

artiCHOKE # 4

## Nathalie Quintane

*La France, autrefois, c'était un nom de pays ; prenons garde que ce ne soit, en 1961, le nom d'une névrose.*

Sartre, préface aux *Damnés de la Terre* de Fanon (1961)

Le 8 mai 1945, la France célèbre la fin de la Guerre. À Sétif (Algérie), les célébrations prennent la forme d'émeutes indépendantistes dont la répression fait pour cette seule journée plusieurs milliers de morts. Le jour-même où la France éternelle célèbre une nouvelle victoire des Lumières sur la barbarie, elle poursuit *l'air de rien* une mission civilisatrice dont la législation et les méthodes ont inspiré tous les fascismes (ainsi du code de l'indigénat de 1881, premier "état d'exception" décrété par la République, qui instaure une citoyenneté de second rang et autorise les sanctions collectives et les déportations à l'écart du droit métropolitain). En Algérie comme en métropole, les méthodes contre-insurrectionnelles reprendront les méthodes protogénocidaires : liquidations, tortures, corps jetés dans la Seine ou entassés au stade.

C'est cette perméabilité historique et la porosité des mémoires en charge de cette histoire que le texte de Nathalie Quintane ici publié explore, s'appuyant sur un corpus de *paroles* dont l'origine parfois obscure ne fait que souligner qu'elles appartiennent à l'*air du temps*, un *air de rien*, une petite musique suggestive qui entretient des rapports étroits avec le style français, celui qui jouit, au boudoir comme au comptoir, de n'être jamais univoque. Celui qui, parlant à "tous", s'adresse à certains.

Comme toute guerre, la Guerre d'Algérie est l'histoire de tous. C'est aussi, dans sa forme et sa cruauté singulières, l'œuvre d'hommes aux profils complémentaires : messie rédempteur (De Gaulle), du libérateur (Massu), du collabo zélé (Papon), sans oublier la préfectoraille scrupuleuse qui obéit sans poser de questions, assure la *continuité de l'État* dans la tempête de l'Histoire. Tous ont le *parcours ordinaire* des élites françaises (lycées prestigieux, grandes écoles, études de lettres et de droit, boîtes à noblesse d'Empire) ; beaucoup ont fait leurs *humanités* ; à tous on a appris petits ce que formulera De Gaulle au seuil de ses *Mémoires* : "La France vient du fond des âges". Ces honnêtommes, moralement d'un seul tenant (probes, bosseurs, rigoureux) ne furent finalement victimes que de leur raffinement, passant inexplicablement,

*In other days France was the name of a country. We should take care that in 1961 it does not become the name of a neurosis.* - Sartre, from the preface to *The Wretched of the Earth* by Fanon (1963)

May 8th 1945, France celebrates the end of the war. In Sétif (Algeria), the celebrations take the form of riots for independence, the repression of which results in several thousand deaths on that one day alone. The same day on which La France éternelle celebrates a new victory of Enlightenment over Barbarism, with a nonchalant air (*l'air de rien*), it goes about its civilising mission, the legislation and methods of which inspired all fascisms (such as the *Code de l'indigénat* of 1881, the first “state of exception” declared by the Republic, which inaugurated a form of second class citizenship, and allowed for collective sanctions and deportations beyond the bounds of the law of the metropole). In Algeria as in the metropole, the anti-insurrectional methods took the form of proto-genocidal methods: liquidations, tortures, bodies thrown into the Seine or piled up in the stadium.

It is this historic permeability and the porosity of the memories responsible for this history that this text by Nathalie Quintane explores, it rests upon a corpus of “utterances”, whose sometimes obscure origins do nothing but emphasise that they are part of the air of the times, a *nonchalant air*, a suggestive little ditty which can't be separated from French style, the one which enjoys never being univocal, be it in the boudoir or at the bar. The one which, speaking to “everyone”, in fact addresses the few.

Like all war, the Algerian war is a history which concerns everyone. Thus, in its singular form and cruelty, it is the work of men with complementary profiles: the messianic redeemer (De Gaulle), the liberator (Massu), the zealous collaborator (Papon), and not forgetting of course the scrupulous, unquestioningly obedient prefect class, who assure the *continuity of the state* through the tempest of History. All have a “typical career path” for French elites (prestigious secondary schools, grandes écoles, studies in literature and law); many of them having studied classical *humanities*; as children, many learned that “France comes from the depth of ages”, which forms the opening of De Gaulle's *Mémoires*. These honest-doers, of a singular and flawless

dans le clair obscur du destin, du trivium au tripalium. *L'air de rien*.

On en resterait là, sûrement, sans se farcir cette “poïétique” des bourreaux. Tout un pan du travail de Quintane remonte cette trace, la généalogie de ces secrets, débusque les dénis et les cachots *en langue*, déglace un corpus idiomatique qui parle à “tous” et s’adresse ultimement au Grand Autre gaulois. Car c’est au même classicisme qu’on doit un certain *noyage* des crimes coloniaux et le “fond des âges”. Ce fond, Quintane l’aborde comme un *fond de sauce* ou un *bouillon de culture* (la petite cuisine de l’universalisme, le gibier indigène et son fumet oriental), servis par une langue qui sait être claire -- le mythe d’un idiome sans égal en clarté est un trope nationaliste français -- mais *l’air de rien* -- la réduction du vocabulaire dans la langue en usage à la cour, par goût pour la suggestivité, est à l’origine de ce qu’on a appelé *l’esprit français*.

La remarque, chère à Quintane, est la forme privilégiée de ce travail de “fouineur” (une insulte souvent proférée à l’endroit de ceux qui exhument les *pages sombres du roman national*) : minutieuse (elle ne laisse rien passer), synthétique (elle garde à tout moment à l’esprit tous les éléments de l’enquête), souple (elle s’autorise des sauts faussement philologiques pour faire entendre des résonances). Quintane revendique une attention *pédagogique* qu’elle porte d’abord à elle-même. Elle prend acte de sa propre impéritie relative, de son amateurisme *moyen*, de sa position de *bêta-user*. Comme elle l’écrit au dos d’un de ses premiers livres (*Chaussure*), son oeuvre est poétique mais *pas spécialement* ; la contingence baladeuse de ses textes rencontre souvent l’excès ou le tabou mais ne laisse jamais s’installer la causerie sur l’excès ni la sourdine confessionnelle sur *ce dont on ne peut parler*.

morality, (upright, hard-working, rigorous) were after all nothing but victims of their own refinement, inexplicably strolling in the chiaroscuro of destiny, from trivium to tripalium. *With a nonchalant air.*

We wouldn't be able to go further, of course, if we didn't take the time to confront the “*poiétique*” of the torturers. A large portion of Quintane's work follows this track, the genealogy of these secrets, flushing out the denials and dungeons in language, deglazing an idomatic corpus which speaks to “everyone” and addresses itself ultimately to the Big Gallic Other. Because this very classicism is responsible for a certain *covering over* of the colonial crimes and the “depth of ages”. Quintane addresses this depth like a stock or a *cultural broth* which provides a depth of flavour (the petite cuisine of universalism, the colonial subject as game meat and the oriental aroma it adds), served by a language that knows how to be clear - the myth of an idiom unparalleled in its clarity is a trope of French nationalism - but with a *nonchalant air* - the reduction of the vocabulary in courtly language, due to a taste for suggestiveness, is at the heart of that which one called the French *esprit*.

The remark, which is dear to Quintane, is the privileged form of this “hacking” (an insult that is often hurled at her by those who exhume the *sombre pages of the national novel*): thorough (she lets nothing pass), synthetic (at each moment she keeps in mind all the elements of the enquiry), supple (she allows herself apparent philological jumps to make the resonances audible). Quintane demands a pedagogical attention which she applies to herself before all else. She notes her own relative inadequacy, her *average amateurism*, her *beta-user* position. As she wrote on the back of one of her first books (*Chaussure*), her work is poetic but *not especially*; the nonchalant wandering of her texts always bumps into the excess or the taboo, but never allows the chatter to establish itself over the excess, or the muted confessional over *that of which one cannot speak*.

Nathalie Quintane lives and writes in Digne les Bains, where she works as a high school teacher. Her poetic and political satire appears in publications with P.O.L. and La Fabrique. She is rumoured to have attempted to sow the seeds of both tomatoes and insurrections in her garden (see Tomates, P.O.L., 2010).

**On va faire quelque chose qui ne se verra pas dans un endroit où il n'y a personne**

1. On va faire quelque chose qui ne se verra pas dans un endroit où il n'y a personne.

2. Un endroit formidable pour les mots d'esprit.

3. Composer une ambiance, un espace rhétoriques (euphémismes naturels, périphrases, métaphores, proverbes, tautologies -

4. il faut ce qu'il faut -

5. et des guillemets dessinés avec les doigts, dans l'air (algé-rien)

6. toutes ces *métaboles*, typiques de la conquête.

7. A-t-on jamais lancé un combat sans grammaire ?

- eu-phêmeïn : bien-dire = ne pas parler.

- eu-phémismes, litotes, périphrases, métaphores, seraient, entre autre, moyens de ne pas se faire parler. Songez à la vertu proprement *poétique* de ce silence, dit le grammairien\*, songez à toutes les *figures* qu'il engendre : la métaphore (faire trou dans le vacarme), l'oxymore (un assourdissant silence), l'anadiplose (les uns mouraient sans parler, les autres parlaient sans mourir) - la réticence, la métonymie, l'hyperbole, la litote, ajoute, à raison, le grammairien.

8. Aimer l'amour, défaire la défaite.

9. Comme un claquement de noix sur une autre noix, et l'écho sensible qu'il engendre, semblable à peu de chose près à celui d'un tir - qui sait ?

**Wir werden etwas machen, was man nicht sieht, an einem Ort,  
wo niemand ist**

1. Wir werden etwas machen, was man nicht sieht, an einem Ort, wo niemand ist
2. Einen hervorragenden Ort für geistreiche Worte.
3. Eine rhetorische Atmosphäre, einen rhetorischen Raum komponieren (natürliche Euphemismen, Periphrasen, Metaphern, Sprichwörter, Tautologien -)
4. man muss tun, was man tun muss -
5. und Finger, die Anführungszeichen in die Luft zeichnen (Alge-rier)
6. all diese Metabolen, die eine Eroberung kennzeichnen.
7. Wurde je ein Angriff ohne Grammatik gestartet?
  - eu-phêmein : gut reden = nicht sprechen.
  - Eu-phemismen, Litotes, Periphrasen, Metaphern, würden u.a. ein Mittel sein, nicht zum Sprechen gebracht zu werden. Man denke an die wahrhaft *poietische* Tugend dieses Schweigens, sagt der Grammatiker\*, man denke an all die Figuren, die ihm entspringen: die Metapher (ein Loch im Lärm machen), das Oxymoron (eine ohrenbetäubende Stille), die Anadiplose (während manche starben, ohne zu sprechen, sprachen andere, ohne zu sterben)<sup>1</sup> - Ellipse, Metonymie, Hyperbel, fügt der Grammatiker treffend hinzu.
8. Die Liebe zu lieben, die Niederlage niederzulegen.
9. Wie das Klacken einer Nuss auf eine andere Nuss, und das spürbare Echo, das ihm entspringt, dem eines Schusses nicht unähnlich - wer weiß?
10. Die Liebe liebend näherten wir uns dem Kern der Sache, wir liebten unsere Nächsten, nicht weil sie unsere Nächsten waren, sondern weil wir die Liebe

<sup>1</sup> „Gesprochen zu haben oder nicht“ bezieht sich auf Standhaftigkeit unter Folter. Siehe: die Debatten um Jean Moulin, ca. 50 Jahre nach seinem Tod („er habe gesprochen“!!!). Siehe: die Rede André Malraux’ anlässlich der Überführung der Asche von Jean Moulin zum Panthéon: „Avec ceux qui sont morts dans les caves sans avoir parlé, comme toi ; et même, ce qui est peut-être plus atroce, en ayant parlé.“ („Mit denen, die in den Kellern starben, ohne zu sprechen, wie du ; und auch, was vielleicht noch abscheulicher ist, die gesprochen haben.“)

10. Aimant l'amour, nous allions au cœur substantiel de la chose, nous aimions nos semblables non parce qu'ils étaient nos semblables mais parce que nous aimions l'amour, ainsi quels que soient nos semblables, nous aimerions toujours, nous ne serions plus jamais en danger de ne pas aimer et ainsi, nous ne serions plus jamais en danger, nous nous défaisions du parfois, du quelquefois, du présent d'actualité pour un présent de vérité générale : L'Algérie, c'est la France.

11. Et ceci, qui ouvre, des *Mémoires*, le tome sur l'Algérie : *La France vient du fond des âges*.

— Qu'est-ce que le fond des âges ?

12. N'allez pas vous mettre Martel en tête.

13. Disparition de l'épopée ?

14. Une langue est une langue quand elle se triture.

15. On va taire quelque chose qui ne se verra pas dans un endroit où il n'y a personne,

16. - dissémination de l'épopée -

17. *avec* nos moyens et *sans* outrecuidance :

18. (un texte ? un poème).

19. La France, *après avoir montré sa force, va montrer sa générosité*.

20. Entre deux maux *il faut choisir le moindre*.

liebten, so liebten wir immer diejenigen, die uns am nächsten waren, liefen nie Gefahr, nicht zu lieben und waren so nie gefährdet, wir legten das Manchmal, das Gelegentlich, das aktuelle Präsens nieder, zugunsten eines generellen Präsens: Algerien ist Frankreich<sup>2</sup>.

11. Und Folgendes, das solche *Memoiren*<sup>3</sup> eröffnet - den Band über Algerien : *Frankreich kommt aus der Tiefe der Zeiten*

-- Was ist die Tiefe der Zeiten?

12. Man sollte sich darüber nicht den Kopf zermartelln.<sup>4</sup>

13. Untergang des Epos?

14. Eine Zunge ist eine Zunge, wenn sie sich zergliedert.

15. Schweigen wir über etwas, was man nicht sieht, an einem Ort, wo niemand ist.

17. *mit* unseren Mitteln und *ohne* Anmaßung:

18. (ein Text ? ein *Gedicht*).

19. *Nachdem es seine Kraft bewiesen hat, soll Frankreich nun seinen Großmut zeigen.*<sup>5</sup>

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2 „L'Algérie, c'est la France“ war ein unter französisch-nationalistischen Militanten in Algerien geläufiger Satz, welcher die Fortdauer Algeriens als französische Kolonie bejahte. François Mitterrand, Innenminister und ehemaliger Beamter im Vichy-Regime, verurteilte die Angriffe des algerischen Aufstands zutiefst. November 1958 erklärte er: Algerien ist Frankreich; von Flandern bis zum Kongo gibt es nur ein Gesetz, nur eine Nation, nur ein Parlament. [] Die einzige Verhandlung ist der Krieg.“ Im Mai 1981 wird er als Angehöriger der Sozialistischen Partei zum Präsidenten der Republik gewählt und weckt so „die Hoffnung der Linken“.

3 Bezieht sich auf die *Memoiren de Gaulles*, die mit dem Satz „Frankreich kommt aus der Tiefe der Zeiten“ beginnen. Ein Satz, der typisch für den Messianismus de Gaulles ist, mit dem er die französische Gesellschaft wie mit einer Art Nachkriegsevangelium durchdringen wollte; de Gaulle als Biedermann, der das Vaterland wieder aufrichten wollte, während er gleichzeitig die Verbrechen, die außerhalb stattfanden, anordnete.

4 Charles Martell ist besonders wegen seines Siegs über Araber und Berber in der Schlacht bei Poitiers im Jahre 732 Teil einer nationalistischen Geschichtsschreibung. Kürzlich kehrte er wieder in das französische Gedächtnis zurück, als manche verkündeten, sie seien „Charlie Martell“ (siehe Slogan: „Je suis Charlie“) und somit ihrem Wunsch Ausdruck gaben, erneut „Araber und Berber“ bzw. „Muslime und Islamisten“ zu bekriegen.

5 Satz eines Generals der französischen Armee, der die Kolonialpolitik Frankreichs resümieren sollte – eine Rhetorik der Repression und Schönfärberei.

21. Ou alors, un paronyme.
22. A quelque chose de doux mais d'étrange, plutôt quelque chose de terrible mais de familier (du terrible, mais du familier).
23. *Triture*, plutôt que torture.
24. On va taire quelque chose qui - mais il n'y eut jamais quelqu'un. Il y eut *quelqu'un*, qui fut *personne*, ce à quoi le fameux jeu de mots homérien nous a depuis longtemps habitués.
25. Malgré cela, ce système donne satisfaction.
26. Le désert : un espace formidable pour les mots d'esprit, métaphores, échappées poétiques. Béryl, Améthyste, Rubis, Jade - les noms des quatre essais nucléaires ratés, ou partiellement ratés, par la France en Algérie (Polynésie ensuite : noms de constellations).
27. Les pires cités ou quartiers s'appellent Verlaine.
28. Poésie partout. Justice nulle part.
29. Qui éleva La France (avec nos moyens) à l'immensité du ciel poétique (sans outrecuidance).
30. *Comme tout le monde ; le parcours habituel* : l'ordre qui règne nous est familier dans sa structure et sa forme.
31. *Il faut ce qu'il faut. Entre deux maux il faut choisir le moindre* (l'aumônier de Massu).  
Ou : *on y mettra tous les moyens*.

20. Zwischen zwei Übeln muss man das kleinere wählen.<sup>6</sup>

21. Oder vielleicht ein Paronym.

22. Etwas Süßem, aber Fremdem, etwas Schreckliches, aber Vertrautes vorziehen (ein wenig Schrecken, aber auch ein wenig Vertrautes).

23. Zergliedern, statt foltern.

24. Schweigen wir über - doch da war nie jemand. Da war *jemand*, der *niemand* war, daran sind wir dank dem berühmten homerischen Wortspiel schon lange gewöhnt.

25. Nichtsdestotrotz ist dieses System zufriedenstellend.

26. Die Wüste: ein hervorragender Ort für geistreiche Worte, Metaphern, poetische Ausflüge. Beryll, Amethyst, Rubin, Jade - die Namen der vier fehlgeschlagenen oder partiell fehlgeschlagenen Nukleartests Frankreichs in Algerien (darauf folgt Polynesien: die Namen von Sternbildern).

27. Die schlimmsten Gegenden oder Viertel heißen Verlaine.

28. Poesie überall. Nirgends Gerechtigkeit.<sup>7</sup>

29. Die Frankreich (mit unseren Mitteln) emporhob, der Unermesslichkeit des poetischen Himmels (ohne Anmaßung) entgegen.

30. *Wie alle andern auch; eine ganz normale Laufbahn:* Wir sind mit der geltenden Ordnung in ihrer Struktur und Form vertraut.

31. *Man muss tun, was man tun muss. Zwischen zwei Übeln, muss man das kleinere wählen* (so der Seelsorger von Massu).<sup>8</sup> Oder: *Wir werden mit allen Mitteln vorgehen.*

32. Der triviale Spruch soll nicht verbergen, dass auch Nüchternheit klassisch ist.

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6 Redewendung, welcher sich ein General der französischen Armee in Algerien bediente.

7 Bezieht sich auf den bekannten Slogan „police partout, justice nulle part“ („überall Polizei, nirgendwo Gerechtigkeit“).

8 Jacques Massu war ein General der französischen Armee in Algerien. 1971 und erneut im Jahr 2000 erklärte er, er nehme die Methoden der französischen Armee in Algerien in Kauf und habe Verständnis für den Akt des Folterns. Siehe: „J'ai dit officiellement que je reconnaissais l'existence de la méthode et que je la prenais sous ma responsabilité.“ und „la torture telle que j'ai autorisé qu'elle soit pratiquée à Alger ne dégrade pas l'individu“ (1971) sowie „on aurait pu s'en passer“ (2000).

32. Le trait trivial ne doit pas faire oublier que la sobriété est, aussi, classique.

33. Il n'y a pas de solution de continuité entre nos mots d'esprit, cette sorte d'élégance, ce goût, qu'on nous envie encore, et les (...) rapportés ici. Le mot d'esprit tel que nous le pratiquâmes, l'effort pour que perdure une certaine élégance, sa certaine idée, produisent (...) - un poème d'état.

34. Quelque chose toujours très en deçà, avec ses moyens et sans outrecuidance, c'est-à-dire avec cette réserve, voire cette *sprezzatura*, cette sorte d'élégance dans la promotion qui propulsa nos perruquiers, cuisiniers, costumiers, dans toutes les cours d'Europe, sans effort faisant quelque chose qui ne se voit pas dans des endroits où il n'y a personne.

35. Tant que le monde se servira de nos cuisiniers, de nos tailleurs et de nos perruquiers, nos lois seront bonnes.

36. Malgré cela, ce système donne satisfaction.

37. L'ordre qui règne nous est familier dans sa structure et sa forme.

38. C'est pourquoi nous avons pu nous y faire jusque dans ses dernières conséquences.

39. Il ne faut négliger ni la négligence ni l'amusement (ni même l'amusement).

40. La *sprezzatura* à la française est liée à l'amusement, aux piques, aux impromptus. Telle phrase de la Bettencourt, dite sur le même ton que s'ils n'ont pas de pain, eh bien qu'ils mangent de la brioche.

33. Es gibt keine Entzweiung zwischen unseren *geistreichen* Worten, dieser Art von Eleganz, diesem Geschmack, um den man uns noch beneidet, und den (...) von denen hier berichtet wird. Das geistreiche Wort so wie wir es anwandten, das Bemühen um das Fortbestehen einer bestimmten Eleganz, dessen bestimmte Eleganz (...) ergeben eine Staatsgedicht.

34. Etwas, was immer zu wünschen übrig lässt, mit den gegebenen Mitteln und ohne Anmaßung, das heißt mit dieser Diskretion, dieser *Sprezzatura*, dieser feinen Art der Anpreisung, die unsere Perückenmacher, Köche, Kostümschneider in alle Höfe Europas beförderte, mühelos etwas machend, was man nicht sieht, an einem Ort, wo niemand ist.

35. So lange die Welt sich unserer Köche bedient, unserer Schneider und Perückenmacher, werden unsere Gesetze gut sein.<sup>9</sup>

36. Nichtsdestotrotz ist dieses System zufriedenstellend.

37. Die herrschende Ordnung ist uns in ihrer Struktur und Form bekannt.

38. Daher konnten wir uns bis in ihre letzten Konsequenzen an sie gewöhnen.

39. Man soll weder die Nachlässigkeit noch das Amusement vernachlässigen (und besonders nicht das Amusement).

40. *Sprezzatura à la française* hat mit Amusement, mit Spott, mit dem Impromptu zu tun. So wie dieser Satz von der Bettencourt<sup>10</sup>, der im selben Ton verkündet wird wie, *wenn sie kein Brot haben, lass sie Kuchen essen*.<sup>11</sup>

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9 Siehe Voltaire: „Malheur à une nation qui, étant depuis longtemps civilisée, est encore conduite par d'anciens usages atroces ! « Pourquoi changerions-nous notre jurisprudence ? dit-elle : l'Europe se sert de nos cuisiniers, de nos tailleur, de nos perruquiers ; donc nos lois sont bonnes“ (Dictionnaire Philosophique, Torture)

10 Liliane Bettencourt ist eine französische Milliardärin und Haupt-Anteilseignerin von L'Oréal. In fortgeschrittenem senilen Zustand war sie in mehrere Skandale verwickelt, so u.a. in die angebliche Finanzierung von Nicolas Sarkozys Wahlkampf in 2007. In ihr treffen sich symbolisch die Figur der altreichen industriellen Familie, des aktuellen politischen Establishments und der finanziellen Unterwelt.

11 Gewolltes oder ungewolltes Bonmot, das Marie-Antoinette zugeschrieben wird. Der Dialog soll gelautet haben: Das Volk verlangt Brot.- Dann gebt ihm welches.-Wir haben keines mehr- Dann gebt ihnen doch Kuchen. Im Deutschen wird die französische Brioche zum Kuchen und in Neukölln wird die englische Übersetzung zum Vorreiter der Neuköllner Gentrifizierung: (<http://letthemeatcake-berlin.tumblr.com>)

41. Si la France butait du fellah, c'était parce que c'était des bêtes (Garanger).

42. *L'esprit* n'est pas une *cause* à laquelle il faudrait *remonter* pour comprendre telle ou telle production, telle ou telle «conséquence», mais la création d'une ambiance dans laquelle couler telle *opération*, telle ou telle expérience,

43. qui éleva La France (sans outrecuidance) à l'immensité du ciel poétique.

- *Un bel esprit pense toujours noblement; il produit avec facilité des choses claires, agréables et naturelles; il les fait voir dans leur plus beau jour, et il les pare de tous les ornements qui leur conviennent; il entre dans le goût des autres, et retranche de ses pensées ce qui est inutile ou ce qui peut déplaire.* (La Rochefoucauld, *Réflexions diverses*, 1731).

44. *Des manœuvres en ambiance nucléaire.*

45. Le dernier ministre pointe toujours la continuité de l'état, gage de souveraineté, quelles que soient les majorités, alors que le pouvoir prend soin de se reprendre *un petit peu plus loin*.

46. Il y a cette idée, qui tient du bel esprit, de la fiction rhétorique autant que de la fiction scientifique.

47. *ne vous aura point mandé une conversation sur les personnes qui ont le goût au-dessus ou au-dessous de leur esprit. Nous nous jetâmes dans des subtilités où nous n'entendions plus rien.*

48. Par conséquent qui voulez-vous qu'on indemnise puisque c'était pour de faux ? (Faites-leur donc une loi, les magistrats se chargeront de les débouter.)

41. Wenn Frankreich einen Fellah<sup>12</sup> umgelegt hat, dann, weil das Tiere waren (Garanger).<sup>13</sup>

42. Der Geist ist keine Ursache, zu der man zurückfinden müsste, um dieses oder jenes Ergebnis zu verstehen, diese oder jene „Folge“ nachzuvollziehen, sondern der Entwurf eines Umfelds, in das man eine gegebene Operation<sup>14</sup>, diese oder jene Erfahrung, gießt,

43. welche Frankreich in die Unermesslichkeit des poetischen Himmels (ohne Anmaßung) emporhob.

- Ein Schöngest denkt immer edelmüsig; er erzeugt mühelos klare, ansprechende und natürliche Gedanken; er präsentiert sie in ihrem besten Licht, schmückt sie mit all den Ornamenten die ihnen angemessen sind; er durchdringt den Geschmack der Anderen, und löst von seinen Gedanken stets alles Unnütze und Unangenehme. (La Rochefoucault Maximen und Reflexionen, 1773)

44. Manöver in einem nuklearen Umfeld. –

45. Der letzte Minister beruft sich stets auf die Kontinuität des Staates, des Bürgen der Souveränität, egal wer die Mehrheiten sind, während die Macht sicher ist, stets noch ein kleines Stück weiter gehen zu können.

46. Da ist diese Idee, die etwas vom Schöngest, von Rhetorik-Fiction, von Science-Fiction enthält.

47. ... ich berichtete Ihnen von einer Unterhaltung bezüglich Personen, die ihren Geschmack über oder unter ihrem Geist halten. Dabei vertieften wir uns in so viele Feinheiten und verstanden rein gar nichts mehr.<sup>15</sup>

48. Wen sollen wir daher eurer Meinung nach entschädigen, wenn es doch alles nicht echt war? (Macht doch ein Gesetz für sie, die Magistrate werden sich der Ablehnung annehmen)<sup>16</sup>

12 Fellah: Algerischer Bauer. Darüber hinaus (durch Verwirrung oder Analogie) bezeichnet Fellagha einen algerischen Unabhängigkeitskämpfer.

13 Marc Garanger war Photograph seines Regiments in Algerien (wobei er mehr als 2000 „Portraits“ algerischer Frauen machte, die vorerst als Identifikationsfotos in algerischen Konzentrationscamps dienen sollten).

14 Bis ins Jahr 1999 war die offizielle Bezeichnung für den Krieg in Algerien „les événements de maintien de l'ordre“ bzw. „Operationen zur Aufrechterhaltung der Ordnung“.

15 Auszug eines Briefes von Madame de Lafayette an Madame de Sévigné, zwei wichtige und einflussreiche Damen des Hofadels.

16 Amnestiegesetze der Kriegsverbrechen in Algerien wurden in den Jahren 1962, 1966, 1974, 1982 und 1987

49. *une grande aventure*

50. mêlée à on va quand même pas se faire chier pour des bougnouls ou la troupe (la France avant tout).

51. + une magnifique épopée.

52. Un à un les responsables politiques de l'époque défilent sur youtube, qui s'appellent tous La France. Si moi c'est la France, alors c'est pas moi c'est la France

53. qui a fait ça.

54. De ce dont on ne peut parler.

55. Et cette circulation tous azimuts de l'inspiration militaire : on les déguise en Afghans, on exporte le Vietnam en Algérie, l'Algérie chez Pinochet, Pinochet en Afghanistan, Oued Namous à Abou-Ghraib, etc. L'enthousiasme forcément qui les prend à l'invention d'une *poïétique* - et qui marche.

56. L'idée d'à travers les murs passer, par exemple.

\* le grammairien : Alain Frontier, chez qui je recopie cette note 7.

49. ein großes Abenteuer

50. gemischt mit *auf keinen Fall werden wir einen Dreck auf irgendwelche Bougnouls oder die Truppe geben* (Frankreich über alles)

51. + ein wunderbarer Epos.

52. Einer nach dem andern defilieren Politiker der Zeit auf Youtube, sie nennen sich vor allem FRANKREICH. Wenn ich Frankreich bin, dann bin ichs nicht, sondern FRANKREICH

53. wer hat's getan.

54. Wovon man nicht sprechen kann.

55. Und diese fieberhafte Zirkulation militärischer Inspiration: Man verkleidet sie als Afghanen, der Vietnam wird nach Algerien exportiert, Algerien bei Pinochet, Pinochet in Afghanistan, Oued Namous<sup>17</sup> in Abou-Ghraib, usw. Der Enthusiasmus, der sie gezwungenermaßen überkommt, wenn sie sich der Erfindung einer *Poietic gewahr* werden - die auch noch läuft.<sup>18</sup>

56. Der Gedanke, Mauern zu durchqueren, zum Beispiel.

\* der Grammatiker : Alain Frontier, dem ich diesen siebten Punkt entnehme.

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in Kraft gesetzt. Diese Überfülle, dieses rechtliche Schutzschild des Staatsapparates bezeugt die Panik eines Staates, dessen ungeheuerliche Verbrechen sein Fortbestehen gefährden. 2003 erkannte das französische höchste Gericht die Folter in Algerien zwar an, erklärt jedoch nicht, dass es sich hierbei um ein „Verbrechen gegen die Menschheit“ gehandelt habe, da die legale Definition nicht für Ereignisse vor 1994 angewandt werden kann (Ausnahme sind Verbrechen des Nazi-Regimes).

17 Geheimes Gefangeneneilager in Algerien, in dem gefoltert wurde.

18 Bezuglich der Methoden und der Weitergabe von Strategien zur Aufstandsbekämpfung erscheint die Figur von General Aussaresse besonders bezeichnend. 2001 sagte Paul Aussaresse aus, er habe an der Folter in Algerien im Rahmen einer konzertierten Aufstandsbekämpfung teilgenommen. Die Aussage ist bezeichnend: Nach seinem Algerienaufenthalt unterrichtete er die Techniken der Aufstandsbekämpfung in Fort Bragg (USA). Daraufhin arbeitete er als Repräsentant Frankreichs in der NATO und später 1973 als Militärattaché in Brasilien, wo er sein Wissen an die Offiziere des dortigen diktatorischen Regimes weitergab. Seine Karriere beendete er als Waffenhändler der Firma Thomson, die wiederum in den 90er Jahren in massive Korruptionsaffären verwickelt war (heutzutage heißt Thomson Thales und ist, dank Verträgen mit Ägypten unter Al-Sissi, Saudi-Arabien und der Türkei führender Waffenhändler Frankreichs. Manche Analysten sind der Meinung, 2016 könnte ein Rekordjahr für die französischen Waffenhändler werden.)

## We're going to do something that can't be seen in a place where nobody is

1. We're going to do something that can't be seen in a place where nobody is.
2. A great place for bons mots.
3. Compose a rhetorical atmosphere, a rhetorical space (natural euphemisms, periphrases, metaphors, proverbs, tautologies -
4. it takes what it takes -
5. and fingers drawing quotes in the air (Alge-rian)
6. all those *metaboles* common to conquest.
7. Has a campaign ever been launched without grammar ?
  - eu-phêmeïn : to speak well = to not talk.
    - eu-phemisms, litotes, periphrases, metaphors, would be, among other things, a way to avoid being made to talk. Consider the truly *poietic* virtue of this silence, says the grammarian,\* consider all the *figures* it engenders: metaphor (to puncture the din), oxymoron (a deafening silence), anadiplosis (some dying without talking, others talking without dying<sup>1</sup>) - reticence, metonymy, hyperbole, litote, adds the grammarian aptly.
8. To love love, to defeat defeat.\_
9. Like the crack of a nut on another nut, and the palpable echo it engenders, not at all unlike that of a gunshot - who knows?
10. Loving love, we got right to the heart of the matter, we loved our kind not because they were our kind but because we loved love, and so we'd always love our kind, we'd never run the risk of not loving, and so we'd never run any risk, we would rid ourselves of the sometimes, the at times, the current present in

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<sup>1</sup> Having 'talked' or not refers to holding out under torture. See the debates around Jean Moulin approx. 50 years after his death ("he talked!"). See the speech by André Malraux on the occasion of the transfer of Jean Moulin's ashes to the Panthéon: "with those who died in the cellars without talking, like you; and also, which is perhaps more atrocious, having talked."

favour of the permanent present: Algeria is France.<sup>2</sup>

11. And the following, the opening of some guy's *Memoirs* -- the volume about Algeria : *France comes from the depth of ages*.<sup>3</sup>

-- What is the depth of ages?

12. Don't beat yourself up about it.<sup>4</sup>

13. Demise of the epic ?

14. A tongue is a tongue when it torments itself.

15. We will pass over in silence something that can't be seen in a place where nobody is.

16. - dissemination of the epic -

17. *with* our means and *without* impudence :

18. (a text? a poem).

19. France, *having shown its force, will now show its generosity*.<sup>5</sup>

20. One *must choose the lesser* of two evils.<sup>6</sup>

21. Or a paronym.

2 "L'Algérie, c'est la France" (Algeria is France) was a common phrase amongst French nationalist partisans in Algeria, who supported Algeria's subjugation to France. François Mitterrand, Interior Minister and former functionary in the Vichy Regime, starkly condemned the attacks of the Algerian insurrection when, in 1958, he declared: Algeria is France; from Flanders to the Congo there is only one law, only one nation, only one parliament. The only negotiation is war. In May 1981, as a member of the Socialist Party, he was elected President of the Republic, thus awakening the "hope of the people of the left".

3 This Refers to the memoirs of Charles de Gaulle, which begins with the phrase "France comes from the depth of ages", a phrase which is typical of de Gaulle's messianism, which would permeate French society in the form of a post-war evangelism; the 'upright man' who set the motherland straight again, while he ordered the crimes outside of the mainland France.

4 *N'allez pas vous mettre Martel en tête*. Charles Martel is known above all for his victory over the Arabs and Berbers in the battle of Poitiers in the year 732. Recently, he reappeared in French consciousness, as racists in France altered the slogan "Je suis Charlie" to "Je suis Charles Martel", expressing their renewed desire to fight against "Arabs".

5 Phrase of a General in the French Army who carried out France's colonial policies – a rhetoric of repression and leniency.

6 A turn of phrase used by a General in the French Army in Algeria.

22. Something terrible but familiar rather than something sweet but strange (some terror, but some familiarity).

23. *Torment* rather than torture.

24. We will pass over in silence something that - but there was never anybody. There was *somebody*, who was *nobody*, *something we've long been familiar with thanks to the famous Homeric pun*.

25. Nonetheless, this system hits the spot.

26. The desert: a great place for bon mots, metaphors, poetic getaways. Beryl, Amethyst, Ruby, Jade -- the names of France's four failed, or partially failed, nuclear tests in Algeria (next came Polynesia: names of constellations)

27. The worst blocks or hoods are named Verlaine.

28. Poetry everywhere. Justice nowhere.<sup>7</sup>

29. That raised France (with our means) up to the immensity of the poetic heavens (without impudence).

30. *Like everybody else; a typical career path*: the structure and form of the reigning order is familiar to us.

31. *It takes what it takes. One must choose the lesser of two evils.* (Massu's chaplain).<sup>8</sup> Or: *we will use all means*.

32. The trivial remark must not obscure the fact that sobriety is also classical.

33. There's no surgical incision among our bon mots, this sort of elegance, this taste for which we're still envied, and the (...) recounted here. The bon mot as we have used it, the effort to perpetuate a particular elegance, its particular idea, all produce (...) - a *poème d'état*.

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<sup>7</sup> This refers to the well-known slogan "Police partout, justice nulle part" (Police everywhere, justice nowhere")

<sup>8</sup> Jacques Massu was a General in the French Army in Algeria. In 1971 and again in the year 2000, he declared that he stood behind the methods of the French Army in Algeria, including torture. See: "J'ai dit officiellement que je reconnaissais l'existence de la méthode et que je la prenais sous ma responsabilité" and "la torture telle que j'ai autorisé qu'elle soit pratiquée à Alger ne dégrade pas l'individu" (1971) as well as "on aurait pu s'en passer" (2000).

34. Something which is always very understated, with its means and without impudence, that is to say, with that reserve, that *sprezzatura*, even, with that kind of elegance of promotion that propelled our wigmakers, cooks, and costumiers into all the courts of Europe, effortlessly doing something that can't be seen in places where nobody is.

35. So long as the world benefits from our chefs, our tailors and our wigmakers, our laws are good.<sup>9</sup>

36. Nonetheless, this system hits the spot.

37. The structure and form of the reigning order is familiar to us.

38. That's why we were able to become accustomed to it, right up to its ultimate consequences.

39. Neither negligence nor entertainment (not even entertainment) should be neglected.

40. Sprezzatura à la française is linked to entertainment, to jibes, to ad-libs. Like a line of la Bettencourt's,<sup>10</sup> uttered in the same tone as *if they don't have bread, let them eat cake*.<sup>11</sup>

41. If France used to knock off fellahin,<sup>12</sup> it's because they were animals (Garanger<sup>13</sup>).

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9 After Voltaire : "Woe to a nation which, being more civilized, is still led by ancient atrocious customs! Why should we change our jurisprudence?" say we. "Europe is indebted to us for cooks, tailors, and wig-makers; therefore, our laws are good." From the *Philosophical Dictionary* entry on torture.

10 Liliane Bettencourt is a French billionaire and one of the principal shareholders of L'Oréal. In an advanced stage of dementia, she became embroiled in numerous scandals, such as the supposed financing of Nicolas Sarkozy's electoral campaign in 2007. In her, the symbolic figures of the old-money of industrial families, the current political establishment and the financial underworld are united.

11 A bon mot – whether voluntary or involuntary – attributed to Marie Antoinette. The supposed dialogue goes: - The people need bread – Well give it to them – We don't have any more – Well then let them eat cake. Also, in Neukölln in full-gentrification-mode, see the 'vintage' store (<http://letthemeatcake-berlin.tumblr.com>).

12 Fellah/in: Maghrebi farmer or peasant. Also, whether through confusion or analogy, Fellagha refers to an Algerian independence fighter.

13 French photographer who, during his tour of duty, photographed more than 2000 Algerian women which were initially to serve as ID photos.

42. *Mind* is not a *cause* to which you'd have to *trace back* in order to understand this or that product, such and such a "consequence", rather it is the creation of an atmosphere in which to forge such an *operation*<sup>14</sup>, such and such an experience,

43. that raised France (without impudence) up to the immensity of the poetic heavens.

- *A fine mind always thinks nobly; it easily generates clear, attractive, and natural thoughts; it sets them in their best light, adorns them with all the appropriate ornaments, penetrates other people's tastes, and rids its thoughts of anything useless or disagreeable.* (La Rochefoucauld, *Miscellaneous Reflections*, 1731)

44. *Manoeuvres in a nuclear atmosphere.*

45. The last minister always highlights the continuity of the state, guarantee of sovereignty, regardless of who might hold the majority, while the authorities makes sure to take itself *just a little bit further*.

46. There's an idea that takes after the fine mind, after rhetorical fiction as much as science fiction.

47. .... *has informed you of a conversation.... about persons who have a taste above or below their understandings. We ran into so many niceties that we were quite bewildered.*<sup>15</sup>

48. So who would you want us to compensate since it was all pretend? (Just make a law for them, the magistrates will take care of throwing them out).<sup>16</sup>

49. *a great adventure*

50. Mixed with no way we're gonna give a shit about some bougnous or the

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<sup>14</sup> Until 1999, the official designation for the war in Algeria was "*operations de maintien de l'ordre*", or "the operations to maintain order".

<sup>15</sup> Excerpt from a letter from Madame de Lafayette to Madame de Sévigné, two important and influential aristocratic women of the court.

<sup>16</sup> Amnesty laws for war crimes in Algeria were put into effect in the years 1962, 1966, 1974, 1982 and 1987. This profusion, this protective legal shield of the apparatus of the state attests to the panic of a state which believes that the enormity of its crimes endangers its continued existence. In 2003, the French High Court recognises the torture carried out in Algeria, however it does not declare that it constituted a "crime against humanity", since the legal definition cannot be applied for events which occurred prior to 1994 (with the exception of the crimes of the Nazi regime).

troops (France über alles)

51. + a wonderful epic.

52. One by one, the politicians of the time file past on YouTube, all of them called La France. If I am La France, then it wasn't me, it was La France

53. who did it.

54. Whereof one cannot speak.

55. And this frenzied circulation of military inspiration: dress them up as Afghans, export Vietnam to Algeria, Algeria to Pinochet, Pinochet to Afghanistan, Oued Namous to Abu-Ghraib, etc. The enthusiasm which always seizes them while inventing a *poetics* - and which works.<sup>17</sup>

56. The idea of passing through walls, for example.

\* the grammarian : Alain Frontier, from whom I take this 7th note.

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<sup>17</sup> With regard to the methods and the permeability of counter-insurgency strategies, the figure of General Aussaresse is particularly instructive. In 2001, Paul Aussaresse declares that he had participated in torture in Algeria as part of a concentrated counter-insurgency effort. The admission is credible: after his tour in Algeria, he teaches counter-insurgency techniques in Fort Bragg (USA). Following this, he works as a representative of France with NATO and later in 1973 as a military attaché in Brazil, where he shares his knowledge with the officers of the dictatorship there. His career ends as an arms dealer with the firm Thomson, which for its part, ends up embroiled in massive corruption scandals in the '90s. (Thomson, now known as Thales, has become France's leading arms dealer, thanks to contracts with Egypt under Al-Sissi, Saudi Arabia and Erdogan's Turkey. Some analysts believe that 2016 could be a record year for French arms dealers).

## Justin Katko

At first glance, Justin Katko's MANTRAS IN DEFENCE OF NON-VIOLENCE AGAINST EVERYONE seems like an utterly violent text. No restrained lineation but rather a hunk of dense text stabbed-through with typographic daggers breaking up phrases into mashed-up, cut-up verses. Each line seems to mimic paratactic stress positions, continually folding back on the direction of sense wherever it threatens to accrue. Elevated diction butts up against crass street argot and lo-fi noise. The adjectives are almost exclusively post-positive, the phrasing ornate, almost Germanic, such that translating much of the text into German seemed to smoothe it out somewhat, the hanging verbs of the English slotting neatly into place at the end of the German lines.

On top of the violence at the level of the letter is the thematic violence that is being dealt with, which reaches its most explicit expression in the atypically smooth phrasing of "In defence of non-violence let us turn around and fight". To get hung up only on this violence though would be to ignore the dialectical complexity of the piece. Firstly, there is actually a kind of elegance to the syntactical structure of this writing. Sure, you have to kind of tune into it. Like getting ready to enter a game of jump-rope. You have to accept that reading the text will be "so smoothly discontinuous", but then things start to fall into place. Because the one thing you can't say about this writing is that it has no rhythm. In a line like "singing living death it does in ambush clean await us" it's just straight up iambic. Once you're in though, another refrain begins to become discernible. "In tenderness of hisses let us languishing awaken". It almost takes a second glance to recognise the elegance in such a line and the way that the estranging syntax contributes to the shape of it. A moment later comes the line "I do not think of harm when you I think of life I think of only". Which is just fucking beautiful, and a perfect example of how the fractured syntax functions to amplify meaning, to arrest any possible slide into a sentimental verse which would have us switching off. As if thinking of 'you' can seize the reality of damaged life, and yet it cannot manifest in a simple expression, as if language were exempt from this damage. It reminds of Gherasim Luca's 'Passionément', desperately trying to enunciate love, the broken subject does manage to speak as it can. Thus the hand near "her affine unrippling light" is the same hand that "rips the rotted-out hearts from every solidarity-denier on the hour". Which is essentially the key that this poem is tuned to.

But there is also a distant sound of something beyond *Poetry*, which points to the other work that Katko does. You can see it here in 'FLAMES OF HELL' and 'Boodaladalidaluazateem', which are essentially rap lyrics, and also in his *Death of Pringle*, which might be categorised as a multimedia sci-fi glitch opera. It's possible

that the two poems we have translated here provide a way into the other work. Why break the security seal of Poetry? Well, ask Katko. But it is somehow consistent with the form of his other writing, a tendency towards atomisation, dispersal and (re)condensation. Alongside the dense and choppy syntax of mantras we have the equally loud, but in its form somehow more handleable dispersal zone, which ends with the ‘verse’ “FIRST LINE REPEAT”, suggesting that this is either a verse of a song or litany, or maybe the forced penance before an authority figure. The term *dispersal* is reminiscent of the order of a cop at the moment in which social bodies threaten to form an effective coagulation and are dis-integrated into manageable units (*nothing to see here, please disperse*), potentially broken down even beyond the unit of the individual, embodied subject (headless at the egress point). But if we hang onto the idea of dispersal for a second, the link starts to crystallise. In the ‘Work of Art’ essay, Benjamin talks about *Zerstreuung* and *Sammlung*. Film, he says, is branded as mere entertainment or distraction (*Zerstreuung* - lit. dispersal) for the uneducated masses, and does not allow for the *Sammlung* (concentrated attention - lit. collecting, *pull yourself together!*) which is proper to the considered reflection of art. Benjamin re-frames the notion of *Zerstreuung* after Dadaism and the piecemeal images of collage, assigning film a revolutionary potential precisely through the inability of the viewer to achieve *Sammlung*. By virtue of its technical structure, Benjamin claims, film has freed the shock value which Dadaism kept in its moral packaging from this “wrapper”. For Benjamin, cubism and futurism are failed attempts to deal with the “saturation of reality by the [technical] apparatus”.

Is this reality? Is it social? Well, maybe if you consider the *Zerstreuung* of subjectivity today, the *Durchdringung* of reality by the apparatus, distributed through so many channels of media. Katko deals openly with this fact. Where the rhythm of the lyric resonates with the noise from outside, he breaks the wrapper of poetry and spills into rap, opera, etc. But it is precisely this dispersal which hopes to allow for a re-integration, a *Versammlung*, which can coalesce into a radical collective body capable of fighting back. And it probably makes sense that this desire tends to find its most explicit formulations in the rap lyrics. “We must act now to smash fascism”. “Move as a team, never move alone”. “Prepare to get sprayed apart”. You can pick up the pieces on the dance floor.

Justin Katko, living as of 1984, initially in Kentucky . . . now in London. Co-editor of books by Edward Dorn. Publisher of Critical Documents (<http://plantarchy.us/>). Recent books: Basic Middle Finger (Shit Valley, 2015) and Reventar (Ediciones Caballera, 2016).

## MANTRAS IN DEFENCE OF NON-VIOLENCE AGAINST EVERYONE

*Moat building is a job for a professional, isn't it?*

The frozen bile stream have we unelected of us to threnetical sing † Listen as closely as you are possibly able † To Cyclopean lashes now cling us and chug † Lava puker flick us off † Away from the couch that all serpents and toads is † Beyond long any hope at all † Of parity morphic and purity total † Insistering and taking in the rest of a life † Of purity resonant † Of parity replete † Oh phallic accidental of the cheeseburger dog mould † In the most immanent blood of the URL solidified † Worst palette full of DNA we ever did see † Being reified November's wobbling vein-shaving nail † A joke we'd never purchase for the laughter free too far expensive † Tears too plainly unconditional † Convinced that our charge was by no one survived † Rat stream flutter out from pig horse pussy † In the necessary bird form inverted as tag-work † As the one right to strife be our uniform wild † Insignia otherwise obliterate in translation † To all destruction thereof bow † In defence of non-violence let us turn around and fight † In a race to the fulgurating universal bottom † Which is a specialist's term of great sexual abuse † Now that we are certain that our fine is infinite † That never shall we persevere † With life so smoothly discontinuous † To lose it fucking all is truth † Neon fade sparkling far out before us † Like once on a fibre optic death slide Tyrolean 'tween distant blade frequencies did in love we thus reciprocate † Beatitude so never feigned † Adhesive heartache to stomachache boiling † Having never knowingly the better comrade met † Abruptly she etymologically sneezes † In bright living camouflage of wilderness tilted † Owners of the fog machine turning it up † Till our half-lives damaged they disastrously end † And we crack and pivot badly † Oh badly pivot so † In tenderness of hisses let us languishing awaken

# MANTRAS ZUR VERTEIDIGUNG VON GEWALTLOSIGKEIT GEGEN ALLE

*Gräben graben ist doch Facharbeit, oder?*

Den vereisten gallen fluss haben wir abgewählt von uns hin threnetisch zu singen † Lausche so genau wie du nur kannst † Zyklopenwimpern jetzt klammer uns und schluck † Lava kotzer schnipps uns runter † Weg vom sofa welches ganz schlangen und kröten ist † Lang jenseits überhaupt noch einer hoffnung † Auf morphischer gleichheit und gänzlicher reinheit † Verschwesternd und den rest eines lebens erfassend † Von reinheit resonant † Von gleichheit gefüllt † Oh phallisch versehens der cheeseburger hund form † Im immanentesten blute des URLs erstarrt † Schlimmere palette voll DNA sahen wir nie † Im begriff der verdinglichung schwabbelt novembers venen-rasierender nagel † Ein witz den wir nie kaufen würden da das lachen umsonst zu weit teuer † Tränen zu eindeutig bedingungslos † Überzeugt dass unsre obhut niemand überlebt † Ratten fluss flatter aus bullen pferd muschi † In der notwendigen vogelgestalt als tag-arbeit gewendet † Wie das einzige recht auf zwietracht sei unsere uniform wild † Abzeichen sonst in übersetzung ausgelöschen † Vor all dessen zerstörung verneigen † Zur verteidigung von gewaltlosigkeit lass uns umdrehen und kämpfen † In einem wettlauf zum schillernden allgemeinabgrund † Welcher ein fachbegriff großen sexuellen missbrauchs ist † Nun da wir der unendlichkeit unseres bußgeldes gewiss sind † Dass wir nie standhalten sollen † Mit dem Leben so sanft unstetig † Um absolut alles zu kommen ist Wahrheit † Neon verblassen glitzert ganz schön weit vor uns † Wie wir einst auf einer glasfasertodesrutsche tirolisch zwischen fernsten klingenfrequenzen also verliebt erwiderten † Seligkeit so nie fingiert † Haftender herzschmerz zu magenschmerz kochend † Ohne je bewusst den bessren kameraden getroffen zu haben † Nießt sie abrupt etymologisch † In lichter lebendiger tarnung aus wildernis gekippt † Inhaber der nebelmaschine drehen nun auf † Bis unsre halb-leben beschädigt katastrophal sie enden † Und wir knacken und schwenken schlimm † Oh so schlamm schwenken † In zischender zärtlichkeit lass uns schmachtend erwachen † Durch verlust

† Through loss through to life let us be us proceeding † I do not think of harm when you I think of life I think of only † In the two-way beaded waterfall collaboratively seething † To felines and moonshine am in thrall now fear quivering † Digging from the Earth a monstrous potency contorting † Since we were fucking glistening † In light of double listening † Straight up like we're whispering † Thus caught full dead in life with you would I so ever realised be † Exhausted from the necessity of putting down a diagram † Extraordinary gesture-scanning brown silken collar † With signatures organic let us often sign off † Lozenges enchanted with genetic understanding † My hand near her affine unrippling light † Now same hand in hex rips the rotted-out hearts from every solidarity-denier on the hour unanimous † For August was Aletheian † The anti-face prepared at last † As if we had unwet ourselves † That all is all tased over now like test of gut's remembrance lotus † Nature's pain be twice pain blended † Ditties thrashed upon petrified air † Till the chemicals retired was combustion everlasting † Pomegranate juice belly of the axial Earth † Reaping so terribly down the valley of life † Tongue so lost in right light rattling † Mystery over-sprung to indiscernible disarray † All Hell or vegetation thrive † And just this once may it exercise be † Slowly in absentia's burn † Lightning chewer to the pit † Harmful substance pillar quake † By automatic vendors' luminosity make cipher † Non-violence being one of many liberal weapons † Conducive to liberty shall we always refuse it † Except when extends the sovereign occasion of necessity † To all potential exposes it shall certainly intend † For dialecticians this of world's law book have proven † That of life any One is moved into its Other † That no other law must be full-tilt abided † As our love goes rampaging up the furied escalator † Drift-in-calculus of our onerous passion be abided † Timing be the cosmos of our discipline thus † Determining the moment not the method of warring † Like the spacing in the dole key generation recipe † Like the fragility of the

durch zum leben lasst uns fortfahrend wir sein † Ich denk nicht an leid wenn du ich denk an leben ich denk nur an † In den wechselnd perlenden wasserfall zusammen arbeitend siedend † Zu katzen und schnaps bin im bann jetzt zitterangst † Grab aus der erde eine ungeheure macht verrenkend † Da wir so extrem funkeln † Im schein des doppellauschen † Kein scheiß als ob wir flüsterten † Somit voll tod gefangen im leben mit dir würd ich je so verwirklicht sein † Erschöpf von der notwendigkeit der niederlegung eines diagramms † Außerordentliches gesten-scannen braun seidener kragen † Mit organischen unterschriften lass uns oft abmelden † Rauten mit genetischem verständnis verzaubert † Meine hand nah ihrem affinen entriffelten licht † Jetzt reißt die selbe hand im fluch ausgerottete herzen aus allen solidaritätsläugnern einstimmig auf die stunde † Denn august war aletheisch † Das anti-gesicht endlich bereit † Als machten wir uns aus den hosen † Das alles ist jetzt ganz zu ende geschockt wie prüfung von gedenken der gedärme lotus † Der natur schmerz sei zweifach schmerz durchmengt † Liedchen auf versteinerter luft versohlt † Fortwährend war die verbrennung bis die chemikalien ausschieden † Granatapfel saft bauch der axialen erde † So schrecklich das tal des lebens hinabmähend † Zunge so verloren im rechten licht rattelnd † Geheimnis zu unauffindbarer unordnung übersprungen † Alles hölle oder vegetationsgedeih † Und kann es ausnahmsweise übung sein † Langsam im brand der abwesenheit † Blitz kauer zur grube † Schädliche substanz säulen beben † Bei der leuchtkraft von verkaufautomaten mach ziffer † Gewaltlosigkeit eines von vielen bürgerlichen kampfmitteln † Der freiheit förderlich sollen wir sie stets verweigern † Außer wenn der mächtigste anlass zur notwendigkeit gibt † Zu allen möglichen entblößungen will es gewiss hinaus † Denn folgendes haben dialektiker vom gesetzbuch der welt bewiesen † Dass vom leben Eines in sein Anderes bewegt wird † Dass kein andres gesetz volle kanne befolgt werden muss † Während randalierend unsere liebe die wütende rolltreppe hoch geht † Rein-rutsch-berechnung unserer lästigen passion sei ertragen † Timing sei also der kosmos unserer disziplin † Den augenblick nicht die methode des bekriegens bestimmend † Wie den abstand im arbeitslosengeldschlüsselerzeugungsrezept † Wie die zerbrechlichkeit des

desire for capitation following decapitation † Like us horses slide-tackling while we still sense their presence † Like the queerness of our tensors' uncommon slow burn † Upon the Helicopter landing pad of life as we stole it † Saying will we run fast enough towards light of love's torching † To strife's flute non-trivial shall we spin up and arch † As tempo be so lovers' love † Like mint hot the imminence of the Antikytheran evaders † As our love goes rampaging up the furied escalator † Being alive and psychedelic at the great hall of weapons † Which Earth is filled with flowers from our unified mouthing † Singing living death it does in ambush clean await us † Like hibernating rattlesnakes † Let lovers eager sooner wake † Unwreathing stain in living dream † And song of day in revolution † Rends up as it validates † Binds as it releases

verlangens nach kopfpauschale welches auf köpfung folgt † Wie wir pferde  
grätschend wenn wir noch ihre anwesenheit spüren † Wie das verquere  
des ungewöhnlich langsamen brennens unserer spannmuskeln † Auf  
dem hubschrauber landeplatz des lebens so wie wir's stahlen † Sagen  
werden wir schnell genug rennen gen licht des abfackelns der liebe † Zur  
flöte von zwietracht sollen wir nicht-banal aufdrehen und uns wölben †  
Wie tempo sei so die liebe liebender † Wie minz heiß das herannahen  
der weichenden antikytheren † Während randalierend unsere liebe die  
wütende rolltreppe hoch geht † Lebendig und psychedelisch sein am  
großen waffensaal † Welche erde ist mit blumen gefüllt von unserem  
vereinten deklamieren † Lebendigen tod singend es lauert doch sauber  
auf uns † Wie überwinternde klapperschlangen † Lass liebende eifrig  
früher erwachen † Makel entwinden in lebend traum † Und lied von tag  
in revolution † In anerkennung zerreißend † Im binden befreind

## DISPERSAL ZONE

PREPARE TO GET SPRAYED APART  
HEADLESS AT THE EGRESS POINT  
THROWN INTO THE VERY FIRE  
BORDERLINE FROZEN  
RATTLING CANISTERS OF BLEACH HIGH-SPEED BENEATH A FOX PELT  
SEPTAL HAIR FLECKED UP WITH COLOURANT HYPER-NEGATIVE  
LET THEM EAT BANANA PEELS  
BORIS IS ARCTIC  
CHAINS OF FREE TEUTONIC ICE  
EVERYW HERE BUT OFF OF HIM  
THE PROPERTY OF HIS CORE IS THE POSSESSION OF NO STOMACH  
CRAWLING FACE-LAST INTO THE TUNNELS OF IMPARTIAL OPULENCE  
LEAVING MORE THAN ONE SKIN STICKING TO THE SHEETS  
AS WE ARE IN DEBT TO EVERY JOB HE'LL EVER HAVE  
AND THEY COOK FOR US THE LADDER OF HIS FUTURE DESCENT  
WE STUDY THE MEANS OF UNBURNING IT  
AND CONVERTING IT TO CATAPULT  
LEARNING THE POINTS OF ALL EGRESS  
WHILE SLAVES VERRECKEN IN THE FOREGROUND  
THE SCENARIO IS LIVING DEATH SUBSIDIES  
FOR FALLING OFF THE PLANET  
CLAMBERING BINS OF SHATTERED PLASTER  
SCORES CUT ALONG THEIR FACES  
BOILING RECKLESS BEYOND MEAT  
EACH BLISTERING AND SPLIT —  
FIRST LINE REPEAT

## AUFLÖSUNGSZONE

MACHT EUCH DARAUF GEFASST AUßEINANDER GESPRÜHT ZU WERDEN  
KOPFLOS AM AUSGANGSPUNKT  
IN NÄMLICHES FEUER GESCHMISSEN  
AN DER GEFRIERGRENZE  
BLEICHMITTELKANISTER KLAPPERND AUF HOCHGESCHWINDIGKEIT UNTER NEM FUCHSFELL  
SEPTUMSHAAR HOCH GESPRENKELT MIT FARBSTOFF HYPER-NEGATIV  
LASS SIE BANANENSCHALEN ESSEN  
BORIS IS ARKTISCH  
KETTEN AUS FREIEM TEUTONISCHEN EIS  
ÜBERALL AUßER VON IHM WEG  
DIE EIGENSCHAFT SEINES KERNELS IST DAS EIGENTUM KEINES MAGENS  
GESICHT ZULETZT IN DIE TUNNEL UNPARTEIISCHER OPULENZ KRIECHEND  
MEHR ALS NUR EINE HAUT AN DEN LAKEN KLEBEN LASSEN  
DENN JEDER ARBEIT DIE ER JE HABEN WIRD SIND WIR VERSCHULDET  
UND SIE KOCHEN FÜR UNS DIE LEITER SEINES KÜNTIGEN NIEDERGANGS  
WIR STUDIEREN DIE MITTEL ES UNZUBRENNEN  
UND ZUM KATAPULT UMZUWANDELN  
ALLE AUSGANGSPUNKTE LERNEND  
WÄHREND SKLAVEN IM VORDERGRUND VERRECKEN  
DAS SZENARIO IST LEBENDIGE TODESSUBVENTIONEN  
FÜR VOM PLANETEN FALLEN  
KRABBELNDE EIMER ZERSCHMETTERTEN GIPSES  
RITZE IHRER GESICHTER ENTLANG GESCHNITTEN  
VERWEGEN JENSEITS DES FLEISCHES KOCHEND  
JEDES BLASENSCHLAGEND UND GESPALTEN ——  
ERSTE ZEILE WIEDERHOLEN

## FLAMES OF HELL

Right now life is a tragedy  
Border guards talkin merit not family  
Progress spoused to come along gradually  
Now we're livin in Hell hopin brimstone freeze

You can try and act naturally  
But flames lickin off your face make stagecraft hard to believe  
Now you and try flee the scene  
Magnetic chain whiplash pull you back to the hotseat

Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
My address is the flames of Hell

Never try and step to the friend of me  
That's a known recipe for the E-N-E  
M-Y? every other minute's taken for free  
To build new machines that replace us while we're home sleep

And it don't take a leap  
To proceed to the truth that we believe  
Is called family's the one that we take the street with  
No need fuckin with the hope shit

Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
My address is the flames of Hell

You don't wanna see what it means to be  
The one caught out generatin fantasy  
In a protective suit that no flame can reach  
Pretendin like it's one family

Bury you in the sea  
With the ones that you deceased  
Dark little kids and extended families  
Cold metal brain dispatchin you back to the hotseat

Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
Pandemonium is where I stay  
My address is the flames of Hell

## Boodaladalidaluazateerm

Fuckin with that no-doze  
I'm on the stage wearin no clothes  
My only cover is the text of my flows  
And yo my beats are fast cuz my DJ knows  
That all my words are robed in an electrical shock  
Got an eclectic wardrobe that'll make you hot  
You stop drop and roll I body slam your soul  
Before I rub salt in with the people's elbow  
And you should also note  
That the only fire exit is always closed  
So get your body movin with a superimposition  
On the beat that goes a little like this

What I do is grab you by your nose  
It's got extraordinary length like Pinnochio's  
I spin no degrees and then I launch you out  
To the place where none will hear you shout  
To the bad location where I send my foe  
To the reservation for the murderous po  
At my instigation young turns to old  
I flip a switch and the bound all get unsold  
And on the beat is my newfound bro  
Kaveh feelin dead cuz he be so cold  
Take a leap if you can't fuck with him  
I came to blend your body with the sound system

Q6-54-32 and 1

Now you know the name of the stainless tongue  
Ridin in the front with the infinite shotgun  
Visionary rhyme make your brainshield crunch  
I make you lose your brunch  
And send it straight to the purse of those without funds  
I give your wallet the runs and I collect the cash  
Redistribute that shit in my Robin Hood mask  
And that's here today  
But in the revolution who's gonna pave the way?  
And if you're paid to slay the people risin up tell me what will you say?  
I'ma plan invasions of imperial zones  
Drop a mega sound bomb onto killer drones  
I'ma spread death in the capitalist ranks  
Droolin poison in the blood that is their drank  
We must act now to smash fascism  
Make the cracker suffer fatal embolism  
Fight social cleansing, claim the zone  
Defend the hood against the gentrifier clones  
-- Move as a team, never move alone --

## Érica Zíngano

*I am a quiet person I wake up in the morning                  then I have those fits              like that right – E.Z.*

*if I could see the text produce itself I would start reading again  
Maria Gabriela Llansol, from *The Book of Communities**

*my mouth thinks  
more than I do – E.Z.*

What do they have in common with you? The life signs that communicate themselves to you? What do you have in common with them? When you write them... Érica Zíngano is writing from a common place. These poems were written/recording as part of an exercise in simultaneous writing with another poet in a different place. Time was the place they had in their common writing. But this kind of relationship is not confined to this instance. Zíngano's writing shares a common place with other voices, writers like Unica Zürn (as in her book of drawings and texts for Zürn *Ich weiß nicht warum*), Maria Gabriela Llansol, who in her *Book of Communities* (among others) develops a form of communal writing/writing in a commune in which the subject of the writing takes over, reading becoming writing, transubstantiation, or Clarice Lispector, who can articulate a whole cosmology inside a single egg.

For Zíngano, it's the jaboticaba, which might be something like her spirit plant. The large, black berries grow not on the tips of the branches of the tree, but directly from the trunk like a sequined gown. In Zíngano's poetry, writing and speaking both grow directly from the trunk at points where you least expect it. An image can spring from any unit of language. She loosens the binds between perceptions, objects, and the words which have to designate them. *Manteiga da terra* is actually a form of clarified butter common in Brazil, but Zíngano teases it back out of the context of signification, and makes it into *butter of the earth*. Her writing addresses you directly from the living body, thinks with its mouth, is an interpellation, communicates with and through you, through life. Its space is a traditionally female space of communication that has little patience for lyric formalisms and a jargonistic performance of the ego. At base, it is

repetitive and melodic, sardonic and ruminating.

Where does it come from? That's not really important. Like Spicer says, an id down in the cortex is just as far away as Mars or "those galaxies which seem to be sending radio messages to us with the whole of the galaxy blowing up just to say something to us". The poet is a radio, though Zíngano has maybe been upgraded to an internet connection, but without the latest browser, so you still get the pop-ups.

Have you ever had the feeling of being, like, a packet of pasta? When you're on those websites, *da paquera*. So you pick up the pasta, you pay for it, you take it home, you open the package, you cook the pasta, you eat the pasta, and afterwards, you expel the pasta. Your complete evolutionary cycle, as a packet of pasta. You'd have to be pretty stupid to think that just because it is simple it isn't complex.

There you are, "selling your fish", giving your spiel. There's that "feeling of a market", "that you are a market". What's that thing called again, *reification*? Nobody said the unconscious wasn't a brutal place. "The trouble with comparing a poet with a radio is that radios don't develop scar-tissue" (Spicer).

Zíngano's poems advance in miniature jumps. Each statement is part of the previous one, but uploads a new perception, which, when processed, will either turn out the way you expected, or will morph into a chimaera. Will you be a man-man, or a spider-man? "i force myself to wake up so you never know". And each pixel that becomes visible adds to the hilarity or the outrageousness of the possibility of its existence. When a scene seems set, everything dissolves, and by the time the image has focused again, we're somewhere else. It's reminiscent of Zürn's anagrams, which morph with each new arrangement of the exact same units of language – "*Es liegt Schnee. Bei Tau und Samen/ leuchtet es im Sand. Sieben Augen*", and eventually, "*es entlaubt sich eine mude Gans*". If we camouflage ourselves as things, then things can also camouflage themselves as other things: helmet blanket walls, lampshade of floor. We packets of pasta are same-different. It's hard to differentiate, "circulating in the vibration of the bubble". But if you don't think this is work, you're a dick.

And you might pretend you are dead. But then the signs of life might start to communicate themselves to you. And then you start writing.

One day E. woke up in her bed and found herself to be a monstrous packet of pasta.

“i find it weird      but      i have been therapeutic”.

érica zíngano was born in 1980 in brazil. in fortaleza. yes, very in the northeast but very in the south too, porto alegre. more than 5000 km and 2 funny names: fortress and happy harbor. she lived in são paulo and lisbon, where she was mainly studying as an excuse, but now she's living in berlin for any reason but life. it's ok. she writes poems, sometimes they get published in magazines or books too, like this book for unica zürn, for example, „ich weiss nicht warum“ (hochroth berlin, 2013), translated into german by Odile Kennel. when she says she's a poet, sometimes it happens she needs to explain the difference between poetry and poems, in english she thinks this last sentence is completely illogical but in portuguese a lot of people mix „poesia“ and „poema“: „eu vou ler uma poesia“, „i will read one poetry“ (literal translation). it seems this phenomenon happens in spanish too. but not so often.

transcrição 20160311 082944 (4'27'', 11/03/2016, 08:43 am)

hum      hum      eu não sei se você já teve a sensação  
de ser tipo  
um pacote de macarrão?      na prateleira de supermercado?      aí  
atrás você lê  
o pacote de macarrão      diz lá      como é que o pacote foi feito      né  
o macarrão      e aí diz lá      como      os ingredientes      ahhh      aí eles  
são gentis  
e trazem uma sugestão      né      uma receita      aí a pessoa vê vários pacotes  
de macarrão      são todos iguais      os pacotes de macarrão não?      todos  
apesar de que  
se você olhar mesmo pro macarrão      eles são iguais-diferentes né      mas  
assim  
aparentemente      eles são todos iguais      aí você pega o macarrão  
você paga o macarrão      você leva o macarrão pra casa      você abre o pacote de  
macarrão      você cozinha o macarrão      você come o macarrão (1:02) e depois  
você expele o macarrão      então      tem aí      todo um círculo  
evolutivo da vida do macarrão  
da vida útil do macarrão né  
eu não sei se você já teve a sensação de ser um pacote de macarrão  
às vezes eu tenho essa sensação de ser um pacote de macarrão  
quando eu tô nesses websites aí      da paquera      nem era pra falar nisso  
já tô mexendo... (voz mais forte)      eu misturo tudo né cara      eu não consigo  
fazer distinção      eu tento mas aí os termos ficam ali      circulando na  
víbrazione da bolha  
e cara      mistura      é uma merda      desculpa      ahhh      nem era  
ahhhhhh  
por que      tem essa sensação do mercado né      tem uma sensação de  
mercado  
que você é um mercado      assim      que você tá ali      você é o seu  
produto  
você tá vendendo o seu peixe      o seu mercado      meu mercado é esse  
aqui  
e aí      ninguém sabe né      o que vai acontecer      ninguém nunca  
sabe  
-      pausa meio longa      -  
(2:05)      (voz mais enérgica)      eu não sei      hoje eu tava tentando pensar esse

transcription 20160311 082944 (4'27'', 11/03/2016, 08:43 am)

um um i don't know if you've ever had the feeling of being, like,  
like, a packet of pasta? on the supermarket shelf? up the back  
you read the pack of pasta it says how the packet was made right  
the pasta and it says there how the ingredients ahhh then they're  
nice and they come with a suggestion yeah a recipe then you see  
several packets of pasta they're all the same the packets of pasta,  
yeah? all of them despite the fact that  
if you really look at the pasta they are same-different right but like  
this apparently they are all the same then you grab the pasta  
you pay for the pasta you take the pasta home you open the packet of  
pasta you cook the pasta you eat the pasta (1:02) and afterwards you expel  
the pasta so there you have a complete evolutionary  
cycle of the pasta  
of the shelf life of the pasta, right  
i don't know if you've ever had the feeling of being a packet of pasta  
sometimes i have that feeling of being a packet of pasta  
when i'm on those websites on the prowl i didn't even want to talk  
about that  
i'm already meddling... (voice louder) i mix everything up don't i i never manage  
to differentiate i try but then the terms stay there circulating in the  
vibration of the bubble  
and, you know, mixing is shitty sorry err  
i didn't errrrrrr  
because there's that feeling of a market you know  
a market feeling  
that you are a market like that you are there you are your  
product  
that you are selling your fish your market this is what i have on offer  
and then no one knows, right what's gonna happen no one  
ever knows  
- longish pause -  
(2:05) (more energetic voice) i don't know today i was trying to think

salto né

essa dupla realidade como uma espécie de salto e eu chamava assim

tinha dois fenômenos que eu chamava um era o descolamento da retina e o outro eu não sei se eu chamava choque da realidade ahhh mas ah

aí tinha a ver muito com a visão e tinha muito a ver com a presença esse novo presença no espaço que era um objeto que antes era um objeto bidimensional porque uma fotografia e que depois vira um objeto tridimensional

em movimento né no espaço na sua frente (respiração mais profunda) e eu não consigo assim eu acho muito estranho

ninguém entende o que tá acon... não sei como é o movimento das pessoas

as pessoas podem ter o meu roomate né o meu flatmate ele faz

aí ele vai aprendendo ele diz não agora dois dates com a mesma pessoa no mesmo... dois dates com pessoas diferentes no mesmo dia é demais cara (3:04) é óbvio né ahhhhh eu fico apaixonada toda semana por uma pessoa diferente

eu não sei se isso é saudável porque a minha mente não tem condições de... é... assimilar tanta informação essa vibração do mundo entendeu (respira)

eu sou uma pessoa calma eu acordo de madrugada aí eu tenho esses ataques assim né

é tipo ataque não... é... de acordar de madrugada né a pessoa não dorme mais

insônia tem às vezes que é a pró-pura insônia e têm vezes que é a

ahhh eu me forço a acordar então você nunca sabe mas eu tenho isso desde pequena porque a gente por exemplo ia fazer uma viagem então eu ficava

eu não dormia à noite pensando na viagem então eu tenho essa probabilidade do meu corpo ficar pensando em coisas bem alucinadas eu não consigo fazer nada

(4:01) porque eu fico só dentro do pensam... é como se eu ficasse vivendo dentro da minha cabeça é coisa muito

that jump right  
that double reality like a kind of jump and i called it that

there were two phenomena that i was calling one was the detachment of  
the retina and the other one i don't know if i called it  
reality shock errr but er then it had a lot to do with vision and it  
had a lot to do with presence newness presence in space  
which was an object which before was a two-dimensional object  
because a photograph and that then becomes a three-dimensional  
object

moving right in space in front of you  
(deeper breathing) and i can't like i find it very  
strange

no one understands what's happen... i don't know what the movement of  
people is like

people can have my roommate, yeah my flatmate he  
does

so he's learning he says no now two dates with the same person in the  
same... two dates with different people on the same day is too much  
you know? (3:04) it's obvious right errrrrr every  
week i fall in love with a different person  
i don't know if that's healthy because my mind isn't fit for... is...  
processing so much information that vibration of the world get it  
(breathes)

i am a quiet person i wake up in the morning then i have those fits  
like that right  
it's like a fit that's not... it's... from waking up in the morning, yeah  
you're no longer sleeping

insomnia there are times where you're pro-pure insomnia  
and there are times that the

errrr i force myself to wake up so you never know but i've had this since i  
was little because for example we would go on a trip and i  
would get

i wouldn't sleep at night thinking about the trip so i have that  
propensity that my body will keep thinking about things pretty wild  
i can't do anything

(4:01) because i just stay inside this though...  
it's as if i kept living in my head there's something very strange that happens

tão estranho o vizinho tem um colchão de casal duas parabólicas e um colchão

nas parabólica ali fora é como se eu ficasse vivendo dentro da minha cabeça

ahhh eu acho estranho mas tenho sido terapêutico  
eu tenho analisado as coisas como têm acontecido de uma forma  
terapêutica (CORTE / continua)

but it happens and i keep living inside my head  
so strange the neighbour has a mattress two satellite dishes and a mattress  
for two  
in the dishes out there it's as if i kept living inside my head  
errrr i find it weird but i have been  
therapeutic  
i have been analysing how things have been happening in a therapeutic way  
(CUT / to be continued)

sob certas circunstâncias

tá frio tá quente  
tá ficando quente as cadeiras de três pés tb ficam de pé  
se vc é mulher e tá vestida de mulher  
é ok tb vc dançou e eu tb dancei  
se vc é mulher e tá vestida de homem  
é ok tb pq quase todo mundo tb queria dançar  
se vc é homem e tá vestida de mulher  
é ok tb já q todo mundo queria mesmo mto  
dançar tb e tá vestida de homem  
tb pra dançar afinal mta gente naum tava nem aí  
e vc e tb acabou dançando  
o que vc é mesmo? eu não sei nem o que vc é  
vc não tá vestida de nada vc é tipo um pé de jabuticaba gigante congelada?  
vc quer ser o meu primeiro crocodilo preferido rastejante?  
o que vc quer ser qd vc crescer? o que vc vai ser qd vc morrer?  
verde deve ser ok tb vc tb gosta de dançar?  
ou vc prefere brincar da brincadeira de ficar lambendo a colher sem parar?  
responda rápido meio sem pensar ok?  
o q eles têm e m c o m u m com vc?  
o q vc tem d e i n c o m u m com eles?  
meio sem pensar essa forma de dizer um pouco  
frouxa fora do círculo particular dos sapatos os cadarços  
até isso agora pode ser rastreado mto rápido  
se não estivermos devidamente protegidos camuflados de coisas  
rápido para debaixo da mesa capacete cobertor muralhas  
um abatjour de chão um pote de manteiga da terra um ramo  
de alecrim grampos para os cabelos as suas necessidades afetivas

reúna o seu pequeno exército mental de agora em diante  
eles serão seus aliados seus melhores amigos  
não desista agora eu vou te dar mais uma chance  
tá ficando quente às vezes eu penso sei lá  
como bônus de gratificação “por bom comportamento  
e tônus relativamente esportivo” a minha habilidade

under certain circumstances

it's cold it's hot  
it's getting hot three-legged chairs also stay up  
if ur a woman & dressed as a woman  
that's ok u danced & i danced too  
if ur a woman & dressed as a man  
that's ok too bc almost everyone wanted to dance  
if ur a man & dressed as a woman  
that's ok too since everyone really wanted to dance too  
if ur a man & dressed as a man  
that's ok too after all, lots of people were phoning it in  
to dance too and ended up dancing as well  
and u i don't even know what u are  
what are you really? r u like some kind of giant frozen jaboticaba?  
ur not dressed as anything  
do u want to be my first favorite crawling crocodile?  
what do u want to be when u grow up? what r u going to be? when u die?  
green should also be ok do u like to dance too?  
or do u prefer to play the game of endlessly licking the spoon?  
respond quickly almost without thinking ok?  
what do they have i n c o m m o n with you?  
what do you have i n c o m m o n with them?  
almost without thinking that slightly loose way of  
saying outside the specific circle of shoes the shoelaces  
even that can now be quickly tracked  
se não estivermos devidamente protegidos camuflados de coisas  
if we aren't properly protected camouflaged by things  
quick under the table helmet blanket walls  
a lampshade of floor a pot of butter of the earth a bunch  
or rosemary bobby pins for hair ur emotional needs

gather your little mental army from now on  
they will be your allies ur best friends  
don't give up now i will give u another chance  
it's getting hot sometimes i think dunno  
like an incentive bonus "for good behavior  
and relatively athletic tonus" my secret ability

secreta de me fingir de morta e não cair  
no primeiro golpe do sal de frutas que aparecer por aí  
que eles me deixaram viver que podia ter sido ainda pior  
mto pior se eu tivesse nascido homem  
homem-homem por exemplo não homem-aranha já pensou?  
agora preencha esse quadradinho aqui sim?  
e espere os sinais de vida responder sim? mais cedo ou mais  
tarde eles vão começar a aparecer  
vão começar  
a se comunicar com vc

of pretending that i am dead & not falling  
into the first blow of fruit salts that comes around  
that they've let me live      it could have been worse  
much worse      if i had been born a man  
man-man    for example    not spider-man    have you ever thought about that?  
now fill in this little box                  yeah?  
and wait for the signs of life to respond              yeah?    sooner or  
later they will start to appear                              they'll start  
to communicate themselves to you

## Antoine Hummel

In his *Philosophical Dictionary*, Voltaire describes the art of poetry thus: “it is like dancing in fetters on a rope; the greatest success is of itself nothing.” Antoine Hummel, whose proposal for a game we publish here, would be aghast at being introduced by a Voltaire quote.

Ängèrde!

As a genre, text is simultaneously an *empatouillée* (caught up in/entangled) and a potential *depatouilleuse* (unknowing agent intending movement, giving inadequate orders). Poetry, text, author, person – there is no innocence – nothing to praise – nothing to celebrate. So Hummel here takes on the role of double-agent-cum-circus-dompteur (in a circus full of double-agents-cum-circus-dompteurs). The rules of the game are constantly creating new concepts that are intricately connected to those provided by philosophy and culture, from Spinoza to Yoga. By employing them, the text mocks itself but without claiming a souperior role. This is the carnivalesque aspect, which depending on your mood, can either be bleak or incite universal laughter.

Trying to write about this text/author is to “tease the dramaturgical tar in which our gestures are made”. We become acutely aware of each motion – *ah, this is the move where we cite a canonized poet of significance for the poet we’re writing about; this is the bit where we single out a verse in the text which is “indicative” of something larger; here we analyse the relation between form and content*. We could pick up one of the shovels from the philological shed and mention some biographical information in order to illuminate the text. To this end, the information might as well be invented. We could mention that Hummel had a relatively successful acting career, including a minor role as Voltaire’s wigmaker in the period thriller *The Social Contract Killer*, and as the goose in a film adaptation of Rabelais’ *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. That his stage presence has led him to be dubbed the ‘Mick Jagger of Alsace-Lorraine’. But what is that going to achieve? Are we leading or being led? Are we writing about them or about us? Are we still us or are we another us. Is he him or is he another? The poet Antoine Hummel has already moved and we’re left going through the motions of the whole gamut of the introductory gestuary. We apply a 35° bend to our arms toward the keyboard. We miss, we fall. Instead of an introduction we begin to realise we are shadowing the movements of the poet Antoine Hummel. We have become his victim (*Wir Opfer*). We begin to make a protocol.

Accepting the role assigned to us, we make an offering, sacrifice ourselves. The protocol becomes the bad poem that Hummel refuses to write, to be performed

according to the aesthetic of the frantic, confused iterations of the Maison de la Poésie school:

We are working on the basis of the molecular.  
We are working on the level of the discursive.  
We are working on the basis of the body.  
The body is exacting its revenge on language.  
We are meticulously distinguishing each of the parts of our body.  
We have to learn the names of the parts.  
We have to learn the names of each of the words we are using.  
We can do this in English only if we fail.  
The tongue takes over the tongue.  
There's a pile of tongues singing in the trees.  
We are seasoning the soup of language with the molecular body.  
We are making fun.  
This is very serious.  
We can't see the body in front of us.  
Movement is failure.  
Habit is everything.  
We are not certain we are reading a poem.  
We are not certain we are reading poetry.  
We may be being pwned.  
Freeing the body from habit we create new habits.  
Everything is glue is language.  
It sticks to our bodies it sticks it up.  
Language is our bodies.  
We are funny when we fail.  
*Es kann noch schiefgehen.*  
This is tragic.  
This is funny.  
Such Rope.  
Much Fetters.  
Let's Dance.  
*Tüsche*

Antoine Hummel comes from Paris and lives in Berlin. For 10 years he has been published by his blog ([testanonpertinente.net/](http://testanonpertinente.net/)), where, for example, his Querschnitt durch Alles appeared. In English his texts are published by Veer Books, and in German, French and English also at Rad Für Alle ([radfueralle.bandcamp.com](http://radfueralle.bandcamp.com)).

## LA DÉPATOUILLE (un jeu)

*La dépatouille est un jeu de translation spontan dont la partie-patron et d'autres parties sont écoutables à cette adresse : <https://radfueralle.bandcamp.com/album/la-d-patouille-pam552>. Ce texte en constitue le livret. Il a été écrit avec Sam Langer. Les photos sont de Lotti Thießen*



- *Lève-toi et marche.* La dépatouille est un jeu qui se joue à deux et lors duquel A donne à B des ordres qui doivent la mener à accomplir une action simple (*se lever, marcher, boire un verre d'eau...*). La contrainte tient dans le fait que B est totalement ignorante du gestuaire de la domestication sociale : ainsi, on n'obtiendra rien de B si on lui intime l'ordre "lève-toi, marche et bois ce verre d'eau", car les actions "se lever", "marcher", "boire", la deixis des "ce", ainsi que l'équation objectale "verre d'eau" lui sont parfaitement étrangères. B n'a de connaissances langagières que celles qui réfèrent à des parties de son corps et à des positions absolues par rapport à celles-ci. Alors si B, avachie sur un sofa, doit accomplir *marcher et boire un verre*, "imprime une courbe de 35° à ton bras gauche le long du sol" est un genre de début acceptable pour la redresser. Nous nommons B *l'empatouillée* ; A la dépatouilleuse.

## LA DÉPATOUILLE (a game)

Dépatouille is a game of spontan transference, the template and the other games of which can be heard at this address: <https://radfueralle.bandcamp.com/album/la-d-patouille-pam552>. This text constitutes the manual of the game. It was written with Sam Langer. The photos are by Lotti Thießen



dépatouiller qqch : to cope with sth., to manage sth.

se dépatouiller : to disentangle oneself

- *Arise and walk.* Dépatouille is a two-player game in which A gives B orders that are to lead her to accomplish a simple action (*stand up, walk, drink a glass of water...*). The constraint lies in the fact that B is entirely ignorant of the gestuary of social domestication: therefore, one won't get anything from B by ordering her to "stand up, walk and drink this glass of water", because the actions of standing up, walking, drinking, the deixis of "this", and the objectal equation "glass of water" are completely unfamiliar to her. B's linguistic knowledge refers exclusively to parts of her body and to absolute positions in relation to these. So, if B, slouched on a couch, must manage to *stand up and drink a glass of water*, "apply a 35° bend to your left arm along the floor" is a kind of acceptable start to setting her right. We name B *l'empatouillée*; A *la dépatouilleuse*.

- *Position de départ.* L'empatouillée choisit sa position de départ : cette position implique le plus grand relâchement possible. La position de départ de l'empatouillée est son moment expressif ; un moment où les possibilités d'avachissement, où la *mise à l'aise*, le *mettez-vous à l'aise*, sont étendues au-delà des frontières de l'hospitalité. L'empatouillée n'est pas simplement l'hôte docile de la dépatouilleuse, c'est aussi un convive qui choisit où et comment il perd connaissance et organise ainsi la *crime scene* de laquelle il sera sauvé.

- *D'où vient la dépatouille ?* La dépatouille est née d'un moment de panne, de frustration, de conflit latent qui crispa les rapports. Des énoncés autoritaires remplacèrent la négociation autour de *ce qu'il y a à faire*, et à y repenser il devint clair que ces énoncés empruntaient aux figures du flic, du pimp, du gangster, du docteur, du parent, dont les discours sont à la fois des rappels à l'ordre sur le mode de la menace prévenante ("you better take some time and be careful about that") et l'expression d'affects particuliers qui sont brandis, dans cet ordre, comme des attributs canoniques ("i'm not a violent man but you should be aware that...").

- *Un supplicié en chacune.* La dépatouille n'a pas pour but de mener un corps de la stase au mouvement. Ce que la dépatouilleuse conduit, c'est une opération de sauvetage qui détaille le passage de l'avachissement à la surrection. Mais la station debout, en tant que projet conventionnel qui dit *la tenue* et *la disposition à marcher*, n'est que le triomphe du gesteur impuissant et velléitaire en chacune de nous, et dont l'impuissance est maintenue par une duplicité des pratiques : sanctifiant un gestuaire singulier, il s'établit dans le décor d'un culte dont l'efficace ne tient qu'à la griserie d'écart conventionnels ; mais, pontife incertain de ses effets, il se soumet au vicariat d'attitudes validées par la dramaturgie empoissante de ce culte. C'est ce supplicié en chacune que nous appelons *l'empatouillée*.

- *Déléguer sa puissance.* La dépatouilleuse ne pose la question des volontés que secondairement par rapport à la question des puissances. Lors d'une dépatouille, la dépatouilleuse modalise autant le mouvement de l'empatouillée que son propre dégagement des rapports aliénants de la domination : démiurge d'une physique purement causalitaire (c'est elle qui par ses ordres provoque les accidents d'une substance réactive), elle ne peut, dans le cadre d'une partie de dépatouille, être qu'un démiurge malheureux puisque ce qui advient n'est pas le produit transi de ses ordres, mais la réponse d'une puissance sans détermination à une volonté de pouvoir déterminée. La dépatouille n'est donc qu'à la marge un *agon* (un jeu de pouvoir, de soumission ou de domination), c'est principalement un *alea*,

- *Starting Position.* The empatouillée chooses her starting position: this position involves the greatest possible loosening. The starting position of the empatouillée is her expressive moment; a moment in which the possibilities of slackening, in which the *being comfortable*, the *make yourself comfortable*, are extended beyond the boundaries of hospitality. The empatouillée is not merely the docile host of the dépatouilleuse, she is also a guest who chooses where and how she loses consciousness and sets up the crime scene from which she will be saved.

- *Where does dépatouille originate?* Dépatouille is borne of a moment of failure, of frustration, of latent conflict which has strained relations. Authoritarian utterances have replaced the negotiation about *what is to be done*, and upon rethinking, it became clear that these utterances were borrowing from the figures of the cop, the pimp, the gangster, the doctor, the parent, whose discourses are both reprimands in the mode of the preemptive threat ("you better take some time and be careful about that") and the expression of particular affects that are wielded in this order as canonical attributes ("i'm not a violent man but you should be aware that...").

- *In each one a racked one.* Dépatouille does not aim to lead a body from stasis to movement. What dépatouille undertakes is a rescue operation that details the passage from slackness to resurrection. But the standing position, as a conventional project which means *straighten up* and *readiness to walk*, is nothing but the triumph of the *impotent* and spineless *gesteur* in each of us, and whose impotence is maintained by a duplicity of practices: by sanctifying a singular gestuary, he establishes himself in a cult setting whose efficacy lies in nothing but the exhilaration of conventional gaps; but (at the same time), as a pontiff unsure of his efficacy, he submits himself to the vicariate of attitudes validated by the ensnaring dramaturgy of this cult. We call this racked-one-in-each-of-us, the *empatouillée*.

- *Delegating puissance.* It is not just that for the dépatouilleuse the question of will is secondary to the question of puissance. During a dépatouille, the dépatouilleuse modalises in equal parts the movement of the empatouillée and her own release from the alienating relations of domination: as a demigod of a purely causalitarian physics (she is the one whose orders provoke the accidents of a reactive substance), within the confines of a game of dépatouille, she cannot be but an infelicitous demigod, since the result is not the readymade product of her orders, but the response of an indeterminate *puissance* to a will of determinate *pouvoir*<sup>1</sup>. Dépatouille

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<sup>1</sup> The distinction between *pouvoir* and *puissance* is difficult to convey in English, both of which would typically be translated as 'power'. One could say, according to a Spinozan

une négociation d'impuissances autour des modalités de la puissance. Ainsi la dépatouille n'offre-t-elle pas le constat d'une correspondance entre des ordres et leur exécution, elle donne à voir ce qu'un corps peut lorsqu'il délègue sa déhiscence à une autre intelligence, une autre vitesse, un autre patron de dépli ou déploi.



- *Un embarras et une libération.* La dépatouille est un embarras et une libération : elle progresse, laborieusement, dans la perspective de *se rassembler*, en vue de *se tenir* mais révèle une agonie sociale de surface (dans cette zone peu profonde de l'*infra* qui se laisse percevoir) et sait se constituer *bonne pêche* comme d'autres se constituent prisonniers ; elle s'adresse donc aux êtres socialisés soucieux de se dépatouiller, de faire *bonne pêche* de leur corps pour leur retour dans l'instrumental des usages quotidiens.

- *Une pratique de l'émancipation.* La dépatouille est une pratique de l'émancipation qui cherche à se soustraire plutôt qu'à s'extraire. Elle progresse grâce à une soumission volontaire à une opération de sauvetage qui emprunte au moins autant aux formules de l'autoritarisme qu'aux tutoriels suaves de pliage de serviettes de bain.

is thus only marginally an *agon* (a game of *pouvoir*, of submission or domination), it is first and foremost an *alea*, a negotiation of impotencies around the modalities of *puissance*. So dépatouille does not provide acknowledgement of a correspondence between the orders and their execution, it points out what a body can do when it delegates its dehiscence from the intellect of an Other, another's speed, another's pattern of unfolding or unfurling.

- *An entanglement and a release.* Dépatouille is an entanglement and a release: it progresses, laboriously, within the perspective of *pulling oneself together*, with the aim of *straightening up*, but reveals a superficial social agony (in that shallow, perceptible zone of the *infra*) and is happy to be hunted like others are happy to be prisoners; it thus addresses itself to socialized beings willing to depatouiller themselves, make *happy hunting* of their bodies so that they may return to the instrumental usages of the quotidian.
- *A practice of emancipation.* Dépatouille is an emancipatory practice that seeks to withdraw rather than to go underground. It progresses by means of a voluntary submission to a rescue operation that borrows at least as much from authoritarian formulae as from soothing tutorials for folding bath towels.
- *The hieratic element to drive-based practice.* In decomposing the action and gestures that form it, that which depatouille exposes is the hieratical element to drive-based practices (*Trieb*). It is not a matter of cultivating an idealism according to which emancipation undergoes the “unplugging of knowledge”, but rather of teasing the dramaturgical tar in which many of our gestures are made. That which is left standing at the end of a dépatouille is not addressed to ballisticians: the trajectory of a dépatouille is that of a the validity of a feckless hero who will not take long to turn his triumph into the typical paternalism of the valids over the invalids. To experience that. To suffer it. To care about it.



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perspective, without, however, being strictly Spinozist, that *puissance* characterises the becoming, is interested in the effectuation, and that *pouvoir* is always already effectuated (it is transitive in as much as it always supposes an object, believes to know it) -- its exercise is that of a constraint of *puissances*.

- *L'élément hiératique des pratiques pulsionnelles.* En décomposant l'action et les gestes qui la construisent, ce que la dépatouille expose c'est l'élément hiératique des pratiques pulsionnelles. Il ne s'agit pas de cultiver l'idéalisme selon lequel l'émancipation passe par le "débranchement du savoir" mais d'agacer la poix dramaturgique dans laquelle nombre de nos gestes sont pris. Ce qui se dresse, en fin de dépatouille, ne se dresse pas à l'usage des balisticiens : la trajectoire d'une dépatouillée est celle du héros falot de la validité auquel il ne faudra pas longtemps pour transformer ce triomphe en un paternalisme typique des valides pour les invalides. Expérimenter ça. Le subir. S'en soucier.
- *Caution : dépatouiller n'est pas yoger.* La dépatouilleuse n'est pas instructeur de yoga. C'est un auxiliaire temporaire qui, en dehors des exigences de son rôle, est une possible empatouillée. L'empatouillée n'est pas, comme le yogiste, l'échangeur gymnique de ses sensations propres. Qui s'offre, au cours d'une partie de dépatouille, aux ordres précis et contraignants d'une dépatouilleuse, remet temporairement aux mains d'un second la responsabilité de son sauvetage, délègue à plus puissant que soi le soin de son animation, ce qu'une physique des idéalités sociales n'autorise pas.
- *Le chantier sous le remblai.* La dépatouille fait voir le pantin hominien dans toute la misère de ses gammes articulatoires. Les exécutions maladroites, bruyantes, vacillantes, d'ordres extrêmement précis et requérant technique, ainsi que la précarité érotique ou comique de certaines catalepsies, font apparaître, sous le remblai des gestes appris et des actions instrumentales (*boire un verre d'eau, défaire ses lacets* etc.), tout le chantier anthropologique.
- *Le risible du jeu intenable.* La dépatouille donne à voir deux types d'effort qui mènent à des concentrations d'absurde : catalepsies précaires du côté de l'empatouillée qui tendue, rougeaudé, veinée, à la peine, essaie de respecter à la lettre les indications qu'elle entend ; énoncés s'appliquant à la plus grande précision du côté de la dépatouilleuse, non sans maladresses, redondances, impérities ("bring your backside further back") qui rappellent l'impéritie de l'empatouillée.



- *Caution: to dépatotouiller is not to yogue.* The dépatouilleuse is not a yoga instructor. She is a temporary aid who, outside of the requirements of her role, is a potential empatouillée. The empatouillée is not, like the yogi, the gymnic shifter of her own sensations. She who offers herself during a game of dépatouille to the precise and constraining orders of a dépatouilleuse, temporarily puts the responsibility of her rescue in the hands of another, delegates the care of her animation to somebody with more puissance. This would not be enabled by a physics of social idealities.

- *The scrapheap under the parking lot.* Dépatouille highlights the hominid puppet in the misery of its articulatory gamut. The maladroit, noisy, unsteady executions of extremely precise orders requiring technique, as well as the erotic or comical precarity of certain catalepsies reveal, under the parking lot of learned gestures and instrumental actions (to drink a glass of water, to undo one's shoelaces, etc.), the whole anthropological scrapheap.

- *The risibility of the untenable game.* Dépatouille highlights two types of effort which lead to concentrations of the absurd: precarious catalepsies on the side of the empatouillée who – strained, reddened, veined, struggling – tries to respect to the letter the indications which she hears; utterances aspiring for the utmost precision on the part of the dépatouilleuse, not without blunders, redundancies, incompetences ("bring your backside further back") which recall the incompetence of the empatouillée.



- // fucked up → bizarre contortions → unfucked up // The stages of the empatouillée's progress can resemble scènes de la dépatouille quotidienne that are familiar to all (drug effects, sickness, handicaps, aging, sex). In this sense, the dépatouillée is not a "liberated" body. The dépatouillée is just a body that can no longer be considered as "out of it". A "finished", "graduated" body.

- *Qui dépatouille sagouine.* Même si la dépatouille vise à organiser la *crime scene*, et passe d'un merdier-pas-possible à une position en fin de compte *tenable*, les joueurs doivent supposer qu'ils vont produire encore un merdier différent (avec les dommages inévitables de la resurrection - *knocking over furniture* etc.).

- //fucked up → bizarre contortions → unfucked up//. The stages of the empatouillée's progress can resemble scènes de la dépatouille quotidienne that are familiar to all (drug effects, sickness, handicaps, aging, sex). In this sense, the dépatouillée is not a “liberated” body. The dépatouillée is just a body that can no longer be considered as “out of it”. A “finished”, “graduated” body.

- *She who dépatouilles, slobs.* Even if dépatouille aims to organize the crime scene, and progresses from one impossible-shittoir to an ultimately *tenable* position, the players should suppose that they will produce yet another, different shittoir (with the inevitable pitfalls of resurrection – *knocking over furniture* etc.).









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