

**The alienation of the documenting persona./  
Utanförskapet hos den dokumenterande personan.**

-----118100-----

The word "why" is a word often used when there is a follow-up question to be asked. Other words for "why" could include "wha'a?" or "how come?".

Sender:

118100

Sent:

13:47:04

2010-04-05

<<http://www.---.se> - 2010.03.20.13.59>

why do we celebrate Christmas / is the sky blue  
why do we feel so sad though we're so wealthy  
why do we celebrate Santa Lucia  
why do we yawn / why do we dream  
why do we celebrate epiphany  
why do we celebrate epiphany eve  
why do we celebrate Advent / why don't I become pregnant

that's why I'm a republican  
that's why I threw the Frisbee on the forest-Turk  
that's why this job suits me  
that's why I love you  
that's why  
that's why Santa doesn't exist / that's why ewa left robinson  
that's why I read books / that's why I'm a democratic socialist  
that's why computer-projects become so expansive or the paradise of sins

why that's why childrens clothing  
why that's why clothing  
why that's why lyrics  
why that's why overall

</<http://www.---.se> - 2010.03.20.13.59><sup>i</sup>

*Leaving house and home  
I am blinded by sunlight  
lost in a bright world<sup>ii</sup>*

grey nascent upward  
it is the blaster-wave here over the water  
the shoes are sinking through phrase-rustlings  
photographs news-paper clippings diplomas steering-mechanisms & blurring factors  
I can conclude and reason the PET-scan exposes but it is like invisibly punched-out<sup>iii</sup>

# The alienation of the documenting persona./ Utanförskapet hos den dokumenterande personan.

— —

Masspoem II.

Freke Rähä (ed.)  
2010

*The poems are translated by the wordsmiths themselves;  
unless marked by a star in the persona-registry on the last page.  
The “\*”-marked poems were translated by Freke Rähä.  
Translation will always mean you have been interpreted.*

Anpassungsfähig (Anpassningsbar) (Adjustable) Abakus, Anka, Ankpress:<sup>iv</sup>

Sms 1:

What was the definition  
of the theme on your new  
mass-poem now again, I  
have 31 hours and 28  
minutes in a church to  
get through, sooo,,it's a  
tough profession. ;-)

Observing  
Contemplating  
A flower / A blade of grass bends  
in the wind / All in nature  
is absolutely  
unresisting  
Following  
the laws of nature<sup>v</sup>

iMessages  
So many of them in the air  
gangsta rap BBC Facebook smoke-signals sky-writing Dylan

iMessages  
Whispers in the park Voices in the dark  
How many thoughts are our own<sup>vi</sup>

Trapped in mirror-formed cubes  
on top of each-other  
without reaching each-other  
are we the same merchandise  
are we the same brand.  
To masturbate in the myth of success  
is the same plastic for all of us, a myth etching it self on to the cornea,  
eating its way inwards and replacing our cells as a cancer.  
We scream I AM! as much as we like,  
but we can never be I.<sup>vii</sup>

vehicles glide past but with tinted windows gray gulls green rolling grand  
bland light the ocean the water the ocean the ocean the ocean the ocean the ocean!  
the needle moves along the ocean therefore I am active inside

Bein (Ben) (Leg) Baguette, Blodpudding, Blodsnor:

Read me like a chart

See me, I am see-through

I collect you, knowing what you  
want here, yes here, O there;  
A smoke-filled whisper, a shriek  
illusionista- Nothing makes me so happy  
like a nail-file so slim  
that it just about suits in your  
penis-hole, just the thought about it makes it  
whiz and hiss<sup>viii</sup>

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Asleep the mountains  
with the mountains  
by the mountains.

Think of them  
when you are standing at the desolate, throbbing heart of the world.

In the end, remembrance is a preying  
solution.

----- ix

the ocean the ocean and the gulls  
the shoes in sand concrete-foundations some more words  
jade in the glass-complex!  
away from a foghorn soaring waves washes  
k: familiar rooms/the roads thin out and more so elevators go up and down and sees  
sedimentation & shrapnel-cascades  
and wants to go further and endeavour my self

Cyberspace (Cyberrymd) (Cyberspace) there, now don't you well try to press Enter every time you run out of inspiration, so that it seems that you are a poet, Alienation is a fucking dirty word I think, not dirty as in dirty, but ugly as your dick or your pussy. Oh so now it is time to stick my tongue out to M and have P speak again, he likes that; putting his legs in the long-underwear, picking out a carrot from the refrigerator, pulling out some hairs from his temple. Last Saturday I found a new small note farthest back in the file-cabinet, behind a bag of garlic, where it stood, on the note, not on the garlic, "REFUSE TO BE CALLED A FATHER OF THREE." When I read it aloud in my head, I can only think about what is in the box marked SATURDAY SIXTH OF MARCH TWENTYHUNDRED AND NINE; three men in blazers and polo shirts that read "POEMS" on stage and referred to his insatiable lusts and their favorite football-teams while the proceeds of the night were the drunk bitch in the back of the saloon, who shouted "what-the-fuck I thought that this was a staaaaandapp huh!" and eventually was carried out, put old girl on stage, I should have cried, but I write it now instead, now I categorize these thirteen rows, above, as "the ultimate form of bullshit", thinking of deleting but I stop myself NOW THE TEXT CHANGES DIRECTION

©: the uninvited  
no place is the right place  
except the location of  
the thought resting  
temporal spin over curled water  
a time reference in ascendance  
shoots like wildfire  
trough the matrix of evil  
and born evil  
smiles during molt  
so beautifully  
against the peat they rest  
and we meet them  
with an awkward grace  
for no place is the right place  
in their way of life  
and our way of dying  
it is almost as pleasant  
without being servile  
around a precipice which tips over  
the lungs of the Millions-program  
wheezes and about  
and that loathing worships its foundation  
like the devastation and anger in a boil  
  
and that dreamer  
who do not know that he sleeps  
foremost in the sudden awakening  
will fill the void to its end  
with glowing cheeks  
and little remorse  
and yet  
so forth  
against today's quilt  
we kiss alike  
without anger  
often, but sometimes<sup>x</sup>

## Diktator (Diktator) (Dictator)

I am in love with the German film-star  
His films really touched me  
they really touched me.

20.18 SUNDAY

I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love I'm in  
love I'm in love I'm in love

our names form an alliteration  
no theories, just plain facts<sup>xi</sup>

That is exactly what I want  
no fat fine girls, red perky  
cheeks, tail-cookie, mouth-beaker  
no baguette-boys with the cigarettes crooked  
difficult Hanky-wannabes, I laugh at  
the little weiner which can't come up  
singing children-songs; little snaily

Gimme something, a reply to pomp  
a line, a quote – it is mine  
I ride the surface, that's nice  
the boys lick, finger, ask for more  
but I write beautifully, beautifully like a fine  
fine like a free Woman, little soft-cock

There are ways to finish ones letters:

Kind thoughts,

Pennant!

Forge! Write.

The 12:e of march was a good day. It was also a bad day. Where am I?

Shivering hands with,

For some reason I am glad about your words.

Squawk! I'm getting flap-slaps.

You don't have to answer an idiot,

Avrada Kadavra,

You know who.

I begin mushing:

the palpability has led me in to a worm later I have undergone an education  
in this I am surrounded by streams of

Eintägig (Endags-) (One day (long))

20:31 SUNDAY, You only have to count to three.

I eat raw cauliflower in my apartment with newly-soaped fingers and a natural state. I walk in newly-shopped Beisch (like the misspelling better) pants that are soft, smooth, clean. I drink mint-tea for breakfast and move in the sunlight-patterns on the apartment floor. I am natural. Know when I feel fit, know when I'm tired. Knowing my central nervous system. Walking around in my central nervous system and knowing of nothing else. Mute echoing corridors – (Peripeteia) Halls laughing at me. Ha-ha-ha-halls turns over with laughter.

Afterwards, raw cauliflower provides a bad taste in the mouth. Socks will be black from the floor. Why do we always count down when we should count up? Reach up? Measure up? Matter. Should we matter? Mathematics can be a gravel economic manner, as well as gravel clean manner. Order can be pretty. Order may seem wrong.

You once told me: *A place knows when it's not a home anymore.*

Was that a title that //

or your existence accompanied by

or was //

just white cloths and glasses filled with your hearts red?

Let us converse

about the words we all said

we all //

and maybe one of us remembers

see what had //

had we just met?

I remember those words

I can say that now

it says: //

in *this very present* I stand

There.<sup>xii</sup>

the vinyl rains crackling in front of blunder the frequencies filter

their faces

I glance



Festangestellt (Fastanställd) (Steadily employed)

Sms 2:

The theme was:  
The alienation of the  
documenting  
persona. Ergo: your own  
alienation as a working  
artist. Good luck  
today! Knus. F.

Only my self  
seems to resist  
believes it self apart  
from that which it is  
observing / Thinking: I  
Struggling / and striving  
constructing / it self when  
thinking: I  
Creating the / illusion of two  
the sensation of / separation

Sms 3:

Thanks. Hugs back.  
The meaning of  
documentation is to  
collect,, amongst  
other things?

Beyond this play  
upon words  
this blah blah

As children / as lovers / as the artist  
whom is  
completely / immersed  
in his ongoing / project  
as the musician  
whom has forgotten  
time and space  
and has become / the flute the wind  
whistles / as the poet  
writes in between  
the lines

Among the records:  
cassettes diskettes gramophone-records behind  
one of what? a lot of film, interested

Gendarm (Polis) (Policeman) "Gastritis" says the drummer dancing away to the noisy trombone, and the trombonist hums away. Asthma, asthma-trumpets, trumpet-tulips, tulip-liberator, the libertarians lot-in-life is to never surrender. Carcinoma is called cancer and rhymes well with dancer and I'm getting sick of this conceptual sound, which is mostly causing palpitations to me. Ileus. Herpes. Jaundice. Plague. Bubonic plague. Typhus. AIDS. P is giving me Epilepsy, now I'm switching to something else. Tinnitus perhaps. Tinnitus is a conceptual disease, for those who is willing of course. Caries is not very conceptual, I would rather put it in the shelf as "the best friend of the lower classes". Loneliness, why is that a disease you wonder.

To be free of THE MESSAGE ZONE  
To go past the muddled hum  
To hear your kiss I no longer can  
The desert the oceans the arctic the bordellos  
Messages are criss-crossing constantly constipated  
SCREAM INTO MY EAR

**k:** reflections gulls the sand startrop I went to bed.

**Halbnackt** (Halvnaken) (Half naked) from here you can stop reading if you liked the top fifteen rows, but you are VERY WELCOME to come with me into the file-cabinet, here take a knäcke-sandwich with garlic and cinnamon, just like dad used to do! Yes, well, my father, not yours, I do not know him (SAVING CLAUSE: eventually I do, and if that is the case HELLO ROGGA!) Starting with the last word in this sentence ("text") I will start every sentence with an disease, and when I stopped remembering diseases the text stops.

**Ha-ha-ha.**

We count the days of birth until we die. Tha mere they are the les they cunt. The more they ir the less they cunt. The more they are the less they count. They and them.

*one*

*two*

*three* I am writing to the German in the German's way

I am writing a letter to him that I love him

I am writing that I love him in a letter

in letters ways, a hello, an ich mag dir, an:

auf wiedersehen! we write! we are! Pennant!

*four:* the greatest of all is love, not vice versa)

Gets sad and sends a text: Gets sad:(

is drunk, is in the cinema to see Terminator and wonder a little bit how this happened.

You're so fucking great

**Sms 4:**

Absolutely!

All these  
seemingly WE  
whom beyond words  
are unified in  
the same  
infinite ocean  
of beingness  
or  
anti-ocean  
of beingness

sheet-metal-bending-equipment, anyone?

and emergency-personnel, then work a rag where I work as a volunteer:

more lettering, wind fridge snorting whitening shady the wind and insane liability

Industrielle(r) (Industriman) (Corporate bastard)

- How did you mean?

- No I didn't mean anything in particular really.

- Yes but why did you write like that then? You have to understand that I'm wondering, it wasn't one of those things you just throw out, I honestly don't think that.

- No, but then I did not mean anything special so it just fell out not fell really but I don't know my fingers just danced on the keyboard kind of I did not think about exactly what I wrote

- What do you mean not thinking about what you wrote?

- ...

- WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOT THINKING?

- No, that is ...

- WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOT THINKING?

- ...

- It'll always be there, it's that in particular.

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"No, I don't know. What do you want me to say? Anything? Or do you want to know something about what happened or what do you mean?"

...

"Oh, yes. Of course. Everyone wants to know. I don't know why it became such a big thing really. That was nothing I had given any thought to, that he she would be so angry. You do not think about that. Right?"

...

"No, you can't say anything, I understand. But that's it anyhow. I'm still in that thought that you can delete something and it's gone. Burn it, compost it. Not thinking in the lines of everything being saved digitally, it feels alien to me."

...

"Well, how alienated, that is not really strange, more invisible. Yes, like no one will see it but well, they can. So<sup>xiii</sup>

alien scents in k.  
giving respite includes marriage and boat

## Jäh (Abrupt) (Sudden)

Olle Dyrander.<sup>1xiv</sup>

**ocean ocean the ocean boat and the moon elevates further more over a single ash  
and countering water-hose straight in to my eyes**

<sup>1</sup>*The city has been hit hard by looting, gangs have broken into shops and distributed or stolen goods. It is important to be in place as early as possible after the quake. Houses that are built right on or near the geological fault has no or significantly less damage than buildings that are approximately one kilometer and further. The roof of the cathedral in Port au Prince has fallen in, somewhere in the rubble is Bishop Joseph Serge Miot. Visible from above it is clear that the cathedral built in the shape of a cross. Here we see a video recording from a camera-phone, the video was filmed just minutes after the quake. As we see here the houses were built with the very fragile foundations, floors fell like pancakes one by one over another. During the first twenty-four hours hundreds of thousands of people died. We have never faced such a severe disaster, not even during the tsunami. To the Haitian people, we say: we will not forget you. Why did not the UN attempt to coordinate assistance immediately? First of all, we did not have the capacity. How should I deal with hurricane season? How should I deal with the rainy season? If you can not help us now, what can we hope for? What can we expect from you? An earthquake of magnitude 7.0 on the Richter-scale is not so unusual. Every year there are dozens around the world. Most go unnoticed and without causing any major damage. What happened in Haiti was quite different. The first thing I saw was dust. The dust and then the sound of people screaming. In French and Creole. Help! Au secours! Anmwéé! Anmwéé! I said my God, it is terrible. Departmental buildings had collapsed. Unbelievable. The damaged cells were everywhere, many injured people. People wept. Lots of people ran in different directions. They did not know what to do. What could we do to help them? There was nothing to do. One in ten people dead. Bodies filled the streets. Thousands of bodies of people who died and the families who put them there for disposal. They begged put them out to be picked up. The wounded were left with nowhere to go. Outside one of the few hospitals that still stood a man sat next to his two dead children. It is very emotional, and here are the many more cells. Many more cells located at the roadside. People look over the wall to Doctors without Borders. Outside the main hospital corpse was dumped in the open air. Inside the hospital performed amputations without anesthesia. I'm in the hospital now, injured people are everywhere. A few doctors trying to treat them. They have head injuries and broken bones. In addition, there are those who were hit by injuries and then died. As the airport in Port-au-Prince were closed to all traffic except humanitarian shipments the team reports landing in the neighboring Dominican Republic and drove across the border. Scores of Haitians trying to leave the country. When the team drove into Port-au-Prince the Haitians began to understand the meaning of what happened. The pictures were all over the world, but to see them with ones own eyes is quite another. Schools, hospitals, hotels, office buildings, homes, everything was destroyed. People who live and work here suddenly discovered that they were in a foreign country. Even the presidential palace had collapsed. White man. Give me some money. The reporter-team faced a difficult situation: How would you react to such a huge despair? I have seven children and I am begging on the street. And can not even get water. The team met with Emanuelle who tried to organize this camp. He said that those who were young and tried to get healthy food. What orders were given by your officers? Not to shoot them in search of food. Their orders were clear. They tried to stop the looting but do not to sacrifice the plunderers. The reporter-team was told that this man has been executed for theft. His feet were still bound together. The chaos was for the team the many shocking scenes. This man had been dumped outside a police station. I am not afraid of the camera. Do you think you are God? But you are not at all. He stole things. People brought him here, but we can not do anything. We have no ability to care for him, but we have called the paramedics. It was not clear what happened, only that he had been there for five hours. The team gave him water, but he poured the most out of the ground. One spectator said he did voodoo signs to ward off evil spirits. The General Hospital had become the city's main emergency department. It resembled a refugee camp for more than a hospital. She lost a lot of blood. Should she not get the blood within an hour so she and the baby will die. We were the Swiss and others, they had no blood. I went to the hospital authorities and asked to donate. They said they had not been reached. I will check with the Red Cross, for here they have nothing. We gonna check with the Red Cross Cause they do not have anything here right now. No blood? No blood. Maseno said this was one of the few stories with a happy ending, too often they did not get medical supplies to arrive in time. It was difficult to understand the magnitude of the disaster and to imagine what an enormous challenge it was to distribute the help that was. And for the people it was impossible to know if their supplies were on their way. A complicating factor was that their president refused to speak to the nation during the first week. He panicked. Préval was affected by emotional stress. He told his wife: "Do you want me to say something?" "What can I say?" You got the feeling that Préval did not know what to do.*

**Klient (Klient) (Client)**

**k. whirls seaweed the lathe give respite a fun year invented an upgraphamine**

Lehrstuhl (Professur) (Professoriate)

Tell me you are not another voice being beamed out of New York City, Bundelberg, Salvador,  
Beijing, Sarajevo, Farmville, Reno, Paris, Adelaide, Minsk, Hilo...

SCREAM INTO MY MIND

A message as clear as the cleared rain forests

Sms 5:

Do you believe  
that the experience  
of alienation is a  
natural part of  
the creative artist?  
Is it not more likely  
that alienation is a  
symptom of the  
dysfunction which  
almost the whole  
of mankind seems to  
suffer from? The  
thinking (and the  
thought) selves  
unreasonable sense  
of separation from  
the whole,  
the entireness.  
Maybe known as  
the original sin?  
Whoopsy daisy. H

MY SELF

thinks that: / As an astronomer  
looks through / his telescopes  
and observes  
the universe / through them  
this single  
beingness / looks through / all eyes  
without any / interference / without any  
valuing / nor judging / or condemnation  
with the only  
purpose to experience  
it self / through / it self  
with all  
imaginable and / unimaginable  
senses and forms  
So totally ubiquitous / so absolutely obvious / so unnoted

including close-up in order to give visitors a pleasant visit  
label-wrapping my eyes / the ink fades and clucks against the obvious  
I have gotten agol on the bags  
the sea soho the sea the sea and the sun accommodates me.

Mittelpunkt (Medelpunkt) (Center)

You know, the whole universe,  
is there to be found amongst  
my four teats  
look and I will spread, lush sum-  
summer

Then I will know  
I am past THEIR MESSAGE ZONE  
And the kiss in my dream is yours

Sms 6:

Yes. To be human is  
to be alienated. But it  
might be easier to write  
from the perspective of  
a specific point of view.  
You are welcome to  
write about alienation  
as you see it, and maybe  
along with creativity  
as a method to find our  
way back home? F.

So unnoted animates the  
astronomer his telescopes that  
they have come to the conclusion that  
it is I whom is observing  
and experiencing and the I  
starts shouting I ME MINE  
louder and  
louder  
My toy  
my thing  
my girlfriend  
my man  
my identity  
my money  
my body  
my property  
MY country  
What the fuck  
are YOU doing  
in MY country  
motherfucker

sheet-metal-workers work involve tertiering of living  
I have become an impotent biot a broad k. greener



Nachstehend (Följande (text)) (Following (text))

Pretend I'm not breaking from the inside, that I do not implode every time I see his hand against someone else's cheek, that I'm not missing anything not even found in the novels. Writing an e-mail:

Hello. How are you? What are you reading? Which books have you managed to read and which mocks you and wants but will not be read to the end? Have you overheard something more from Sartre? Have you started reading Beyer or did you put him away as you said? Is the library just as nice even though it is summer and most likely there is a lot of library-tourists there? Did you like Tivolirock? Pretend that I hate him, that I do not care about his heart breaking when he sees me kissing other people's lips while I'm drunk (for I know that it does, it does because I know it)

You do not have to answer you idiot

a responsibility gives scents in k.  
I woke up blasted a few more octaves  
walking over the sand-dune and shivering  
timep in between elapsed forecd

## Ozonloch (Ozonhål) (Ozone hole)

I have read many titles  
cutting out, pasting  
see how high my butt reaches  
yes, you can spray into  
come into my rippling hole

Fuck me for who I am,  
and I'll give you Heaven  
between your groins  
I'm going to be a princess  
of asphalt and the blue-ladies  
raspberry-caves, so Pop me  
from hole to hole, this here  
desert is starting to bloom.

fiorile:

- what is it that you do, *anyway*?  
you told me once  
at the age of fourteen  
- what is it that you devote yourself to *anyway*?  
you asked.  
- I work full time  
and also manage the household  
clean and pick up things after you  
and correct everything at home.  
- you get lost,  
for no reason, you answered  
and then again:  
- what is it that you do, *anyway*?<sup>xv</sup>

nobody knows?  
blue-grey lead-projectors and file  
couples pale and clucks against  
I maintain a few digital: ch, empty. ka

**Pausenlos (Utan uppehåll) (Without pause)**

Actually, how I still write in my diary that his name  
phonetic rhymes I love you  
Movie-brain movie-brain movie-brain movie-brawn  
I'd like to see you in movies again  
all the excitement of a graph occurs when  $f'(x) = 0$   
I'd like to see you in movies again  
you are the adventure  
I'd like to see you in movies again  
I am zero  
I would like to be you in movies again  
Just don't ask me to stay  
it is only you who can go  
Continue (rewind play rewind play rewind: STOP)

I penetrate, revealing you as you are.	You, you and so far away from you.	Turning you away. Sees nothing. Turning you back again. Sees everything.
You see someone else.		Looking at you, thinking it is someone else.
Puzzled but truthful.	Do not think that it is you.	Mirror, mirror on the wall... Who the hell hides behind it all. <sup>xvi</sup>

which proves what?

a shut-down computer-rustling walls and foundations melt in the fog the haze the  
cannon-tubes extending up and into the  
gulls cries vanishing in the haze

Quitt (Kvitt) (Even)

I'm not competing about god  
I'm not competing at all  
I'm a bowling-ball  
which lies as a fat whale  
in the chute  
and craps  
lubricants  
strike  
role the ball  
fools<sup>xvii</sup>

Sms 7:

Precisely, I'm  
at it but damn  
it's getting  
weird :-)

The fine mechanics in the focus of the telescopes appears to have got stuck with its aim lost in the manifestation of diversity and the ability to accumulate the information it needs in order to move around in the manifestation has become overburdened as a result of its improper focal point and now it tries to remember everything it sees and experiences in order to protect its self, it's I. Tries to load the whole universe into the telescope instead of letting the astronomer, the beingness flow freely through it self and LIVE as the WHOLE universe.

The instruments ability to accumulate and constantly interpret information and its capacity to plan its reality based on earlier collected history creates the illusion it has chosen to call time.

The experience of time appears to delay the fact of everlasting beingness, of eternal now, thus causes a sense of lack and alienation in the telescope and it, paradoxically, starts to long for home, although it essentially is as home as it can possibly be, one could even say it's – prior to home.

In some telescopes the insane gathering and simultaneous interpretation of information becomes such a burden to the I that it collapses and then the astronomer, the beingness it self gets a golden opportunity to become conscious of the fact that it has always been conscious

without blinking

even once

the gray garden-lit glass-complex  
the past warehouses sun-absence sand-corn-me may never remember anything before the age of five the needle-point has someone manufactured

## Reichlich (Riklig) (Bountiful)

Lamenting a Human Condition: I stopped by alone as a detached soul / Yet I was just a sheep in a herd as a whole / Signs of helpless nauseated loss of sense / In a completely desperate spoiled universe / Is invading every soul living on this soil / Daily exasperated human canvases howl / Depicting unchained erring starved humans / Moaning silently in unheard hums of sins / Observe them while they separately arrive / All those quiet fellows longing to survive / The bitter stinging of a damn modern time / Find them gathered filthily in train stations / Scattered dirtily in public dark dungeons / Swearing obscenely in half-stuffed lanes / Drunk nimbly grumbling in sin saloons / Male, female, young or old bodies flop / In half empty, half-full sinks of rust soap / I thought I dreamed of all since I dwell / In this oriental ancient medieval hostel / But all of this quasi-fantasy is just true / As bright as this sun shining through / Human condition I desperately lament / Reading its ruined future in cups of mint / Soaked with fresh green leaves of tea<sup>xviii</sup>

angular cavity overturning and bounces over the sun  
only by means of the responses may one be assessed if k. is self-conscious

Schwerwiegend (Tungt vägande) (Heavy) Schizophrenia with multiple personalities is not a loneliness-disease, on the contrary, but it is not often it happens, I wonder if you can write a 300-page novel with a single grammatically correct sentence? Hysteria, you know, is when the uterus is thrown around inside the women-folk and they get crazy-mad, luckily they cured that ill-judgment with state-regulated cull of crazy women.

I am a quiet mlovie-brain He movies his movies his movies why did his movies  
touch me so why did his mlovies torch me so? wishing:  
his love / gets: my lost world. Gets sad and sends a text message: ...  
there has to be at least three characters  
no less information will do  
rewind play: ...  
four characters, four syllables: I miss you  
I am your fool. FACT: A minimum value is always accompanied by a positive  
I am yours, you idiot  
I am thinking: can't I reach rock-bottom soon so I can get up  
I am, you idiot  
(reach rock-bottom, came back, lift me)

the water came rustling hissing roundcludes eyelashes the hair next to the weed the  
open mouth the hole into the foundations

Torschütze (Målvakt) (Goalkeeper)

*I miss you so much it hurts  
In the evening I undress myself  
and it strikes me  
that it had been much more pleasant if you were here  
The longing for your annoying corkscrews  
would suddenly be annihilated  
when your burning skin approached mine  
Now and then when I throw my clothes on the bedroom floor  
and philosophize about  
that it would be very much nicer if yours were right beside mine  
On my bedroom floor, they can lie  
and unite dust with mites  
for we have no further need of them  
Desire is truthful and exposed  
and the lack of socializing is only cope-able to live with  
if we are two  
It was empty when you left  
but when my clothes in a pile over there on the bedroom floor  
and all of me  
is wrapped in the aftermath  
layer upon layer  
of your wonderful scents  
I can not help  
that a chuckle forges ahead  
On what basis should I be sorry that you left  
when I have the indescribable awareness  
that you have been here<sup>xix</sup>*

and my steps are increasingly away from collapse and memory

Urheber (Upphovsman) (Copyright owner)

“I’ve seen things you people wouldn’t believe.”



Versicherungsgesellschaft (Försäkringsbolag) (Insurance company)

Waiting.

Longing.

Being.<sup>xx</sup>

I move along the groove/what  
a cluster-bomb out into each-other like haze

**Wirksam (Verksam) (Active)**

**Sms 8:**

Sounds great! :-)) . F.

We are like thirsty fishes swimming around

looking for water to drink

**I am lying on a dune eyes closed in next-to-silence**

X-Achse (X-axel) (X-axis)

the waves the sand in the back the sound of gulls circulate above  
decreasing tearing greyer the crack-spotted tree-biting scent of seaweed

## Y-Chromosom (Y-kromosom) (Y-chromosome)

20:52 SUNDAY

water brains, water braids on the bathroom-floor when you bathe vacuum up the water  
you fucker who can not stand the installation of the grounded plugs plugs to the earth  
plugs to the words ZAP! watery brain down your briefs beliefs wet glue on my horny  
German movie-star ZAP!

The passions: 1.

outstretched arms into your eternal crowd,  
how everyone cried "yes" when asked if they love you  
(mother-fucker)

2.

3.

4. -

Finding myself having headphones on but no music or sound in. How long have I been  
sitting so? What have I been listening to this whole time? You like this. Clock-strike un-  
squeezed shivering hands with

pennant

nice thoughts

any thoughts please

please someone think

on me

like this, like this on film, shoot it, shoot it and get deportation

because the more stupid is always right Viasat come home! come home. come home ...

one two three (four:) ...

a suitcase strikes the beach

Zurücksenden (Skicka tillbaka) (Send back) ... and thus, we see that a collection of seemingly random words from A to Z in a German dictionary can, in fact, prove to contain a story, or many, untold. The homework for next week is to take these words and, with proper grammar and conjunctions et cetera, combine them into a story about the alienation of the documenting persona. No J, I don't mean a specific person, just the general personality of the documenting persona. Who he is? Well, let me ask you a question: why do you think it's a man? Why can't women document things? [During this lecture I breathe slowly] Yes, that is true, anyone can document things – it doesn't have anything to do with what gender you have. [hidden underneath the floorboards] Yes, M? No, I don't feel anything. Hot? No, you must be mistaken. [aber ich werd' euch zeigen] Yes, maybe I should go to the school-nurse. When you mention it, I do have somewhat of a cough. [kryper fram sipprar in, det ska bli en stor kväll] Yes, P, there are multiple universes – [ ... you don't belong here you never did ... ] Yes well ... hey there, I never said you could leave! [RIDÅN GÅR UPP, I PUBLIKEN HÖRS NÅGON HOSTA, DIRIGENTEN KNACKAR] Yes. Yes. You shall. Now leave me alone. [Who will understand me?] ----- Sie gehen hier geradeaus, und dann die erste Straße LINKS!

Dust bunnies lie in the corners and  
await.  
The hallway floor is filled with dust  
and gravel. It smells like old dried urine from the toilet.  
Dirty clothes are in drifts pressed  
against the walls.  
There are greasy fingerprints on the  
refrigerator door and on the inside the food is mouldy.  
The flowers are dead, and next to the  
pots there are masses of dry leaves.  
Leftover food is sitting on the sink and  
has started to rot and emitting a horrible stench.  
The gray-black spots on the kitchen  
floor is old spilled beer mixed with dirt.  
The sheets and the mattress are  
contaminated by fuck-fluids, wine and vomit.  
In the cans on the table, flies have  
formed colonies.<sup>xxi</sup>

**p**oint.  
when you reach a point  
you also reach a counter-point.  
when you reach a point.  
you reach a.  
you get a  
you sow a  
you see a  
you give a  
point.  
you come to a point when you draw a line  
you hear a  
you bother a  
you sat you splat you in to the bone swat  
swatter  
sweat  
brake  
broke  
when you reach a point  
you also reach a counter-point.

Point. <sup>xxii</sup>

- i David Wäyrynen.\* and D.W.
- ii Dennis Clausen.\*
- iii David Kjellin.
- iv Simon Hedman Jonsson.\* Exception: **Z**.
- v [Hans Kröger](#).
- vi Terrell Neuage.
- vii Per-Ola Mårtensson.\*
- viii Nina Alzén.\*
- ix Victor Malm.
- x Mats Welén.\*
- xi Joel Andersson & Jessica Diep.\*
- xii Pål Hedberg.
- xiii Christina Källstrand.\*
- xiv Olle Dyrander.\*
- xv [Boel Schenlær](#).\*
- xvi [Johannes Duelund](#).
- xvii Cecilia Persson.\*
- xviii El Habib Louai.
- xix Ida Jenzén Rähä.\*
- xx Eva Enarsson.\*
- xxi Daniel Hansson.\*
- xxii Petra Valén.\*