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***THE MIND ON THE PAGE ISSUE***

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# GRAPEFRUIT; a performance in two parts

JHOR VAN DER HORST

## 1

The creator of this piece once smashed a clementine on his head. He did it in the company of a good friend. When the clementine hit his head, its skin burst. Some juice spilled out.

He did not think anything of it, and enjoyed the feeling of not having to think anything of it. He felt comfortable around his friend; comfortable enough to smash the clementine on his head.

He wants to see whether one could feel equally comfortable in a different setting. You all seem to be friendly to people on stage. He always feels free when he is on stage. Isn't it true that he is trying to do something valuable when he is on stage? He is not being disruptive. At least, not trying to disrupt anything or anyone that is not meant to be disrupted. He has good intentions.

He smashed the clementine on his head, and he cleaned up afterwards. He did not disrupt the kitchen he was in.

He greatly valued that he did not have to think about what his friend thought of him. His friend was a good friend.

No one was worse off.

When are we allowed to smash clementines on our heads?

## 2

The creator of this piece once created a solo in which he, or whoever the performer was, smashed a pineapple on the ground. He performed it at an event, for people he respected. When the pineapple cracked open, flesh got exposed. He buried his face in the flesh of the fruit, and ate it.

He did think about things when he created the piece. A lot of things. All to create something that might give everyone in attendance a similar, visceral experience. Something they could reflect on. He respected his audience. He respected them enough to be concerned with their opinions of him.

Now let me ask you a question. Isn't it true that he is trying to do something valuable when he is on stage? Isn't it true that an artist has good intentions? After all, besides his good intentions, he is not really offering anything.

I can't really say that the artist has any good intentions today. Well, he has good intentions, but does not know how to shape them. He is tired. All fucking day yesterday, he tried to create something worth sharing. He couldn't come up with anything. Perhaps he is not a very passionate person in general. On a day like this he is frighteningly passionless. Why then is he up here, for you.

A little story from this morning: A woman is making tea. A man walks in. He asks whether she brought a Snapple bottle filled with Long Island Iced Tea to her son's game yesterday. She says no, but adds that maybe she should've.

These were two people. They are involved in the arts. He could relate.

The artist would like to end with: "Fuck meaning-giving"

"I am strong enough"