To a Stranger.
“Fear Nothing”
—Pantagruel
How we, being at Sea, heard various unfrozen Words
How among the frozen Words we found some odd ones
...of the Noise we heard
How we went underground to come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle
How Bacbuc brought us before the Holy Bottle
How we rhymed in poetic Frenzy
Daybreak
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Good friends, our Readers, who peruse this Book,
Be not offended, whilst on it you look:
Denude yourselves of all depraved affection,
For it contains no badness, nor infection:
’Tis true that it brings forth to you no birth
Of any value, but in point of mirth;
Thinking therefore how sorrow might your mind
Consume, we could no apter subject find;
One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span;
Because to laugh is proper to the man.

Viagra: Welcome onboard this K-Hole Airlines flight
1.5 1000 to Margarita.

While you are getting comfortable in the cabin
this is a reminder that your entire package
must fit securely inside the person in front of
you. Before our departure please make sure that
your seats are in the upright position and tray
tables are stowed.

Also please be aware that this is a smoking
cabin, and smoking and drug-taking is
encouraged in the designated lavatory areas.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now cruising!
OF THE GENEALOGY AND ANTIQUITY
OF THE US

For knowledge of the genealogy and of the antiquity of our descent, we refer you to our great Chronicle, from which you will learn at greater length how we were born into this world. Do not take it amiss, therefore, if for the moment we pass this over, though it is such an attractive subject that the more often it were gone over the better it would please you. For which fact you have the authority of Plato in his *Philebus* and his *Gorgias*, and of Horace, who says that there are some things—and these are no doubt of that kind—that become more delightful with each repetition.

Would to God that everyone had as certain knowledge of his genealogy, from Noah’s ark to the present age! We think there are many today among the Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Princes, and Popes of this world whose ancestors were mere peelers of pardons and firewood; as, on the contrary, there are many almshouse beggars—poor, suffering wretches—who are descended from the blood and lineage of great Kings and Emperors; which seems likely enough when we consider the amazing transferences of crowns and empires throughout history to the present days.

And to give you some information about ourselves, who address you, believe that we are descended from some wealthy kings or queens of the olden days. For you have never met any persons with greater desire to be kings and queens or to be rich than we have, so that we may entertain liberally, do no work, have no worries, and plentifully reward our friends, as well as all worthy and learned men and women. But we comfort ourselves with one thought, that in the other world we shall have this, and greater still than at present we dare wish. So console yourselves in your misfortunes too, with as good thoughts or better, and drink lustily if you can get the liquor.

Now return to our muttons, let us say that by the sovereign gift of heavens, this genealogy was found by a passer by in a park near Neukölln, below an oak tree, on the way to Hermannplatz. Here, as they were cleaning the ditches, the diggers struck with their picks against a great tomb of bronze, so immeasurably long that they never found the end of it. For it stuck out too far into the sluices of the Spree. Opening this tomb at a certain place which was sealed on the top with the sign of a goblet, around which was inscribed in Etruscan letters, *HIC BIBITUR*, they found nine flagons, arranged after the fashion of skittles; and beneath the middle flagon lay a great, greasy, grand, grey, pretty, little, mouldy book, which smelt more strongly but not more sweetly than roses. In this book was found the said genealogy, written at length in a chancery hand, not on paper, nor on parchment, nor on wax, but on elm-bark, so worn however by old age that scarcely three letters could be read.

Unworthy though we are, we were called in to inspect it and, with much help from our spectacles, following the art by which letters can be read that are not apparent—as Aristotle teaches—we translated it, as you may see if you drink to your hearts desire and read the dreadful and horrific acts of us.

At the end of the book was a little treatise entitled *A Galimatia of extravagant Conceits*. The rats and moths, or— to be more truthful—some other venomous vermin, had nibbled off the opening; but the rest we have put down, out of reverence for antiquity.
Berlin City is the place where they said:
Hey babe, you wanna fuck in the dark room?
Hey slut, you wanna fuck in the dark room?

Marquis de Shade was always into pain
She’d make you beg, and then she’d whip you again
Went to the Laboratory
Boy, I could tell you stories
She said, hey sugar, wanna fuck in the dark room?
She said, hey pig, I’ll chain you up in the dark room. Bitch.

Ida Entity was high off her face
Thought she was riding a ship in space
She liked the girls, she liked the boys
She liked to use a lot of toys
She said hey babe, you wanna fuck in the dark room?
She said, hey stranger, you wanna play in the dark room?

Fanny had the most beautiful legs
The men would get onto their knees and beg
Her moves would knock you to the floor
And once you’re there, she would say
Hey babe, you wanna fuck in the dark room?
She said, hey sailor, join me in the dark room?

And the queens go
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

Viagra Falls always gave it away
Some kake, some speed, as long as you were gay
A line here, a line there
The discourse of the drinkers

Draw! – Pass it over! – Fill it up! – A mixture! – Give it to me without some water, like that, my friend. – Toss me off that glass, neatly. – Draw me some claret, a brimming glass. – An end to thirst! – False fever, will you not begone? – God bless me, my dear, I can’t get my gullet working. – You’ve caught a chill, old girl. – You’re right.

...let’s talk of drink[...]. Which came first, drinking or thirst? – Thirst. For who could have drunk without a thirst in the time of innocence? – Drinking, for privatio praesupponit habitum (a lack can only be defined if there has been previous possession). I’m a Latinist. Foecundi calicoes quem fecere disertum? (Whom has the flowing bowl not made eloquent?) We poor innocents drink only too much with no thirst.

– As I’m a sinner, I never drink without a thirst, if not a present thirst a future one. I forestall it you see. I drink for the thirst to come. I drink eternally. For me eternity lies in drinking, and drinking in eternity. – Let’s have a song, let’s have a drink, let’s sing a catch! Where is my tuning-fork? – What! I only drink by proxy. – Do you wet your guts to dry them, or dry your guts to wet them? – I don’t understand the theory, but I help myself out by the practice.- Enough! – I moisten my lips, I wet my thirst, and I gulp it up, all for the fear of dying. – Drink all the time and you’ll never die. – If I don’t drink, I’m high and dry, as good as dead. My soul will fly off to some frog-pond.

The old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Hard road! I walked till both feet stunk—

Ma! Ma! Whatcha doing on that bed?

Pa! Pa! what hole you hide your head?
Left home got work down town today
Sold coke, got busted looking gay
Day dream, I acted like a clunk
Th’old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Got hitched, I bought a frying pan
Fried eggs, my wife eats like a man
Won’t cook, her oatmeal tastes like funk
Th’old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Eat shit exactly what she said
Drink wine, it goes right down my head
Fucked up, they all yelled I was drunk
Th’old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Saw God at six o’ clock tonight
Flop house, I think I’ll start a fight
Head ache like both my eyeballs shrunk
Th’old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!
A: Ich weiß, ich war nicht teuer.
C: Aber 38, du siehst gut aus wirklich.
A: Dankeschön.
C: Ja.
C: Danke danke.
A: Er sieht alt aus. *(lachen)*
C: Wie alt bist du?
B: 35!
C: Auch super.
A: Wir kamen zusammen hierher.
B: Ja...
C: Aber...
B: Wir haben uns auf Gran Canaria kennengelernt. Ich komme aus Gran Canaria...
A: Ich habe....
C: Aber aber...
B: Und dann hat er dieses Stück... mich kennengelernt *(lacht)*
C: Aber warum jetzt Berlin?
A: Und dann war ich 4 Jahre da.
C: Aber hier ist wirklich Winter. Warum Berlin jetzt?
A: Und ich hab dann angefangen zu recyceln. Aber Recycling zum Ficken ist...
ist nicht gut.
C: Aber da gibt es wirklich auch so einen Gaypride oder? In Gran Canaria?
A: Jaaa Touristen... Ich hatte so ein T-Shirt „No tourist“a. Weil... Ich finde das nicht so spannend. Ich finde das immer so spannend weißt du, so mit Leuten zu ficken, die man dann gar nicht kennt und vielleicht kann ja mal daraus was interessantes werden. (Pause) Und was machst du in Berlin?
C: Wohnen. (A. lacht) Wohnen... Arbeiten...
A: Wohnen, ficken, masturbieren. (B. lacht).
C: Alle ja. Gerne.
B: Alle zusammen heute auch.
A: Alles zusammen.
C: Alles zusammen.
A: Mit wem? Bist du lesbisch?
C: Nein. (lacht) Seh ich aus wie lesbisch?
A: Nein.
C: Nein.
B: Wie sehen lesbisch aus?
C: Ich habe einen Freund.
A: Ja?
C: Ja.
A: Wer ist er?
B: Ist er hier?
C: Matthias. Nein, er ist nicht hier.
A: Hat er einen großen Schwanz?
C: Er sieht aus wie schwul.
A: Echt?
C: Ja alle... Aber das ist ein... ähm... äh... threesome.
A: Oh sehr interessant.
B: Polyamor.
C: Ja.
A: Polylove.
C: Ja.
A: Achso okay.
(Pause)
B: Bist du lesbisch?
D: Vielleicht... (alle lachen)
A: Du siehst ein bisschen lesbisch aus. (Alle lachen) Ich habe eine lesbische Freundin.
(Pause)
B: Ich habe eine lesbische Schwester.
A: Und zwei Cousins.
D: Das war ein Witz.
A: Bist du nicht? Ahh...
B: Ist das wichtig? Ist das überhaupt wichtig?
C: Nein, aber interessant. Das ist nicht wichtig.
A: Aber warum?
B: Ist es überhaupt wichtig?
C: Genau.
A: Es ist nur eine Information.
B: Ja genau. Woher kommst du?
A: Wo kommst du her?
D: Schweden.
A: Auch?
C: Ja klar.
A: So klar ist das auch nicht.
D: Wir sind ein Team.
A: Es gibt auch Teams, die aus Schweden und Simbabwe bestehen.
C: Du auch ne?
E: Ja ja, ich bin Schwedin.
A: Aha... (unverständlich)
A: Holland, Spanien, Kroatien, Schweden...
C: Frankreich und Deutsches.
A: Sehr interessant. Und der Blonde? Wo kommst der her?
C: Ja, Deutschland.
A: Deutschland?
C: Aber du fickst immer noch gern?
A: Ach weißt du, ich bin schon 38.
C: Das ist doch egal.
A: Irgendwann ist der Libido dann nicht mehr so groß.
C: (lacht) Okay. Aber genieß es...
A: Vielen Dank, aber hast du... hast du noch Feuer für mich?
C: Auch.
HOW WE RECEIVED OUR NAMES, AND HOW WE GULPED OUR LIQUOR

S: Jag heter Syss
K: Jag heter Kate
T: Jag heter Tove. (laughter) Jönsson
R: Jag heter Ruth. Meine name ist Ruth. My name is Ruth.
A: Har ni smeknamn också?
K: Der Ruth! (laughter)
A: För att hon kan prata tyska?
K: Nein.
A: Der Ruth.
A: För att ni brukar gå till hennes bar?
K: På Nick. Hennes bar heter Nick. Är det inte riktigt Ruth? Din bar heter Nick?
S: Nej den heter, Cafe Nick.
S: Skål med artisterna!
A: Vad är det för något?
K: Det är Weinbrand med 3 dropper Cola.
S: Weinbrand med 3 dropper Cola.
K: 3 dropper Cola
A: Eine?
K: Tysk konjak med Cola.
A: Skål!
K: Skål
Collapsella: My name is Collapsella
This is my sorella
Her name is Pipetella
She is also my sorella
Her name is Salmonella
My name is Colapsella
I'm from San Marino
Now I live in Berlino
I modeled all the time
Now I get high at Berghain
I do lines
I don't do their line
I skip the queue
Because that's for people like you
I stomp my way into the dark
I'm on all four
Now make me bark
VOFF, VOFF
VOFF, VOFF
VOFF

My name is Collapsella
Speed is everywhere
But K is my best friend
It loosens up my hole
And this is how I roll

My name is Collapsella
My name is Collapsella
My name is Collapsella
My name is Collapsella
VOFF, VOFF

Pandora: My name is Pandora Fox, as in pan sexual.
Because the theme of the night is honey I'm homo. And since I am obviously a gay man trapped in a woman's body but I can't come out here saying I'm a homosexual man, but I can describe my own sexuality that I was thinking about now considering this theme. And I was thinking about my own coming out, and how I would describe my own sexuality and I think I found a kind of stance to answer "What's your sexuality?" And the answer is basically: fuck you! Not necessary because I am an extremely rude person. But if you are a guy or a girl or somewhere in between or nothing at all, if I like you and you like me, I am going to. Fuck You.
M: I am Max. Modou, but Max they call me, you know. They call me Modou in Afrikansich and in Europa it is Max. (laughter)
A: Which do you prefer?
M: Both! Ja, both! (laughter)
I: Hey Max!
M: I know, what is you name?
I: Isabel.
M: Oh, Elisabeth. You see, our queen!
C: Uh?
M: Elisabeth, is our queen, you know. Yeah (laughter)
I: Almost like Elisabeth.
M: Yeah, king of... Queen of England. Elisabeth! Yeahhh, she is our queen! And Sweden also have a queen, no?... so you see, lots of queens.

E: Wie heiss du?
J: Josip.
J: Cheers!
D: Cheers!
A: Cheers!
D: Cheers!
E: What is your name?
D: Daniel.
E: And you are from Croatia also?
D: No, from the Canary Islands.
E: And you used to be together and now you are friends?
J: No.
D: We never was together.
J: We are gay, but we are not so gay that we... (laughter)
D: No but,
J: That we all like sleep...
E: I know, with each other...?
D: Josip used to call me every night with every impossible story ever. I remember, because at the time I was not feeling really well and he was not feeling really well and he was all the time calling. My phone was always ringing at 12 or at 1 at night, and then it was of course Josip. And then ok... Hey Josip, Hey Daniel how are you? and it was very nice actually and he was always calling me for the most weird things ever. One time he called me to tell me something like, it was funny, it was not that late, it was around 11, and he called me and he tells me: I think I shit my pants! (laughter) You think you shit your pants, or you shit your
pants? No, I didn’t check it! But I think I shit my pants. (laughter) Are you calling me for to check it? Totally weird story. And he was always calling me for these kind of stupid things all the time.

E: He is like your gay-male girlfriend?
D: Gay-male girlfriend?
E: Like your girlfriend you know?
D: Exactly. And then he moved here, and I moved here one month later and since then we are together.

E: Aha
D: No, no, no, not together.
E: Friends?
D: Friends, yeah.
E: And you have a german boyfriend?
D: I have a german husband.
J: He was, he is married.
D: He was my best man at the wedding.
J: Yeah...
E: You are married with a german man?
D: Yes, but I am separated already.
J: Oh, no, officially not.
D: Officially not, I am living alone, but not officially.
“You are under arrest for dressing as the opposite sex.”
Hey you it is 1973!
I say 1973
19
73
19
73
19
73
Welcome to 1973
What happen in 1973, you crowd?
Oil-crisis!
Loads of shit.
In 1973 Yoko Ono gets US residency.
Fuck off Yoko!
John Lennon and Yoko Ono’s is to build their own utopia. They call it: Utopia.
They have their boundaries. They have their borders and the silence.
1973 becomes an oil-crisis!
They price of oil has doubled!
But don’t panic! Don’t panic!
It is 1973 and the first cellular phone is made in New York!
It is 1973 and the US goes to Vietnam.
The Vietnam war!
The Monster Mash is gone gold!
In the Uk princess Margret, her horse and her hers finally got married!
Someone has to marry the horse. Yes, she gets married.
And all you people who hasn’t yet heard, in 1973 homosexuality is no longer considered a disease!
So you can’t call in sick to work.
Welcome to 1973!
Welcome.
T: 73!
E: Vad gjorde du 1973?

K: Ja, för 1973 finn jag ut att jag var till kvinnor. Och det var otroligt svart i Denmark, för jag vill ju gärna vara normal, så jag hade besvärligt med det och det gick många år tills jag vågade säga att det var faktiskt kvinnor jag blev förälskad i. Idag är det mycket nimmare. Men på den tidsperioden 1973 så var det otroligt svart.
E: Men, var du förälskad i någon då?
HOW WE WERE DRESSED

Viagra: Look at my style could it be more glam
Look at my look, could you say hot damn
Look what I am, who I am
Me I’m fabulous baby

Look at my boobs don’t that blow your mind?
Glamour, talent and sex combined
Hell, you could tell even if you are blind
See, I’m fabulous baby.
I’m meant to be where the spot lights shine
Born to be on display
Built to be dressed to the 99s
And ready to stand and say
Hey, look at me can’t you see
I’m fabulous baby.
Look right here, ain’t it clear
where I’m heading to
So look at the time honey I can’t say
Look while you can because I am on my way
I am fabulous baby
I’ve got fabulous things to do

Where I’m headed?
I’m going wherever it happens
Bottoms, cocktails, Berghain oh Berghain
Hello Berghain, I am Viagra Falls
Look at my boobs, my clothes, my hair
Look what’s up here, and then look back there
Look all you want, I got lots to spare
Just stand back and clear the track because
Look at me can’t you see
I’m fabulous baby
Check my out, there ain’t no doubt where I am about
So joke all you want, go ahead and laugh
One day you’ll beg for my autograph
I am fabulous baby

Can’t you see me there up on the stage
How the cameras adore me
Can’t you see me walking on red carpets or doing TV
Can’t you see all my millions of fans screaming desperately for me
I’m a diva, a goddess, a star on a break
A hot rocking vision in hot fucking pink
I’m probably riot the whole kitchen sink
I’m top of the world, don’t you know. don’t you think

Look at me, can’t you see
yeah, I’m fabulous baby
... me up... I am...
I’m fucking great, I don’t need lyrics

So look all you can, I won’t be denied.
What I have got is to hot to hide
I’m fabulous baby
So damn fabulous baby
I’ll do fabulous...
I am fabulous baby
Fresh, free fabulous baby
Fine and fabulous, Wait and see

Went out last night, had a great big fight
Everything seemed to go on wrong
I looked up, to my surprise
The gal I was with was gone.

Where she went, I don’t know
I mean to follow everywhere she goes;
Folks say I’m crooked. I didn’t know where she took it
I want the whole world to know.

They say I do it, ain’t nobody caught me
Sure got to prove it on me;
Went out last night with a crowd of my friends,
They must’ve been women, ’cause I don’t like no men.

It’s true I wear a collar and a tie,
Makes the wind blow all the while
Don’t you say I do it, ain’t nobody caught me
You sure got to prove it on me.

Say I do it, ain’t nobody caught me
Sure got to prove it on me.

I went out last night with a crowd of my friends,
It must’ve been women, ’cause I don’t like no men.
Wear my clothes just like a fan
Talk to the gals just like any old man

’Cause they say I do it, ain’t nobody caught me
Sure got to prove it on me.
For our hat-medallion, we had a fine piece of enamelled work set in a gold plate weighing a hundred and thirty-six ounces, on which was displayed a human body with two heads turned towards one another, four feet and two rumps—the form, according to Plato in his Symposium, of Man’s nature in its mystical beginnings; and around it was written in Ionian script: ΑΓΑΠΗ ΟΥ ΖΗΤΕΙ ΤΑ ΕΑΥΤΗΣ.

Hannelore jeht uff’n Reimann-Ball
Im hochjeschlossnen Kleid
Nachher sitzt sie im Ludenstall
Zu früher Morjenzeit
Sie tropft in die Augen Atropin
Und schnupft ’ne Handvoll Kokain
Besonders so im Mai
Sie macht in Weltverjesssenheit
Und ab und zu in Sinnlichkeit -
Ooch det jeht schnell vorbei

Hannelore, Hannelore
Schönstes Kind vom Hall’schen Tore
 Süßes, reizendes Geschöpfchen
Mit dem schönsten Bubiköpfchen
Keiner unterscheiden kann
ob ’nu Weib iss oder Mann
Hannelore Hannelore schönstes Kind vom Halleschen Tor
HOW WE REALIZED OUR MARVOLUS INTELLIGENCE, BY OUR INVENTION OF AN ARSE-WIPE

Shittard,
Squirtard,
Crackard,
Turdous,
Thy bung
Hath flung
Some dung
On us:
Filthard,
Cackard,
Stinkard,
St. Antony’s fire seize on thy toane (bone?),
If thy
Dirty
Dounby
Thou do not wipe, ere thou be gone.
L: I have a friend who always talks about playing. And this game, and this game and this game, but never taking, so far not taking anything that personally, I'd say. But I don't feel that way. I think it is, yeah, it makes me anxious. But then again, I have you here. And I don't know what you think about all.

E: And what type of games does he play?

L: He plays all kinds of games, like for example he has tried to study three different things: Psychology, literature, and now law, and always it is just a game. And now he is thinking of maybe applying to be a physician, like medicine, to study... and it is like... Of social situations as well. I talked with him about this, it is like. For example when you meet new people. How you present yourself to them for example. He perceives that as a game as well. A specific kind of a game. It has to do with power and hierarchy I think.

E: How do you mean?

L: So you have to play that situation and that game well in order to get on top of it.

E: Like a performance?
L: Yes, exactly. Exactly. But in that way, especially with social situations and people it is like... hmm like unethical, like to have that kind of relationship and that kind of orientation to other people. Like not trying to understand them, but trying to understand them in order to play them: in your game. And I think, this is the first time I make this kind of connection, but isn’t it the same with the ironic dressing style thing in a way? So you are trying to play some game in relation to other people, to show your environment that you are actually know what they are doing, and that you are above that. Or outside of that.
M: Yeah, yeah, absolutely.
L: Yeah. Ok, so now I even more strongly stand my ground. And that it is not cool. And it is not a good way to see other people.
E: What about your bag?
L: Huh?
E: Could you show it?
L: I have an explanation for the bag. My previous backpack broke down, and I borrowed this from my mum. I knew that she had other backpacks that are not cool in any way. So this could be taken for an ironic bag which is why I choose it. But there were these just like sporty bags or whatever, you could go to a forest and hike with them, but good backpacks. But I didn’t want to take them, because I didn’t want to look like a person who is so practical? Because I still like, or also there is like what people perceive as beautiful or nice, or something that they want other people to connect with them, I guess. And I prefer this to “the forest-practical-I-don’t-know-what-bag”. But still, me having this is ironic, because I wouldn’t buy this kind of a bag myself. I wouldn’t buy it. I don’t like it that much. But you could buy this kind of a bag, couldn’t you?
M: Yeah, well, maybe it not quite tacky for that.
L: Mmmm
M: I don’t know.
L: Exactly the tackiness... Like you have to think what is tacky enough to be worn.
M: Yeah, you have to be on the border all the time.
L: But it's bullshit!
M: Yeah, it is bullshit...
M: I think it was a good point that you were mentioning that the irony is putting yourself above the people around you, in a kind of way.
L: But for example tonight in this bar, I don’t feel that we are here ironically at all. I don’t know what you guys think, but I didn’t come here ironically, in a way. Like, were would we go and be not ironic? Like the falafel place we went to?
M: Well that wouldn’t be ironic, because it is a truly nice place.
L: Exactly.

Collapsella I’m a model and I’m looking good
You wanna take me home and penetrate me
I play hard to get but wait one hour or two
I’ll be on my knees and I will service you

Instrumental break

I’m going out tonight I love to drink champagne
But in this fucking bar all I can get is cocaine

I’m getting super wasted
And what you can hear them say „She doesn’t look good,
But I’ll do her anyway“

Another instrumental break
Longer than the previous one
I'm still getting wasted
Still with no champagne
Just cocaine

I'm a model and I'm looking good
You wanna take me home and penetrate me
I play hard to get but wait one hour or two
I'll be on my knees and I will service you
Service you

virtuosity exercise:
try to get red
try to get blue
try to get high
try to get low
try to draw
try to flaw
try to draw fast
try to flaw fast
try to draw fast and low
try to get there
try to sing a spiral
try to sing a line
try to sing in line
try to sing online
try to stop time
try to stop in time
HOW THE TAVERN WAS BUILT AND ENDOWED

It measured 28x16 metres and had a central courtyard surrounded by many rooms, all of which contained a clay beer vat placed centrally or in a corner of the room. The plaster walls of the rooms may all have been decorated with depictions in clay of naked women.

It was a rectangular building some twenty meters long and ten meters wide with two series of wooden columns inside, standing on stone bases. There was also a supporting wall with an inscription indicating the use of the building. Two painting compositions extended along the long sides of the building, the north and the south, with the entrance being located in one of the narrow sides, probably the west side. The building had many doors; two rooms, leading to the main room where the paintings were exhibited. The roof was gabled, covered with terracotta tiles.

It was a single room with stairs leading to a mezzanine floor. An L-shaped counter with four inbuilt terracotta jars or folia, three large and one slightly smaller, and a brazier at one end. A bronze vessel on this brazier still containing water. A stack of amphorae against the wall behind the counter and various utensils on a shelf. A number of other utensils, cups, jars, ladles, statuettes, and lamps, made of terracotta, glass, and bronze in the taberna, together with a number of bronze and silver coins. Suggestively there had originally been a wooden table on the east side of the bar, as many items were found towards the east wall of this taberna.

In another room just across a courtyard, earthen benches lined the walls and a charcoal-burning hearth occupied the middle of the floor. Those features suggested a sit-down joint rather than a takeout counter. Bones from sheep and cattle were found in the courtyard. The floors were scattered with
shards of fancy drinking bowls imported from Italy, as well as debris from large platters and bowls.

Over the lintel of the door of the tavern the sculptured angel shone resplendent in his golden glory. A charming little balcony rested on his wings and his hands held out a crown of hospitable welcome to royal and common guests alike.

It had a fireplace, typically circular tables and chairs and then the bar, not a long table running down the length of the room, but rather a corner countertop wedged at a 90-degree angle in one corner of the room. Behind that countertop is where the booze was stored.

The front door faced the street and opened into a small room with an oak bar, table and chairs; from there a doorway led to a second, larger room, where more tables, chairs and a sofa were arranged.

It had a lamp, a counter, maybe a bench. Chairs and tables would be discretionary. The floor would be wood, maybe, or maybe packed dirt. There might be chromos on the walls, but probably not. There would certainly be a peephole, a guard at the door. There would be nearly a zero level of amenity.

It was two rooms, in the front room was the bar and tables for tourist, the back room was where the illegal activity took place which was called dancing. A red light flashed to alert us when police were coming so we could sit down at our tables and not touch each other.

It was dark with two bars and a jukebox. There was no running water to wash the glasses of watered-down booze and beer that were rinsed in a murky tub behind the main bar. There were two large horizontal windows that were blacked out so that the police and the public could not see inside. The windows were reinforced from the inside with plywood which was further reinforced with two-by-fours. The thick oak doors had steel doors inside them and several of locks. Each of the front doors had two small vertical openings cut into it at eye level. One of four openings served as a peephole to screen potential customers, giving the establishment somehow the look of a speakeasy.

The lighting was very dim throughout. The first room had a low ceiling that combined with the darkness to create a cavern-like feel.

It was a small, cozy bar, with only a few barstools and tables, but its size gave it a distinctive charm and unpretentious character that was larger than life.
Red Lion Lane
Black Horse
Golden Swan
Green Cup Café
the Slide, at 59 Bleecker Street
Black And Tan at 153 Bleecker Street
The clubs on Jackson Street
Cooper’s Donuts
Harold’s
the Waldorf
Gene Compton’s Cafeteria, open 24 hours a day
the Back Cat
the Pussy Palace
the Eagle
Club Ghost
La Bata de Boatine
Central Station
Club Envy
BlueBoy
Marienkasino
the Scheunenviertel
the Café Nordstern
the Adonis-Diele.
the Nationalhof
the Bülow-Kasino
Zur Katzenmutter, decorated with small pictures of cats
Noster’s Cottage
the Maly
Jugel
Südblock
Rote Rose
the Club
LIEBT! LACHT! Kämpft!

Vidam

Tiger
Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,  
Externally devoted apes, base snites,  
Puffed-up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,  
Or Ostrogoths, forerunners of baboons:  
Cursed snakes, dissembled varlets, seeming sancts,  
Slipshod caffards, beggars pretending wants,  
Fat chuffcats, smell-feast knockers, doltish gulls,  
Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,  
Fomenters of divisions and debates,  
Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

Your filthy trumperies  
Stuffed with pernicious lies  
(Not worth a bubble),  
Would do but trouble  
Our earthly paradise,  
Your filthy trumperies.

Here enter not attorneys, barristers,  
Nor bridle-champing law-practitioners:  
Clerks, commissaries, scribes, nor pharisees,  
Wilful disturbers of the people’s ease:  
Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,  
Of honest men, like dogs, even unto death.  
Your salary is at the gibbet-foot:  
Go drink there! for we do not here fly out  
On those excessive courses, which may draw  
A waiting on your courts by suits in law.
Lawsuits, debates, and wrangling
Hence are exiled, and jangling.
Here we are very
Frolic and merry,
And free from all entangling,
Lawsuits, debates, and wrangling.
Here enter not base pinching usurers,
Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers,
Gold-graspers, coin-grippers, gulpers of mists,
Niggish deformed sots, who, though your chests
Vast sums of money should to you afford,
Would ne’ertheless add more unto that hoard,
And yet not be content,—you clunchfist dastards,
Insatiable fiends, and Pluto’s bastards,
Greedy devourers, chichy sneakbill rogues,
Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you ravenous dogs.
You beastly-looking fellows,
Reason doth plainly tell us
That we should not
To you allot
Room here, but at the gallows,
You beastly-looking fellows.
WHAT MANNER OF DWELLING
THE TAVERN HAD

They served sweet beer, iron beer, sparkling beer, perfumed beer, spiced beer—cold or hot, beer of thick, sticky millet, and as many varieties of beer as of different qualities of wine.

“Drink unto rapture, let it be a good day, listen to the conversation of thy companions and enjoy thyself”

“Drink, do not turn away, for I will not leave thee until thou hast drunk”

“Come now, bring me eighteen cups of wine thine own hand. I will drink till I am happy, and the mat under me is good straw bed upon which I can sleep myself sober”

She is a landlady, her beer is good! Just as good as her beer is her vessel! How good is her beer! Thinned with water — how good is her beer!

I saw a woman with a tambourine and a man with a lute leaping up and down. She firmly grasped his penis as they looked at each other over their shoulders mischievously. There were some bawdy songs:

*The jester’s bitch: bread rations (are) for her mouth, but the shaft of tigidla (is) for his anus.*

There were wheat, barley, pulses, and barleywine in the mixing bowl and grainy things [floating] at the brim. Straight straws, some bigger and some smaller, were placed inside. When thirsty, one put it [the straw] in the mouth and sucked. If someone did not pour water over it, it was thoroughly undiluted [very strong], but very pleasant to one who had acquired the taste.

I saw some young men getting drunk, becoming feverish with intoxication, off their heads to such an extent that they supposed they were in a trireme, sailing through a dangerous tempest; they became so befuddled as to throw all the furniture and fittings out of the house as though at sea, thinking that the pilot had told them to lighten the ship because of the storm. A great many people, meanwhile, were gathering at the scene and started to carry off the discarded property, but even then the youths did not pause from their lunacy. On the following day the generals turned up at the house, and charges were brought against them. Still sea-sick, they answered to the officials’ questioning that in their anxiety over the storm they had been compelled to jettison their superfluous cargo.

I saw your provincial governor, reclining next to some assassin. He was nestled in a crowd of sailors, thieves, and fugitive slaves. He was there amongst executioners, the builders of cheap coffins, and the eunuch priests of Cybele who have finally stopped beating their drums only because they have passed out. There are no class distinctions in a place like that. The drinks are shared; there are no private couches at the table; no one is closer to the table than anyone else.

I saw some play at dice so eagerly as to quarrel over them, snuffing up their nostrils, and making unseemly noises by drawing back their breath into their noses:—or (and this is their favorite amusement by far) from sunrise till evening, through sunshine or rain, they stayed gaping and examining the charioteers and their horses; and their good and bad qualities.

I saw three men, slouching, listless, weary specimens of their kind, who were playing “Comrades” with gusto curiously out of keeping with their looks of bored fatigue. One had a harp, another a violin, and a third drummed ceaselessly upon a piano of harsh, metallic tone. There were a dozen round tables in the room, and at these were seated small groups of men and women drinking beer ... They were simply commonplace ... Suddenly I noted that the social atmosphere was one of the strangest, complete camaraderie.
The conversation was the blasphemous, obscenest gossip of degraded men unrelieved by anger or by mirth, and varying only with the indifferent interchange of men’s and women’s voices.

Nymph and shepherd raise electric tridents glowing red against the plaster wall,
The jukebox beating out magic syllables,
A line of painted boys snapping fingers & shaking thin Italian trouserlegs
or rough dungarees on big asses
bumping and dipping ritually, with no religion but the old one of cocksuckers
naturally, in Kansas center of America
the farmboys in Diabolic bar light alone stiff necked or lined up
dancing row on row like Afric husbands & the music’s sad here, whereas Sunset Trip or Jukebox Corner it’s ecstatic pinball machines—Religiously, with concentration and free prayer; fairy boys of the plains and their gay sisters of the city step together to the center of the floor illumined by machine eyes, screaming drumbeats, passionate voices of Oklahoma City chanting No Satisfaction
Suspended from Heaven the Chances R Club floats rayed by stars along a Wichita tree avenue traversed with streetlights on the plain.

Es ist laut — akustisches Chaos und Reizüberflutung. Verschiedene Formen des Fremdartigen schichten sich an- und übereinander und ungehörige Entäußerungen von

Men danced with men, mournfully, with deadly seriousness. ... The one playing the lady’s role might have the moustache of a cavalryman and pince-nez, he might be ugly, with coarse, masculine features, and not even a trace of femininity. ... The Police Inspector and his guests had seated themselves at a table in the centre of one end of the room, close to which all the couples had to pass. ... The Inspector called them by their Christian names and summoned some of the most interesting among them to his table, so that I could study them! ... In the female section, where women danced with women, the most noteworthy person was a stately lady. ... Her eyes followed a radiant young blonde. The Inspector informed me that the two were bound together by a passionate love for each other, and that, as the elder woman was poor, the younger one supported her by selling herself to men she abhorred.

When you see two women walking hand in hand, Just look em’ over and try to understand: They’ll go to those parties – have the lights down low – Only those parties where women can go. You think I’m lying – just ask Tack Ann – Took many a broad from many a man
The night I was there we met lesbians on acid talking to the goldfish in the fish tank along with the local black transvestite who was dancing in hot pants with his G string on show and various dodgy looking people sat around the place giving the new people in the bar the evil eye thing that we were the police or something.

That time I had to talk to the police who came because of the loud noise while I was very drunk wearing my fab peacock outfit showing them my legs and offer them in bad German to have a shot with me.
HOW THE TAVERN WAS GOVERNED

Went to bed last night and, folks, I was in my tea
I went to bed last night and I was in my tea
Woke up this morning, the police was shaking me
I went to the jail house, drunk and blue as I could be
I went to the jail house, drunk and blue as I could be
But the cruel old judge sent my man away from me
They carried me to the courthouse, Lordy, how I was cryin'
They carried me to the courthouse, Lordy, how I was cryin'
They give me sixty days in the jail and money couldn’t pay my fine
Sixty days ain’t long when you can spend them as you choose
Sixty days ain’t long when you can spend them as you choose
But they seem like years in a cell where there ain’t no booze
My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze
My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze
I can’t live without my liquor, got to have the booze to cure those blues.

The line flowed past the far wall, past the bar, the front room tables, and reached into the back room. Guarding the entrance to the toilet was a short square, handsome butch woman, the same every night, whose job it was to twist around her hand our allotted amount of toilet paper. She was [to] us,a man’s obscenity, doing the man’s trick so we could breathe. The line awaited all of us every night, and we developed a line act. We joked, we cruised, we commented on the length one of us took, we made special pleas to allow hot and heavy lovers in together, knowing full well that our lady would not permit it. I stood, a femme, loving the women on either side of me, the hair hitting the collar, the thrown-out hip, the hand encircling the beer can. Our eyes played the line, subtle touches, gentle shyness weaved under the blaring jokes, the music, the surveillance. We lived on that line: restricted and judged, we took deep breaths and played. but buried deep in our endurance was our fury.
That line was practice and theory seared into one.

Ordinance Code § 257: Rogues and vagabonds, or dissolute persons who go about begging; common gamblers, persons who use juggling or unlawful games or plays, common drunkards, common night walkers, thieves, pilferers or pickpockets, traders in stolen property, lewd, wanton and lascivious persons, keepers of gambling places, common railers and brawlers, persons wandering or strolling around from place to place without any lawful purpose or object, habitual loafers, disorderly persons, persons neglecting all lawful business and habitually spending their time by frequenting houses of ill fame, gaming houses, or places where alcoholic beverages are sold or served, persons able to work but habitually living upon the earnings of their wives or minor children shall be deemed vagrants and, upon conviction in the Municipal Court shall be punished as provided for Class D offenses.

Was will man nur?
Ist das Kultur,
daß jeder Mensch verpönt ist,
der klug und gut,
jedoch mit Blut
von eig’ner Art durchströmt ist,
daß g’rade die
Kategorie
vor dem Gesetz verbannt ist,
die im Gefühl
bei Lust und Spiel
und in der Art verwandt ist?
Und dennoch sind die Meisten stolz,
daß sie von anderm Holz!

Refrain

Wir sind nun einmal anders als die Andern,
die nur im Gleichschritt der Moral geliebt,
neugierig erst durch tausend Wunder wandern,
und für die's doch nur das Banale gibt.
Wir aber wissen nicht, wie das Gefühl ist,
denn wir sind alle andrer Welten Kind,
wir lieben nur die lila Nacht, die schwül ist,
weil wir ja anders als die Andern sind.

Wozu die Qual,
uns die Moral
der Andern aufzudrängen?
Wir, hört geschwind,
sind wie wir sind,
selbst wollte man uns hängen.
Wer aber denkt,
daß man uns hängt,
den müßte man beweinen,
doch bald, gebt acht,
wird über Nacht
auch uns're Sonne scheinen.

Dann haben wir das gleiche Recht erstritten,
 wir leiden nicht mehr, sondern sind gelitten
Rainey: Well, I'm drunk all right now, but I know just what
I'm doin'!
Man: Yeah, yeah, woman, yeah! Stop shaking that mess in
here!
Rainey: Yeah, well, look like the time ain't gonna be long
now!
Man: You goin' back to jail again if you don't stop shakin'
that thing here.
Don't allow that in here!
Rainey: Can anybody come help poor little bitty old me?
Lord, Lord.
Man: 'Round here carryin' a groundhog in your pocket.
Rainey: Oh, how I feel this evening!
Man: Aw! Somebody come here! Ma! Have you ... have you
completely lost your head?
Rainey: I'm drunk!
**HOW WE DEMOLISHED THE CASTLE**

Viagra: Hey girls, I'm little high
Do you see that guy?
Do you think he would piledrive my hole?

Ida Entity: Dumb bitch, put your glasses on
Has your brain just gone?
That's a broom and rusty old rake
How much Kake did you take?

Cheryl: Hey Fanny, where have you been?
Hey, I see that grin
Did you bend over
In the dark room?
I saw you, you dirty whore!
Were you on the floor?
Sucking every cock you could find
See it dripping from your thighs!

All but Fanny: Omigod, omigod, you guys
Looks like Fanny's just won the prize
Her tits are super sticky
And bet her back door isn't dry

Fanny: Omigod you guys
Guys I think that I have to pee

Collapsella: Ah whatever, you can pee on me

Viagra: Shut up!

Ida Entity: Maybe you will like it, how will you know if you never try?

All: Omigod-

Viagra: Two, three, four
Cheryl: You'll get your turn, after me

Viagra: And me!

Look what I found on the floor
Who wants to try a fun surprise?!

All: Omigod, you guys, omigod

Omigod, omigod, omigod, omigod

Viagra: What do you think it is?

Look there, it's all crystallized
Just open your eyes
There's no way in the world that's not Kake

Ida Entity: No way, give it here, I'll smell

Ah that rings a bell
Girls we just found ourselves some speed
That's exactly what we need

All: Omigod, you guys

Someone quickly rack up some lines
I think I'm feeling sleepy and I'm really really fucking high

Omigod, you guys

So let's stay here in this cubicle
Although this club is super full
We are like, way better
Than those ugly sluts who are outside
Omigod you guys

Fanny: Guys, I just shelved a pill

Collapsella: What? When?!

Fanny: Just now when you weren't looking.
Cheryl: What does that mean? What's shelve?

Fanny: *(Holds finger up in the air)* Well, the trick is to go past the second knuckle—

Collapsella: Shut up! You're gonna make me puke

All: Omigod, omigod, you guys

Fanny: Guys, I'm just gonna put it right up my butt.

Others: The things we do, just to get real high

Fanny: I really just don't wanna wait. Put it in me.

All: Don't have any shame and we'll put everything between our thighs

Ida Entity: Omigod, Fanny, shit, my mistake Girl, I think that's Kake

Viagra: Just ignore her, she's high off her face

Ida Entity: No, bitch that is fucking Kake. You can go and take, but don't use it all or you'll be A hot mess just like me

Viagra: Omigod, omigod, you guys This line's perfect and it's just my size See dreams really do come true You never have to compromise, omigod

All: Omigod, omigod, omigod you guys Let's go dance before someone cries If there ever was a perfect toilet this one qualifies 'Cuz I love you guys

No, I love you guys Omigod, omigod Omigod you guys, omigod
E: Does your family know that you are gay?
J: My mother knows, my sisters knows, my father doesn’t know. But he lives in his own world anyway.
E: So, is it an issue, or you don’t care?
J: I, I’m not so familiar you know, I lived with my parents when I was 12—19, the worst years, so... And I am gay and they are so anti-gay so they don’t have this connection to that. And they don’t have a connection to me. We are just like strangers to each other. They don’t support me at all and I don’t support them. I call them every three or four months to see if they alive and what’s happening in their lives and nothing happens never. They never call me.
E: Sad
J: I think once my mother called me, but it was because she wrote... called the wrong number.
E: Did you talk to her about it or... she has a problem or?
J: Well she always tells me that it is expensive to call me, that it is cheaper for me to call her, but the thing is she has so much money. The worst thing is she has so much money that even if it is more expensive for her, it is less money for her than for me to call her.
E: Maybe it is shameful. Maybe she thinks she did something wrong or.
J: Yeah, yeah, of course because the thing is, she is not very intelligent, and she has this thing that was put in her mind by her parents and by the society and by her religion, it is like the gays...
E: Catholic?
J: Of course.
E: What does she do?
J: Now she is...
E: Retired?
J: Yes, she was working in a fabric of fridges, building
K: It’s sad that these kind of things happen.
E: Let’s hope it won’t turn like that here.
(most probably we are talking about Poland fascism.)
K: Yeah, this year they will get a lot. I come from a polish-German family. I’m sure they won’t get many votes in Xberg, but in many parts of Berlin they will get a lot of points. Those rechtsradikals.
E: Blää.
K: But I also don’t like what’s happening in Poland. The government is awful. It’s just some kind of misunderstanding. I was in Wroclaw now.
E: I come from Wroclaw.
K: Wroclaw is beautiful! You are from there?
E: I’m from Klodzko.
K: Klodzko, I used to have family there.
E: Really? What was their name?
K: You know, they had a very strange surname, Knitler. From my dad’s side. My aunt’s maiden name was Wisniewska. No, no wait. I’ll tell you... something starting with P... But that was my from my fathers side... She came from Poznan region...
E: And when did they move? After the war?
K: It’s that generation... My dad is no longer alive, it was his aunt. And they lived in central Klodzko. During the war he was transporting people over the border.
E: My grandpa too, the Czech border right?
K: Yeah.
E: Right after the war, right?
K: Yes, yes.
E: So where were we in our talk... your grandfather helped people across the border, no I mean your uncle?
E: No the uncle of my dad...
K: Klodzko, I used to have family there.
E: Ah the uncle of your father.
K: But you know I had no chance to get to know him.
E: And they were from Klodzko?
K: You know, they lived in Klodzko. I don’t know, I need to focus here...
E: You left as a 5 year old
kid, you went to school and so forth...

K: For me it was different, I had to take another job than I had in my country.

E: How old were you when you came?

K: I was 29... 29.

E: Was it after the fall...?

K: After the fall... no no it was a year before.

E: Ah a year before, so you got to experience that whole.
HOW WE MURDERED LANGUAGE

M: Lots of Gambians in Sweden, lots, lots, lots, lots. And in Gambia also a lot of Swedish too. This is why they come to interact, to speak Swedish. And I see even a Swedish man who is also speaking Wolof very good. (Laughter)

So it is normal. Exchanges of languages, you know. Normal. He can also speak some, a bit of afrikanisch when he likes, he feels the same.

I: Did you teach him?
M: I? Yes, sometimes, even. Sometimes we hear other words. When you recognise them you know, even if you don’t know the meaning. But you can cut off this word and say: Hey, this is also a word. Egal which word you think of, egal which word you think it is a language. Eh, egal which word you say it is a language.

I: Is it...?
M: No, you don’t know what is a language! If you speak anything from your mouth it could be a language. It could be a language.

I: You mean? Because it comes out of the mouth...?
M: You know how many languages do we have? You can not...

I: You cannot count.
M: You cannot count. So this is why anything you say it could be a language to somebody. Maybe you would not know, I would not know, but it is a language to somebody.

I: It is true, maybe you are right.
M: Maybe not! But just think, also what I’m just telling you. You may not know, I may not know, like for example some things that are similar to German and English.

I: Yeah...
M: Look. In German you sometimes say the word “sorry”. “Sorry” is not german.
I: Yeah, that's true, but we use so many English words.
M: More, just wait. You use "sorry" but it is not a German word, but trotzdem you use it and in any sentence you use "sorry" it fits because straight somebody will know "sorry", but instead you can say "Entschuldigung", but you don't say it but you make it kurz to say "sorry", then "sorry" everybody understands that. Yeah...
I: Yeah...
M: Yeah so you see. (Laughter.) Maybe you say another word again. It is so similar to other languages but it has different meaning.
I: Tell me an example.
M: Aaah, zum Beispiel, we say in German "ackern". Work. In Wolof you know when you say "ackern" to somebody it is when he is moving his body like this. You call it "ackern". You see the unterschiedlich? That is Afrikanisch and this is Deutsch.
I: Really, I didn't know.
M: So you see. I say anything you may think of it could be a language to somebody. Because you can not say it doesn't exist.
I: Yeah...
M: Things you know and things you don't know all exist. (laughter)
Then, with everyone attending and listening in perfect silence, a bar-goer raised his two hands separately high in the air, clenching all the tips of his fingers in the form of that is known in the language of Chinon as the hen’s arse, and stuck the nails of one against the other four times. Then he opened them and struck the one with the flat of the other, making a sharp noise. Next, clenching them again, as before, he struck twice more and, after opening them, yet another four times. Then he joined them afresh and laid them one beside the other, as if offering a devout prayers to God.

Suddenly we lifted our right hands in the air, and placed our thumbs inside our right nostrils, holding our four fingers stretched out and arranged in their natural order, parallel to the tips of our noses, shutting our left eyes entirely and winking with the rights, at the same time deeply depressing our eyebrows and lids. Then we raised our left hands, widely stretching and extending our four fingers and elevating the thumbs, and held them in a line directly continuous with that of the rights, the distance between the two being two and a quarter feet. This done, we lowered both hands toward the ground in the same attitude, and finally held them half way up, as if aimed straight at the bar-goer's nose.

“And if Mercury…” said the bar-goer, upon which we interrupted him by saying: “You have spoken, mask.”

Then the bar-goer made this sign: he raised his left hand, wide open, high into the air, then closed the four fingers into his fist and placed his extended thumb on the tip of his nose. Next he suddenly lifted his right hand, wide-open, and lowered it, still open, joining his thumb to the place closed by the little finger of his left hand. After this, he
struck the muscle of the palm beneath the thumb, then put the forefinger of his right hand into a ring formed with his left; only, unlike us, he put it in from below, not from above.

Then we struck one hand against the other and blew in our palms. After which we once more thrust the forefingers of our right hands into the rings made by our lefts, pushing them in and drawing them out several times. Then we stuck out our chins and looked intently at the bar-goer. By which the spectators, who understood nothing of these signs, realised that we were silently asking that bar-goer: "What do you mean by that?"

The bar-goer now began to sweat great drops, and had all the appearance of a man rapt in high contemplation. Then he got an idea, and put all the nails of his left hand against those of his right, opening his fingers in a semi-circular fashion, and raised his hands as high as he could in this attitude.

Upon this we suddenly put the thumbs of our right hands beneath our jaws, and the forefingers of those hands in the rings of the lefts; and at this point made a most melodious noise with our teeth, gnashing our lower jaws against the uppers.

The bar-goer got up in great alarm, but as he did so let a great baker's fart—for the bran followed it—pissed very strong vinegar, and stank like the devils. Upon which the spectators began to hold their noses, since he was shitting himself with anguish. Then he raised his right hand, clenching it in such a fashion as to bring the ends of all his fingers together, and placed his left hand quite flat upon his chest.

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to shake our fine fanny packs, displaying them before the bar-goer.

After this, the bar-goer began to puff up his both cheeks like a bagpiper, and blew as if he were blowing up a pig's bladder. Whereupon we put one finger of our right hands up our arse-holes, and sucked in air with our mouths as a person does when eating oyster in the shell or supping broth. This done, we slightly opened our mouths and struck them with the flats of our right hands, making a great deep noise, which seemed to come from the surface of the diaphragm by the way of the trachean artery; and this we did sixteen times. But the bar-goer kept on puffing like a goose.

Then we put the forefingers of our right hands into our mouths, sucking them very hard with our cheek-muscles. Next we drew them out and, as we did so, made a great noise, as when little boys and girls fire turnip pellets out of guns made of plastic tubes; and this we did nine times. Whereat the bar-goer cried out: “Ha, the great secret! They have put their hands in up to the elbows,” and drew out a dagger which he wore, holding it downwards.

At that we took our fanny packs and shook them as hard as we could against our thighs. Then we put both our hands, clenched like cockscombs, on top of our heads, sticking out our tongues as far as we could, and rolling our eyes in our heads like a dying nanny-goat.

“Ha, I understand.” said the bar-goer, “but what?” and as he did so made this sign: He put the handle of his dagger against his chest, and placed the flat of his hand upon the point, slightly revolving the tips of his fingers.

Upon this we bent our heads towards the left and put our little fingers in our right ears, pointing our thumbs upwards. Then we crossed both our arms on our chests, coughing five times, and on the fifth cough struck our right feet on the ground. We next raised our left arms and, closing all our fingers into our fists, held our thumbs against our foreheads, striking our right hands six times against our chests.

But the bar-goer did not seem to be content with this. He put the thumb of his left hand to the tip of his nose, closing the rest of the same hand. Whereupon we placed our two forefingers at each corner of our mouths, drawing them back as wide as we could and showing all our teeth. Then, with our thumbs, we drew down our eyelids very low, making rather an ugly grimace, or so it seemed to the spectators.
THE NEWS WHICH SHE BROUGHT FROM THE DEVILS, AND OF THE DAMNED PEOPLE IN HELL

J: Humans are scum!
E: Tell me about the business people you were working with.
J: Oh, it is very interesting. Because this is like, to work in finance and all these businesses is a bit... I told you that when I was working for Bayer and all these businesses, I thought like I was in a pool with sharks, you know? Because what you try is like, to make yourself up you have to make others down. It is not like trying to make yourself to show how good you are, the easier way is to show "look the others made something bad and I don’t." It is like, many times like this. But it is like, with competition in general, you know. In the end business is competition and competition is to try to make yourself better than others in whatever way you can.

Suddenly another bar goer woke up from a short slumber. She began to breathe, then to open her eyes, then to sneeze, and then she blew her great household fart. Upon which we said: Now she certainly is “awake”, and gave her a glass of strong, rough white wine to drink, together with some sugared toast steeped in wine.

And now she began to speak, saying that she had seen the devils, and held intimate conversations with Lucifer, and feasted both in hell and in the Elysian Fields. She swore to us all that the devils were good fellows; and, as for the damned, she said that she was quite sorry that she woke up so promptly, “For, said she’ I was taking a singular pleasure in seeing them”

“What?” exclaimed we.

“They don’t treat them as baldy as you’d think” said
she. “But their way of life is most strangely altered.
For I saw Bill darning breeches for a miserable livelihood.

Jeff was cleaning toilets,
Amancio was assembling back covers for iPads,
Warren worked in a fast-food restaurant,
Vladimir was a perpetual servant,
Mark, an Emergency power plant technician,
Carlos, an Uber driver,
Bernard was a manager at Family Dollar,
Larry, a platinum miner,
Michael, a DJ Houghton chicken catcher,
Charles and David were Target employees,
Sergey was a H&M factory worker,
Ingvar was a Merrill Lynch intern,
Larry was a Porta Potty Cleaner,
Liliane, a Sears Sweatshop worker,
Jack, a Walmart employee,
The Mars family were theme park workers,
S. Robson, a Logger,
Jim was in the Military,
Jacqueline, a Pest Control worker,
Sheldon, a TaskRabbit’s ‘tasker’,
Li-Ka, a Firefighter,
Mukesh was a waiter,
Wang, a Street sweeper,
Bhumibol, a Hairdresser,
Jorge, a gig worker,
Ma, a Kitchen assistant,
Maria Elisabeth and Georg, nursery nurses,
Phil was a Cashier,
George, a SuperTasker,
Kalifa, a Sales assistant,
Francois, a Roustabout,
Maria Franca was making money for Facebook,

Giovanni’s time was not needed,
Dieter was an Amazon warehouse worker,
Stefan, a Shelf filler,
Hui, a Retail salesperson,
Paul, a Sewing machinist,
Lee was looking up phone numbers on the web,
Susanne used her webcam to track exactly what she looked at and what she ignored for Sticky Crowd,
Francios was also watching videos while a webcam tracked his eye movements,
Georg was a call center worker,
Hassanal was a on-demand worker,
Ronals was transcribing audio clips, filling in surveys or tagging photos with relevant keywords,
Micael offered the lowest bid,
Charles was a micro-earner,
Serge was an errand boy,
Carl was delivering food,
Stefan was sharing his car for money,
Lee was sharing his apartment for money,
Len was a day labor,
William was a Dry cleaner,
Laurene was a cloudworker,
Dhanin, a Window cleaner,
Joseph, a Housekeeper,
Anna was a ‘Turker’ at Amazon’s Mechanical Turk,
Donald, a Newspaper reporter.”
Viagra:
Here's to the gays who get fucked
Everybody gasp
Lubing up their buttholes
Their junk is all tucked?
Just a piece of ass
Don't leave the gym
They linger cruising
No body fat
They're rather dim
With holes all oozing
They just aren't all that.
Seriously, would you look at that?
I'll drink to that.

And here's to the faggots who brunch
Aren't they just class?
Lounging in their hipster cafes
Until lunch
Hungering for ass
They might look sweet, they might be clean
There's something that you're missing
That underneath that polished sheen
You'll bet they're into fisting
I'll drink to that.
And one for fisting.

Here's to the queens who take drugs
Aren't they insane?
Staying up all night and exchanging long hugs
Ruining their brains
The ones who camp in the stalls
Who guzzle g 'till they fall
So high they're not human at all
Aren't they a gem?
I'll drink to them.

Let's all drink to them!

And here's to the homos who judge
Aren't they the best?
Resting bitch face
Showing they're holding a grudge
Damn, gurl you're a mess
Another chance to disapprove
Another catty comment
Another thing they have to prove
So bitchy I could vomit

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!
I'll drink to that.
Well here's to the gays you can find

Pickings are so slim
But hell we've all got needs so you'd better not
mind
God, things are so grim
A toast to all insufferable guys
To sausage jockeys all filled with lies
They're only good when they spread their
thighs

Go on, spread your thighs!
Thighs!
Thighs! Thighs! Thighs! Thighs! Thighs!
Thighs! Thighs!

Thighs!
DEBTORS AND BORROWERS

Fanny: Lost property department, Fanny Crackwhore here, our property is your lost, how may I help?

J: I usually move every four years. I work three to four years. I save some money and then I make one year break.
E: What do you do?
J: It depends, but last time it was in finance. I worked for the city of Berlin, actually. I was like, how do you say it... I was like managing the foreign property of the city of Berlin.
E: Of the city?
J: The foreign properties.
E: For the City or for private?
J: For the city of Berlin. The city has foreign properties.
E: What does it mean. It has like embassies?
J: No, no, no. It had like shopping malls in US. And they belong to the city of Berlin.
E: Wait, there is a shopping mall? And it belongs to the city of Berlin, so why do you call it foreign properties?
J: Because it is in The United States and not in Germany.
D: I don't follow.
E: I don't get it either. It belongs to?
J: To Berlin.
E: It belongs to Berlin?
J: The owner is Berlin.
E: The city Berlin?
J: Yes. But...
E: But the mall is somewhere else?
J: In United States. And we had like, also like in Sweden. We had like warehouses in Sweden.
E: Really? What kind of houses?
J: Warehouse. And then we were renting it or whatever. And I was like making the financial things for the foreign properties in Berlin.
E: But is it storage? Or is it that they own a building...
and then people can do whatever they want inside it?

J: It is very complicated to explain it, like, it is really financial stuff, because it is complicated all this. It is like entering deep into capitalism. Because...

E: But it is interesting...

J: It is, it is, actually it is, because...

E: So it is not. It can be a shopping mall, it can be a storage, it can ... or? And why does Berlin own property in Sweden.

J: Because they had banks, like Berliner Bank. And they privatized it. And then they sold it. They sold the bank, but the new owner thought: ok I want to own the bank but I don't want to own all the property that the bank has. That were like, from people who could not pay their rents or the credit that they took. So the bank keeps the property, then if you cannot pay, the bank keeps it.

E: So the city bought the bank?

J: No, the bank was from the city. There was like state bank, Berlin bank. And they sold it to a private company and they told me: I buy the bank but the things that the bank owns, like because people could not pay, you keep it. It is very complicated.

E: So the city kept it?

J: There were also like real estate fonds. That was what I in the end was doing. There were this fonds that people put money into. And it is like ok: you put like 3000 Euro into it. And many people put like money into it. Like we buy a house and rent it and you get like a percentage and whatever. And there were like no risks: Lie!!!

E: I know this story. It's been for years.

J: Yes, and I was working in it! And it is so curious because when you work for finance, for the city and all these things you see many dirty things happen. Dirty business.
P: Geld ist scheisse.
A: Ja.

A: Und wann hast du meistens...?
P: Geld verdient? ...96. 1996
P: 1996 habe ich 100.000 in Monat verdient.
A: 100.000 Euro?
P: 96 war D-Mark. D-Mark. 96 war noch D-Mark. 100.000 Mark im Monat.
E: Wie viele Jahren hast du gearbeitet in deinem Leben?
A: Wie verdient man so viel Geld?
E: Klauen?
E: Was?
P: Nein, nein, oh Gott nein. Nix wo was mit Menschen verletzen oder nix, nix, also nix was einem Menschen weh tut oder, nein, nein. Klauen ja, aber nicht...

E: Juwelen?
A: Juwelen, oder?
P: Nein, nein, nein. Handtaschen. Ich weiss wo in ganz Berlin, oder egal in welcher Stadt Deutschlands, egal wo, wo minimum um bestimmte Uhrzeit, minimum 50 Handtaschen sind.
E: In einem Geschäft, oder?
P: Es spielt keine Rolle. Ich weiß wo das ist.
E: Einmal in New York habe ich Taschen für 10.000 Euro gesehen.
P: Das meine ich nicht.
E: Im Geschäft?
P: Nein. Das... das. Nein. Das spielt keine Rolle. Es ist egal. Ich weiss nur...
E: Ich bin neugirig...
A: Louis Vuitton Handtaschen.
P: Nein. Es geht nicht um die Dings. Für mich gehts um die inneren Sachen. Karten und...
E: Was machst du mit Karten dann?
P: Geld abheben.
E: Also, wenn ich meine Karte verliere, ich muss immer sperren. Wenn jemand von mir klaut. Was soll ich machen sofort?
P: Es kommt daran, was für...
Karten hast du? Nur normale?
E: Bankkarten.
P: Kredit? Kein Kredit? Gar nix?
E: Nein.
P: Dann bist du unintressant.
E: Aber wie machst du mit dem Code?
P: Bei Kreditkarte brauchst du kein Code.
E: Nur Signieren?
P: Ich geht zum Juwelier.
E: Ah ja, du kaufst etwas für deine Frau...
P: Für meine Frau, pppffff. Ich kaufe etwas was ich verkaufen kann.
E: Und Juwelier, er ist nicht...
P: Er weiss was ich mache.
E: Ah. Aber es ist eine Deal.
P: Klar. Das Geld.
E: Wenn du einen Person siehst. Kannst du sehen ob diese Person Geld hat? Wie kannst du es sehen?
P: Schuhe. Schuhe. Schuhe ist der Faktor Nr. 1. Wenn er saubere Schuhe hat, der Mensch, dann hat er Geld. Wenn seine Schuhe sind... dann hat er keine Geld. Egal was er... Aber Schuhe.
E: Wie sehen die Schuhe aus?
P: Sauber und gepflegt.
E: Was? Leder?
P: Es spielt keine Rolle. Sauber und gepflegt.
A: Habe ich Geld?
E: Sauber und gepflegt weil sie immer Taxi fahren oder?
P: Das hat damit nix mit zu tun. Das ist egal, aber, nein. Ich weiss nicht wie ich das erklären soll aber es ist einfach so. Ich kann es nicht erklären, aber... weiß ich nicht.
E: Und was mehr. Nur Schuhe?
P: Das ist Nr. 1. Der erste Blick. Daran erkennt man sowas.
E: Und der zweite Blick?
P: Keine Ahnung.
E: Das Uhr?
E: Socken?
gibt's so viel Styles, verschiedene Sachen, oder, was ich meine.
E: Aber deine Schuhe?
P: Meine Schuhe? Die sind ok würde ich sagen. Ich denke die sind ok.
E: Arbeit und Freizeit, man muss trennen.
P: Absolut.
P: Meine Stimme ist voll krass auf Mikrofon.
E: Nein, es ist gut.
E: Damit könntest du arbeiten.
A: Eine erzähler Stimme.
P: Ja richtig.
E: Du könntest Kindermärchen erzählen.
P: Ja, ich weiss. Ich wollte so auch so machen, aber schwerer als so, kann man so was. Sehr schwer. Du brauchst eine Historie, dass du so was gemacht hast. Synchronsprecher oder so was.
E: Aber, hast du jetzt gemacht.
P: Ja so, dzzzzzz.
Rainey:   Too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad
         Too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad I’ve lost
         all my money, lost everything I had
Jackson:  Ma, being broke’s all right when you know you got
         some more money comin’ in
         Ah, being broke’s all right when you know you got
         some more money comin’ in
         But when you lose your money, that’s when friend-
         ship ends
Rainey:   Oh, here I’m on my knees
Jackson:  Don’t worry, Ma, I’ll soon be down on my knees
         with you
Rainey:   Pa, here I am, on my knees I want the whole world
         to know mama’s broke and can’t be pleased
Jackson:  When you had lots of money, you had plenty friends
Rainey:   Lord, lost all my money, that was my end, oh, ain’t
         got no money now
Jackson:  Oh, moan it, Ma!
Both:     We better go to the poorhouse, and try to live anyhow
         We better go to the poorhouse, and try to live anyhow.
A PROPHETIC RIDDLE

M: Like yeah, your financial system is about to crash, and I am kind of like a native american, like the Tainos indian. So I have been going around the world to teach people how to live without money.

E: So you advise people?

M: Yes, I do workshops in earth-building and permaculture. You know. Alternate energy. Oh well. Yeah... What happens if all the lights go out?

E: What happens? Should I buy a torch or candles?

M: You, you... candles... I worked on Katrina, I worked on Sandy, Haiti earthquake... I do stuff like that. Because they don’t know what to do.

E: What do you need to stock up with? Candles, torch... ?

M: You might want to start by everybody growing something.

E: Like what?

M: Tomatoes...

E: But it doesn’t grow in the house...

M: Yes it does. Food grows everywhere. But some dirt...

E: Tomatoes in the house?

A: Yes, it does. I grew some beans.

M: You get non-heirloom seeds. And you plant beans, and she plants potatoes. And he plants onions, and somebody grows fish. You will have to take those kind of solutions that are needed when western civilisation collapses. It is already collapsing.

Ida Entity: You won’t admit your dosage and so how am I ever to know, you only tell me Perhaps, collapse, perhaps
One million times I've asked and then I ask you over again, you only answer Perhaps, collapse, perhaps

If you can make your dose up I will probably get to fucked up and I don't want wind up with my face down in the toilet So if you really love me Say yes, it's 1.5 dear Confess but please don't tell me Perhaps, collapse, perhaps

If you can make your dose right I will get high as a kite and I don't want to wind up passing out in the Garderobe (again)

So if you really love me Say yes, it's 1.5 dear Confess but please don't tell me Perhaps, collapse, perhaps


Perhaps, collapse, perhaps E: He is not growing anything. M: See, that is the wrong attitude. You are learning to do things together. So that's not... See people always say that. What do you grow? I'm like... I'm sitting here with you, I'm not on a boat. I could go on boats. I'm not. I'm in a little place here trying to teach people how to live. What happens when the lights go out, when they take your bank account? E: I don't know. I wanna know. M: Grow your own food!! Figure it out. Don't be like. Because you know. The IMF, the IMF just took away Fiat Currency on Jan 1st. You aint gonna be able to access your bank account, the trucks are gonna stop running. It is not happening all at once but it started. Didn't you notice that when you go on the train it is ten more cents?

E: How did you discover that you have this talent? M: I was trained by my grandfather from two to five... seven. He is the Tainos. We're the Tainos. The people that Columbus came and that the Europeans murdered, to make America, the Caribbeans and South America. That's my people.

E: Did he teach you?

M: Yeah. And you have to teach other people. I mean there are all kinds of interesting things I could tell you. About the nature of the universe. The planet.

E: I want to know practical stuff.

M: Well you have to... you have to know of what you are made and how it works, really. Instead of what they teach you. What they taught you was very wrong. It just enslave you. Well, you gotta pay to exist. E: I don't pay.

M: Well, you don't pay to exist? If you are paying people for rent or paying people for toilet paper you are paying to exist, you know what I am saying? Yeah. And you can leave that system. And the only way to do that is to change your mentality and do things together, you have to do things together. Like when musicians play, you do things together, there is no arguing, screaming, who is in charge, you doing things together, like when you make love, you do it
together. Yes, this is important. So I teach people some of that stuff. That’s why the police and the military people, because they know what is coming. Like secular energy, how to build your own house out of dirt. You can build your own house, that heats itself, you use compost. You put a hole through the compost, the compost heats the water, and you have hot water. Steam without fossil fuels.

E: Tell me about it.
M: I just told you!
E: What is compost? Where do I get it?
M: Well, go to a restaurant, get some compost.
E: Compost is old food, right?
M: It is decayed matter that gives...
E: The stuff that they throw, organic matter?
M: Yes.
E: And you put it in...?
M: You put it in a bin... and you put a hose through it and you put water though it and you have hot water. You put the hose in the floor and you put some-

E: You have to explain. I have a bin here, and I have a hose that goes through...
M: The hose goes like kind of in a circle in the compost, and you just keep replacing the compost.
E: And the water flows through the hose? It gets warm?
M: And it gets hot. It gets almost like boiling hot. And then you can use that boiling water for stuff.
E: That decay produces that heat?
M: Yes, decay produces energy. You don’t know this? Or when you go the the bathroom, when you go to make a bowel movement, instead of flushing it away you put in in a bio digester. So instead of flushing away your waste, it will decompose, and produce heat, but also it produces methane if you do it right, and then you can use the methane for the stove or something like that.
E: But you need a very special container for that shit?
M: No you don’t. The containers that they put the wine, that is fine. You know, the big containers, the wine container that have grey cages around them, that is fine.
E: Wine comes in wood boxes.
M: No, no, no. The big... they are like this big. Square.
E: What about candles or a torch?
M: Candles, get candles. (laughter)
E: What about water. Where do you get the water?
M: Out of the air...
E: But through... In the morning. I know that.
M: Yea, yea, Very good! See...
E: Well, in the morning the water gets up so you can use a piece of cloth...
M: Yes exactly.
E: I know about water. I didn’t know about food. What about stocking up on vitamins instead?
M: No, you have to grow food. Grow fish. Grow some ducks, grow some chickens. You know. It is not that hard. What were people doing before money?
F: I remember when I was two, in a village, one day I put down a corn, one seed of corn. I put it down. I try. I leave it. After three days I come to see it, and I saw that it stood up. It grew up. And I say: Yooo! This is a real miracle in other words. When I say miracle it is from farmers, when I say magic and money and everything. Money. Take a look at the mother earth! You can see money from the mother earth. Money, you can see money from the mother earth.
O: Money, money... is so funny. in a rich mans world.
F: Everybody talking about money (laughter). But we have paper money and we have real money.
E: He is talking about real money not paper money.
F: Yehhh. But...
O: I have no money.
F: You are going to get money.
O: I'm not a rich girl.
F: Anyway
O: I have five kids.
F: So let's organize, and one day when we have a set at
a place, I bring one instrument. I try to entertain the place and also educate the place. Entertain and educate at the same time. The same time. You are watching me at the same time I will feel, too. You see my eyes are not red, you know. Eyes are still like me, Farmer, you know. I drink with style, responsibility... But we have the mission still... see...? So shut it off, right about now!

F: Cheers!
E: Cheers!
A: Cheers!

F: Something coming to educate the next generation. Wir kommt, take up a mission, and produce agriculture, you know and sell the business worldwide. We are still drinking, we’re still thinking about the next generation of how to get food. Food productivity must increase I said this, but I repeat it, and repeat and repeat and repeat. Agriculture is the best solution for our problem. Me the one call the next generation to support the mission of agriculture. No joke! We can think about anything on earth, we can think about... Talk about food... Food... Food that we put on the table. Food that is... for the next generation. The next generation needs plantation. Yes. We’re taking an interest, active interest, now that I have a good vision to promote and produce agricultural because without food: no energy, no worker can ignore food, you are follow me as I speak right about it, no? People that get me wrong, or people that get me good, or whatever there, but you have to reason upon this mission. Say farmers speak about reality, because without food, man can never live. It is alright we have a little beer, so we busted a little beer so, and it is all from farmers. And it is good for the human body, only after drinking responsibly, yes see me, there are limits, even with food, not just, not like I’m preaching about food, to have food, even if you have plenty of food to eat, you have to limit also, food are for eating, but food are for eating with limits, yes see me... (laughter)
“What,” exclaimed a bar-goer [...], putting his tongue only half out, and covered our camera as a hen does her chickens.

So we clambered on his tongue as best as we could, and travelled for quite six miles over it before we came to his mouth. But oh gods and goddesses, what did we see there? Jupiter confound us with his three-forked lightning if we lie.

We saw huge rocks like Dental Mountains—I think they must have been his teeth—and large meadows, wide forests and great, strong cities, every bit as large as Shanghai or Karachi.

“Jesus!” we said, “Is there is a new world here?”

We passed between the rocks, which were his teeth, and went so far as to climb one. And there we found the most beautiful spots in the whole world, fine great tennis-courts, magnificent galleries, beautiful meadows, plenty of vines, and an abundance of summer-houses in Italian fashion, scattered through the fields flu of delights. And there we stayed for quite four months, and never enjoyed ourselves as much as we did then.

After that we went down by the back teeth and arrived at the lips. But on the way we were robbed by the brigands in a great forest, which lies in the region of the ears. We found a little village on the way down—we have forgotten its name—where we were better entertained than ever, and earned a little money to live on. Do you know how? By sleeping. For there they hire men and women by the day as sleepers, and you earn four or five-
hundred Euro a time. But those who snore very loud are paid a good thousand.

In the end we decided to return and, passing by his beard, jumped on to his shoulders, from which we slid down to the ground and fell in front of him.

When he noticed us, he asked: “Where have you come from, Aswan Baile Akin? From your throat, my friend,“ we replied. “And since when were you there?“ said he. “Since the time when you went into this bar for the first time“ said we. “That’s more than six months ago“ said he. “And what did you live on? What did you drink?“ “My friend“, we replied, “the same fare as you. We took toll of the tastiest morsels what went down your throat.“ “Indeed,“ he said, “and where did you shit?“ “In your throat, my friend“ we said. “Ha, ha. You’re fine fellows,“ said he.

T: I don’t really have a camera at the moment. It wasn’t very good so now I don’t have one.
E: What camera did you have?
T: Sony Alpha 7 Roman 2.
E: Why wasn’t it good?
T: It is terrible. It shoots a bad moirée when you want to shoot anything that moves even the slightest. It has a weird algorithm of image so they are all so grainy and, no matter how you do, no matter how right you do it it just looks shit. I can’t even explain why it happens but it was a great disappointment. So I actually wanted to ask about your camera. How well does it do in the dark? It is not very bright here.

A: Very well.
T: This one looks quite small and handy.
A: The lens is heavy, my other lens is on repair.
E: But it makes you strong.
A: Yes exactly.
E: I had a girlfriend who was a camera women.
T: My best friend is also a camera women. She always carries around her stuff, so...
E: But today all the cameras are so light.
T: Exactly, look at Felix, he has a camera in his mouth.
E: Are we disturbing you?
T: Of course it makes... of course I know that you are here and I try to, kind of, not to look stupid. It is not disturbing in the sense of disturbing. I think it is interesting. Yeah, I think it is interesting because I am also, if everything goes well, I will make a similar project in Mexico City. I just have been trying watching how you do it and maybe learn something.

E: So now when you don’t have a camera what will you do?
T: I will have a camera from somewhere else.
E: What kind?
T: Probably an Ursa Mini Pro.
E: A what?
T: A Black Magic Ursa.
E: A black magic camera? Tell me about it.
T: It is small. I imagine it is a bit bigger than this one.
E: What made you choose this one?
T: I didn’t, my cinematographer did. Well, because in the school we don’t have so much choice. Apparently it is a good camera. Black Magic. I don’t know how to pronounce it. In Finnish we would say Ursan. But in English maybe Yrsa. Sounds weird. But the original model is heavy like a fridge, and this is just smaller.
E: Like a little ice box.
T: Maybe like a little ice box, yes.
J: You have a clitoris, you don’t have a dick.
A: We all have a dick, imaginary or not.
E: Sorry but this camera is...
A: ...the biggest dick of them all.

J: But what is this?
A: Well, that is the clitoris.

D: You can fuck people with this everywhere
J: Viagra Falls: I’m so lonely at night.
Need to me a lover
Shall I go to a bar
Oh I forgot,
I’ll unlock my smart-phone
Place my finger on Grinder
Write the nearest guy: Hey
And hope to god that he replies

An app-whore’s world
A million men write in you hand
Sure most are creepy clads
With faceless spots
But hey I need some loving

An app-whore’s world
Sometimes I wish that I could find
Someone who’d stick around
After we pound
but hell I need a fuck
so what the hell

I can show you my hole
I can send you a picture
Come on mister
Come over
And just let your dick decide
An app-whore’s world
a... so an endless stream of horny men
So many men in fact
that I loose track
I open up excel make a spread-sheet

It is exhausting alright
And my hand’s probably better
but fuck I gotta try
Who knows I might
meet my prince
and kiss this life
Good bye

An app-whore’s world
And the worst part
That we can’t see
can’t use a peen
to fill your heart
HOW WE COMFORTED OURSELF IN THE SHILLY-SHALLYING MATTER OF LOVE

R: I am sorry I like men.
(Pause)
R: I assure you I like men, about 50 years old or so, not older.
A: Only 50 years old? So you prefer young men?
R: Yeah. Not older than 50.
A: What happens at 50?
R: What happens?
A: After 50.
R: My god, they stop to work. They use the same clothes two days. They loose their teeth. Really.

Colapsella: When I saw you
Across the dating table
I almost puked
You were ugly as fuck
I wish I had a paper bag
To put upon your face
God forgive my sin

Don’t leave yet
We still have 8 minutes left
I will drink a few more glasses
Straight vodkas, double scotches
I’ll make this work coz you’re my last shot
I’m sorry, I will love you
A:  yes, I like everyone. I like men. I like women. Men as wo-
men. Men as men... no not men as men actually... (laughter)
Or I think it is a blurry line. I like nice people.

T:  With teeth?
A:  yes, with teeth! ... but this 50, I have to think about that.
(laughter). I didn’t think about that.

T:  But in these days, everyone has teeth. It was in the old days
that...

... T:  You know I have been in a relationship for 40 years. And
then I have been in some other relationships and I don’t
know, I don’t want to be many years in that, I want to
have my freedom. I want to know that somebody loves me
especially, but I want to have my freedom, to look at other
people, and perhaps fall in love with other people. But I
don’t have a wish to find another 40-year relationship, if I
got so old. But... no.

E:  And how is that... there are so few role-models.
T:  But the fairytale is perhaps that you are your own story.
you have to create your own story, and you have to make
your own relations. And it doesn’t last forever but you live
as if it is forever. Because even if you know, if you love
somebody sometimes the other part is getting away. An
you manage and you can plan that it is forever, my life has
finished. As I told you I have had a relationship for 40
years and it has ended. What then is my life? Has it finis-
hed? No. I still love. I still love people. I still love that peo-
ple want me. And I have recognised someone among the
people that surround me, perhaps more than others, and
then I have to reconsider and think that perhaps I love that
person for some years and then it is ending. I don’t know.
You are too young, I haven’t dared to love another person.
Because I know it has to finish at some point.

Im Nachklang unserer Rendezvous, unserer gemeinsamen Nächte, hinterlässt unsere Begegnung einen Kater. Ich bin unkonzentriert, fahrig, Szenen unserer Begegnung spielen sich in tausendfacher Wiederholung vor mir ab. Ich versuche sie zu fassen, aber sie entziehen sich mir aufs Geschickteste, nur um Sekunden später wieder aufzutauchen und von deiner Verheißung zu verkünden.


He's equal with the Gods, that man
Who sits across from you,
Face to face, close enough, to sip
Your voice's sweetness,
And what excites my mind,
Your laughter, glittering. So,
When I see you, for a moment,
My voice goes,
My tongue freezes. Fire,
Delicate fire, in the flesh.
Blind, stunned, the sound
Of thunder, in my ears.
Shivering with sweat, cold
Tremors over the skin,
I turn the colour of dead grass,
And I'm an inch from dying.

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Belammed L.  Not fitted L.  Diseased L.  Besysted L.  Exempted L.  Suppressed L.
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Ill-filled L.  
Scraggy L.  
Clarty L.  
Bobbed L.  
Lank L.  
Lumpish L.  
Mated L.  
Swashering L.  
Abject L.  
Tawny L.  
Moiling L.  
Side L.  
Whealed L.  
Swinking L.  
Choked up L.  

Besmeared L.  
Harried L.  
Backward L.  
Hollow L.  
Tugged L.  
Prolix L.  
Pantless L.  
Towed L.  
Spotted L.  
Guizened L.  
Misused L.  
Crumpled L.  
Demiss L.  
Adamitical L.  
Frumpled L.  
Refractory L.  

**tongue exercise:**

use your tongue to write  
use your tongue to lick  
use your tongue to click  
use your tongue to draw  
use your tongue to think  
this is technique
Cheryl: I've got a hairy back
A physical feature that most people lack
It's something special what's behind my back
So I'll turn around and maybe switch the track

Let's snuggle babe
If warm and fuzzy's something that you crave
I'll be your perfect little love slave
There's just no way I would ever shave

Hairy back, loving it
I'm hairy, loving it

(repeat ad lib)

I've got a hairy back
And I use it like an aphrodisiac
My winter coat is always on my rack
'Cause I'm a mammal baby, that's a fact

Let's snuggle babe
If warm and fuzzy's something that you crave
I'll be your perfect little love slave
There's just no way I would ever shave

Hairy back, loving it
I'm hairy, lovin
I've got a hairy back
To all you boys who don't know how to act
You motherfuckers can cut me some slack
I'm just a woman with a hairy back!

Hairy back, loving it
I'm hairy, loving it
Hairy back, loving it
I'm hairy, loving it
Hairy back, loving it
I'm hairy, loving it

234
WE RESOLVE TO VISIT TO
THE ORACLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE

But where are you? We can’t see you. Wait till we put on our spectacles. Ha, ha! Sobriety goes by! Now we can see you. So what’s next? We are, sound and supple, and ready to drink, if you will. Do you ask me why good people?

You have to be always drunk. That’s all there is to it—it’s the only way. So as not to feel the horrible burden of time that breaks your back and bends you to the earth, you have to be continually drunk.

But on what? Wine, poetry or virtue, as you wish. But be drunk.

And if sometimes, on the steps of a palace or the green grass of a ditch, in the mournful solitude of your room, you wake again, drunkenness already diminishing or gone, ask the wind, the wave, the star, the bird, the clock, everything that is flying, everything that is groaning, everything that is rolling, everything that is singing, everything that is speaking... ask what time it is and wind, wave, star, bird, clock will answer you: “It is time to be drunk! So as not to be the martyred slaves of time, be drunk, be continually drunk! On wine, on poetry or on virtue as you wish.”
HOW WE SET TO SEA

The tide is high and so are we
We had a lot of kake and we are lost at sea
Now we are on a boat, who knows if we will come back? Who kno-ows?!

Ida Entity: We went to the toilet for a little pee
Fanny: Then we had a line or two, or twenty three
ALL: Now we are on a boat, who knows if we will come back? Who kno-ows?!

The tide is high and so are we
We had a lot of kake and we are lost at sea
Lost at sea...

Viagra Falls: I hope that all this kake won’t make me feel sea sick
Collapsella: I hope we find a pirate with a massive dick
ALL: Now we are on a boat, who knows if we will come back? Who kno-ows?!

The tide is high and so are we
We had a lot of kake and we are lost at sea
Lot of kake, lost at sea

Cheryl: We could find a treasure full of gold, gleamin’
ALL: Or we find a ship that’s full of strong seamen

Exhibitionism exercise:

take off shoes
take off shirt
take off cube
take off worth
take off rank
take off blank
take off stage
take of cage
take off quotes
take off dope
take off time
showtime
Viagra:

Come on, fuck me on a boat
Let's go and bone on the sea
Hey there, fuck me on a boat
Put your seamen in me
I'll spread my legs on that boat
I'll take good care of your mast
Go on, put it down my throat
Weigh anchor in my ass
I'll ride until dawn
'Till every sailor is gone
All aboard boys, get on that boat
And on that boat, pound home
Hurry, fuck me on a boat
Come get in line for this meat
I'm into it all, you know:

bring the whole of the fleet

Sail into my harbor boys
Offload your goods on my shore
Don't stop, do it harder, boys
I'm your nautical whore
I'll ride until dawn
'Till every sailor is gone
All aboard boys, get on that boat
All aboard boys, get on that boat
Massive dicks fore and aft
I gotta work the shaft
All inhibitions are gone
I'm a big ho, gonna moan
On a boat, until dawn
Cheryl:
You think I'm pretty when I have my glasses on
You think I'm funny when I sing my lyrics wrong
I really love that you don't have a dick, you've a tail (a tail)
When I first met you, you weren't such an easy sell
A half-fish person who had a peculiar smell
But now you've got me trapped under your Merman spell (Merman spell)

Let's go to the beach tonight
We can skip foreplay
Can't believe this is my life
I'm in love with a god damn Merman!

You make me feel like I'm living a Sea Queen Dream
The way you fuck me with your fish peen
Just stick it in and don't ever pull out (don't ever pull out)
I get wet when you look at me
Just one shove and baby I'm complete
This is real, so stick it in and don't ever pull out (don't ever pull out)

Boy you get my heart racing when your tail's in me
it's my Sea Queen Dream tonight
Let you put your tail in me till you spray your fish seed
it's my Sea Queen Dream tonight

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy thyrse dost thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we fear
No Brutus ent'ring here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king,
Nor dreads he any thing:
And though he do not rave,
Yet he'll the courage have
To call my Lord Mayor knave;
Besides, too, in a brave,
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches
And skirts that want their stitches,
And shows his naked flitches,
Yet he'll be thought or seen
So good as George-a-Green;
And calls his blouze, his queen;
And speaks in language keen.
O Bacchus! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will chant new hymns to thee.
THE STORM ENDS
HOW SOBRIETY IS ANATOMIZED
AND DESCRIBED TO US BY A BAR-GOER

As for the inward parts of sobriety, said the bar goer; his brain is in bigness, colours, substance, and strength, much like the left ball of a flesh-worm.

The ventricles of his said brain, like an oil auger
The worm-like excrescence, like a sensor tennis racket.
The membranes, like an massage hat.
The funnel, like an ambient umbrella.
The fornix, like a ice bucket.
The glandula pinealis, like a latitude doorbell.
The rete mirabile, like a pair of BeatsX's.
The tympanums, like a stress ball.
The ligaments, like a dating app.
The rocky bones, a microfiber duster.
The nape of the neck, like a plastic bag.
The nerves, like a thermo pot.
The uvula, like a car alarm.
The palate, like a pair of terrain muttons.
The spittle, like eye drops.
The almonds, like google glass.
The bridge of his nose, like an industrial robot.
The head of the larynx, like sonic-enhanced seafood.
The kidneys, like carabiner hooks.
The loins, like a magnetic locking system.
The ureters, like a pet bottle.
The emulgent veins, like whey powder.
The spermatic vessels, like cully-mully-puff.
The parastata, like a furry display.
The bladder, like a rifle.
The neck, like an identity card.
The mirach, or lower parts of the belly, like Focusbuster.
The siphach, or its inner rind, like a fitbit.
The muscles, like a kitchen scale.
The tendons, like a vitality glowcap.
The stomach, like a belly burner belt.
The pylorus, like a citalopram.
The windpipe, like an e-cigarette.
The throat, like a cleaning cloth.
The lungs, like razors.
The heart, like a wallet.
The mediastine, like a trackR pen.
The pleura, like a connected car.
The arteries, like a RFID.
The midriff, like a spring.
The liver, like a GPS.
The veins, like optical character recognition.
The spleen, like a smart fridge.
The guts, like a transparent tablet.
The gall, like a night-vision camera.
The entrails, like a spreadsheet.
The mesentery, like a printed pizza.
The hungry gut, like a pocket knife.
The colon, like a accelerometer.
The arse-gut, like a deodorized trash can.
The ligaments, like a dating app.
The bones, like low-fat cakes.
The marrow, like disposable paper cups.
The cartilages, like a gyroscope.
The glandules in the mouth, like a drone.
The animal spirits, like an alarm clock.
The blood-fermenting, like a shower calendar.
The urine, like a parrot.
The sperm, like a soylent drink.

And his nurse told me, that being married to Sobriety, he only begot a good number of local adverbs and certain double fasts.

His memory he had like a scarf.
His common sense, like a buzzing of bees.
His imagination, like a white board.
His thoughts, like task manager.
His conscience, like a shark.
His deliberations, whole grain wheat flakes.
His repentance, like a spy software.
His undertakings, like a workout routine.
His understanding, like an algorithm.
His notions, like snails crawling out of strawberries.
His will, like three nuts on a dish.
His desire, like a self driven car.
His judgement, like a soft slipper.
His discretion, like an empty glove.
His reason, like a cricket.
This a wonderful thing, continued the bar goer, to hear and see the state of Sobriety.

If he spat, it was basketfuls of Screaming Eagle Cabernet.
If he blew his nose, it was salted Margarita.
If he wept, it was Berliner Kindel.
If he trembled, it was rum punch.
If he sweated, it was Absinthe.
If he belched, it was Sparkling wine.
If he sneezed, it was half beer, half milk.
If he coughed, it was Jägermeister and mayonnaise.
If he sobbed, it was cardbordeaux.
If he yawned, it was bottles full of bourbon.
If he sighed, it was Pilsner.
If he whistled, it was hods full of fairy-tells.
If he snored, it was bucketsful of Weinbrand with cola.
If he frowned, it was Strothmann Weizenkorn.
When he spoke, it was far
from being that crimson silk out of which Parysatis wanted whoever spoke to her son Cyrus, King of the Persiens, to weave his words. What it was, was coarse Auvergne frieze.
If he blew, it was boxes for indulgences.
If he blinked his eyes, it was waffles and wafers.
If he grumbled, it was a March-born cat.
If he nodded his head, it was iron-bound wagons.
If he pouted, it was broken staves.
If he mumbled, it was the law clerks' pantomime.
If he stamped his foot, it was postponements and five years adjournments.
If he stepped back, it was a pile of broken glass.
If he sobbed, it was bar permits.
If he was hoarse, it was an entry of the dancers.
If he farted, it was brown cow-hide gaiters.
If he pooped, it was Cordova-leather shoes.
If he scratched himself, it was new regulations.
If he sang, it was a glass of vodka dropped into a glass of beer.
If he shat, it was toadstools and morels.
If he puffed, it was fermented cabbage.
If he made a speech, it was last year's snows.
If he worried, it was for the bald and the shaven alike.
If he gave nothing to the tailor, the embroiderer did no better.
If he woolgathered, it was of members flying and creeping up walls.
If he dreamt, it was of mortgage deeds.
round which was the age; and that with success of time part
of them used to fall on mankind like rheums and mildews,
just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

We also remember, continued we, that Aristotle affirms
Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently
animated. Besides, Antiphanes said that Plato's philosophy
was like words which, being spoken in some country during
a hard winter, are immediately congealed, frozen up, and
not heard; for what Plato taught young lads could hardly be
understood by them when they were grown old. Now, con-

fined we, we should philosophize and search whether this
be not the place where those words are thawed.

HOW WE, BEING AT SEA, HEARD VARIOUS
UNFROZEN WORDS

When we were at sea, junketting, tippling, discoursing,
and telling stories, a bar-goer rose and stood up to look out;
then asked us, Do you hear nothing, friends? Me thinks I hear
some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Listen!
According to her command we listened, and with full ears
sucked in the air as some of you suck oysters, to find if we
could hear some sound scattered through the sky; and to lose
none of it, like the Emperor Antoninus some of us laid their
hands hollow next to their ears; but all this would not do, nor
could we hear any voice. Yet the bar-goer continued to assure
us she heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some
of women. At last we began to fancy that we also heard
something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we
listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to dis-
tinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and
not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard
such various sounds and voices of men, women, children,
etc., insomuch that another bar-goer cried out, Cods-belly,
there is no fooling with the devil; we are all beshit, let's fly.
There is some ambuscado hereabouts. Let's fly. Let's whip it
away. Let's fly and save our bacon.

Upon hearing the sad outcry which the other bar-
guest made, we said, Who talks of flying? Let's first see who
they are; perhaps they may be friends. We can discover nobody
yet, though we can see a hundred miles round us. But let's
consider a little. We have read that a philosopher named
Petron was of opinion that there were several worlds that
touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose centre,
he said, was the dwelling of truth; and that the words, ideas,
copies, and images of all things past and to come resided there;
Here, here, said the bar-goer, here are some that are not yet thawed. She then threw us on the floor whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like your rough sugar-plums, of many colours, like those used in heraldry; some words gules (this means also jests and merry sayings), some vert, some azure, some black, some or (this means also fair words); and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between our's hands, gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire without being first cut, which made us all start. This was the report of a field-piece in its time, cried a bar-goer.

Another bar-goer prayed her to give him some more; but she told him that to give words was the part of a lover. Sell me some then, I pray you, cried he. That's the part of a lawyer, returned she. I would sooner sell you silence, though at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his argentangina, or silver squinsy.

However, she threw three or four handfuls of them on the floor; among which we perceived some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which the bar-tender said used sometimes to go back and recoil to the place whence they came, but it was with a slit weasand. We also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, bredelinbrededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trr, trrrrrr, on, on, on,
...OF THE NOISE WE HEARD


Hey... Spank-Fuckwheat & AlFuckya
Hey... AbFuck & Fuckstello.
Hey... WilFuckma, Fuck, BetFuttyFuck'n-ArneyUck.
Hey... Nort'n-Trick-Fucksie-RalphFuck
Hey... MurphFuck-Illigan’s-Fuck-Alloping Ouurmet, Fulia
Child,
Joyce Frothers,
The Fockra WinFuck Show, Peter Fuck as Fuckalombo-lo-Fuck,
Mutual of Fuckahas Wild Fuckdom, The Carol Fuckner
Show, Ob-
NewFuck, L.A. Fuck,
Ed Fuckivan, Lawrence Fuck...m-i-Fuck...k-e-Fuck...
FuckFuckFuckFuckFuuuuck.

Hey... Clar-Fuck-Kent-Uper-Man-Fuck-Ois-ane...Uck.
Hey... Petticoat Fucktion, The Fucky Bunch, Fuck In The
Fuckily, My
Childern... Fuck'em All!!!
My-Mister-Fucker's-Neighbor-Hoo-Fuckname Street,
Magilla Fuckilla,
Fu-speed Racer.
Fockeye, Hey... Olive FuckOyl, Fruto, Captain JackFuck's
Funny,
Fucker Fudd,
Forky Fig, Fucky The Menace, Fuck The Fuck Cosby Show,
Different
Fucks, Fuck Squad,
Fuck Search, Star Fuck-The Fuck Generation, Sixty Fuckits, The Six O’Clock Fuck.

Hey... Dan Ra-Fuckather, Fuck Eutell, Fairy Tong-Urrent-Af-Fuck-Air,
Eter-Fuckings, Ted Fockell,
Fabra-Falter-Falter-Fucktite, Felix The Fuck, The Fuck Is Right, Let’s Make A Fuck,
Fuckanne Fuckannadanna, H.R. PuffenFuck, Romper-Fuck-a-Fooby-Dooby-Fuckoo,
The Fuckship Of Eddie’s Fucker, Darren TabaFuckAntha Stevens, My Three Fucks,
I Fuck Of Eanie’s Fuckshop, Eople-’s-Ourt-Ivorce-Roop... Hey-Hey-We’re Fuck-Onkies.

Hey... Curly, Moe & Fucky
Hey!

Through me many long dumb voices,
Voices of the interminable generation of prisoners and slaves,
Voices of the diseased and despairing and of thieves and dwarfs,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars, and of wombs and of the father-stuff,
And of the rights of them the others are down upon,
Of the deform’d, trivial, flat, foolish, despised,
Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung.

Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veiled and I remove the veil,
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigured.
I do not press my fingers across my mouth,
I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart,
Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.
HOW WE WENT UNDERGROUND TO COME TO THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE

Let me take you on a trip, just a simple journey
A journey full of sound and beats
One that will lead you down, way down
To the underground, I said the underground
Where your body begins to tremble
And your hands become just a little nimble
The underground
Now let me see you work
Let me take you on a trip
Where the party children are waiting
And there’s no concert playing
At the underground
Where you feet can take the flight
And the DJ makes it right
The underground baby, the underground
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
If you can hang ’til daybreak, you know you are coming home late
If you can hang ’til daybreak, you know you are coming home late
The underground baby, the underground
Its dark in here, you can feel it all around, the underground
Its dark in here, you can feel it all around, the underground
Its dark in here, you can feel it all around, the underground
Now let me see you work
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Bu bu bump and dance
Let me take you on a trip, just a simple journey
A journey full of sound and beats
One that will lead you down, way down
To the underground
Where your body begins to tremble
And your hands become just a little nimble
The underground

Oh, this is one of my low down days, boys. Take me to the basement.

I've got a man, piano hound
Plays anything that's going around
When he plays that highbrow stuff I shout,
"Brother, that's enough!"
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go
I want something low down, daddy, want it nice and slow
I would shimmy from A to Z, if you'll play that thing for me
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go.
I want something low down, daddy, want it nice and slow
I can shimmy from A to Z, if you'll play that thing for me
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go.
Ida Entity:  Look at this wreck
           Isn't it neat?
        Would you think that my body's complete
      Wouldn't you think I'm a girl
     The girl who has everything
   Look at this bum
  Treasures untold
 How many wonders can one pussy hold?
 Looking around here you think
   Sure she's got everything
 I got boobies, and hips'I've got lashes
 I got e...
 If you need a tampon
 Sure I've got 20
 You would think I got everything
 But there is one thing I miss
 It is a dick

Collapsella:  You poor unfortunate queer
      Dysphoric, confused
    some days you wanna be a boy, some days you
      wanna be a girl
   Could you do it?
 Yes, indeed!
 Gender is a lie
 You can use genitala the way you want to do it
 I can give you a penis if you want?

Ida Entity:  Yes!

Collapsella:  Yes indeed!
Ida Entity: I wanna be were the homo's are.
I wanna see, I wanna see them dancing
Running around with those, what are they called again
Oh, ...Dicks!
Flashing your ... won't get you very far
Cocks are required for topping
I wanna run around in those...what are they called again
Dark rooms
Down where they walk
Down where they talk
Down where they spend all day in the dark
Wondering for real
Wish I could be in Lavatory

Collapsella: Your poor unfortunate queer
Dysphoric, confused
Some days you wanna be a boy, some days you wanna be a girl
You want to go to lavatory?
Let's put a strap-on on that cunt of yours and make you the boy you want to be

Ida Entity: Please!

Collapsella: Just please don't ever fear to be an non-binary queer.
HOW WE RHYMED IN POETIC FRENZY

Shitted on ‘em,
Man I just shitted on ‘em
Shitted on ‘em,
Put yo’ number two’s in the air if you did it on ‘em
Shitted on ‘em,
Man I just shitted on ‘em
Shitted on ‘em,
Put your number two’s in the air if you did it on ‘em!

All these bitches is my sons
And I’m a go and get some bibs for ‘em
A couple formulas, little pretty lids on ‘em
If I had a dick, I would pull it out and piss on ‘em
Let me shake it off
I just signed a couple deals I might break you off
And we ain’t making up I don’t need a mediator
Just let them bums blow steam, radiator!

Shitted on ‘em,
Man I just shitted on ,em
Shitted on ,em,
Put yo’ number two’s in the air if you did it on ‘em
Shitted on ‘em,
Man I just shitted on ‘em
Shitted on ‘em,
Put your number two’s in the air if you did it on ‘em!

This stone is flawless F-1
I keep shooters up top in the F-1
A lot of bad bitches beggin’ me to eff one
But I’m a eat them rap bitches when the chef come
Those some fresh one's
More talent in my mother fuckin' left thumb
She ain't a Nicki fan then the bitch deaf dumb
You ain't my son, you my muthafuckin step-son

Shitted on 'em,
Man I just shitted on 'em
Shitted on 'em,
Put yo' number two's in the air if you did it on ,em
Shitted on 'em,
Man I just shitted on 'em
Shitted on 'em,
Put your number two's in the air if you did it on 'em!

feedback exercise:

go in
go out
go in and out
go out and in
circulate
destroy system
circulate
NOTES

Prologue:
Pg. 11 (Good friends...) Text extract from Rabelais, François, (ca 1494–1553): The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translated by J. M. Cohen (1955), pg. 40. (Welcome onboard...) Transcription from The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag Show S2 Finale: Tschüssi to the Club featuring Collapsella, Fanny, Cheryl, Marquis de Shade, Viagra Falls & Lady Bite, at the Club, Berlin, 24 Feb 2017.

Of the Genealogy and Antiquity of us:
Pg. 12–13 (For knowledge...) Text modified by Annika Larsson, original text: Rabelais, François, (ca 1494–1553): The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translated by J. M. Cohen (1955), pg. 41–42.

A Galimatia of extravagant Conceits found in an ancient Monument:
Pg. 16–18 (Cheryl came...) Song “Fuck in the Darkroom”, Lyrics by Alex Lee, performed by The Real Housewives of Neukölln at the The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show FRRRUITY #2 at Rosis Bar, Berlin, 27 May 2017.
Pg. 18 Painting by Rembrandt van Rijn (1630), The Laughing Man, oil on copper, Detail, Reversed.

The Discourse of the Drinkers:
Pg. 19–20 Extract from song “Old Pond”, Lyrics by Allen Ginsberg (1978)
Pg. 21 Video-still (Josip) from The discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).
Pg. 22 Painting by Eduard von Grützner (1846–1925), Monk With A Wine, oil on canvas.

How we received our Names, and how we gulped our Liquor:
Pg. 31 (Jag heter...) Transcription of conversation, Rote Rose, Berlin, 14 Jan 2017
Pg. 32–33 Photo of a group of men and women revelers gather at a bar on New Years Eve in Denver, Colorado, (ca. 1965). Source: Burnis McCloud/Denver Public Library/Western History Collection/MCD-199.
Pg. 34 (My name is ...) Song “My name is Collapsella”, Lyrics by Fabio M Silva, performed by Collapsella at The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show, S02e01 HONEY, I'M HOMO!!! at The Club, Berlin, 6 Jan 2017.
Pg. 35 Drawing of a design for a grotesque ewer: a fat satyr wearing a goat skin seated on a barrel and holding a bowl, has his pointed ears pulled by a devil who acts as the handle. Engraving After Rosso Fiorentino (1530–1550).
of the city's Code of Ordinances, which prohibited “a person from appearing in public dressed with the intent to disguise his or her sex as that of the opposite sex.” The ordinance was repealed on August 12, 1980. 

http://transgriot.blogspot.de/2006/08/repeal-of-houstons-anti-crossdressing.html

Painting by Judith Leyster, The Jester after Frans Hals (1628).

(Hey you...) Transcription from The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show, SE01 EP16: 1973 at The Club, Berlin, 9 Dec 2016.

Photo of the blues singer Gladys Bentley (1920s).

English translation of conversation: T: 73! e: What did you do in 1973? T: I did many things. But my whole life I have been politically active. I was in the women's movement in Copenhagen but also with a small alternative publisher called Demos, the Greek word for people. An anti-fascist publisher. And I have been working as a psychologist for many years, but it is with being a political activist that I identify with. R: In 1973, I was 26 years old. I worked at a social office. I lived in a small 1 bedroom apartment. It is believed today to be a lie, but between 1971 and 1979 I lived in this small apartment on three square meters with a corridor, sometimes it was only 10 degrees. It was cold weather, there was no electricity and probably the happiest time I have had in my life. I was happy, I had a cheap apartment, it costed 28 kr per month, and I've never had it better. I'm fine now, but I think had it better then. K: I want to say something about 1973 again! K: yes, for 1973, I found out that I preferred women. And it was incredibly difficult in Denmark, because I wanted to be normal, so I had problems admitting that and it took many years before I was able to say that it was actually women I fell in love with. Today, it is much easier. But at the time of 1973, it was incredibly difficult. E: But, were you in love with someone back then? K: Yes, I was. But I did not dared to say so. I can tell you now that I was in love with her. But you could not say that. I was together with her, but I did not dared say so loudly. There were the myths about those lesbians who were terrible and who were men, and who would almost rape women. So I repressed it.
How we were dressed:

Pg. 53–58  
*(Look at my...)* Song: “I’m fabulous”, Lyrics by Alex Lee, Performed by Viagra Falls at *The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show, S02e01*  
HONEY, I’M HOMO!!!, at The Club, Berlin, 6 Jan 2017.

Pg. 54  
Photo of The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Photo: Ida Entity (2016).

Pg. 56  
Photo of a Crime Scene, circa 1930. (Photo by Weegee Arthur Fellig).

Pg. 57  
Video still from *The Discourse of the Drinkers* by Annika Larsson (2017).

Pg. 58  
*(Went out...)* Ma Rainey’s “Prove It On Me Blues” (1928).

Pg. 59  

Pg. 60  
ΑΓΑΠΗ ΟΥ ΖΗΤΕΙ ΤΑ ΕΑΥΤΗΣ (Charity seeketh not her own [profit]) *(Hannelore jehr...)* Extract from Song “Hannelore” (1926), lyrics by Willy Hagen, music by Horst Platen, recorded by Claire Waldoff (1929).

Pg. 61  

Pg. 62  
A a playing card by Master E.S. (copperplate engraving. Master of the Playing Cards—The Queen of Stags. In the possession of Hartmann Schedel (1435–1455).

How we realized our marvellous Intelligence, by our invention of an Arse-wipe:

Pg. 65  
*(Shittard...)* Text Extract from Rabelais, François, (ca 1494–1553): *The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel*; translated into English by Sir Thomas Urquhart (1653), pg. 49.

Our Games:

Pg. 64  
Photo of Berlin Kneipe Schönhauser Tor (1927).

Pg. 65–73  
*(I have a...)* Transcription of conversation, Rote Rose, Berlin, 15 Jun 2017.

Pg. 66  
Video-still (Laura) from *The Discourse of the Drinkers* by Annika Larsson (2017).

Pg. 68  

Pg. 69  
Illustration by Gustave Doré, *Gargantua at table*, Gargantua and Panta-

greel (1851).

Pg. 70–71  

Pg. 72  

Pg. 73–76  

Pg. 74–75  
Filmstill of Greta Garbo in *Ninotchka* (1939), Dir. ernst Lubitsch

Pg. 77  

How the Tavern was built and endowed:

Pg. 78  
*(It measured...)* One of the first drinking houses excavated outside the city of Susa, Source: Trümpelmann, *Eine kneipe in Susa*, Iranica Antiqua 16 (1981)43, Stol, Marten, 1940.  
*Women in the Ancient Near East* / Marten Stol ; translated by Helen and Mervyn Richardson (2015). *(It was rectangular...)* Description of The “Lesche” of the Knidians (Place of Talk, Club Room), Delphi (467 B.C.). *(It was a single...)* Description of the Tavern of Asellina in Ostia, in Ancient Rome. Source: *The Form and Function of the T abernae*, Holleran,Claire, (1979), Holleran, Claire Shopping in Ancient Rome : the retail trade in the late republic and the principate (2012). *(In another...)* Description from the excavations of a 1 Century bar in the ancient town of Lattara, now France.

Pg. 79  
Photo of The Blue Bar, New york (1980).

Pg. 80  
*(Over the...)* The sign over a A tavern in england, which once belonged to the Knights’ Templars, and which saw the royal guests, King John in 1213, and King Richard III in 1483. Source: endell, Fritz: *Old tavern signs; an excursion in the history of hospitality* (1916). *(It had a lamp...)* Description of a Colonial-era tavern, New england, America, Source: Covert, Adrian, *Taverns of the American Revolution* (2016). *(The front door...)* Description of Seeger’s Restaurant, a gay bar that opened in Berlin 1881, Source: Beachy, Robert. *Gay Berlin: Birthplace of a Modern Identity* (p. 43), Knopf Double-day Publishing Group. *(It had a lamp...)* Description of a boy’s dive on Worth, Mott, Mulberry or Baxter Street in 1870’s New york, Source: San-te, Luc, *Low life : lures and snares of old New York* (2003)- 1st Farrar, Strauss Giroux pbk. *(It was two rooms...)* Joan Nestle’s description of the Sea Colony, a lesbian bar in the 50’s New York. Source: from Interview by Angelina Acain and Susan Eisenberg, Ripe Issue, Vol. 2, No. 5, (2001) *(It...*
was dark...) Description of the Stonewall Inn, Source: Carter, David, Stonewall: the riots that sparked the gay revolution (2004).

 Pg. 81 (The lighting ...) Description of the Stonewall Inn, Source: Carter, David, Stonewall: the riots that sparked the gay revolution (2004). (It was a small ...) Description of Mint Bar, a gay bar in the Milwaukee area. Opening in 1949. (A drinking house ...) List of selected taverns and Bars, 1750 BCE – 2017. List compiled by Annika Larsson.

 Pg. 82–83 Photo of The Blue Bar, New York (1980).

 Pg. 84–85 Video-still from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017). (The Mikado...) continuation of list of selected taverns and Bars, 1750 BCE – 2017. List compiled by Annika Larsson.

 Pg. 86 Photo of the Thermopolium of Asellina, Partly excavated in 1911. Pompeii. 1959. Entrance doorway text Lollium d(ignum) v(iis) a(edibus) s(sacris) p(ublicis) o(Deo) f(aciatis).

 Pg. 87 Photo from the toilet at Südblock, Berlin (2016).

 Pg. 88–89 Photo of a Tavern Counter during the excavation. Pompeii (1913).

 Pg. 90 Photo of Sazerac Bar, Women entering during publicity stunt ‘Storming of the Sazerac’ (1949).

 The Inscription set upon the great Gate of the Tavern:

 Pg. 91–94 (Here enter not ...) Text Extract from Rabelais, François, (ca 1494–1553): The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel; Translated into English by Sir Thomas Urquhart (1653), pg. 157–158.

 Pg. 92–93 Photo of Rote Rose, Berlin (2016).

 Pg. 94 (image) 17th century woodcut, outdoor tavern scene.

 Pg. 95 Photo of The Club, Berlin (2016).

 What manner of dwelling the Tavern had:

 Pg. 96 (They served ...) Source: Maspero, Gaston (1846 –1916), Everyday Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria, Routledge, New York (2010), pg.30. (Drink unto ...) The remarks of the drinkers are taken from a scene of a Funeral meal in the tomb of Ranni, at El-Kab. Maspero has paraphrased them in order to render intelligible to the modern reader. Source : Maspero, Gaston (1846 –1916), Everyday Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria, Routledge, New York (2010), pg.30. (She is landlady ...) from a Sumerian drinking song Source: Y. Sefati, Love songs in Sumerian literature (1998), 345 (SRT 23:19–22). (I saw a woman ...) Description of a Terracotta depicting drinking house scene and an Sumerian Song, Source: Stol, Marten, Women in the Ancient Near East, translated by Helen and Mervyn Richardson (2015). (There were wheat ...) Text by Xenophon, Anabasis IV, 26–27 (4th Century BC). (I saw some young men ...) Timaeus of Taorima's observations “In Agrigentum there is a house called the trireme’.”, 345 BC (BCE).

 Pg. 97 (I saw your provincial ...) Juvenal's description of a Popinae, Source: Juvenal, Satires 8 171–178 (Late First/early Second Centuries AD). (I saw some play ...) Description of the low class wine shops by Ammianus Marcellinu (A.D. 353).

 Pg. 98 (Nymph and shepherd ...) Poem “Chances ‘R’” by Allen Ginsberg, Wichita, (Feb 1966).

 Pg. 99–101 Painting by David Teniers the younger, Carnival: ‘The King Drinks’ (1690).

 Pg. 100 Photo of Club Eldorado, Berlin (c. 1930).

 Pg. 106 (The night I was ...) Online review of Rote Rose at Yelp (2008) (That time I had ...) Shared memory by Tomer Einav from The Club, Berlin, at The Clubs Facebook page, 6 Feb 2017. (Image) A 17th century woodcut, playing chess in an alehouse.

 Pg. 107 Photo of Nightlife in Bronzeville, Chicago (1940's).
How the Tavern was governed:

Pg. 110  (Went to bed ...) Song: "BOOZE AND BLUES" (1924), Lyrics by J. Guy Suddoth, performed and recorded by Ma Rainy.


Pg. 111  (Ordinance Code...) The Jacksonville vagrancy ordinance code, until 1972.

Pg. 111–112  (Was will man nur?...) Song "Das Lila Lied" (German for "The Lavender Song") (1920), Lyrics by Kurt Schwabach / Music by Mischa Spoliansky, The song is considered one of the first gay anthems.

Pg. 113  Photo of Raid on the Artist's Exotic Carnival and Ball at the Manhattan Center, New York, 6 Oct 1962. Image by © Bettmann/CORBIS.

Pg. 114  (Rainey: Well ...) Extract from "BLUES THE WORLD FORGOT, PART II", Composer unknown, recorded by Ma Rainy (1928).

Pg. 115  Photo of the "raided premises" sign from the Stonewall riots, on display inside the door at the Stonewall Inn, New York.

Pg. 116–117  Photo of raid on the Artist's Exotic Carnival and Ball at the Manhattan Center, New York, 6 Oct 1962. Image by © Bettmann/CORBIS.

Pg. 118–119  Photo of Police raid at gay bar bar El Cangrejo, in Barcelona, 28 June 2013.

Pg. 120–121  Photo from the Stonewall Riots (1969).

Pg. 122–123  In this August 31, 1970 file photo, a NYPD officer grabs a youth by the hair as another officer clubs a young man during a confrontation in Greenwich Village after a Gay Power march in New York. Source: AP

Pg. 124–125  Drawing by by William Hogarth (1697–1764), Grottesque Female Head, Black and brown ink on medium, smooth, cream wove paper, undated.

How we demolished the Castle:

Pg. 125–131  (Viagra: Hey girls ...) Song "Omigod you guys", original song "Omigod you guys", opening number from the musical Legally Blond, Lyrics by Alex Lee, performed by The Real Housewives of Neukölln at _The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show FRRRRUITY_, at Rosis Bar, Berlin 27 May 2017.

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Pg. 132–133  Photo _Requiem for a Dive Bar_, New York, Photo by Timothy Fadek.


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How we came to Berlin:

Pg. 141–142  (Does your family ...) Transcription of conversation at Rote Rose, Berlin, 29 Oct 2016.

Pg. 143–144  (There is a lot ...) Transcription of conversations at Rote Rose, Berlin, 18 Apr 2017

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Pg. 146–150  (Lots of...) Transcription of conversation at Rote Rose, Berlin, 18 Jan 2017

How we confounded a Bar-goer who argued by Signs:


The News which she brought from the Devils, and of the damned People in Hell:

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Pg. 164–167  (Suddenly ...) Text modified by Annika Larsson, original text: Rabelais, François (ca 1494–1553): _The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel_; trans-
Debtors and Borrowers:

Pg. 178 (Fanny: Lost property ...) Extract from “Lost Property Office”, A one act play by James T Doyle, performed at The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Drag Trash show FRRRRUITY #2, at Rosis Bar, Berlin, 27 May 2017.

Pg. 179 Illustration from Les Songes drolatiques de Pantagruel, A Paris, Par Richard Breton, Desprez, François (1565).

Pg. 180–181 Video-stills from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

Pg. 183 (Someone having any cash ...) Transcription of conversation at Rosis Bar, 27 May 2017.

Pg. 183–184 (Colapsella: Strange ...) Song “Performance Prostitute (Libertango)”, Lyrics by Fabio M Silva, performed by Collapsella at The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show, FRRRRUITY #2, at Rosis Bar, 27 May 2017.

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Pg. 185–189 (Geld is scheisse ...) Transcription from conversation at Rote Rose, May 2017.

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Pg. 188 Illustration from Les Songes drolatiques de Pantagruel, A Paris, Par Richard Breton, Desprez, François (1565).

Pg. 190 Video-still from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

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Pg. 208 Illustration by Dubout, Gibert Jeune, Rabelais – Gargantua Et Pantagruel, Tirage Numéroté (1957).

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Pg. 210–211 (I don’t...) Transcription of conversation at Rote Rose, 15 Jun 2017.

Pg. 212 Video-still from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

Pg. 213 (You have a ...) Transcription of conversation, Rote Rose, Berlin, 29 Oct 2016.

Pg. 213–214 (Viagra Falls: I’m so ...) Song “An Appwhore’s world”, Lyrics by Alex Lee, performed by Viagra, The Real Housewives of Neukölln, Trash Drag show S02e03 Speed Dating, at The Club, Berlin, 20 Jan 2017.

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Pg. 217 Video-still (Isabel) from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

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Pg. 239 (But where are, ...) Text modified by Annika Larsson, original text from Rabelais, François (ca 1494–1553): The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translated by J. M. Cohen (1955), pg. 439

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Pg. 246–247 Illustrations from Les Songes drolatiques de Pantagruel, A Paris, Par Richard Breton, Desprez, Francois (1565).

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Pg. 250 Video-still (Ida Entity) from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

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Pg. 265 Video-still from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).
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Pg. 296   (Bottle, whose Mysterious ...) Text and Image from Rabelais, François (ca. 1494–1553): The histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translated into English by Sir Thomas Urquhart (1653), pg. 516.


Pg. 299  Video-still from The Discourse of the Drinkers by Annika Larsson (2017).

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