

F r o n t

w.s. wakefield

Front

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Front

für Julia

I

A person sits on the edge of a bed. The oversized t-shirt they're wearing reaches down to their lap. It's ruffled at the edges. A group of pigeons eat some crumbs from the ground. A clock is ticking somewhere. A large clock on the street has the image of a devil on it. An older couple is standing at the tram stop, waiting for the next tram to arrive. A woman lets down her hair. Her eyes fill with tears. I'm flattered, she says. A colleague of hers arrives five minutes before eight. He searches for her name on the register and rings the doorbell, listening with his ear and shoulder to the door. He stumbles inside. There is something I have to tell you, he says. When did it happen, she asks. Weeks, months? It happened two days ago, when I came home and noticed your fuzzy blue socks resting on the back of the wooden desk chair in my room. He writes to a friend. I'm sorry. She tells him how she had thought there was maybe something between her and someone whom he doesn't know. But the smell of that other person didn't suit her. The visitor smells her neck. And then her hair and her neck. Nothing changes. She keeps herself from smelling him until right before he leaves. Now I've indeed smelled you, she teases. She calls him through the stairwell. She is standing in the doorway. They are distracted. She misreads his want to embrace for a want to return inside. I don't want any drama. I'll try my best not to make any, he says. He maintains that he wants to be an open book. She can read him. The waves of heat rising from his skin distort the air around them. We're not friends, he tells her. I want to be your evil villain. She reminds him not to overstep boundaries. Then I'll be the kind of villain that indeed does not overstep boundaries. He wishes to embrace her before returning home. Her eyes water. The thawing blueberries leave a dark purple stain on their fingertips. They are watching the documentation of a music-theater piece. They sit close to one another. I indeed had a crush on you when we first met, she tells him. He asks himself what had happened to it. I'm having trouble being near to others during the pandemic. And I'm caught in the past, still holding on to the

traces left by something long gone. He later takes into account that he's already accepted this. I wrote a poem while thinking of you. He reads it aloud. You're brave. I wrote about our walk and added some wishes. I don't want to make any contracts. I don't understand what you mean, she says. I don't want to lock you away in a castle. He tries to explain an ambiguity. She gives him a book of love letters. He had given her a book about love. She has begun to read it. She likes it. They eat cookies together. She opens a bottle of wine. While it has a metal cap, she uses a corkscrew nonetheless. She likes that it is sweet. He says it's not too sweet for him. They put frozen blueberries in their glasses. She made popcorn. They eat popcorn. She offers him bread that she had made. He eats a slice with avocado, salt and pepper. He eats chocolate. It's delicious. They drink water from glasses. They show each other music. Her flatmate, a music teacher, is singing quietly to herself in a different room. They listen to an interpretation of the Seikilos epitaph together. She shows him recordings of Bulgarian vocal music. They listen together. She was there, at the performance. She asks him if he ever saw *Einstein on the Beach*. He has. He used to listen to minimal music a lot. She's not very familiar with it. You might like the music of Steve Reich, he adds. Dust settles. Someone checks the time. It's getting late, she yawns. You can sleep here, on the couch. You know I'd be glad to sleep here. But not on the couch. He wonders whether he should leave. I'm not capable of any decisions right now, she puts to him. He leaves. The tram comes in two minutes. If he had missed it, he would have had to wait an hour for the next one. He likes the chocolate she offers him. Someone she somewhat likes has left town temporarily because their house had become infected with the disease. I want to maintain trust between us, he says. We're almost like siblings. Something is in the air. It's an attempt to invent a symbolic resolution to a real contradiction on the social level. It's an attempt to articulate an imaginary solution for a problem in the realm of lived experience. Text and "context" constitute one another simultaneously. The thought of death appears. The thought of

death refers to that which falls outside of reference. Their dreams move to the tune of a particular kind of hope which *does something*. Fear is felt by a person. Sickness is felt by a person. Someone attempts to perform a symbolic act. Someone attempts to restructure the raw perceptual material of some ultimate realities into the form of a story. It's not about me and it's not about you, they argue. We cannot remain complacent, nor pretend we're content with the privatisation and reification of transformative praxis. I am not my insides, says the mouth. Hope and desire cannot be reduced to the level of the "individual" or the psychological. It would be a mistake to read poetry as something inert. Everything is, in the final analysis, political. It would be inadequate to maintain that some texts are not primarily political and social. It's inadequate to view any sectors of speech and language as not primarily political and social. It would be a grave error to reinforce the privatisation and reification of thought. She kisses him on the lips. Their lips touch. He draws his fingers through her hair. She lets her hair down. They are breathing deeply, together. The essential mystery of the past is momentarily restored. In the recombination of separate sectors of being, they feel the utopian thrust of new spaces opening up. They constitute one another. They emerge together. I don't want any drama, she warns him. Existence hungers to present itself. The pandemic tent has just closed. They hadn't updated the internet site. The apothecary has just closed. He runs to the upper floor of the shopping mall and on into a makeshift infectious disease test center in a hollowed-out storefront. Do you need the results today?, the man at the counter asks. Will you do a test before coming over?, she asks. Or have you anyways not seen anyone else in the past couple days. He entertains the thought of sleeping with her. He writes it down. He resolves to invent imaginary solutions for real contradictions. The weight of grief is shared by two people for a present moment. They share a present moment and they are alive. They share a present moment of mortality and they are alive. It is unmeasurable. Its location is without

coordinates. The music occurs. Meaning occurs. They exist together. They are being born and they are dying. There's no need to self-actualize. We're already here in the world. He looks at the book she gave to him. He searches for marked passages. *Ich habe noch schwere Tage gehabt, mit vielen Zweifeln, Verzweiflungen, aber man kann die Ängste nur in die Wirklichkeit tragen und sie dort auflösen, nicht im Denken. Das Herz wird zu leben wissen.* Someone's dying. It's getting colder. Warmth and life flee the scene. She lets down her long, dark hair. She looks down as she smiles. I think my parents think you're my boyfriend since I tell them about you often. I could play the part if you ever need be. I could put on a suit and say I've got business in Asia. Sometimes they're representations. Representations of what? Does that mean the feeling is true? He tries to restructure the feeling into text. They try to transcribe their thoughts and feelings. They fail to transcribe their thoughts and feelings. History is failing every day. A red cup stands on a tall, black desk. It has an image of an angel on it. Someone recalls a talk about *gleichzeitige Ungleichzeitigkeit*. The smell of her resides. An invitation arrives. It contains the verbs *verstehen* and *vertrauen*. A person asks themselves if they are going mad. A person is fixated on the idea of another person. A person is in love. Time is moving strangely. Time has stopped moving, or it's moving in uneven intervals. It's still early, somehow. We haven't known each other for very long. The person who is in love feels that a clarification is urgent. There is no ability to focus. The fate of construction seems daunting. The possible futures are pouring from the objects. A person thinks about dying. A person imagines themselves dying. They feel false relief from the simplicity which this thought offers. The future is unknown, they think to themselves. The chest feels an unusual amount of pressure. It's like listening to Wagner. Death. And the heroic. A ship is sailing somewhere. Somewhere, chapters are being written by groups of people. The intensity of a truthful encounter is overwhelming. Will we attempt to keep distance from its violence. Waves of intensity throw a "character" off axis. The sheer rhythm of potentiality decenters a

“character”. The existential throw of the world in motion displaces a “character”. Something like grief is sensed by a person who is writing a story. A grief for the whole of everything that has already happened. Suddenly, an image fixes itself. Fate. The person writing the story cannot stop writing. History cannot stop inscribing itself. A subject tries to restructure that which they register through feeling. The text brings an imaginary solution. A person writing a story grows concerned that they are going in circles. Some time ago, a boy had a pet rat that could only move in narrow, clockwise circles due to a brain tumor. The warmth and pain of being alive arrives as a surprise. A passage by Fredric Jameson appears vaguely in the mind’s eye. *History is therefore the experience of Necessity, and it is this alone which can forestall its thematization or reification as a mere object of representation or as one master code among many others. Necessity is not in that sense a type of content, but rather the inexorable form of events; it is therefore a narrative category in the enlarged sense of some properly narrative political unconscious . . . , a retextualization of History which does not propose the latter as some new representation of “vision,” some new content, but as the formal effects of what Althusser, following Spinoza, calls an “absent cause.” Conceived in this sense, History is what hurts, it is what refuses desire and sets inexorable limits to individual as well as collective praxis, which its “ruses” turn into grisly and ironic reversals of their overt intention. But this History can be apprehended only through its effects, and never directly as some reified force. This is indeed the ultimate sense in which History as ground and untranscendable horizon need no particular theoretical justification: we may be sure that its alienating necessities will not forget us, however much we might prefer to ignore them.* A nose is running. The consideration of mistakes weighs on a subject. Their texts will outlive them. Strong feelings come in waves. The truth of an encounter is unmistakable. Truth arrives and departs in beautiful waves. Fronts of beautiful truth glide through the valley. Many cars pass by. She lets down her long, dark hair. This is the book of my life, someone has written. There are things in the world. Loudspeakers stare silently. The world grows quiet

for a moment. Someone is in close proximity to the ecstasy of a truthful encounter. There is beauty in the air. Someone thinks of the legs of another. The mind has an eye. The smiling face on the book cover stares blankly. On the book cover the word "*Briefwechsel*" is printed. A desk fan spins throughout the first scene of a Italian neorealist film. Two people plan to meet on Friday. Two people might encounter each other on Friday. But how will you use what you've written, someone asks another in a moving subway car. Be careful, they warn. To remap invented situations onto reality. It'll have to be symbolic. It'll have to be done aesthetically. It will be beautiful. There will be actors. They will enact symbolic gestures which will themselves emerge as transcriptions of lived experience. A writer will transcribe memories and perform the transcriptions with actors. It is intense, psychologically, to open up the past. Stories will be written by people. Someone inspires someone else. A book is written by someone. Words and sentences begin to emit sense. Sense spatializes itself as the world. People are existing. The world exists. Bodies are covered in skin. A book has pages. A composer transcribes musical thoughts. The message says *uns vertrauen*. The infinity of beauty unfolds. The intensity of a symbolic gesture presents itself. People are in motion. People have the ability to act. Objects have the ability to act. Things are *doing things*. Work is done by people and things. Necessity is not well understood. Does a book not write itself. It reminds me of the bible, says a flatmate. One of the people on the couch becomes easily paranoid. There's a particular word for suicide which is triggered by begbug paranoia. Someone is superstitious. The other person doesn't remember what about. It has to do with coincidence. He likes that she is superstitious. It reminds him of his mother. She is stunned. There is a fork in the road. There is a road. In California, does one always hear the sound of cars?, she wonders. Not when you're deep in the desert. I'm falling in love with you, he writes in permanent marker. He tends to mix up the numbers of the months. She does not have a smartphone, nor use social media. He maintains a profile.

Someone is standing at a desk. There are medical masks hanging around them. Some of the books on the shelf are red. The thought of blood appears. An undershirt has a very small spot of blood on the back of it. There is a blank sheet of paper on a desk. A mother scolds her young daughter, who is wearing a short skirt, for acting indecent in front of men. Repressed desire inverts to a desire for repression. Your relationship is toxic, a mother tells her daughter with a tinge of jealousy. An older man gives a younger woman a laptop as a gift. When she ends the relationship, she must give it back. A young woman in panic calls her boyfriend because she's trapped herself in the role of a sexual escort for an older man in Vienna. She blames the boyfriend for not having demanded sexual fidelity from her. Someone uses a metal key to break a radio-controlled clock on a riverbank. People write messages to one another. Things are recorded. Can an event be recorded?, someone asks. A flatmate wakes up. Three tabs are open on a computer screen. The clouds in the sky seem very far off. Two friends talk with another for the first time in four years. Cruelty appears. Cosmic drama is worked out. What is being written, an individual asks. A passage from a chapter in a book reminds the reader that no one can ever be sure that they're indeed a person. She removes her pullover and places it back on. He is critical of his bitterness. The ceiling is painted white and the walls are painted white. Someone on the other end of the telephone sits in their childhood room, the walls are covered with calligraphy. Why is this so difficult?, an individual asks. Why is it so difficult to exist? Randomness seduces a marble statue. *Ja es ist so, ich hab Dich lieb, ich hab es nie gesagt damals.* Nothing arrives. *Ich kann mir vorstellen, dass du verunsichert bist, vielleicht ja auch nicht.* An individual steps through the world. A step becomes a leap. Mortality is all that is given. Everything else waits in store. A radio clock lies buried in snow. A piece of art is an open broadcast. Its moment of exhibition is inherent. Next to the word "inbox" is a frozen number written in parenthesis. Mathematics and music theory are closed systems. The weather is a part of the climate as a whole. The weather is a

snapshot of the whole climate. The smell of cheap body spray enters a room through the doorway. A window is open. The work is tiring. The day is Wednesday. It's the afternoon. Someone decides to step outside. Truth is a confrontation with existence. The category of fiction is replaced by the concept of narrative, which is the form which enables the cognition of realities. Stories make raw perceptual materials accessible to thought. One is alone and at the same time surrounded by the emergence and disappearance of relationalities. Two people are walking dogs in the distance. An individual imagines composing music for the person whom they're in love with. The large white clouds in the sky can be seen behind the tree's branches. *Nichts zementieren*. Someone imagines themselves playing piano, playing parts of a piece which they've composed for the person whom they're in love with. The sun is shining warm and bright outside. Love opens to construction. There are large fountains in the park on top of the hill. Writing is a craft. *Today is the day when yesterday feels far off*. A tall crane for construction spins slowly on its axis. There are rows of short white columns. Two men, in the middle of a conversation, sit down on a bench. The world is full of places. A child wearing a yellow shirt pushes a scooter uphill. An individual sitting relaxed on a bench imagines the voice of the person they're in love with. A man with a grey beard locks his bicycle to a lamppost. It is comfortable to sit in the shade. A duck pokes its head up. A life is full of memories. It is lovely in the park on top of the hill. A tall building stands fixed in the distance. *Nichts zementieren. Uns vertrauen*. The man with stars in his eyes almost begins to cry. People are walking in different directions. A woman talks on the phone as she pushes a stroller. Baby goats are being fed by park visitors. The surface of the water is matted by plants. *Nichts zementieren*. A well-dressed man steps through the shade of a large tree as he walks downhill. People push baby-strollers. A dove flies directly from one tree to the next. Are you seeing any friends, a concerned mother asks her son. A dog tries to pull a piece of plant from the water's surface. Two small birds fly into a tree. But he has a girlfriend,

someone reminds her. Love is an encounter and a construction. The theater and its double. The person I'm in love with can play guitar and sing, she remembers silently, smiling. She likes my singing voice. A woman wearing dark sunglasses pushes a bicycle up a hill. Someone thinks about making portraits of someone else. The sound of a landscaping machine creeps up behind them. The water does not stop rushing forth. There are emails to send and people to visit. There are letters to write. Letters must be written. Strangers make eye contact for a split second. Bread was eaten by a person sitting on a bench. Write text in such a way that history can not avoid it, someone suggests to a friend over the phone. She looks up as she smiles. She looks down as she smiles, like her mother. A child, learning to write, gets the order of letters mixed up. The landscaping machine approaches. The hills are decorated with vineyards. Truth is something beautiful and disgusting at the same time. One individual wishes to trust another. The person I'm in love with is a fighter, she tells herself. They have a particular smell. The machine. Automatic desire. Set in motion. A kind of "animal magnetism". Being ecological. Time. *Selbstverwirklichung*. Dinosaurs. As the frozen blueberries thaw, they leave dark purple stains on the fingertips. Love. The thawing of frozen blueberries and love leaves a dark purple stain on the fingertips. The story they write gets under the fingernails. Someone tears off part of their fingernail trying to clean it. Two people are sitting in a subway car, on their way home. The smell of engine smoke enters through a window. The train was delayed because it ran someone over. Someone feels hungry. A pigeon lands on a rain gutter. A fly moves about aimlessly in a small, multi-purpose room with white walls.

II

Lese mir deine Lieblingsgedichte vor. Plötzlich Identitätsproblematik. DENKEN UND TUN. Wir sind nicht das, was wir denken. Wir sind nur das, was wir tun. Die Welt wird durch Praxis geändert. Wir können die Welt durch Praxis ändern. Hoffnung transformiert die Welt. Begierde schafft die Welt wieder. DAS WOLLEN SCHAFFT DIE WELT WIEDER. ich liebe dich. wieder. bin hungrig. wir können durch aktives Handeln die Welt neu schaffen. keine angst haben. ich bin hungrig und werde sterben. KEINE ANGST HABEN. DIE TRÄUME NICHT ZENSURIEREN. DIE TRÄUME NICHT EINSCHRÄNKEN. Es ist ein Fehler, das Selbst als getrennt von der Welt zu denken. Intensitäten entspringen zwischen uns. Sinn entsteht zwischen uns. DORT, WO SINN ENTSTEHT, EXISTIEREN WIR. DAS ALLES HIER IST NUR EINE BEJAHUNG UNSERES MIT-EXISTIERENS. DIE SPRACHE (DENKEN ALS HANDLUNG) BEJAHT DEN VORRANG DES MIT-EXISTIERENS. (Zuckersüß). Die Wiederbestätigung einer strukturellen Lücke zwischen dem "Einzelnen" und dem Gesellschaftlichen verstümmelt unsere Existenz. Und ich bin hungrig. Könnte dich fast auffressen. Küsse mich. Wieder. Auf den Lippen. Am Hals. Lasse ein Blutfleck. Blüte mit mir. Unter die Kirschbäume. Wie sonst werden wir satt. Hilfe mir: Wie wollen wir die Möglichkeitsbedingungen des satt-Werdens artikulieren. Wann bist du wieder da. Da ich auf dich warte. Ich sterbe. Wie ein Held. Wo bist du. Melde dich. Das Heroische springt aus dem Fenster raus. ~~TRISTAN UND ISOLDE~~. Trauermarsch. Bin schläfrig. Schlafe mit mir. In meinen Arme. Nicht sterben. Noch nicht. Zuerst müssen wir eine Utopie schaffen. Die Welt wieder schaffen. DURCH PRAXIS. DURCH SPRACHE ALS DENKENDES TUN. Nichts weniger als eine symbolische Geste müssten wir leisten. Bin aber hungrig. Küsse mich, auf den Lippen. Beiße mich am Hals. Du. Wir schauen uns in die Augen. Das Wollen spüre ich wenn unsere Körpern sich trennen. Sage nicht "Aufwiedersehen". Hast du Brot. Kurzgeschichten über Elefanten. Du schenkst mir ein Buch. Und ich

werde sterben. Du hast mir ein Buch geschenkt. Wir haben uns Bücher geschenkt. Ausgeliehen. Gelesen. Die Augen tränen. Geschichte hört nie auf. Geschichte, die außer Bezug steht, die weh tut, ist unendlich. Wir können nicht aufhören zu schreiben. EIN GANZES LEBEN LANG. Die Welt und Sprache konstituieren sich zugleich. Das ist kein vulgärer Materialismus. Auch kein Poststrukturalismus. Aber wie. Wie begehren wir -- Warum tut das Schreiben weh -- Worauf hoffen wir. Habe keine Furcht. GENUSS, ja, sagst du, kein Mittel zum Zweck. ABER WIR WERDEN STERBEN. Und ich frage, wie beziehen wir auf das, was außer Bezug steht. In einer Lichtung findet ein Garten statt, wo mehrere Zukünfte gleichzeitig in unterschiedlichen Tempi aus der Erde entspringen. Sinn entsteht zwischen denen. Das hier ist keine richtige Arbeit. Es geht nur darum, Ideologien wieder zu strukturieren. Bringst du mich endlich um? Hier und Jetzt? Warum nicht? Weil du meinen Geruch magst? Weil wir uns lieben? Das war alles nur ein Test, eine Prüfung halt. Ich wollte unsere Liebe prüfen. Zu schauen, wie stark sie ist. Warum? Weil sie mir ja Hoffnung schenkt, eine aktive Hoffnung schafft. Die Hoffnung, nämlich, dass die Welt in ihrer differenz irgendwann ganz sein kann. Dass die singuläre Pluralität doch ja geht. Nur zu bejahen, dass wir doch nicht als psychologische "Individuen" ganz allein in einer monadischen Existenz eingefroren sind oder überhaupt sein können. Hiermit verwerfe ich das leere, ironische Leben. Brauche ich es eh nicht mehr.

III

Hiermit verwerfe ich leere Parodie. Bringe mich dafür um, wenn du willst. Mindestens die alte Scheune abbrennen. Das Begegnen mit einer Wahrheit ist kein schönes Geschenk. Wir sind lebendig. Hier, jetzt, bringst du mich doch nicht um? Klar spielt die Moralität eine Rolle. Genauso wie wir alle Rollen spielen. Mit einer Art Gefängnis können wir das Problem schnell lösen: Sperre das Böse einfach ein. Schreibe Böses ab und mache dich gut und rein. Sauber machen. Fühlt sich gut an, nicht, dich damit nicht zu identifizieren. Es geht hier ja um Identitätsproblematik. Und jene böse Aspekte verteidigen wir nicht. Weil sie nicht "wir" sind. Deswegen verteidigen wir sie nicht. Tut schon weh die Geschichte wieder zu öffnen, sie etwas aufzutauen. So werden Eislöcher geschafft. Was soll es denn heißen, ein Leben voller Wärme, voller Lebendigkeit zu führen? Was müsste dafür riskiert werden? Nicht mal das Überlieferte, das Tradierte: kriegen wir nicht solche verlorene, naturwüchsige Einheiten dadurch zurück? Unmöglich. Ihr wesentliches Mysterium wird bloß ins Ohr, ins Herz geflüstert -- *vermittelt* -- und so transformiert. SO PRODUZIERT SICH DIE WELT WIEDER. Glaube daran. Glaube an etwas, an irgendwas. Und verliere nicht die Hoffnung. Weil wenn wir die Hoffnung verlieren, dann sind wir ganz und gar verloren. Da Existenz hungrig ist: füttere sie mal, bitte. Ich bitte dich. Die Existenz will sich ja präsentieren. Ewig. Hast du nicht mal ein Stück Brot. Fisch. Wein. Kannst jetzt nicht aufgeben. Wir sind zu weit gekommen und der Radiergummi ist alle. Dich können wir nicht mehr löschen. Es tut uns leid. Können aber zusammen leiden. Komme her. Lege deinen Kopf ruhig an meinem Schulter. Es gibt ja Platz. Da bin ich. Leider. Ja. So vergeht die Zeit. Sie wird Raum. Wird Blumen, Gärten voller den schönsten Blumen, die es je gegeben hat. Ich wusste nicht, dass die Welt so schön sein könnte. Das ist keine Bewertung. Eher Tatsache, eine reale Bedingung. Wir lachen in einer Realität. Hier und Jetzt. Dein Lächeln. Wir halten einander Arm in Arm. Nicht sterben. Das Mit-Existieren ist vorrangig, sagst du, Augen tränend. Warum tut

Geschichte so sehr weh, fragst du. Weil sie aus der Notwendig besteht. Unausweichbar. Weil sie vollkommen außer Bezug steht. Wie die Göttern. Wie Geburt und Tod. Aber wie geht es dann, wie beziehen wir auf das, was außer Bezug steht? Durch das "mit", natürlich, durch jene Öffnung, die zwischen uns gerät. So verorten wir das Unermessliche, so schaffen wir die Bedingungen, woraus Sinn entspringen mag. Du weißt es doch, wie sehr ich dich liebe. Dass ich nie aufgeben werde. Wie sollen wir aber das Heroische ausweichen? Wie halten wir uns davon ab, direkt ins Sterben hinein zu laufen? Mit Differenz. Sich mit dem, das außer Bezug steht, nicht zu identifizieren. Das sind wir nicht. Wir sind nicht tot, sondern im Gegenteil. WIR SIND DAS GEGENTEIL DES TODES. Du und ich. Ich will deine lange, dunkle Haare antasten. Ich will dich wieder riechen. Ich schaffe es nicht, dieses Verlangen auszuweichen. Bin mit Wollen überfüllt. Ich verliere meinen Horizont in einer Woge. Ein Sog. Von hier aus kann ich sehr weit sehen, weiter als je zuvor. Da bewegen wir uns: da, in dieser Öffnung. Es wird gleich verschwinden. Halte mich, fest. Ich gebe nicht auf. Das alles hängt von uns ab. Die Welt. Die Sprache. Verwerfen wir jetzt das durch ironie konstituierte Träge, das die Existenz verstümmelt. WIR BEWEGEN UNS UND WIR LASSEN UNS BEWEGT WERDEN. Von der ewigen Quelle der Leidenschaft. Schau mich an. Hier und Jetzt. Lassen wir was gemeinsames anfühlen. Dafür Zeit nehmen. Für das Gemeinsame. Taste mich an. Das ist mein Körper. Den gibt es nur hier und jetzt. Knapp vielleicht. Der gestattet kein Abstraktion. Keine Privatisierung. Darum geht es ja. Unsere Körper sind die passende Schlüsseln, Geschichte zu öffnen. Das lernen wir noch. Es kommt an und geht wieder fort.

IV

History is what hurts. And I've never felt so alive. I didn't know one could feel alive to this degree. You told me that you're not sure if you can follow me "to the last instance". Fine, I said. That's fine. What can we do about it. Leave me. We'll be done with each other. Finished. I'll go on and you'll go on. To the last instance. Death. The last instance. And I will die a heroic death. And you, you will build. Without me. I'll become charcol. Dust. Coal. Fuel. To feed the engine. For I'm terrible. I'm the worst. Pure evil. Crying, wailing. The darkest shadow. Sheer ideology. I'm a mirage. Stale wind. And I'll be gone. And you, you will be somewhere else, where you can smile a golden smile. It's hard to not be bitter. It's about longing. It's probably in truth about religion, but let's say it's about longing. What is it exactly that you don't want. You said you feel dishonest. You feel like you're tricking me. (The avowal of disavowal). You're "afraid" I'll burn up. You're "afraid" I'll be crushed by an intense longing. We all know that fears are inverted desires. Listen. I *am* crushed. I'm inside the romantic narrative and it's burning me up. Overwhelmed by it. However, my cynical ear asks, why might one hide the desire for the other to be crushed by an intense longing? A wash of security comes over us. I won't leave you. Don't worry. I'll never leave you. Not 'till I die. I'm not going anywhere. If there's anything I know strongly it's that I'm yours. You're leaving and I'm staying. Or I'm leaving and you're staying. I can't remember. Everything's mixed up. Can't get it all sorted out. How will it end. Will we bring it about ourselves, like a tragic curse? Will fate blow a cold wind across our warm bodies? With this text I mark that I was alive in the moment of having written it. Empty, no? Is there not a certain void at the center of this individual action? Maybe until it's read, read actively, in such a way which opens a space from which meaning can emerge. It'll have to carry with itself a kind of symbolic vocation. You told me to be less offensive. We'll talk "in person." On the phone it's hard to develop nuance. Communication is a struggle. And I feel like I'm losing something. Or the internet is cutting

out. Mid-sentence. The actors don't finish their sentences. Reminds me of telepathy. An unspoken understanding. Dove film from the DDR. Forbidden, for some reason. Censored. That point where we ended. Intense hunger. Surprising. Meeting tomorrow in the park at one in the afternoon. What did you mean. That point where we ended. I don't know if I can follow you to the last instance. What do you mean. I feel like I've already forgotten it. What was it that she said exactly. I can't remember. I'll have to ask. The point where we ended. Where did it end. We kissed goodbye at a train station. I told you to write once you're back. I felt like you could have kissed me there for five whole minutes. I pulled away, because someone was waiting for you below. It was like you kept on kissing me even as I pulled away. You weren't finished. As I pulled away. Because someone was waiting for you. At a train station. On a bridge over the tracks. Where we had been sitting, waiting, together. It was beautiful. The whole day was. But that moment in particular was beautiful. There were lots of little birds. I told you about my biography. You got to know me better. We sat side-by-side. And we kissed before we parted. Tomorrow, in the park, at one in the afternoon. It will be intense. I know you're excited to see me. You don't show it. You hide it well. I have to read closely, look hard for it. It drives me crazy.

V

Das alles hier fragt, wie weichen wir das Heroische aus. Es geht um Tod. Die harte Grenze. Das Einzige, was vorgegeben ist. Den Tod können wir nicht ausweichen. Wir können aber bauen. Auf Trümmer von Sternen bauen wir neu. Was wollen wir bauen. Der Schluss ist das Wort *Wollen*. Trümmer von Sternen. Schon eine nette Familie. Das wäre ja nett und schön. Als ich junger war wünschte ich was pädagogisches zu bauen. Workshops, Kurse, so auf der Art. Mit dem Niveau, das die Einladung von anderen Lehrkräfte ermöglicht. Es ginge darum, richtiges Lernen zu pflegen, zu veranstalten. Raum und Zeit dafür zu widmen. Für die, die nach uns auf die Welt kommen. Damit die Welt sich neu produziert. Wieso ist das so schwer zu beschreiben. Bin ich einsam. Werden meine "einzelne" Hoffnungen mit einer Leere gesprengt, mittendrin. Gibt es eine Lücke dahinter. Ein blinder Fleck. Will ich eigentlich doch scheitern. Das ist aber schon geschieht, das Scheitern, meine ich. Weil diese Hoffnungen noch Hoffnungen sind. Du willst nicht sterben und ich auch nicht. Was ich persönlich bauen will, wäre so eine Welt, wo das Sterben weniger beängstigend ist. Weil wir zusammen sind, wir Menschen, meine ich. Weil es weiter geht. Von Not gedrängt, irgendwie. Die Notwendigkeit an sich will ich besser verstehen. Ich verliere den Faden. Ich schaue auf das Armband, das du mir gegeben hast. Ein Glückwunsch. Wir versuchen das Wollen zu artikulieren. Uns küssen. Offensiv. Soll ich eher defensiv drauf sein. Geht es um ein Schamgefühl. Schämst du dich für mich. Ach. Wie störend ist es. Die Welt zittert. Wohin renne ich. Mein Körper zittert. Habe aber keine Furcht. Das ist eher eine Symptome vom Intensitätsgrad der Liebe. Sie ist stark. Ich bewundere sie. Vereint alles Widersprüchliche. Wir sind ja Gegensätze. Was soll ich denn machen. Warten, bis dreizehn Uhr, wann wir uns im Park treffen, neben den Tischtennisplatten. Ich will dich morgen sehen. Wenn es nur jetzt sein könnte. Wenn nur dieser Moment jetzt entspringen könnte. Aus dem nichts heraus. Wie reiner Zufall. Oder ein Wunder. Du bist für mich ein Wunder. So hat das sich

alles “gelohnt”, würde ich sagen wollen. Das ist keine Bewertung. Es geht hier nicht um Werte. Weil es nicht vergleichbar ist. Nicht abstrahierbar. Das ist wahrscheinlich schwer verständlich, wie ich das meine. Konventionell würde ich sagen, ja, jetzt kann ich sterben, weil ich gelebt habe. In dieser ausgeklammerten Vorstellung, die wir jetzt erwägen, sinke ich im Heroischen tief hinein. Wagner spielt ab. Ich sinke. Ich sinke bis ich auf einen neuen Grund anstoße. Wo wir nicht mit Kategorien von psychologischen “Individuen” satt sind. Dort geht es um bauen. Davon haben wir schon gesprochen. Ich kreise hier um. Einen bestimmten Horizon wird hier abgebildet. Die Grenze diesem Denken wird klarer hörbar. Ameisen bewegen sich hörbar auf die Erde. Wir schwanken zwischen bauen und sterben. Sterben ist stark verführerisch. Ich bin dir stark hineingezogen. Es ist einfach, mich sinken zu lassen. Gegen den Sog muss ich mich bemühen, mich zu balancieren, aufrechtzuerhalten. Denken im Bereich des Bauen fordert etwas von uns. Das leben an sich wird gefordert.