

# Trust

von

Falk Richter

A project by Falk Richter and Anouk van Dijk  
World Premiere:  
Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz, Berlin, 10.10.2009

Translated by Maja Zade



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## **CONTENTS**

### **Texts used in the performance**

**I**  
**II**  
**II**

### **+ Excerpts from the material**

**10.05.2009 10:11 am**

**16.05.2009 11:47 am**

**21.05.2009 08.47 am**

**NB Sections in italics English by Falk Richter and performed in English in the Schaubühne production.**



## **The Searchers**

And if I left you it wouldn't change anything

And if I stayed it wouldn't change anything

And if you looked at me it wouldn't change anything

And if you just sat there it wouldn't change anything

Look at you

(Laughs)

I mean

I mean

Just look at you

This

This

This body or whatever

This is meant to be

I can't do this

You know

I can't do this anymore

I just can't fucking do this anymore

What is he telling me

What is he trying

He, him, this thing

To tell me

I don't get it

version 08.10.09

Sorry

But

I'm sorry but

Maybe it's better if you just stay over there and I

I don't know

What was I going to say?

What was I going to say?

What am I trying to say?

What do I actually want?

I don't know

I can't remember

And if I touched you it wouldn't change anything

And if I really, really wanted you it wouldn't change anything

We've made it this far

10 years

My God

I'm sorry

I'm so sorry

Forget everything I said

Let's just leave things the way they are

We've

This equilibrium

This poise

version 08.10.09

This balance, is that what you call it?

Found this equilibrium and

I I I

I err

I

Err I

Err err err

Too complicated

Let's just leave things the way they are

It's too complicated to change now

Please

I'm so sorry

Forget what I said

I'm sorry

I didn't mean it

Let's just leave things the way they are

Let's not mess everything up now

It took such a long time to get all this

It was so so

Exhausting

(Laughs)

It's about me

It's not about you

version 08.10.09

I'm sorry

somehow it's in me and

I'm sorry

this is all my

this is all my I mean this is

I'm sorry

o God

This is me

And this is you

o God

And I

I don't even know

o God

but let's just leave things the way they are

It took such a long time to get this this this *this*

Let's just leave things like this, yes?

Okay?

Good.

I'm sorry.

And what am I supposed to say about this?

It's just that... it's just that this has nothing to do with me, it's your problem



I'm supposed to-?

Yes, why?

Well, what?

Okay, listen

We'll

We'll just leave it like this, we'll just leave it like this

It's taken us ten years to get here, to this point

And now it's just too

No

Have a seat

Too, right?, complicated, to start over again, I mean

You and I and (laughs)

Oh dear

I just can't change

I mean

anyway

I mean we've been talking about it for so long and it doesn't change anything

And I really don't get it either

I mean I really can't figure out what you're doing, what you've turned into in the last few years, what's it all about?

Right? I don't know

How, what?

I mean, somehow

Nothing

I don't know either

This is me now

How am I supposed to figure this out? I don't get it

You should figure it out by yourself

I mean we've been working at it for so long that you have to slowly start to

I mean you have to

I can't always be the one who

And you've gotten really old as well

We've been, what?, how long?

Together or whatever you want to call it, yes

by now you should be able to figure it out by yourself

I mean it's not the first

What's all this about?

I don't get it

I can't figure it out

Your movements, this, this body, I mean have you ever actually thought about your body, what it tells you, the story of your body, the story your body tells me every morning

O God, I mean

I don't know

I don't mean any of the things I'm saying, I don't mean anything, I mean I don't know

Maybe there's something wrong with

version 08.10.09

This is just all too

And it's too exhausting and regardless of, okay, okay

Listen

You're living your life, I'm living my life,

You're here, I'm here

And sometimes it can be nice

Okay, I'm sorry,

I didn't mean it

I didn't mean any of it

What *do* I mean?

What do I mean?

What am I trying to tell you?

I don't know what I'm trying to say.

I, we

I, I'm at a loss

I mean I don't know

This thing

Standing there

Quite pretty really

But somehow

No connection no

But we'll leave it like this, right?

We'll just leave it

version 08.10.09

We'll just leave it there

We'll just carry on, okay?

Let me

I'm just

There's something

I mean

With me, it's, I think it's just because of, about, I mean I think, yes, me and I'm sorry

Okay

It has nothing to do with you

It's just about me

All this is not about you

All this is just about me

Okay

*And if I told you, it wouldn't change anything*

*And if I didn't tell you, it wouldn't change anything*

*And if I loved you, it wouldn't change anything*

*And if we stayed together, it wouldn't change anything*

*And if I left you, it wouldn't change anything*

*And if I packed my bags, it would also not change anything*

*And if I call you, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I don't call you, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I kiss you, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I really, really want you, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I, if I just fall asleep, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I fuck you, it doesn't change anything*

*And if I trust you, I, I, you know, I, yeah, I, I, I, I just can't, I just cannot, I, I, I*

*I, I, I just cannot trust you*

*I, I, I, I just, I just can't, I just can't*

*I don't know, I don't know*

*I don't know what to say*

*I don't know the thing is, the thing is that*

*It is*

*I don't know*

*I just, I don't, I just don't, you know, it is, I mean, what*

*What is this, what is this, what is this*

*What is this thing, what is this thing with you? Just don't know*

*Just go and let me sleep*

*Just go and let me sleep*

*JUST GO AND LET ME SLEEP*

*Sorry, sorry it is all my fault*

*I didn't mean any word of what I said*

*I didn't mean any word no I didn't I just I don't know sorry I just*

*I didn't mean that*

*I am sorry*

*sorry*

And if I told you it wouldn't change anything

And if I didn't tell you it wouldn't change anything

And if I loved you it wouldn't change anything

And if we stayed together it wouldn't change anything

And if I packed my bags it wouldn't change anything

And if I call you it doesn't change anything

And if I don't call you it doesn't change anything

And if I kiss you it doesn't change anything

And if I really, really want you it doesn't change anything

And if I, if I fall asleep now it doesn't change anything

(Pause)

And if I leave it doesn't change anything

And if I just stand by the window it doesn't change anything

And if I just say yes for once it doesn't change anything

And if I just understand you for one minute it doesn't change anything

Pack your things and stay

stay

And if I trust you, if I, when I

And when I

When I

I just can't

version 08.10.09

I just

O my God

I really can't do this

I'm so sorry

Forget what I said

I'm sorry

I'm so sorry

I didn't mean it

Let's just leave things the way they are

Let's not mess everything up

All this has taken so long

It was so so

Exhausting

It's only about me

It's not about you

Somehow it's in me and

This is all my

This is all my, I mean this is

O God

This is me

And this is you

O God

And I

version 08.10.09

I can't do this

And if I touch you it doesn't change anything

And if I really, really want you it doesn't change anything

O God

But let's just leave things the way they are



## **The Fourth Generation**

Every now and then everyone makes music together. Everyone plays an instrument and those with a good voice sing.

Judith for example sings a loungey Bossa Nova version of the Pet Shop Boys' Love etc that sounds as if Kay hears it on the radio on a taxi ride from Charles de Gaulle airport to the video archive on the fifth floor of the Centre Pompidou, where he will spend the day with a coffee and a croissant watching videos of small children with pale, almost-dead faces gently leaning against enormous computers and looking blank, just staring blankly into space and listening to a computer voice which at irregular intervals speaks a random series of sentences in the brightly-lit, sterile room:

*There is more to life than laundry*

*The crystal rabbit*

*The shape of time to come*

*High Profile*

*The simple truth about dish washing*

*One free phone call*

*And bring you free choice*

*The fine art of snacking*

Kay briefly glances at the installation and remembers the nights of a long journey through a Norwegian fjord landscape with his childhood friend Beate during which they had put

Björk's HUMAN BEHAVIOUR on repeat until the argument broke out which released too much pent-up dissatisfaction and eroded the love affair that had only been going for three months and which made Beate - at half past one in the morning, at a motorway service station near Trömseflösn where the sun refused to go down and jumped along the horizon like a table tennis ball, full of rage and with a final slamming of the door – say: “Kay, you're such a loser, you have no idea” and to climb into another driver's car, a good-looking, tall, blond 18-year old boy who together with his friends had just won the intermediate round cup of the Trömseflösn handball championship and had now, on his way home, completely drunk from their excessive victory celebrations, made a short stop at the motorway service station because he'd felt ill and needed to throw up, and who without protest handed the steering wheel of his Mitsubishi Colt to Beate, Kay watched them drive away and quietly and without will or resistance thought: “cunt, silly, stupid, fucking fuck crap fucking cunt” and got into his car, where he listened to Judith's voice on the radio, which was whispering rather than singing “YOU NEED MORE THAN A GERHARD RICHTER HANGING ON YOUR WALL”, no, that's not right, he doesn't hear Judith's breathy voice singing “too much of anything is never enough” until he gets back into the taxi to return to Charles de Gaulle airport to continue his journey to Shanghai, why Shanghai, we'll explain that later. First Kay has to go past a vast, enormous, expansive collection of sofas, a sofa-and-armchair installation, there are people holding art books in front of their bodies lying on them, they all seem to have fallen asleep reading large art books and works of philosophy and social science: Alain Ehrenberg The Weariness of the Self Eva Illouz Saving the Modern Soul Wolfgang Fritz Haug A Critique of Commodity Aesthetics: Appearance, Sexuality and Advertising in Capitalist Society Byung-Chul Han Hyperculturalism, Culture and Globalisation, they're all lying here in a sea of sofas and armchairs surging with exhaustion, they're moving slowly, like fern, backwards and forwards, something strange is built into this sofa landscape, it seems to be breathing, it's moving, very slowly, and if you close your eyes and listen to your own breathing you can hear sentences from the books that are lying closed or open on the chests of each sleeping person. Kay lies down, his body wants to become part of this landscape of bodies, he puts a brown bag next to him on the sofa, for him the breathing of all these people is a sea and he is now watching a glowing orange sunset. IN THE MIDDLE OF LIFE part one, that's the name of the book which is suddenly lying open on his chest and is quietly speaking to him, arrived IN THE MIDDLE OF LIFE in the middle of life, I'm now going to rest with these bodies, and he leans back and breathes slowly and suddenly he's surprised, when he closes his eyes there are images and memories, bits of sentences, slowly he starts to doze and swims out into the sea and stays there and keeps swimming further and further towards the orange sunset. And now we're descending the five escalators while Paris is glowing in the July evening sun in his place, we're walking towards the driver who really has been waiting for us all these years, get into the taxi in order to return to the airport so we can catch the night flight to Shanghai to meet the Japanese-Icelandic sociologist Atsushi Lyngursvötsson to revise the new edition of his currently five-volume COLLAPSING SYSTEMS about the collapse of the Roman Empire to the collapse of Soviet socialism, because by the year 2010 this large-scale, meticulously researched examination which has become a standard university text is supposed to be expanded to a sixth volume, THE COLLAPSE OF THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM IN HIGH TECH CAPITALISM AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF SOVIET SOCIALISM, but first of all we

need to clarify if our system, like Soviet socialism, will have disappeared in the next five to ten years, whether it will have been replaced and if yes, by what new system. So we get into the taxi feeling slightly unsettled and ask the driver to turn up the radio because Judith is singing „You need more, you need more, you need more, you need more you need LOVE“ and reread our notes for the impending meeting to which every significant social scientist, popular scientist, philosopher, ecologist and systems analyst from across the world has been invited in order to clarify the question of whether our current system is already in the process of collapsing, whether we will now experience its disintegration or whether this crisis is a purely cyclical manifestation inherent to the system which from now on will keep recurring at increasingly short intervals since our system is at core based on the creation of virtual values and the destruction of real values, and since the clash will recur cyclically, these so-called value clashes will keep happening and fictional, virtual values will simply dissolve since they never existed in the first place, weren't based on anything real and hence will just disappear like a mirage, an acid trip or a manic phase which is then transformed into a phase of depression, of exhaustion, of rest, collecting oneself, gathering oneself, which can make you just lie there for a few years without knowing what you want, what you are capable of, who you are, you just lie there and do nothing, like an intern who is lying underneath the rubble of a collapsed high-rise, for example the collapsed Cologne town archive, or has been hit by a roof slate Hartmut Mehdorn put on the Berlin Central Station to deliberately endanger people's lives in order to save a few Euros which he then transferred to his own account, and is waiting for a rescue team or a rescue fund which will free him from the rubble and pull him back into daylight, but you're waiting and waiting and breathing, exhausted, can't move and you don't know what to do and you just lie there and the pain increases and decreases and no one is coming because the town can no longer afford a rescue team since the overly-rash SPD city council has used up all the town money in an unfortunate, ill-considered cross border leasing deal with the lawyers from Stanley Morgan, we know that, we've read all about it, it's hard to understand how these people, who are merely meant to manage the town and whose job it is to make sure everything runs reasonably smoothly are suddenly acting like a bunch of out-of-control teenagers on alcopops and running from one American law firm to the next in order to sell everything the town has to offer in terms of material value in overly-complex, incomprehensible contract agreements which are much thicker than the soon-to-be six-volume work by the Japanese-Icelandic social systems analyst Atsushi Lyngursvötsson and which have never been read by anyone in the whole world, in order to later, as it now turns out, to rebuy them at the tenfold price. And we drive past a group of protesters in their mid-fifties, all of them employees of a financially-troubled department store, who are silently holding large banners that say „We're the heart of the city centre. Don't let us die!“ that point to the imminent collapse of a large chain of department stores, we're slightly confused because we can still remember a time when people were aggressively campaigning AGAINST these places, these „materialist temples of a bastard inhuman system“, and our taxi driver draws us into a conversation about whether the former CEO might have the same motives as those young Red Army Faction activists that threw a large-scale fire bomb at this department store that was nowhere near as successful as the skilfully-initiated and carefully-planned destruction project of the CEO who, as our taxi driver tells us, flogged the store-owned property to a fund he himself owned and then re-let the same property to the company at an utterly horrendous price

which resulted in the company's money draining away while the deftly redirected streams of money went directly into his own account and he, wittingly or unwittingly, had made a much more important contribution to the collapse of the so-called "bastard system" than the Red Army Faction had ever dared to imagine. "The Fourth Generation," that's the title of the book our taxi driver is working on, and it proposes the daring theory that the Red Army Faction has worked its way through these institutions and arrived in the leadership of companies and financial institutions and will efficiently and permanently cause this despicable system to go under, and that the collapse of this department store was their first great success.

But we are now going to leave this setting, we're not going to read Atsushi Lyngursvötsson's book COLLAPSING SYSTEMS together, that would go too far, and we might not even understand his book, and even if we did we wouldn't know what to do with all that knowledge. We would be afraid that Atsushi Lyngursvötsson had concluded that the system as we know it will collapse in five years at the latest, and then what would we do with this information? Agree on a new system? How would we do that? Would we all sit down together and talk about what we really need or not and what a happy, fulfilling life could look like which also takes into account people on other continents who are far from being sick of luxury and don't even have water, let alone mobiles, burnouts or divorce lawyers?

Let's just leave things the way they are

It's too complicated to change it now

Let's not cause confusion everywhere

It's taken us so long to get here

It was so so

Exhausting

Let's turn up the radio and listen to Judith singing.

## Trust Me

Trust me. Yes, I know I've cheated on you, but I won't do it again, really, honest, starting from tonight, after everything that's happened, you can really trust me. Yes, I know I took the car keys from your bedside table and crashed the car into a tree with Fred and your account is empty now, I'm sorry, but I had all these debts because Fred is just so expensive, but sex with you was just so dull these past few years and Fred was somehow, I don't know, so different, so powerful somehow and he had so much time and when he didn't there was always Alfredo or Dominik or Francesco and they were all so expensive and they all wanted cars so I gave them yours, I mean three of the four, one is still left, was left, on the way over here today I forgot it, err, somewhere or sold it, I can't remember, or just left it because there was a traffic jam but, but that will change, honest, TRUST ME, starting from tomorrow morning or let's say tomorrow noon at the latest everything is going to change, I'll restrain myself and be more careful so this kind of thing won't happen any more, really, yes I know I shouldn't have slept with your brother but it won't happen again either, no, not with your father and err, that you got the clap as well and that your computer is somehow, well, how shall I put it, gone, I'm really sorry about that, but starting from tomorrow noon or the evening of the day after tomorrow at the latest, this won't happen again, I've changed, honest, I've really changed, well, at least I want to, I really want to, darling, err, could you lend me some money, well, maybe 4 billion or something, I'll pay you back, but otherwise I really can't live, this time I won't get drunk and toss it in the loo and flush it like the last 5 billion, honest, I've changed, I've been thinking and I think I really behaved badly and I'm sorry, well, err, I'll just go on a short trip for err three weeks with Tim and err Michael but after that, after that I'll, like I said, by Monday afternoon in three weeks' time I'll be a completely new person and everything will be different and I'll take better care of the two of us because I want you to be happy with me, to be content AND TO TRUST ME YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRUST ME AGAIN THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT TRUST okay, well, so long, err, I'll call you, oh right, yes, can I have your mobile, mine's disappeared err, I've, well, I don't know, given it away or something, anyway, can I have your mobile? Otherwise I can't call you and that would be silly because the two of us, you and me, we belong together, Kay, err Stefan err Hans? Karsten? Friedrich? Lars? Nils? Jörg? Ludwig? Peter? Or, err, what was your name again, it slipped my mind for a minute, sorry, won't happen again, oh, huh, now I've, shit, fuck, I put the four billion in my jeans by mistake and they're, oh shit, in the washing machine and oh dear, well, err, I mean, sorry, could you help me out again otherwise I'll have to cancel Johannes and Max again and that err would be kind of awkward, five, six billion, that should be enough, that'll see me through to next week, great, thanks, you're an absolute angel, this time I won't leave the money in the taxi by mistake or tip it down the incinerator by mistake, I don't know how that happened, I thought it was the biodegradable waste but I guess it wasn't, sorry, won't happen again, so, okay, bye-bye, kiss-kiss, and yes, but, err, what did I want to, oh yes, don't forget me, right, I love you, well, so long and oh right, one more thing, I'm kind of oh god, sorry about this, but don't be surprised if, well,

if, err, if the doorbell rings tomorrow or the day after tomorrow or maybe they won't come till the day after the day after tomorrow, but the flat, I've, well, I've sold the flat or actually I've sublet it or actually I told my parents they could stay here for a while or actually I did all of those things and told my sister she could store her furniture here, she's going abroad for a couple of years and err, don't be surprised, I don't know who'll ring the doorbell first but I sold the flat to err seven different buyers yesterday and they've all given me the down payment in cash and I'm using the money to go on holiday with Michael or Matthias or both, I just need to get away for a bit, it's so stressful here, I need a bit of quiet, then I'll feel better and I won't be so touchy and we'll get along better I JUST NEED TO RELAX A BIT AND TO CALM DOWN and then I can concentrate on the two of us again, so leave your new address for me somewhere and then in two months everything will be great again between the two of us, okay darling, I love you and one last time, you can trust me, honest, I've changed, you can trust me, I'll have changed soon, when I'm back, IF I'm back everything will be the way it was or err no, not at all, everything will be completely different, it'll be great, so: so long, darling, I love you. Oh, and if you go out, err, don't be surprised, the tram and the hospital and the, err, water supply company, I've done a very clever cross-border leasing deal or whatever it's called and lent them to Shanghai via Poland and the Ukraine, and if you want to take the train you have to err buy it back first and then buy a ticket, I hope that's okay, your bank advisor can explain all of it if he's still there, i.e. *it's* still there, the bank, because it's in on the deal and if it crashes then it'll be gone too, I mean the town in which you err live or not, so if it seems as if everyone around you is speaking Chinese that could be err that could be because they are, I mean they could actually be speaking Chinese because they've taken over, taken this scrap heap, and then it would be good if you could learn quickly, I mean Chinese, so you could at least ask for directions now and then so you don't get lost, oh shit, fuck, my God, I've just remembered they were planning to build this dam here, tomorrow or something, no, today, oh yes, right, in a minute, here, in two minutes or in one or something they'll blow all this up and wash it away, they need energy, they just need more energy, oh God, you should try and err somehow get away, but where, well, aah, who knows, no idea, and with what, think of something, darling, okay then, bye-bye, see you around, the question is where and in what condition, well, okay, I'll be going, I, err, I'll be, bye-bye, off.

## **Collapses**

I think I'll just collapse now.

I think I'll just collapse now too.

Me too.

## The Great Bark

Go ahead and bark, go ahead and bark... really loud, angry, aggressive

Meow, meow

No, go ahead and bark, really bark

Meow meow

No, imagine you're angry, you've had it, you've HAD ENOUGH say NOW I'VE HAD ENOUGH

Now I've had enough

Yes, but say it like you mean it

What?

Say it like you mean it

Mean what?

That you've had it, that you've heard enough lies, that you won't be fucked with any more, that if they think they can push you around they've got another thing coming

Oh right

I'VE HAD ENOUGH

(laughs)

I'VE FINALLY HAD ENOUGH!! I'M PUTTING A STOP TO THIS RIGHT NOW

(laughs) yes, I see

and then bark, just go ahead and bark

(barks very quietly)

aggressive, loud, angry, as if you're about to beat everything to a pulp. Now the whole group, aggressive, loud, angry, as if you've now reached the point where you've had it, where you won't have the piss taken any more, WHERE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, go ahead and bark, now bark, BARK!



(everyone barks but very quietly, it's more of a whimper, a very cautious lapdog bark)

FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU'RE MEANT TO BARK, YOU MORONS

(a quiet, feeble bark that partly turns into an uncertain cough)

BARK, GO ON, BARK, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, YOU DON'T WANT THIS ANYMORE, YOU WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND ANYMORE you're about to beat everything and everyone to a pulp, you're going into this bank and you're going to grab the first banker you see and whack his fucking mug onto the in-tray on his fucking counter and make him eat those fucking worthless fund papers and hit his head against the fucking ad poster that promises endless returns hanging on the wall next to him until he throws up and vomits blood until slime drools from his stupid lying mug and he's begging and whining and pleading for mercy and screaming and then you leave that piece of shit there and move on to the next one, keep following the hierarchy, higher and higher (he stops, looks around, looks into puzzled faces)

## 14 Years / 3 Weeks - I

I've never really

what

I've never really oh I don't know I suppose

what is it, what

to be honest I've never really

yes

do you want me to be honest

yes please

never really

yes

found you that interesting

(pause)

I mean you were just there. And sometimes you weren't, sometimes we talked, sometimes we didn't, I wouldn't say that... but I don't want to hurt your feelings, it was all such a long time ago

To me it doesn't really

it was all such a long time ago, I'm someone different now and all that was a completely different life

three weeks

what?

it was three weeks ago. Three weeks ago I got up and all your things had gone. And then I just sat there and waited, for hours, days, just waited, but you'd gone.

that's what I said, it was a long time ago and sometimes at night I watched you when you were sleeping and then you were like, how shall I put it, like the wardrobe or, even better, like the radio that was playing quietly somewhere in the background, someone had left it on in the background, it was a kind of hiss, a kind of incidental, elusive hiss and

14 years

what?

14 years, that's how long we were together

(pause)

oh really, it was that long? My God.

(pause)

I didn't really... my God (laughs) realise. 14 years and... but that was all ages ago

three weeks, three weeks, that's how long it's been, three weeks ago I got up and you'd gone and I walked through the flat looking for you but there was nothing left, nothing, no sign, no message, you'd simply gone



## **I'm like Money**

The trust is gone. And I have to direct my anger at something, I can't buy myself a Che Guevara t-shirt at Prada every time I'm angry and strut down the Ku Damm in it, I have to find a way to direct my anger at something so I can feel that THINGS ARE CHANGING, and not just the things you have to buy.

All I can do is change my style, that's all I can change, now and then I can exchange my body with someone else, but even that only works for a day or two, then he moves onto another body, why not, these bodies are all standardized, he might as well take another body, he DOESN'T SEE THE DIFFERENCE that I keep trying to create, MY ATTEMPTS TO CREATE A DIFFERENCE ARE TOO TIMID, I need to be MORE BRAVE but I haven't made up my mind yet, I haven't FOUND A DIRECTION, I stay the same and it makes me sick that I stay the same

YESTERDAY I BOUGHT THIS BLOUSE AT ESCADA it's very pretty, isn't it? BUT MY LIFE HASN'T CHANGED BECAUSE OF IT, I'M STILL THE SAME I'm exactly the same and I'm not really here, I'm still kind of a child whose parents left it 14 years ago in a hotel room in Hong Kong or Beijing or Shanghai on a business trip or promo tour or whatever, ON THE RUN FOR TAX EVASION, in the Pacific Ocean, and I'm still sitting here and everyone is speaking Chinese and is quite nice but I don't understand anything and no one talks to me and I keep waiting for my parents to come back and get me or to send someone to pick me up for or a message from them so I have something to go on I HAVE NOTHING TO GO ON, I just don't, I'M LIKE MONEY damn, I'm like money, I'm everything and everywhere and no one can gauge my value

and every day you have to check if I'm still worth something because it changes every day, my worth, my relationship to other people, and I'm in constant danger of becoming worthless over night, I'm in constant danger of collapsing,

I'M LIKE MONEY, everyone wants me and lots of it but I don't manage to make anyone happy

even if that's what they think,

and I can go anywhere, I can no longer gauge my value because there are no longer any guidelines, they're in the process of disintegrating,

I'M LIKE MONEY,

that's nice too, because there's money everywhere and it knows no borders,

no morals and no fear,

sometimes it's shy when you ask it to provide collateral and then it prefers to withdraw, or if it's supposed to step in when there's an emergency, when it's supposed to help others it

would rather walk away and that's what I do too, I prefer to LEAVE VERY QUICKLY when it matters,

it's getting too risky with you, darling, you're nice and cute but at the moment there are more lucrative markets elsewhere

YOU JUST WANT TOO MUCH and I can't give it to you, I have to PROTECT my resources FOR GOD'S SAKE now my Pradaskirt has got tangled in my Escadablouse and ALL THESE IMAGE CONSTRUCTS have suddenly got tangled

no one can stand what functions as "I" in this trust,

fuck it, I earn 200 000 a year and sometimes they pay me so it's 2 millions in STOCKS AND BONDS but I can't cash them because then the stock market would crash as well and then the company I work for and that I part-own wouldn't be worth anything and then I'd be unemployed and then I can FORGET THE BONDS

sometimes I'm just gone for a bit, just gone, for example everyone put such great hopes in me to change my life so they'd have a great future ahead of them, but then I just left, you're such a dear little bunny-rabbit my darling, but you're living in the wrong country, yes, sorry, it's just not working for me.

So what now, what now, I should keep going but my body's kind of stuck here, it's moving through time and space with great freedom and speed but I keep getting stuck here, it's a strange feeling, I'm everywhere but I'm stuck to my clothes in this place and I'm getting more and more stiff, it's strange, I'm no longer moving yet I keep going from place to place, and I no longer feel the need for anything, I'm here now, I can stay.

## **I'm so glad you're finally gone**

My God, I was so bored with you, you can't imagine. In the morning, when you were lying next to me or when you were pulling your trolley case through the living room for hours because you hadn't realised you were in my flat and not some crappy airport where you had to run up and down so people wouldn't think you'd fallen into some kind of paralysis out of fear, or when you had NOTHING for dinner because your body is about to fall apart from exhaustion and lack of strength and you have to keep punishing it for that, your BODYCONTAINER, my God, it was all so boring, you can't imagine, I fell asleep every time you were drunk and crashed into a pram in slow motion at five in the morning doing 40 kilometres an hour and I had to come pick you up from the hospital, God, it took time and strength and it was so dull, my God, so dull. I'm so glad you're finally gone, that you're finally gone

## 14 Years/ 3 Weeks - II

You're confusing, I mean I don't know, but you're somehow getting things mixed up here

What

14 years ago we spent three weeks

No

Yes, trust me, 14 years ago we spent three weeks together, but that's all such a long time ago now and I can't even really remember it anymore, I heard you got married or something

Yes, to you

No, no, you're wrong there, at least I don't, I mean I don't know, suddenly you'd gone, were just gone, that's what I heard, you'd suddenly

Yes, because you left, I mean, you were suddenly gone, all your things had gone and I was suddenly on my own, I mean after 14 years, and then I, I just, oh I don't know

Yes, you see, you can't remember any of it any more, it's all such a long time ago

Three weeks, it was three weeks ago, three weeks ago I got up and everything was quiet and I looked around and all your things had gone and everything had changed, suddenly everything was completely different and you'd suddenly gone

That's 14 years ago now, I'm sorry, 14 years ago we spent three weeks together but it was kind of, I mean it was nice and all that, but it was kind of nothing, nothing important, at least not to me, I abandoned that project pretty quickly and then for the next 14 years you'd, I don't know, disappeared? That's what I heard, you'd disappeared, you'd gone

No

Yes, I think

No

Yes, I think, to be honest, yes, I'm sorry

We were together

Yes I know but not really, not properly, it was just, I'm sorry.



### **Three Weeks**

It was three weeks ago  
Three weeks ago I got up and suddenly  
Everything was quiet  
You couldn't hear anything  
All your things had gone  
And I sat down  
And for the first time in my life I heard  
This silence  
This calm  
And that  
That's okay too  
That's okay  
That you'd just gone  
And then it was quiet  
And calm  
And then I went and stood by the window  
And I looked out  
And I saw the city lights  
And everything slowed down  
Way down  
And then it got dark  
And I stayed by the window the whole time and didn't move and looked out  
night after night and it was nice  
It was so calm  
And then the phone rang and I knew it was you  
You wanted to explain everything  
But I didn't care  
And then I searched through the flat looking for stuff you'd left behind  
But there was nothing, it was all gone

And since then I just sit there

Day after day

I just stand by the window and don't move

And look out

And I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere but I don't need to see you

Or meet you

It's enough that I know you're out there somewhere and you call me now and then

I don't even have to answer the phone

It's enough that I know that you call me now and then and I don't even have to talk to you  
and I stand there

And it's completely quiet and I don't hear your voice

And I don't hear your breathing

And you don't tell me what you did all day

you don't come to me at night and want to hold me or want me to hold you or want to tell  
me something, you're just gone, you're just gone and it's quiet and it's nice and then I just  
sit there and I know that I could be anywhere but I'm here now and there are people that  
want to see me but I refuse to see them and there are people that want to be with me but I  
don't want to be with them I just stay here

It's so nice

So quiet

I could be anywhere now but I'm not

Maybe I just stand by the window and don't move.

## **I used to want to change the world**

*I used to want to change the world and now I'm just caring about parking place.*

*I used to want to change the world but I forgot what that meant.*

*I used to want to change the world and then I met you.*

*I used to want to change the world and then my father died.*

*I used to want to change the world and now I just want to join it.*

*I used to want to change the world and now I just want to move in it.*

*I used to want to change the world and then I started to walk around and got lost.*

*I used to want to change the world and then I forgot what I wanted.*

*I used to want to change the world until I figured out what the world really is.*

*I used to want to change the world so much that I never stopped.*

*I used to want to change the world I started changing so much I didn't know who I was.*

## **The Island of unused, unloved Bodies**

And everything was quiet and I kept walking, on and on, and then suddenly everything was gone and no one and nothing was left, inside me, and I kept walking and walking and suddenly I was on this island of unloved, exhausted bodies that disappear into the fog and dissolve into the horizon like a sketch in pencil and everything got slower and slower, there was no noise, everything just lay there, forever, in the fog, waiting for me forever, and there were just these exhausted, unused bodies slowly stroking their skin with their hands, no one said anything and everyone lay there and everything got slower and slower and I could hear my own breathing and I don't know how long I'd been lying there and I couldn't see an end to it, everything kept going and going and going and going but everything stayed the same and I felt nothing and heard nothing and I saw myself, saw myself slowly, in slow motion, sinking to the ground and I stayed there and nothing happened and there was no thought, no memory, just the fog, and everything dissolved and I was lying by the water in the fog and had stopped moving, I was breathing and I knew: I'm here now. This is what I've become. This. This. This. This.

## **And if I told you**

And if I told you it wouldn't change anything

And if I didn't tell you it wouldn't change anything

And if I loved you it wouldn't change anything

And if we stayed together it wouldn't change anything

And if I packed my bags it wouldn't change anything

And if I call you it doesn't change anything

And if I don't call you it doesn't change anything

And if I kiss you it doesn't change anything

And if I really, really want you it doesn't change anything

And if I, if I fall asleep now it doesn't change anything

(Pause)

And if I leave it doesn't change anything

And if I just stand by the window it doesn't change anything

And if I just say yes for once it doesn't change anything

And if I just understand you for one minute it doesn't change anything

And if I trust you, if I, when I

And when I

When I

I just can't

I just

What is this? but I

If I

If

And if I

If I

O my God

I really can't do this

I'm so sorry

Forget what I said

I'm sorry  
I'm so sorry  
I didn't mean it  
Let's just leave things the way they are  
Let's not mess everything up  
All this has taken so long  
It was so so  
Exhausting  
It's only about me  
It's not about you  
Somehow it's in me and  
This is all my  
This is all my, I mean this is  
O God  
This is me  
And this is you  
O God  
And I  
I can't do this  
And if I touch you it doesn't change anything  
And if I really, really want you it doesn't change anything  
O God  
But let's just leave things the way they are

## **Contracts of Employment**

I keep meeting these good-looking interesting young energetic men and I want to have some kind of relationship with them, I mean I'd like to discuss art with them, listen to music, have a long snog, sleep with them, but they keep asking for contracts, they all want contracts of employment, they want to work for me and have a contract, at least some money, benefits, something they can get a bit more out of than a few nice hours (those hours are only nice for me since the young men pay in their currency, their youth, their youthful energy, their beautiful bodies, their fresh view of this world and this market.) And what about me? I have to repay them somehow, and above all this generation needs structure, contracts of employment or simply money since they want to buy things or go away or have a computer so they can access the net, they can't keep going from one internship to the next, they've all studied art history and literature and media design and the cultural history of Tibet and now they're standing next to photocopiers and taking envelopes to the post office, they want more than just lying around, listening to music and snogging.

### **14 Years / 3 Weeks - III**

Now I remember. We spent three weeks together in the past 14 years, I've worked it all out, listed the days, the times, the moments we spent together, I've written it all down and calculated, I mean I've worked it all, down to, I've noted, you see, here, look at this and there, yes, look

14.7.2006 11.53 until 12.03 and

21.11.2007 9.13 until 10.24

we spent three weeks together in the past 14 years and I've put you in my

just leave me alone, okay, I mean you're nice and all that but please just leave me alone, I haven't got any, I mean I just can't, and, you know, I'm sorry, but leave me be, thanks



## **Confessions**

### **The Boy**

Maybe you should have been there now and then

You were always gone

I'm not angry with you or anything

I mean how could I be, I don't even know you, but

Somehow

I'm fine and

I get by

I don't think I have any whatever, any traumas or disorders

I mean I don't know how you could have caused them

We don't know each other

But

You shouldn't have just taken off like that

### **The Girl**

14 years ago I woke up and suddenly everything was quiet

And suddenly you'd gone

And at reception no one knew where you were either

So I just stayed in this room

For the next few years

You'd left some money but

It was somewhere in Shanghai on the 27th floor and

I mean I was 4

And for 14 years I simply didn't leave the hotel room

I sat there

Watched TV

The Chinese had this programme where they showed explosions the whole time

They kept blowing up buildings

That's what they showed

So I decided to become an explosives expert

Not for buildings

But for financial products

### **The Boy**

Maybe you just should have been here and now and then

More than 3 weeks a year

You were just gone

I was 14 and you just left

You left me there

Were suddenly gone

Everything was quiet

My whole childhood was so incredibly quiet and silent and

### **The Woman**

I'm not sure who you are, but

### **The Man**

version 08.10.09

You're hallucinating

**The Woman**

I don't even know you

**The Boy**

Yes, how would you, you just left

**The Woman**

Well, maybe I was busy, but

**The Boy**

Mum, I was 4 years old.

**The Woman**

Don't call me mum, I don't like it, and anyway, it's not your turn, it's Nina's turn

Nina, what would you like to say?

**The other Girl**

Me, nothing

**The Woman**

But it's your turn

**The other Girl**

But I don't want to say anything

**The Woman**

version 08.10.09

But it's your turn

**The other Girl**

But I don't want to

**The Man**

But it's your turn, my God

**The Boy**

Well if Nina doesn't want to say anything then maybe I could, mum, I

**The Woman**

It's not your turn. It's Nina's turn. Nina, say something

**The Man**

Say something

**The other Girl**

No

**The Man**

Say anything

**The other Girl**

No, I don't want to

**The Girl**

Just say something, doesn't matter what

version 08.10.09

**The other Girl**

But I don't have anything to say

**The Girl**

It's all right

**The Man**

Go on and say something

**The Woman**

Are you all right?

**The other Girl**

What?

**The Man**

Are you all right?

**The other Girl**

Yes, I think, I suppose, yes, right?

**The Woman**

Tell us a bit more

**The other Girl**

I don't know.

**The Woman**

Are you all right?

**The Man**

Are you

**The Woman**

In trouble?

**The other Girl**

Me?

**The Man**

Go on, my god, how difficult can it be

(Pause)

**The other Girl**

I don't know, no, no idea, I don't know if anything is wrong, if anything should be different, maybe, I'm not sure, actually I think I'm all right but you can never really tell if that's enough or if there's something I'm not even aware of yet, so... yes, I just don't know, I can't tell, I keep looking and looking but I can't find anything in me that is really, really troubling me, actually I think everything is all right, but maybe we could find something that we could work on together, some kind of disorder or something, there has to be something, no one is happy, that just doesn't exist, that's why I don't trust myself, there has to be something in me that... something that...

**Maybe you stand by the Window and don't move**

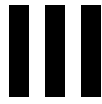
Maybe you stand by the window and don't move and I hold onto you

I search for your eyes but I can't find them

Maybe I've forgotten everything

Maybe I don't discover anything

And maybe you stand by the window and don't move and I don't see you





## Landscapes waiting for a Meltdown

An endless golf course

It sits there

quietly

only the sound of the sprinkler

which for years has provided this living bunker by the sea with its 27 golf courses and 13728 three-and-a-half room luxury apartments with water every half hour

he looks around

there's no one here

not a soul anywhere

everything is quiet

apart from the continually returning sound of the sprinkler

no one here plays golf

no one lives here

a landscape waiting to rise in value

17 percent of 1400 of these flats belong to the retirement fund which he has bought shares in since 2004 with 4 per cent of his monthly income

and this money is sitting here

and is growing

and is growing and secure and

everything is quiet

Stefan is getting restless

Goes and stands by the window

But there's nothing to see

The last 14 pages of the last chapter of his book LIFE IN CRISIS CHAPTER 27: MONEY PREFERS TO LIVE ON WITHOUT US financial streams and the erosion of the self are lying on his desk

After the neoliberal economic systems had taken the formerly democratic governments allocated to them hostage, they were able to steer the national and international financial streams and to determine the sums that were then transferred to them.

Can't concentrate, goes to the kitchen

The government's task is to organise the approval of the masses

Makes himself a cup of tea

States becoming banks was preceded by banks becoming state banks  
resistance?

What, in a financial democracy, can actually be influenced by elections and what is completely beyond the influence of the voter

Is there anger somewhere

in me

out there

A notice in the paper

During an unregistered demonstration Chinese workers lynch one of the managers that has driven their factory to bankruptcy and made them unemployed

They'd simply had it

in France redundant workers threaten to blow up their factory.

He looks out the window

Everything is still quiet

And they keep asking us to take China as an example

So why don't we

If they don't like something they freak out and hit people until their skulls are lying smashed in front of them

They're not as nice as us

I can't buy a Che Guevara t-shirt every time I'm angry and I don't like something and walk up and down the street in it. That's no longer enough to realise my goals

Judith reaches the 27th floor of the large conference hotel holding a suitcase containing 200 million euros

27th floor, a slight headache

What is it that's calming all of us down, why are we always so incredibly calm, he goes and stands by the window, screaming children,

The money has to go, it mustn't grow any more or work for me in secret, it has to be

EXCHANGED for LIFE

chapter 27: is resistance possible? and if yes, how?

Stefan returns to his desk

lea stands behind a large glass pane

no sound

she switches on the television: explosions

When I was a child I kept watching these films on television that showed buildings being blown up, I always really liked those

When everything sinks to the ground

Everything collapses

I wanted to do that too

Make things collapse

She's had this strange talent

Ever since she was a child

She sees all these networks

Like people that see the number pi as a colour

Speak twenty languages

Or are able to divide 5723 by 2,783 just like that and can tell you the correct result including 200 figures after the comma

When a fund collapses she can see who was connected to this large network, who has crashed and lost everything

And that gives her pleasure

Seeing them all lying there

Unable to get back up

Yesterday all of this was still a great promise of endless riches

version 08.10.09

The maximisation of profit

Money without work

And now all this has disappeared

And no one knows why

Everything is lying there

These unpredictable collapses

So quiet

Stefan goes to the basement and searches for a book in an old box

He can no longer remember which of those rooms is his basement and in which box he put the books

Stands undecided for a moment

If I bet that between 14.34 and 14.35 Tokyo time counter insurance for a credit insurance will drop in value by 2.4 per cent – because a student in Oregon who takes out a loan and on 14.5.2007 uses it to buy four houses in Ford Laughterdale and on 12.10.2008 sells them with a 3 per cent profit per house in order to finance an advertising campaign for his newly-founded company that advises ailing insurance companies, then

She sees all these networks

She is sitting in her hotel room on the 27th floor behind this glass pane and looks at the charts on her laptop

And the numbers and letters of all these funds are connected to names and networks

She knows who invested what percentage

All this money

crackles

sets people into motion

collapses

There is beauty in these collapses

version 08.10.09

She leans back, closes her eyes and enjoys these silent collapses

Crash

The sound of breathing

The crackling of these rows of numbers

inaudible

All the drama hiding behind them

fear

anger

screams

loss

She takes the papers and puts them away and repacks them and repacks them again and sees

sees Kay walking across deserted golf courses framing the coast of Spain  
Landscapes waiting to collapse

And she sees Judith, who travels the world with all her money in cash and without investments in funds to find out what money can set in motion if it's not frozen or parked somewhere, what happens when money suddenly meets real people who would do anything to get it, even simulate emotions and intensity,

money can do a lot more than wait in a fund until it collapses.

She's lying on the bed in her hotel room surrounded by 16 million people

And I don't know yet where I'm going to go from here

Everything is so quiet here

Once a month the investors, mainly pensioners from Germany, the Netherlands, Scandinavia and Florida, meet and walk across the golf course to the expansive pavilion, there's a karaoke party

No one here plays golf

It would damage the grass and prevent the property from increasing in value

No one lives here

It would wear down the property and decrease the value of the fund

And no one here wants to decrease values

Because these are the only values these people have

She checks the internet for people offering funds or web page specialists and invites them to her hotel room and lets them talk

About their lives

I want to hear stories

About people

I want to see them live again

I'm fed up with facebook and elite single.de

That crap has ruined my life

And now everything has collapsed and no one knows where it all went

Everything is gone

Because it was never there

They just pretended it existed

These banks have the power to say what exists and what doesn't, they can just say a fictional number and lend it to someone and then this sum is suddenly out there and suddenly has to be worked for by real people and this abstract figure becomes a real value. But when the real value is a bet which I trace back to a student in Oregon whom I granted a credit over 2 million dollars between 17.13 on October 12 and 17.50 on October 13 so he could take an option on the 3 per cent decline of a number of counter-insured fund papers from an insurance against credit failings in the property market of the Detroit suburbs, in this transaction between 17.18 on October 12 and 17.22 on October 12. And if I lose 12 million euro and about 3000 other players lose a similarly high sum on the same day and the bank is no longer solvent and has to get the money from the government in order to keep giving away fictitious numbers as money which

Stefan feels as if he's fallen out of the world

version 08.10.09

His friends are worried because he hasn't posted any new entries on his facebook profile for three days

What on earth is wrong, has he run out of ideas

Most people on facebook are simply better than me: they have funnier, funkier, more original lines, cooler pictures and somehow they all know heike makkatsch and benno führmann and some of them are even cross-linked to quentin tarantino and I only know 20% of the people who are my friends and they're all just unemployed actors, drama students or my parents. And that makes me feel like a loser.

I have to keep being original here and that's really hard work I CAN'T BE FUNNY AND ORIGINAL ALL THE TIME, this pressure to perform, I have to keep advertising myself with each sentence I speak into this room teeming with other image constructs, I have to advertise myself as a product and I JUST CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE

27th floor, a slight headache.

I'm starting to get hot... I feel this, I felt it right away: this closeness, right? You and me. The two of us. Together. We really click, we have a long road ahead of us, together, the next few years, I mean, there's chemistry between us, Mrs err, what? You're such an inspiring, fun-loving, curious, attractive, spontaneous, adventurous, active, unconventional, sociable, sensitive, understanding, fresh, sporty, individual, youthful, creative, entertaining, buoyant, passionate, sensible, sensitive, flexible ... did you say 200 million?

Yes, my husband...

Oh right

Yes, don't worry (laughs), he no longer exists, only in the shape of these 200 million and they ... have to go away now, look after them... take off the rest, darling, forestry did you say?

do you know what Busso count of Schulenburg and his son Bolko, who have been active in the US forestry industry for many years, always say?

All of it

Wood growth is independent of economic booms and crises.

That's important: growth is independent of crises.

Yes, and that's exactly what I can offer you.

That's important. I've had so many crises in the past few years you wouldn't believe. And

nothing has grown. I mean the man was so exhausted and empty, just like all those products he keeps rebundling and repackaging and selling on the web, it was bound to collapse at some point. He kept collapsing, every night, here in my arms, it was only a matter of time before the market followed suit. I mean I have a huge need to catch up on some very, very substantial

I really can offer you all of that. Substantiality is my specialty. I'm always very, very substantial. What kind of investor are you?

Lonely

vulnerable

Very, very disappointed in the market

But ready to give everything.

She's lying on her bed watching these men who are slowly stripping and she realises: this is a good investment. These men are very sensitive and they really give everything because she has something everyone is looking for: money

The way everything here is slowly collapsing, it's so beautiful, this fear in the eyes of all these men, who now for the first time feel their lives

Did they really think that they could endlessly keep pushing these zero values?

Now here he is in the wellness palais of the golf colony that was built expansively round the Spanish coast with tax money and takes the microphone for his first karaoke song, but

In this corner of the world there seems to be no energy left in people's bodies

They no longer know in which direction to move and

Oh it's you, oh God, I know you

Yes, we were married once

Well, then the rest of the evening's programme is sorted, well, come on in, this is bound to be a sore disappointment. Do we really have to talk before we have sex?

Well, that's what we agreed on the profile

All right, you start, but don't go on too long, I have to work tonight, I wanted a bit of distraction, wear that cap so I won't see you that clearly when you're lying on top of me, or can we get the sex over with first and then talk, would that be possible, I think I'd prefer that, or we could just talk online later, I'm not really the communicative type



Aha but in your profile you said

Yes darling, but you're not exactly the 29-year-old parachutist I was expecting either, so let's get down to business before I start to

quiet

This corridor is quiet

It's the moment before she enters the room

Her mother ran away with all the money

somewhere

200 million

She no longer wants to invest it, she finally wants to spend it

She's finally exchanging it for a life

With people and feelings

Her father has retired to his home in Spain

All he does is play golf and sing karaoke

Her boyfriend hasn't been in touch for weeks

He's lying in the basement somewhere writing a book about resistance

Meticulously collecting everything he can find

Short eruptions of anger

Cars set on fire

Beaten-up fund advisors

Murdered factory owners

All over the world

version 08.10.09

Burning bank branches

Everything here is quiet

still

Now they're coming through the door

We don't really have a relationship except that you're my boyfriend but apart from that: I rarely see you, I barely know you, so I've been thinking that

No, stop right there

I'm leaving

no

yes

I can't live like this anymore. It's like... not being alive. Whether you're there or not or whether I'm here or not... it all feels the same and... I need to leave, I want to change this... I want... a different life

2 AM

27th floor

A slight headache

Kay looks across the endless golf course. The entire Spanish coast is lined by gold course after golf course and the sun is sinking

not a sound, just the sprinkler

At this moment Judith is standing by the window and not moving

16 million people

and I don't belong

Stefan is lying in the basement between the boxes of his collapsed bookshelves  
200 second hand books about resistance and revolutionary energies are lying on top of him and are suffocating him

He feels this energy

all these thoughts

this urge to think differently about things

to overthrow them

to restructure them

but he can't move

lea looks at the monitor

the parcels for the retirement fund for 1400 luxury apartments by the Spanish coast  
are lying on front of her

She has bundled the parcels

Bundled, rebundled, repacked

Like small time bombs these parcels are ticking

I wanted to be an explosives expert

Even as a child

Not for buildings

But for financial products

I bundled the fund parcels and rebundled them again and again and put very unobtrusive  
timers on them

And no branch manager of any bank has any idea of what's in these parcels

I knew

One day it'll all blow up

I sat there

Very calmly

In my Credit Suisse office in Shanghai

And put these small, unobtrusive packages together

That promised a return of 17 percent within the first 6 months

And they worked

But in the seventh month

Everything collapsed

Everything

And all these greedy stupid pigs choked on the ruins of fund systems that had become fucking worthless

And I heard them gasping

And calling for help

And if they hadn't been so clever as to make sure that their governments simply reimbursed all their losses with so-called emergency parachutes and emergency reserves we would finally have been rid of all these useless greedy pigs

They would lie there

Weakly

Calling for help

And slowly choking on their greed and their stupidity

That's how the last chapter of Stefan's book MONEY PREFERS TO LIVE ON WITHOUT US ends and it ended up turning into a kind of story or short prose text

A kind of essay or collection of texts

I never entirely settled on a form

Since every chapter demanded a new style of writing

The anger was there and got lost again

And in the end he was lying there

quietly

this

this

this is me

my life

now

here

everything comes to a standstill

(pause)

Everything comes to a standstill

And I don't know where I'm going to go from here

## SOLO SWIM

*Slight headache*

*2 a.m.*

*all calm*

*not sure in which direction I wanna move from here*

27<sup>th</sup> floor

tall glass walls

*full protection (all my life)*

and there are people who want to see me

but there's no one I want to see

27<sup>th</sup> floor

tall glass walls

everything quiet

there are no sounds up here

*I could be anywhere*

*But I am not*

The water has stopped moving

16 million people

*and all of this is bigger than I could ever be*

*and all of this is bigger than I will ever be*

everything has become so safe in these past few years

everything has become so safe

version 08.10.09

*I am guided by an electronic navigating system that tells me exactly where to go  
Guides me from outer space to absolute precision*

All these options and possibilities

*I can never go wrong  
Never offroads*

I always arrive  
I always arrive

*All these years precisely mapped out for me  
Someone must have been there before me  
Someone must have been there before me doing all the research and I am following what  
they have come up with  
What a scary feeling thinking of all the years ahead of me  
Maybe if I stop to listen  
Maybe if I hold my breath  
2 a.m.  
Slight dizziness  
All lights shut down  
Blinking  
Driving  
Heavy dark ships  
27th floor  
no sound from the outside  
Somewhere someone is waiting for me  
But I don't want to get in contact  
Somewhere someone is waiting for me  
To start the day with a smile*

version 08.10.09

*Throw some eggs in the pan make some phone calls  
take my little girls to school and go to work  
be good be creative be inspired be inspiring  
come up with new ideas come up with something totally new that has never been done the  
new hot thing the ultimate in movement full of brilliant ideas thought and concept yet so  
free and straight from all my heart and instinct and yet a lasting experience that is wholly  
and spiritual and funny and serious and breath taking and hilarious and sexy and smooth  
and radical, cutting edge and accessible, personal, deep, beautiful and universal,  
challenging, subversive and emotional, slightly anarchistic, very, very entertaining  
ABSOLUTELY MAKES SENSE and FUCKING SELLS pick up the girls from school drive  
them to my mother's house, can you watch over them? Keep them busy? Steve and I have  
to focus on that new concept applying for another grant you know you see well sorry well  
no, you cant go for yoga for one day then Mom, for chrissake PLEASE why are you being  
so difficult Lisa, Lisa, you are staying with Grandma today and yes, yes, please, Lisa,  
Sophie, hey, please, hey, come on, WHAT? Drive Lisa back as she caught a fever put her  
to bed, read stories, wait for the babysitter, go to the pharmacist, buy medicine, make her  
tea, yes, yes, these girls are all I want in life, they are bigger than life, Steve and I have to  
focus on this thing again, must be written in a way that they will give us more money, must  
be written in a way that THIS WHOLE DAMN SHOW CAN GO ON  
All this comes to a standstill  
I could be anywhere  
But I am not*

*I could be anywhere now*

*Behind high glass walls soundproof and secure*

*And I don't know how I got here*

*So calm clear clean and full of knowledge about myself*



Everything slows down

*My life my fears my family and how I can work things out*

*It scares me*

*All these first aid kits I have in my head*

The water has stopped moving

*Whenever we have an argument we sit down and talk and soon we sort things out.*

Everything has become so secure

So clear

I just have to enter where I want to go and that's where I arrive

*This building is so secure*

*I cannot leave*

*I can only collapse*

*All has come to standstill*

*And then slowly*

*Very slowly*

*I start to move*

*While no one is watching*

*Ignore all instructions*

*Ignore all wisdom*

*All doors in flight*

*Take off no landing*

27th floor

high glass walls

everything is quiet

version 08.10.09

and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
everything is so safe  
everything has become so safe these past few years  
I keep following the navigation system which tells me exactly where to go  
a highly complex system of possibilities and options  
and all I have to do is enter where I want to go  
and then that's where I arrive  
someone must have been here before me and recorded everything  
and all I have to do is follow the instructions  
and then I arrive  
I always arrive  
I always arrive  
I keep following this navigation system and then I arrive  
a highly complex system of roads and options and possibilities  
and all I have to do is enter where I want to go  
and then that's where I arrive  
I always arrive  
all these possibilities  
and I just keep following this electronic navigation system  
someone must have been here before me and recorded all these roads  
and all I have to do is enter where I want to go  
and then that's where I arrive  
27th floor  
a slight headache  
everything slows down  
16 million people  
and I don't know how I got here  
everyone is so nice to me  
they're all so nice to me  
if I need something I make a phone call and then I get it  
everything has become so safe these past few years, so straight, so clear  
version 08.10.09

clear and easy to understand  
this building offers me protection  
no sounds  
no sound reaches up here  
the river flows more slowly  
the lights  
night-time  
everything is quiet  
no sound  
16 million people  
I could be anywhere now  
but I'm here  
everything has become so safe these past few years  
everything is so  
I keep following the navigation system and  
I always arrive  
I always arrive  
everything has become so safe  
27th floor  
2 am  
a slight headache  
16 million people  
high glass walls  
I don't know how I got here  
if I need something I make a phone call and then I get it  
everything has become so safe these past few years, so straight, so clear  
clear and easy to understand  
I just keep following the navigation system  
a highly complex system of roads and options and possibilities  
and all I have to do is enter where I want to go  
and the system tells me exactly how to get there  
version 08.10.09

We were hardly aware of each other  
All these years  
Sometimes it was nice but  
You weren't even here  
And I wasn't here either  
We weren't present  
We weren't here  
We weren't  
We weren't we  
We were just the argument about what we weren't  
All that comes to a halt  
2 am  
and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
everything comes to a halt  
and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
everything has become so safe these past few years  
everything is so  
I always arrive  
I always arrive  
everything has become so safe  
27th floor  
2 am  
a slight headache  
16 million people  
I don't know how I got here  
everyone is so nice to me  
they're all so nice to me  
if I need something I make a phone call and then i get it  
everything has become so safe these past few years, so straight, so clear  
clear and easy to understand  
version 08.10.09

I just keep following the navigation system  
a highly complex system of roads and options and possibilities  
and all I have to do is enter where I want to go  
and the system tells me exactly how to get there  
thousands of roads and streets and  
I know exactly which way I have to go  
and I always arrive  
someone must have been here before me and recorded everything  
and all I have to do is follow  
I always arrive  
I always arrive  
everything is so safe  
and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
everything is so quiet  
everything is so still  
16 million people  
tall glass walls  
no sounds  
all these roads  
someone must have been here before me and recorded everything  
everything has been described, noted, written down  
and all I have to do is follow the instructions  
I just keep following the navigation system  
it's so nice here  
I always arrive  
2 am, a slight headache  
and then I arrive  
and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
everything is so quiet  
and I don't know how i got here  
but now I'm here  
version 08.10.09

it all happened so fast  
and I can't remember anything  
high glass walls  
and maybe I just stood there by the window and didn't move  
everything has become so safe these past few years  
someone must have been here before me  
who recorded everything  
here I am  
I could be anywhere  
but I'm not  
I'm here  
and I don't know how i got here  
but I'm here now  
everything is quiet  
tall glass windows  
a slight headache  
and I don't know where I'm going to go from here  
*I know exactly what I have to do*  
*and I just need to follow this navigations system*  
*someone must have been before me*  
*we carry on*  
*we carry on*  
*we carry on*

I always arrive  
I never take a wrong turn  
and if I go in the wrong direction a friendly voice tells me, they're all so nice here, so  
friendly, they've all become so incredibly nice to me in the past few years, if I need  
something I get it, and if I take a wrong turn then I'm corrected only a few seconds later,  
and if I throw you out the window by mistake I just say sorry and then you forgive me, and  
version 08.10.09

when I've burned 500 billion euro then I just make a call and then someone reprints them and just gives them back and then I can burn them again and again and again and I always get them back, I just keep getting everything back, and I never commit a crime, and if I do then it's just for a day or an hour and then I'm forgiven and everything is forgotten or erased and can start over, and when I collapse someone helps me up and if I make everything around me collapse someone points it out to me nicely and I'm brought to safety and put back on track and then I keep going and make new things collapse and I'm forgiven, I'm always forgiven, everywhere, I can do no wrong, there are these security screens everywhere and I take them down so slowly that no one notices, they cushion every impact, there is no longer any impact, everything has become so safe these past few years for me, for me it's all become so safe these past few years, I always arrive, and if everything goes up in flames I'll retire, I'll watch it from up here, up here I'm safe