

*My reverie caresses Obscenity  
begins when there is  
the soft murmur of your sigh.  
no more spectacle,  
no more stage,  
O, how life laughs  
if your black pupils  
only glance!*

*And the shelter of your light  
no more theatre,  
laughter is now mine,  
no more illusion,*

*when everything becomes  
like angels chanting.  
immediately transparent,  
It soothes my wounded heart.  
And all, all is forgotten...!*

*The day that you shall love me  
visible, exposed  
the roses that regale us  
in the raw and inexorable light  
will wear their party dresses  
of information and communication.  
with all their brightest hues.*

*And... We no longer partake of the seven winds,  
the drama of alienation,  
the tolling bells  
proclaim you to be mine now;  
but crazily, every fountain...  
in the ecstasy of communication...  
and, Thus alienation  
will talk about your love.  
gives way*

*The night that you shall love me  
to obscene ecstasy.  
This obscenity is no longer  
from the deepest blue of heaven  
the galaxies "hot" and "sexual" with envy  
will watch us as we stroll;*

*and a mysterious but rather "cool" aura  
will nest upon your head crown,  
like an exotic and "communicational" glow-worm  
The need to speak, revealing... you,  
my only consolation!*

*The day that you shall love me  
even if one has nothing to say,  
there will be naught  
but music; becomes more pressing  
the dawn will bloom with brightness  
when one has nothing to say,  
as a joyous mountain spring;*

*the slight breeze will sing to us  
just as the will to live  
with a melodious murmur,  
becomes more urgent  
and all the founts will offer us  
when life has lost its meaning...  
their sparkling crystal song.*

*The day that you shall love me  
That's the ecstasy  
the songbird of communication.  
will pluck his sweetest strings;  
All secrets, spaces and scenes  
abolished life everywhere  
will bloom, in a single dimension of information.  
and pain will cease to be...*

*The night that you shall love obscenity.  
That's me  
from the deepest blue of heaven  
The hot, sexual obscenity of the galaxies  
with envy former times  
is succeeded by the cold will*

*watch us as we stroll,  
and a mysterious and communicational, aura  
will nest upon your head crown,  
like an exotic contactual and motivational glow-worm  
revealing... you,  
obscenity of today...  
my only consolation!*

\* All text in italics is from my translation of the song "El Día que me Quieras" by Carlos Gardel and Alfredo Lepera (1934). All other text is by Jean Baudrillard, from *L'autre par lui-meme*, Paris: Editions Galilee (1987); translated by Bernard and Caroline Schutze as *The Ecstasy of Communication*, NY: Semiotext(e) (1988); and from *Please Follow Me* with Sophie Calle, Seattle: Bay Press (1983, 1988). "What Are You Doing After the Orgy?" In *Artforum* (October 1983) in "The Ecstasy of Communication," translated by John Johnston in Hal Foster, ed., In *The Anti-Aesthetic: Essays on Postmodern Culture*, Port Townsend, WA: Bay Press (1983).