

REFLECTIONS ON FEMINIZING TIME

Frieda Forman

Malgré tout le temps que les femmes passent au travail avec et sans salaire, nous avons été exclues des propos tenus par les hommes au sujet du temps. L'auteure caractérise la relation des femmes à la définition masculine du temps comme hostile. Elle propose une mesure temporelle explicitement féminine, centrée sur la naissance, opposant la mesure temporelle définie par le patriarcat et par l'éthique judéo-chrétienne, qui se définit par la mort.

When women say, as we so frequently do, "I have no time," we know whereof we speak, as individuals and as a collective. From the humblest considerations of time to the most ethereal reflections, women as subjects have been profoundly absent. When we do appear, in those categories provided for us by the social sciences, the picture that emerges in terms of time spent in hours of paid and unpaid work makes us long for exclusion from that temporal realm.

My own interest in (and eventual obsession with) the subject of women and time did not come about, however, through scholarly involvement but rather through observation, informed by a feminist sensibility and a cultural predisposition to suffering; for to speak of women and time is to speak of the ultimate theft.

"Haunted by time" is no hyperbolic phrase when used to express women's experience of this most human of dimensions. In an essay on language, Martin Heidegger observes that we become aware of the power of language when words fail us, when the word we need doesn't come. And so too it is with women: we become conscious of time when it is missing, when it flies away, when we are waiting. While it is true that availability of time differs from class to class, nevertheless, to be female is to have an uneasy relationship to time. Even the more privileged among us experience the anguish that accompanies that relationship. Would it be too extreme to say that time is an enemy, albeit domesticated and

familiar? Certainly, common expressions suggest such a perception: "rushing against time," "juggling time," "deadlines."

Regardless of circumstance, women are strangers in the world of male-defined time and as such are never at home there. At best, we are like guests eager to prove helpful; at worst we are refugees, living on "borrowed time." Whatever our status in that realm, time is there to fulfil duties and obligations, some of which are voluntary and undertaken in a spirit of love and service to others. In this capacity, time becomes a commodity and, once again, how brisk the trading is will depend on class; but we may be sure that it will remain a commodity and not a vehicle towards freedom. Time is not freedom for women (though some of us may have some "free time" now and then.)

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In *Silences*, Tillie Olsen quotes from a letter by the poet Louise Bogan to writer May Sarton, describing the household of the famous man of letters, Edmund Wilson:

You would have loved the Wilson ménage. Elena has really effected a tremendous change in Edmund's way of living. She really loves him, moreover! The little girl, Helen, is delightful; I must send her an Orlando book. The house couldn't be more attractive; and Elena has evidently put real elbow grease into decorating it; scraping floors and walls and making curtains. There is a "parlor" with a good deal of Federal mahogany (E's mother's) upholstered in yellow; a dining room with more mahogany against blue walls, plus lovely blue Staffordshire and silver; a "middle room" with more blue walls and blue chintz and linen; and Ed's magnificent study, with a bathroom attached, and a stairway to an attic, filled with overflow books. For the first time poor E. has attention, space and effectively arranged paraphernalia of all kinds, - Mary McCarthy never really helped in the more practical ways; and E. has had a very scrappy kind of life down the

years. Now all moves smoothly: tea on a tray for his "elevenses"; absolute silence in his working hours, and good meals at appropriate intervals. Elena was very hospitable, and fed me enormous luncheons (one of lobster), with highballs at tea-time . . . They have a tiny suntrap of a garden by the side door, and Elena has a little vegetable garden, v. European with lettuces and beans mixed with herbs and the zinnias.¹

Louise Bogan (in Olsen's view, a consummate and peerless poet) could take such obvious pleasure in Wilson's domestic bliss while she herself had a daughter to raise, alone, and none of the benefits of a devoted wife!

Could any sociological study have given us such an elegant and comprehensive litany of women's work in the home? From the start, we are told that love is the matrix for this comfortable household, where no detail has been spared to provide the aesthetic and material conditions conducive to Wilson's creative work: all the traditional mahogany and blue, good meals (balanced, one hopes, with fresh vegetables from the little garden); but more critical, for a writer certainly, "absolute silence in his working hours." If we were to consider the time spent and so well hidden in this epistolary ode, would not some of the lustre disappear: the time in caring for that "delightful" child, especially if absolute silence is to prevail; time to polish the silver and mahogany, wash the chintz and linen, clean the bathroom adjoining the magnificent study, dust the books (occasionally, even the overflow in the attic); to prepare the meals (at appropriate intervals), planning all the while so that she can be home for his "elevenses" and should he need attention at other odd hours. From what one gathers, Elena was also an attentive and generous hostess - more time. Could Mary McCarthy, who "never really helped in the more practical ways," have survived as a writer were *she* to have made all move smoothly?

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Temporality is a problematic and pain-riddled area for us, whether in the everyday world, in mythic and iconographic expression, or in religious tradition and ritual.

Housework, or as it is sometimes called, "domestic labour," has been voluminously documented by feminist and other social scientists.² Only the briefest indications are needed here. Despite technological changes in the home, unemployed women today spend as much time at housework as did their grandmothers (figures range from 55 to 70 hours a week) and, in some specific areas such as laundry and shopping, they spend more time.³ Child care, which is more complex today, assuming many psychological and educational dimensions, has added immeasurable hours to a woman's domestic work day. The drudgery of old-fashioned labour has given way to more diffuse and time-consuming activities. For mothers of lower income families, the amount of time spent on housework would rise above the 55-70 hours a week to include extra time spent on careful shopping and preparation of "budgetwise" meals, on sewing and mending clothing and, above all, on child care when there are no means to pay others for that service.⁴ In developing countries, a woman's lot continues to be one of unspeakable toil.

In advanced Western society, where the leisure industry looms so large, one is right to ask how women are affected by this relatively new introduction of free time. In his Vancouver-based study, "Sexual Division of Labour and Inequality: Labour and Leisure," Martin Meisener asks: "How meaningful is it to speak of married women's leisure? To begin with, time-budget hours of women's leisure are undoubtedly over-estimated. Women's time spent in visiting, parties, outings, or watching television, is certain to contain some obvious work, in preparing, serving, and putting away dishes . . . much of this "free time" is also *work*, in less obvious form perhaps, in attention to husbands' and children's emotional and physical needs." He concludes that "leisure may well be completely incompatible with being a wife or a mother. In the conventions of sociology, the role of housewife is 'diffuse,' which

means practically that she is 'legitimately' on call at any time and for any demands or requests. In the language of a labour contract, that state of affairs would make for a twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week requirement to be available for work."⁵

When women work outside the home, as they do in increasing numbers, they need not fear that they will lose their hold on the domestic reins. That sphere is theirs, regardless of other demands. Studies have shown, only too clearly, that when she assumes the added obligation of a paid job, thereby increasing her work load by up to 40 hours a week, his contribution to the organization of the household remains that of a reluctant "helper." We know only too well that women's employment earns them 60% of men's. Accordingly, in a world where time is money, and where money can mean time, women have little of either.

As for "quality of working life" (an issue so much in fashion now that we have a Canadian periodical by that name) there too women's time is undervalued and dehumanized. Particularly in industry, but not exclusively there, women's work is the most segmented, repetitive and constraining. Madeleine Guilbert, in her detailed study of women's work in French industry, found that women were given jobs, often refused by men, because they required "a great deal of resistance to monotony."⁶ The forms of resistance by the women were social: involvement in each others' lives, exchange of life experiences, gifts to celebrate birthdays, and attention to co-workers' personal needs - dehumanizing work perhaps, but not dehumanized women.

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Male domination over time has been expressed in the mythology and iconography of Western civilization with a virulence that has permeated all subsequent thinking on temporality. In ancient Greek myth, Cronus, son of mother earth and father heaven, who devours his own children, is identified with Chronos, the personification of time: thus our chronology. During the Medieval and Renaissance periods, the allegorical linking of

time and death becomes common iconography. The cannibalistic image of Father Time gives way in the sixteenth century to a more benign and paradoxical version: time is the ravager, as well as the revealer of truth, and that through a familial relation, "*Veritas filia temporis*" (Truth the daughter of time). As late as the nineteenth century, however, we still find the identification of time with death: Goya's painting of "Cronus devouring his children", which ranks as one of the most horrific works in art history.

As we know, technological innovation does not necessarily bring with it advantage to women. When iconography in the seventeenth century reflects a new era of time-keeping, "God the watchmaker" is still very much male. Whatever else may be said about this iconography, it must be given its due for its generic consistency. Right through to the 18th century, a pitiable "Father Time" serves as a reminder of our human fate.⁷

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The masculinity of Time through the ages, and with it the metaphors of devastation and death, have fundamentally shaped Christianity. In her book *His Religion and Hers: A Study of the Faith of our Fathers and the Work of our Mothers*, Charlotte Perkins Gilman reflects upon the question of whether birth or death is to be the basis of religion. She speculates in this way:

. . . Had the religions of the world developed through her mind, they would have shown one deep, essential difference, the difference between birth and death. The man was interested in one end of life, she in the other. He was moved to faith, fear, and hope for the future; she to love and labor in the present.

To the death-based religion the main question is what is going to happen to me after I am dead? - a posthumous egotism.

To the birth-based religion the main question is what must be done for the child who is born? - an immediate altruism.⁸

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Judaism, more earth-bound than Christianity and less occupied with an

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after-life, is among the most time-conscious religions; and it is the element of time which deprives women of full status and participation in Jewish life. In traditional Jewish law as established in the Talmud, women along with children and slaves, are exempt from all positive ("thou shalt") commandments which are time-bound. The most significant of these are the three daily services: prayers said morning, afternoon, and evening, throughout the year. To be excluded from these is to be effectively barred from public religious life, that life which takes place in the synagogue. Women also cannot be counted as a member in the "Minyan," the most basic Jewish communal unit, the religious counterpart to a quorum, without which public prayer cannot begin.

Whereas male children and slaves can, in time, acquire full legal membership in the Jewish community – the child at the age of thirteen and the slave when he is freed – time has no such transforming potential for a woman: she remains forever outside.

The centrality of daily prayer for the observant Jewish male cannot be overstated. It is the ritual which binds him to the past and to his history. As such, it is a continuous affirmation of the holy for him, providing a constant reminder of a spiritual covenant with God. From this spiritual identity the Jewish woman is absent; indeed, in Jewish thought she is consigned to the category of physicality while he is entrusted to spirituality.⁹

Continuity in Jewish tradition is inextricably tied to learning and teaching the holy text, the Torah, the Bible, which is the source of all Jewish belief and referred to as "a Tree of Life to them that hold fast to it." Over the centuries, Jewish women have had little access to this arboreal connection and thus are not allowed to fulfill the commandment of teaching one's children.

The more benign explanations given to account for women's exclusion from these fundamental religious obligations, public prayer and study, have focussed on women's domestic role with its ideology of separate but equal. More acute critics have seen this as another instance of the private sphere for her, the public realm for him.¹⁰ My only interpretation is, I'm afraid, more sinister: the exclusion from timebound commandments was a profound reflection of the reality that only free men can undertake to give their time while women (and slaves) don't have it to give.

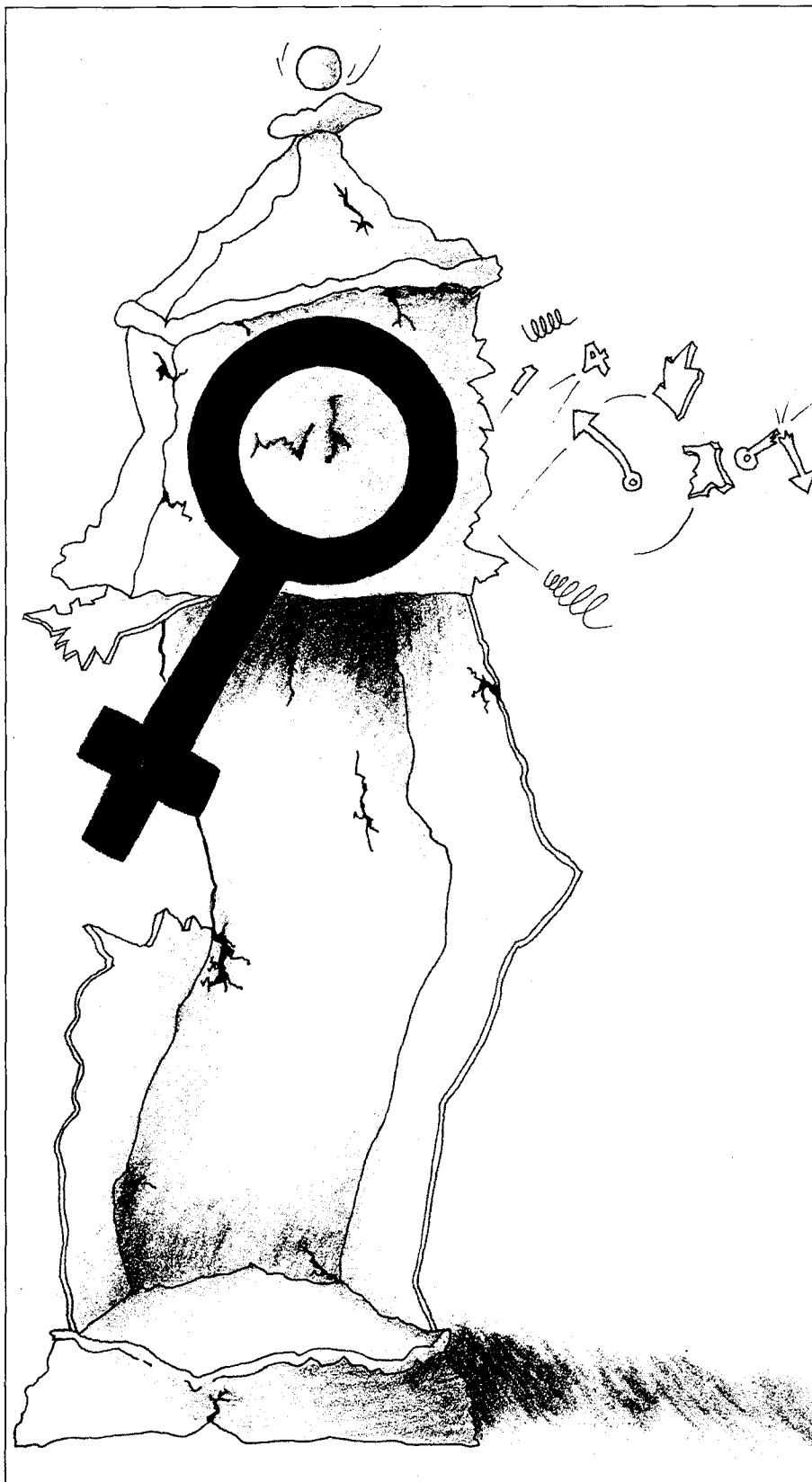


Illustration: Jane Northey

In Jewish life, where the notion of generational continuity is so fundamentally a lived reality, one would expect that childbirth, the realization of that continuity, would provide women with a religious moment which is unique-

ly ours. This expectation, based on grounds of historical consciousness, is heightened when one considers that blessings and prayers accompany the observant Jew's every act and are so exquisitely precise as to embrace the entire sweep of

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human activity: from the ordinary to the sublime, from the quotidian to the unforeseen event. For all these, the creator is blessed and the act consecrated. But there is no specific prayer which a Jewish woman can say upon giving birth.

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In philosophy, where reason comes to bear on time, and where one would anticipate an articulation of the subject which is comprehensive and universal, once again, it isn't *us* they're talking about. The reflections which follow focus mainly on nineteenth and twentieth-century philosophy (Phenomenology and Existentialism), but one can go back to St. Augustine's contemplations on time in the fourth century and discern the absence of women. More than with any other philosophical category, there is no entry point for women in the discourse on time and temporality. In my view, there are two major explanations for this absence. First, awareness of death is a crucial component of masculine time-consciousness, which becomes the essence of being-in-the-world in the work of Martin Heidegger. Secondly, human time unfolds in history, but history, as a fusion of conception and action, is a category from which we are largely absent.

In Heidegger's major work, *Being and Time*, awareness of one's own death is the ground for an authentic existence, an existence that questions what it means to be; "the meaning of Being," is centrally related to what it means *not* to be.¹¹ Inauthentic existence, conversely, is characterized by avoiding thinking of one's own death, through absorption in the everyday world with its trivial distractions. The Heideggerian disclosure of temporality, however seductive and compelling in places, cannot serve to illuminate women's experience and sense of time, principally because of its inextricable connection of death with futurity. The notion of a death of one's own, as the condition expressed in the Heideggerian formula for authentic existence, is inconceivable for women if it is not rendered dialectically with birth, because for us the future as generative is as much a determinant in our lives as is our mortality. But more fundamentally: our very awareness of death,

given the existentials of our lives as women, cannot be viewed from the same perspective which for men makes death the ultimate source of courage and freedom. As a collective, women do not only live *in* time (from birth to death), they also *give* time and that act makes a radical difference to Being-in-the-World. Heidegger speaks of an existence from which we are absent, and is silent on the subject of our temporality: women's time consciousness.

If we were to extend the philosopher's concept to comprehend the rich and complex give-and-take which characterizes woman's time, would death not be dislodged as the final arbiter of authentic existence? We might in the process even begin to question the concept of authenticity itself, which is so central to Heidegger's work, not with the purpose of dismissing it but rather with the intention of radically exposing it.

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If the shift from a death-determined future to a birth-determined one, with attending metaphoric changes in temporality, is conceivable, are we not feminizing time? And isn't it about time that we do? Since the entire discussion of reproduction, nature, and feminization is so fraught with the possibilities of misunderstandings, I feel obliged to explain what I do *not* mean by feminization of time. I do not regard it as a return to lunar consciousness, nor a celebration of women's natural cycle. Although I have misgivings about these revived traditions, I fully appreciate both the scholarship and passion which feminists have invested in that realm. As feminists, while not disowning our very real bond to the natural world, we must continue to resist the definition of women as nature: that is, we must live in the world as subjects whose transcendence is grounded in a generative temporality.

Male temporal consciousness has excluded women from its domain by denying birth its fullest significance, as event and as consciousness. Male historical consciousness has written us out of its chronology by demeaning and ignoring our contribution, thus robbing us of our collective memory as women. In her fun-

damental work *The Politics of Reproduction*, Mary O'Brien addresses Hegel's master-slave relation which Simone de Beauvoir has applied to the male-female encounter:

The life-risking confrontation of master and slave is, for Hegel, the beginning of history; a journey towards the universal union of the rational with the real . . . Yet Hegel's scenario remains a recognition and a struggle for recognition between two adult males. Master and slave are inaugurating human history and the transcendence of nature in conditions under which the institution of patriarchy is already established for all time, and from time out of mind . . . Hegel's parable is very significant in the class struggle model of history, as Marx was able to see, but it said little about the history of genderic struggle.¹²

That women are missing in the account of history's emergence, at least according to Hegel, is no mere abstraction which can be bracketed while we go on with the task of living our lives. That unrecorded past is always with us and its absence strikes at odd, unsuspecting moments. While it may be true that we share with men a national or cultural history, our share is a mere shadow of the full heritage which is theirs. To say that we inhabit different worlds is no over-statement. If we belong to an oppressed minority, such as Jews and Blacks, we find it easier to see ourselves in that history, since its history is one of oppression – with which we can so readily identify; and, of course, because it is a recorded history, however prejudicial such recording may be.

Time is occasionally on our side: the intellectual and spiritual conditions exist now, not only for women's history but for feminist historiography, for women making history and for feminists recording it. We have cause for exhilaration when we reflect upon the enormous creativity of feminist historians whose work encompasses the reclamation of our foremothers' lives, the recording of our history making, and the redefinition of history from a revolutionary perspective, that of feminism. Hegel was quite right in his belief that without historical records there can be no political development; historians therefore make that development possible.¹³

Feminists must begin to see women's time, or more often the lack of it, as a

political issue, placing it centre-stage in our struggle. It is not enough to acknowledge fleetingly that a problem exists and to move on to more pressing points. To deny its centrality is to disregard a fundamental truth about women and to make invisible an aspect of our reality which is not only philosophically "authentic" but is critical to our political activity.

¹(New York: Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1978), p. 220.

²Bonnie Fox, ed., *Hidden in the Household*, (Toronto: Women's Press, 1980); Penny Kome, *Somebody Has To Do It* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1982); Meg Luxton, *More than a Labour of Love: Three Generations of Women's Work in the Home* (Toronto: Women's Press, 1980); Ellen Malos, *The Politics of Housework* (London: Allison & Busby, 1980); Ann Oakley, *Sociology of Housework* (Martin Robinson, 1974); Monique Proulx, "Five Million Women: A Study of the Canadian Housewife," (Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, June 1978); and Natalie Sokoloff, *Between Money and Love: The Dialectics of Women's Home and Market Work* (New York: Praeger, 1980).

³Joanne Vanek, "Time Spent in Housework," *Scientific American* (November 1974).

⁴Betsy Warrior, "Slavery or a Labor of Love," in *Houseworker's Handbook* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Women's Center).

⁵In Marylee Stephenson (ed.), *Women in Canada*, 2nd ed. (Toronto: General Publishing, 1977), p. 163.

⁷S. Macey "The Changing Iconography of Father Time," *The Study of Time*, V. III (Springer Verlag, 1976).

⁸Charlotte Perkins Gilman, *His Religion and Hers* (Hyperian Press, 1923; reprint 1976).

⁹Rachel Adler, "The Jew Who Wasn't There: Halacha and the Jewish Women," *Response*, No. 18 (Summer 1978).

¹⁰Rabbi Joan Friedman expressed this view to me over a hurried lunch.

¹¹Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York: Harper and Row, 1962).

¹²Mary O'Brien, *The Politics of Reproduction* (Boston, London and Henley: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1981), pp. 69-71.

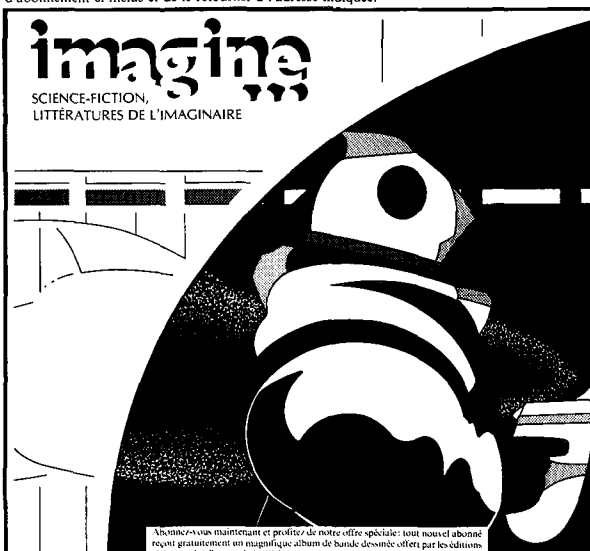
¹³J.N. Findlay, *Hegel: A Re-Examination* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1958), p. 329.

Because of my work at the Women's Educational Resources Centre (Ontario Institute for Studies in Education), I frequently find my name in the "acknowledgments" section of papers and books; appreciation is bestowed on me for merely doing my job. Now, my time has come to acknowledge sisterhood in practice: to Angela Miles, for her persistent urging that I begin this work on time, especially when such suggestions were often met with anything but gratitude; to Mary O'Brien, the mother of us all who are involved in feminist thought and practice, for her intellectually daring and spiritually enlivening work and for her very helpful suggestions; to Rusty Shteir, who on a daily basis and with admirable restraint kept alive for me the picture of the larger map; to Rachel Vigier, who came at the right moment with the right word and the right text.

Frieda Forman is a long-time feminist activist in the women's movement and the disarmament movement. She is the co-ordinator of the OISE Women's Educational Resources Centre in Toronto where the subject of women and time first became an obsession.

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1984, CE BAR OÙ JE NE SUIS JAMAIS ENTRÉE

Anne Dandurand

Il pleut, comme d'habitude. Je souhaitais une température légèrement plus sèche pour le 31 décembre, mais non. Aujourd'hui je regrette presque la neige d'autrefois. Malgré mes efforts pour les éviter, au ras du trottoir les yeux électroniques me repèrent, et les lampadaires s'allument devant mes pas. Avec tous les fêtards sur Saint-Denis, ça m'hallucine ces ballets de lumières. Je m'en veux, je déteste le quartier de la paranoïa, mais comme il m'a donné rendez-vous au 1984, j'y vais.

Comme partout dans le coin, un gros baveux contrôle mon identité à l'entrée du bar. Au vestiaire la fille me dévisage méchamment derrière ses cheveux en pointes vertes et oranges. C'est vache nostalgique ici. Un ancien écran à deux dimensions diffuse une antiquité, un clip de Louise Portal, plein de fumées et de rage. (Qu'est-ce qu'elle est devenue? Je me souviens vaguement avoir entendu parler d'elle, il y a dix ans. Elle partait pour une expédition sous-marine, à la recherche de Los Angeles, une mode chez les riches.) Sur les murs jaunissent des affiches de Police, du Capitaine Harrock n'Roll, de Dioxine de Carbone, dont je ne parviens plus à me rappeler le vrai nom. Je vieillis, j'espère qu'il ne tardera pas.

Une seule jeune femme, toute de cuir, ondule sur la piste de danse, parmi les vieux. Nous nous régalaons tous de sa rare jeunesse, mais discrètement, pour ne pas l'effaroucher.

Le serveur, les poignets cloutés, prend ma commande, du vin blanc et du libanais blond. Il m'avertit que je devrai me rendre aux toilettes, un règlement de la boîte. Ils sont à cheval sur les traditions, même périmées.

Comme il n'arrive toujours pas, je me faufile à travers la musique qui m'assourdit à coups de "beat it / beat it", je m'embarre au sous-sol derrière la porte couverte de graffitis. SEXISM CAUSES IMPOTENCE. DANCE ON THE EDGE OF A DYING WORLD. NO FUTURE. Pas gai, mais on peut souligner qu'ils ont soigné l'authenticité dans les moindres détails. Je jette mon foulard de soie sur la caméra, je n'ai jamais pu m'habituer à

être filmée les culottes baissées. Je coupe aussi la TV me retransmettant l'homme qui urine dans la cabine voisine, de toute façon il est plein d'acné, faux ou non.

En tête-à-tête avec le blond bien allumé, je pense à toi, il y a trente ans. Pas fou, sinon pourquoi ici? J'avais trente ans, mon premier ordinateur, piraté évidemment, et toi, que je volais à la vie. Il n'y avait que toi, tes caresses, et les miennes sur toi pour étouffer les cris de l'apartheid en Afrique de Sud, ceux des torturés de l'Amérique du même nom et ceux de toutes les excisées. Que toi contre le ronflement des bombes à l'afût. 1984? L'enfer mou de la grisaille, les trop nombreux enfants d'Annie Lennox et de Boy Georges, bien étranglés entre le chômage et les allocations du Mal-être. Avec, en prime, comme une question en blanc, un acteur recyclé en super-star de la papauté. Heureusement que 1984, c'était toi aussi.

D'un autre côté, si je ne sors pas d'ici tout de suite, l'année 2015 risque de commencer sans toi. Je vérifie si mon col-tortue cache bien la cicatrice de mon deuxième lifting, et je remonte au (et en) 1984.

Tu n'es pas encore là, la mélancolie me prend par la taille pour grimper l'escalier. Il y a une peinturesculpture, un pastiche de Bouguereau, un angelot greffé d'un cœur de babouin. Ça hurle en plus, on arrête pas le progrès. Ça annonce le deuxième étage, très couru.

La chair en (et au) 1984 est aussi triste que le reste, on ne sait pas qui est la plus gonflée, la poupée grandeur nature au sexe motorisé, ou la transsexuelle qui se pendra demain. Et je ne parle pas de Michel, qui s'est vendu à quatorze ans pour même pas vingt piastres. Je n'en parle pas parce que pleurer une veille de jour de l'an, ça gâche l'avenir et mon maquillage.

Je t'aimais et tu me disais qu'il fallait demeurer libre, un concept de l'époque, alors je t'écoutais et je cherchais sur le corps des autres le souvenir du tien. Je me sentais plus menacée par la fission nucléaire que par la fusion amoureuse, je me formais le caractère. Je rêvais de t'enlever. Je me perdais en contemplation devant les mêmes masques de cuir, les mêmes chaînes qu'arbore la danseuse topless, ici.

Elle termine son numéro avec un grand écart exécuté la tête en bas, remet son peignoir et me frôle en passant. On ne voit son âge, le mien, que de près. Elle fleure le parfum de Jeanne Couteau, ma compagne d'arme. La dernière fois que nous nous sommes vues, nous avons dansé et chanté pendant tout un jour. Un party énorme: l'humanité fêtait la disparition définitive du danger nucléaire, et la première vraie paix à la grandeur de la planète.

Mais avant cette célébration, dix-huit ans de combat: dix pour placer nos amies à la tête de la moitié des gouvernements de la terre. Puis huit de négociations autour d'une tasse de thé pour réduire la taille des pays à la grandeur des villes, et rétablir un équilibre économique Nord-Sud.

Nous, le baby-boom, la génération des sans-espoir, nous avons compris notre force, celle de notre nombre. Notre révolution baigna seulement dans le sang de quelques machos, morts d'apoplexie. On ne monte pas un soufflé mondial sans casser quelques têtes d'oeuf. Et moi, moi, je te quittais, je te retrouvais comme deux veines de minerai se croisant sous la terre. Je t'ai vu hier, et je ne sais pas vraiment si tu viendras ce soir. Si la politique a changé de visage, l'amour me fait toujours les mêmes grimaces.

Mais te voilà, enfin, changeons de bar et de quartier. L'Oasis, l'Eden et l'Extase n'attendent que nous pour guetter le futur, et la mort, toujours trop proche.

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