

The following translation of *Das Wähnen* (*Tränenmeer 4*) is offered to the kind reader as an indication of all that the work contains. Although many of the questions it threw up were resolved in conversation with Dieter, the translation is by no means finished, and as I later heard the man himself took umbrage with several passages. Be that as it may, it seems more sensible to publish the incomplete translation as it stands than to allow it to languish in the bottom drawer of my PC forever. The exact circumstances of my first meeting with Dieter and of this translation may be gleaned in the following text I wrote for *Til Dæmis And Whatso'er*, published 2001 by the DRA. The texts in black (and not red, as the author wrote on the title page) in the book itself are the recipes DR wrote for composing the pieces; red notes are questions from the translator still awaiting the last meeting with the author. The typography of the original is fairly opulent, only an approximation is offered here.

On translating Dieter Roth into English

Of the many sad things that crossed my mind while, some two years ago, I translated all the German-speaking obituaries on Dieter Roth for Boekie Woekie and Roth's Verlag, among the saddest was the realisation that very few of the people I was translating had much clue about Dieter's work. More precisely: the large majority seemed to agree with the sentiments of the German newspaper *Die Zeit* when it wrote: "Little was to be heard of Dieter Roth in latter years, after his great manifestations and exhibitions of the seventies." With that, a large percentage of his visual production, and the truly "great manifestations" of Dieter's staggering, complex, vital "late work" – clearly shown at exhibitions like those in Vienna, Marseille or Holderbank in the nineties was wiped away. Not to mention almost two thirds of his book production. It was the book side of things that brought me in contact and began a great friendship with Dieter in mid-nineties, and made me part of the team of collaborators who Dieter required for his almost unchartable work. A large team, which vouched for the ageing artist's vitality right to the last.

In 1994, my colleagues and I at Atlas Press, a London based publishing venture dedicated to the avant-garde in writing, decided we should republish Daniel Spoerri's *Anecdoted Topography of Chance*, which had last been done in English by Something Else Press in the sixties. I had a copy of the German edition, and felt it essential that Dieter's contributions be included in English. My colleagues agreed. My first letter to Dieter was in 1994, in which I asked whether he would agree to us including his contributions, adding that I would do the translation work, and appending a list of translations I had done by way of "credentials". I received a rather stiff and formal reply, in which Dieter agreed, but noted "lists of certain translations say nothing – only the translations themselves". The fact that the letter actually got through Dieter's mail-sorting system is little short of a wonder: as I often witnessed, unsolicited mail was mostly cast unopened into the bin.

The next contact was through a series of questions I sent to Dieter about the texts of the *Topo* (as it tends to get called), which he answered in a wonderful way, cutting out photocopies of my questions and gluing them onto A4 sheets and adding explanations and elucidatory drawings by way of an answer. One of the unfinished projects with Dieter when he died was to include this set of questions and answers in a small Atlas Press book relating to the *Topo*, along with other texts and material by Daniel Spoerri and Emmett Williams, and an original contribution that Dieter wanted to write.

Somewhat later, I sent Dieter the finished translations for his approval, and he wrote back saying he was very pleased with them. He did, however, add one or two important suggestions or corrections, so, sensing that he could tell me more, I offered to travel to Basel from Heidelberg, where I live, and discuss the texts with him. I had the feeling that there was more that he could tell me, but that he was being slightly cautious and was avoiding treading on my feet, as it were. So in July 1995 I travelled to Basel, where I met both Dieter and his son Björn. We hit it off at once. Admittedly we hardly discussed the texts, which he felt should be left as they were – as my texts – and spent the next 8-9 hours chatting about God and the world. I must have

reeled off a number of anecdotes about all the authors I had met as a translator, and Dieter suggested I write a book of them - but soon, so he could read it before he died. I never managed that, but it was my first concrete experience of Dieter's constant encouragement to people to embark on new projects and realize their ideas. The meeting was also my first real encounter with Dieter the writer. I had read little of his writing apart from the *Topo*, and had viewed him primarily as an artist. On my return journey in the train, I started working through the 2 bags of books he had given me, and got stuck into *A Diary*. It was utterly compelling, as I wrote to him shortly after. The word went down well.

Other meetings followed, most notably the launch of the *Topo* in November of that year in London, a wonderful couple of days spent with Dieter, Emmett, Daniel, Jan Voss with his proverbial bookstall, and a whole cast of other luminaries. The next year Dieter mediated an exhibition of my paintings for me at Boekie Woekie in Amsterdam, and I in turn arranged for him to be invited to Heidelberg to give his last ever (?) public reading (at the Deutsch-Amerikanische Gesellschaft) to the delight of the audience and the joy of myself and his other friends in Heidelberg. But things got serious when Dieter hatched THE BIG PLAN: in early 1996 he phoned me up and asked whether I wanted to translate another work of his, *Das Wähnen*. I didn't stop long for thought: translating Dieter's *Topo* texts had been far from unpleasant, and I was not averse to hearing readers telling me that Dieter's contributions were the best thing in the book. So I agreed, winged by Dieter's praises for the *Topo*, and set to work on this remarkable text.

Das Wähnen (an English title had not been agreed on at the time of Dieter's death) is a singular work, even in Dieter's multi-faceted oeuvre, consisting of 136 short to miniature scenes to be played by actors. They were derived from the even briefer texts of *Tränenmeer 3*, an earlier work, by means of recipes that Dieter placed in bold type at the top of many of the pieces. Although the recipes rarely impinge on the content, which is based partly on the previous work and partly on Dieter's own brainwaves, they do determine much of the texture of the

writing. The book contrasts strongly with Dieter's *Topo* texts. The elegance of Dieter's rambles and rhapsodies in the *Topo*, with their lucid, laconic, lapidary asides, is rarely given free rein in *Das Wähnen*, even though it is *present* in many of the pieces. Virtually every page is populated by a bizarre panoply of obscure references (the names of paint-manufacturers, poems by Richard Dehmel and the not-so-obscure Friedrich Schiller, among others, expressions taken from Wilhelm Busch or Raymond Chandler, the name of a brand of Swiss hair-curlers, to name a few), idioms, cheap and/or sophisticated word games, words in Danish, invented Danish, Berne and other Swiss dialects, Low German, German words with Finnish or French endings, spoonerisms, comic-book onomatopoeia and *bajuwarisch* yodelling, and much, much more. There are also a lot of poems, but often Dieter deliberately produces appalling doggerel, throws meter to the wind and makes the rhymes howl; yet simultaneously, he manages on one occasion to produce a perfect hexameter, complete with complex inner rhymes, without it being really noticeable as such, by setting it out over several lines as apparent prose speech, spoken by several players. And this is married to a glorious parody of high-falutin' verbiage and excruciating airs and graces: in short, the sheer impudence with which people use language to pull rank and hit each other over the head. In this, the book has a "moral" tone; it also is strongly philosophical when it touches on matters of perception and identity. And at times quite melancholy and reflective. In short, the book, which is obviously strongly allied to the later variations in the *Scheisse* series in the mid-seventies, is fairly monstrous stuff to translate, and sometimes even to understand. The work has a fanaticism about it, a humorous one, not rigid or dogmatic, but fanatic in its singularity and uniqueness; it seems not to come from a different world, but from a different form of being (not necessarily a "higher" form, for Dieter was a leveller not a hierarchy-builder), for the voices and identities of the "characters" seem freed of the carnal considerations that are often the subject of the individual pieces. The very notion of an individual or identity is repeatedly undermined, likewise inside and out, the looker and the looked

at: characters mingle, change names, and contradict themselves. Yet with time, a very special voice crystallised out – at least in my mind – while working on the texts, and convinced me of the whole.

I was glad, though, when Dieter agreed to arrange a meeting to work together on the book (at various times he stated that the work must be a) very difficult to translate and b) really easy!) and suggested we go to Iceland for 12 days. That was in early 1997. The date for the trip was postponed time and again due to Dieter's personal circumstances, not least the exhibition in Marseilles and the aftermath. And when finally we did meet up at London Airport and fly on to Iceland, the agenda proved highly different to what I had been led to expect. True, we spent about an hour a day on the text – on the days when Dieter didn't get other ideas. And we did manage to work through all the questions I had arrived with. But essentially, and much to my delight, most of the time was spent driving or flying round the island visiting Dieter's various houses, going out to eat and drink (preferably in the old "kitschy" bars of Reykjavik that Dieter loved, or the simple local restaurants which served cod and potatoes, and not plaice with a banana on top, as we on one occasion experienced, and which aroused Dieter's ire), seeing the sights, visiting museums and looking at art (one sculpture by an Icelandic sculptor, and an exhibition of paintings by an Icelandic artist he liked - in a museum containing much that he didn't!); stopping at every roadside café to sample the hotdogs, visiting the car repair man, going shopping, cooking at home, organising drinks for home, and talking, talking, talking. The topics of our conversations obviously included our mutual friends and acquaintances and enemies and their drinking habits, other artists and writers and their drinking habits, our respective lives and childhoods and health and families, books and dictionaries etc. But at any moment the topic would swerve off into furniture-making, Dieter's self-defence techniques (a quick hard sideways slap to the side of the head, putting the whole weight of the body behind it, did the trick for him in several awkward situations), the philosophy of perception (the difference, for instance, of a

projectile when it is flying towards you from the distance, and then when it is about to hit you, and then when it actually does), typography, Cortez, bachelor artists and artists like himself with children and the economics involved, his love of cacti and the Icelandic seals and his hatred of angling, combined with a self-irony about our meat-eating habits (even though he relished meat, he would remark when suggesting we went out: "We can go and eat a bit of dead animal"). And often his sadness about the disappearance of an Iceland and Reykjavik he had known and loved – the food, the geysers, the houses (we spent a lot of time talking about houses, and several times Dieter suggested I buy one in Iceland) – the outwards signs of a country that the young Dieter must have found almost utopian, unlike Germany (he was quite unable to understand how I can live in the place). And always in these hours and days of chatting and discussing Dieter's hallmarks were ever-present: his warmth and concern, assuming one was not a total idiot or crook, his emotionality and sentimentality, his self-irony even on his most cantankerous days, the astonishing independence of his ideas and opinions on just about every matter – even the hackneyed theme of man-woman relationships – and his staggering honesty, an honesty that simultaneously inspired my best approximation, and others have told me they felt the same.

The week and a half with Dieter – as his guest, friend, collaborator – was only rarely clouded: one occasion while discussing translation prices in general, Dieter suggested or agreed that the sum we had settled on for the translation should be two times larger, but the next morning Dieter, his head and beard suddenly shaven off, said if he had to pay that much he wanted to call the whole thing off. The mood was electric for a moment, but I had already decided in my mind that there was no need to up the price and told him so. But generally speaking it was a truly splendid and remarkable time -even if the project didn't receive all of the midwifery it could have done. On my return, I continued work on *Das Wähnen*, and was able to give Dieter a 95% finished draft at his last big exhibition with Björn at Hauser and Wirth in Zurich. An agreement to meet up at some unspecified time that year

(1998) in Hamburg to work through the translation from his viewpoint (I believe he had quite a few suggestions) never came about. Several other projects likewise disappeared with Dieter's death, projects that either he or I had proposed and that we had agreed on. Yet the projects themselves were not necessarily what it was all about. They were focuses for all sorts of activities, sometimes purely social, sometimes very practical (having a translator in Iceland who could drive a car was a very practical matter for Dieter!), sometimes creative. Just as Dieter's own writing and visual art kept forever moving on, never stopped once he had discovered a formula, always branched off so that each "product" became the springboard for new activity, so it was working and just hanging out with Dieter. Dieter's attitude to *Das Wähnen* was in fact somewhat ambivalent: at times he distanced himself from his earlier writings, saying he had tried at that time to write "poetry", but that he no longer did so. At the same time he still knew almost every word in *Das Wähnen* by heart, proving how much of his lifeblood had gone into the project, and he laughed merrily while reading from it at Heidelberg. He had no doubts about his stature as a writer. Perhaps part of being entrusted with the project was an expression of Dieter's friendship, and enabled him to invite me to Iceland, and show his friendship in other concrete ways. And in part it was a kind of philosophical education, about ways of approaching life –which one learned being with him. Both aspects can be seen, I feel, in an incident in 1998: I wrote to him one day and mentioned that I was struggling away at a translation of Brecht's *Reader for City Dwellers*. I received a letter from Dieter by return post in which he said he was thunderstruck, how he had come to fear Brecht and the Germans, and that if I was reduced to making my living translating stuff like that I should tell him, and he would pay me the going rate so I didn't have to accept work like that! He phoned me up to repeat his offer. Paying people not to work was the sort of thing that only makes sense when one realizes the concern and conviction Dieter had about people and his own non-moralising morals.

[Title?? D -> three (I-II) (bad?) possibilities:]

*"Striding over the waves,
or sinking amid the waves
that are called `Life!'"*

**in each case the original version
and then the new version
for some remember (simply) to fill in
its opposite (darkness -- radiance)
remove all the numbers
add a colour: red**

I

Sobs and Cries

A Wrong Surmise vol 2A
(Sea of Tears 4)

II

Tearful Effusions

Fearful Delusions vol 2A
(Sea of Tears 4)

III

Whining

Waning vol 2A
(Sea of Tears 4)

"Ere I ascend to my pedestal I dream of my fall from the pedestal"

*print all of the recipes and notes
in red,
as well.
Show on the drawing page
what's been written,
attempt by means of drawing!*

this book is dedicated to GUIDO BACHMANN

das Weinen,
published Stuttgart, 1978, edition of 400

Foreword to Sea of Tears 4:

The sequence of scenes contained in this book have been taken from the first half of Sea of Tears 3; their predecessors can be found in Sea of Tears 3 under the numbers that are obtained by removing three from the number of its successor in Sea of Tears 4. The bold texts before each scene contain recipes that I wrote in Sea of Tears 3 beside pieces that it was decided to rework.

D.R.
Mosfellssveit, 12.11.77

3

cut one letter from each word*
but in correct language

- A -- 'M inide, n m bod, an y bod, insde f e, loks s thogh t ws tw bodes, a nner an a uter boy.
B -- Yure siting iside, i you fesh?
A -- Dos yur yu hink hat here s ony fesh siting ouside? Nd were d yo thin is itting?
B -- S th fles anging?
A -- I he flsh hnging?
B -- Y bdy (it is B's body that B is talking about when he say "my") i biger tha he lesh plu wat sittth iside f te flsh. On ca ony sy "sittet" hre, no "sit."
A -- Hat hich ca ony e sad her s amed?
B -- Ye, riht!
A -- Wha i "ight"?
B -- "Rght" s a wor.
A -- Ut wht i "s"?
B -- Shu i!
A -- Lease, lt m sy something!
B -- Ys, plese.
A -- I a ody igger tan y slf?
B -- Es, s oon a yu sa s.
A -- Bt d ou ealise tha wre ot sying nything?
Oth's wriing ll his don!
B -- Ma e rite "don' now", an sk imself: "On't I kow t fter al?!"
A -- Hat's p wit yu?
B -- Dn't ak uch supid quetions!
A -- A I aking suh stupi uestions?
B -- Dmn stpid!

* Translator's note: an exception has been made with the `a's and `I's in the English version.

4

**always write the unpleasantries first,
or write the unpleasantries after --
if the pleasantries have been written earlier.**

**Also attempt on occasion to use the accompanying colours, to arrange several drawings on top (beside? inside?)
of one another, each one clear in itself.**

C -- Ah, there you are.

D -- Yes, here I am.

C -- What else have you got to say -- apart from: Yes, here I am --?

D -- I say: thanks! to the scrawl.

C -- Don't correct anything, right!

D -- No!

C -- Don't correct anything?

D -- No!

C -- Nothing!

D -- No!

C -- Nothing!

D -- No!

C -- No!

D -- Nothing!

C -- Yes!

D -- What?

C -- No?

D -- No!

C -- No?

D -- No!

C -- Not a mighty but a sprightly scooter, one on rollers with rounded-off rims, its lengthwise rims sloping down it from above, or up from below (or some such thing); a scooter just like this had a head at the top, and on this head it wore a headpiece that jutted out to the fore over the scooter's forehead, called a cap.

D -- Ah, is that a human being?

C -- The description contains nothing that sounds like the sentence: it was a human being. Nor does the sentence: It is a human being sound off; the sentence does not appear, it cannot be seen, it cannot be heard.

D -- One can see a doublehead, complete with headgear, which must be just as visible as something one's afraid of?

C -- Yes, these humans with their fat bodies are made of 2-3 people, with one or two inside of them, and sometimes yet another outside through which one can see through.

D -- Fat human bodies, flatter than human bodies -- are they human bodies? Are human bodies which one can see through human bodies?

C -- Yes, human bodies are human bodies, even no human bodies are human bodies.

D -- No!

C -- Yes!

D -- No!

C -- Yes!

D -- No!

C -- The hole in a human body is a human body!

D -- Fiddlesticks!

5

(over-explicitly, pedantically -- both of these up to the middle,
then one SPEAKS sub-explicitly, elastically=beautifully, elegantly onwards -- the other supra-explicitly)

E -- Should just dust be lying here?
F -- No, not just dust should be lying here, but also dust.
E -- Nothing, such as a thing, should be lying here beneath the dust apart from the bedusted, which is not dust, but rather the dust bedecked, the dusty something, that on which the dust lies, that should be dust.
F -- No, dust should not solely be lying here, rather dust should be lying doubly here.
E -- Should not one, but rather two dusts be lying here?
F -- One dust should lie on top of another dust.
E -- Which is supposed to be the one dust, and which the other?
F -- Both should be words which are lying on the pages.
E -- Both should be pages, the one lying on top of the other?
F -- No!
E -- How's this all meant to be?
F -- No, that's what meant to be; the No's meant be; the No must be!
E -- No? The No must not be?
F -- Yes, it must! The No must be!
E -- The No must be, no! It must not be!
F -- What must not be?
E -- I dunno.
F -- Might it not be that Roth's the one who doesn't know what to write any more?
E -- I'm not supposed to know.
F -- No?
E -- No.
F -- Yes?
E -- Yes.
F -- Yes??
E -- (emits a groan)

6 [-> D two alternative beginnings]

Balzac remark?

Just cut the exaggerations in the punctuation marks

first

-- Well!
-- Well?
-- Well!
-- Well?
-- Well?
-- Well?
-- Well?
-- Well then!
-- When now?
-- Wellington!
-- Nunzingen?
-- None singin'?
-- None ever!
-- Now I never!
-- Now now!
-- Now now, nay!
-- No, no way!
-- No, fine!
-- No mine!
-- Nope, mine own!
-- Nope, not your own!
-- Now come on, mine own!

second

-- Now!
-- Now?
-- Now!
-- Now?
-- Now?
-- Now?
-- Now?
-- Now?
-- Now then!
-- None then!
-- Nunzingen?
-- None singin'?
-- None ever!
-- Now I never!
-- Now now!
-- Now now, nay!
-- No, no way!
-- No, fine!
-- No mine!
-- Nope, mine own!
-- Nope, not your own!
-- Now come on, mine own!

7 [# one section]
rhyming,
lots of yesyesyes

T -- With a candle and a legbone, he remains alone, he, bonded to his pain (his bone bandied with candles
aflame), who cannot get by on his own after availing himself of something new. The way that you, you here,
let your gaze roam, and that the goatling, its tongue dangling, makes three springs through a ring and over
murky waters where yonder the stripling pup walks by, all alone and famishing, and water sups,
R -- and sobs: the wild wind here doth whistle and whine, while my poor candle lacks a sign, and
O -- rounded sign, may it roll cautiously 'long the ways of right writerly thoughts; the reptiley thoughts wind
their way into sentences and do battle with giants; in depths there where it remains, a girlfriend, in fresh and
faithful confusion, withdraws unswervingly from her girlfriend so as to flee into the distance, far yonder, and
U -- a candle would bind pains to my leg,
S -- with blistering
E -- and burning
R -- roast
F -- goose,
L -- the freeest, lightest.
I -- In the air?
E -- Yeah.
S -- Yes.
T -- Yes.
R -- Yes.
O -- Yes.
U -- Yes.
S -- Yes.
Er --Yes.
F -- Yes.
L -- Yes.
E -- Yes.
E -- Yes.
C -- Yes.
E -- Yes.
R -- Yes.
O -- Yes.
S -- Yes.
E -- Yes.
S -- Yes.

The applicant -- behold, here is writ: baloney, muttering, staff and nonsense; to which come (and remain): shameless conduct and wire-pulling; into this falls from above (and remains lying inside): double nonsense, on top of on top of this: staff; down on top of on top of this these 3; boloney, cytaclasm and crumpling of teeth; not this: tan cin saw; but this also falls down and lands on top of the others that have already fallen:

The application receptioness -- The aircraft foams off through the air to the wide seas, salting them with tears, with whom? seated inside. Dampest-eyed, beholding yet greater floods through a flood of flickering before his eyes, beholding no more than tears before the windows of his head, he files his supplication (the application):

The application granter and application granteress -- Well, speak up!

The applicant and the application receiver and the application hander-on -- (singing) -- Yes! Here!

The founder --

Swap object words for body words, names of movements, and murk!

The finder -- Behold, here is writ: boloney, mitterung, stiff and nonsense; to which come (and remain): shemelasas cundoct and weir-pilling; into this falls from above (and remains lying inside): dupple nonsensou. Onto on top of this falls the staff; onto on top of this falls the staff, onto on top of this falls the staff; onto on top of this falls the staff, and onto on top of this falls the staff, and onto on top of this falls the staff; onto on top of this falls the staff, and thereupon the staff falls thereon; and thereupon resounds the sound thereafter, or thereupon sounds the resound over here from over there, and the sounds resounds all around.

The harkener -- Hey, lady harkener, do you hear? Here resounds baloney, and sounds of muttering, stuff and crashing nonsense; to which comes (and remains): shameless conduct and the screams of teeth-pulling from those whose teeth are pulled and the screams of him who pulls the teeth. Into this comes falling in from above (and remains lying, inside): double nonsense -- by which I should have said: further nonsense falls onto the above-mentioned to make two nonsenses, a double nonsense; and then the staff falls on top of everything; and then on top of that falls either the staff or a staff; and then on top of that falls either the staff or a staff, and then on top of that falls either the staff or a staff, and then on top of that falls either the staff or a staff, then on that falls the staff, and then on that falls a staff, and thereupon a sound falling down or rising up into the story resounds thereafter, like a trailer, and then behind that resounds a sound, another one, from the trailer trailing behind the trailer (or should I have said: the sound resounds after it; or: that's where the sound resounds from, a contrailer?).

Lady harkener -- harkener, hey, hark! I, the lady harkener, can hear nothing more, the sound's too loud and makes my ears sore!

(in a speaking voice)
earnestly, proceeding as far in seriousness and truth
as you can

MO. -- You listeners and seers, close, distant, above, below, upper, lower and all other listeners and seers or listeners or seers! Listen to this report:
 Rather thick segments of shattery stuff are rattling to the accompaniment of a slight shudder. The segment is standing there once again (sliced off a long time ago: that is so long ago that the segment has long since ceased to look like a segment). That which stands there stands there shuddering; it has a sinking look about it, yet does not sink.
 Wishing to say twice what I should say once, that is having a hole that one is not supposed to stuff, one attempts -- doesn't one? -- to find a hole for those sitting or standing or hanging or swinging (spoken now, for instance, man to man). That is the hole in the mind, the hole in the head. The head as a hole, hard to depict because what one shows must not be a hole. In the drawing the hole is like a head; the head in the drawing is like a hole. For our amusement I shall call what is normally referred to as my head: a hole with a filling called head.)

A SEPTET for fun and amusement:

1st voice, soprano -- Sing, all ye, holes in my head,
 2nd voice, soprano -- Sing, all ye, holes in our heads,
 3rd voice, tenor -- Scratch, all ye scrapers, scratches in stone,
 4th voice, tenor -- Sweat, all ye swaggerers, like several pigs in mortal dread

-> scared to the bone <-

5th voice, alto -- Hurl, all ye murderers with an almighty groan,
 6th voice, baritone -- Speak, you, holehead in head of mine own,
 7th voice, bass -- Speak, you, headhole in hole so finely hone'd

1. dice me the distance and toss it in the pot,
2. take your fill of diced distance from said pots,
3. rippeth and biteth your stones to shreds.
4. rippeth and biteth, as only pigs do, your heads
5. into threads, run and catch them after they've sped
6. away. do you want to be a headhole or a holehead?
7. do you wish to be in a large hole or a small one instead?

1. Tralla, la tralla, ta rallo, tra la.
2. stuff yourselves, who are your holes, with distant knobs and knots.
3. Lullu bi dulli, ba bibe, there's none here to see.
4. Sall as a gosling or a little piggy.
5. Catch headholes with holeheads afore they flee.
6. Dice dice, wants wants, to to, be be, what does dice want to be?
7. or do you wish to be a rose in my or the soprano's headholey? Or do you wish to be a cunt for the alto, or be two nostrils for me or the contralto or even the arsehole, or do you wish to be all of the holes, sizes one two and three.

**Letter S and face (drawing page flower in pot)
(b-sides)?**

- A -- Your sides are stirring.
B -- Your sides are stirring.
A -- My stringed things are stirring.
B -- Your sides are stirring.
A -- My strings are stirring.
B -- Your sides are stirring.
A -- My insides are stirring,
 my sides are whirring,
 my strings are stirring,
 my sides are stirring.
B -- My trivialities are now stirring.
A -- Your rivalities, they're stirring.
B -- They're stirring.

*make this cool, precise, sober,
then attach the last letters of each word
to the one after
Only apply the (principle) from (of) the previous page in places. Division!!*

Example:

At ten the sun

A tte nth the sun

- A -- Attention! At ten the sun is still shining after a bright day, but seems to want to descend straight down; what do you see then when you look to the east?
- B -- You can't see the sun.
- A -- What do you do then?
- B -- You aim, squinting cross-eyed over both noses into the hole between the two noses and the four eyes -- which may be termed the sun-deserted hole, the hole of the east by evening. With that you lose two of your four eyes. They float into that hole, the easterly hole which is simultaneously the hole lying to the east.
- A -- Can a hole lie?
- B -- Yes, this hole, it's lying. It lies to the east, there are traces of the east standing in the hole, there are also traces of what-lies-to-the-east lying in the hole. I can only make out the hole with difficulty, it is almost completely full of eastliness, such that I cannot distinguish it from the surrounding easternness.
- A -- Yes.
- B -- No? Right?
- A -- Send your eyes you swimmer or lady swimmer, two of your eyes into that blurred or blurring hole of the east!
- B -- I shall do so, Mr swimming instructor, but I cannot penetrate it, my eyes cannot penetrate the hole.
- A -- Have you forgotten to switch on your gaze?
- B -- Yes, damage has been done, my eyes have floated vacantly into the hole of the east, and are rebounding against the back of the hole (which is not situated like a normal back on the rear side of its bearer, but inside the front).
- A -- You're confusing back with bottom.
The eyes are rebounding over us here and separating. They are flying slower, you could say: their flight seems to be of a slowing-down nature. They are aiming for the horizon.
- B -- What is a horizon?
- A -- A horizon is merely a word, but the horizon is a horizon!
- B -- The eyes were so squinty that it, the squinting, at first bent and then snapped the horizon; with a hard crack, referred to in the following as "the first fracture." The eyes continue to squint, and each grows two legs; then a head develops underneath between each pair of legs.
- A -- The two heads each bite into one end of the (that) length of the horizon that came into being as the "central-fragment" during the first fracture. They break it. Each sticks a piece of the horizon (the central-fragment has snapped in two) in its mouth; the pieces slide, in a sideways position, into the gullets (of the two heads), get caught inside the heads between the soft backdrops to the throats and the hard upper frontal gums (this occurs inside in the mouth).
- B -- But the horizon is just a line.
- A -- No, it's not a line, it's a word.
- B -- It's not a word, it's a...
- A -- Attention, listener or reader, once again there is nothing to report!
- B -- Listen A, listener! or look A, reader! he's acting as if he had something to report!
- A + B A DUET (both together)
- A -- One can't even report that there is nought to report.
- B -- One can't even report that it can't even be reported that there is nought to report.

12 -> **D (War/was)**

Only apply the (principle) from (of) the previous page in places. Division!!

- A -- Anger and rage...
- B -- What are they -- or should I say: what is that?
- A -- Here's a jest for you, my query-top:
You should have asked: Whats are they?
And now in all seriousness: didn't I say to you: IS doesn't exist?
- B -- So, dat exists, huh, DAT and WOT, and DATSUN?
- A -- Madonna! and not even she existed, mant!
We wusn't talking about these mucky pups in the form of certain cars, maant!
- B -- Sowattis datsen, watzthere then? [watzaat addupta]
- A -- Nuffink's there then, mant!
- B -- Was there, 'tleast, SUMMAT?
- A -- Yus, ther was SUMMAT, 'cos nuffink IS but everyfink that asbeen is SUMMAT!
- B -- Why, wretch, why ASBEEN - why NOtt, why nix, and why not was?
- A -- Hanger and hrage seize me when hI...
- B -- Bamn, vile ole mann, why WHEN, why not IF?
- A -- Anger and rage beset me when I meet a darkly dressed man in the dark. Even if I reet ra rarkly rressed rladly
ri rfeel rthat ri ram meeting a darkly dressed man, and I feel I am a lonely tear, so lonesome can only a
lone tear be.
- B -- Which tear is that?
- A -- It's that tear.
- B -- There is nothing to ask about, A! Here, hear an example:
"Before I can ask whether the creature I encounter in the dark is a man or a woman, I am countered by:
Datsun! I black that that ip's a man!"
- A -- Why are questions being asked -- in the form of the present case?
- B -- Do you mean the question you have just formulated? Or do you mean the question that I have just
asked?
- A -- I'm a smelly old pong, I've done many a wrong!
- B -- I'm also a smelly old pong, I've done everyone wrong!
- A -- People do not ask AFTER the crime, but rather about what came THEREAFTER, you can't just simply
ask AFTER because that would be bad English.
- B -- Really? So does anyone ask thenafter then?
- A -- Because not do not stray, no! But Stay! When encountering one encounters and when not encountering
one also encounters, but one also does not ask during encounters but rather encounters and does not
encounter. One encounters! So who is asking about questions or even answers! Not anyone who is
encountering, nor anyone who is asking, for there is or is said to be no questioner there, he mustn't be
countered but simply encountered.
- B -- Ahab!
- A -- Ah, mussi denn, mussy den, into the 'ncunnter (likea musishen?)
- B -- Yes, off with you inna hencunner, hey! let music play!!
(A short (30-second long) whale-catching film is shown 3 times in succession, each time dimmer)
- A + B -- That's the end of that!!

Dialogue as follows: A! - Hey, juslook, there's light falling on this vegetable!

- A -- Hey, juslook, there's a little light falling on some vegetables!
- C -- Yerp, these vegetables take their own multitude of colours and stir them into the light.
- A -- Umph, light-dust is swirling up and up and up, paint-eggs in paint-pots are longed for...
- C -- ... are brought forth, paint-pots are being brought in so that the eggs can be painted, etc.
- A -- Yurse, paint-pots are being brought in! The light falls into them!
- B -- Ze vugutubles foll intu em!
- A + C -- Wot in wot?
- B -- The trees with animals, the animals thereon, on them, fall inside, in into the paint-pot.
- A + C -- Thu mun dups hus bruush inut!
- B -- What? -- Was that?
- A -- The man and the maness dip their brushes, their brushes in it.
- B -- and stirs, stir
- C -- round
- D -- and round. The
- B -- paint dust creates clouds of dust
- A -- in the light
- C -- of the vegetables,
- D -- the paint-pot
- E -- is standing
- A -- in the dust
- B -- of the street and
- C -- waving with
- D -- the
- E -- pain-
- F -- t pot,
- A + B + C + D + E + F + G -- wivva paint inside which is made of powder, WUMMPH! Powder paint which the vegetables have thrown into the light's teeth. The man stirreth the pot around the corner, where an Indian is standing by the...
- A -- Stop!
- The same, all together -- ohno, the man is not stiririririring the paint-pots, the man is stiriririririring the paint in the pot, ohno, the man is stiririririring the paipaipaipaipaipaint in the pots, but, ohno, he's stiririririring the paipaipaipaipaint in the pots, oh, the pots, oh, the pots, and the vegetables. The vegetables slip down inside the people, that is, ahno, it slinks, ahno, it sinks into the people and sinks down inside the people and loses itself in the dark -- if it has been as it should have been beforehand? Sometimes an
- G -- acid-blitz shoots
- The same same, all together -- through some bit of vegetable, some vegetable or other, some vegetabletabletablet, vegetableable, and that makes him feel ready and able.
- B -- Vegetable, to the.
- A -- Slabamm!! I'm falling into the vegetables!
- B -- Stop! The man
- B + C -- is falling
- B + C + D -- into the
- B + C + D + E -- vegetables, comma,
- A -- he's looking up at the sky up above,
- A + B + C -- he moans, he bemoans, moanfully.
- D + E + F -- Who is moaning, who is moaning about who, and to whom?
- A + B + C + D -- The man is moaning up into thin air, moaning to the heavens, ust as stupid as this sentence sounds, that's how dumb they are, the sentence and
- A + B + C + D + E + F + G + H -- the ma.. The sky does not reply, for they are nothing but shot air, including this: The sky is a hole, without contents, no information, destination none, good, in that case the man is not waiting for what's waiting for him, namely --
- A -- Strife and fisticuffs!!

correct as simply as possible

Somebody -- Is anybody there?
Nobody --
Somebody -- Is nobody there?
Nobody --
Somebody -- Is Nobody there?
Nobody -- Yes.
Somebody -- And is anybody else there?
Nobody -- A double-head with three hats, on top: with a double-head, beside that a quadruple-head, the double-head beside that has a head underneath it (the quadruple-head has a head under one side), round about an empty quadruple-head which lacks its shell (its walls, its walling, its woolens).
Somebody -- Aha, somebobby is here!;
Nobody -- Somebody must allow the underlay to float.
Somebody -- The underlay floats upwards!
Nobody --
Somebody -- -- Mrs Underlay, the tellerken*, Mr Basilius, she, it, he is floating upwards!!
Nobody --

* Danish for plate.

QuiEt, simply correct

Somebody -- is anybody there?

nobody -- yes

Somebody -- is nobody there?

nobody -- no?

Somebody -- is anybody else there?

nobody -- yes, someone on a sofa in the form of a stone (the sofa), in the form of his self in the uniform of his appearance, this (his appearance) enclosed in a hole that looks half full and is the size of its (the hole's) self, presents (the hole) on an underlay in the guise of a picture (disguised as a picture) of a three-quarters-full glass of foaming amber nectar.

Somebody -- someone or other must...

nobody -- someone or other must now hold a hole beneath the underlay so that an overflowater can be seen emerging from what at first presented itself as an underlay.

Somebody -- a uniform

nobody -- Mrs Underlay in a uniform, the uniform in the form of an overflowater

Somebody -- she floats above

nobody -- it lies below

Somebody -- it floats below

nobody -- she lies above

Somebody -- she lies below

nobody -- it floats above

Somebody -- it goes under

nobody -- the muse lives on

16

(+ 2. + 3. + 4. etc.) *Wacky version with counterwords*
Wasn't anybody there?

-- Is anybody there?

-- No

-- Nobody there?

-- Yes

-- If somebody is there then may it be, if you please, a human, I have an embarrassing blather problem.

- O.K.

-- Here it comes: Is nobody there?

-- Yes

-- Anybody there?

-- No

-- If nobody is there then may it be -- please -- a human, I have a vacuum in my blather.

- O.K.

-- Here it comes again: Is nobody here?

-- No

-- Nobody here?

-- Yes

-- If nobody is here then may it be (my plea) a human, I have a vaccum on my blather.

- O.K.

-- Here we go, here it comes for the third time: Is anybody there?

-- No

-- Is there never anybody here or there?

-- Yes

-- This is an extremely depressing conversation

find out what the already begun correction specifies

C -- Whenever I tear out my heart -- whether it's a single or a double double-head -- then I think I am tearing the berry, no, the beret, from my head (in my case one of those often referred to by D.Ro. as a double-head). And when simultaneously this heightless, tight flatness slips over my two gazes [over the gazes (two) from out of the two heads (the double-head)] and remains there as a beret [not a little bear (a bearey-weary)] and I cannot look upwards [because it is perched on (on top of) my gazes], then I am...

D -- Crumph!
(Gobbles up C then draws him on the wall, but the wall is a hole so the drawing is not there.)
Hey, the drawing's not there!
(He thinks that A had been the wall.)
Hey, A, don't go away! Carry on being the wall, please!

B -- Please! Recite the ringalphabet.

E -- Beginning where?

F -- At H.

H -- HIJKLMONPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLM

I -- Watch out, J! Ralf's coming.

RALF -- Ringalphabet! (gobbles them all up) I can't see what I'm eating!

RALF2 -- Yer cheek's stuffed full, Ralf, that's why you can't see. But you must've seen the little rolls which you gobbled from my head.

RALF -- Don't talk, Ralf, eat!

RALF 2 -- Ralf!! (gobbles up Ralf, starts emitting ghastly screams as he realises that he is biting into his own flesh;
RALF and RALF2 are the same Ralf!)

Y -- yes

A -- hallo Y! sir, you're standing in front of your own hole!

Y -- Boomph! (falls into his own hole)

A -- hallo B! come and pull Y out of his hole, he's now got to drag this vehicle out of the filthy hole

Y -- Babble, babble!
(babbles into the hole and feels he is being spoken to because he is also B)

A -- you, er, the two of you! are you both mutually inside of each other yourselves? Oh Lord! Sam Won's coming

Someone -- SAM WON! someone's calling you

SAM WON -- CHOMP!!!
(gobbles up everyone far and wide, your health, SAM!)

18

creat. more
understand.=le
metaphor.=al
wor.

A -- there's all this stuff standing around everywhere
B -- what's this stuff called?
A -- there are all these vehicles standing around everywhere
B -- and standing in front of the vehicles...
A -- in front of the vehisicles are vehicles
B -- automobiles?
A -- both are automobiles, standing in front of the automobiles are automobiles, there are always automobiles standing in front of the automobiles
B -- averything has transformed itself into automobiles
A -- what's this everything called -- before it's transformed itself?
B -- stuff
A -- Oh lord!
B -- O woe! there's stuff standing around everywhere
A -- there are automobiles standing around
(they do not drive about but stand around)
B -- hey, A! you've transformed yourself into Z
A -- hey, B! you've transformed yourself into Y
Y -- there's stuff standing around everywhere
Z -- what's the stuff called?
Y -- the stuff's called nonstuff, on top of which lies stuff, and so on and so forth and ever further to another place, and standing there is...
Z -- A!

Make a Difference [gullet; gizzard]

C -- what difference does it make when you say: "your health"?

D -- stick your nose down your throat

C -- what's that?

D -- what?

C -- what is a manifold throat?

D -- a manifold throat is a throat consisting of many throats

E -- STOP! you're playing the wrong piece

C + D -- OH REALLY! right, let's start again

D -- what difference does it make when you say: "your health"?

C -- stick your nose down your own throat

D -- what's that?

E -- Stop! you're not playing the right piece!

C + D + E -- really? well, then we'll start again from scratch.

C -- what difference does it make when you say: "your health"?

D -- stick your nose down your own throat

C -- what's that?

D -- what?

C -- what is an own throat?

D -- an own throat is a throat in your own mouth

E -- Stop, you're performing the right piece now!

(exit E, fleeing)

F -- STOP! you're performing the wrong piece incorrectly here

C + D + E -- oh ho, let's have another try at presenting the correct piece correctly!

C -- what difference does it make when you say: "your health"?

D -- stick your nose down your own throat

C -- what's that?

D -- what?

C -- what is an own throat?

D -- an own throat is a throat in your own mouth

E -- carry on, you're performing the right piece now!

C -- Thank you! (who is he thanking? asks many a one, or many a tun is poured out questioningly over this issue, one asks or empties out this tun of questions: what is poured out of or from the tun?)

D -- stick you question up your own nose and stick your nose down your own throat

Many a one -- when I stick my nose in my own throat it bites it off for me, and I note that it sinks to my own, my very own fundament; it becomes even-more-mine in my own throat, no, rather it becomes even-more mine in my own fundament -- when it sinks to, or founders in my fundament.

C -- what a revolting, sick-making poem

D + Many a one -- Listen here, you sad sacks, what you need is something stuffed right up you, you're going to get something stuck up you right this minute

C -- you're the ones who need it, you sad sacks, what you see is what you are; a question which I must leave up to you is: do you become what you see, or does what you see become you?

D -- unfortunately...

Many a one -- [already fluttering in the wind so that the sackcloth (a word not too far removed from hopsack) flutters]

Penny a tun -- CRUUUNCH

(crunches up everything, the whole scene complete with live performing beings)

Scene -- CA

[Concluding sextet (F was alm. mark.d by fatre to sing alongy)]

Penny a tun -- CA.CA.CA.CA.CA.CA..RUUUUUUUUUNCH

Many a one -- CA.CA.CA.CA.CA..RUUUUUUUUUNCH

Scene -- CA.CA.CA.CA..RUUUUUUUNCH

C -- CA.CA.CA..RUUUUUNCH

D -- CA.CA..RUUUUNCH

E -- CA..RUUNCH

(Sound riddle in sextet: Attention, where does the nasty old seven singing?) 28.12*

* Translator's note: the German expression "böse Sieben" [wicked seven] means a shrew or nag.

or can those who have no eyes (or those who see nothing -- are unable to see --) say that?

(Two lanky living beings of the same kind. They live vertically, their upper halves consist of a round-bottomed basin (which holds their soft and private parts); does it hold (what?) them up? inside another holder?

Holder -- Am I the living beings?
 Hangar -- Not you alone, the movements waving along the ways are not part of what it is to be a living being
 Herbolinius* -- And that which belongs to it, to what does it belong, to a form?
 Harald -- Think of Harald, he who has eyes to fear, he can tell you!
 Herald -- Listen to Ralf, he's drawing the humans in....
 Harmonica -- If one were to draw human beings, could one put it in there...
 Arsmarina -- why must we always speak of humans, for are we not seven of the Others?
 Eight -- EIGHT!
 Eh -- EH! this one here is the audacious old eight, Madame EIGHT, oh lore!
 Audacity -- This eight's gotta cheek that stinks to high heaven!
 Jeppe** -- Jep!
 Liberty -- This Jeppe here stinks!
 Eh -- Ooh, this old Jeppe, oh lore, is that him inside there?
 EIGHT -- Abate!
 Rosemarie -- Partings are painful, oh, for whom are they painful? Nothing is painful for human beings, yes, listen Ros, Marie! Yespliss, whassat?
 Harmonica -- If one were to draw human beings it would pain them.
 Herald -- Listen Ralf, he's drawing the humans in...
 Harald -- Think of Harald, he who ears to hear, he can hear it.
 Herbol -- I am Lakk, who does he belong to? Lakk? To Jack? He belongs to your own self, dearest Lakk! Oh yesthanks for protecting me from thieves, Lakk! Oh, please Lakk Herbol! Thanks, Lakk Herbert Herbol! You're most welcome, Mr Herbert Lakk Herbolherbert Lakkerol!

(Not only are all the movements lying in the hangar beneath its roof, waiting to be jiggled along all manner of ways, but also the holder descends on the scene.)

* Herbol is a make of paint produced by the (Herbert) Herbig Lackfabrik.

** Danish first name.

-- (put such marks in words)

A dash Those which one views from the side while comma up above comma on their upper parts comma pen nibs comma glass sausage dash covers* comma china cats comma eyes raised comma transparent things comma interbeings that are turning into objects open brackets illegible close brackets question mark dash You don't say question mark

B dash

C dash (empty space)

* A reference to the Nürnberger Bratwurstglocklerl (fried sausage bell), a restaurant chain in southern Germany.

that which might have come after the word entertainment, allow it (still) to come

A -- When the hard, opaque roundness, when That blocks and bars the way out of the pot so that one cannot escape (with one's gaze), cannot look away (or how should I put it?), then against all expectations one is glad and certain of escape when the hard, opaque roundness (which is a black one, I should add) proves against all expectations to have a hole into which a little of the hard, opaque, rounded blackness is drawn in and has drained away and such like. Perhaps, in addition, one notes that that little amount of drained-away blackness has amassed or become amassed there where it has drained off to, and sees this blackness remaining there at the bottom of the hole, as if it wanted to indicate or describe a horizon (or simply allow he who ponders on it to imagine as much). This appears then to be a border between the known and the unknown -- in my rashness I was on the verge of saying: the dividing and distinguishing line between that which we can reliably demonstrate as shaped by ourselves (namely that which lies beyond the horizon and must first be teased up in to our storehouse of images; must first be made conscious, as we so stupidly say), and that which lies before the horizon, and of which we cannot say: it shapes us, or: we shape it, for both lie more or less distinctly within our range of view, inside or out, so who here is making who? BUT, does not the indeterminate lie there beyond the horizon, and does not the indeterminate make or shape all that is indeterminate IN us? Is not the question (when one asks about the stuff BEYOND the horizon) once again a double one, namely: does the indeterminate beyond the horizon make me so indeterminate, or do I, indetermined that I am, make the stuff beyond the horizon so indeterminate (just as I am)? All this old crap is perfectly straightforward, all this rubbish is rubbish, here on paper, it merely retains the upperuppermost thinthinthinthinest layer, to which should be added

B -- yet again again rubbish and shit, double-heads and yet more.

C -- Yet again rubbish and shit, double-crap and shitevenmore

D -- Plus crap and piss, with plenty of cack and piss and shit in store!

A -- STOP! I think it would be right for me to bid you good day!

B -- STOP! Do you want to go away, A? In that case: GOOD DAY!

D - Stop! Don't let Mr A go away!

A -- (EXITS without a moment's hesitation, without paying attention or listening to the others)

B + C + D -- What is the word entertainment supposed to mean?

Is it supposed to express the word entertainment?

What is the word entertainment supposed to do?

It is supposed to help the urge to find ways out;

it is supposed to calm this urge.

A (has returned) -- STOP, there's been a mistake!

B + C + D -- Right! A, interrupt us, my good man! We were supposed to sing: with the d at the end of the word ended (the second (or now third) ended) this entertainment has ended. (exit all)

A -- Now one can say: There is nothing more to be said than BOOM -- BBBOOOMMMM!!!

(appears during the boom)

A + BOOM - AAAAAABBBBBBOOOMMMM!!

(exit both)

A -- You see? What you see you don't see, it simply seems to you...
B -- Stop! Is what I see just what I seem to be? And do I not see the seemer nor even my self?
A -- What you see seems to me to be your semblance, that which you seem to be to yourself...
B -- Stop! May I ask here what is semblance and what is essence?
A -- Essence is the semblance of essence...
B -- Hey!
A -- Hailya, isn't that right?
B -- Hang on to that, where's it come from?
A -- It seems so...
B -- Hey! where does it seem so?
A -- It gleams so...
B -- Hey! Where does it gleam so?
A -- by'tself...
B -- Halt! Its self, her self, or his self?
A -- It's gleaming, it's shining...
A -- It gleams..
B -- and its shines...
B -- Hail, it's shining!
A -- With damp glory.
B -- Nail! The glory of dampness.
A -- Noel! The glory of the damp.
B -- Nope! The glory on the damp, glory from something other than the damp.
A -- Tell me, where from!?
B -- Glory all about and from all around!

Intermission (?)?

quite simply copy

Are you expecting anyone? Are you peering into holes, in search of the sight of someone? Searchers of the sight of some thing? Do you see what is issuing there from a hole? Does it breathe? Does it huff, does it puff, does it bow, does it show?

25

1. makes (into) rhymes

2. despecialise the special words (thrash becomes beat becomes bashed with an object)

M -- When the fish look at me with stretchy sunken eyes, when they look at me with battered eyes because they are not being consumed by humans as food, ehem (clears his throat),
I move myself with the motion ensuing from my feet on the hereside, on the side closest to me of the sea,
sesame, unseemly surety, then silliness
is stuffed into the land
of the human M.

Wom. -- (Hisses)

Ma. -- Maanfred

jabbering, a long time

- Three men enter as heads. The bodies (not their heads) have either been forgotten or have not yet arrived or have not yet been fetched, or the heads have been kicked in by foot. Naturally the people will be brought up again, or the people will be thought of again, or the p. will not be thought of again.
- Three men enter as heads. Bodies (which one always wishes to see when it comes to men's heads, either connected or separated from them) have failed to arrive with the bodies on this occasion (which should allow one to conclude that the order got mislaid), or that they, the bodies, are not visible. Since either -- right, you know already, assuming you're there and I haven't been talking for no purpose. But I haven't been talking for no purpose because you are there, or here: I am afraid of you, that's the raisin (or reason) why I'm talking with you, o.k.
- Who are we?
(three fem. voices sing continually in intervals of a third until th. end)
You are ten roly-polys that have rolled in from the background, roly-polying into the depths (as deep as one can into the background).
- O.k. what's this about the depth of the background?
-- I was asking you, so don't start asking me, in any case all's broken loose with your constant questioning.
- What?
-- Because you're not constructing the correct sentences.
-- Is that so?
-- Late or let the thri or three heads go up first or first of all to the mike so that we get given a picture of their bodies and pictures of the places or the place where or in which these or those bodies lie stand fiddle.
- Aha, that's Dietrich's patent, Karl-Dieter Roth's! Isn't it?
-- No, that's his patent, Dieter Roth's; and I am he in person, okay; or someone who says: "I am he in person, okay."
-- Are you someone who says: "No, that's his patent, Dieter Roth's; and I am he in person, today," or someone who says: "I am he in person, okay,"
-- Crippledom! I am not someone, what I said is I am someone, or should I have said something different?
-- You and your stupid belief in possibilities!
-- You stupid believers in believers in possibilities, don't you see how you made the word believer was put in the wrong place?
-- you hideous place-bound local-cripple, didn't you use the term believer-in-possibilities yourself? And didn't you go to the place you said was false! Does the lame local-user really believe in the locative; as if it made any difference whether the word entered at this location or that, or not at all! there is only one place, the place, +, comparisons don't hold water, o.k.?
-- Nowt there, o.k.!
-- He just said o.k.! so o.k., everything's o.k. because everything's all in one place, because there's only one location!
-- Please, you loudmouths, what the name of this location?
-- this location is called: o.k.
-- You can go and sing that to tose three heads over there, you buckled ocarinas, you lady yodellers you!
-- (Yodelling)



In story form, cool, in the infinitive mood

1. -- Flow through the darkness be a cold liquid which do not smoke, which do not foam, which trickle and curl instead, as was said, of smoke and foam. Hole and holes be the darkest. The palest be sometimes objects (which do not run, move, laugh or cry, but simply run, simply move, simply laugh, simply cry) and be sometimes living beings, stop, no, no, the palest be definitely sometimes objects, but sometimes a hole. A hole be the extremity of a living being, be what living beings be imprisoned in, and what people call skin, sometimes say: "My skin is my hole," and: "Me 'ouse is me carsole," or: "The coffee's hot, it's steaming," and "Just listen to this flat and shallow chattermat,". But we be not here to chatter. The text be to be gentle and gently spoken. My text be also to be also spoken gently, the way a seascape, generally call a picture of a sea and sail boats, be gently painted?
-- Often yes, often no.
2. -- This dozy flat chattermat, the dim-witted way she (he) keeps badmouthing there on the phone! Shallow, dimmest-witted, indescribable matchatter! Painted by 2 women in water colours, two men in oils, 2 boys in tempera and 2 girls in poster paint. The natures of the enumerated and the nature of that painted -- it must become one whole, enormous picture -- has not been previously determined; an attempt was made (during one of the first Augusts of the early 70s), but, however, or and so on and so forth.
-- Forthwith.
3. -- You, 1 + 2, have not appeared clearly to us, so stop! Only seeing clearly can make a gloomy death, painless clear death of the craving that men often feel for plump, white painting wenches, breasts hanging out of their smocks, to piss on whom would be easier to swallow for a paint-daddy than his supper, than sitting in inns and having his mortal thoughts confused, oh-ha, that nearly rhymed! Seeing comes after dying, after seeing comes dying. After dying comes trying, after trying comes trying and try-dying. The earth appears to the cock-eyed man to be a darker dungeon than it does to the man who looks straightahead, who often says out loud that the earth is a sphere (is it something dark or something bright?).
-- Something bright.
4. -- You, 1, 2 + 3, have not appeared to us clearly, so stop! Only seeing clearly can make a gloomy death, a pain- and harmless death of the craving that men often feel to pump white painting wenches, breasts dangling out of the front of their smocks; to piss on them and cast themselves knockingdrinksbackerly over the drips, brooks and streams; meeting, casting, tossing oneself into the widewide sea while painting; there, ones goal, being and remaining at ones goal; taking the hard-boiled eggs, instead of tapping them open, peeling and gobbling them down for supper, and mixing them up with oils and painting there the seascape, that which can then be looked at. Take a good look at this seascape, a stretch of sea made of water, eggs and oil by the plump painting wenches, by the large plump painting wenches with their painterly breasts that burst forth in all their width and whiteness, they have laid the see-egg, the sea-egg, got their sea legs and their jaunty lugs and jugs dally like sea-slugs outside their blue-bespeckled smocks -- cool and blue from seascape-painting but with hot, white paintbombs inside!
-- Oil,!
5. -- He gets so hoarse from bomb-rousing that he gets ever hoarser, until he's so hoarse that he's as hot as he should never have got without ever getting over hoarse. He gets hotter and hoarser until he has got hot to the point at which he can only get hoarser because he mustn't get hotter. And all the while the seascape grows cooler, bluer and whiter.
-- O.K.

cut (out)**extract****excise the nouns?**

- Fly -- Off upwards, away from below to the upper left
 Spectator -- If the one to the left sits quietly there and then flies off up to the right
 Flier -- Off downwards, away from below to the upper right
 Spectatoress -- If he to the left calmly draws and inscribes it with horizontal lines to the right and left
 Then 1 -- Just look at the way she looks back at herself and lingers behind herself
 Then 2 -- Take a look and see whether he's not got stuck in himself and is sinking inside of himself?

There where the rainwater, called rainwater, thunders down and cleaves our chests, called misery, there the earth whistles up and creates a hill which someone coming from above personally speaks into shape like a potwurzeln, inna pot, wivva wurzel, then outova pot an then back insidit. And so it went on, grey shades of weather coloured the winter's white, gritty sand onna wall anna roof, gearstick jammed, everything as it had always been -- for ever. And so it passed by, that nullity termed "time." We felt that help should be brought, we rose each day anew from our sorry beds, anew, now no longer armed to the teeth with hopes of help, but with crumbs of hope in our trembling hands. In some cases our hands had already been. They now simply lay around on the ground. A coupla fir twigs on top, and off they were cleared into forgetfulness. We could no longer move their bodies, we could scarcely stir our own. Days passed without count. No one stood any more, no one knelt any more. Then came days which already leaned from the realms of grey over into the blackness -- like grass in winter when the wind is still and several blades suddenly bend over and no one sees. I thought this one day, as I lay there among the dead. Finally I, the only one survived, remained alive, said to myself: it's not you, it was someone else. I didn't want to hear the way my inner voice kept harping on with same old story I'd heard all my life: You're the one, you yourself etc. etc. Then something came which now could be termed rescue: actually it was a self-dislocation at that self-same black location. I could no longer be drawn into the others' day-to-day lives -- I was taken into safety, you would probably say. I had taken root in the greyness. A festival in grey.

Ha -- Instead of placing a living being
 Ne -- or a dead living being
 Ha -- here inside me
 Ne -- , here into my upper main opening,
 Ha -- there
 Ne -- to slice it up
 Ha -- by means of the small, hard sharpnesses
 Ne -- which are arranged (attached) along the upper and lower front edges of the opening,
 Ha -- and crush it with my small, hard stumps
 Ne -- , which are arranged further back inside of me (in the inner cavity of the upper main opening) than my
 small, hard sharpnesses,
 Ha -- and mix it (in the rear cavity behind my upper main opening)
 Ne -- with some fluid inside of mine
 Ha -- , to form a pulp, and suck the pulp
 Ne -- of sliced-up, dead living being and fluid (from me)
 Ha -- down inside of me, there to lose it in my
 Ne -- own?
 Ha -- darkness --
 Ne -- out of the sight of my insides?
 Ha -- or, instead of
 Ne -- first
 Ha -- bringing
 Ne -- some hard, dried, dead, severed
 Ha -- part of a
 Ne -- previously killed
 Ha -- living being to
 Ne -- the soft, puffy, thin-skinned, mobile
 Ha -- edge
 Ne -- of my upper main opening
 Ha -- which is wettened by fluid (which exudes from the cavity inside me that lies behind and passes into it)
 (Attention! Change of pace here.)
 Ne -- , I
 Ha -- sometimes bring
 Ne -- the
 Ha -- damp (dampened by my insides)
 Ne -- edges of my upper
 Ha -- main
 Ne -- opening to that softness
 Ha -- that is almost unfeeling;
 Ne -- light,
 Ha -- almost weightless;
 Ne -- invisible,
 Ha -- rarely visible;
 Ne -- something that constantly flows about one. I put a small piece of this (Attend! Here a change of pace!),
 Ha -- in a space inside of me which I open in this case, i.e for the descent of the sm.p.,
 Ne -- inside of me
 Ha -- and, instead of giving back
 Ne -- the softness that is almost unfeeling and such like
 Ha -- into the large piece
 Ne -- of the softness that is almost unfeeling and the like,
 Ha -- instead of releasing it from the edges of my u.m.o. (upper main opening) (change of pace)
 Ne -- , I give it
 Ha -- back to the softness and so on
 Ne -- through a
 Ha -- long, hard, longitudinally hollow
 Ne -- piece of the dead living being.
 Ha -- [Which I have not succeeded in mincing up and putting inside of me (it is too hard).]
 Ne -- All at once
 Ha -- (right now)
 Ne -- I can hear

Ha -- something which pricks the upper
Ne -- globular (pace-c.)
Ha -- part of me,
Ne -- reaches for a biro and there oft
Ha -- writes this:
Ne --



**quietly sober up into place
raw**

A -- The foreign or foreign parts, as we say, look as if they've been made of raw potatoes that are to be eaten unpeeled as soon as you have to look for work there, in those foreign parts, in order to have something to live on -- assuming you wish to live, once you have found work.

Once you have found work the foreign parts look as if they've been filled with fruit -- with apples, say, fresh and raw. So you've got something to eat, but you have to have good teeth and not be afraid of the overabundance of what's to be eaten.

What that's supposed to mean?

What that's supposed to mean is that the apple, even a grated one -- e.g. grated for a sick person -- seems like a raw potato when you're in foreign parts. Peppered with digestive hurdles, the way through foreign parts -- albeit perhaps spent often enough prostrate in a bed, soiling a bed pan held beneath you, such that the indigenes of these foreign parts, the for-us-foreigners, say: Can you smell those foreigners, eh? What a strange smell!

What that's supposed to mean?

The authenticity of both the foreign as well as the familiar parts -- or what they have forever presented to the world as their authentic selves -- is meant to be whisked away!

That man there -- let's say: me! for example, being one who is familiar to me -- will in foreign parts firstly be called a foreigner ("you are a foreigner"), and will secondly be forced to become familiarised (he who fails to do so should bugger off to his familiar setting (e.g. the so-called heimat)), but in the meantime this has become foreign to him.

You or whoever take it!

grammatically and orthographically correct (and figuratively correct) description of the drawing

A -- [The little round blackish head (or is it a head in the shade?) with the broad-rimmed hat in the shadow (or is it a black hat?)]

Remove these beasts of prey from the pages, they are playing me with their teeth!

B -- [The black ball-bomb (or a ball-shaped bomb in the black shadow, or a bomb in a round shadow which makes it seem black?)]

Regardless whether you, you up there, are animals or people, and whether you are gobbling or not the small round blackish head (or just the small head in the round shadow which looks black), the balancing act remains an act of balancing out so long as you, when you gobble away (at it, the small round blackshadowhead), both gobble the same quantity; but if you don't -- don't gobble in equilibrium -- the three of us will take a tumble; and I (the medium sized, round, indeed round-as-a-ballblackshadowbomb) will explode.

The GOBBLERS (in duet)

1st Gobbler (*regardless of whether it is gobbling away at the little blackish head from the left or the right*) -- Gobb, gobb,

2nd Gobbler (*regardless of whether it is gobbling away at the little bl. head from the right or the left*) -- Gobb, gobb,

1st G. -- gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb,

2nd G. -- gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb,

1st G. -- gobb, (*the balance begins to wobble*) gobb, gobb, gobb, gobb,

2nd G. -- gobb, (*the balance begins to wobble*) gobb, gobb, gobb ...

Balance -- Help, one of them is gobbling slower! Bomb, you didn't warn us!

Bomb -- RRRRrrrUUU-mMMMMPPPPpuuuuss!!!!!!!!!!!!

(*Dear spectators, listeners, far and near, the bomb did not take into account, that time also builds up large amounts*)

**copy
and simply correct grammar and ortho
+ symbols of personages**

A -- That which appears unclearly there on that particular spot, appears clear.
Its name is: unclarity

Z -- Has that which has just be said now
been said clearly?

B -- It has neither been said clearly,
nor has it been said,
it is written.

Z -- One may write what one will,
I can write what I will.

Y -- You may write: one may say what one will,
and can write: one can say what one will, and such like.

X -- I do not wish to say what you have already written, W.
But since you have not written it, but spoken it, I must say: I do not wish to say what you have already said, I
should write it, but I shall neither write what I say, nor say what I write.

Z -- One may say what one will, I may say what I will.

A -- Did anyone say anything here, here at this place in time?

Z -- Can one say anything at any place? What can one say, at any place?

ZA -- That which conceals the place, that is the place.

ZI -- That which stands at the place, that is the place.

Zu -- Don't give me that nasty look, you bogey man!

ZY -- Go and give yourself an nasty look, little man!

An -- Yook, look, there it is, the nonsense I meant,
which is as miserable as a firework that's spent,
scarcely accustomed to human meat as its food --
served up to humans, pre- chopped and -chewed

As -- Food?

Yes, -- Bogey man.

Just -- Look, am I a woman? I am a woman.

Yesjustakealook -- Woman, I am a pig!

Overthere -- Am I glad? Yes, I am.

#There she goes, -- The black death candidate, served in the form of a rosy fried breakfast pig, bedded on a personal
no, a kind of

Retarderess -- Tardiness invariably occurred, instead of the table being set

Sunset -- The bells ring for sundown!

So, -- Let's all go back to town

A -- nd to our homes.

E -- ND

have to see

A -- What you're saying -- it's the light -- doesn't exist.
B -- Why do I see the light?
A -- Even what you call "I see the light" doesn't exist.
B -- Why no light?
A -- When you see it, light doesn't exist.
B -- Why doesn't it exit?
A -- Because as soon as you see it it doesn't exist.
B -- This poem?
A -- Doesn't exist.
B -- And the other, that which doesn't exist, doesn't that exist?
A -- You can throw your last stone in my face if I'm wrong!
B -- That fat man, or let me put it differently: that chap over there...
A -- Where ?
B -- on the diametrically opposite side, doesn't he...
A -- exist because he doesn't speak?
B -- Doesn't he exist?
A -- It's not because he doesn't speak that he doesn't exist,
but because he doesn't exist.
B -- He doesn't exist.
A -- He's beginning to see the light!
B -- But. That doesn't exist.
A -- I'm starting to feel hot, and I'm starting to get sick.
B -- What's g. s.?
A -- Everything.
B -- But. Especially that sort of thing doesn't exist.
A -- Not even this END.
B -- We're not beginning to see the tail-light.
A -- We can't go any further.
B -- You say "We can't go any further," but I don't,
what I say is "You say ""We can't go any further,"" but I don't."
A -- Once again I say "we can't go any further."
(the play doesn't proceed any further)

- Se -- A place-concealer (place-secluder, place-decimater, =ravager and =negator) is what a person becomes (comes to be called) who uses a drawing, a note or a marker pen to draw, mark, denote and such like the place in which he sees (expects) the living being in the form of a seated figure, which we see him drawing, denoting and marking and the like.
- ? -- Is it already sitting there, or is he already sitting there, and which he is it?
- Se -- It IS not a he, rather there SITS a he.
- ? -- Kiss my arse as long as I am not sitting, sentence!
- Se -- Stop! You're not going to get away with it that lightlily, listen:
(*Se can no longer have his say because he has quicklily burnt out; could it be heard sizzling? I don't know.*)

correct -- tedious process (copying as it were)

(Faded trace of a talk) The capital investment plan

WORP

-- It now no longer stretches out as it once did, nor does anyone think to go and stretch it, in the past it always used to lie like vanillin custard over the majority of stuff, almost everything, it did not *load* but simply *lied* on itself, lying not lightly but lightly (and gently, one might say) on itself, custard on (in) sauce -- assuming one wants to make some distinction -- But it so happens that it is now suffering (indeed, some do suffer, principally those who have become slightly more than "accustomed to it," who *needed* it), just as we, or at least some among us look around in suffering at our human bodies which we -- suffering more or less grievously -- do not miss, but rather to which we, as it were (may I say it, divulge it?), sometimes consider we fly back *with wings beating*; flying back with those little skips which we (or to put it more cautiously: some among us) perform now and then, but then each time the gentle question intones: in which direction -- inwardly, of course, *just* inwardly as it were -- should we move? Which region should we think of? In such cases my recipe -- as I say to my own self -- is to say: our yearning (if often a gentle one) does not have to think of a direction, nor set off in any direction, nor think of or reach a goal. It is inside us, or at least in me (don't laugh), and is simultaneously both the starting line and the goal.

Listen.

-- Fine, but now it no longer constantly binds itself and others like a vanillia soup, but is stretched out over a great deal of stuff, I do not wish to go as far as to say: *everything*, for the moment I content myself with: a great deal. So, it stretches out across a great deal of stuff, quite matter-of-factly as it were, but (whence and whither this constant urge to say somethingsomewhere-somewhere?) as the custard's *brain*, not as the custard's *extremities*, say. As I see it, we shall have trouble trying to plot the extremities of the mass; a mass, any old mass, who can say, who will dare to say what fear (once again the old familiar but nameless fear whose name one cannot find out of fear -- but which fear?), which nameless name, which custard y'know, Worp!?

HEAR.

-- Don't keep losing hope so quickly! Don't keep losing hope straightaway, and keep calling over and over that BEING and IS and BECOMING -- all that sort of stuff -- *that this is nothing*, and that the IS in that IS NOTHING is *nothing*. And there in the last IS NOTHING, IS is *also*, if you please, nothing (also nuffink is also nothing) and nothing, an' nuffin', nix, and, ah hem, oh lor', stop, and the like is *all nothing but Oh Lor', Stop, Nix, NUFFIN' and such like and etc.*, O.K.?

LECTURER NO. 1

-- Why and wherefore do you contort and distort yourself so... nostonp, I wanted to say -- and here I shall say it: why do you disport yourself so, or why do you scuttle or sink, yes, why do YO rustle and stink,? Why does the stink wink from these lines, or, as I also wished to say: why is the custard sinking away and why has it ceased to lie over everything as it used to? It always used to lie there... sorry, I should have read... sorry, said something like: that it doesn't appear to lie over everything AS custard, but rather that when I say it it sounds like this: it always used to lie LIKE vanillin custard or like vanillian custard or =cuzztud... sorry, I wanted to say: vanilliya cuzztud or vanillia cuzzturd, oh cruel, gruel game! Yes, now it is no longer stretched out over everything, like it used to, it always used to lie over everthing like vanillian custid. But now is it such... or simply now, now it no longer lies like vanillya custid... sorry, I wanted to say: vanillan cisstod... Sorry, sorry, I should've said: can I believe my eyes, Maximilian is drying up! Stop! I meant to say: is flying up!

MAX.

-- Have you heard the latest, DO? It no longer stretches out the way it used to. It always used to lie there like vanillin gustod... stop, should've said lika vanillin cartong, like vanillin custard carton, likan empty cartong over everything. Stopamo, have I turned on the wrong shower? Yes thanks, everything's fine, or fine once again, is especially fine because it no longer lies over everything like it used to. It always used to lie all over the place like loads of footpaths, and an empty vanillia, pardon carton, pas poh* vanillia custard carton, always used to lay over everything likan empty carton, like vanillan custard. But nowadays it's no longer the way it was, lying over everything, for nowadays it's different and no longer really binds like a vanillin soup. At least not like a vanilline, a direct line from vanillin to vanillia custard. Nowadays though it looks like soup, or I mean custard. It looks up out of the custard's brain. There's no more need for it to bark like a custard dog, rather it stretches out over a great deal, even this -- as the pudding's brain, as it were. One doesn't always lose hope straightaway. It's rather nice, the way it always spreads out over everythink.

LECTURE No.2

-- Why and wherefore do you contort and distort yourself so, stop, I wanted to say (yesindeed, yes! I'll say it right now): why do you disport yourself so, why do you scuttle or

sink, Maddo? Why do you rustle and stink like a bow-wow? Why does the stench stink and
wink, the wrench. Why does it screw a terrible ghastliness into one so stop! I wanted to say
so irresistably, so evilly, loudly I mean loudly in so YES as well as NO? The remainder
when something remains or else simplyand and yippee! I mean: dearie me!

*(a madly exploding firecracker is heard, which must be accompanied by an appalling rumble; the lights go up, every
light in the place, whether on stage, among the scenery or over the audience, goes on)*

* Danish for take care.

4 (or more) variations

- PUGS-A -- How the frankfurters dangle!
 B -- How the horizon trembles!
- A -- How the sea sighs!
 B -- Man empties people of their flesh, makes hot sausagers of it, hotter than they should get, so hot that one has to say "HALFT" when one can no longer stand imagining the way it gets hotter than: so hot that it mustn't get any hotter. Then one must shout "It mustn't get any hotter now! by all means as hot as it has got but without getting any hotter than it should do without getting any hotter than it should do!"
- WORP-C -- How the frankfurters diggle!
 D -- How the horizon treble!
- C -- How the sea sigh!
 D -- Dempties man the franfurters of flesh, undieheats 'em up. He makes 'em 'otter than should get. We stopper him and say: he mustn't letem get any more 'otter now than so 'ot that it can't get any hotter without getting as 'ot as it ought to get, and so we says: stopnow! don't get any 'oarser! leavitbe, letim get 'oarser. But: without getting so 'ot that it gets 'otter forim than it ought've got. That is 'otter than it oughtta get.
- TOO-TH -- How the frankfurtians daggle!
 F -- How the herisen trembt!
- E -- How the sea swigs!
 F -- The man pours in his fleshmonger. Not into the sea (not inna sea) he pours it pores it into life into the liver and it'll never get to be any hotter or hoarser. The hottest hour is hover, without yule, liver of our lives, roundabout this little life. Without warmth and comfort. Cold and clammy.
- ROLF-G -- How revoltingly the sausages dangle!
 H -- How the horizon screws!
- G -- How the sea spews!
 H -- How the cock crows hotly for flesh, scrawlier than a shrivelled sausage, it mustn't shrivel any more or it will shrink into infinity, there in the land where the parallels kiss, so that we must all shrivel thither.
- RALF 3 -- I -- Ahno, whydya 'earrit likkat whenya can't seeitanall?
 J -- Because there on the stick sherbet fountain lick.
- I -- STOP (STOMP)!

always correct strictly all and everywhere

- M. -- I only splay myself on the paper for pleasure. When a man does that outside of the paper, on the ground above or on its inhabitants thereon, then many a person says, so many that I find that they are too many (many more than I can picture to myself without fearing that my ears will greatly suffer while contending with their concentrated verbalisms): He is a woman. (They think that women just keep on splaying and splaying and splaying.) But since I do not wish to be called a woman (I almost said: since I do not wish to be a woman), and since I want to be called a strong Coldun (who knows why?); since I must live my life like a shellfish in this shell of a name I've been given; since I clearly cannot see the things that are not named to me (not clearly enough to be able to grasp them or flee); since I only hear with anxiety that which many name with one name being named by a few by another (hear it being named with extra-strong anxiety when I hear myself naming it to myself, as one of these few); since I -- being as I am never hungry, but simply always greedy (greedy at places where nothing is to be had except who knows what?) -- since I, since I, since I...
- Ri -- seering self-insights, my man!
- Va -- Happy alien-insights#, listeners!
- L -- Oh?
3 X, once with "women", then with "children"?
- W. -- I only fiddle on the paper out of sadness. When women do that beside the paper, on the ground -- the planet's skin -- or on the skin of its inhabits, then sadly many say, so many that I find that they are too many (many more sayers than I can picture to myself without fear that my ears will be unable to suffer the loud fiddling noise without pain), many say: She is a man. They think that men just keep on fiddling and fiddling and fiddling.) But I do not wish to be called a man (I almost said: But I do not wish to be a man). I want to be able to be called a strong, cold woman. I know why. Why? Because: who knows? Since I no longer wish to keep thrashing away in the vice in which I live my life; and since I see more clearly than clearly; and since I clearly see that those who say that they see me clearly see me unclearly; and since I constantly suffer and suffer and suffer, I want to, I want to, I want to...
- Ri -- caustic productions spurting with tartness, my woman!
- Va -- Happy baiting, bird on the branch!
- Less -- Oh?
- T. -- I do not fall on this paper for my pleasure. When men and women do so outside outdoors or inside at meetings; when the fall over where they fall (I almost said: when they fall where they stand) then they call one another (I almost said it correctly: call each other); when they embrace each other, and then see, then hear, then smell, then taste...
- Ri -- short and sad, my child!
- Va -- Defiant delights, sour-cherry chewer!
- Lt – SADOMMMMMMMMMSS!!!!!!

38 -> D

make rhymes

(To be recited)

He who always -- pastes a knot before this poem,
and shifts about and pastes his dome.
And pastes them who don't keep an eye
out. That would rattle down your curriculum vitae.
Thinking something is not taking
it. What you think while pasting,
is certainly not thought; thinking
is simply: savouring or tasting
is life, and great when thoughts get pasted
to all that has remained untasted.
Let's call what one thinks: tasting or savouring,
then separate this from living
and say: the one is this and not tother,
and at once you feel SOMETHING or other
is hot on our heels and gnawing at us.
It gobbles down our diluted selves with no fuss,
then pisses that onto its thighs;
absorbs it and spits it back in our eyes,
(which we no longer bother to dry
for we already number among the devoured),
us, whom the nameless one has o'powered.
That which we think we have learned,
by turns, we must give back to him
whose name we must return.
-- And with that I must let myself crash
into even deeper strata of balderdash.

(Applause. The lady speaker, an aging heel-cleaner, hands back in: bouquet of flowers)

40

**as far as it goes
go for lack of irony**

1.

(Is recited by one who seems to believe he is wearing an iron hat.)

Pallor in the sky

Still the darkness hangs there, by pallor still enthroned,
still doth it not sink -- sink down to thee, o THOU!
Still standing in the holy grove is many a holy cow,
still we ring our bells, they're rung and never gonged.

Still we gnaw our cured pig's trotter down to strong
bones' lustre. And even if it's covered in mould,
we ham-gnashers will have it sparkling like gold
afore you know: how fleet! shouts the throng.

But they cannot last much longer, these loud, valour-
ous gaseous eruptions -- competing in both stinking
and singing with Gutto, while all the time drinking

truly stiff brews, for our lot is a falling and rapid sinking;
down into gutters dark, accompanied by moans and billy goats' blinking
with naked bums, on which a delicate scrawl just lightly steams: the overpowering pallor.

2.

(Is recited by the second, an iron hat)

Pallor in the sky

Still hangs the darkness there, already crested by pale twinklings, yet to sink down on me
requires but one word, by your leave.

3.

(Is no longer recited, but printed with great bashfulness on handouts and distrib. among the. pub.)

Pallor in the sky

##Today a lot of darkness hangs from you at the back (OFF!)
Have something cooked for you soon by your cook
e.g. spring rabbit ragout, in which the white bones look
up and laugh cheerily at you, and with that -- jerk off.

41

**correct meter
+ correct rhymes,
EVERYTHING CORRECT**

Pale sky with dark clouds

No darkness hangs there, held aloft by something pale,
high above us. No, it dangles far down to us below.
Instead of supporting the dark, the pallor's powers fail.
And the dark, which we fear will gallop off and lo!
goads a moderate tone, a dispute -- if one it be --
to garish tones of discord and protest 'mongst the assembly e'en though it too doth ail,
-- and in no small measure, darkness does not stand out paler than pale.
For remaining dark is darkness' task, as decreed
by the linguistic usage court of humanity.

Pale skies and dark clouds
(To be RECITED in the EVENING)

Not darkness hangs, ring'd by pallor, enow,
in warm sauces -- blue heavenly sauce,
for a paleness hangs in dark evening sauce,
shot down by the dark evening bow-wow-wow.

(make) complete sentences*(A scene)*

Composing room -- Late in the evening a red couch laments and drifts by, lamenting till late in the evening, till latest evening, yet without an onion in its eye it fails to produce a red blazing or black flowing or blue thundering lamentation, it is too bright, or so it is said, but stop! It is too bright! does not need to be said, why not? Because it makes this attempt at lamentation even brighter, even harder, even more void of hope. But if the youngsters cut or choke something of the oldtimer from out of the youngster, quite early on, when it has only just grown slightly dark, what then? Then the word "youngster" disturbs the depth, the age, the combination of colours, then the lament's attributes will no longer wish to emerge. The tiniest temporal chunk of the futile attempt to shove the glacier of laments further and further to the south of the rosy finger'd dawn, for the lament melts in the attempt. Whose attempt? Those who toil and torture and torment themselves by night. Not simply in order to weep, but in order first to come into the proximity of weeping by night. That which they wish to stick in their button holes, why? So that one sees the lament and the aforementioned as lamenters, and them as the inventors of the nocturnal lamento-technique. But what if the exact quantity of the total darkness of the total-lament is not allowed to be attained because otherwise the lament-blossom would not be visible in the button hole? I have thought about this, oft and very oft thought about this. That is what makes one lament. That is what is so lamentable about it all. Here the strongest, mightiest, darkest lament wishes to emerge, into that hole. Not out into the light but into the blacker-than-black. But in that case are their attempts at lamenting not fully o.k.? No, for if they were o.k. there would be nothing there to lament about. Ah-ha! I feel how this is forcing me towards a certitude and away from the land of laments. So I allow myself to drift along. Wave, wave to me! o monumental theatre of laments erected there on the dark stage

*(Drifts off on the ice floe**to morning breakfast in Abyssinia.**But what if first the floe should melt**in the darkness of the night?**Then he would have something to lament about,**assuming it was not his final undoing.**But if he failed has to reach Abyssinia,**may he, impeded, go or not to wrack and ruin in Calembourg.**We always fear one thing more than all others.**He remains, drifting into the background, as it were, regardless.)*

**trace (force?) back
to words that do not tell of human actions**

(Halfturd trembles over the bay. Not a procrastinating chin menjured cund the rabacious borecrolation, wot was full as a boot.)

- Traveller -- I roam the heaths, I, male, outwardly brown. (half! That's a fib!) Grey is the colour of my report, or I shall report not.
- Hound -- Heelbreaker, from where do you come, and for what do you long?
- Traveller -- Is there still something hard in there, or is there something lost but soft there?
- Cat - MEOW!
- Traveller -- I come from there where the hard, HALT! -- the soft and blossoming blossoms, so thus I am drawn to the hard and the cold, 'cross vale and stone, lika hopledehoy, or a hoppityhare, propelled by its gas eruptions discharged to the rear.
- Landlord -- THWHAP!! (Bashes Hoppityhare, aka Hobbledyleg No.1, over the noddle with a weightiness; he sinks to the dust.) Auntie, come out of the house, we've got him!
- Aunt -- Hail to thee under thy thundercrown, thou blood-toiling, blood-boiling heathharehunter hewn from iron and steel! (Aunt calls while falling out of the house, and)
Rappunzzz!
(She fires away, her voice ranging piercingly over heaths and heights, at Uncle Hoppityharehunter's doubleheadhaunchcruncherchoppingblocksaw, which is standing next to the slain Hoppityhare, Mr Heelbreaker, while simultaneously leaning against Uncle Heelbreakerkiller, the chopping-block- and haunch-chopping-man, with which Uncle Choppalot had just polished off the Romper=womper=from=across=the=heath and wiped him from the surface of the earthdumpling, stop, no, he's still lying there, yes, and he's opening his eyes again, with Auntie lying next to him, slain by Uncle, stop, no, or is she...?)
- Wind -- Pheeeeeeeew
(goes the wind and whisks the revolting scene from our irresolute hand)
- Hindberg -- Phhaaaarrrrpppp
(does it behind the furthestmost mountain, the scenery namely, but now it's all over as if blown away, stop, genuine Blowing Away has left its, stop, left no traces behind, farewell.)
- End -- Yes, farewell!

I: "Turn your powers to the novella style, the style of clarity"

I -- The exit over there, that gold that yawns open onto freedom and blueness, is one of flat anvils made of cement, Bob! Or it is a mill on which many a bulldog has had a go at, to the bucklement of its gnashers, Boss! To which the following can also be knitted on: no blue, no gold, no horizon, no cheeky, cheery, white, weighty forehead can puzzle its way through that concrete, Pug! No jumping beast, however speedy, tall or rotund, is able to penetrate it, that is a deception, belly-ache, nose, forehead, old clobber of a lesser ilk made of the old familiar illusion- or junk-carton -- done to death by an old biddy with a crumb- or crumble- or giblets- and tit-bits-stall, Mars! Colourless, not even white tit-bits, junk, ink, jacket, Boss! Everything's bashed-in, budded off, vaporized, has fluttered off with the birds before the fresh, hot blue morning can even alight a ray on the clod, Mix! Them over there have already tidied it all away, Crumbs! Crumbling heaps, old dry goods, smogwash, poorly erected, Hammer! Coffee over the lot, set teeth to it, many's the man who has tried to dream that one, Tiger! Dogs, horses, cakes, caravans, salt-pillars, everything, everything, Moses! I'm telling you, everything everything everything's smashed up, tapped off, gone off, burned off, Tooth! creamed off, caked off, flickered away like a scrambled egg, Silt! Or salt, Schmaltz!

He -- Well, if you're going to get nasty, angry, evil and cheeky on the rim of this firmly cemented asylum-thwarting-machine, then what you just said was of course correct, my trusty tourist guide! But if you have lied, excuse this harsh word, then things look different, for things are quite different up there in the light. Permit me one more question: who am I?

She -- Aren't you Mr Porkcrackling from Sowthend, you stupid ass?

It -- May you be right, old man, when confronted by dunder-heads no one can ...

(At which point the tape doesn't actually snap, but it all gets too -- -- for the piece to continue.

Until the next time, dear listeners everywhere, bye-bye!)

-- not Everything, everything...
 more discussion

M -- Fresh brightness!
 W -- Wha?
 M -- Freshness, brightness, it appears on the paths,
 so, like the arms of the goats on a coat of arms,
 W -- You wot?
 M -- crossed, resting in the fire and sizzling. They lie bright and fresh on the table, or more correctly,
 they peep brown and burnt through the hollowed hand that the cheated guest places before his eye.
 W -- What's that that I see?! (Guest shouts)
 M -- Here you see man and woman, guest and escort,
 fresh and bright painting on an escutcheon,
 frizzy-bearded goats.
 W -- Thanks for taking the rap, you curlybeards! stalwarty!
 M -- Thanks for taking the blame, you wild man, nice!
 W -- Hah, you fresh Brightness, are you ruling again?
 M -- Hush
 W -- your steps and raise up Gloominess and Darkness here inside,
 M -- for the length of our darkdays has not yet been paced out by our stride.
 W -- Freshness hurry up, Brightness arise, Gloom wishes to overpower me!
 M -- Here I am, my darling (acts as if he were Freshness)!
 W -- Brightness, please hasten for
 Darkness is clutching at my maw!
 M -- Fresh morning murders are the latest lark
 the brightness rings to their soft bark, sweet rhymes break through, like fleet
 heart-renders, three sheets to the wind, let us end this piece
 and hand the listener back to his daily despair and dis-ease.
 M + W -- Sttooooo ITT!!!!
 Member of the audience - O.K.

46

take the capricious parts (here)

-- where (to put them)?

Title -- In the tone of the tunas

T -- Watch ou! righ 'as become lef, top 'as become bottom, back 'as become front, blind has become strong.

U -- Silence! Watchit is sound aslee, blind sees.

N -- Run away! Stay 'ere yessel, fer it's run awf 'ome.

A -- Three cheers for the fish! Needs no feet to fly, nor for tunnyfifage

FISH -- bravo!

**(everything) into shorter elaborating adverbial clauses (idiosyncratic stuff)
but without sticking to the recipe (copy the middle section)**

Lord -- No doubt the wind is stirring, the winds are stirring, this life stirs, the pennon stirs, they all stirs, even the eye-lashes' timid scream stirs. All of these parade past us, without guarantee, quite fortuitously, without telescopes, without studying, anything, whatsoever, legs swinging freely from the knee, tweaking in the middle. Fear, though, fear I say. Magic, something, one of those things, entities, a trembling -- for fear.

Servant -- Excuse me, sire, the Devil has just appeared, arrived, summoned from afar at your request, at your behest, sire, my eye smarts, Devil's drummed upon it, oh hey di ri di ri dummm,

Sound -- BbbbOOOOmmmmmmmmppphhh!!!

Maid -- That was the Devil's work! Please don't say Come In whenever there's a boooooomph at the door...

Comeinafterall -- COME IN!!!!

The lord in the pit -- Doesn't come!!!!!!!
Nobody come!!!
Nobody there!!

Maid -- Nobody there?

Servant -- Nobody there, just filth far and wide. So, would someone please speak the monologue on filth and deprivation!

Lord -- The bench turned out smaller than was ordered, and creaked like a dustbag when one lets it flap in the morning wind, when the heat already comes with the cool, when the heat already grabs at your ears. Scarcely had the early-riser spoken a commanding word than dirt and deprivation, also commonly known as lousy, squalid, filthy hardships, the lot, our lot, my lot. The barge, filled with dust and particles of melancholy, like a sack full of dust, also founders on and under the waves which wash over and sculpt life.

48

- Stop shouting so loud all the time!
- Has Allthetime been here all the time?
- No!
- HAD Allthetime been here all the time?
- Yes, Allthetime HAD been here all the time, both times HAD allthetime been had here all the time.
- That was a whole crowd of critters, the critter-crowd seemed lika critter-crusher.
- 25 guys + 2222 women...
- 2222 guys and 22 women...
- 3 berets as one and 2 faces...
- 2 berets as one, 3 faces and 2 faces...
- & faces with berries, 5 faces with berets and one guy with berry
- and a woman with women, 2222 of them,
- 2221 women.
- That's right, thanks! See you again!
- That's rite, if you please! See you agin, I don't think!
- That applies once and for all, so don't forget, please!
- Not forget the 22221 guys or 25 guys?
- Snitch! Whyohwhyyyyysssssss!?!?
- CCCCCCoooooSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSs!!!

continue here
slowly, calmly, (off) to description of picture.

**cut the subordinate clauses in oratorical guise
from the LATTICE of words, something else**

1. Look -- Who's there?
 See -- Sees someone.
 Ask -- What?
 Say -- Standing.
 Ask -- Doing?
 Answer -- RALF.
 Asking other -- Do?
 Answerer -- No, Rolfi.
 Asker -- -- No? RALF, none?
2. He who sees something -- Who's there?
 He who is asked -- I can see, whatonearth is it?
 He who asked something and asks once again -- Who's there? -- -- Heh!
 The person asked there is no one.
 Question is where is he now, at least one of those asked, and now call it a day? -- -- -- Yup!
3. I -- You are smiling, blind?
 Woman -- Keep your gob shut, dog that you are, I'm not out of my mind!
 I -- I am blind, toad!
 Woman -- There perhaps is anole, an hole, you are standing all smiling on the shore of a hole.
 Mr Ligher, Miler -- My smile burns, scorches the lower half of your face, madam, Mr Mrs Bow-wow! Can it be that I said what was just said?
 Woman -- Why must this piece about you and me, with all its fancy phrases, be here and not go to blazes?
 Question -- Do you like this play, dear readers?
 Spectator -- Astonishment is not the name for the revulsion that laughs here, for your smile, whether it breaks against the shore of the hole that you are, or breaks against the shore of the hole that is us, play, you burning drama on the verge of the end of this play, of the play on the verge.
4. AT THE BOTTOM (*A scene for two*)
 1 -- It's dark at the bottom, woman. -- Ouch! this old sow's just bitten me.
 2 -- After having fallen from the brim of his own self, my husband is now shouting stupid wicked words, forgive him, for he knows not that he's not doing it.
 The supervisor -- Stop! you down below, that black ink-drinking here -- I mean there!

everything from one

Monologue -- Does anything strike one here? Yes, something, threefold, strikes one, introduces the strike to one. It strikes one twice, twice over one is struck by something threefold, or should one say no, one was struck thrice by something twofold? Yes, that also strikes one, so thus one is being struck thrice by something twofold, right? No, this also strikes one, one is struck thrice by something twofold, right? No, one is only struck once by something twofold, and not struck at all by anything threefold, perhaps some day soon one will strike lucky and be struck by something better?

OR

Monologue -- Does anything strike me here? Yes, something, threefold, strikes me, introduces the strike to me. It strikes me twice, I am struck twice over by something threefold, or should I say no, I was struck thrice by something twofold? Indeed, that also strikes me, so I am I am being struck thrice by something twofold? No, this also strikes me, I am struck thrice by something twofold, right? No, I am only once struck by something twofold, and not struck at all by anything threefold, perhaps one day soon I'll strike lucky and be struck by something better?

Dialogue -- You feel dizzy, you are dizzy, you fall, you fall over, yes, you not only fall over you also fall up, yes, up! The latest when it comes to falling, yes, no, of all the sorts of fall it must be the newest, it mustn't be of the old falling nor falling up, yes, yes, yes, an elderly fall, so it has to be an old falling.

(At this moment an aeroplane flies through the monologist. It flies into his head from above, down through him and whizzes out between his legs, there where the seam of the scrotum ((for ladies: the mon. is a man)) lies between the rear orifice and the balls in the form of a saddle hanging upside-down, as it were. The aer. has burned a vertical passage though the mono., from which burning flesh gases and smoke from flesh and bones and such things now rise up.

But from underneath the monol. comes a loud bang just as the aero. emerges from the monolo.'s lower body; the aeropla. has continued its plunge with increasing speed and bored into the podium beneath the monolog., and is now in the process of boring-through-the-podium, while in the meantime the monologi., frizzled in questions and answer-halves, falls over by the outside edge of the podium.

May the aerople. vanish from our senses, which, light and evanescent, have been mildly entertained for a while, so that something living may be conjured up from the increasingly delicate curls of smoke that float above the spot. But please don't take Mr Dialogue with you, EXIT without him!)

Dialogue -- WAIL!

Remove hackneyed phrases

Caps for sleeping

(The caps are sleeping, a candle burns? The watchman with the tropmet enters through the bedroom door)

Candle -- Thick-skinned, tenderly sleeping lute playing everybody...

Trump. -- EVVEEREEEBODYYY THEEERRRE

Sleep. c. (octet) --

1. -- Sadly it is not the property of brightness to be dark.
2. -- The brightest will become the darkest, deep down, if you please.
3. -- The brightest shall become the tritest, the tripest, if you please.
4. -- Brightness be darkness, darkness be darkness, the brightest the darkest.
5. -- Sloppy caps, go back to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep.
6. -- Sleeping caps, go limp and slack, go limp and slack, sleep.
7. -- Sleep a bright one, darkness awake, doze you caps, and go to sleep.
8. -- Go to go to sleep, sloppy caps, go back and back to sleep.

(They fall asleep, the mice under the beds sing a terzet)

Mice -- Hark, there's a rattling summat's clattering in the closet, 'tis the wakerupper's trumpet

-- now it's grating away down the closet

-- and is flushed into the dark, off and away, sleepyhead snuggles down in the hay.

Sleep, hoi-o-to-ho

Slack, cap-a-di-do

Snore, snoredelai-i-dee

(Here a piece on the anxiety over a hardness in the heavens which almost fills the latter, and which threatens to home in, hover over and hurtle down -- so it should seem, or at least be said during this piece.)

The hardness in the heavens is as large as what one sees in the country this side of the horizon, it should appear in place of the evening cloud as an evening cloud that mirrors the land it floats above. On studying the cloud it should be seen that it contains objects that are larger than any that have been encountered or heard of by the viewers on earth.)

S -- Aha! I only find great rumpus skittles on the earth below once I have first seen them on the piece of earth above. Ah! now things are happening! The great skittles -- rumpum, ratatoncadonng!!
Scrababababbable! Ssrabbot Tsrabottsssss! SSSzzZZtapatabadapalommmmmss!!!

T -- Listen, hark, hey, zoppot, spite!! Scaaaaammpppp!!

O -- Aha! A great rumpus!

P -- Yes, Wow! The way things are thundering and banging and hissing!

! -- Here, this piece now, on anxiety over a hardness in the heavens which almost fills the heavens with anxiety, and here, the bit about anxiety in the heavens and this here about anxiety over a hardness in the heavens!

H -- Yes, and the play about the heavens almost full with a hardness and the anxiety over it, plus all that about the large country "as large as the land that is enclosed by the horizon; the land full of things that hangs over the land on the earth!"

Al -- And it contains every feeling you could want, from the smallest to the largest, termed gigantic. The largest 2-3 lumps are objects, nomadic ones, larger than any that people have ever produced! No one has encountered such a large Great Noise Skittle before, this is the first time ever in this play, step right up, man, step in, go in, go mad! Step in, step out, man! step away, leave this piece, save yourself, no one has ever encountered such enormous great-noise-emitters, such great-skittles, noise-skittles, ever before,heave-ho!!

T -- No, just stop. Keep your wits about you! Was someone shouting here? Did someone here make a hulabaloo out of anxiety over a hardness in the heavens? Did someone yell something perhaps about the almost heavens-filling, plummeting mirror-clouds, and were they supposed to be larger than the largest thing that man has produced on earth to date has ever been?

Halt,-- Day-to-day reality is going to speak, until then -- fare thee well!

53

Az --
By --
CX --
DW --
EU --
FIE -- **RYHOT**
HS --
ICEC --**OLD**

work this into the speeches

THAT'LL SUFFICE

hold a brieftalk

Az -- His hope...
Baz -- His hopening!
Az -- His *opening*...
Baz -- His *hear*opening!
Az -- His hearopening...
Baz -- His hearopening is...
And -- Such a hearopening is...
Baz -- Such a hearopening is a...
And -- Such a hearopening is an...
Az -- Such a hearopening is an earopening!
Hand -- Such a hearopening is an *ear*opening!
Ear -- Are people talking here?
Hand -- People are having a hand in things here, his nose is my nose, his hearopening is an earopening, Az is leaving, Baz staying. (Exit Az)
(He is Hand, Hand has turned himself into Adage)
Adage -- People are raging here.
Adages -- One, the clouds here are trembling.
(They are Ear, Ear has quadrupled himself)
Two, the steps there tremble down into the sea.
Three, the sea corkscrews down into the funnel.
Four, everyone weeps forever.
Az + Adages -- One, the fire burns, hands gets singed, Ear dreams.
Two, Ear browns in the fire, spurts in the water.
Three, water spurts onto the ear that's hot.
Four, water fell on the burn,d hand,
Az, water spurted onto the hot singed hand...
Baz -- Az cannot speak.
Az has long since been written off.
(Now no one may speak any more, everyone has fallen silent, the play is OVER)

clearly demonstrate the attempt to describe the picture

Main objective behind this idea:

The more think it over, the more am likely to think "everything's the same" -- so that just this thought (written here) stands alone as different (to the rest)

... think it over harder, or what?

Ego 1 -- I'm dizzy...

Ego 2 -- I wanted to say: I feel dizzy...

Ego 3 -- I should have said: I am feeling dizzy.

Ego 4 -- I should have said: I am feeling double dizzy.

(The abyss which you feel open up when you look at the picture keeps closing and then opening again every 2 seconds, then closes once more, over and over again.)

Ego 5 -- I open up the abyss in me with the help of the picture.

Ego 6 -- I open up the abyss in the abys, without any help.

Ego 7 -- I open up the abyss in me, the picture.

Can opener -- *(has turned itself into a universal opener)*

OOPPPEEEENNNNN!!!!!!

Ego 8 -- Stop shouting, can opener, and bear this in mind,
this play's not been put on for you and your kind!

Can opener 2 -- Nor for my kind?

Ego 9 -- Nor for your kind, can opener for universal opening!

Universal opener 2.5 -- Oh, it's just as I thought, nothing is wrought for everything, naught!

Universal opener 4 + Ego 10 -- Oh, this is so full of torments, it all transpires as non-events!

Universe 3 -- A really terrible torment 'twould be,
if I the red thread no more did see.

(Everyone sinks into the abyss)

Abyss 2 -- OPEN! CLOSE! OPEN! CLOSE! OPEN! ETC!

THEY'RE OPEN!

Onefeelingdizzy -- HELFP!

Help -- Here I am, what can I do for you, my dizzy miss?

Onefeelingdizzy 2 -- GIIIIIDDD!!

(sinks into Abyss 3)

Help 2 -- *(has already sunken into abyss 4 without a sound)*

Abyss 5 -- Help!!

Help 4 -- *(does not enter for safety's sake)*

Abyss 6 -- *(sinks into abyss 7 without neither a sound nor a picture)*

cut all the cramped bits!

- A -- I tie the picture tight to the cords.
Then I release the picture from these cords.
- B -- So what is it then, pardon, what name can it bear?
- A -- BEING and THEN, PARDON, NAME BEARING and OTHER MATTERS cannot be talked about here.
- B -- Can being and then, pardon, name bearing and other matters be talked about THERE?
- A -- THERE is just a WORD, apart from which it is HERE; THERE is HERE. But since we cannot speak about HERE, we can likewise not speak about THERE.
- B -- But YOU, YOU are speaking about BEING and THERE and SO ON.
- A -- IS is NOTHING, is SAYS nothing, so IS and NOTHING can be SAID here, because with that NOTHING and ISNOTHING is said and not SPOKEN.
- B -- BUT! But YOU ARE SPEAKING: Are you allowed to?
- A -- I am allowed to speak, so long and as long as I say nothing.
- B -- But you say something when you speak.
- A -- It's YOU who is saying: I would be saying something if I spoke.
- B -- I wish neither to say anything to YOU, nor to SPEAK WITH you, nor ANYTHING ELSE, I just want to GO HOME and CRY and DIE.
- A -- YES DO THAT! BUT! But talk and speak and say nothing! NOTHING, that is NONSENSE!
- B -- Stop!
- A -- Wha?
- B -- I just said something, namely: you should stop! cease talking and tearing open the abyss! And you refrained, restrained, abstained, so...
- A -- (Bashes B over the head with a frying pan so that the eggs smack against the wall. It sounds like a gong) Let THAT be said to you!
- Frying pan -- G O O N N G!
- Eggs -- Sa M-A-A-CkCk!
- Frying pan -- Rattle rattle! (falls to the floor)
- A + B -- [disappear into the abysses (each into his own)]
- Remainder -- (slides silently down the walls)
- Frying pan -- (lies there motionless)
- Curtain -- (crashes down)
- Dust -- (fly senting is up)

do it really simply:

"Some drawings look as if there's not a person on them."

On some drawings it's impossible to find any people.

- A 1 -- On some drawings it's impossible to find any people.
 A 2 -- Some drawings look like people, but they do not look as though they were drawn by people.
 B 1 -- Can one draw other things other than people?
 A 3 -- Also on some paintings it's impossible to find any people, there the people are either drawn drawings or painted paintings.
 A 4 -- Everything looks like drawings, or like paintings, one of the two.
 B 2 -- That comes from the two pointy things which point and protrude from you head in place of eyes.
 A 5 -- What are these things called?
 B 3 -- Drawing pencils
 B 4 -- I'll draw them here on this sheet of paper, look:
 DRAWING PENCILS.
 A 6 -- What happened to painting?
 B 5 -- As soon as you ask I'll do you a soft drawing of at least one of the two pencils.
 A 7 -- As soft as a brush for painting?
 B 6 -- Some drawing pencils can be called brushes, they're that soft.
 B 7 -- Some drawing pencils **MUST** be called brushes or else you'll get a beating.
 B 8 -- Some drawing pencils are called, quite fearlessly, paint brushes because they are drawn as if they wished to be paint brushes.
 B 9 -- Some eyes are softly drawn brushes. The softest brushes are those drawn with the softest pencil. Some brushes are over- or under-soft, softer than soft. These are: brushes painted with brushes.
- A 8 -- Some people look as though they hadn't been drawn.
 A 9 -- Some drawings look as though they hadn't been drawn.
 A 10 -- Stop! this talk here is grabbing at the reins. The piece looks as if it has been carried off by a horse.
 A 11 -- What's the name of the horse?
 B 10 -- Pegasus is the name of the horse that would be grabbing here at the reins -- assuming that here the horse named Pegasus has been drawn and is grabbing at the reins.
 A 12 + B 11 (in unison) -- STOP, trembly hands are grabbing at far too pointy pencils plus extremely soft soft brushes made for friendly amicable sluggards! Let what we have painfully captured in our drawings and with our paint not be smudged, not be scratched by our own grimy hands!
- C 1 -- HARK NOW, the gloss finish crackles!
 D 1 -- On the colourful oil paintings!
 C 2 -- Colours are flaking from the walls,
 D 2 -- Where they long have lived in quietude.
 C 3 -- Already icy splinters are poking
 D 3 -- O'er the all-controlling abyss
 C 4 -- Within the people's heated eyes.
- PIG + Kismet 1 -- Freeze up everything for them -- whether drawn or painted, whether said or sung, for singing and saying are ought but a stupid, cheeky way to draw and paint.
- Pegasus -- (*galloping past with a neigh*) Holh=op*
 Poeta -- (*seated on Peg.*) ... should the pote once more, perforce,
 play the scapegoat with his horse --
 the poetaster's wing,d prize,
 fleet Pegasus in porcine guise.Pegasus, a pig in disguise
- is the pote once more to be
 once again play perforce
- PIG -- Should Pig, the swine, once more be,
 the object of basest scurrility?
- The 2nd Ksmt. -- *Should it* be so, or should it *not* be so?

* Danish for Halt!

Description of Vera**the way she remains there beside (over) D.**

- A -- Some drawings are swarming.
- B -- There are some drawings swarming in my eyes.
- A -- Some drawings are swarming in my eyes with people.
- B -- On the drawings in my eyes there are swarming people.
- A -- On the drawings are swarming in my eyes...
- B -- Swarming in my eyes are drawn eyes in which are swarming drawings that look like people, who, without having slipped along on the succession of drawings in my eyes ...
- A -- Whom does sitting there calmly weaken?
- B -- Sitting there calmly by the wall, calm sitting-by-the-wall, strengthens sitting.
- A -- Some call sitting the seat, even though they have never seen either of the two on its own -- let alone together.
- B -- You sit there calmly and let the people swarm,
 at some point the moment shall come in which
 the prying fan beckons to you,
 WWHHHOOOOOMMMMMMPH! rings out the word, and both heaven and earth seem
 to end with the blow, but it's only justa drawing, home prodoproduction.

58

i am all or none

i am neither all nor none

but all

-- or none,

and yet i am one:

i am neither all nor

none, but one

(out loud)

Mouth -- The bright hollow is penetrated by the darkness, roundedness. The brightness, roundedness, penetrates the dark hollow, the darkness, brightness, penetrates the full, rounded hollow, the hollow falls out of the fullness, roundedness...

Ear -- the rain falls onto the grey, angular buildings. Water trickles into the angular rooms inside the angular houses from the...

Mind -- Halt! It has stopped raining, the sun is out, Pegasus plummets...

Foot -- into the four starting holes, his main wind directions...

Wind -- The journey commences...

Halt -- H A L T !!

Whosat? -- Two darknesses penetrate the bright hollow, the double-darkness swings itself into the brightness, is unable to get a hold up thar, falls down from the brightness into itself, the darkness, back down inside....

Curtain -- WWWW....

Halt -- HALT!!

Curtsey -- WWWWooooo

Stop -- STOP!!

Curfew -- WWWWWOOOOOommmmmm....

End - ENOUGH!!

Woomph -- WWWWWOOOOOommmmmMPH!!!

**Determine the main issue (2 X or 3 times)
and elaborate these main issues
2 X or 3 X (each)**

Scene 1

- A. -- Hey B.! It's forever raining.
 B. -- A.! Not FOREVER but OFTEN.
 A. -- Hey C.! It's forever raining people.
 C. -- A.! Not PEOPLE but WATER.
 B. -- A. + C.! Water OFTEN falls from the sky.
 C. -- B.! Not a drop falls from the sky, water comes from the CLOUDS.
 A.+ B. -- C.! Whenever we hear you talking it rains up here in our heads and does not come down.
 C. -- A. and B.! Whenever I hear you pissing I feel a pressure on my pig's bladder!
 D. -- A., B. and C.! Stop all your railing, let pigs be pigs and don't confuse these animals with humans.

Scene 2

- A. -- Hey B.! It's forever raining.
 B. -- A.! You are forever raining.
 A. -- Hey C.! It's forever raining people.
 C. -- A.! IT's raining, but not YOU.
 B. -- A. and C.! People are forever falling onto you two.
 C. -- B.! It's not PEOPLE that are forever falling on us but IMAGES, off of people and onto u. thr..
 A. -- IMAGES of the people are people just as the BODIES of the people are people.
 B. + C. -- A.! Are those images of people that are cast off of their surfaces by light, or are those images that are cast out of the people and onto other living beings?
 D. -- C. + B. + A.! You cannot tell whether the image you see is made by the person you see or by yourselves. One cannot discuss this matter.
 A. + B. + C. -- D.! Be off with you! Let the three of us talk about people, images and rain, put the frying pan away, stuff the eggs back in the hens and the hens back into the eggs!
 D. -- B., C. and A.!... and close up the abyss here, O.K.!
 A. + B. + C. -- D.! (a garbled bleat from the abyss)
 STOP!!
 D. -- (smears the abyss over the three of them) I've walled off these silly sheep in their bottomless shitty depths, the damned dogs!
 Sheep + Dog -- (A duet)
 Instead of duelling tooth and nail,
 we've formed a duet to curtail
 mankind's tiresome haughtiness.
 We'll land this gong or fryingpan
 GONG! on top of D's shiny can,
 (bash D. over the can with the pan).
 Stupid people = silly sheep;
 abyss dwellers = dogs. So keep
 your pecker up, trusty beasts, don't let your names be oppressed.
 Resist man's passion to designate
 call him for once a reprobate.
 Bash the frying pan o'er his pate!
 It's time his nose got a mite distressed
 but then the dogs' and sheeps' names
 would end up further defamed,
 and once again man would play
 a ghastly solo, without your leave or say,
 so let us two beasts for safety's sake
 leave the stage and slink away.
 (Creep away. D. dozes on the floor, benumbed from the bash with the frying pan)
 D. -- (rallies himself. Produces a spade and digs for A., B. and C. Disappears into the hole, digging and calling.
 Distant roars of greeting and from rescue scenes! The 4 clamber out of the abyss)
 Scene 3 -- A., B. and C.! Animals are forever reigning inside your bosom.
 A. -- D.! Not ANIMALS, ANIMAL NAMES reign ...

B. -- ... are given free rein to unchain themselves.
C. -- You often profane and give free rein to animal names in you gob.
D. -- -- The GOB is unloosed, noises issue from the throat.
RABBIT -- (has crept up hoppity-hop out of the background, and is holding the frying pan in its hand. Quickly multiplying itself into four rabbits, it raises the four frying pans over the heads of the unsuspecting A., B., C. and D.

THERE! the curtain clatters down.)

Manifestation -- here debased to something spoken

A -- What's that drawing doing?

B -- I don't see any drawing.

A -- Listen!

B -- AHA!

A -- Ehem, ehem, ehem...

B -- If you say another word about drawing I'll draw you one!

A -- What are you going to do?

B -- I won't do anything, I'll draw, I shall draw YOU receiving a clip round the ear.

A -- Stop! did I hear right, are you talking again?

B -- Please remember that we're just drawing this for the moment....

A -- on paper...

B -- Nowt there! Neither drawn not spoken.

A -- WRITTEN?

Curtain -- STOOOP! (clatters down)

FORE-Curtain -- What are you two looking so stupid about? Excuse me, this scene here has not been stopped out of any lack of appreciation for your being here, rather the whole will be allowed to recommence precisely in appreciation of yourselves, O.K.? (Fore-curtain whizzes up)

Curtain -- (whizzes up) RRRRIIPPP!!

Fore-Curtain -- STOOOOOOOP! (clatters back down)

Look out, the curtain's ripped, the scene has become unperformable! -- (whizzes off)

(C keeps speaking in a soft voice. A and B keep on railing quietly. C speaks the sentences ever softer, phonetically and comprehensibly)

Fore-Curtain -- (rises) PLUCCKK!

Curtain -- (does not want to rise) Leave me alone, I'm ill, the argument was too tough, it's knocked me for six.

A -- So long as the curtain fails to go up we can only perform the piece about the non-rising curtain. With that it's over and done with, once and for all and without a shadow of a doubt, I mean in all certainty!

Text with the nouns which get ever more and ever louder, imitating the grey gloomy depths, spoken on the side etc.

- This is where the grey-gloomy depths are to be drilled.
- And what if they were to call out?
- And they were to call out loud: Who is drilling in my depths.
- Would they then fall asleep?
- They haven't awoken.
- They no awo?
- From th.
- Dep?
- hs.

A -- The cover first covers me or covers me u=.
Then it covers the stuff and the entity round about me, ah no, just covers up. It covers UP the stuff and the living beings there (round about me). That is its plan, to hide me, ah no, to conceal FROM ME my surroundings or the general surroundings, says...

B -- He's forever talking about himself and his surroundings.

A -- Does anything else exist?

B -- There is that which you say exists. Whatever you say is exists exists.

A -- Thank you! That could come in very useful.

B -- Sitting on the other hand is its opposite.

A -- Nothing.

B -- Any use to you, sonny?

A -- Dunno, could been.

B -- Thanks!

A -- Please, no false thanks for me! The cover in any case aspires...

B -- ... as was said: from covering me up to covering your surroundings.

A -- NOT as was already said! Listen: The cover aspires from covering-ME-up etc etc, not covering-YOU-up etc etc!

B -- Precisestly. But my cover, my cover does NOT clap itself over YOUR surroundings, in my opinion. It claps itself and expands over MY surroundings.

A -- Concealing those surroundings from you.

B -- Bring down the curtain, things are about to explode here!
BRIIIING IIIT DOOON!!

Curtain -- STOP! The piece has't been played to the end yet!

A + B -- Umph! (They sing a bit)
A BIT (a duet)
Amidst these surrounds so full of grace,
we cover ourselves in filth and disgrace,
for our patience asked for a serious test...

Watch Out -- STOP! The word "has," or the word which you get slightly after the having, the been, has been suppressed!

Get Out -- Get out, Watch Out!
(mistakenly everyone gets out, Get Out remains though for a moment, but then gets out straight away)

1

Announcement -- Here, two simple cases.

Pronouncement -- After the one had cut off and chucked away his legs, and after the other had cut off his body, complete with his neck right up to his head, and thrown it to the other's legs, the two of them tossed their heads up in the air. What did they see? They saw a double-sea washing waves up to the feet of their doublebody and streaming into the hole in which they were stood. The sea rose over their double-head, until they could see nothing more, and then drowned in the sea. An old submarine turned up with white sails at the... (at this point the text is being spoken a fraction too softly)... (radio silence, the submarine's also been infected)...

Announcement -- Everyone in the play that was just being attempted has also now been infected. Unfortunately there weren't three simple cases, I mean two, as was announced, rather there were three solitary cases which were infected three times... (the tape is now wound back, and may he hear it who will)...

Rewind -- ... semit eerht detcefn! ...SNAP!

I mean: PANS!

2

reverse, (begin to speak from the bottom)

make brief sentences here, correct the orthogr.

work through grammar and orthography with toothcomb. In versions.

1. One of the two has been smeared over

2. One has been smeared over, not both

3.

1. -- One of the two openings has been smeared over, they're always a bit clogged. This is to be most vociferously deplored today because I personally struggled (am struggling) to exit via one of the two, but have not managed to get myself outside as a result of the smeared-overness. Nothing is lost, though, because a small, soft, pale, somewhat feeble PICTURE has struggled through and into the world at large, and no one will ever receive the permission to divulge that: it was (and is) not a picture of me, but something else, namely the tentative thought, aimed at openness, of one smeared over.

Or think of the cold sparkly night,
 when the star maintains its vigil bright,
 Or think of the man, his wife and tot,
 who've long since departed from this spot.
 Think of the trees that have been felled,
 the birds in gardens singing like bells.
 Think of all of the refurbished halls,
 and the hundreds of guests laughing at balls,
 When the winter comes and howls...

'Twas a summer day, long ago, when we
 set off together for the deep blue sea,
 a stately engine hummed warmly to us,
 bonmots and bottles were produced without fuss,
 and not for one moment did our thoughts stray
 to that lonely, deserted, solitary star,
 whose distant light already sped on its way,
 to that cold, chill winter, then still afar.
 But now it hits me in my empty heart --
 why must man die and turn to dust
 so much later than his joys, his lust?
 I ask you today, this very night,
 as the last of the stars turns off its light,
 as the chilling winds slowly appear
 bringing no good, for us, I fear.

with accéntuátion marks

Those over there who are acting as if they were standing on a pedestal, each on his own, are acting as if they were not simply standing on their own pedestals. each on his own -- but also on those of the others -- on the others' business.

They use everything they can step on as a pedestal. Sometimes they even make the birds into something pedestalish.

You -- Viva?

Me -- Shove in your gob with its blue mountains. Act as if they were blue mountains -- those brown stumps in there.

You -- Inside the gobs?

Me -- Yes...

You -- Now you're siezing it -- whadizzit thathat yuyou're seseizing? Let's see. Do they want to present themselves as monuments? Play at being monuments? Or monumental seriousness? Monumental masonry?

Me -- Listen:...

You -- I know what should be said here, listen:

You (called me till now) wish to show here that you are thinking of me (called you up to now), you wish to make it apparent that you are not oppressing me. And wish to show this so that people do not see the other side, your wish to prove that you could say everything (that is to be said here) without having me with you. In order that people won't feel afraid of you (and fear that you are doing to them what you are doing to me, namely oppressing), you use forms of expression associated with non-oppression -- of not pressing beneath you. You do not want to admit that I am only here in order to be turned into a pedestal (by you). You are afraid of having to stand alone, up there on your pedestal, because everyone would flee from you, because Everyman and Everywoman will be afraid -- of you -- assuming they have listened to us.

Me -- Should the question always be one of "Good and evil"? Should this also be the question here? Can one no longer leap carelessly onto a pedestal, wherever one chances to stand, or can be placed, erected, foisted on the people, banged up, crinkled and wrinkled into shape and creased and greased into place? And even if you must crawl there -- up onto that pedestal! I tell you!

Me -- [This is the me that previously was called You; it has worked its way up onto the pedestal -- and is none other than the person who previously was called Me (and naturally should continue to be called so). Just watch how two people fancy themselves as monuments and neither wants to be the pedestal.] Datsun! What? (The play breaks off here because the prospect of complications blocks the futures.)

67

**conjure freely, act like a magician
ride about on the "monument"
ride around on the monument's pedestal**

Nr.64 -- OOHJJIIIMMINYYYY-IIIIOH-HUOOHEIIIEOOUH!!!

A -- Oh jimminy! Sixty-four more monuments!

B -- Anyone who says they can see monuments here, there and everywhere, always, at all times, monuments consisting of people who hop onto their own selves and then stand about on those selves, anyone who says that -- as has already been said -- should be given a good scolding because he sees the others performing what he himself does -- what one does oneself, just that one can see others doing it...

A -- YOU, it's you who sees others -- under which I am subsumed -- climbing onto pedestals, you just said it yourself, YOU are the one who, as you say yourself, sees the others performing what he performs himself...

C -- Stop, we'll take off the record here, it scratches full beard unshaven.

D -- Those who always want to take off the records because they are too full with beard and because they don't like it, don't like themselves either -- just as B just demonstrated, so better you take off your nose than the record. Your nose is totally scratched, the record intact.

E -- Pack it in! Away with the record. (he tears it, along with A, B, C and D, from the pedestal -- he tears the record from the record player, the turn-pedestal...)

F -- He's tearing the pedestals away from beneath them all!

A + B as a duet and in a canon

a piss is as good as a crap
coming is as good as going
cling together swing together
fellow prisonersø who are held together
at the middle (articles of clothing)

øAttempt to say to (feel with)
fellow prisoners (held together by belts),
where (which bit of) their clothing...

C -- A good cry is as good as a good sleep, underpedestalling yourself is undermining yourself, setting-out-into-the-world is arriving-at-the-port. Having a hole in the head means having a secure foundation under your feet, a hole in the head is a foundation under your feet.

B -- And so on and so on and so on and so on and so on and so on.

69

**in c-trast
to the philos.
(beeing the c. in
the poem) I don't
say out loud: I am
reporting (on anyone
but the listener)**

LECTURE -- Now, later, never, always and what's the good of it all... What's the good of it? flying, tying, what's the good of it.

Wossagood?

Sour clots, clods of sourness, isit, wasit, willit be... Wha th gdvit?

ONE head, TWO legs, Two heads, three POINTY legs, four STUBBY teeth, a HOLE in the head, a hole in the head, a hole in the head, a frying pan on the head, hair on the head and in front of the forehead, what's the good of it?

CATCALLER 1 -- MONEY! Give us a lecture on money!

Lecture -- O.K., what's the good of it, money, money, what's the good of it? O.K.?

Conjecture -- Old cap, what's the good of it? What good is this old cap here?

LECTURE -- Oh no, has Old Crap come back up again? O.K., Old Crap, clod of brown, green, yellow, itself, water, air, up and down. Hey, is it snowin'?

(No one answers, the listeners, including Catcaller 1, Conjecture and No One have left, they didn't think much of it all, so, bye bye!)

being (engl.)

(Snow is falling, Hellsbell is sitting by the window and snowing, when a wind sets in, the clouds break up, sunlight crashes down at the window cross and sends Sowbell flying to the floor)

Sowkraut -- GARROONNG!

(The clouds gather, then it snows, the clouds are coucoughed apart by the wind, Sowbottle stands on its feet, sun rattles onto the cartong with one big leap, Collection-Cartong is rattled away and thuds onto the oak parquet floor)

Collectanea -- PAKKAAAARRT!

Pack-mule -- TERRAAASSEL!

(Miserybox swings himself onto Pickpedestal and crashes off, outside the sun is shining with a strong light, stopno, there's a fire, a fire crackles in through the door and now there's a fire inside)

Flames -- MEENY MINEY MOANY MOO

MEENY MINEY MOANY MOO

The fleet of flames has sailed off, neither shall we see it nor hear it ever again, the sheet of flames devours the city, Good night!)

INTERVAL -- BERAAANG!

(Spaceknots enters at a gallop early in the morning, cool winds waft the ashes from the sites of the nocturnal inferno, The Lord God chucks a few houses and a dozen people into the reservoir)

ANGELS -- (Three in number) LA HAHAAAAAAAA AH!

People -- Thank the Lord for EVERYTHING!

(The Lord God chucks down a few more things)

People -- GRABBLE, GRUBBLE, SNATCH!

(they then draw down the curtain, the small room containing Souserider sinks into the darkness, he feels a call and goes and pees in the dark)

Dribblejournal -- SPLISH SPLASH

(Aunt Showerbath enters and turns herself for her part on. The doublesplashes from Sowhound or rather Houndsow pelt down on everything until nothing more can be seen).

Aunt Sowerbath -- Hey, Battlebather, you're splashing everything here.

You old sowblouse, you're splashing every bit as much

-- says Brownrattle.

(They argue on and on until the record is taken off).

The drawn should be shown
Ehem!! Hem, hem!

(A dainty bridge with white paintwork, painted in ivory, thereupon the scene)

K 1 -- Why describe the cough?

K 2 -- Why be astonished, what for?

K 1 -- Why not, why not cough and be astonished?

K 2 -- What for? Why should you cough and be astonished at it and describe it?

K 1 -- Where from! O where from!

K 2 -- Where is this O from? Where should it go, this O? What's this all about?

K 1 -- It's about acting as if it were coughing, being astonished and wondering at the coughing, astonishment and wonderment at the fact that a thick warm blanket is missing.

K 2 -- It doesn't need that, being described I mean, what is that?

K 1 -- It does need that, with descriptions one can act as if a lot of coughing, astonishment and wonderment was going on here at the fact that this is all supposed to be described. So you don't need to wonder at anything, nor cough, nor be astonished, just describe.

K 2 -- The hottest thing, what makes you hoarsest, IS COUGHING.

K 1 -- Hem, hem!

K 2 -- UCHG! UCHG!

(The nicely turned wooden bannister snaps off and the two corny jokes fall coughing into the abyss)

- R -- Robert, if you go to Thingummyjig, then
 don't jig-jig all of the thingys there, why not
 bomb instead the hat in the glen,
 but brushest of all in a hurry on the spot.
- O -- Otto, when you're off to Thingajig, there
 where you closed him in and eclair,
 then do not jig him on the solemn prayer,
 or the dog on lard will flow down.
- B -- Aunt Floosie if you come to Thingajig, you
 should Skib Dew there standing and drumming,
 then jig him in the hastiest mode,
 but at the Doonantogeva spot, Sir.
- O -- Unc Maz, how was it there in Thigyumajing?
- T -- Watchit, Robot, or start I will chucking crap and shit.

(the angel flies and lets its gaze alight on the table)

-- RAKK!
(now it sees a tear)

-- SZAGOONG!
(the tear screws out the gaze, tear removes the gaze from the eye)

-- GLORIIIOONNG!
(Gaze, on the table, then falls onto the floor)

-- Pli COCK!
(a cock crows for the 1st time)

-- KATARAAAX! ZABLOOIING!
(Gaze has not fallen onto the floor, but lies on the table weeping over the angel, which nothing can even tell wharrits singin)

-- RUMPUCRAAK! (the cock crows twice more, it flies though my head, through the hole in my head)
RUMPOW! (crashes and booms)

-- KAA LEMBUUURM! (sobs -- come from the face that is glued to the head, it stoops under the crutch)

-- POLLOOOMMM (then it falls into the water, stuck to its nose is a picture, what is painted on it?)

-- HAAAAAALT! (it has turned dark)

-- GOOD NIGHT (One goes and looks to see if Bicky's spending the night in the sto)

-- BIBIBIBICKKK! Bicky's crying, the sto's gone out)

-- MMIIIÖÖÖÖLL!* (A giantother, a gigantic other, comes and lashes out at everything with a titanic cudgel, smashing It all to a flat packet of dried fish)

-- CHEERSHAPPYNEWYEAR!

continue?

* An Icelandic brand of flour.

**Chucky chicky comes
+ does that**

E -- Einar has departed, Milda m'dear, it was yesterday. Weep, Milda! he shall return no more. He hauled sackfuls of laurels in wreath-form, there must have been five of them, into his enormous car, not that I count or weigh my rivals' laurels.

M -- Do you have his address, Erich, Einar wrote it down for you on a sheet of paper?

E -- Here you are, Milda! give me cap! give me back my cap for that, Milda! Wretched cap-confuser! But here, here is Einar and his address, here!

M -- What's the meaning of this desolate pain, E.Koboldo? It becomes your objectionably, you mustard-shitter, O odourless one!

E -- I am sure you wanted to say you mustard-shitter, O Maldororous one!

M -- Kiss my ass, you filthy beast!

E -- YOU kiss my botty, you lecherous old pitchfork!

A.Nother -- HEIGH! Have you got ears on you? You're railing at each so loud that you can't hear nowt that the other says, you stupid dimwits! The purpose of railing and cussing, the design of all foul speech, is to butt someone to the quick!

M -- You meant to say cut, didn't you!? You good-for-nothing cur! Bug off, you down-trodden rat-bag!

E -- Or else we'll tread on your ears until your lugholes are glued up with your slimy brain-snot, you son of a bitch!

M -- He's parading his entire rat-eaten store of curses, and not a single one of them rings true! What a shame old chap! Well, next time you can unveil your grubby arse, and then you'll be able to show something really dirty!

A.Nother -- Wait until I fetch Auntie Sowmarie, she'll bung up those shitpumps of yours which so hideously adorn your faces in place of snouts! She'll bung up your shitpumps with dog turd, you supercilious Lotharios, toad-fuckers with shit not snouts on your faces, the two of you!

(At this point the disk jockey, fearing the worst, makes a gesture to stop. Although we do not truly approve of this, we bow to his decision. Nevertheless, we will put a new disk on the record player as we leave, voil...:)

Po.man -- Hey, Milda! Einar wrote down his address for me on this piece of paper, he asked me to chuck it, the paper I mean, to you some time when the wind's still.

(chucks a pound of post over the fence)

Mathilda, the mild-mannered Mathilda -- Thank you and my greetings, E.Po. Koboldozer! and I wish you a pleasant gust next time!

E.P.Kob. -- Thank you, my good lady.

And with that: JIG-A-JIG!

JIG-A-JIG! my GOOD Friend!

The skald: standing on long, tall, pointed, extremely slender heels with, glued underneath, lengthwise lathed steely yet supple springy chicken-shit-stoppers, the dwarfs were marching over the mountains, morning dust billowed up, whirled away, settled, sank and then laid on the Bs who were breathing heavily in their dreams, for they were snoring away into a glorious bright morning, singing while ringing with frost, at a hurry to get to their feet and get the chicken-shit-destroyers on the move, when the view suddenly became free, everyone was there, the dwarfs marched in, and at once it became clear to all, at the latest to the slowest seers as the bones of the first of the Bs' babies hung trapped in the dwarfs' snares and cracked more than sang, at which the Bs leapt to their weapons, from beastly and lousy spears transfixed, worm-riddled, maggots, ouch, now comes the battle on Mount B, assuming the record's not been taken off, and look, what did I tell you? It's already been lifted off, and how!

the record -- A O U RRR A O U RRR AA OO UU RR

R A A A O O O O U U U u u u...

Alexander von Butin-Humbold

(enter two gentlemen, both with mustaches, like a couple of real pigs)

Sam Wun -- Lookitat, Auntie Sowitzer has given you quite a pasting!

Wun Tun -- Abomination, did Aunt Sowpea also paste something on the photo of her botty for you, the one you
keepeth permanently pasted in front of your face?

Icecrumb -- Well barked, dear Mutt, flag of mourning, oversee you again!

Icecreme -- Ha!! We'll see!

Irish Stew -- Through an oversight Cow-Pea just called out: an glorious insightunderstand!

Bob the Pig -- Don't understand -- stand over li'l Pin Head and oversee what he's doing.

Pin Curls-- It's over, see you again, see you again!

Big Rip -- I don't see it that way at all, that should be: through an oversight, the words oversee you again have just been
said and called out here. A RR CHCH!!

Arch -- Now we should take off our disk!

- Oh, if only I could make the weather nice, I would place a pair of shoes there, they'd be the flowers, your shoes, Marie, and then I would take you by the.....
 - That would be fun for you, wouldn't it, you filthy botty, I've known that for a long time now, so let it rain, you dirty dog, and we'll sit here in the mud and shit ourselves...
 - You'd like that, Sowbean, wouldn't you, you'd be in your element sitting there and crying, and with your little...
 - Please, pretty please, please don't divulge anything, Bess-Pit, let the record first....
 - **Yes, let him work over this page in basically the same manner as the previous ones -- what difference would it make?**
- Record -- (while being quickly lifted off) Z III LLLL CHH!

A -- Inside where the wind doth blow,
inside twixt the mountains grey,
there the grey-black clouds do grow
nice 'n' fat before scudding away.
The clouds all zoom over my crust
The sods crap into my cartong
and make your brain totally bust
so that it tastes like a bonbong.

B -- Eats brains? Who'd do that,
I'm quite non-plussed!

A -- It's that gigantic King Carkong,
for him the earth's a crust
and every brain a bonbon.

B -- But listen, what's that supposed to mean?

A -- The story of the brainbonbon?

N -- Is it meant as a warning for you to glean
that life is but a soggy carton?

Mams -- Stop, my dear friends, allow me -- a Madonna -- to remove the damp cardboard boxes and such similar
oppressive future-hardship-bemoaning tripe from the pits of your stomachs! I want the best for you, believe
me! Do you believe me?

B -- (to A) A, should we believe her?

A -- (to B) B, should we believe her?

A + B -- Yes, madonna brute, we believe yout.

Moms -- Good, you dirty old dogs, then stick 'em up! Up me! One uppa front, and one uppa back!

Director -- O God, yuk, drop the curtain, shoot it down!

Riflemen -- Bliff=blaff (the curtain falls down, shot dead, good night!)

**allowing to sink submerging into blabla
and afterwards the same (very) clearly
(this text is a middling form of clarity)**

(the following text=splinters, =chunks, =trifles, =morsels and =tidbits are barked out by an old, impudent, stupid, wrinkly muff)

Wanting

Some want -- as you all know -- to teach, but not to be taught. You need have no fear of them! would be the right cry here, for they will learn their lesson (because everything is everything): wanting to teach is among other things also learning a lesson, indeed, is wanting to learn a lesson, because (because everything is nothing) wanting to teach can never become having-learnt-your-lesson, right!

Ability #

- Look, Ability is marching up! With its gay foam pouch resting on its proud shoulder, it's climbed over the high mountains, down into the deep valley to us, forget the stars' twinkling, forget Death's rumbling, forget the paper's pallor, forget first youth's tarnished valour, forget the horror of hard times, the worsening crumbling and pickling away -- Ab, Ab, Ab is here! But you need have no fear of it, would be the fitting yodler's cry here! We'll lure this monstrosity into our deep dark snare, even if we must act as the bait ourselves and share a seat in the snare -- for it must be felled! -- Let he or she or it take the manus from the bawler's claw! It makes you dizzy, away with that aunt up there!

(Instananeous, hastiest tooting announces the victory over Wrinklebean, who has tripped into her own trap; good grey night, you foamy delight!)

- Nevertheless you tremble with mighty clamourous cries, for in spite of and to the disgrace of all the hopes and high spirits, ABILITY is stamping its way up here: behind the mountains yet all the same up! But! oopsadaisy! weakened by its journey over mountain passes and plateaus, the otherwise mighty Ability trips over his own clumboot, crashes to the ground and peters out; just the way it should be! Good night, Ability was bit too much a vigilante!)

**with a slender pencil the eye stays dry
with a dry body the eye stays dry
(execute?)**

Narr. -- Trunktree, elephant, had departed, sent in most ghastly fashion to the land of the dead by Ripperman, tiger, beast of prey.

We -- Please don't tell us this old, unreal, made-up story! May we, Tit (a feathered-friend), Twat (a human part) and Turd (a windfall) hear the story of Tree (sand-avoider) and Man (condemned criminal)?

Narr. -- Why do you want to hear that, you're already dizzy from hearing that story so often and wander -- dozy, giddy, daffy, stupefied and broken -- about this terrible earth-clod (known as earth-sausage during periods of elongated growth) among the other listeners.

We -- That's a lie, narrator! We are standing, trembling, wittering, sinking and stinking at the gates and fences, we fall through the holes in the newspapers (as the latest shoddy information), we perform fast work in spinning top factories at dizzying speed...

Narr. -- Stop, you can have your new little story!

He sits in the mists

Not so long ago a conman* wandered about the neighbourhood, he was so dizzy that he thought he was wandering in a haze, and that is just the way it was, he was wandering in a haze, which is what made him think he was dizzy or he was feeling dizzy, and neither of the two saw the other because, well actually to our not inconsiderable, what should I say: indignation? Or should I say: disappointment? Or should I say: the Sandman was here? And now I, as well as we, are clear why there is another one here: they have sand in their eyes and can't see one another, which is the reason why they think they are wandering about in a haze and neither sees the other.

We -- We love you and your story!

Relative -- WHHHHEEEEEEE! We're spinning like tops. We're all dizzy from the story. The question is, why, how, whence and whither? And straight away someone appears to tell us. We are in the Cloud-cuckooland of reportage (on things great and small, far from home and hearth), into which we had to witter our way. And now we'll prick up our ears, the likes of the following story will never come again...)

Caller Cr. -- STOP! Printer's error!... That should have read: *will otherwise never come again!* That's enough of these stories and such like! Sling your hooks!

We -- Stopstopstop, Caller Crow, we know that we must go, for we have listened to a bad sentence! (OUCH! it's too late to remonstrate. Whilst we were already in the process of slinging our hooks (because we were going to be slung out for listening to a badly constructed sentence) we for our part induced the slinger-out to listen to a (as has been said) badly constructed sentence. You see, we should have said... *badly constructed sentence...* instead of: *bad sentence...* WHOOPS! -- whowho is bashing the megaphone here out of our noise pumps, our sound-atomizers, space-blowers and time-devourers?

Bouncer -- It's that balls-up of a badly constructed sentence of yours! You should have said: what should be *termed a badly constructed sentence!* Mumlbers, you should have taken the hindmost yardstick, the one behind which you cannot stick another.

BARRISTER -- Just a moment, I can stick one behind yours any time I choose: they shouldn't have said a *what according to a certain yardstick should be termed a badly constructed sentence, which one for one's part can no longer measure!!*

B.Ouncer -- That may well be Mister B.RISTER -- although thinking about it -- but now, whatever else might happen: GET OUT!

IB -- Curtain comes crashing down, the audience streams on to the stage: no one there! They steam into the dressing rooms, no dressing rooms there! No corridors! No stairs! No theatre! What's up? I have the feeling that there was nothing there from the very start. The so-called "Cloud cuckoo-land of reportage" has simply no inhabitants. Nobody could stand it there, they were forever talking some old bosh or other!

You -- Bosh isn't the problem! It's the sentences that were *no good!*

He -- That way merry bell ve, um, may very well be! Something else occurs to me: if the last sentence -- the one after which everyone had to scam, even the very last bouncer -- if that sentence was shit-awful?

B.Ounceress -- ALLEZ-OOP! (They are slung out again, what on earth is going on again? Was it perhaps the word *shit-afful* which doesn't rhyme with the rest of the sentence?)

Conclud -- Here, with no danger of being slung or chucked out, or getting a bollocking or the like: I assume they didn't want the word *yardstick*, it doesn't rhyme with *good*. That's got something to do with length or some such, or shortness if you like. That's the reason, that why, o.k.?

Afterman -- What am I to say, my friend, I am confronted here with riddles, like you. However, I would like to say one thing, in all friendly vagueness of course: I cannot agree that this eternal wretched rhyming business, these rhymes, all this rhyme-crime-moon-june should act as the criterion (that which governs the sentences)!

Finisher -- Fair enough, my bilgedrake..

Finisheress -- Hey, stop! I'm a bilgeduck!

Finis! -- Fair enough, my bilgeduck, fair enough, jodela-i-di!

* Translator's note: Schwindler in German can mean either a swindler or a person feeling dizzy.

SEPTOCTET

(Lyrical drama for 7 to 8 voices, the first seven are to be sung by seven diff. voices, by seven different living beings, regardless whether children, mice or blimps. The eighth is to be sung, wailed or coughed or simply, doubly or trebly exhaled etc. and so on by one of the seven, so that the singers or whalers or tumblers, grouchers, howlers, clangers, frankfurters and so on employ every line as a line in a counting-out rhyme; whoever gets the last syllable -- if one may say this Oh for once -- he she or it then does the line below in a garbled, worn down or tarted up, cleaned down, forced up, dallying, hurrying or benevolent voice, tone cream, silence plaster or window pane cleaner with a bucket full of paste*.)

Where have you tipped out my paste? There	1
where it's always forever eternal! Where is it	7,6,5,4,3 & 2
lying Thethere, where we sieved it, every bit,	6,5,4 & 3
there! Where? Thethere! Where? There in the care	5 & 4
of query-mice like those that often go riot	2
in the bread of reason! There, where it doth lie	3,4,5,6 & 7
-- there where it wins! one is tempted to cry,	4,5,6 & 7
lies unbrooded by question-birds nice and quiet!	1,2,3,4,5,6 & 7
Hmms, friends, are you to be believed? You're stuck	2,3,4,5 & 6
pasted firmly in the selfsame hole, keeping mum	2,3,4,5 & 6
so... that, that, that rummaging of yours is dumb.	2,3,4,5 & 6
-- More could be expected if you'd had more luck	1,2,3,4,5,6 & 7
and brains, and loaded with juicy diddling dairies!	2,3,4,5,6 & 7
Instead of coming her with your wretched queries.	3,4,5,6 & 7

* In German, "Scheibenkleister" [approx. pane-paste] is a euphemism for "Scheiße". The following poem is based on Richard Dehmel's "Wo habt ihr mir den Alten hingebettet?" [Where have you lain my father to rest?].

Solo with small kwire

(the kwire is young, blonde, and attired in a way to rouse and arouse the menfolk. The smallk-wire is a big, fat blonde, older but lusts like an oyster after everything. Short tiny films from days gone by are to be projected, showing scenes of her grinding the pastries, cups, plates, milk and cornflakes, and also grinding away with the aforementioned. Gondalanose -- nobody knows what she looks like -- she does not appear, her answers are to be found in plenty here in this book, on this page, clearly labelled)

SMALLK KWIRE -- KLOOIIINNG, KLOOOAAIINNN, GLLLLUUIIINNG! AND THE LIKE
(several seconds, long)

Smallk-Wire -- OH! Gondalanose-blondie is gondelling her way over!

Go.No. -- WHH AA ck!

Smallk KWIRE -- KLOOIINNG, KLOOIINNG, GLUOOONG? U! (AND SUCH LIKE)

Smallk WIRE -- Gondalanose's gondelling her way over, known here as Gondalanosolablondela.

Go.No. -- WHACK!

SMALLK WIRE -- Where are you off to, Gondalanose, blonde, you golden nose?

Go. No. -- CRACK!

Smallk Kwire -- OOO H OOO H OOO, OO HH OO HH OO, U H OOO EEE H OOO EEEEE (AND SUCH LIKE)

Fattened Calf -- Was the meat done once an hour had gone?

Lean Calf -- The meat was done once an hour had gone?

Fattened Calf -- Was the meat done once the hour had gone?

Lean Calf -- The meat was done once the hour had come?

Fattened Calf -- Had the hour come once the meat began to be done?/knelled melt: arrive at at last; toothsome/come; done to a turn##

Lean Calf -- Had an hour already passed as the meat was browned at last?

Fattened Calf -- Had an hour already passed as the meat was cooked at last?

Low Fat Milk -- Was the Fattened Calf flesh done once our meat-cooking had begun?

Fattened Calf -- If the Lean Calf was previously miffed, was it only first scared stiff as it had sniffed a whiff its own midriff?

Full-Cream Milk -- Was the Lean Meat completely done once Lean Calf's sniffing had begun?

Low Fat Milk -- Was Fattened Calf also completely browned as Lean Calf began to sniff around?

Milk Powder -- So Lean Calf was also done to a turn as Fattened Calf was depicted by Powdered Milk?

Powdered Milk -- Where have Fattened Calf and Lean Calf got to?

End -- Where have Peace and Quiet gone to?

Extra Time -- Are they hanging there where Fattened Calf, Lean Calf, Full-Cream Milk, Low Fat Milk, Milk Powder, Powdered Milk and End are hanging?

Injury Time -- Are they hanging in the butcher's?

Fattened Calf is back again -- Are they hanging next to Fattened Calf, Lean Calf, Full-Cream Milk, Low Fat Milk, Milk Powder, Powdered Milk, End, Continuation and Fattened Calf is back again?

Lean Calf is also back again -- Is this the place where Low-Fat Milk, Full Cream Milk, Low-Fat Milk Powdered Milk, Milch Cow, Milk-bucket, Powdered Milk, End, Continuation 1, Continuation 2, Butcher, Slaughterer, Slaughterers and many more are hanging, along with Fattened Calf, Lean Calf, Fattened Calf, Lean Calf, lean Calf, Lean Calf, Half Mast and Fattened Calf at Half Mast?

Full Up

(to All Run Up) -- Was Fattened Calf still at half mast as Lean Calf was done at last?

Full Pup

(to Halfmastcalf) -- Come down my dear lamb, my sweet little one, the play is about to be undone!

The Last Words -- Fattened Calf, Halfmastcalf and Half Mast are removed from the mast, and Fattened Calf, Lean Calf, Full-Cream Milk, Milk Powder, not to forget Powdered Milk and End, as well as the Others now leap down from the hook, come bobbing along and shake one another by the hands and hooves because they are all glad that this business, this awful play has not been staged, they even want to sing a joyful korus, but the conductor has already signalled n., and so once again we have to make do and be content with a friendly: CHEERIO! Bye-bye!

D.R. can be seen here, drawing at the back, extremely hazy,

- A drawing, this, here, this drawing, a hazy form, a man drowning in haziness, a drowned man, an imperceptible man, a dead man.
- Stop, stop, stop, potatoes don't sprout shoots that quickly, they must distil their poison in dark drawers from winter till early spring, then send it to the shooters, pale marksmen aiming poison darts -- bitter sparks -- at hearts.
- Stop, stop, stop, the early potatoes are coming, they're already being brought.
- Stop, stop, stop, are the early potatoes coming or are they being brought or are they going away into the far, far distance, or hold my hands, or hold me by the hands, or hold on tight to me by the hands, the drawing is spinning in front of my eyes.
- Hold on tight, draughtsman, and if the paper sways then hold on tight to your pencil.
- It does not hold the promise you have spoken, it has broken.
- How-wever, hold on tight, man and wife.
- Stop, who should hold on tight, man or wife?
- Hold on tight both of you, man and wife, the pencil's breaking.
- The drawing is tearing.
- Stop, stop, stop, I can see that the drawing is torn, but I see that it's a drawing torn on a drawing, an intact drawing with a torn drawing on it.
- Stop, stop, stop, oh woe betide,
the tearing drawing is now torn in two,
it falls from the page without more ado;
and lands on the floor as if chucked aside.
- Stop, you should say: as if cast aside.

- Well,
- Now.

Guest -- Forgive me and please don't draw the wrong conclusion if I place a pair of slightly chewed gob-stoppers here on this drawing desk of yours, I see no way of avoiding it, so why should you, avoid it, I mean?

Landlady -- Such finesse. I hope you don't mind if by way of reply I take you, repelled, here on the spot (temporally, that is) by your word, and do not, as you wished, draw the wrong conclusion from the fact that you have placed your chubby little hands on this my desk -- even though my flowers are already lying there -- without then taking them away, saying that they are two bonbons. I have no desire to say it in quite such a revolting way as you say (or no longer say, perhaps, but did say), namely GOB-STOPPERS. Excuse me or excuse me not, someone is calling! (exit)

Guest -- Drive off then! Perhaps I should call you by your last name now, in spite of the fact that I am addressing you as Miss Hazy, o wender of your way?
Is that right, is it not you that I am addressing, but rather myself?
That's better... And that's worse... How come? Listen, you (I mean me). Listen to me, me!
But I know you -- putting it carefully now -- I know what you want to say.
That's not possible, I haven't even said it yet.
Oh right, right you are, what I wish is that I had not placed gob-stoppers here but potatoes instead, and then the subsequent wish would be not to have placed potatoes here but nothing, yes, at the heart of this wish lies one half of all my wishes. Which half is it? Quite obviously that one that wishes never ever to have done what I have done! The other half consists of those wishes which wish they had done that which I have not done! The question here is perhaps which half... (sees the landlady returning)
My silence is occasioned by the lady talker.

Landlady -- Pardon, have you pardoned me? [Tell me, have you forgiven me]

Guest -- (enormously astonished) Didn't I ask YOU whether you would pardon ME?

Landlady -- Ooooh, which pardon should now take place? I also asked...

Guest -- You mean yours or mine?

Landlady -- As you wish -- perhaps? -- !

Guest -- O.K. (removes his bonbons -- which put up a sticky opposition -- from the table and stuffs them into the double-barrelled breach-loader which he has produced like a bolt from the blue from the receptacles under his loden coat, or more correctly: has produced from between the testicles under his loden coat. He fires two shots at the counter, people crowd round the place, at least two dozen servants of the house become ear-witnesses to the following sung (by the two main performers) and spectators of the following danced (by the two main speakers) DUET...
(excuse me, please drop the curtain! We cannot continue for some unforeseeable, unrecognisable and unhearable reasons, good night!)

plain words!

G = Bobby, a large dog

B = Guy, a little boy

G -- Let me go and fetch you one, a word!

B -- Haven't you enough words in your mouth, Bobby?

G -- Don't you need any?

B -- I need words, but not for listening, rather for me to...

G -- Do you really think I know what you wanted to add to "me to.."?

B -- It's impossible to speak plain words with you without getting bitten.

G -- Excuse me, I shall never do that again!

B -- Ha, ha! Bobby, you've played an unintentional joke, ha, ha!

G -- BIIITTE!

B -- OOOUUUCCCCCH! nasty Bobby, don't keep bidding my leg! I'll try not to do that again, I'll try never to do that again. OW OW OW OUUUUCH!

G -- What will you try not to do again?

B -- I'll try not to laugh again when you play a joke...

G -- B II TT EE!

B -- OOUU CCHH!!!! Dear Bobby, I'll try only to laugh at myself, from this bite on!

G -- O.K. Guy, don't let me catch you again, or else I'll fetch you one!

B -- Do we need one here?

G -- Well, since we've been flying about onna submarine..

B -- CCRAAAACKK!

G -- BOW-WOOOUUUCH! please don't whip me any more, Guy, I'll try always to speak properly!

B -- O.K.

G -- ... since we've been flying onna....

B -- CURRAACK!

G -- OW! BOW-WOOOUUUCH!!... since we've been cruising about on this submarine. Can't you see what was so convenient about what came previously? The other resists being this here, nor does it wish to be fetched, freely nesting in the wind's nets, soaring over planes for which there are no words, try to feel, it exists!

B -- There's no way you can catch up with that any more, Bobby, they don't need anyone or anything more.

G -- There on the sound of life muffled by submarine travel, the captain swings his way through his life -- or perhaps through something else?

B -- 'Tis his own, Bobby. Seven tigers, enraged by adverse feed, are hounding the carptains' ultimatum in the manymarblepillared copse.

G -- And they snatched his hat from his head?

B -- The casket which, like a nest full of wind and drifting sand -- for he had been forced far away from the sea -- weighed down his ear.

G -- So one could say that he was glad when it was eaten away from him?

B -- You can't say EATEN AWAY, Bobby, a tiger doesn't do that, eat caps -- just as you don't.

G -- BIIIIITTE!

B -- OW WOW, BOW OW! Bobby, stop that! Don't even do that again! (here a careless remark from our friend PANHAM, Panhare, often called the cabbage remover, INDUCED Bobby's careless movement which led to Bobby introducing teeth into Panhans' leg, such that, molested, the latter twitched and touched a pebble which flew diminutionalisingly onto Pan Ther's nose, who leaps up and delivers the following solo:)

Ti.Pa.The. -- GRROOOUUUCCCCCH!!!

(Our friends Jugged Hare and Braised Beef have already left, though, over yonder blue hills, bon voyage to the two of you!

Tigristy sleepeth once more -- did he ever rouse from the night?

The air silently sleeps, so sweet dreams, sleep tight!

But stop, quick! It is early midday, the sun is out, the summer breeze is already perches behind the bush, ready to seize its woes and rain down on us with blows!)

Injustice -- Ohexcuseme, then please: Good midday!

Justice -- O.K, Boob!

Advert: "Distance that's called Disdis" have the poem recited?*

in there:

all in the same place, in the word

(word a unity, less precise when spoken in a sentence because seen as pieced together?)

QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS, then the answer: I simpl. don. know?

Sabre -- Up and onto the top, onto the top of the upper nose-bone, and into the distance and into a packet, off into the far and away troops a troupe of soldiers. Do you know what kind of people they are, soldiers? Do you also know what kind of soliders they are, those soldiers in the distance, look lively and look to, chop chop!

Feathers -- Yes, we wish that were supposed to do that, Mister Masterfencer.

(they whiz down the slope, but the soldiers in the brightly-lit distance are proceeding too speedily for the speedsters at the foot of the slope, so sadly nothing will become of this piece, this scene, this here!)

Nipper -- Hey ho, Mr Ghost-butcher, we can't catch up with the soldiers, they squabble too much and hobble too little, whereas we hobble too little and squabble too much!

Sun -- Hey ho, you down there, my little ones, you don't have to come up any more because the play's being called off!

Toil -- Ney ho, Mister Shithousesojourner, let's do it right here and now (he pulls a drumemet, a drummet, out of someone else's pocket and blows a note with a bitter taste, plays such a lovely last call, oh woed, TRARI TRAVAIL!)

* A poem entitled "In der Ferne die Fefe Heißt" from the author's cycle of Shit poems, *Scheiße*.

-- **When I, filthy, rotten to the marrow and sick, I think of the following:**

I, f.+ s. -- Deep down in the dale comes the evening breeze,
and fifafrost bites the bark of gaunt trees,
the gamblers slap down their cards in bright bars,
and white wine sparkles inside of each glass.
And the water pours down there on the wold,
and the trees are a-yelling, it that dark and cold,
but the people keep sitting inside the warm bars,
and keep on slapping and slapping down cards
on bright tables with glasses on top and wine inside,
and they talk of the vale and the evening breeze,
where the fifafrost bites the bark of gaunt trees,
yet there in the warm, hot bars, there inside
where drinkers slap down their cards and wet their whistles
and lady drinkers sparkle with their eyes 'till it sizzles
where the light of the lamp shines through wines and ales
and talks of intoxication and dreams and dark green dales
where the night wind howls and yet none hears a word,
because we sit in bright bars and remain undisturbed,
where cards are slapped down on damp table-tops,
and the fire is stacked up with thick crackling logs,
where the lady drinkers' eyes give a look,
damp, like the ice that thaws on a brook...

-- Oh how cosy our life would be if it had not been completely spent till the spring in gambling and reading.
Hey! Ho!

Path of hilf-, helf-, hulf-, halfness

1. Path of phonetic change

2. Path of semantic change

several paths (each taken by one speaker?)

whether the eye can radiate (the light radiates)

what one demonstrates when one says the eye radiates

are the rays from the eye the eye's rays?

Fe -- I must hold my upper body up straight out of the stuff, or else I'll glug away, this admittedly somewhat profanely bodged together sentence landed up on the paper while I was trying to write about something similar (or about something of the sort). And I thought to myself...

Fi -- Good night, Mr Wordflow, that's enough for now!

Fo -- Not in the least, Mrs Curdclub, always so nice and soft, leave the hardness to me -- leave the hardening up to me, Mrs Curdclub.

Fum -- Right I'm going to hit the sack, Mr Wordsauceflow, hopefully some old stiffness, some stiff ol' pike or drum-carp will start to stir inside you, Mr Vocabsaucepot, don't you start melt before you have gone through a bit of hardening up, not be through with your hardness, though; on the contrary, it could do with a bit, or rather: I could do with a bit today, make yourself hard and off we go, I'll position myself right now on the edge of the bed so you can have the choice from behind right away, till later, o.k.?

Deathblow -- O.K. Mrs Butterpillar, I'll come right away, I'm sure you can picture what you'll get then?

Bu.Pil. -- Yes, one up the honeypot, one up the bacon sandwich, a sandman!

Toothache -- O.K., ti. la. the.!

90

A draughtsman's monologue

There's no such thing as vision aids, vision is vision, vision that is aided is vision.
There are no such things as characteristics, what we have are monologues and s.-like.

*always put BE CALLED in place of BE
the actr. depic. her poses herslf.?*

- If he who could be called a waiter were to appear right here and now...
- Here he is! Here on this paper -- as has so often been said!
- If he were to appear, here and now, I would ask: should he be called a waiter, here and now?
- These questions that lead far into dizzying lands, I call these questions...
- If only he looked like someone who was waiting, and not, ah, what now? I don't remember what I wanted to say!
- Yes, into the cellar, but without coming out again, right?
- Yes, one could call it that...
- Dreams froth and bubble like piss, crap slaps onto the grass like shit, the grass blades under the...
- Would you mind keeping those hideous words locked inside your mouth, you unruly blatherskite!?
- Ah no, Mr Dustcloud, don't puff yourself up too much or there'll be a cloudburst before you know it.
- Good, I'll keep silent, that was in any case all... ah, I don't remember what I wanted to say, but what's it matter?
- That'll end in disappointment, Mr Croaker, if you no longer pester people the way you've done till now you'd better watch out!
- Watch out for what, for a bit of astonishment and... nothing else occurs to me now.
- Nor me, Mr... do you remember now what your name is?
- My name is Astonishment and Horror, and I am the desertification-wave of my own self, listen to the voice:
(nothing else occurs to him)
- Nothing else occurs to him now. Nor does anything occur to me, although...
(Seized by a terrible wave of astonishment and a roaring surge of horror, the two enter and descend into the yawning gargling abyss, a lone walker marks the limits of the astonishment and horror without himself shuddering, for he takes them to be a sunny beach in autumn when the last blades of grass beckon in the mild autumn breeze, but the beach and sand fail to reveal anyone who might follow the call, the summons, the hint, the whisper -- Come... come... come... nothing was seen because nothing was expected, one glides through this special spot, this singular location in life with self-propelling steps, the future creaks, opens up a fraction, lets you in and with that you are gone...)

cramp finding
crimpy-crampy

(to be sung by four people and divided up as indicated, please!)

A lady whom I should like to serve one day,
 who now, at this moment, I have not yet
 served, stepped out from a walnut thicket
 to cater to me, a table whose legs are being rasped away
 secretly, by hidden motives, like pumice stone,
 made of very very hard baked dog biscuits,
 that fell out of a dog who'd had forty fits,
 after leaving its teeth in a walnut-bark-bone

in great haste, as a man came and pulled from his paw
 the mice he was about to stuff in his craw,
 using his teeth like barbs, but also like a mane,
 and simultaneously tarring all others with the same brush --
 the majority couldn't give a tinker's cuss --
 when it comes to praise for others? Appalling!

Sonnet -- The Husband

(to be sung by a 4 man quartet, please)

1st baritone -- A lady who some day shall serve
 me, so she said, came one terrible evening,
 as the shadow of this terrible evening
 lay on me, itself to me. May I serve
 2nd baritone -- you, so she said, already serve
 you today or tomorrow, if you have no cares,
 or later, if you are burdened with cares,
 serve you later for allowing me to serve
 3rd baritone -- you now, and serve you today, please,
 in return for later being allowed to serve,
 let yourself be served, as a balsam, by my pleas
 4th baritone -- yet the best balsam for you is my weeping
 while serving, oh, I constantly weep while serving
 yes I began to serve and with that began my weeping.

A sonnet -- [to be sung in a quartet of bass, bariton, alto and soprano, the women sing he for she and so on]
 The wish to resist in vain in three-four time
 All four --

A lady who one day'll serve me, the only
 one who wanted to do such a thing, came to
 me one black evening, made a contract
 that she might someday confuse me,
 get in the way of my life's joys
 during the dwindling of my daystwilight of my life,
 so, once life's joys have turned to strife,
 I, totally sedated, shall just gape about.
 For then -- as was the wording that she
 slipped into the contract, so craftily --
 then she may have leave to shout
 bow-wow-wow, and even piss on my
 pillows washed with elbow-grease.
 And she asks with a smile, and makes no fuss,
 so some day I must allow it all to pass.

**make all recognisable aspects more precise
and give full particulars to produce a GRAND SPEECH.
work out with clarity an (boring) precision**

MUSIC -- Place yourselves in a room twice as high and five times as broad as yourselves, as your bodies (I say this so that firstly the speech will apply to all, and secondly will apply to every animal, as well as to stones and, obviously enough, cars, because cars, as we often think, are more people than stones).

Once you have pictured yourselves in this space (as one would so inaptly say if I hadn't just warned you -- for you've placed yourselves in the space, right?), once you have placed yourselves in this space make its shape slightly clearer to yourselves than you have seen it till now, i.e. look in your imagination at an egg from the inside, can you see it? Good, you can see it, so you're inside it, aren't you? O.K.! This is the shape of the space I invited you enter at the beginning of my talk.

The room is suffused by a warm, diffuse, soft grey, almost white but gentle light. We are floating in the centre, floating with a feeling of security that we have never previously experienced while flying, and which we only know from relaxed, almost care-free walks on flat, soft, almost yielding ground covered in freshly trimmed grass (grass, a form of flora or plant which you are all familiar with, perhaps not in its freshly trimmed form, but you could place yourself on it -- and again I almost said: imagine yourself). O.K.!

Now a fellow comes from outside and breaks in. It turns out that the space is more egg than was expected because, while he breaks in, it crashles and crumbles the way egg shells do when they are brackled up, there's a conk and there clearly for all to see is an immaculate egg shell. Now what's this all about? The answer is: this is a break-in. Now the breaker-in is not just some simple poacher, no he's a kind of yeggman, an egg-breaker. We are dealing here with a **yeggman/poacher/pry-fry/breakneck## break-in an embezzler#### safebreaker##**. The question arises in our minds: is he -- asking now the most pressing question simply because it's the one that presses the most -- an egg-breaker who does this with permission, or is he an egg-breaker who does so without permission? Further, we should ask: is he an egg-breaker who perhaps commits his breakneck deed on order, or someone who does this although something else would have been more in order? A secondary question here would be: If on order, who ordered it?

You may have detected in my, yours whining truly's hesitant voice that I almost went and said: I ask (instead of we ask), but now you, you are after all here with me, inside this freshly broken-open room, and now it is time (which is to say: the activity that is now more than timely): to pose questions! To wit, to ask: What's this all about?? Or are you of the opinion that the question we just touched on should not be asked right here and now?

Butter -- Excuse me, I must butt in with a short question!

Muzak -- Of course! But please be quick, the egg-breaker is already acting likea breaker-in. And with the emphasis on the word... breaker, he breaks and breaks, and I ask with your permission what's going on here?

Margarine -- Stop, please! Might I ask, so that I must be allow put in a quick question (after falling or rather sinking into and then holding tight to your word-order- and other compulsions, I almost lost my thread, as one says, and almost -- as a result of the lost thread --asked, like you Mr Speech, sorry, I mean Mr MUSIC -- or should I say: MRS Music? -- I would, ohmight almost have asked: so that I may *be allowed* to put in a quick question!), may I please ask you to make a brief interlude, if only for a few seconds, to allow this one, me, to ask something -- Something which you, by the way (hideous expression that), were already in the process of permitting...

Minor chara. -- Not only did he *pull it off*, he actually managed to *push it through*, as one (so explicitly-figuratively, and often in writing) says (and writes), the permission to ask *was given*!

-- Well, dear listeners who are listening equally to *me* as well as to Mr (or Mrs) *Music*! the question, which I shall by your leave pose right now, is: What's going on here!? Naturally I must now use the term going on because I was kept from posing this question for such a long time. Because earlier, if I hadn't been delayed, I could have said: What goings on here! Because He (or whoever he she or it was) had not yet crashed out at this room and given it such an incredible, unbelievable going over...

The people -- CORE! GORK! CROCK!

Welsh miner -- likea salamander! AND now everything imaginable is GOING ON here!

Mousey -- Might I ask all of you here (all of you in the cracked open room) to be quiet and to listen, please?! Listen!!

You, as one says so aptly, are imagining this to yourselves. That's what! Otherwise nothing's going on here! Nothing is going on here! I would like to introduce you here to my new...

Oopsa-daisy, I nearly said it! Or to put it another way, I nearly *divulged* it, or: given too many CLUES too soon, so there was no more energy left for the COUP in my two -- I feel safe in saying -- highly-trained jaws (not to forget the lips, teeth and tongue attached thereto), so that I had virtually no energy left in my jaws and lips and tongue and teeth to say: ABSOLUTELY NOTHING'S GOING ON HERE! -- apart from what I am telling you! At most the words keep going on, but nothing else. Listen to this:

We're standing in an egg-shape, it has crumbled, the room has cracked, brightness pierces its way inside. So what's going on?

Margarine -- Mr Music or Mrs, may I inter-rupt (or -erupt, to put it more expressively) right now briefly with the following imperative remark:...

Mousekong -- My son or daughter, father, mother or child, before any of you announce anything let me first quickly announce the following on spatial feeling, on your, or all of your, and perhaps even my feeling of space: I'm *Mr* Music, Mr male music is my name, and music friends and music foes! will tell you of my fame.

Right, what's going to happen now?

Vaseline -- What will now happen is as follows, Mr,..... but now there now there's a terrible din here, much to our detriment! Sir! that is not music, that's the sound that comes from from Danger Level 1!

Maserati -- Keep you restless imagination-transmission, which is forever screeching and scrouching wildly, in a better greased state, and then you'll not hear what None can hear! and then you'll be able -- without the smooth flow of my speech being disrupted (I almost said: diverted, which would have been better, but wouldn't have nipped your impetuosity in the bud, I almost said: let's continue in peace), but here the following must first be said:...

Twaaannng -- Dee-daa dee-daaa! Sir, a yeggman is breaking into the egg, he is already inside, the woods and meadows have been blasted open with a disgusting smelling pea- and bean-thunder and it's now downright intolerable. The emergency drapes will now be drawn so that darkness may enter!

Houndong -- BOW - WOOWWW!

In the kitchen at auntie's with her niece (who is sitting in the adjoining room where she cannot be seen, or: where she can only be seen when one sits with her in the room, in auntie's adjoining room, sits or stands or lies, hammers or tongs, milks and honies, everyone knows which way the wind is blowing, when auntie raises her voice and pipes:

Auntie -- Niece, please close the window, or shut it, the window that is, I'm coming to you now in the adjoining room with a cake in my hands, sorry, with the cake tray between them, between hand and cake tray a cake, between cake and cake a cake tray, between cake tray and... I must say wind.

(Niece, a pussy, has not yet closed, or slammed, the window shut, she has too much to mew about)

Pussy -- Between the cake tray and the wind is hopefully cake.

(We now spot Pussy, she can be seen there on the television! She looks out of the window but does not see much because she falls out, straight out of the window. Nor do we see much of her, but we do hear (Tom -- Auntie is a tom -- hears it, too) a loud ZUDD!! with a squelchy undertone. But at once comes a BOWWWWW WOWWWWWWW! Has Pussy fallen on a dog?

Tom -- Taker look, Mousey!

Mousey -- Damnation, we can't perform this piece, Tom! Pussy has fallen into the one and only snare, one can safely say: far and wide, in the entire studio, (one should not say is here for the following enlightening reasons)...

Pussypie -- *the open window!* The Devil, that's dam' annoying (calls outside)

Lamp (to Ida Down) -- That would be delightful, Ida, to zoom off right now and leave the play to stick itself up its... self, right? Now go downstairs, down the stairs and take a look out of the front door at the street and see what's to be done with the *dog*. Regardless whatever's happened, bring him back to the play! I know full well that it was you who sparked him out, I saw it all in my polished fingernail-mirrors! And take that pudding tray with you and shrape up Pussy, plunged-Pussy, and bring her upstairs! Then the play can carry on and Pussy will be called: Gelatina, the Pudding-dat...

Mousey -- Hey, Auntie's (pardon!) -- *Tom's* mind has packed in, she (pardon!) -- *he's* fully gone!

Director -- Than Go for tha! I'll chuck her in the wastepaper basket and then we'll be rid of the play.

I look for the wastepaper basket. The wastepaper basket is behind me, I turn around and chuck Auntie Cribblehead, who I grasp with my catnippers, inside, but he doesn't fit inside 'cos he's too fat, so I drum her down inside with the cake tray until nothing more can be seen of him. But she doesn't remain idle and emerges from the bottom. She grabs the pudding grater and is about to clobber me when a fuse blows and darkness prevails. I, not idle, do not bugger off but look for a fuse instead, find one, screw it in once I have previously... etc.etc.

hoo, nine-two,

**One more speaker with each syllable -- until the middle,
then back to one speaker.**

**He speaks the last but one syllable all alone,
then --**

+ conductor

A

A, LOT

A, LOT, OF

A, LOT, OF, GREASE

A, LOT, OF, GREASE, GETS

A, LOT, OF, GREASE, GETS, USED

LOT, OF, GREASE, GETS, USED, WHEN

GREASE, GETS, USED, WHEN, WE

USED, WHEN, WE, DO

WE, DO, THE

THE, GREASE

SING

--

DO

DO, ING

DO, ING, THE

DO, ING, THE, GREASE

DO, ING, THE, GREASE, SING

DO, ING, THE, GREASE, SING, USE

ING, THE, GREASE, SING, USE, ES

THE, GREASE, SING, USE, ES, UP

SING, USE, ES, UP, A

ES, UP, A, LOT

LOT, OF

GREASE

-- Do	ing	the	grease	sing	use	es	
--	ing	the	grease	sing	use	es	up
-- the	grease	sing	use	es	up	a	
--	grease	sing	use	es	up	a	lot
--	sing	use	es	up	a	lot	of
--	use	es	up	a	lot	of	grease.
--	es	up	a	lot	of	grease.	
--	up	a	lot	of	grease.		
--	a	lot	of	grease.			
--	lot	of	grease.				
--	of	grease.					
--	grease.						

2 X Comma

If I look up I begin to laugh,
 if I look around I am then looking out to sea.
 If I look for the steamer it is already pushing the curtain
 TO
 (Two pieces of music)

- Music -- BBrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,
- Steamer -- BBrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,
- Barque -- BrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,
- Flook -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Trusst -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Dobbint -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Pancake -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Pannkok-- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Ropert -- prrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Clairefilly -- brrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Purcell -- brrrrrmmmmmmm,
- Brack -- Brrrrrrraaaaack,
- Fircoat -- Brrrrrrrrrown,

UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRR
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRR
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRR
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUH
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUH
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUUH
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUH
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-UrrtrrRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUU
 UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-UrrtrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
 CRAPrrrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-UrrtrrRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAP
 WRAPPingpaper-&-CRAPPingpaper-rrrrRRRRRAWHOOMPPP

(A piece of music)

- Music -- BBrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRR
- Steamer -- BBrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRR
- Barque -- BrrrrrrUmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRR
- Flook -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRR
- Trusst -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUH
- Dobbint -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUH
- Pancake -- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUUH
- Pannkok-- rrrrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUH
- Ropert -- prrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-Urrtrr-uRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUH
- Clairefilly -- brrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-

UrrtrrRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUU
 Purcell -- brrrrrmmmmmmm,UUUUrtrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-UrrtrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
 Brack -- Brrrrrrraaaaack,CRAPrrrr-UUUUrtrr-UUrtrr-Urr-UrrtrrRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAP
 Pelzmant -- Brrrrrrrrrown, WRAPPingpaper-&-CRAPPingpaper-rrrrRRRRRAWHOOMPPP

* The last piece could be set at 90 degrees to horizontal

97 -> **D????????????????**

(Once again Auntie's carrying a cakey, a kook orra cake?
under the fence)#

-- So, tit's summert yus.

-- ### Trattenislan

-- Well, it's simperly summar, Auntie's froz'n stiff by the fiaside and wants to eat it.

-- Huh?

-- Who?

-- Yes?

-- Well, if shecarrizit unnera##, it'll cack riteunnerer##

-- Well there yer goes, thatsit, backanbeneath the ovven ## our sparks or sparx.

-- Well, in them shoos we carnt carry on any much furva, wool, wool ye or won'tcha!

-- Well, I will.

(now the announcer thinks that sadly we've run outta personnel)

-- .##

-- That, well, wot.##

-- This piece now?

-- Yes?

(It's over)

-- Well, has it gone? Shall we start wivva fresh'un, with friction?#

-- Naaa, can't be bovered yer know, so, lets drive ## Merian

-- Yes, darling!

(They're already bashing away, they're bashing each other!)

-- You, do you see how the barks spy?

will is it coming shortly?

ASKETH --

ALBERT -- I devour people.

ALERT -- I eat fractions of a minute, I gnaw small bits out of certain minutes.

ATLAST -- I devour shoes, best of all batik shoes from the batik production, and Bata shoes from the Bata production, and brake shoes from the brake shoe factory.

Ballast -- I devour rubber shoes, the rubber shoes which BOLASTOS leaves lying in the Bata shoe factory.

Vigort -- I eat lettuce, vegetarian food as it is generally called. There is an enormous quantity of it in summer, assuming one is still alive.

AAST -- How can quantities of lettuce be connected with our lives?

Dogget -- I chew bones, snip flowers off of the green stems on which they sway and feel afraid whenever a dog walks up because master and mistress are always in tow, and mistress says to doggy: "Come my little spring-heeled Jack (to doggie), bite daddy in the leg!" Dog bit in a flash, but master falls down over the cliffs into the deep vale below, a little brook babbles o'er forest and dale (in the vale), master falls in, clouds draw over him. On balmy summer afternoons mistress called, belly nicely aroamed: "Come on, old sport, bark me a song!" Dog sings, but this time missie's eardrum almost burst in two, discords said the rest out loud. It clouds over, the excursion is a failure! But then a house was spotted, one in which one can get sloshed, master, unscathed in this story, rushed on ahead and into the house. Inside the chink of glasses and the smack of cards could be heard throughout many a lovely bittersweet night, rivers of love spurt in the beds, hounds howl the whole night long, the moon is high in the sky, for the clouds have dispersed, letting silence descend on all and everything, and with that this song. Good night, said mein host with a voice borrowed from Mrs Music, oh you men and beasts in the deep vale, the mountain-marches are behind us with their attendant agonies! and beers and wine and the moon's bright shine stream into our bellies, flow into our blood and lie on the table. Good night!

Hogget -- Good night, mein host!

Exhaustgasonant -- Now dear listeners and navel-studying viewers, who would wish to wake up the next morning with his fresh mountain-march cares? We here in the spectator-slaughterhouse are not really sure what's going on here, one way or another the moon doesn't want to go down any more and the sun wants to go up -- ow, the broadcast has already outruined its time, let's terminate with the cry of: Terminate, and please wake the terminators, we can start!

Flabbergast -- Ah, here they come already!

Termites -- CARTTONNK!! CADARRCKK!
 CRASUTTT!! TOIINNG!
 BARRAZZZ!!

before the speech always give the proper address
with *Mr and name* (Mr Pig Stymier, Missed a sty, if I may say?)

Yes,

Bata, Mr Stystymier)

give (good) thorough explanations when speech does not fully convey the various meanings

e.g. Mr Sty -- Missed a sty

-- Well, Sir? Mr Pigsty?

-- Right, Sir! I am the Pig Stymier, not a rat trap, who can fail to see that? Mr Unsharp Rhymer!

-- Well, Mr Sharp Stymier! Today you're called the Pig Stymier -- Pig Sty?

-- No, Pig Stinker! I am the Pig Sty Stymier, I stymie Pigs' Sties!

-- Well, Pig Stinker could be a name for someone who is pig and stinks like a pigsty!

-- STOP! Not someone. The one, me, not some one subject to crude mix-ups! Right?

-- Right you are! Mr Pigstimer, didn't I name you correctly? Is your name Mrs Pigsanfly, Mr Woman-stymier, soapbubbleblankcartridgechristmascracker?

-- Oh Sir, Swineknot, you've a slug on your goolies, you slubberdegullion!

-- Mr Thanks, be wary of that Unlucky Charm of yours, signed: Pencil Ed! (with pencil lead)

-- Now, Sir! Mr Now, I thank you, too, signed Crack Pott!

The following enter and speak (in order):

Mr Unnamed,

Mr P.Stymier (so called by himself)

Mrs Dr.Crate (appearing indirectly, also does not app. at all)

Mr U. Rhymer (so-called by A.N.Other)

Messers Sh.Stymier, P.Stymier and P.Sty (all simply fictive gentlemen)

Mr P.Stinker (not a genuine gent. merely a t. of abuse)

Mr P.S.Stymier (self-appelation)

Mr P.Sties (fict.sly stymied by he who calls himself P.S.Stymier)

Mr P.Stinker (one who chooses to be called so)

Messers Pig and Stinks (also wished for), both personages used for comparison with Mr Pigssty, Vienna

S. O. Subject, Mr (subject to agreement)

Mr P.Stimer (mistaken for Mrs P.Canfly (Mr Woman-stymier) or child S.B.B.Cart.Chr.Cracker.

Mr Sw.Knot (irrelevant because a term of abuse)

Mrs S. on Goolies (preposterous)

S. de Gullion jnr. (cursed)

Mr Thanks (Mr M.Thanks)

U.Charm (appears with P. Ed)

Messers M.Now and C.Pott

gentle gentle monologue**turn around****Hölderlin -- insert remark****The blackness has solidified,****the opening between****the legs****orthographically sober****2 forms**

L -- The liquid has solidified, frozen,
the opening can no longer receive it.

R -- Then let's chop it to bits.
We hasten ourselves
and hand over the bits
and the splinters
to that friendly man there.

L -- to the wanderer down there on the ice of the river.

R -- The cold is poised on our lips, it says:

L -- 'Tis cold, the winter sings its song.

R -- But a slayer of cares is striding through the silence. 'Tis he who strides over the ice there!

L -- Is it really Careslayer who is striding along there?

R -- Have no fear of a No!

L -- It must be he, oh, and yet 'tis not...

R -- ...if only he could be compelled to be so!

L -- I am loathe to have cares or worries,
save for your love!

R -- Is that true?

L -- Yes.

R -- Then let me rejoice,
the winter is divested of its terror,
its snowy gown slips to the ground!

L -- Hark!
Ramona is singing wondrously, what is your song called, Ramona?

Z -- Its name, my beloved, is: Wedding dreams,
and whether 'tis winter or not,
long live good cheer!

L + R -- As a twain!!

L + R -- Ramona, child, no more of those northern dialectal tones, please!

Z -- Which do you mean?

R -- These:
tied, trapped, tortured, tricked,
our bloodline strides down the ages.

L -- Through inhospitable countryside, but hands of blessing will be held over hill and dale;
and over the wintery ice's crack;
just wait, soon a moon of mildness shall rise!

Z -- I, too, would be glad -- if only it were possible!

R + L -- Why, is it not possible, Ramona?

L -- 'Tis already writ, here, read that!

R + Z (reading) -- Mumble mumble blah blah blah mumble mumble...

L + R + Z (reading) -- Rumble rumble bluh blah bloh crumble brumble...

Ice-wanderer -- ... etc. + and so on + and so forth...

The 3 (without Ice-w.) -- So, so, now now now now now now now now we'll put on our skates and take to our heels,
for the future already has her skates on...

The wanderer on the ice -- ... and taken to her heels!

2nd wanderer, who has broken into the ice -- Everyone's putting on their skates and setting off. Not me.

A slight whizzing-off is still visible in the distance, and then a cold storm descends once more over the ice,
everything liquid has frozen this year, m'dear. And some folks have ended up bunged up alive, more bunged up than
they should have let themselves be, and some have experienced the same, but simply sharper, they've experienced
sharp things. Oh, oh, oh woe, the willows have burst apart, frozen-dead rabbits tumble from the branches! Is it true, is
it that cold? isssss itttttttt sooooooooooooo coooooooooooooooooooooooooold.....?

(glugs under#)

Nahtan -- This driving snow is an undetachable drumming, but I shall force you to wriggle! Fruits! Fruitscrews with plates placed underneath, heart will puff into the rifle, Pumper.

Nearer -- Keep your hat on while you talk, Blatherman, keep your pump still, or else it will fall like a canon that hasn't been screwed tight, there onto your arm so that it breaks. Do you wish to be a dreamer, play the blindman on this earthball, sharpen your wits without remuneration, let yourself be used like a ball which little children play with, for their pleasure and not yours!?

Nahtan -- My most deferential friend and mentor, allow me to change your mind, be friendlier to your fellow man!

Nearer -- And above all friendly, friendlier, most friendly to you, old word-pumper?

Nahtan -- Stop, don't answer me, in as much haste as you responds, if you had answered me soon I -- accompanied by megaphone beats, drumming lions of the rostrum onwards -- wouldn't have pounced on your hasty word so as to saw off your beard, you racehorse!

Nearer -- I beg forbearance, wiltpowerer, here speaks weakness, from this mouth wells the putrid cabbage that bungs up your days with things hard and soft. Bone-imitator's heart's joy: old rubber-gas!

Nahtan -- Oh sorry, specially in winter when it's freezing and I know not where the snowed-under kale loafs about, fart-bringer, mecurial, always abroad midst ice and snow; that I try to bring to you with words that which you enjoy; just as in summer, when many a thunderer, rich with gases richly bridled from a well-fermented stuffed soup cabbage, succeeds in making us leap! Oh, I cannot speak any more, nought to me occurs, save: bye bye!

Nearer -- Slip into reverse gear! Hair-splitter! Come back here, we've not heard the end of this yet, we still need you, let off another one, man! ... And he's gone --
and so I place my hat of sorrow on my heavy head,
and so I place my hat of sorrow as well on my sour head
and feel the way my sour blood rises to my sorry head.

From afar -- The horizon's being sawn off by a steamer,
and the clouds' bloneness bored with a reamer.

stereotype the signature

SOLO, DUET? TRIO, QUARTET, OCTET,

1 -- I ate a bloody knot in the entrails

of the airpug, while swinging therein in the sky,

2 -- you ate of its intestines.

1,2 -- I sat quite lost in an aircraft that lurched under the sky,

for on its way it crashed down upon mother earth.

2,3 -- Was this a winking and a pouting and phases of life that neither wished nor were allowed to be?

4 -- This doggerel standeth on heels it feels are too low for it.

1,2,3 -- In vain was I a flier stumbling through the heavens,

on my way I managed to fall into mother earth's trap.

2,3,4 -- Yes, cursing me and the ghastly mess,

and yelling: It cannot be!

see how the skyflier, laden with cakes,

carries us off course,

wends them out of our arms,

wends away these sweet and baked wares.

1,2,3,4 -- Little did they know of the celestial-red-riding-hood-smashing Big Wolf,

1 -- lurking in the heavenly vaults in wait

for something to bite and guzzle.

1,2,3,4 -- Magnificently reinforced by the waiters who'd meanwhile been flown in

sing, sing kwire, all are reconciled!

1,2,3,4, + waiters -- Surge, great air-breaker, cloud of poor arseholes,

Ugh, as this is called on all sides,

though not by those revealing the celestial wolfstooth, who sit there and stare at

the way the likes of us here shout!!

remove the sexual element?

what to do with it once removed?

between the dashes what each one says, alternating

Angias -- This must be sung by two mannish ladies (I almost said mannish women) because the dialectal points are such that they are a little hard and pointy -- OVER-hard and -pointed, perhaps hardened and painted (I should have said: hardened and pointed). Be that as it may, HAVE FUN LISTENING!

1 -- From above, so merrily
it cascades down like a sea,

Under the mouth, for all to see
is a guinea pig of a beard.

Thereupon, o'er the mouth's ring
the guinea pig falls into the sea,
these are sad tidings, as I fear'd

2 -- A casket it must be, akin
to smoothest skin of a pig;
this skin ta'en from a pig
it must be genuine guinea pigskin.

1 -- For what is it meant to be?

2 -- For caskets for your wine,
for your's, that is, not mine.

1 + 2 -- Today smallness and modesty
have reached their prime
No. One is, SANS WINE, ready
to enter the great stud farm --
where the feet
of steeds beat
on our heads
(like a hand 'gainst a brow).
All are mad, but there's something
that helps: Don't be mad!

3 -- One is entering,
hark, he can sing:

4 -- The question is not one of wine or not,
but how to wriggle out of this rotten spot,
this orgy of puns and tommy-rot!
My suggestion: give me a box round the topknot
so that I'll forget my ghastly lot!

5 to 10 -- Let us do what he cannot!

11 to 200 -- They're bashing him over his think pot:
He shall lie there,
asleep for a few minutes.
Till the piece is done.

BETWEEN PEOPLE (Dis-Or-Der-Acc-El-Er-Ator)

At the Inn of Nocturnal Carryings-On

Bu(dddhis)t -- Landlord, I can't understand the illustration in this publication, what's it supposed to depict?
designate/design representation express

Landl. -- It's supposed to depict a lasso, or a lasso, right?

Chinaman -- As one can see, woe to him who uses words, eh, like DOOIIING, ZIPP! CRAADANNNG!, he has no
complaints!

LORD -- You yellow dog, you gook, scoff your putrified nest and sling your hook, BOW! WOW!

Slouch hat -- Here, M'lord, Bow-wow, you may look, but not lordly, and no barking orders!

Disorder -- (aside) I am the lord here!

MADAM -- Stop all this boozing, you old sot-tops, do you think you can carry on like that the whole night long?

Dog -- Yes, madam, you and we and especially we are in the Inn of Timid Questions...

Cream -- So may I ask as often as I like?

Fright & Thirst -- Here, dear birthday rattle, can't you hear anything? Or whether we are answering you -- you're
rattling so loud, your ringing fills the woods and the world!

Mrs Ring -- So, is that why I can't see my hubby, Mr Hubbub, any more, has he run off?

Fanfare -- Here am I, after all!!!

Please! -- Please, not so loud! You'll make too many people topple over!

The granting of the plea -- Please, your plea is granted to you!

Full House -- Ugh, it's completely full here!

Empty House -- Pardon me?

Half-full half empty house -- That's the end of it now.

END -- Stop, we're not going to call it day
till camera's filmed me laughing away

Photographer -- Let's see what ol' Filmy's got to say?

Film -- I've already captured END's loud bray
let's pack our bags and call it a day

END -- Stop, we're not going to call it day
till the film has caught my laugh so gay

Photo -- End has already had his laugh today,
I've captured it in shades of grey

END -- (laughs up from the photo) The end!

Scrag End -- An imperfect end is bound to come, e'er photo's glued in the album!

Curses -- Toss in your pot, you headless sheep!

Loud curses -- You just talk about gluing the photo in the album,
because you don't wish to see the end, old chum!!

Quiet cuss -- I shall see the end, I trust my luck
but first it's photo must here be stuck.

Late Guest -- Oh how happy people are in the wee small hours, when the carryings-on in the inn have carried on into,
nocturnal goings-on with no end, because, here in the I.o.N.C.-On, in the Inn of Endless
Nocturnal Carryings-On...

New Start -- Mr Tossplot (and Carrier-On), although you err, you are erring insignificantly, your error is invisible.

Drum Roll -- Let's all go to our ruins, night-owls all, here, all ye here, here ye all!!

Bad Times -- Watch out, I have come to stay, sorry, we!

Happy Medium -- Bog off!

Further downward and worsened trends -- On... carry on!

Question -- Might I just ask what this is all supposed to be about?

Fright -- (has lost her voice) H! H! H!

Everyone -- (have also lost their voices) Z! Z! Z!

Warning-shotgun -- (Has found its voice again)
CALLLIINNKK!

Excess -- GURGLEGURGLE!!WRRAAATTH!

Wrath -- Excess!

Liberty -- Here I am!

Joy -- (stealing away) AH! AH! AH!

Crossbow -- ZZIPP!!!

Apple -- (falls)

Wilhelm Tell -- (is not here because there's a lot to be done at home)

Play -- (is over)

Monday -- Morning all!

**One says the adjectives
Another says the nouns
and such like**

A -- Down over me, sir, you, the soft, stiff, stickerly one who plays the waterman, Mrs Piss, a juiciferous clucking gurgling glimpser, Mrs Madonna Maria, hand her your sticky, bald-headed, bacon-larding blonde, sir, hand me the pissing, dizzified thing that's dizzied by IT, that's sticky with IT, that seethes blond with It, swelling pink beneath its bonnet!

B -- Watch out! Now you'll get it, it's coming tumbling down, pay care and attention! Get stuck in! Pleader!

A -- Sir, Madam, you chucking down from up there! Stop! Cease, desist, there's just one of me, don't chuck down enough for two!

B -- Oh dear! I quite fought, I quite thawt you were two! What's up?

A -- Don't you know that when one person calls there are two?

B -- Nope, why?

A -- The male and female principles are always, or mostly or often or sometimes or now and then or rarely or not at all united eternally in one or two people.

B -- Wow! Mother Nature said recently, lately, a short while ago, or a short time has passed, so she said to me she said, By Jove (the thunder-maker, got me?) I've forgotten what I was about to say!

A -- You were about to say what Mother Nature, Aunt, Uncle said to you not long ago and so on and so forth and the like and and so and so on the forth and like and etc.

B -- Stop! What was the meaning of the last bit?

A -- I don't have to answer you any more. The play has long since finished.

B -- That shouldn't stop us, we'll carry on playing past the end of the piece, O.K.?

A -- Oh great!

(takes a deep breath in order to speak the next word, but has forgotten that a couple of crates full of stuff are still standing around in this play, and you cannot act past them without hurting yourself lifting them)

O.Crate -- Here I am! Mr B's got himself a hernia.

RUPTURE! (A Petitioner has fallen onto the plate, the plate smashes and Mr B receives, in addition to his hernia pains, a pain in the eye -- a splinter from the plate has cut it open and it actually starts to trickle out, oh dear, who would have imagined that such rubbish would still have to be served up in this play?!)

But that's not all!

RUPTURE! (Rupture says once again before falling onto A.Partioner's head).

-- Have you gone utterly mad, (says A.Partioner) I'm an 'ermaphrodite.

Inquirer 1 -- Oh, didn't A.Partioner say as much? didn't A.Partionhermaphrodite say as much?

Sayer 1 -- Right, good, fine, are we almost ready...

Wailer 1 -- Wail! Bawl!

Wailer 2 -- Wail, wail, Bawl, bawl!

Wailer 3 -- Wail, wail, wail L! Bawl, bawl, bawl!

Wailer 4 -- Wail, wail, wail, wail! Bawl, bawl, bawl, bawl!

Wailer 1 -- Wail, wail, wail, amen! Bawl, amen, bawl Peter, Paul!

Simultaneous Kwire

Peter -- Yes, Wailer, didja call?

Wailer 15 -- Oh-no, carntcha speak proper English, eh? A crying shame, Peter! Thing's aren't going too well here, go back ho, the play's too difficult for you....

Pewter -- Paul, you can home off as well, scram, this is war here!

Paul -- SCALP!!

Conductor -- To our horror we see or to my horror I see now that was not Paul who appeared here, short and to the point it was Saul! who, to my great surprise, has scalped A.Parsoner but has now already buggered off, oh no, it wasn't he who cut A.Parsonsnose in half, no, it was Paul who...

Cond.'s foot -- SLIIIP!

Conductor -- Oops, the blood makes you slip!

SHLOOP! (he slatches around in the blood)

COCONDUCT. -- (comes titoing along, tiptoeing along)

HOME DEFENCE AND SONS!! what was that just now or what is this right now? SHLOOP! (he slitches along the pool of blood and booms off, skidding behind the scenery)

SAUL -- SNAPP! (has polished off the korus r,p,titeur)

CRRREEEAAAAAKKK! (thanks to the generosity of our donors the door to the dressing room opens and lots of people, a bright array of actors and those who would like to be so comes tumbling onto the stage.)

(German) Ersatz-co.CONDUC. -- Ja, thair ve must do somethink!

(at first he wants to nominate a helpmate, but he who he was about to select had already selected him as his helpmate). Ja, thair is nothink ve can do about it da!
(he says here; exit)

Dada -- Ah, Dada!

Helpmate -- STRIKE ME PINK!!

We've resuscitated Dada!

Help -- Hey! We're appearing in a Dada play.

Pecker -- Well strike me down, I'm not half glad to be out of this piece!

SAUL -- (knows as much but is called Paul)

Ersatz-h.mate -- Fair enough, now let's see how we can carry on here; Saul, go away for the time being! But the rest of you come here! (He leads them skilfully to the front and down to where the crates that fell from the stage are still lying)

All -- RATTLE! RATTLE!!

RATTLE!!!

RATTLE!! RATTLE!!

Speak nice, ordinary English

Ersatz -- They're fallin' inna box! Drag'em out.

Ers.-ers. -- Hopefully no one will notice that I'm intervening.

STOP -- Stop! STOP!! STOP!!!

Er.-er.-er. -- WASSUP?

E.-E.-E.-E. -- 'Ere woz summat fer ye.

e.-e.-e.-e.-e. -- 'ey, you, Here, there was something 'ere.

GIANT! -- POTATOES!!! (Peace descends at last. Giant has clapped a giant cartong over the whole pickle)

Pickle -- GAB, RUB, GURG!

Punch -- WHAAAAP! (Giant has also punched the conductor flat and now slips him under the crate, where he makes a commotion with the others who are trapped inside)

Emergency observer -- Stop! he can't manage because he's jammed himself flat inside himself and with that his vocal chords as well. Right, now, so now we should send for the police and fire brigade, right?

Time of Day -- TOO LATE!

Saul -- (who only made a pretence of going home, and is now back again) RISE UP! SMASH UP! RAISE THE ROOF!

Raised Roof -- WHOORROOFFF!

BABADOOOOMS!!!

RABAZOOOMMM!!!

ZADDRRUUMSPLATTACHOIING!!! BUDDIING!!!

PPOOTTAATOOOOEEES!!!

PUTIPODAGARAAS!!!

SZIGUTTI!!* BRISKEETT!

CHILD! BREASST! PIUUUUZ!

ZAPPUTCHOCK!

PATCHOGUE POTSHOTT!!

PPOOTTAATTTOOOEEEEE!!!

Gina T. -- OOOOOWWW! ATABOOW!!

RACKETTOW!! (he's gone. He was sucked from under the crate into the twister, the suction was so great, a gigantic suction that even sucks up giants)

Question -- Well now, the question is how to get rid of the old Sauly-boy there, otherwise this play will go on for ever.

Answer -- We still have two more book pages to go, or measuring it differently we still have one and a half typed pages to go (if we carry on like this with this typewriter).

That's -- what we'll do.

Carry -- on yourself, I can't be bothered any more.

Over -- So it's over now.

Afterword -- This piece is a harmless task.

End -- There you go.

Nasty End -- STOP, stop! And what's to become of all the stuff on page 104 of Sea of Tears 3?

Overture -- Ringringring! out onto the track you merry runners!

1st runner -- (to second runner) It tastes here of sadness, doesn't it? It isn't sadness, though, just tastes as though it was sad, like a sad sack...

3rd runner -- Show me!

4th runner -- have a try, 5th runner!

6th runner -- show me, 5th runner! (he takes)

Pudding ersatz -- I wander through many hands, I fell on a foot or two,

I long to be far from here, away in the country...

Have they all vanished, my comforting angels?

Were they unable themselves to control here

neither here nor elsewhere?

Blind are the halls and rounds!

Squandering rogues,

are you trotting here, there or elsewhere tight on the heels of old, stinking animals?

Dirge -- ZIPBooiiiiingg...

(exit all)

Ersatz Play -- (from underground) Gabble, gabble....

* From Biguti, a brand of hair curler.

Questioner -- What is your name, o stranger to me?

Tricornunder -- I, he who under is my most familiar three-cornered hat?

Under.M -- Why so infinitely oft beneath you, beneath the same?

Highman -- Beneath me? infinitely? oft?

Vamooser -- Why so oft, why when I am dashing off to infinity is the Oftenness then so oft?

Binder -- You screwed-up screwball, not there in infinity but there far far far far...

Tighter -- Stretchy, rubber Adele.

Adele -- Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.

Fidget -- Fidget fidget fidget fidget

Appeal -- Tree, let go of me! I've got to climb down, I've got to do something down there.

Yo-yo -- What have you got to do? You-you, what are you going to do?

Appeal Sauce -- No sooner had the sound faded than he called me and said: be an apple!

Appeal Pie -- Hold it tight! Muffle the sound! Here speaks Uncle Applepie.

Appeal Tart -- Don't hold it tight! carry on pooting the sound! Here speaks... (Sounds get drowned by boom)

A.Fart -- BOOOM!

Querier -- Who's that speaking there?

Querissimus -- Ask, stranger! I, I, Oft, so oft! Ich, ich, so soft!

A.F.Mrs.Poop -- Querier has for-farted!

A.Fartporter -- Here pootpooofarts A.Portfarer an' no one else, an' today nothing's doing.

Anus Dei -- Qui tollis Peccata Mundi?

Agnes Day -- quit Olly's allacarte on Monday!

Agnus Dei -- Yes, I also listen to all of the cards!

Allan the Card -- All the cards?

D'oyly Carte -- HERE!! (gapes as he sees everyone has gone and that the world is coming to an end!)

(KWIRE of the larger kind, 25 voices to be cast as desired)

He who was requested is to reveal himself brusquely	-- BAA!
She who stands here in place of him	-- BAA!
He who concealed himself	-- BAA!
You, who concealed herself behind her	-- BAA!
You, who has concealed herself behind her	-- BAA!
Request that was not uttered	-- BAA!
Request that is uttered here	-- BAA!
You, who hold the paper concealed behind yourself	-- BAA!
He, the one who you, she, does not wish to be	-- BAA!
He, the one who wishes to be Yushi	-- BAA!
The same, he can be Yushi	-- BAA!
One, the The same, who now is the same He	-- BAA!
The concealed	-- BAA!
I, the I that concealed nothing	-- BAA!
It, that is not concealed	-- BAA!
It, which is not congealed	-- BAA!
That which has congealed in the Concealed	-- BAA!
That will come to light again	-- BAA!
that which was concealed,	-- BAA!
that which now emerges	-- BAA!
That which has emerged,	-- BAA!
he who writes "Paper" here	-- BAA!
He who writes "Paper" here on paper	-- BAA!
An accursed barbarian	-- BAA!
A burbling and accursed barbarian	-- BAA!
An accursed man and woman, both locals	-- BAA!

The in place of their na. (or instead of that, something standing for the na., he who, she who, that one, here, there (and such like)...

(no conduct.)

109 -> d x 2

Mourning woman -- Yes, Hammerlarge roars vigorously rustles loudly booms all around.

Mourning girl -- Yes, and the Hammerblow thunders vigorously rustles boom booms loudly

Mourning lady -- Yes, and then comes Hammerboom who thunders lordlily and roars booms rustles vigorously.

Mrs Hammer -- Yes yes, Mr Hammer knows how to do all that.

Mourning maid -- Hope he quickly grows old and frail.

Daughter Hammer -- No, Mr Hammer is heavy, large and loud.

Mr Hammer -- (comes reeling, exceedingly drunk, out of the hammerhouse, the old Hammer Mill; recently set up in one corner is a bottle-blowing works, and in the other corner: a Red Indian making brandy in the corner from the wine spices that are pressed in the third corner, and from which obviously wine must first be made, cf. the appropriate literature, or a simple storybook like: The Iron Hammer in the Backwoods, or: A Smithy's Gay Life etc. etc. But now let's turn to the scene that is to be played to us, or putting it more modestly: is to continue being performed, and what do we see?) What's up? (says Mr Hammer)

Nothing -- Over!

Commentador -- Yes, Mr Hammer has had an excessively heavy bash, has rustled too vigorously; just as Sam Wun wanted to remove the record, H.H. turned it up and let it rustle, behind the scenes of course (otherwise we'd have seen it), until the record shattered. So it seems that here we have the exception to the rule and that here a record was *rustled to bits* instead of the perpetual wear, tear and sloppy man-handling.. Good night!
(gets up at last)

the Indian in the corner -- GESCCRRRRREEEEAAAMMM!!!!

(obviously the idiot has attracted folks with his screaming! Forest inhabitants from the ore district come storming up with large strides)

I -- Forestfolk, clear back off, nothing's going on here, honest, the record's been smashed, just a stupid Indian in the corner's been forgotten to be smashed. (They clear, true to motto: Off!, off)

Fata -- Dearest I, that was nowt! There was no Indian in the corner, in the corner was me, I, Fata, Morgana, known as the Morning Dew. Envelope me, dear I!

I 2 -- Shame, I 1 has gone; I, I 3, don' wanna.

End -- That's it, it's over, finished, good night, see you again I'm not sure, away with the junk. Off with jacaranda before he has time to let off a thunderclap here.

Everything -- OOO VVV EEE RRR !!!

Future -- More later!

Long-distance train -- when?

Long-distance express train -- later once it's got later!

Long-distance fast train -- too late!

Atelierology -- KORAL COMPOSITION

(enormous crowds of people roll about and pour into the armoury, the militaria room. Not-exhaustible amounts are handed out there -- a mush, boiled down from lead pencils and pencil sharpeners. The parts of the aforementioned crowd to which the lead penstyles have been handed out, roll as a not-overlookable boiled and thickened mass out of the armouries, roll back out of the studios, and writhe into the fresh new year's air, and hardly-credible crowds of boiled down reporters of every ilk stumble about between the crowds' components, which have been kneaded together from lead penstyles and pencil sharpeners, without having a clue about what's going on, but they ask: what's going on? And one of them has already been caught Wun, as he was about to give his aunt, no, stop! has picked from the crowd one of his nephews, one of the large quantity that were mutually fucked into this world by his aunts and uncles or various two-timers, and now he asks the lad)

Rep.W. -- Tell me, Mr Nephew, what's going on, sir?

Neph. -- Tell me, sir: Can you see what's going on?

Rep.W. -- Yes, lead pencils are being handed out, together with lead penstyle pencil sharpeners.

Neph. -- Right, Rep.

Pep a. Ta. -- Stop a moment, Mr Nephew, are you up to something, or are you doing something as if, as it were, with the lead pencils?

Neph. -- (has gone and can no longer be asked. Unless another reporter (or this one here, the old reporter, the one-who-was-already-here) came and stoppe Neph' as he was leaving, departing with the lead pencils, for a momento, moment I meant)

Repo.On. -- Jens, I've got this feeling that here a, that a picture's being drawn here!

I (that listens) -- Yes, that's also what we thought here, or at any rate what dawned on us in a rather vivid manner: the floodgates here were made to move about the place by such massed quantities of lead pencils that we thought that some sort of drawing might be going on.

Definit. reporter -- Datsun!

We -- What?

Rara Avis -- Who could have come up with such a plan?

Soldier -- The army, the military, the butcheriosi. The rest should now really let rip and draw, unrestrainedly, albeit unconsciously. If one day, after unthinkably, unbelievably, uncannily, unhealthily many years, they, after unimaginably, unpleasantly, uncountably, unaccountably, unbearably many drawings, have suddenly drawn something, after roaming untellably hideously terribly horrifically repulsively about with darting penstillets, always pointed and at the ready, then that's really some Thing.

General -- They have to draw while padding about, like apes, roaming around obscurely on mounds, sharpening and darting about with lead penstyles. D'you think they'll depart after a million years with just one drawing? And where should they depart to?

Plaster Ornament -- 'fcourse, Mrs General, Miss Soldier and so on, they also sent me up the wall ages ago. An architect simplily drew me there!

A -- Look, the black's waving.
B -- Might I ask WHO is waving?
A -- Might I ask what's there to ask here?
B -- There's nothing to ask here!
A -- So might I then ask why the white, there behind, is waving?
B -- Who's waving?
A -- Wrinkle winketh
B -- Who sinketh?
A -- He who may be called stinker, peace be to his glands!
B -- It is right to wish stinkers peace on their lands.
A -- Might it be a peace, perhaps, that one wisheth them?
B -- Quiet should suffice.
A -- What comes next?
B -- A hollowness.
A -- It that possible?
B -- The hollow approaches along the line, and Rip Weichmann is its name.
A -- What does Rip want to have or do?
B -- Ask him!
A -- Hi Rip, wotcha want?
Ripp -- Hi, Arse, can't answer you right now, someone's just piddled all over the ribbs of my bendy spiral hoses.
B -- Rip! Did you mean to say:... scribbled all over?
Ripp -- No. I didn't answer, it was drawing.
B -- Atelierology?
Ripp -- Yup, you aaarse, I dunno.
B -- Hey, Rip, watcha done wiv all the chees?
Ripp -- The Limbo-Romadur?
B -- The Camembert!
A -- The M□nster!
Ripp -- The one that's rounded, the one which the one that's called another is lying next to, touching it?
B -- Hey A, these are called fata morganas, fancies, by Rip.
A -- Should we turn to somebody else?
B -- Someone's coming right now!
A -- O.K. Rip, we don't want to talk to you any more!
B -- Hey A., he's dived off, behind the paintwork. A product of your paintbrush, A.
A -- Hey B, no one's coming.
B -- Someone was coming.
A -- No one saw anything.
B -- Of course they did, someone has to see something!
A -- Are you're trying to say: You see me?
B -- I wanted to -- and will -- say: I see you!
A -- Good night B!
B -- Good night A!

112 -> D

Hurrying beings of a speedy kind wilt
together, in groups. Gamy gestures speedier
deed melt the groups and herds speedier
than one can read it in this way. They wilt,

carnations that is, faster than some varieties
of a lighter or even darker hue. But far lighter
are many another variety. Stop! not lighter
-- no! -- DARKER! And one calls these varieties:

sensual torment. Is it not a torment: listening
or reading what comes flying up? pulled along
across the manure of the writer's brainbed? Pray,

for the torment -- does not allay. Because listening
to prayers is horseshit, like he who came headlong
flying in here. Neither exist! But too late!
This sonnet will ne'er be kneaded in place and made to obey!

**avoid leave (out) these old familiar
tunes and such likes and so ons
in their place smoking on two legs
-- smoking**

A -- Hey B, what is that standing over there in such a secure way on its spread-out underparts?

C -- A! B's sick (from all of A's questions -- ed.), shall I answer for him?

A -- Yurp, Caes', go a'ead!

C -- Might I start with a question of my...

A -- Pack your question-filled bags, Caes', and then get packing yourself because, you cur, you wish to set up a headwin' agin' me, create dust and sorrow for me!

C -- Dear A! I have no intention of creating a headwind (he did not even wish to pose a question of his own -- ed.), rather I want, oh, I wanted to make you acquainted with a region which will probably seem familiar to you... if you would permit, I mean: if you wish to permit it, A?

D -- Hey C! (A has cleared o. -- ed.) A's gone, shall I carry on?

C -- I permit you to carry on, my good man, I mean: my hope is one which will place a good one in you, or at least on you, a good one in the sense, in the meaning, of the nature of the good; the good that is who don't give a damn or a brass farthing, a brass fart about it, isn't that something! O.K.?

E -- Hey C! D has kleared o! (he addresses the emptiness, i.e. the vacant stage, C, as E says, has kleared o and, as the ed. is compelled to say, cleared off or cleared out, although the ed. should not hide the fact that the backd. shows nothing but the large, clearly-painted word END).

Backdr' -- END!!

Correction -- Stop!!

F -- (E thoug. it was over, had ended, so he kleared o.) End's written wrong, Mme Backd'op

Ba'drop -- Listen, man, I've done nowtwrong, this is backdrop, and I am not Backd'op but Baa-drop!

F -- Fine, my sweet lady, but here it comes now:

End -- BAAADRROMMM!

Agonised Catcall -- GARRH, GARGARF!!!

Fresh conductor -- That was a stroke of pluck, Gutcall, I mean Catcall! Mrs End and Mr Badrop have have intershanged, I mean interchanged, or perhaps charged? charged off amidst the blahblah?

The latest conductor -- Clear boff, Fresh conductor! Let the backdrop have it's say, and you keep quiet, clear off! And all the best.

Backdrop -- END!

The very latest condoler -- Great, Calippo, my dearest aunt you... OOOPH... (has got a hernia from talking too loud -- ed.)

The editors -- That's it, finish, stop, enough, no more, tripe, off you go, but stop going on, O.K.?

End -- Just a minute, I've got to, quickly, just a mo'!

(The record player has taken up the issue after seeing that a large portion of the record was still unplayed, he has had a *false breakdown*.)

New Entrepreneur -- Hallo friends far and wide, the play, along with the administration of the decibel rations, has been taken over! By new people, all united in one person: ME!!

What's going on -- What's going on!?! Whasya name? Who are you?!

What's not going on -- This piece is not supposed to go on any more. Please, please, would someone or somebody take the record from the player. Or would Sam Wun ring down the curtain!

What's not going on to boot -- This piece is to be produced, and not without good reason (appearance of interesting persons, objections of all kinds), in an interesting way, or produced in fact in numerous ways [dream plays, nocturnes, passion plays, improvisations of every kind, (to name, blurt, explode, help out, overlook just a few possibilities) or Wun, or the well-loved hammer-blows at the door, or whatever else that is easy to digest, or makes a welcome diversion].

Allthis IS NO LONGER TO BE STAGED. It is neither to be staged nor put off, put on I mean. And now make way for the very last appearance here or in this here or at the very tail end of this piece, at the very least, and we hope last of all that there'll be an appearance by: Joe Miller from Calembour!

Welcoming committeeist -- What have you brought with you sar, I mean sar, I mean sar, I mean sir, sar, I mean sir from Calembour?

Old Chestnut -- Good sir, here you are! Here I am, by which I mean I have brought along some old chestnuts, but I see that I'm face down, I mean faced by a really hoary old one here, namely yourself, Mr Chestnut, I mean Mr Hereyouare.

Welc. Comm.ist -- This old, old, old, old, old, old chestnut, the old Joe Miller from Calembour, is the genuine thing, right? We're not supposed to be getting any fresh ones here, right?!

Clear Off -- CLEAR SOFF, PERFIDERIO!

CALAMITY -- Hopefully everything's over at last, isn't it?

Over -- Hmm, I have an odd feeling, like a kind of continuing episode, the man from Calembour looks, into my eyes, tough and perforated, I mean a toughie and with a wig, Sam Wun, I mean some one who has another's hair, I mean who clears off with Sam Wun's, no, another another's hair, o.k.,

and that on which this all claims to be, I mean aims to be built, is the building's foundations: only those with the utmost practise can stand on its faces, but the clever know how to live.

Dam -- Leave off with these dam' stupid remarks!

OLD CHESTNUT -- I see that no one's been listening to me. I'll go now, and may the background gobble me up!

Fair Enough -- O.K., Mr Calembore, sorry Calembour!!

Calamity -- Aren't they a calamity, not a chestnut, these gentlemen from Calembour.

Medical Doctor -- Dear, sweet, delightfully maddening, kind Calamitas! Charity, represented in this piece by her servant, wishes to say (sounding as polite as possible) to you: you have been infected, Chestnuticus chestnutensis has got you!

Chestitas -- (I mean Calamitas) I assume, doctor, that you are truly, I mean genuinely a servant of Caritas and not of Calamitas! For you have just hinted as well as delicately intimated that you are my servant....

Medicine Pump -- (I mean Doctor) Hahaha! Haha! Dear Hilaritas, you need not make any explanations for the calembour you just made with my epithet (not jest, mark you)...

Carlsameraritas -- (I mean Samaritsia) let me finish my explanation, for only then will it become a proper...

Medicinal Syringe -- (how mean, or what I mean is the medical doctor --) Oh, oh! I beg you for the most refined intimation and thereforth the corresponding indulgence and the correspondingly corresponding patience when I now say the following now: Ah, the Devil take it, now I've forgotten it... SATAN!!! (goes mad)

Silence -- I am the rest.

- Funeral Orator 1 -- The girl's garland of curls about her cunt, it was also the garland which our lord here, whom we have just chucked into a cold grave, I mean whom we have just lowered into his last resting place and so on...
 This curt, I mean curly cunt garland, who, who, who's, whose aura, I mean aureole, we cannot see, for she is standing here, chastely dressed, as one says, of whom it can be said that he, me, it, she would never go home without her stockings on, but rather that she would not even go out without, without stockings that is. Our corny whatsit here has placed the garland of curls about this young lady's muff as a garland about his garland of thoughts, I mean as a garland about his, I mean that garland which, I don't mean mental images but simply images, eh, oh, the, their, them, then, the, he, whose...
- Funeral Orator 2 -- Let me get to the grave, I mean let me take over, Orator No. 1! That's just not on, I mean if you carry on like that the play will finish too late, the evening is already old, I mean the evening is no longer that young, clouds are drawing in, not on the horizon, I mean we cannot see the horizon, so we can't, I mean I don't mean: we, I mean: I can see the horizon, stop! I didn't mean to say that at all, I mean I didn't mean it nastily, but now I don't know what else I should say, good n...
- Funeral Orator 3 -- Stop! Dear funeral marches, I mean dear funeral arses, all you weeping botties here, clear off, you soggy sackfuls of tears, I mean licked-off horny old he-goats and she-goats, off to Buckingham with you! Hand on my aching heart, I mean, hand on the garlands, and they feel like...
- Coffin --WHHHOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMPPPHH!!!
 (The funeral orator, I mean the funeral orators are speechless, the funeral coffins are wordlessly weeping and wailing, the directorate storms in)
- Directorate -- The director, the directorial lachrymaitresse and screambesoms enter, but they have forgotten the manus, and since no one has anticipated that everyone would suddenly go silent, they have to go home, I mean to the admin. office and fetch it, I mean the manus and the typing mule, I mean ghoul, who mewls and pules, and Miss Typewriter and Mr Right-Typer, and Miss Typebody and Mrs Typeface and this, and that, and that, and this, and those, and the other, and, and, and, hand, hand, hound, hound, hound, hound, hound.
- Subdirectrix -- So, and, and, and, and, and, and.
 Subdirectoire -- Oh well, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, hem-hem, hound, hound, pigs,...
- Substrator -- Stop!
 Subtractarian -- Welland, and, and, and, and, and, and.
 Woofles -- Ajax, and and and and, and, and, and, and, and.
 Modella -- Ah, hound, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, sow,...
- Motorbikador -- Oh dear, and, and, and, and,....
 Submoretor -- STOP!! and, and, and, and.
 Slubberator -- And one, two, three, four, five, six, sevn, eight, nine, ten, leven, twelve, thirt, fourt, fift, sixt, sevent, eight, night!
- Cantor -- Night is nigh!
 Subcantor -- One, and Two, and Three, and Fur, and Futz, and Five, and Six.
 Super-stopper -- Stop, that's enough!
 Con-tractor -- And, and, and, and, stuff and futz, and, and, and,...
- Stopper -- HALT!!
 Sub-laughter -- HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
 Carla -- And! And! And! And! And HALT!
 Carta -- HALT!
 Arta -- HALT! And, and, and, and, HALT!
 Sub Art -- And! HALT! And! HALT! And!...
 Directress -- Pack it in, all of you!
 All of them -- O.K.!

A1 -- Listen,

Far from here, in the far distance, there, far along the way is a lump lying on a lump, and a stutterer bends a wisecrack far, far, farcically far out-of-the-way down onto a dog, his dog, the stutterer's, not the stuttering's, the Spitz called Stutter's Spitz, the stutterer's dog who,

A1 + A2 -- underneath black lumps, looks out for the distance in the distance (he does see the distance and he looks inside to see whether there's an emptiness there, or whether inside, in its insides, there is something that can be found, that rustles, tears...)

B1 -- ... no! Thin down what you've found with fluid, then step forward, onto the stutterers' pedestal, as something bright, perhaps even as brightness per se, as a bright space in which That Named Brightness, termed thinning down, sometimes dallies when it is discovered in the form of the darkness -- when the brightness or the darkness is removed from it.

B1 + B2 -- Stuttering!

Stuttering -- Yes, here youam!

A1 + A2 + B1 + B2 -- Come over here!

Stutterist?

(it is bright, sunset, long horizon straight across, please no cloud dumplings.

Darkness descends, cloud dumplings draw in, storm, din, people arguing, and then it starts)

1st person -- It the darker grows, the more the storm grows and wind blows,
the flatter gets the more often it falls it.

1st person -- The more it often falls, then the darker the surface spreads out,

2nd person -- it is neither man nor woman, it is almost a service, it is a surface,

1st person -- it has turned dark, the horizon is no longer visible, which,

2nd person -- which long and crosswise, from from the right,

1st persons -- and from the left, and

2nd person -- and,

1st person -- and this piece should get completely tanked up, totally equipped with the same vowel.

2nd person -- Yes, that's the way is should be, not it, though,

1st person -- though,

2nd person -- though,

1st person -- though not it, rather the piece,

2nd person -- piece,

1st person -- piece,

2nd person -- piece,

1st person -- piece,

2nd person -- it should be the piece, that,

1st person -- that,

2nd person -- that,

1st person -- that,

2nd person -- that,

1st person -- that,

2nd person -- that,

1st person -- that does not search for a space for itself,

2nd person -- that does not search for a space for itself, but a space inside itself

1st person -- creates inside itself.

2nd person -- Like a Leica, like a ca-camera, like Leila the Leica?

1st person -- Yes, like a piece about how it creates space for itself?

2nd person -- Like when a piece of space, tired of space, lies down and whimpers,

1st person -- and,

2nd person -- and,

3rd person -- and,

4th person -- and,

5th person -- and,

6th person -- and,

7th person -- and headaches, create for me sacrifices the,

8th person -- sacrifices create headaches.

9th person -- Nothing creates nothing, for Nothing is nothing.

1st person -- This Old Shit is underhand talk.

2nd person -- These and those persons, numbers 3 to 9, are talking,

1st person -- yes,

2nd person -- oh yes

1st person -- oh no,

2nd person -- oh woe

1st P. -- woe,

2nd P. -- woe.

**give something specific
to a second person to say.**

**sacrifices create headaches (for me)
the headaches make you think of sacrificing
this entire book with one (and
the same vowel)**

118 -> D

N.1 -- Look back over there where age is lying, look it's waving!
N.2 -- The dear, the good, see how evil and badness have become good and sweet!
No.1 -- Listen how goodness has become bad!
No.2 -- Hear the badness issuing from the speaker's gob, the magician's throat!
Nr.1 -- Hear how it whistles out from there, listen to us calling it goodness goodness!
Nr.2 -- Listen!
N.3 -- And if you call the bad good, will it then become good?
N.1 -- Should it become good, badness?
N.2 -- What purpose should be served by that which has turned good?
No.3 -- It should not serve, it should rule!
No.1 -- Ou, that hurts!
No.2 -- Ouch
Nr.3 -- It has become badness, has not come to be it goodness!
Nr.1 -- Yes it has, you bitter pill! Come to be, namely named, come to be named!
Nr.2 -- The bad was only named -- just named, named, named bad!
N.3 -- Aha, just named, both good and bad just named? Oh lumme!
N.1 -- Hooray!
N.2 -- Ol,!
No.3 -- O.K.!
No.1 -- HARE...
No.2 -- HAIR!!!
Nos.1,2,3 -- HAARRUUSSS!!!!*

-- Look back there where age is lying, look, look how it's waving!
-- Yes love, yes goodness!
look how goodness and love have become
evil and wickedness!
-- Have they become so?
In that case they are not so
but something else!
-- Yes, look at the other,
the new!
etc. have them say how everything that's named
is always something else, even this as something different

* A Swiss war cry.

1 -- That which can become something else, that is the other, it is not That!

2 -- Oh dear!

1 -- That is just as little This as This is That!

2 -- Oh dear, oh, oh, oh!

1 -- Look! You see the sun -- you say.

The horizon glows and peace grows -- you say.

2 -- Stop! You said it, I'm saying this here.

1 -- I say -- sweet peace, where art thou?

2 -- I ask --

(He can't ask anything else), it has grown dark too fast, he can't see anything more, not even the other, neither can see or hear anything more, so what can one say?

We -- How about: where did she go, the virago?

Voice -- She was left behind.

You -- Where was she left behind?

Voice -- I don't know.

She -- Isn't it so that you don't know what to say, that It is too dark?!

I -- Oh, It is too dark, even for the brightest spark!

We -- By George we've got It!

Voices from the inside of the mountain -- GOO GU, GO GUU!

(the mountain topples, there are loud bangs, It rains...)

Voice from on high -- It is not raining, It is itting. We are weing, not seeing, nor despairing, forbearing or daring.

Voice from the depths, from an equally deep voice -- RRUMBLE!

Voice from deep down, from an equally deep voi -- GRUMBLE!

Fresh Wind -- Well, since we're not allowed to do anything, neither this nor that, nor say anything, and do not wish to despair because we are not allowed to, we should be allowed to study all that is here with a gladsome, alleviated, productive eye, you are the red cross-hatching, we hear, I the black! Let us cross-hatchings be, O observer of me!

My Observer -- Yes, let us be cross-hatchings, draughtsman of ours, but let me also be you draughtsman!

Wheelsie -- We'll see, BLOBB!

Observe because we aren't allowed to say,

it is it, we show it:

observation in red (female oberver)

observing redness

have said

-- Look back there where age is lying, look, look 'ow it's waving!

-- Yes the dear, the good! look 'ow goodness and love have become evil and wickedness!

-- Have they become that? Then in that case they are not that but something else!

-- Yes, look at the other, the new!

ETC -- We enjoyed having it said that the thing that's named is always something other, other even to this other here, this one here, the second but last other in this sentence.

We draughtsmen -- We show observation (well, since we are not allowed to say it is it): the redness, observe it *Mrs observer!*

Disruptions of parallels

The Painter -- When I take my place on the paintings in order to bare my parts, those soft parts that are linked, as it were, by a fine wire with Death, (*enter Misfortune, who pours ignominy over his heroism*)

The Lady Painter -- The painter has often, far too often mistreated me with his large picture painting, just as if it were something that is linked with something.

(Greatness exists solely on the teeth, or exists behind those eyes when they sleep, and they inspect what the dog, who rips both breasts apart during the night, would say?)

The Painter -- (*defiantly on top*) Hey, Farushka, let the paintpot steam, paint the painting, and what a painting! (take note, it can't carry on much longer like this!)

The Lady Painter -- (*gives in*) Let me sink into the gloomy autumn of my life bereft of pictures, my brushing days are over! [paintpot's full####]
(*whispers this and sinks into the dundgy gloom, and with that banging is heard for a long while after...*)

ROBBLE GOBBLE!

(in the depths)

The Painter -- STOP!! A CONFUSION!!

(*Listen, friends -- or friemds -- how the painter's rumble-pumple bangs away dully at our ears from the depths -- It is he who's buzzed off, not the paintress...*)

The Paintress -- Hail to me! (... she shouts) Gone are: care, concurrence, Mr Lorenz, birds are flying again! And I don't have to worry about a gravestone, Mr Collector has already ordered one. Hark, funeral bells do not ring even briefly through the world!!

Dear Claus,

this book is intended to be the scenes (the play) we talked about in Zurich after you saw and read parts of Sea of Tears 3 -- 1975 (?).

You can see how long it's taken. Right now -- in March 1976 -- I've only got through half of the rewrites I said I would do for "the stage."

It's going to come to exactly 246 individual scenes. Exclusive! Just for North Germany! At first I wanted merely to rework the old scenes (from Sea of Tears 3) into spoken scenes in the simplest, in the straightforward, easy and idle way, but now while tinkering about with it all I've come further and further away from that idea. I've gone astray with my images or figures (which in the meanwhile have been wound up and come marching up or been sent on their way), so I must ask you to (attempt to) view it as follows: one should also play a few of the old scenes which one still likes. Simply pick a few out and then, later the same evening, say, play these new ones (scenes). But they should all, both sorts, be performed in numerical order. The old ones (from 1974) according to their numbers, the new ones (from 1977) according to the page numbers, that is the inner chronicle, the clocktick of subjectivity! A chronological fiddling or hinting at chronic processes of development and bedevilment, or simply something of the sort or similar or different. They should be played as the mood takes one. It would be best in my view if they were read from the page -- different scenes each evening until the book (or books) are exhausted. Scenery as desired, none? No costumes. Or: you count the actors or at least you try to find a number of them by first reading out the play to be performed, you leave it up to the people (who you leave to perform on stage) to decide who reads or speaks what and how. The piece consists in the fact that one (the spectator) gets to see the way the piece becomes something, or nothing, as one says.

As a very rough general principle for directing them I would like to say (or write): whenever something has to be determined leave it up to the people who are performing.

As soon as they have to determine anything (as soon as some inner indeterminacy or other crops up which has to be clarified by means of a certain idea (imagination) or a certain kind of execution (acting) or a certain way of speaking (recitation), one can take this UNIVERSAL RULE (stick to this UNIVERSAL RULE): all certainty -- as and when you cannot incorporate it into your movements or diction -- will fall into your hand as light as a feather if you simply say, loud and simple, what is written on the page!

Rezoomay:

You must delegate the process of determining (which, after all, is what the so-called art of the so-called interpreter or director of the interpreter consists of) to the actors, and they surrender themselves to the certainty of the (printed) text. These two axioms -- one for you and one for the others (the actors) -- should be able to guide you wondrously through all the work, difficulties, questions and rows, and all temporal bottlenecks and rapids and such like.

Yours D.R.

A Lamentation -- (sings) With coy odour, of fruit's flesh,

Apprentice -- (stinks) Stench, fetid flesh,

Mixer -- (hums and purs) Sweetmeats roar off with a snort,

Fixer -- (cuts and thrusts) the blatherer's breath is exceedingly short.

Landlord -- (becomes) Lamentation! Lamentation, dismal tones from nix!

Wanderer -- (slumps under the table, poisoned by rotten fish)

Barmaid -- (sings and hums a lament in remembrance of times past)

Fate Worse Than Death -- (waves and waves and waves) Be prepared, the die is cast!

Giant Animal -- (long since dead, but people still hear its screams, aghast)

Record -- (turns and screams and scrapes on to the last)

Dust -- (settles all over the scene and the cast)

Surprised Thief -- (whispers) It's still dark and I've yet to be caught!

Good, I've still not been caught, the fattened pig sings no more. Throat cut -- what a heavy burden I've brought!

Small Clarifier, Gent -- This sonnet, it should have continued ringing out here!

It would then have come out that our pig, slayed by the thief, had sung the sonnet on the hastily departing thief's shoulder, one dark winter night;

it would have sung this elegaic sonnet;

a sonnet in the form the heaviness of

its own self, so that for the sake clarity

one would have said, and could say: the

pig is now singing that elegaic sonnet.

How did that come about?

Singing comes when the heart seems to have

been nipped off. The heart, and whom who has seen this pig painted there on a thief's

shoulder, with the words of this sonnet, does not find the heart nipped off?and whose heart

does not seem nipped off when they have seen this pig painted there, in the words of this

sonnet, on a thief's shoulder?

(Pig's lament on thief's hastening shoulder).

coy odour

of fruits from meat

bo

The sonnet should've carried on, continued ringing out,

so it would've become clear that the pig was doing nowt
but playing dead, and the sonnet was really sung so sweet
by the pig we thought had been carried off on a thief's feet.
Anna sonnit shoulda carrid on ringin' aat, wiv laughter,
'cos then the pork roast, too, would've begun te laugh te
the winter night. And it would have laughed after
thinkin' of all the things to laugh at here
in the laugh-sonnet that's being laughed again:
That a sonnet that should serve as a lament should fill you with laughter.

bathi by the lake
at night, wine and FUN
sexual intercourse
NONE

Rise up, sonnet spirit, give to me my suffering
in sonnet form from the mouth of a fattened sow
who's reputed dead. Give me, with my drooping brow,
a place to lament, as far away as the mountain

pasture is to the cow. Let me soar, fleet
and swift, o'er all of life's hard knocks
'pon wings of song rising from the flocks
of torments with neither hands nor feet,

and so to give myself the coveted end.
And torments, without end, but with the thrum
of the herd-members' tail-wags that shall drum

a sonnet for my depart. Wi' shit-co'ered feet
I leap up, grasping for even higher wages yet
than grief's peaks: the sounds of suffering's sonnet.

**By day or by night, your legs fly
over the holes in the path
over the holes
over the path
your journey's path leads you
over the pathholed way
by night and by day**

Mutt -- Should Herr Mann say something?

Mark -- Frau Herress should say something.

Mettle -- Frau Herress does not want to, but Frau Heiress does.

Market -- Herr Frau Mutt should say something.

March -- The May should say something, that snowdrops are fading, the clouds are blazing.

April -- May Hermann say something?

The Year -- The year draws in on the wings of the months, but Hermann...

Hermann -- Hermann's saying something.

No -- Hermann mustn't say anything, he must draw.

Hermann -- (draws) Hermann is drawing.

Spewer -- (spews) Habhruochlk!

Skua -- (swings its wings 'neath the trees

and both are caught by the breeze,

it swings them off to a cheery land,

where thoughts and writing material are at hand

Hermann doesn't need to draw there.)

Foreign, far-off,

unknown,

unnamed land -- Come in, Mettle, Mutt, Marcus March, April of this year, Hermann, No, Hermann, Spewer, Skua the wing-swinger! come inside, one and all, here you shall be happy and content and joyful.

All -- Thanks you, you dear, unknown land!

Should Hermann say something?

may Hermann say something?

let him say something

Hermnnn

A -- Would you like to be carried along on top of a horse, decked so with roses that it almost collapses, so that when you leap on it collapses completely, a bed of roses and Herr Rider, forget-not me?

B -- I would rather have a piece of information, and the fitting question for that would be: What's going on here, and what's the meaning of this all?

A -- Ooh, you man of sorrows you, you questioner from the picture book, go and live in Question City/Valley/Land/ville#, they'll rid you of yourcuriosity/ quizzicality there.

B -- Can't one be rid of it here, here, here...?

[A has disappeared, quietly but quite suddenly, so now one should say: wasn't he here? (A wall of questions is wafting up, run, B, run!)]

B -- I know full well that only what I say here can stand or sit or fall over or vanish! Baaht, seated on my little Rosinante of woes, my little horsey of black despair, I trot along with a little sleepingblackbeauty of despair, I mean with myself, together at an easy or brisk trot, I mean creeping along cautiously, up hill or down dale, I mean meandering 'long life's ways, and stumbling and tumbling and tripping and tottering and lurching... (sumbles, I mean stumbles over his own shaffold, I mean ownscaffold.) decked so with roses that it almost collapses, and as he leaps on it collapses and lo! a bed of roses has saved him!)

B -- But forget not me! You don't have to give me any of your advice about the meaning of this all, creeping about on this clod of earth! But will you help me to pick the man of sorrows back up when he falls out of the picture book?

Commentator -- There's a short circuit in the storyline, did you all spot it? There was a flash!

Supercomment. -- Nonsense, all just embroidery, thrashing about embroidered onto grimy hand towels.

There's nothing there apart from a few embroidered roses, galloping Rosinantes, sewn-together hand towels, and what for? Humph, tell me if you can, there's nothing to be seen here apart from embroidery work. But there's steam rising from the wash-tub, hail to thee, cleanly washer-woman! And there! is it time to start the washing??

(It was nothing, not even embroidered goods, all that was there was Mr Fad and Mrs Fancy!!! A sea of tears made of a seaful of tears.) ###-> title: Sir Mise

Offer -- He who laughs now has laughed last.

Laughter -- Gooohooohooohood Nighighighighight!

**Horse
with ROSES
on its face**

A -- Afterwards your regrets will make your fret and sweat, become fretful and fitful.

B -- The fear of the regrets, it's it's it's enormous.

A -- 'normous fear. On every twig of every bush sits the most ginormous fear...

B -- ... and screams.

A -- Can it can it can it be?

B -- Yes, Mr Fear! There's no escaping dread.

A -- Who should be dreadful?

B -- Mrs Dread! Ok?

A -- Mr Fear! No, really!

B -- Mr No Really! But really Mr No Really, I mean Mr O'Reilly. Mr O'Reilly! Where's Mrs Dread got to?

A -- She'll be back any moment, just went out, I mean off to get some relief for you, a relief that should allow you to
feel even more afraid afterwards.

B -- Hopefully I'll be allowed to scream really loud?

A -- Maybe.

(having crept into the vegetable kingdom, the mini-demons that often hide there among the reeds may pose a danger to humans who also wish to hide there, as dangerous as the little toadstool in the woods, the toadystool in the grove, in the copse, that dadadangerous.

We are able to listen in on a conversation, from which knowledge may perhaps grow into the hand thirsting for knowledge, who can say? And, who knows?)

A -- Mini-demons that have crept into the reeds can be as dangerous as a toadstool in the woods.

B -- They can become like toadstools as a whole, in both the woods and the open, that's what these dangers that have crept into the reeds can become. If they are mini-demons they can sometimes be a danger to humans; just like a toadstool that's old or poisonous, and that enters a person and kills him, there inside -- such that the person slumps into the reeds, they kill him there inside, the tiny villains named mini-demons.

(they have passed by, both of them, farewell, the two of you, thanks for the edifying information!)

C -- Break

(another two approach, and they, too, are talking about demons and people! Let's listen in, our hand thirsting for knowledge cupped to our open ear)

D -- Mini-demons that have crept into the reeds can be as dangerous to us humans, can have such a deadly deject us as the toadstool in the woods is or does.

B -- The way the toadstool in the woods works inside a person is the same as the mini-demon, the villain, the little chappie works in the reeds; and similarly the person sits, like the toadstool in the woods, in the reeds until it wooshes out of him -- just like the toadstool wooshed down into him -- out into the marsh.

(scarcely have the two passed by -- having also made us truly au fait with both humans and toadstools -- than another two approach, also discussing humans and toadstools! Let us listen, our paws at our lugholes.)

A -- Apart from toadstools, each and every mini-demon that creeps into the reeds is a danger to man, as deadly as a little toadstool in the woods.

B -- They act inside people by creating an urge to visit the reeds! And -- like the toadstool in the woods -- the man in the reeds gets forgotten once he has disappeared and been shugged down, away from Demon's Groundless Residence, Lord Mud, disappeared und been swallowed down.

(they pass by. Thanks, both of you! And you, dear listeners, take your hands from your ears so that the superfluous knowledge can flow out and, fare thee well!)

(Walking and wandering -- whoever does that does good by that. And it does him, her or it good to go wandering, walking or strolling. It's good to run, too, running does you good. Running and running, racing along and along for long, on and on. So, two wanderers, racing walkers, runners, long-distance runners, are marching, quickly and quite by chance, over the boards. STOP! dear friends, what's up, what's going on, what's the matter, what's this all about? Can one call something SOMETHING THAT EXISTS THERE, or can one not, or is there a hitch on the heels of this question, so that it will get reeled off in the following manner: Who's got anything to say to this? We ask you, you worthy walkers, where's your answer to that -- if you've got one? And are there several answers to this one question: What's going on, or what's up, or what's for sure? Who's to blame?)

A -- Listen, B! It smells like images here.

B -- An image can both kill and murder. When does it kill, and when does it murder? Now, I heard two wanderers, racing walkers like us, sprinters as they are called by both young and old, marching on and on and on on their two hind legs -- May I say that? is the question. The answer sounds much the same way as when it smells of toadstools in the woods, right? I ask. Ask me! it says. I answer: don't ask, don't ask, don't ask! And by outdoing it like that with one extra little sentence, I nip the question in the bud. The accompanying feeling is pleasant, or at least not so bad as usual, for normally people always feel pretty ghastly! As if you'd eaten a more than ample dish of toadstools from the woods.

(they have rattled past now, we can still see the sawdust flying from their quick little feet which, like the little toadstool in the woods, had rasped away at the wood of the stage floor as they milled along it. And in such a way many a wanderer mills his way through the undergrowth; numbed heel, the way some mushroom gatherers stretch an arm out at the one toadstool or other in a truly suicidal way. Peace to Earth!)

Stallion

A -- Down into the abyss, the good before your eyes, down into the bad.

B -- Up into the heights, the bad under your nose, wending one's way upwards towards the good.

C -- Right and fair! Good or bad before one's eyes or nose, up or down into good or bad, or to good or bad, or to bad or good, down or up, or up or down.

D -- Or upwards and downwards.

E -- That's right and good so! Or right so! and good so! which is to say: to sink or raise the good and the right up and down or upanddown, on or under your eyes, or before them, the bad before one's eyes, or to sink the good, sinking and rising, up or down, upwards or downwards, or upwards and downwards, that's something.

A -- That's nonsense, Eric, the name means he who is always rich, Eric the eternally rich, he who is rich in nonsense, has talked nonsense, sense before his eyes, and sense beside his two ears, has, by falling into the nonsense in his own mouth, fallen for his himself, I mean into himself, has sunk, by so sinking, into nonsense.

B -- Up into the heights, nonsense under your backside, sense in both ears and before both eyes, or in both eyes and ears, sense in your senses and devoted to nonsense.

A -- Down into the abyss, the sense before your eyes, down into nonsense.

B -- Up into the heights, nonsense before your nose, weaving your way up -- I mean wending your way upwards -- towards sense.

C -- That's right and fair so! Good or bad, I mean sense or nonsense, or rather nonsense or sense, by which are meant good or bad, into your senses, or your nonsense, to or fro, or not at all, or no longer.

A -- Down into Orcus, sense or nonsense, bad or good, upwards or downwards, DOWN!!

(Alternately down)

Motto: Oh malarkey! to be mollified and turned into something good and mild, why and wherefore? Because mildness is a form of good.

(Mathilda Hathmilde)

under -- over

down -- up

A -- Up out of the abyss, the good before your eyes, up from out of the bad.

B -- Down from the heights, the bad before your nose, turning downwards from the good.

A -- Right and fair! Good or bad before one's eyes or nose, up or down out of good or bad, or, from good or bad, or from bad or good, up or down, or down or up.

B -- Or downwards and upwards.

A -- That's right and good! So! or right so! and good! so to say: to raise or sink the good and the right downandup, or downandup, down, or over one's eyes, or behind them, the bad behind one's eyes, or to raise the good, rising, and sinking, down or up, downwards or upwards, or downwards and upwards, that's something.

B -- That's nonsense, Eric -- the name should mean he who is always rich -- O Eric, eternally rich and ever richer, who is always rich in nonsense above all other things, has talked nonsense, sense behind his eyes, and sense inside both ears, climbing out of the nonsense outside of his own mouth, he has risen above himself, I mean rising out of himself he has, by so rising, risen above nonsense.

A -- Down from the heights, nonsense above your head, sense on both ears and behind both eyes, or outside of both eyes and ears, sense outside of the nonsense devoted to nonsense, to the nonsense that arises.

B -- Up, out of the abyss! sense before your eyes, up out of the nonsense!

A -- Down from the heights, nonsense before your nose, weaving your way down to -- I mean wending your way from -- sense.

B -- That's right and fair! So! Good or bad! I mean sense or nonsense or rather nonsense or sense! by which are meant: good or bad, out of your senses, or nonsense, fro or to, or not at all, or: no longer.

A -- Up to Orcus! Sense or nonsense, bad or good, upwards or downwards, UP!!

(Sundown rises up)

- Everyman is sad.
- Everything.
- Everywoman.
- Each and everyman is glad.
- Each and everywoman.
- Each and everything.
- Each and everytin bucket is glad to be sad.
- The very tin is itself glad about its sadness.
- Yes, the sadness is glad about both the tin as well as the bucket.
- Yes, each and every sad person has a gladsome bucketful of tin in his mind.
- The summer birds stroke the hair of the women with their wings, they want to tear the tin buckets out of their quims!
- Oh! Woe! Wander onwards, oh wesome wanderer,
 stuff your bucket under your sad hat!
- Keep your muzzle buttoned tight, Bonzo,
 of else I'll bash your tin bucket flat!
- Watch your face, and best not under my heel,
 or I'll crush it until it goes splat!
- Stay right there, all you gloomy heads!
 You'll forget the worst of your cares when I say: you've been the last of that!
- Listen to what I say now... (falls over and into the Land of Silence, into the eternal... (falls over and into the... (etc.)))

One person talking -- Something can be seen here. What? A person who's talking. What's he saying? He's talking about two people. Come here you two!
(they come)

Two people talking -- We two have come to... (the forest surges back above their heads, with its trees, leaves, bushes and blossoms. Birds flutter between the trees, leaves blushes, I mean between the trees, twigs, I mean between the trees, branches, twigs, leaves, blossoms and birds, and they fly up high, till they are under the highest swaying branches, twigs and leaves, I mean branches, I mean birds under the, I mean they fly up high, till they are under the birds, twigs and blossoms that cover over and round off the uppermost forest up above, in order to bring them minced meat in their beaks made of small-beaked members of the forest's bird club. They upset the quiet and tranquility of the forest trees, such that a giant would have to come and record, quietly, those trees, branches, twigs, leaves, blossoms and birds that make the forest and the aforementioned surge and sway back and forth before our eyes and, behind, the above-mentioned couple -- I mean both of those previously mentioned -- go into hiding, but no giant comes, the scene remains like a minced meat rissole, perhaps an already fried meatball in the fridge, which is to say that the scene remains lying there, O.K.?)

Evening -- RRRAAAAABBOOnKeLL
Spitzberg -- RRRaaaaBonkel
Breitberg -- TrabonnNNNnnKeL
Sun -- RRRRRRABBBBoNNNNNg!!
Sunlight -- RRRRAAAAABBBOOOOIIIINNNNGGGG
Cloud 1 -- CARTONKEL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Cloud 2 -- CARTONKEL!_____!
Cloud 3 -- 12500 RACATONKERUBLES!____!____!
D -- RABANK!!!
Suffocating person -- AAAAIIIIIRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

Conductor -- Once the music plays you can have a piece of bread.

Listener -- Stop, weren't you supposed to say when th. mus. pl. you can have a dead body?

Doorman -- Stop, listener, listen to the music, it whistles and yells like a listener, and like a maddened ox!

Ox -- Stop! There's music whistling here!! Let me hear it!!! Yell quietly!! Stop yelling!

Cow -- Shout, no, speak, whisper!

Bull -- Be silent!!

Calf -- Die!!!

The Musicians -- Yessir, we'll do it -- dry, we mean, die! As ordered, off with us, away, down into the Orcus!
(the dim-witted musicians are whisked off down, in accordance with the resolution, tearing the conductor with them. Cheerio, dear conductor...)

Interrupting Questioner --

Stop, who's speaking? (Commentator is speaking) Ah! (Bull, Cow, Calf and Ox hurry joyfully onto the conductor's rostrum in their respective order of importance. A din ensues. Who knows, are the beasts playing musical notes, or are the beastly humans making Orcus rumblings? This is accompanied as ever by music that has been discreetly orchestrated in the background under prudent direction. O.K., we have seen and heard enough, good night dear neighbours, close by and far away, we still enjoy hearing music play, as in our salad days, while we still made hay!)

Fortuna -- May I say to you with this fleeting smile: children, see you again I don't think!? Your music reminds me of the old piece I often used to have the cattle play me in my youth: The Lord is my Shepherd, and it'll be my lot, to end up one day, inside of his pot, Oh, if only I need never take a nap and could always stay awake, and keep a permanent look-out for my skin's sake!

1st Head of Cattle -- But some really enjoy their sleep. And they often land at a tender age, before reaching full bloom, unbloomed, unheard, unsung and chopped up, as it were, in their respective pots, good night!

2nd Head of Cattle 2 -- Who forgot to keep a look-out?

3rd HoC -- Fortuna forgot to!

Clever Dick -- Stuff and nonsense! Fortuna has even made common cause with us, inhabitants of this terrible clod of earth, us mildewers of this planets, so I wish you good night!

The rest -- (who have surv.ed the fall into Orcus.) Nuffin' 'ere! Nobody's ever made any cause, oh woe and pshaw!

G.N. -- GOOOOONNNNNIIIGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

Good Night -- LOOK OUT! A forger's passing through the land!!

Question -- Why, if you please, and why not, please?

ZOG -- RRRRRz'GOGGOOIIIINNG!

Ram -- RRRRRz'GOGGOOIIIINNGH!

Harem -- (worms its way through a sauce of human froth) HEY, YOU SHOUTING OVER THERE, could you turn down the noise?

Traveller -- (passing through briefly) Do you mean turn down the woofers and tweeters of the Tannoy?

Answer -- What for?

Futura -- (making an urgent departure) You'll not see me again, O inhabitants of this inhospitable spot!

Inhabitants -- Hail to us! Futura is giving sanctuary to our spotty thoughts!

Good Wishes -- Hail to thee, grubby inhabitants of that grubby spot!

Wind -- (has passed by)

Astonished Question -- What's going on here?

Happy Days -- (have not yet come again)

Patience -- PLEASE!