

ONEIRISMS ON OTHERS CHIMERAS

I woke up
it was still dark
a little bit later I found out why
hearing the elegant snoring of Lars the flute player upstairs
in my dream I was together with Lars the filmmaker
he was explaining to me some of his film tricks
and how he could act as ventriloquist
and while he was doing it sitting in an armchair
he attracted my attention with a remark and sign to his erection
he was in some baseball outfit tight and soft
I was witnessing how art brought about an erection
art was making him get orgasm
I turned to my son who was standing at the background
in the spacious living room with a canopy of a red-brick suburban villa
where some theater artists and musicians used to live
I tried to explain to my son
what it was all about with Lars
I said he was Ali Baba with the forty bandits
making a hundred-million-budget film to get a prize
I had no need for forty bandits for anything
here I woke up
life is a film I said
more than a dream
a thriller
a real documentary
I realized that I was using my mind the same way
as a camera is used in film-making
where there is a script
and the pictures are being created
where one can spool back and forth as one wishes
I did not need a script-writer
my film was my life
and I have been trained all through my life to spool back and forth
and the pictures which were to be used
were already selected and fixed
I was the one who had to decide which pictures had to be fixed
I was god over my own film
which was life itself
and I need not hire anybody to play a role in it
they came in and out of my life in hundreds
I realized that each time we were having a transaction
at its most intense moment it was full of love
I had the feeling
I was giving a good portion of love and energy
and it was being received
and I had in front of my eyes this expression
on each face of one of these different individuals of different name sex nation class
persons looking into my eyes with understanding love and pain
stills in seconds with burning eyes in all colors
eyes which had the depth of the sea

The problem was where to begin and where to end
I knew I had to interrupt the film
to be able to put it in another form
and how to record the ethereal qualities
of a cool sensation or a faint sound
or a transient shadow of a slight move
so that the traces of an existence may last longer
maybe in words on paper
if not chiseled on a stone
because then the film became literature
life became religion
love became something to believe in
and the act was philosophizing
which had already started
when I consciously chose my first book
Herodotus' history of the world
at the age of eleven in a school library
and made my first painting
I had to cover with white chalk art teachers red cross
marked with a ballpoint pen on a drawing
as a sign of distinction
it would be worse to erase it
when I got up and started writing
the flute player upstairs woke up and went to toilet
then I could hear the flushing
but at the same time the contents of life was being stored up as a poem
a long poem like Homer's "Odyssey"
now I understand why I call my masterpiece "A Thousand and One Night Episodes"
and why I still do not sit and write it
do the whole thing at once like flushing
because I have to live through my life
how can you interrupt life to write it down
it would mean death to freeze it
but I have a feeling I came to the point now
where I might even risk death to put it down
it might be soon too late
and the process of making the film itself
somehow has to be included in the range of life
I have to do it not only for my own sake
but also for all the people I have met
and heard of from others and read about
especially for those I have met
because many of them had faith in me
they knew I understood them and their situation
and they revealed themselves with full confidence
I saw them bleeding naked in front of me
they were expecting that I was capable of expressing
their mostly sad and frightening stories
in one form or another
some of them insisted on pulling me into their individual story
to take part in it
or at least be a witness

a witness with a good memory
and ready to fight to make it be heard of those
who otherwise prefer or are forced to keep their eyes ears and mouths shut
because they lack courage and energy to do otherwise
or they are afraid
or just too lazy to do anything else
they let things happen to them
and keep on being careless people
when it comes to pay back
at least a little bit of the received love and attention
knowing that I saw how they were being treated badly
suffering out there in the jungle
of so-called human suppression systems of different kinds and complexities
and they knew I was registering their nightmares
the most important details of their lives
as well as mine where our lives intersected with each other
as vivid as it can be done
all the proofs that they have existed and suffered
they have taken part in life
on this star which is maybe a dead one since long ago
as we have no notion of time
when it is in the dimension of eternity
I want to write the episodes one by one
each one on one page with an independent remark down under
"my work turned out to be as fragmentary as my life"
I have to do the whole thing at one sitting
how can I otherwise put them down in the right order
I may divide them in three parts
of three hundred thirty three in each part
except the last one with an extra couple
and manifold them and send them out
"this work is real fiction
if any name or occurrence coincide with some in reality
it is purely and totally by chance
this work is actually science-fiction
because life hurts"
and we are living in a science-fiction time
people are trained to hurt each other
sometimes even hurt each other to death
and this is being done in full awareness
publicly organized building up with help of a few names
who seize power on different levels anywhere anytime
while the incidents which make life a terrible open war affair
are happening all the time all over this planet
populated by the most harmful creatures of all times
I wish I could describe an utopia instead
but I am getting tired and disillusioned
I can still write a poem or two for someone
once in a while after a secret meeting in intimacy
maybe for a faun or Catullus or another young man
put my signature under it
Sappho like last time

Why steal I would say to those so-called artists
who have to call themselves great today
when you can have your own at home for free
how can you explain a war out of necessity for aesthetics
claiming art for art and making money on it
it still sounds like politics
even when it is just names like Lars or Per or Ingvar
art is most artificial when it is accepted as official
no matter spiritual or ornamental or monumental
what is the use of argumenting it as private
after its being used and paid and shown in public
selling the most private parts reminds me of another profession
worse to come and say that it is for the family
that is the tool of each and every totalitarian dictatorship
to get the individual function effectively in common crimes
power leaves a bad taste in the mouth
dripping sticky banality with splashes of blood everywhere
I recognize the unhappy half smile on arrogant faces
with embryo eyes traumatized yearning for recognition
in exchange for empty fame and power of false truth
making big noise with help of others
stinking of lost innocence
while the ancient ones are still reaching us
as fresh as the air in spring

There is no possibility to know somebody else's dream
or to describe somebody else's orgasm
or to try somebody else's life
or to provide somebody else happiness
I prefer being an outsider
without any fear for standing alone
in the middle of chaos and darkness
in perfect solitude

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