

I do not speak of love here

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Translation for the Baltic Circle festival: Martina Marti

To sit down, to be seated or to take a seat.
The behind is made of meat.
The chair of wood.
The wood comes from the earth.
The earth from the pit.

With the pit, it's like this:
It has to be filled with the mound. The things that pile up!
'cause with piling up, it's like this: something can fall from above.
'cause with piling up, it's like this: something can fall from above.

But is it falling or has it fallen?
'cause if it's falling, it can be caught with the mouth.
Or with the hand.
And if it has fallen, it can be picked up with the mouth.
Or with the hand.
But then you have to bend down.
For example: a leaf. With the foot. It can be stepped on.
Is it falling in or has it fallen in? The foot has an advantage.

To sit down, to be seated or to take a seat.
The behind is made of meat.
The chair of wood.
The wood comes from the earth.
The earth from the pit.

With the pit, it's like this:
It has to be filled with the mound. The things that pile up!
Beat firm with shovels. But with shovels or with a shovel?
And how many are beating? Can't see. Let's say: two.
One to beat, the other to pour.

How many are beating then? Can't see. 'cause they're beating in turns.
When they are done with beating, they continue with their feet, as if the pit were filled
with cabbage.
And not with this burden - may God rest its garbage, after the balloon of the soul has
burst and the body died.

You mustn't speak like this. It has stopped.
Fine by me, it's stopped then. It has stopped, even though it has fallen.
In that case it's better to be a pig. A breeding pig.
A deity with breeding, in portions.
'cause then – chop, chop, done for. With an electrical human hand.
And some human being is done for – chop, chop, chop.
- but not with the well-known armed human hand,
but with one from somewhere, from above, or from the deepest corner.
With a much bigger or much smaller hand.
A hand like lightning.
No lightning, however, but a sort of pinching and twitching all over the highly praised
body.
Or all over the body that turned disgusting.

And no-one knows who. But we know who lies by our side.
On the side that can be seen. The corpse.
For the other side can again not be seen.

But from there one sees again.
If only we were seen.

So here he lies, by our side, the legs with pressed creases, stiff.
Here he lies, the corpse with pressed creases, stiff.
Here he lies, the face with pressed creases, stiff.
Off we go then, feet into the feet, like into cabbage.
Off we go then, feet into the body, like into cabbage.
Off we go then, feet into the face, like into cabbage.
A job like any other. Beating in gallop.

To sit down, to be seated or to take a seat.
The behind is made of meat.
The chair of wood.
The wood comes from the earth.
The earth from the pit.
The pit does not move. Upwards.
Maybe it would move, except it doesn't know anymore
which way is up.

So it moves towards the centre of the earth, but without a thought.
Because of what I've just spoken of that one doesn't know.
When it has already gone quite far, so that it is almost two-digit, two-storeyed,
then it is filled up and crushed down with the tomb slab plus the inscription.
For example: "Here your heart's angel turns downwards."
Or: "Dig me out. Bury yourselves."
Or: "I'm better than the one to my right but worse than the one to my left.
Let's see what it's like in heaven."
Or: "Why repent when the worms rejoice in me?"

And the dates, in stone or wood: 7th March 1956, 19th January 1941, 6th June 1927,
31st August 1984, 25th October 1908, 13th May 1994, 24th December 1968.
These are not at all birth dates, even though those exist in a similar variety.
In stone or in wood. Also: No knocking, no door bell, no hammering, no wiping of shoes.
Only trumpeting, on Judgement Day.
But no such Tataa with a black limousine without a backseat.
Here, no Tataa.

They say that the angels tattooed onto God's arm will play the trumpet.
At least that's what the sailors of the river authorities say whose ships drive half-buried
in sand.
It would be important to hear what the sailors of the sea authorities say.
Especially from those who have turned into pillars of salt.
Maybe important, maybe not. 'cause if it's details that matter then we have those birth
dates available: 7th March 1956, 19th January 1941, 6th June 1927, 31st August 1984,
25th October 1908, 13th May 1994, 24th December 1968.
In stone or in wood. But who's interested in birth dates in such a place.
Except maybe to subtract them or to add them. From or to the dates of death.

Then, mathematically, the birth dates are interesting.
Or more precisely: Because of the pain of mathematics teachers who still reside deeply
within us.
For example: So, how long did this one live:
One thousand two hundred minus one thousand one hundred and twenty – makes
eighty.
For example: And this weakamathic – eighteen years and fifteen days.
Three weeks minus six.
In the end even these calculations have a purpose.
On – the preliminarily so-called – "Judgment Day".

No need at all to know how to read the time.
On the cemetery that's completely useless.
Except, someone's in a hurry.
Probably you're more likely to be in a hurry outside the cemetery though.
Because here, I would doubt that very much.
Except a suicide, but he'll be more in a hurry to leave the cemetery's fence behind himself.
'cause the shops selling rope close at four.

But precisely at four?
Or do you still have a couple of minutes after four?
And a hook? When do hardware stores close?
At six. But precisely at six? Or do you still have a couple of minutes after six?
And a chair? A chair he's been needing for a while now,
if he wants to suffer an elementary loss and not just slightly scratch his health.
Even if that scratch is, let's say, somewhere here, on throat-level.

OK, let's summarise: a scratch on throat-level,
combined with a not unsubstantial dislocation of body and soul.
A second scratch on chair-level. Here referred to as elementary loss.
Plus loss of rope and hook which were confiscated as evidence.
But what kind of evidence can they be?
The main piece of evidence is still the head which can be turned with the help of the throat.

For example, in the case of Mr BE, for assault.
Beginning of the hearing: nine o'clock.
Let's assume Mr BE is blond, with a vertical parting.
Of course the blond head with the vertical parting is the main piece of evidence.
But it's up to the court to decide,
which head, and then to file charges against Mr BE, the blond one with the vertical parting.
In the case of the brunette Mr BY, the main piece of evidence is the brunette head.
Only, we don't know how Mr BY wears his hair.
Maybe like so: with a vertical parting or a horizontal parting.
or maybe the hair is pulled along the head or maybe the hair is ruffled across the head.
Then investigations are carried out.

For example: One has to trace him.
For example: One needs two pairs of shoes.
For example: One has to be able to operate with a newspaper.
For example: One must not lose sight of the fugitive because of a passing train.
For example: One has to be able to buy flowers without explicitly needing them.
For example: One has to walk around a lot. Because of Mr BE who's blond for example.
Only, we don't know how Mr BY wears his hair.

'cause maybe like so: with a vertical parting or a horizontal parting
or maybe he pulls his hair along the head
or maybe he ruffles his hair across the head.
Then investigations are carried out.

For example: One has to trace one.
For example: One has to walk around a lot.
For example: One observes all the hairdressers in town.
For example: One writes down when they eat.
For example: If they eat greasy.
For example: And if they – because of that – make the hair of the people in their immediate surroundings greasy.

Let's say, in steps perhaps:

2500 steps to the right over the left shoulder and 2500 steps to the left over the right shoulder.

While going after the brunette Mr BY, one picks up the hairdressers, who play a comb. That's called combined action.

The most important thing is not to confuse Mr BE with Mr BY.

For if Mr BY is condemned to thirty years on the galley and Mr BE to thirty years heavy labour, then it's good not to blame justice for the errors but to pay attention to everything, like you're meant to.

BY here, BE there, and one has to face the requirements.

Of course, one can use a specially trained dog for everything that I have said here.

But it has to be fed. Twice a day.

No, twice a day – that's the cat. Once if there's mice.

And a dog eight times a day. If there's mice. And twelve times during the night. If there's no mice.

Besides, the dog has to be taken for a walk. Eight times daily. If there's mice.

And twelve times at night. If there's no mice.

The cat doesn't need to be taken for a walk. It does it itself.

The shovel and the pit are the main thoughts here. The most important thing is not to lose the main thought.

The shovel is a shovel. It's easy to fill the head with a shovel.

But this pit is one of those that get deeper to the same extent as they get wider.

And there, on its presumed ground it forks into many corridors and caves.

We'd rather hold on to the shovel.

Well, there has to be some kind of purpose to it.

All those years in numbered classes with this vast number of unnumbered flies on the ceiling.

'cause if you consider the life of a fly, it's like this: you easily miscalculate it.

Let's assume there are six light bulbs. To your relief we only observe three.

On those the flies land. There they do what they have to, reducing the illuminating power of the light bulb in doing so.

And then they fly away.

If three flies land on the first bulb, four on the second and five on the third, the number of flies can be determined easily, even without rounding up.

Only – as I already pointed out – that you easily miscalculate when observing flies.

Because they are so unstable.

So, if three flies sit on the first bulb,

in no time six will sit there, and shortly after two.

And four flies sit on the second bulb, but soon after eight flies sit there, and then twelve.

And five flies sit on the third bulb, then ten, and then fifteen.

You will soon reach the conclusion that there are one hundred flies sitting on the bulbs, if you round up.

Except that in the case of rounding up there's no point in making the tedious effort of calculating upon yourself.

In any case, you always see a hundred. Except we round up to one thousand.

Then you always get one thousand sitting flies. Not counting the ones standing.

The only thing which can be said is that there are x amount of flies sitting on the first bulb.

y amount on the second. z amount on the third. And two on the wall.

This method allows contemplating flies without getting melancholic or bored.

Especially coupled with a glance out of the window to familiarise oneself with the advantages of existing out there.

So, because a burning light bulb singes the legs of a fly, or on the contrary cools them down if the bulb is not burning, the calculations are impossible.

With the exception of the two flies on the wall,
whose number we can define as unchangeable as two point zero.
And all of this with an aimed flap of the newspaper.

So there has been some kind of purpose in this.

All those years in numbered classes with this vast number of unnumbered flies on the ceiling.

Subtraction and adding are only useful on the cemetery if the aim is to carry out tiny but fundamental calculations which concern the length and fleetingness of life.

And we nicely carry all of this out in our memory with the help of a stone.

That's the grave stone from which we read all the so-called raw data.

Why do we learn so late about this mathematical use.

It would be interesting to know if those lying here care at all about our standing calculations.

Except if we conduct the calculations while sitting.

But then we'd have to formulate the question differently.

It would be interesting to know if those lying here care at all about our sitting calculations.

Possible that those lying there can't differentiate between our standing calculations and our sitting calculations.

In this case it would be best not to formulate the question at all.

It would be better to assume something and stick to that – independent of the often painful consequences.

Let's say the one up here who's still standing or sitting, got something wrong in his adding and subtracting.

If he's well enough educated that he can differentiate between these two activities.

If there is anything to differentiate.

After all there's no evidence that he's mistaken.

At least none on paper with his name under it, Heaven forbid.

Especially since in this place the names are embossed in polished concrete to be posh.

Papers with names on them lose their validity and are not prolonged. Not even for official purposes.

This one has nevertheless made a miscalculation.

I don't want to accuse anyone or force anyone into a tight spot, but between you and me, he has made a mistake in his standing and sitting calculations concerning those lying here.

Let's say of about thirty years. In favour or to the disadvantage of those lying here.

Assuming he is educated enough to differentiate between these two activities.

If there is anything to differentiate.

That is to say, this one here who died ten years ago has the right to live in prosperity or poverty for another twenty years.

Assuming he is educated enough to differentiate between these two activities.

If there is anything to differentiate.

So the shoeblack lying here at our feet has the right to iron white shirt collars for another twenty years.

Standing up or bent over.

Assuming he is educated enough to differentiate between these two activities.

If there is anything to differentiate.

Unless case number 2 takes effect.

That means this dead person should have been buried twenty years earlier, which would have saved him many a happy day and ceremonial breakdown.

Assuming he is educated enough to differentiate between these two activities.
If there's anything to differentiate here.

To sit down, to be seated or to take a seat.
The behind is made of meat.
The chair of wood.
The wood comes from the earth.
The earth from the pit.

The pit. Swallow spit.
To replace the pit's moisture with one's own moisture.
Not to confuse one moisture with the other – the pit's moisture.
You can dry up for fear of perishing.
You can't speak while swallowing. This anatomical principle is widely spread.
What a relief. You don't know if it's better to have spit in your ears or on your tongue.

Thus the difference between speaking and hearing perceived after regularly carried out examinations becomes apparent.
Either to shut the mouth once and for all or to open it once and for all.
If someone's mouth stinks, it makes the task easier for him. He needs to air himself.
Best to get rid of the evil smell by making top-class statements.
Best one after the other.
In some logical, accepted or forced order.
If you understand what I mean. There will be no additional relief.

I personally envy everyone who is covered in slime independent whether they have been drawn upon as examples from the world of animals or from a higher, namely a human level.
But only if they are covered in slime.
One must insalivate the entire surface of the body while the mouth has to stay dry, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, as long as it's dry.
Dry lips are evidence of good upbringing.
Especially during contact with a glass or a trophy,
when they don't leave these embarrassing traces.
The same good upbringing applies to dry lips during contact with these anatomical organs which are referred to as chalices of lust in line with the just mentioned glass containers.

Dry lips disappoint all the more in such circumstances due to their inability to glide.
Such a good upbringing disappoints in moments of lust.
That particularly applies to well-mannered women who have been warned by their mothers not to do it with their mouths.
These well-mannered women are known as desert women or dune princesses,
these names are very often used in fairytales,
and thus allow avoiding vulgar words which make children standing in bed fall asleep.

Dry lips are evidence of good upbringing.
But not only the mouth. Also a hand can be evidence of good upbringing.
A hand well given or reached out, pleadingly extended,
or a badly clenched fist which solves however some differences.
But above all, a dirty foot has to find its own way.
For a clean foot could just fake a good upbringing,
while in reality only being the extension of something in principal incomplete which stands out behind a table and can't keep its lips dry,
independent of whether hidden or pressed together – the lips that cut into infinity,
just like the ivories of the divine Mona Lisa in sunny Italy. Current place of residence:
France.
A dirty foot has to be under the table.

These are the unexplored secrets of human scent,
produced by different human body parts.
Only too often without our explicit requirement.
Due to adding and subtracting for example we start to smell in a festive place at a
moment when we really want to make an impression.
This proves that there are higher beings who watch over us
and ignore the olfactory canons of human beings – as fallen beings.
To which they have every right.

We have no idea,
how the so-called light, called promised paradise by the extraordinary poet by the name
of Dante, falls between the two distilled worlds.
The body reeks pathetically even though the body is not much more than the carnal
foundation for the monument of the spirit
which ponders about its worries in its flapping nightgown.
That's our disembodied future.
The sublimation of the stench.
As chemistry has neglected, it will sink even deeper. To the gates of hell.
And there it will race forever without slippers through the corridors and across the
flaming ground.
If you know what I mean. There will be no additional relief.

Here the tasks of a good upbringing don't just tear off.
Ask your mothers. On the contrary:
They are bundled and delivered to the shops where the ability to go through life can
be acquired.

Sometime you have to bite, sometime turn your behind –
that's what people think, that's what's haunting many of them.
But one also has to be able to say something, most often for example to a woman,
for example from above so that she sees whom she's dealing with and so on.
If it were to come to an act at all.

But also from below so that she doesn't see it. To maintain a mysterious aura.
Also conceived more widely, for example with regard to her dreams about us.
Of course only if we have gotten some kind of signal.
Most often an articulate clearing of the throat which is the prelude to accompanying her
home in the moonlight,
or to look for mushrooms so as not to break the mycelium.
If it's accidentally not washed entirely clean.
After that the only thing left to do is to increase the speed.

If you understand what I mean. There will be no additional relief.
As soon as the human being wakes up he already sees himself awake, he sees himself
like in a dream, in his pyjamas.
As soon as he has seen the one who woke up, he already has his mouth full of so-
called morning activities.
Then he sees himself eating, he hears how he goes down the stairs. That runs longest
along the railing.

Then there's a break which is hard to describe.
On the basis of his human existence, with the help of a no longer topical philosophy
and a randomly selected tool man erects the superstructure out of weariness of his
own plight.

In principal this is what happens during the break, it's a crack in life,
it's the hole referred to in Sunday sermons as work.
The female singer who was announced from the height of the pulpit and who has no
vocal cords from Monday onwards.

Later man sees himself on the stairs, and he hears the one eating or the one sleeping who has qualified for the group of the ones peacefully sleeping. Despite many and useful savings such a day does not meet the actual expectations which were attached to the interlocking of the past and the future, he therefore has a fundamental shortcoming in relation to the so-called luminous present.

Here's the shortcoming that the sleeping philosophers have developed with all their strengths.

Here it rests. If you know what I mean. There will be no additional relief.

The birds chirp. The grass grows.

Only few know what nature is all about, mostly those who examine their own shit. With their finger.

The day starts with the underestimated warning from nature.

The birds' morning lament is proof that something is out of order,

With the day of human plight dawning in the dawn.

The rays lie on top of each other. There are quite many.

To sit down, to be seated or to take a seat.

The behind is made of meat.

The chair of wood.

The wood comes from the earth.

The earth from the pit.

The pit. The closer to the ground of the pit, the more comfort from the pit.

It is easier to dig something out of the pit than the surface of the so-called earth.

I'm not talking here of the whole planet, but solely of its better organised locations.

Organised and stable.

First, the moisture in the pit makes it impossible to crease one's clothes, therefore one can – without worrying – lower oneself into the pit in Sunday clothes, which is also commonly done.

Especially when doctors – at first only suspecting a slight cold – decide in favour of death – as the symptom of health.

Which has just now reached its end.

But the choice available to doctors is much poorer than that of any random catalogue of any random mail-order company.

'cause what do we have here:

A liver torsion, an overacidified kidney, a deformed lip, concave flatulence, a rotting leg, a holy headache

and finally for dessert:

The festive urge to be buried combined with the first independent steps of death.

Second: One can sit down in the pit.

Third, one can stick one's head out of the pit and take a good look.

No danger that someone kicks you in the bum.

And what about love?

One can wonder about love within the pit or just as well on the hardened surface.

If you wonder on the hardened surface, you should have your head in the pit:

Anyone there? And what about love on the hardened surface?

Silence. Then love smudges itself. Until it becomes invisible. Our precious love disappears.

Of course I speak of the kind of love that is free of charge and dreamt of.

I speak of the body's youth which is step by step replaced by the body that has gotten old.

To express oneself by means of incapable limbs about the fundamental problem of love which chokes the heart.

But here, no old tree trunk sticking out of a black sea asks about love.
Here one asks strictly about love from the foundation of youth.
With widely spread legs and with the forehead locked in a spacious park composition.

That is: The question asked from the hardened surface with the head in the pit will remain unanswered.
Just like the question asked from the pit with the head sticking out of the pit will remain unanswered.

Therefore also that question, which is asked by a head as if presented on a plate as a victim to the hardened surface, remains unanswered.

Even though there's no circuit here, no so-called electric cable, whose existence disturbs payable telecommunications, it also happens so that this experiment which is called interpersonal communication is being decomposed.

So the questions about love is answered with lots of interference despite the indispensable simplification in from of a direct connection between head and pit or between head and hardened surface.

For which we sincerely ask for your forgiveness. The machine swallowed something. And at the so-called bottom line, we get – silence. It is the so-called unbearable silence.

If it's for example about the prevailing sleep to which we must abide in order to increases our personal culture, like keeping our near environment clean, e.g. of thrown-away paper.

So the desirable sleep is full of breathing, squeaking beds, snoring, snotting, full of echoes which make every urinary flow rattle like a two-barrelled shotgun, full of stinking sounds summarising the digestive process, shaking bowel, first to the left, then to the right. That's not everything.

What would you say if the hours were announced by burping?

One o'clock – dream with mother.

Two o'clock – dreamt of a huge cauliflower.

Three o'clock – dreamt of the Peloponnesian war (431 – 404 BC).

Four o'clock – dreamt of fence posts. One was gnarled with a crack.

I have often analysed this dream. Always with satisfactory results.

Five o'clock – dream of a sugar cube which moves in my mouth from gland to gland.

Six o'clock – dreamt of a ceiling, then of a wall, of a second wall, and yet of a third wall.

A doorway, a baseboard, a crack in the floor. A small piece of cotton in the crack.

Seven o'clock – dreamt of a little bottle and a pipette.

Eight o'clock – dreamt of new burps.

This is what the demanded sleep looks like, in contrast to the unbearable silence which falls after the question of love.

As well as after the question asked from the surface with the head in the pit, as well as after the question asked from the pit with the head sticking out of the pit, so actually asked by the head as if sacrificed on a plate to the hardened surface.

With the pit, it's like this:

Fill it up with the mound. The things that pile up!

'cause with piling up, it's like this: something can fall from above.

But is it falling or has it fallen?

'cause what falls, can be caught with the mouth or with the hand.

But then you have to bend down.

For example: a leaf. With the foot. It can be stepped on.

Is it falling in or has it fallen in? The foot has an advantage.

With the pit, it's like this:

It has to be filled with the mound. The things that pile up!
Beat firm with shovels. But with shovels or with a shovel?
But how many are beating? Can't see. Let's say: two.
One to beat, the other to pour. How many are beating then?
Can't see. 'cause they're beating in turns.