, meeting me now and then...
to change this lonely
appearance you say I have.
I might even fall in love,
which wouldn't be difficult and...
soon I'd notice that passion is
an invention of bourgeois literature.
Then you'd regret approaching me...
realizing that a shitty compliment...
means nothing more than a
good fuck on a cold night.
That on the next day would be
no more than a memory.
Maybe I could look into your eyes,
just like I'm doing now...
and say how obvious the world is...
that if death touched me right
now it would still be so predictable.
Excuse me.
Antonio, did you know that I still
have a review you wrote...
...from a play I was in?
- That's good.
You know, sometimes I...
take it from my drawer and...
...read it again.
- I see.
- You got dirty here?
- Yeah, a little.
Don't you...
Don't you want to drink something?
I'll have a scotch.
- Where's the bathroom?
- Right there.
Antonio!
Now you'll see who only works
from the neck up.
Money isn't everything.
- Sex?
- Nothing as well.
What really matters is that
I enjoyed it. It was great.
- Did you meet him again?
- No, but that doesn't matter.
- What mattered was the moment.
- Are you in love with him?
It's not love.
I'm in love with an idea that...
maybe it could be him.
Wake up! Move on.
Those are customers!
What about you?
Tell me about you.
What did you get
in the streets today?
Gee, this amazing guy.
He asked me to fuck him.
It was wonderful, really great.
I just don't get it
how a man asks you to...
you know, to fuck him.
But it was great!
He paid a lot of money.
- Was it worth it for the money?
- Yeah!
I'm not satisfied with money only.
I want more than that.
- I'd trade the money for a man.
- I want more than money too.
- I want jewelry, I want...
- No.
- That just won't happen.
- Yes, it will.
Maybe in the movies...
not in real life.
I want to find a man who will get
me out of this life, that's all.
You won't find it.
Maybe not.
But I won't give up trying.
You think he's the one?
I don't know.
- He loves me.
- Very much.
Does he love you?
I'm not talking about him.
No, but what about
some other guy...
Does anyone love you?
Do you love yourself?
I'm not as pretty as
you to work the streets.
- You know that.
- Life grows on you, baby.
You gotta change, be violent,
you gotta kill, gotta have men.
This is not just our tiny little world.
How much are you gonna make?
- Five bucks for a blowjob?
- I've made up my mind.
I'll leave this life for real.
By myself, or with a man
who'll get me out of there.
That's what inspires me.
You're not leaving...
You're stuck!
Who's gonna pay the check?
'Cause I have no money.
- How come?
- I have to...
If I pay the check
I won't have lunch today.
What is life?
It's a shadow passing by.
Shakespeare!
Exactly!
You're talking about Shakespeare.
I'm not talking about Shakespeare.
I'm talking about myself.
I've had...
great passions in life.
Wonderful women.
And I tell you:
Sexually wonderful.
I mean it.
- It's funny.
- Sexually wonderful!
I don't have children.
Do I like that?
No.
I don't like that.
I wish I had them.
You wanna talk and just can't!
- We met today...
- Yeah.
And it's not easy for me
to talk about it.
If you want some ready phrases...
- I've got tons of them.
- One.
- Do you want one...
- One!
...which defines my life?
One.
I don't need a phrase.
I need a word.
Mistakes.
- Is it good?
- Great!
- It's good for you...
- Very good.
One who won't react... crawls.
- Humanity...
- What are you doing?
- Humanity lives out of misery.
- Fine.
And don't you stare at this guy,
because I hate you.
- Him?
- Yes, him. You...
I hadn't even seen the guy,
you son of a bitch!
You want to sit with me?
- No, please, I insist.
- Leave him alone!
- No. You...
- Leave the guy alone!
You come over here!
You're a thief.
- I'm gonna take a piss. Fuck off!
- No, wait. Wait up!
What do I do?
Tell me, what do I do?
Tell me what to do, man!
Slow down, will ya?
- What are you talking about?
- Slow down!
Don't sell yourself cheap.
You're not like that.
When I saw you,
when I seduced you...
I loved you and you loved me.
- And you were not...
- But I love you, you bastard!
- You're asking this asshole...
- Shut up!
- Leave me alone!
- Let's go! Now!
Get that fucking purse and
let's go, dammit!
- Get it for me.
- No, you get it!
- No.
- Then I get it...
My cigarettes. My cigarettes!
This shit isn't good for nothing!
Let's get the fuck out of here.
Now, you fuck,

here's what:
and you love nothing.
Who are you?
Really?
Is it true?
Look at him and kiss me.
And tell him it was
just a jealousy scene.
Antonio?
Are you with someone?
- No.
- Can I come in?
Yes.
You must be asking yourself
what I'm doing here at this time.
I'm not sure if we're that close,
neither what you think about me.
I'm a man who has always lived
life in the third person.
Until recently...
Not really long ago...
before seeing you,
hearing your words...
I was someone who lived life
in a simple manner.
I looked to the world as
someone who was immunized.
And now...
the more I try to dodge
the image of your face...
of your mouth...
the deeper it enters my soul.
So?
What?
What do you say?
I think you'd
better go home and rest.
- We can talk tomorrow.
- What do you mean "tomorrow"?
Tomorrow is the end!
Just a while ago, I saw life rising
again right in front of me.
I saw the pain of the world
spitting in my face...
and yet, as an impassive ignorant,
someone unprepared...
I had only eyes for you.
I rebuilt my life in a second,
and all the time...
it was your image that
appeared in front of me.
And now I know...
I would be capable of anything...
of making yours my will.
Why are you saying all this?
Ins, I'm yours!
I never belonged
to anyone like this before.
I need some water.
- Do you own this apartment?
- No, it's rented.
- By whom?
- Why do you want to know?
Because I do.
I need to know.
I see.
And that hat, is it yours?
He put it there.
So he just puts things around?
No, he does not put his things around.
This place belongs to him.
This is Jose's atelier.
- And you're just his model?
- Yes.
And why are you living here?
- What are you trying to suggest?
- Me? Nothing.
I just want you to look at my face, into my eyes...
and tell me that you have nothing
to do with this painter.
You look at me!
My life's already too complicated.
Who do you think you are...
to come to my place at this hour
and speculate about my life?
You don't even
know me that well.
- Go away! We'll talk tomorrow.
- No way! You don't want me to go.
You want to hear what
I have to say about you.
Better yet, about that painting and this painter...
and just as you wanted it,
uncompliant, right?
- I don't want to hear anymore!
- But you will, Ins.
You will listen.
Ins...
you're not just a model.
You're a character.
A character, got it?
This here...
This is not an atelier.
This is a scenario,
a pseudo-conceptual one...
and you are incarcerated here.
Subordinated to the eccentricity
of a mediocre artist.
Ins, you're being fooled.
This has nothing to do with art.
It's just perversion.
He's a fetishist.
You're his porno actress.
What?
You two-bit shitty critic!
You leech!
Are you trying to destroy my life?
You son of a bitch!
- You're frustrated!
- Sorry, Ins.
Get out!
Get out of here, Antonio!
Stop, don't do that!
No! No!
No, Antonio.
Go away.
Go away, Antonio.
I am...
a prisoner.
"A word from you...
and I will free myself.
Just one word...
and I will be yours.
Besides the pleasure...
which overwhelmed
me that moment...
there's a detail...
you didn't notice.
I tasted your blood, Ins...
which drained from
a wound on your ear.
To say that the flavor...
was sweet...
does not really...
express what I felt at that moment.
Could we have made...
with that blood...
an eternal pact?
From someone...
who wants you entirely...
Antonio. "
You've been indicted for violating
Article 213 of the Criminal Code.
Rape.
Records show that you went to
Maria Ins de Jesus' residence...
known in the art world as
Ins Torres Campana...
and, in an inebriated state...
forced her into carnal conjunction
by means of physical violence.
Is this true?
No, it's not true.
I'm in love with this woman.
I don't know why
she accuses me of rape.
Did you have a
relationship before then?
- Yes.
- It doesn't change things though.
A previous relationship wouldn't
give you the right of forcing it.
There are signs of physical
violence in the lawsuit.
We fought.
There were two distinct moments.
There was no rape.
There was...
...sex.
- Be objective!
I don't know why
she's accusing me.
She never spoke to me again.
Did you or did you
not force intercourse?
This is the opportunity for
you to defend yourself.
In the police statement,
Ins says you forced her.
She expelled you from her
house after you offended her.
She says there was no consent
for intercourse.
That's the point: The consent.
What happened?
We argued.
She... I think she got upset
with the things I said.
There was voluptuousness,
surrender, but there was no rape.
I've already said
I'm in love with this woman.
She's overpowered by an artist,
a painter, Jose Torres Campana.
That's the point.
He uses her as a model to shock,
to achieve success...
but it is pornography
what he really does.
She even uses his name.
He manipulates her,
and I noticed this manipulation...
- We fought over this...
- However, she accuses you.

I repeat:
intercourse had no consent.
Accusation shows you took advantage
of her physical deficiency.
This is a lie. It's him,
Jose Torres Campana...
who does that. Not me!
I treated her like a woman.
I may have been impulsive but
I didn't mean to hurt her.
I didn't hurt Ins.
It's too difficult to say what
happens at times like these.
We fought, we argued, 
it was all very intense, but... 
But she agreed. 
I'm sure she gave herself in, 
she felt pleasure. 
There was no rape. 
What about the bruises? 
That was before. 
She hit me. 
Therefore, 
you deny the accusation? 
- Yes, I do. 
- And why would she lie? 
I don't think she's lying. 
I think she is resentful, overpowered. 
Since when have you known her? 
A few days before that night. 
I don't exactly recall the date. 
- How many times did you meet? 
- Twice. 
- And you say you're in love... 
- Is there a timeframe for that? 
- It's just not normal... 
- I'm not normal! 
We are rigorous when it comes 
to public figures, aren't we? 
The newspaper cannot overlook that. 
I thought you guys would 
stand by my side. 
This newspaper is part of my life, 
you know it. 
Of course, Antonio. 
But what should I do? 
Your column disappears all of 
a sudden. And I say what? 
That you took a vacation? 
And for how long? 
There is also the internal situation. 
Besides, what if some magazine 
publishes the lawsuit story? 
What if she decides to talk 
and we said nothing about it? 
Can you picture us running the story 
after everyone else?
That would be demoralizing.
I haven't even been cited yet.
I'm just asking for the newspaper...
not to publish my name.
This is an ethical issue.
You were accused of raping a girl
who has an amputated leg.
- What does your lawyer have to say?
- That I have a chance.
The leave you've requested
could be used by the defense.
It's an ethically correct and
brave attitude.
- You're-condemning me.
- We're-not!
I said I'd be a defense
witness in case you want me to.
I'll go the judge and tell him
everything I know about you.
I'll tell him you are incapable
of raping someone.
I see.
I think I'll place...
That's better.
But it won't be shown...
- You said you'd remember!
- Yeah, I did.
We'll figure out something new.
That's fine now.
Yeah, that was it...
or something similar.
We found it, see?
We found what we wanted.
You're completely wet.
My hand is coming back now.
I liked it.
More to the back.
One moment.
- Won't bother you?
- No.
Place your hand over here.
No, not there.
Let's make it a bit more
malicious. Grab me.
Lean over. That's it.
Good.
That's great!
It's better already.
That's the curve...
Very nice.
I'll work at this part a little more.
Good afternoon, Ms. Ins.
You may give us your testimony
without the defendant's presence.
Are you sure you're not
bothered by his presence?
- No. I don't think so.
- Very good.
As a victim,
you're not under oath...
but we do expect the truth.
We investigate the accusation
that you raped by the defendant.
Do you recognize him?
Yes.
Were you forced to have sexual
intercourse with him...
by means of violence
or any other kind of threat?
He forced me.
How did it happen?
He came to my apartment,
middle of the night, no warning.
He was confused,
aggressive, altered.
I asked him to leave.
I was afraid of him.
He really insulted me.
I tried to send him away,
but he did that to me.
Go on, please.
We argued and he grabbed me.
He squeezed my arms
with a lot of force.
Then he took it out and...
and laid over me.
Excuse me, but I have to ask:
Did he insert his penis
into your vagina?
- Yes.
- Did you consent to it?
- No.
- Did he ejaculate?
- Yes.
- Did he wear a condom?
- No.
I see.
The defense may now speak.
Thank you, Your Honor.
Ms. Ins, please understand that
we do not intend to embarrass you.
This is a grievous lawsuit.
A punishment of 6 to 10 years
of imprisonment...
mostly likely to be inflicted on
a penitentiary for rapists only.
I don't believe you're lying,
but this case has no witnesses.
It's your word against my client's.
It's natural that today's
and that night's emotions...
blur it all a bit.
It is the judge's decision whether
to punish Antonio or not.
It is also natural that
sorrow mixes up feelings.
You've said you were insulted.
What exactly did he say that
night which hurt you so much?
He insulted what is the most
sacred in my life...
which is my relationship with
Jose Torres Campana.
I don't really remember
his words. He...
What kind of relationship is that?
Is it affectional? Professional?
That is private. I don't have
to explain about my life.
I owe Jose my artistic career.
He inspires me, teaches me.
And I won't allow
anyone to violate it.
Did the defendant hit you?
No, no hitting.
Did he threaten you in any form?
- How so?
- Did he threaten to beat you?
I was scared...
- Did he make verbal threats then?
- No.
The apartment you live in is rented
by Jose Campana, isn't it?
Yes.
- Does he visit it frequently?
- The studio belongs to him.
- Any neighbors living close by?
- Yes.
- In the same floor?
- Yes.
After you both fell,
did you continue to fight?
I don't quite recall...
I guess so.
You said there was no sexual
intercourse before that.
Was there any sexual intimacy
between the two of you?
Yes.
Is Antonio in love with you?
I don't know.
How am I supposed to know?
A woman would notice,
wouldn't she?
I don't know. A man in love
doesn't do what he did.
- What?
- Insult me.
- After that, did you meet again?
- No, sir.
- Did he go after you?
- Yes.
He called and left messages.
I didn't answer though.
Did he send you a letter, a note?
The very next day, didn't he?
- Yes, he did...
- What did it say?
It was a note...
A meaningless note.
It talked about freeing himself, a blood pact.
When did you get this note?
Was it in the next day?
Yes.
Then he didn't know you'd already gone to the police?
- No.
- Did you scream before...
or during the sexual intercourse?
No.
Did he stop you from screaming?
No.
I'll never forget the smell of death. The smell of it.
I'll never forget either the smell of fear... from those who found death... while others caused it.
I remember tons of rocks... gravel, debris, everything.
The silence required every time we thought we'd heard a voice... in the middle of the debris.
Everything would become quiet. Particularly at night, with that dust and those lights. Then we would find a body.
A body already in... putrefaction.
And there were people with pliers... who stole the gold teeth. They would cut fingers... to get them gold rings, anything. Just looting, really.
There were also those who'd take advantage of the event... to kill, to deprive, to do anything.
Policemen, soldiers,
and politicians...
who'd take advantage of all that.
Sheer violence.
That was the scenario a few
months after the earthquake.
She's missing a leg...
as simple as that.
There is no problem.
She's someone extremely sensual...
extremely beautiful.
And I think...
I can still be...
attractive, sensual.
This chemical combination
that exists...
that happens
when both are naked...
one over the other...
it's such an intimate moment that...
it eliminates any possibility
of violence...
a moment which
requires gentleness...
demands sweetness,
that demands...
maybe love.
I don't know if at this moment
there are sparks.
I don't know how to say that...
Yeah, lightning.
When the artist undresses and
the model undresses...
there ends the relationship
between power and vulnerability.
Both are equally vulnerable...
or equally powerful.
We have two moments:
One of these moments is when
life ends, finishes: Death.
The other, when we have the
possibility of starting life: Sex.
Observe the works of Maya...
Aztec, Pre-Colombian, Inca.
Both culminating moments
of human nature are present:
Death, almost always violently...
and procreation...
beautifully, erotically, sensually.
This hand was an homage
to a great Mexican artist...
Jose Quadalupe Posada...
who synthesized like no other...
the fascination Mexico has...
with death as a metaphor for life.
I think I had this done,
I don't know, 35, 40 years ago.
I thought it was very important,
very interesting...
and it has occupied my life since.
It occupies it to this very day.
I wake up every day,
look at it...
and remember that,
little by little...
I'm becoming more wrinkled, older...
that my bones are melting.
I'm reaching the end and still want...
to reproduce, to go on living.
This to me is a beautiful
mystery, as an art theme.
What is art for?
I know it serves the market.
I know it serves the State Affairs.
I know it has many functions.
However, we're artists...
who believe that through
art we can share...
the transformations...
we go through.
I was about say suffer,
but in fact...
they are the transformations
we're thankful for in this life.