

Von: Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st,
15h Datum: 18. Juni 2020 um 19:29:09 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Lieber Piper,
Während Corona entstand durch meine äußere Erscheinung eine dünne unsichtbare Schicht um mich herum, ich nenne diese Schicht „das Vorurteil“. Diese dünne Schicht wurde mit der Zeit dicker und schließlich entwickelte sie sich zu Diskriminierung. Wie du vorab erwähnt hast, es ist nicht einfach, in solcher Situation zu reagieren und danach findet man sich plötzlich in einem leeren Schall. Ich konnte mich in dieser Situation nicht zurecht finden. Daher entschied ich mich zu schweigen. Allerdings wurde mir klar, dass das Schweigen nicht die beste Entscheidung ist, denn es hat keine Stimme. Es sollte durchbrochen werden.

1. Letter

My dear, dearer, dearest blauer Reiter Franz. You're wondering where and how I live. When I look out my roof-light I see black sheeps guarded by the moon. Imagine, if I milked them, what spacey black cheese That would make. Maybe I could even hold one Then I would be less alone, had someone to play my stupid games with. My home is a empty hallway, an abandoned alley, missing its trees for years. Here I own 50 birds, they live outside my window, driving away the black sheeps in the morning to claim their daily bread in the breaking dawn. They really are the highest in the room, spreading their wings between air and god, as you and me are crawling between soil and grave. I've already found my coffin, I shudder to think of laying down in it every night. Rats turn into roses and the morningly sunflakes spread in my room, grow wings and turn into little angels, who turn the coffin Im living in into an colorful flying carpet. Suddenly I'm companioned by the angels on my way to the sun, where I will find white sheeps, brothers and sisters of my dark friends. My particles disband and disperse. I'm tired. The carpet tatters into the garlands of my sad party, hanging decoratively down my heart. Have I told you, I was invited to a wedding. The lightfooted month and the flower are deeply in love while Im laughing and crying on the most important day of their lives, drinking their wine. The Boudreaux Im drinking is pale as I am sad, the sweetwine blushes as my caught happiness- in flagrante delicto. With closed eyes even the most skilled sommelier wouldn't be able to tell what he was drinking. At night my bitter, bitterer, bitterest self splits into two young boys. They're making love, no goal, no difference, celibate. Hail the fornication. The photo above my bed grins at me, knowing there was a time, when I was touched by a physical lover. Once i was given a crown made of ivory as Tribut for my lost city, my lost empire. Thank god, I'm no emperor anymore. I don't want to rule. No humans, no city, no empire. No crown party, no people, no celebration, no reason. I stoped crying a long time ago, I couldn't stand the whore above my bed laughing at me with pitiful eyes. When I looked right and

Es ist aber sehr wichtig, dass man sich in dieser Phase seine eigenen Vorurteile eingesteht und versucht diese zu entfernen. Jeder Mensch erlebt verschiedene Ereignisse. Das heißt, manche wurden schon mit Diskriminierung konfrontiert und manche noch nicht. Jedoch sollte man die Ereignisse weder verallgemeinern noch aus persönlicher Sicht beurteilen. Denn daraus könnte ein neues Vorurteil entstehen. Wir leben in einer Welt, wo Menschen miteinander kommunizieren und voneinander lernen, um sich von den verschiedensten Vorurteilen zu befreien und schlussendlich Gleichheit zu finden. Aber das Vorurteil unterscheidet sich von „Unwissenheit“. Diese muss einem selbst klar werden und man muss sich selber weiterbilden.

Man findet sehr viele Vorurteile in unserem Alltag auch innerhalb derselben Community. Diese dünne unsichtbare Schicht kann jeden umringen. Meine Kollegen, Freunde und meine Familie, sogar mich.

Anfangs mag sie wohl dünn sein, aber mit der Zeit wird sie dicker und zu Diskriminierung.

- 15.06.2020 aus meinem Tagebuch -

Liebe Grüße

YH

deep into them I saw Henry the poor, not Henri the king. Henri the drunkard, his shadow, his ugly stepbrother, who's sick with Scabies yearly. The disease I'm contracted with is far worse. One of my friends is waiting for the right moment to stab me in the back and grab my humble chattels. I know that he could never do it himself, so he will have to wait, til I decide to croak and go. Coward. At least he will be ready. He's going to every birthdayparty he hears of, leaving his best wishes. So when the time has come, he will know how to celebrate properly. Tomorrow, my birthday. Aunt Amalie in the krinolin of the frame above my bed helps me to stuff my socks and shares long forgotten advice, how to not pay the rent. All of my many, many beautiful dresses I used to own, are hanging in my landlords wardrobe now, grey and sad. Still I'm trying to be grateful, she promised me a cake and a jingle for my day of honor- probably the only gesture of my raison d'être from the universe. In spite all of that I'm becoming more and more gracious with my life. Because at least I'm allowed to yearn for someone(evil tho). My evil, evil lover never seeked my word, opinion or thought. Oh how badly my lips wanted to dance. No dancing- walking and dragging I had to do, how gladly would I have had taken a ride in a car or sedan for only once. He wasn't even the worst. Many years before someone had me walk on nails. The scars hanging from the sole of my soul they hurt, hurt. I could tell you dozens of sad stories, like the one of the little boy, who's sitting at a strangers table not being allowed to squeal over the sweets served. Another one of a little girl's hand being hold by its stepmother, who's carrying her very own child underneath her heart. Dear, dearer, dearest blauer Reiter. Amen.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:class}
Datum: 16. Juni 2020 um 19:31:40 MESZ
An: mailto:class@googlegroups.com

Lieber Piper,

translation see below

danke dass Du noch einmal auf Kirschnicks Text zu sprechen kommst. Ich glaube, das ist ein wichtiger Punkt. Else Lasker-Schüler bezieht sich auf das in Berlin vor dem ersten Weltkrieg vorherrschende Orientbild und versucht, es an vielen Stellen zu destabilisieren, indem sie die Falschheit und den Kostümcharakter des deutschen Orientalismus betont. Damit wiederholt sie aber trotz aller Ironisierungen und Verschiebungen rassistische Stereotypen, die, egal aus welcher Perspektive sie betrachtet werden, eine ziemliche Präsenz erhalten und das ist an viel Stellen kaum auszuhalten.

Soweit ich es verstanden habe, skizziert Lasker-Schüler in ihren Texten und Zeichnungen für ihre verschiedenen Alter Egos eine orientalistisch-jüdische Identität (eine Identität, die sie sich nicht ausgedacht hat, sondern die ihr zugeschrieben wurde) in Opposition zu einer Europäischen, um diese Gegenüberstellung als Metapher für das Verhältnis von dominanter Kultur zu dem, was von dieser ausgegrenzt wird, einzusetzen, nicht um sie in der Polarisierung zu fixieren. Vielmehr bringt Else Lasker-Schüler geografische, ethnische, religiöse und geschlechtliche Kategorien immer wieder durcheinander.

2. Letter

Dear blue rider, I shan't write such a sad letter anymore - how could I, since the sun is shining so mellow and jolly and I am walking parallel to the weather; what's more my newest book is in all bookstores. My heart glitters, because I'm smiling like glimmer about my own winter's idyll, am even in parts green minded with pink peony. Plus I'm taking Neura- Lezithin since a few days, replacement for the brain (only true with rhinoceros head in the ring), always carrying it with me and whenever I stumble in conversation the rhinoceros brain oxygen answers responsibly, almost unpleasantly intelligent - nobody still believes that I'm a poet anymore and the editorial department is giving me assignments. And Mr. X is not going to be able to write anymore, I'm shrieking hysterically into my coffee; even though he knows that from hearsay. After I tossed him in the ribs all hell is loose, I'm making myself happy, the sheeps on the heathland. Would I be a hurdy-gurdy and would be played by a cripple, the joy for dance would make his feet grow again. And I want to hit Tummelskopf, blue Franz, because we said 'Du' and I don't know what else I wanna do when your magnificent postcards are arriving in the morning!! Big cats are superior beasts. The panther is a wild gentian, the lion is a dangerous larkspur, the tigress a furious, yellow shimmering mapleless. However, your happy blue horses are all whinnying archangels, galloping towards paradise and your holy, hallowed lamas and does and - and calves - they all rest in holy groves. Many of your priest's animals smell of milk. You're raising them by yourself inside the frame. Venerable, blue Great- Reverend!

Sie hat das Problem der Festschreibungen gesehen und sich mehrfach gegen Rassismus geäußert, aber sie hat die Sprache der dominanten Kultur gesprochen und ihre exotistischen Bildwelten reinszeniert. Damit war sie zwangsläufig auch Teil des dominanten Orient-Diskurses, der sie selbst allerdings ausgeschlossen hat. Ich habe den Eindruck, dass ihr diese Crux schmerzlich bewusst war, denn in Brief 7 schreibt sie, dass ihre Icherzählerin in ein steinernes Bild gesperrt sei. Sie kann kaum mehr ihr Gesicht bewegen, d. h. ihr steht keine Sprache zur Verfügung. Heraus kommt nur noch das Gekrächze eines gefangenen Vogels, der Nationalhymnen intoniert und als Dekor auf dem Hut einer alten Tante endet. Hier geht es aber ja nicht nur um die vermutete Intention der Autorin, sondern um die heutige Wahrnehmung. Ich finde die Idee der Appropriation, die Du vor einiger Zeit vorgeschlagen hast, sehr gut. Die Briefe ganz wegzulassen, was wir diskutieren können, hieße meines Erachtens, die Konfliktlinien zu verdrängen, die sich darin abbilden und die immer noch vorhanden sind. Du hast es in Bezug auf den historischen Text schon angesprochen, aber auch generell stellt sich doch die Frage: wo positionieren wir uns eigentlich als Künstler*innen oder Kulturarbeiter*innen? An welchen Systemen partizipieren wir?

Die Irritationen und Ängste, die die Ambivalenzen eines Textes oder einer künstlerischen Arbeit auslösen können, muss man meines Erachtens positiv bewerten, nicht abschaffen. Der Prozess der Destabilisierung, den Else Lasker-Schüler widerprüchliche Narrationen in Gang setzen, war in ihrer Gegenwart hochwirksam und beunruhigt bis heute, wenn auch aus anderen Gründen. Mich interessiert, wie in unserer Gegenwart eine Form in Bezug auf ihre Politik aussehen könnte, die ihre Rezipienten derart intensiv auf sich selbst zurück wirft, wie die Texte von Else Lasker-Schüler. Irgendwer hat uns schon in den Urlaub geschickt. Das war etwas voreilig, glaube ich...

Alles Liebe

A

Dear Piper,

thanks for coming back to Kirschnick's text. This is an important point, I think. Else Lasker-Schüler refers to the image of the Orient prevailing in Berlin before the First World War and tries to destabilize it in many places by emphasizing the falseness and costume character of German Orientalism. But in doing so, she repeats racist stereotypes, despite all the irony and shifts, which, no matter from

3. Letter

My very beloved half brother. There's no doubt, you were Ruben and I was Joseph, your half-brother in the times of Kana. Now we only dream biblical dreams. Sometimes such a dream fools me, like, like tonight. Oh, I had a malicious dream; however my dearest wish fulfilled - suddenly I was King of Thebes - wore a gold coat, a star in folds around my shoulders, on my head the crone of Malik. I was Malik. As our children afterward my big, splendid camel like little camel calves and screeched in all sorts of tricky squeaky tones (it was sidesplitting!) „Rex-Klecks, Rex-Klecks, Rex-Klecks (blob)!!!!“ When I think about it! I am a little unhappy today - I don't know anybody to fall in love to. You know someone? Your betrayed and sold Jussuf.

which perspective they are viewed, are given quite a presence, and in many places this is almost unbearable.

As far as I have understood it, Lasker-Schüler outlines in her texts and drawings for her various alter egos an Oriental-Jewish identity (an identity that she did not invent, but that was attributed to her) in opposition to a European one, in order to use this juxtaposition as a metaphor for the relationship between dominant culture and that which is excluded from it, not to fix it in polarization. Rather, Else Lasker-Schüler confuses geographical, ethnic, religious and gender categories again and again.

She has seen the problem of those fixations and has repeatedly spoken out against racism, but she has spoken the language of the dominant culture and re-staged its exoticist imagery. Thus she was necessarily part of the dominant Oriental discourse, which however excluded her on the other hand. I have the impression that she was painfully aware of this crucial point, because in letter 7 she writes that her first-person narrator is locked into a stony image. She can hardly move her face any more, i.e. no language is available to her. The only thing that comes out, is the croaking of a captive bird, which intones national anthems and ends up as a decoration on the hat of an old aunt.

Here it is not only about the presumed intention of the author though, but also about the perception today. I think the idea of appropriation, which you suggested some time ago, is really good. To leave out the letters altogether, which we can discuss, would, in my view, mean displacing the lines of conflict that are reflected in them and that are still present. You have already mentioned it in relation to the historical text, but also in general the question arises: where do we actually position ourselves as artists or cultural workers? Which systems do we participate in? The irritations and fears that the ambivalences of a text or an artistic work can trigger must, in my opinion, be evaluated positively, not abolished. The process of destabilization set in motion by Else Lasker-Schüler's contradictory narratives was highly effective in her presence and continues to be disturbing to this day, albeit for other reasons. I am interested in how a form might look like in our present day in relation to its politics, a form that throws its recipients back on themselves as intensely as the texts by Else Lasker-Schüler. Somebody already sent us on vacation. That was a little hasty, I think...

All the best, A

4. Letter

My blue rider, I want to find a bridge, above it a soul would come to me, unexpected. A soul alone is dreadful! O, I could glue my soul to another with syntetikon. Syntetikon glues even glass and gold. If someone would plant their favorite flower next to my heart, or would pour a star into my heart, or would meet a world-ravaging look – don't be angry, blue rider, that I am getting sentimental again, I just need to look at your card with the playhouse; just like one still stands on the odds and ends in my palace in Thebes: made of droll color, hearth red. But now I have also drawn a card. You and your Mareia. Think, you are a horse yourself, a brown one with long nostrils and tears, a noble horse with proud, relaxed nod, and your Mareia is a golden lion. Your dear Yussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>

Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 11. Juni 2020 um 15:46:16 MESZ

An: mailto: at googlegroups.com

Dearest Class,

dear all,

I think we should leave this debate for now since it gets too personal and emotional and it seems to not lead to anywhere productive.

One thing is clear: no one in our class wants to be actively a racist, we tap every now and then (maybe even every day?) in these patterns and we have to acknowledge this and work against this. We are all more or less privileged, we live in one of the “developed” countries where the prosperity is grounded of exploiting other countries and working force close to slavery. Does this make us even an active part in such a system?

5. Letter

Blue rider's rider. The editorial department: Sturm has created a franchise of my poems; Isidor Quanter or Quantum delivers astonishing imitations. Why is that? I, who have nothing of a teacher in me, am doing school. I dread it! Furthermore the jury of the exhibition: Sturm, refused to show this portrait which depicts its four chairmen in a wedding ceremony. — O, blue rider, how love degrades, how love is degraded, how love can get hammered!! I got the idea that only significant blood may be mixed with wine, with intoxication, with love. Now it is night — everywhere — o, us, we want, You, Mareia and I be terribly affectionate to each other... We have not forgotten how to rip off our skin like a party dress. What else is there but love; blue rider, can we live on other things like love, blood and soul — I would rather be a man-eater than chew on sobriety.

When we have discussions in the class it has to be possible to say things without being judged directly. I think the point of one of the maybe incorrect thoughts which were spoken out loud is that there might exist different color tones of the skin posing the question who wants/is to be defined as a person of color in our class and who speaks for whom... who is "allowed" to say they experience racism? One other thing: Language is changing and we have to find a positive language and we have to stop being afraid to talk to each other. Even Michelle Obama was using the term color blindness and then defined it differently... and she is definitely not a racist.

6. Letter

Blue rider, I am alone piously in the strange city. No one goes to heaven here. Please go once over the Kurfürstendamm, turn into Tauentzienstraße, can you imagine someone passing by will go to heaven? Tell me, blue rider, will I go to heaven? You there, I want to tell you something in private, but don't tell anyone again, also not Mareien. Believe it or not, I've really fallen in love again. Even if I have fallen in love a thousand times, it's always a new miracle; it's an old hat when others fall in love. Imagine, yesterday was his birthday. I sent him a box full of presents. His name is Giselheer. His brain is a lighthouse. He is from the Nibelungen. My city Thebes is not built from it. My city Thebes is a venerable high priest. My city Thebes is the bud of Zebaoth. My city Thebes is my great-great-grandfather. My city Thebes accompanies me with every step. My city Thebes is a haughty Sheitan. – I sent the infidel knight many toys, like he was my little brother – because he has a red heart of a child, because he's such a barbarian, because he still wants to have a homelike playroom: a Grail soldier made of wood, a chocolate trumpet, a flag of my city Thebes, a mug, a silver penholder, two silk scarves, a signet made out of agate, and a great great deal of sealing wax. I wrote with it: „Dear King Giselheer, I wish you were made of crystal, then I would like to be your lizard or your starfish or your coral or your carnivorous flower.



Please let's not forget that we are all human beings and no one in this class wants to harm anyone or hurt anyone on purpose.

And please let's tell each other directly when something was hurtful.

Have a nice holiday,

Piper

7. Letter

You are pleased about my "new love" - you say that so easily and do not foresee you would rather have to cry with me - because - it is already dying out in his heart, like a Bengal fire, a burning wheel - it ran over me, just like that. I succumb without resentment to this severe burn. If only I could fall in love with myself, I lie so close to me - then one knows what one has. How am I supposed to distract myself? I'm going to establish a magazine, The Wild Jews; an art magazine and I'm going to write a letter to Karl Kraus, something like that, listen: Dear, dearest, Austrian Cardinal, I'm back in Berlin where I belong, I always find myself back there. Incomprehensible! From here one often travels in one's imagination to other cities, at least here one wants to leave; but somewhere else one finds companions, I mean people who are similar to oneself, albeit kitschy in a splendid setting. I am tired of life and want to die adventurously. I'm sick of everything, even the leaves on the trees. Always green and always green. If I only could meet some magicians, I mean those who have substantial desires, but they are all serious, only me I am seriously grave. I am so lonely - who looks at me for a while falls into a dark - sky. - You are happy, Cardinal; all people with blue eyes are happier than those who look [16] fathomless inward themselves, like through black paper of silk. I wished, someone gave me a star with which I could make myself visible from time to time. I have become restless out of anxious boredom; what I do becomes a habit and yawns. You understand me and that is why I am addressing this letter to you; perhaps the last letter I'll ever write, my final adventure. I no longer love anyone in the world, I don't want to know anything about those who have done me good either. Misdoings at least stimulate. So if you would not grant me my wish, I would actually be more grateful to you; well knowing - you disdain gratitude. I used to be an actress; now I sit in the cloakroom and burn the spectators' coats and straw hats. I am simply disappointed. I always looked for the hand, and what was in my hand - if it went well - a glove. My face is like stone now, I have trouble moving it. One should be proud of it; no monument needs to be built to one anymore. If only I were decorated on festive days. The more scared I am, the more my fearlessness grows. But I am always scared; Where does a bird flutter inside of me, it can no longer rise. When I am dead, a lady will wear it on her hat. The lowest and weirdest legacy anyone left behind. Or do you want it in the glass cabinet above your desk? Maybe it will start singing in the morning. I've been waiting for this song all my life. So finally out with the language, Hail to Thee in the Victor's Crown - I once had a comrade - now the Austrian national anthem; the march of the bells and bagpipes of Thebes - would you like my journal, The Wild Jews, to be printed underneath like that; the „Fackel“ will not even notice and I have a living, I am affectionately yours Jussuf, Prince. Do you think he would do it, Franky-Monkey?

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>

Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 11. Juni 2020 um 12:07:05 MESZ

An: Mail to Class <mailto: @googlegroups.com>

Dear S,

apologies for not being clear. The US accent is related to Sol's telepathic transmission at the end of our session and in absolute no way related to you. This part was meant to be an ice breaker and bound to the fact that we didn't see Piper boxed into a video transmission in yesterday's class meeting and that Sol's intervention interspersed some good vibes in a very sincere conversation.

I was more than happy that you spoke up for the presence of people of color in the class. People that - from my point of view - should have the space to speak for themselves and share what their own experiences are. And not be spoken about by others declaring them as non-existent in the class.

This is not a major take away, but an important starting point for further discussions. I hope this helps. I have the feeling that we crossed wires here. I posted this (last email) to put more emphasis on what you said yesterday. To document it in Piper's account. For all those who haven't been with us yesterday.

Piper

8. Letter

My only brother.

I thought of you with delight yesterday and today and all day long. The gypsy horses you painted for my child, gave it to me to keep and I put the precious card next to the portrait of the King of Montenegro. In his stable there should also be a blue, a purple and a fire red horse to "ride out into the world". Among his black muttuns is a green one; Franz, paint me a green mutتون. There's no such fancy thing anymore, except me. Message: Greet your new horse, call him Saul

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h
Datum: 11. Juni 2020 um 11:16:38 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto:googlegroups.com>

Dear class,
unfortunately I couldn't join the class meeting yesterday. Fortunately I have been informed about the discussions through a telepathic transmission by someone. Given the US accent it must have been Sol?
The transmission has been distorted, but did someone attempt to declare who is a person of color and who is not? Notwithstanding the connotation(s) of this phrase and its relation to attempts to not be spoken about? But to speak up themselves and for themselves? It is therefore very good that the discussions started to shift back to the class, the here and now, where we can learn from each other: in a space where (our) critical interventions and conversations have the potential to be effective.

One more thing. While you were discussing yesterday I read Sylke Kirschnick's „Kultur als Travestie“. I'm quoting one of the last sentences for everyone who didn't have a chance to read it: „Zwar kehren die Zulus im Auge des Betrachters und am Rande der Reichshauptstadt ‚aufs Neue‘ und ‚anders‘ wieder, aber sie stoßen im Entwurf des ‚N-Wort‘ Ossmann als Diener des Prinzen von Theben auf die zeitgenössisch geläufigen stereotypen Barrieren: anders als ausgestellt, randständig, unterdrückt und dienend sind ‚N-Wort‘ auch in den Briefen nicht denkbar.“* I am aware that the Briefe mentioned here are not the Briefe translated by the class. But still: even Kirschnick, who applies every trick in the book of post-modern theory, considers the representation of Ossmann in Else Lasker-Schüler's writing a problem.

Best wishes,
Piper

*A rather rough translation: “Although the Zulus return ‘anew’ and ,as others’ in the eye of the beholder and on the outskirts of the imperial capital, they encounter the stereotypical barriers common in contemporary life in the draft of the N-word Ossmann as servant of the Prince of Thebes: other than exhibited, marginal, suppressed and serving, the N-word is not conceivable in the letters.”

9. Letter

Dear Ruben from the Bible. You think my great letters sound a little like gallows humor. Giselheer also always said I couldn't be so sad?! How beautiful it was when we lived at the Gibon, where I was still concentrated and simple-minded. You often took me out of the pit: around my heart was a wreath of blood. It hasn't faded yet. I am always melancholic, no landscape can comfort me, but I would like to walk over the lines of a hand, each of its paths must lead to heaven, I would fall a sleep a hundred thousand times in such a hand. Do you know such an eternal hand? Yours... Your pious brother Jussuf.

10. Letter

Dear Blue Rider. I'm only thinking of you and my room. It cries when I want to go out at night, wandering through the streets without a will. I practice how to use the weapons which are hanging on the walls all around me. So I don't miss anything if I stay at home (as long as it takes?). I think some things, I whistle matchiche, I bet matches; I have settled in my rooms Egypt, and wait for the cornfield of my flat hand. Come to me! Jussuf

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>

Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h
Datum: 9. Juni 2020 um 20:45:25 MESZ

An: mailto:@googlegroups.com

Betreff: Else, Einspruch

Dear class,

after days of thinking and intense discussions we wanted to let you know about different lines of thoughts and outcomes we discussed in a smaller group and which are still showing contradictions and uncertainties about how to proceed with the project.

And as much as we felt the urgency and need to do so (which is the only reason why we started this in this group of four) we feel the need to share this with you as soon as possible. Please note again, that the following are separate strings of thoughts which might show clearness and unclearness and therefore contradictions:

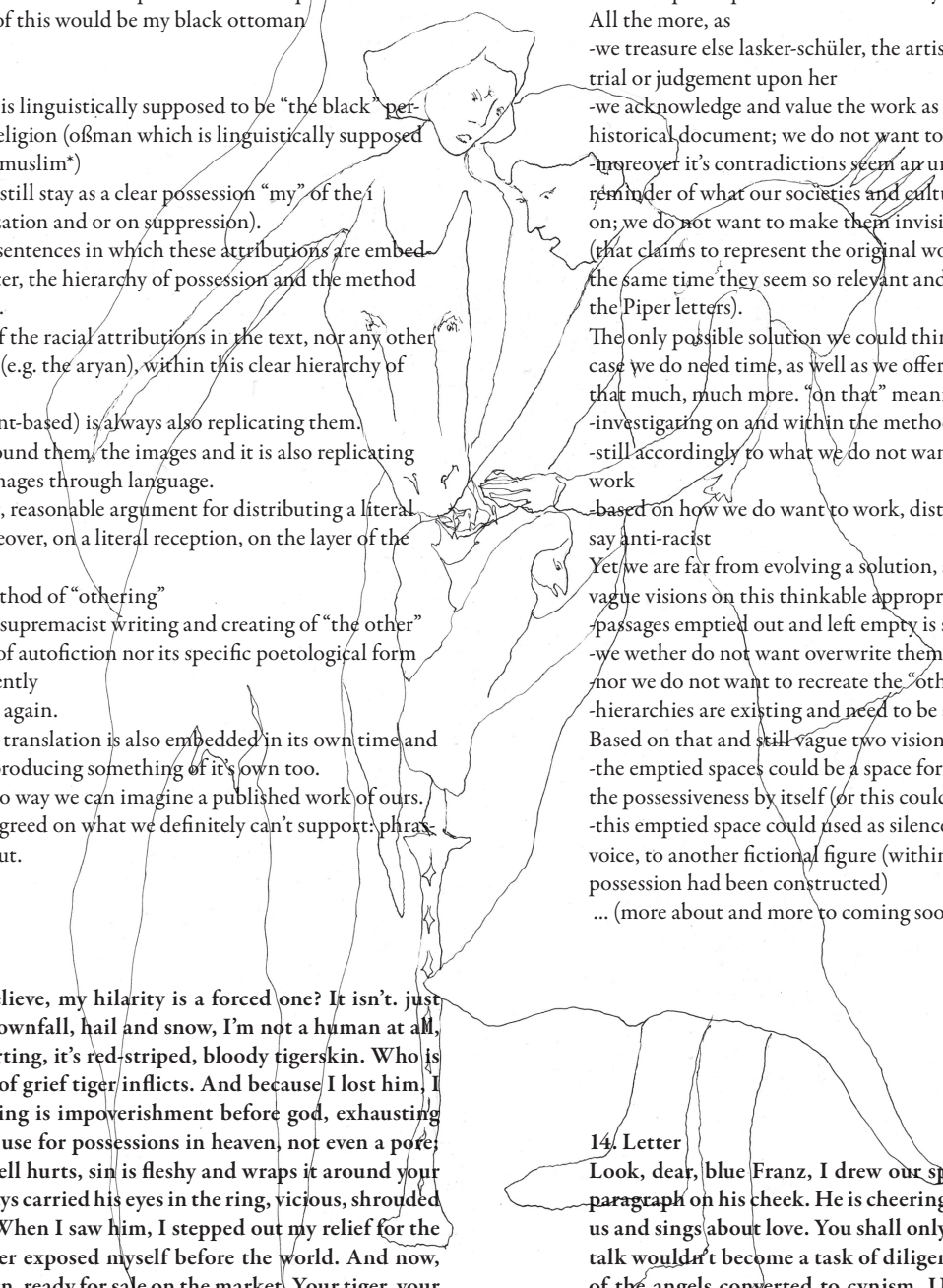
Not translating obvious racist terms still seems not enough to us.

11. Letter

All of you. I am the only pre-flood Jew here in Berlin, my skeleton was found next to a petrified Ichtyosaurus's ear and in front of a scarab in a crevice, for posterity. I am in need of money, I wait the whole day for posterity. Your mammoth.

12. Letter

My dear half brother, I gift you South Greenland for your birthday. Because when I think of you, your brown hair is only the night to your wife's blonde. You are wonderful to look at and your Marcia, wearing a fur-trimmed hat, you both are transferred to Ice by Kana. But Kana was overwhelming, I have My new city Thebes built entirely in it's own style. I have always loved four things in life, the moon, the comet, rose gardens and colorful fountains. The tanned workers, while laying the foundation for my city, spoke always about these four sweetesses.



-translating “my n* Oßman” as black slave or companion is an interpretation
-the literal, linguistic translation of this would be my black ottoman
But on the layer of content
-they still stay racial attributions
-depending on skin-color (which is linguistically supposed to be “the black” person and or person of color*) and religion (oßman which is linguistically supposed to represent “the ottoman” or the muslim*)
-within a hierarchy in which they still stay as a clear possession “my” of the i (whether based on affected idealization and or on suppression).
-and the layer of content, the full sentences in which these attributions are embedded (re)generate and stress the latter, the hierarchy of possession and the method othering (more below), even more.
We do not want to replicate any of the racial attributions in the text, nor any other ideological racial constructs at all (e.g. the aryan), within this clear hierarchy of possession.
-translating them (literal or content-based) is always also replicating them.
-it is reproducing the narrative around them, the images and it is also replicating the method of constructing the images through language.
We are not able to find one strong, reasonable argument for distributing a literal translation of the text today. Moreover, on a literal reception, on the layer of the concrete
-the text is offering a stringent method of “othering”
-and seems to be consistent white supremacist writing and creating of “the other”
-neither its strong feminist mode of autofiction nor its specific poetological form are able to undermine that sufficiently
We do not want to distribute that again.
Yet it is a historical document, it’s translation is also embedded in its own time and is positioning it and ourselves, is producing something of it’s own too.
Therefore, a literal translation is no way we can imagine a published work of ours.
And based on the arguments we agreed on what we definitely can’t support: phrases, passages are needed to be left out.

13. Letter

Dear blue rider. Do you still believe, my hilarity is a forced one? It isn’t. just let me pour, freshly rain, wild downfall, hail and snow, I’m not a human at all, I’m weather. But my heart is hurting, it’s red-striped, bloody tigerskin. Who is diggin’ in my wounds still? Lot of grief tiger inflicts. And because I lost him, I became poor. I died of him, dying is impoverishment before god, exhausting yourself before god. There is no use for possessions in heaven, not even a pore; how would he be so easy! But Hell hurts, sin is fleshy and wraps it around your soul. I devoutly loved him. I always carried his eyes in the ring, vicious, shrouded stones; my gestures grew hard. When I saw him, I stepped out my relief for the first time; I was arrogant, I never exposed myself before the world. And now, there I ly, like a maiden’s newborn, ready for sale on the market. Your tiger, your brother and king of Theben.

These emptied spaces make it necessary to not call it a translation at all anymore. All the more, as
-we treasure else lasker-schüler, the artist and her work; we do not want set any trial or judgement upon her
-we acknowledge and value the work as an important piece of art and an important historical document; we do not want to erase parts of it
-moreover it’s contradictions seem an urgent contemporary and an all-time reminder of what our societies and cultures mind-set and language (still) is based on; we do not want to make them invisible in its original version or in a translation (that claims to represent the original work); we don’t dare touching them but at the same time they seem so relevant and it reflected the time we live in (same with the Piper letters).
The only possible solution we could think of is to call it an appropriation. In which case we do need time, as well as we offer and expect effort to think and to work on that much, much more. “on that” meaning
-investigating on and within the methods of appropriation
-still accordingly to what we do not want to replicate or distribute in this specific work
-based on how we do want to work, distribute, act as artists and students, that is to say anti-racist
Yet we are far from evolving a solution, some arguments were already stated and a vague visions on this thinkable appropriation already fell
-passages emptied out and left empty is still no appropriation we want to distribute
-we wether do not want overwrite them or rewrite into a linear interpretation
-nor we do not want to recreate the “othering” at all
-hierarchies are existing and need to be acknowledged and observed
Based on that and still vague two visions came into our minds already
-the emptied spaces could be a space for reflecting or digesting the oppressiveness, the possessiveness by itself (or this could also be a possibility for piper?)
-this emptied space could used as silence to hear out and listen to another authors voice, to another fictional figure (within this spaces where beforehand the figure of possession had been constructed)
... (more about and more to coming soon.. hopefully together) ...

14. Letter

Look, dear, blue Franz, I drew our splendid lawyer Caro. Bearing the divorce paragraph on his cheek. He is cheering us with his songs of May. He sits between us and sings about love. You shall only talk to valuable people about love, so the talk wouldn’t become a task of diligence. I’m only talking about love, but most of the angels converted to cynism. Upon my life as prince, dear half-brother, there is no one in town I’m able to talk about love. I’m kissing you, your hand.

We do want to stay on working on our class-project with you and we do want to work on a solution for our publication together with you! This is not a denial nor a protest against that. We grasp it as part of the whole progress. Especially in the face of the deadline we needed and still need to reflect and clarify to further on what we agree upon to do so. We still do need to and want to do that together with you, with the whole class!

*) according to the critical edition

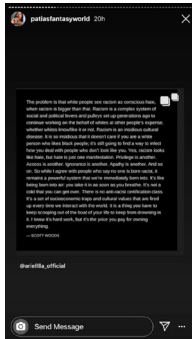


15. Letter

Franz, you! Yesterday I had a great joy, the Cyclops Dr. Gottfried Benn had me his new verse: „Sons“, dedicated! they are moon red, earth hard, wild twilights, hammers in the blood. Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: [mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 3. Juni 2020 um 17:54:53 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 3. Juni 2020 um 17:54:53 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 3. Juni 2020 um 17:54:53 MESZ

here the toni morrison interview i wanted to show you
-Toni Morrison interview w Charlie Rose, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I-siETgcYM7s>
the whole thing is very good, the part about white people being the ones having the problem of being racist and should have an interest figuring it out i wanted to show you is between min. 36,29 - min. 41,05
and the quote i was referring to, with racism being like breathing air..
x

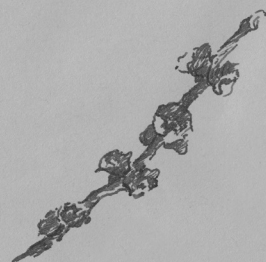


16. Letter
Dear Ruben.
I realize you caught me in faithfulness! Since I lost Giselheer, I can no longer cry and no longer laugh. He drilled a hole in my heart. It doesn't bleed, it is open like the Ground of a leaked eye. I wrote to him: "Gisel, king, I don't know whether I sleep or wake up, I think I don't know anything anymore." If he saw me like this, he would love me, he likes everything that is dead, what he can take away. Such a barbarian! I was the sudden hill of the grapevines, I carried throbbing berries in my hair, when the boar broiled I juggled about his life. Dear blue rider, I did not write to you for a whole week, I was sick. Doctor Benn I called, who said that the hole in my heart could be sewn with a single thread. I trusted him with the story of my love, showed him Giselheer's letters and told him everything. He claims I put my world in G., and he has no idea about me. When I think of how G. drew a line under my coat like under the lacquer shoes of a doll----- If my city ever knew that , my honored chiefs and my credible people, I would never become emperor. If only I had my presents again, which he sent to him: my cre cent moon, the rose comets, my purple fountain and my silver Levkoye. "He" gave me a disappointment. I am pale until tomorrow, I sob at noon, but in the evening I burn in all gloomy colors. I promised on my honor to Benn, that I would no longer think of the poor king, who does not even have a heart to waste. Your faithful brother

Betreff: Aw: {mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 3. Juni 2020 um 17:28:10 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 3. Juni 2020 um 17:28:10 MESZ

As agreed upon in the class meeting we have a new document now for all comments on our translation: Piper's glossary on ELS's "Der Malik"!
Please find the shared document here: <https://www.protectedtext.com/Piper-hasaproblemwithElse>
PW: [REDACTED]
It works like a Google Doc, just less functions and no registration needed. Link and the password are sufficient.
All best
Piper

17. Letter
Franz, I was yesterday in the synagogue temple but I was soon strolling back home again. You should not stay any longer in the palace of God, as the prayer of the heart lasts. I love the Day of Atonement, it seems the first kings of the Jews already celebrated it. The blood does not need a potion that day, it rushes to God. My father celebrated and fasted the missing meal, he was wild Jews Tyll Eulenspiegel and his prayer to the wedding with God broke away from his lips like a toast. He had never sat by the waters of Babel and bewailed, never sneaked knuckled down through the dolefulness rain of the ghetto's streets. Everything was bright in him and spring, He owned the city and every house, and every man and every fortune to give away. And he built towers that threatened all roofs when the storm came. He didn't like the clock, because it controlled the time. His whole lifetime the big atrocity story of his grandfather, who was a high priest, was his motive. On the evening of the Day of Atonement, he sat at the table and dined, around him his twentythree sons and their innumerable sons and daughters and grandsons and my father, who was the youngest of the twelve brothers of the twenty-third son of my greatgrandfather. When it knocked quietly at the gate of his house, Babel, the eldest son of my great-grandfather, stood up but he did not bring the late guest who demanded to enter. And one after another the twentythree sons of my great-grandfather and the twelve sons of his youngest favourite son are rising, my father armed with his fork and all the other grandsons and granddaughters and all the servants and maids and his dogs and the grey donkey came out of the stable, and my father's red cat, who had to erode everything for him, and the ten poorest of the poor in the community which were dining at the table of their high priest in the evening of the feast. And my great grandfather himself rose, but they did not find the guest who interrupted the celebration of the feast. And my great-grandfather had his feet washed and rushed to the cemetery with his children and his children's children, and the children of his children's children and his entire household and those who were selected among the poor; - there his dearest companion was laying excavated from the Christians, stripped from his last shirt, the eyes opened like he did in life when his sanctified friend visited him. Your deeply moved Jussuf.



Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 1. Juni 2020 um 16:07:41 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com
Kopie: mailto: @googlegroups.com



Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 1. Juni 2020 um 01:15:09 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Dearest, did I still not answer your calls?
If I wouldn't be afraid of the nothing, I can tell you, I did kill myself in a minute.
World's a blast, you shall not .. Sorry,
mixing up already, dearest:
Story, I would have liked to tell you about Else loved that Blonde
so tender and so soft.
Space, I would have showed you some gestures that would describe
how lonely and postures how close to me you are.
Image, i would drag you into Giovanni's room too and after that break our
name-dropping into km² pieces.
My time to speak with you will be an hour and something past by now and the last
phonebooks in reach fell from a thousand years a far into an echo apart.
Yet to know that they exist apart of ..
Still there's no ending to something that hasn't happened yet,

18. Letter

You golden blue rider. I should also tell you about my mother. She always was veiled; nobody was worthy of her beauty and majesty. But I will tell you about her, until my heart encloses her remembrance. My heart blossoms, when I think about my mother. I have no secrets from her, she had taken me away from earth with her, she stayed here on earth in my heart; I am life and tomb; therefore my mood changes unexpectedly often from the saddest to cheering. Your lonely Jussuf.

but "When I see you again, it will be something truly beautiful and glorious.
Time flies when one is obsessed and I am.
It's been over 3 months now since all that whatever and well I thought I would just say it: hasn't time flown by.
Yes, I wanted to tell you that the most ridiculously pathetic scenes are to be taken seriously.
I don't really miss the city.
So difficult living up on an alp.
Great meeting you."

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 31. Mai 2020 um 15:53:42 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto: @googlegroups.com>

Hello dear class,

I need to bring something up again which is somehow really bothering me.
Due to the new events during this semester concerning racism (in the US/still our world! And I think ,our Society' has also it's flaws...)
I'm against a trigger warning but would be (if possible at all) for a positioning as an art class.
I know it's an old language and it's the work of Else Lasker-Schüler but we already transformed it so much and thinking about that she was not intending to use certain terms in a racist sense, maybe more as ,pet names' / (Kosenamen) - why can't we translate the now racist terms to how she might have used them nowadays? - also with respect that she used such a sensible language. I think that she wouldn't like to use the terms in the way they are triggering certain things nowadays. I'm not even sure anymore if the skin color would matter then.

19. Letter

My halfbrother, your new painting, the old city of Theben is in my anteroom to be looked at by all of my people. The paintings colours light the city in the evening when my somalis carry it through the streets. Tomorrow I will celebrate your feast, the day of the blue rider; ornate carpets already hang from the roofs, and the squares are sprinkled with rose pedals. My dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, brother, today I don't know what else to write. Your loyal Jussuf.

And since we also discussed last year ‚Ciphers of regression‘ I think we should also think about progressive/regressive forms and decisions.
I'm really frustrated how discussions were limited in this semester and that it's not really possible to argue and discuss certain things in depth except like in smaller groups...
I just needed to say this before we ‚finalize‘ this project. I would be interested what others think.
Piper

20. Letter

Franz. I send you two occidental poets, Peter Baum and the second, Albert Ehrenstein, who wrote the Tubutsch, for your museum. I greet you. Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 30. Mai 2020 um 20:28:58 MESZ
An: mailto: at googlegroups.com

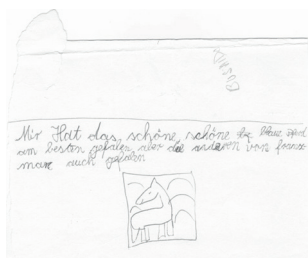
親愛なる他の
映画「マンディ」はもう見ましたか？
私は昨夜それを見て、それ以来ずっと不安を感じています



21. Letter

my beloved ruben, to worship you, fills me with more joy than watching 150 birds sitting in front of my window. i am going to war against one of the wild tribes. i myself will be leading at the forefront. i'm tiring out. please be with me. i want to be in reverence to myself once again. soon our blood will be high up in the stars. marei, deliver my love. your warrior

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 30. Mai 2020 um 19:17:50 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto:}@googlegroups.com>



22. Letter

dear blue rider,

the battle yesterday was bloody and it lasted until night. we captured three ogres. now, they are playing dice with my soldiers, whilst longing for their young flesh. i feel bad for them. while we can please ourselves with rabbit meat, they are much harder to satisfy. my heart is what they are craving, my heart cooked in a savory bouillon. so i try to make up for it, give them glittering stones, perls, one of them i even gave my precious ring. i cannot stand their agony. you, my pious brother, would glorify them. paint them, so that they will only be eating angles instead. i am joking whilst writing with blood. after the battle i was laying wide awake next to my snoring, brave soldiers; only my somali oßman was looking straight to me, which made me simmer down after all the horrors. your jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 30. Mai 2020 um 08:52:10 MESZ
An: mailto:}@googlegroups.com

Hi friend,

how are you? Recently I have sent you more of "Der Malik" translated to English – but the message has been returned as "undeliverable". I hope my transmission will reach you this time?

Wieland Herzfelde has written a remarkable sketch about Else Lasker-Schüler, from which we want to quote the following passage: My first encounter with the poet, who was reading together with Franz Werfel in the "Frankfurter Loge" on March 24, 1914, ended the adventure of letter writing, which I had begun without even anticipating its consequences for my life. (For example, the poet caused me to add an e to my name. "Herzfeld", she said, that sounds like a slow train. Herzfelde on the other sounds like an express train.) Our meeting was a fortunate experience for me. I had never seen and heard poets read before. The diary reports about it: "Strangely enough, I had no heartbeat during the trip to Frankfurt... In the "Frankfurter Loge" I stood out from the other gentlemen, who were all there in evening dresses. About 500 seats and only 100 to 125 people, mostly young people. Many of them were chattering and joking around etc.

Suddenly it got dark, and Mrs. Lasker-Schüler stepped onto the stage. The first impression exceeded my expectations by far. She was wearing a blue silk robe, wide trousers, silver shoes, a kind of wide jacket, her hair like silk, deep black, wild at times, then again sensually soft. That's what surprised me so much: Jussuf was so completely female; she was so beautiful, full of sensuality, I wouldn't have thought so, since she was already 38 years old. [The author added in 1969: "That she was not born in 1876 but in 1869, seven years older, I could not know at that time"]. And I was even more astonished by her lecture. I always thought she spoke softly, sadly, dreaming. Her words were hard, glassy. Like metal they glowed. Never did they tremble. And suddenly the poems always broke off. One was shocked each time. I had to get used to it. It wasn't speaking, it was singing, ecstatic, eternally resounding, like the magic prayer of an oriental prophet. The term 'prophet' could not leave me. One heard almost only hurled vowels, no consonants. One hiatus after another. Like the glaring Indian sun. Only sometimes one heard infinitely earthly, familiar, an 'r', like the giggling of a fountain; very short, but unforgettable. When I first heard the poems being recited I felt how much they were poetic, how they were not intentional at all. My poetry, on the other hand, is a kind of swindle. I think too much. I hope I'll get out of that habit. At the end Jussuf read the essay "contra B. and comrades". And she lowered herself more towards the audience. The Prophet became a lady. She read so politely. But in this politeness lay an irony - which was beautiful. And that's marvellous. I have always found irony

23. Letter

Ruben, i am in the midst of battle, Ruben think of me; o love me, so that i am not alone.

to be unaesthetic, almost tactless. But it was childish and infinitely deep and sad, although there was a lot to laugh about. As she said, “- many greetings, your Robinson,” it sounded like velvet sugar, but so smiling, unaffected, wise...”

“For 50 minutes she spoke, but I had no concept of time. Again and again I had to remember that she stood there like a prophet of a world of colour and sounds and passions, clear as crystal, without any mist, without doubt. Jussuf knows no compromise... She is unambiguous and therefore can only grasp and suffer clarity. As soon as she is disgusted by something, she doesn't give in or get distracted etc., but becomes either clearly rejecting or absolutely passive, like a thing, lets everything happen to her... When she was finished with the lecture, she made a very funny bow, just like at the beginning, like a boy, but not shy, only cheerful. There was quite a lot of clapping... I had already been surprised about the people who were there and I am convinced that almost all considered Lasker-Schüler an oddity and most of them were there out of curiosity and to have a say; also to be admired and to pose. From the following pages in the diary - they refer to Franz Werfel's lecture - I quote only a brief comparison: “He does not recite the poems, but plays them out like an actor. Therefore, half an hour after the end I still trembled with excitement, which his recitation gave me. This is not the case with Jussuf. She does not play the poems, but redoes them at the moment of the recitation. That's why I prefer her kind even more than Werfels...”

Many greetings
Your R.

24. Letter

You, the soldiers are thrilled, we took Irsahab, the golden city. I threw a celebration where my soldiers had to address the residents informally. Now they waltz through the streets and are bringing me torchlight processions. Who defies my orders in frankness will be speared. Above us rises a new constellation; it shall be called Ruben. Your ensouled prince. Message: If the moon is round, we shall move east. My temple is mildly wounded. Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 29. Mai 2020 um 21:41:14 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto: @googlegroups.com>

Hi Piper, thanks for calling me this afternoon, even though it was on the sad occasion of Irm Hermann's death. Given this, I am not convinced that this is the right moment for me to come over?

Do you remember when we watched RWF's „Warnung vor einer heiligen Nutte“ in January? I was reminded of this Thomas Mann quote the film ends with: “I tell you that I am often tired to death of representing the human without participating in the human ...” (Alas, craving for skin!) After our conversation this afternoon I read into some of the homages to Hermann in German newspapers. Please let me translate this short and beautiful passage from Georg Seeßlen for you: “For she was not playing, she was the young woman from the southern German petty bourgeoisie who dreamed of doing ‘something completely different’ from what she seemed to be destined to do by class destiny. But the content of her play was just that: the formalisms, the limitations, the sadness, even the violence of the petty bourgeoisie ... Her style was a special form of abstraction. The words came out of her like something foreign that one has to acquire with great effort and defiance ...” If you haven't seen it I highly recommend to watch “Die bitteren Tränen der Petra von Kant”.

25. Letter

O Ruben, I love only the battle anymore, the war-bagpipes, coconut drums, my warriors and my battle jewelry. I knew only one envy in life – if soldiers marched

There is a sequence with Margit Carstensen talking in monologue, Hanna Schygulla dancing, and in the background you see Irm Herman writing on a type writer. The subtitles are horrible and out of sync: "People are hard and brutal. Everyone is replaceable."
Take care.
Piper

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Fw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 29. Mai 2020 um 21:23:18 MESZ
An: mailto: at google groups .com

Dearest,
During this time of isolation I work and work and work. French prisons authorities and gave inmates brown paper from which they were required to make bags.. There is not much else to do anyways, so give me paper, I might as well make paper bags. Conversations have run dry, even with myself and I have sunk to the bottom of a cosy horror. A friend once wrote from his prison cell "The world is dying in panicky fright...But where I am I can muse in comfort on the lovely dead of yesterday, today, and tomorrow." Enjoying a tranquility reserved for only a few I am suffering of something one could call 'boredom'. I used to take pride in never being bored but now, I am bored, but bored and amorous!
So this brings me to the reason I am writing this letter. I am hungry for skin and was wondering perhaps you'd like to come over? Bring your sinister playfulness.
Yours forever,

26. Letter

Think of the terror and treachery in my army; some querulous soldier sneaked into my tent at night and took this letter from me, which I have been carrying on my chest since childhood: "Dear little Gisela. We both sit on the playground in the old palace in Thebes and play together with lumber, wooden legs and scuts of the smashed rocking horses. Dusty fezzes, tattered turbans, and pieces of cedar wood lay all over the place (up to the exit). We run up the spiral staircase, which is already cracking – its rotten steps are wobbling like the teeth of eunuchs. You're the sweetest thing I know, you're made of honey – if only no bear would come and lick you up. I am very little, too. I always play hide and seek with my hands or shimmer with my fingers in the sun. You are always hitting, but mostly we are two hedgehogs rolling over the cracked rocks – or earthworms, once we hear voices we crawl into a corner. You have eyes yellow like the sun, who are you? And you always have sugar in your mouth; once you wanted to give me one of your teeth for my birthday, but the barber made fun of you. Do you remember? I would have worn it on a necklace. Oh, I want to have hair as light as yours, useless, unbelieving (?) eyelashes as you, oh, I want to have a chin pit like you – and I also want to travel to your home where the snow grows; oh, beloved Gisela–Yours, Memedjussuf."

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:} Rights
Datum: 28. Mai 2020 um 18:01:59 MESZ
An: mailto: at google groups .com

Dear Else,
As asked for, a little drawing from my trip to Paris.
I give you all the rights and also the permission to decolorate it.
Cheers



27. Letter

Ruben, I made a fool of myself among my soldiers, even if they don't dare to flinch in my presence. I betrayed by myself, believe to hear dogs growling: I am not a loyal Thebanian, prefer any non believer, love the northern part of the earth. My dearest Ossman, covered me at night with his clothes, he fears an assault. I should become emperor. My people shall be in awe of me; for even the people of Thebes are no match for such amorous games. Your poor Playprince.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Fw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 26. Mai 2020 um 01:38:54 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Hi Jon, Jonny dear, Ioann, Wanja, Ivan
Hänschen!

Thank you for your letter, I am so happy to hear from you again. I have to admit though, I disagree there was a betrayal. Instead I thought it was a kind of conceptual approach to letter writing. It simply referred not to the plot but to the framework and conditions of the writing process. But yes, you are right, a protected space is a necessity for art, however I doubt there is such space in the art world at all. I know you know that better than me. If we need that space, we have to create it ourselves. It is in us and we can share it, by standing in for our convictions. By the way, one of the first epistolary novels „Love-Letters between a Noble-Man and his Sister“ by Aphra Behns written 1684 was full of melodrama and intrigue. Virginia Woolfs said about this writer “All women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn, for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds.”

yours sincerely,
C.

x

p.s. Speak it out, you're Hans! I adore your work and your intelligence. You can trust it. See you soon. Perhaps we should have a look on some shows? Would you like to join me? I would love that.

28. Letter

My Half-brother. I threw the spear and caught the enemies weapon with bear chest. We fought like maniacal beasts. I lead my soldiers through the river Pison, the woods beyond this stream are blue and the animals in the undergrowth are tame. I will bring to you two living leopards, which shall guard you and your wife, Marcia. We walked through the canyons and caves of the mountain Gibson and captured the wild inhabitants; they showed us the paths through the landscape of Eden back to the plain. We bring lots of foreign herbs and hard stones and heroic hearts. Don't be frightened, I come as emperor home. Until the light arose my warriors and captured enemies, with whom my soldiers shared their clothing with, were screaming through the streets of my new capital city Marcia. Long life our big Abigail to the first!

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Fw: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 18. Mai 2020 um 10:51:00 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Dear Else,

it's a while since I heard from you. Our last conversation felt like a betrayal, an attempt of an embarrassing exposure of thoughts and feelings taken out an intimate and protected space.

I feel very sensitive towards such actions since I got bullied a lot in school. I was in love with a boy and wrote about my hide feelings to a friend. I kept my password Dogs123 on my desk at home which a girl from my class saw and passed it around. The next morning everyone read about my feelings and I felt so ashamed I wanted to sink into the ground forever.

In the weekend I took a walk into the city. I must have passed that cathedral you described. Please protect the old guy inside of you so he won't jump.

At home my boy plays with his dolls. He puts them to sleep and covers their whole body with small blankets like they cover dead bodies in the daily news.

In my dreams I hear a boy singing about his broken heart. It's one of the most beautiful songs I have ever heard.

Are you still there? I hope you are fine.

Yours,

Jon

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h
Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 16:30:36 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com
Kopie: mailto: @googlegroups.com

29. Letter

My Ruben. All love, all joy have sunk into me. Oßman, my companion, saw my heavy tears fall. To be emperor - means to be a breathing monument; beneath it the emperor's personality is buried. I am to look at, I am to be decorated in the middle of other's lives; I gave mine for that. (But how long it takes?!) Abigail Jussuf Basileus.

I don't hear you
Now I hear you
What do you think
I was so blind at one point
Somehow, I think it can be nice
Or maybe... let it go
I don't know
It becomes unauthentic
That's true – or an empty gesture
You can play with that
You always have the mistakes
I like them
I'll keep the essence
Let it sit for a while
I would rather do
It could take all directions
It pretends and becomes weird
Give it a direction, like a drill
It has different things in his head
Keep it a little dense and concentrated
Something like that
What is already there
Any Questions....

30. Letter

Ruben, my half-brother. Almost all day I sit on the roof of the palace. My people always want to see their emperor. From one eye my people are looking aloft me, calling for me from one mouth. I do not have the right to withdraw into my chambers since my people are hungry for me. From being a prince to becoming emperor my responsibility grew over night infinite. Your Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Fw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 16:21:10 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Liebe Else,
Ich habe heute wieder das Tor gesehen, vor meinem Fenster. Es stand soweit offen wie noch nie, und die weißen Wände der Kathedrale schienen das Licht direkt hinein zu leiten.
Wie man dort hinkommt kann ich in meinem Nebel nicht sagen. Das Kind weiß es wohl, das Kind in mir. Der Alte würde wohl einen Sprung vom Mittelschiff der Kathedrale wagen.
Ich weiß nicht wie lange es noch da sein wird, morgen soll es regnen. Jene die meine Einsamkeit nicht auszuhalten vermögen konnten schon eintreten.
Es scheint und schmilzt ganz anders als erwartet, wie weißer Stein aus Glas. Weit unter dem Tor liegt eine Frau auf der Straße, und ein schlafender Junge wartet in ihrem Wagen. Sie hat es wohl versucht.
Das Tor, das erschloss sich mir in letzter Zeit, urteilt nicht, weder über jene die es nicht über sich bringen, noch über jene die aus Übermut übertreten.
Wenn aber das Blut in meinem Körper wieder stehenbleibt, dann nimmt der Nebel wieder den Hebel in die Hand, und mein Blick nach draussen wandert ziellos, so wie mein Körper es seit Jahren tut. Dann werden bellende Hunde wieder wach. Dann bleiben wieder alle Tore verschlossen.
Liebe Grüße

31. Letter

My princely brother. You are scared I might fall ill from that many new work of state business that deprives me of rest. Once I'm sick, my interest fades, but now through the new imperial sun I regard the preservation of my recently warmed force as a property of the realm entrusted to me. I want to confess to you alone, I am happy when my people plant themselves in front of my palace. The city gave me a bodyguard of hundreds of soldiers, they are wearing blue pearl belts around their haunch and they understand how the wild tribes throw the boomerang. They stood on my right and on my left side of the first emperor's table, I sat on a golden tablethrone, which a rich owner of muscat plantations near Thebes was allowed to give to me. Listen, Ruben, another silliness - I wrote a love poem while I was dining. Ruben, listen, another rashness. I addressed my whole guard informally. Your swaying emperor and brother. Message: My coronation ceremony takes place on the third Muharam, three days after the bread harvest. You and your woman Marcia I expect. Abigail Yusef.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: [mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 13:42:04 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 13:09:31 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 13:09:31 MESZ>

sza
https://www.instagram.com/p/B_52_9GH5kY/
I didn't wanna watch the video cause I'm tired of seeing Black Death on the internet.. I never seen a person killed in real time before I saw it happen over and over again to unarmed black men women and children.. on live . That shit is weird and strange and traumatizing . I can't explain if it's worse having to post or posting and nothing changing ..ALL THE TIME. I eventually watched the video last night. couldn't even bring myself to watch Sean Reed cause I already knew how it ended . I'm tired and have nothing positive to say . I jus wanted to do this man some justice . Our death is not a high-light reel . WE'RE ALREADY DYING AT A DIS-PROPORTIONATE RATE FROM COVID . WE CANT JOG ?we can't play? CANT BE ? Man I'm exhausted . thankful for the gift of my people tho .. I know we chosen for something higher .. blessings yal (pls advise : CORRECT EMAIL IS Tom.burden@libertycountyda.com)

32. Letter

Ruben, I gathered all the children from the city in my palace around me. My Oßman brought every single one of them on his bare back here. I wore a long coat full of stars and lots, lots of jags around the head and gave the children, toys and goodies as presents. In addition each could select one, after their name. Nearly all wanted to be named Ruben after you, my dear brother, I cry even of emotion. Some wish to call Abigail because the name sounded too new for them and they didn't know how to take it. But as like the Prince of Theben, many little boys named themselves Jussuf and put it around their bodies like a feather belt. And Mareia, is the name all the little girls use to call themselves. One of the boys wanted to be named after my Oßman, because of his sharply filed teeth. It struck me strangely that the son of the soldier wanted, who once secretly stole the children's letter from me in the tent - Gisel - heer to be called.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: [mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 13:09:31 MESZ
An: Mail to Class <mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 13:09:31 MESZ>

<https://soundcloud.com/lonelyboys/change?in=lonelyboys/sets/male-confidence>

#Whyareyoutellingmethis

My mother told me that the word bowdlerised was derived from the actions of Thomas Bowdler, who was famous for rewriting the works of Shakespeare in a way he deemed appropriate for 19th century women and children. In his *The Family Shakespeare* (1807), he edited out any bad language, references to sex, murder or anything and anyone else he deemed unsuitable for family reading.

'It's a scary thought isn't it?' my mother concluded. 'That everything you think you know has had most of the content taken out, and all the stories in your head are just designed to protect you from the realities of human nature?' I answered that I didn't find it scary, and she said that she knew I didn't because I was a big brave boy.

'But now you're all grown up,' she continued, 'I thought I should come clean and admit that I bowdlerised some of the stories I told you in accordance with my belief in the free market. I did it because I felt this was the best way to protect you, but now you're older I worry that these oversimplifications of human behavior have affected you adversely.

'I'm fine,' I replied, confused as to why she was making such a fuss about nothing. She looked at me, concerned, then asked if I could remember the story of the Trojan Horse, which was my favourite growing up.

'Of course I remember,' I replied.

'Well, the version I told you is not the version most people know. I bowdlerised the story so much that it wasn't really the same story anymore.'

'Why are you telling me this? Of course I know that,' I answered, perplexed.

'I know you know, but let me finish. When I told my Trojan Horse story to children after you, I realised that I should change the title because the version of the story I told was so different from the original one that they could get confused. So I called my version *The Aspirational Horse*.

'OK.' I answered, as naturally I didn't mind what she called it.

'So the Trojan Horse and *The Aspirational Horse* are in fact different stories.

'Why are you telling me this?' I asked again. 'Of course I know the difference between your Trojan Horse and the Trojan Horse.

'And you know all the bits about the Trojans looking in awe at the aspirational horse is not in the version of the Trojan Horse most people know.'

'Yes of course I know that,' I answered, beginning to lose my temper, but she carried on regardless. 'And the way the aspirational horse conquered all those hearts and brought the Greeks and the Trojans together. That's just *The Aspirational Horse*.'

'Mum!' I snapped in disbelief, 'I've read books since I was a child and I know what happens in the original Trojan Horse story.'

'So you know I changed what happens?'

'Yes! I'm a big boy.' I enunciated, loud and clear.

'Oh that's such a relief to hear,' she replied, 'I don't know why I was sure you didn't.'

-Oliver Corino, 2018

33. Letter

Ruben, I plan to invite poets from different countries to my coronation ceremony: my wonderful friend, the King of Bohemia and the Prince of Prague; Richard the poet prince of the forest, and my youngest pen pal Wieland Herzfelde. How do you feel about my plan? I have already written, felt, thought, and poetized the coronation speech at the time of my princely dignity. Be without concern, Ruben. I – I – I will show it to you first. Your Abigail.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Fw: Aw: Re: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday,
April 21st, 15h Datum: 13. Mai 2020 um 09:42:11 MESZ
An: mailto: {mailto:} @googlegroups.com

Dear ,
you were asking me about those feelings of loneliness I have... thinking about it there came something to my mind i was reading last summer on the beach. It was a novel about a boy who wanted to create the impression to his mother that he is popular in school and faked being invited to a ski holiday with a group of the most prestigious kids - the rich and the beautiful - in his class. The time he should have been on ski holidays he hid himself in a cellar with a stack of supplies... During this time he is recalling some memories. One of them was that he was sitting next to his mother in the car. She bumped into another man's car who got so furious about his broken off mirror. After she got out of the car to handle the situation calmly he called her a spoiled whore and pushed her on the street. The boy felt unable to get out of his seat to protect her.... and passed out after a while by the anger he felt... I wonder about the expectations of society and their parents that drive men into shelters...
I feel the loneliness of every single man and lonely boy in the world.
Yours
xx

34. Letter

Dear Ruben, I also invited the great sons and daughters of Thebes into my house. They all were humming a tune when they left me, and it resounded through the night; since then my city is sweet and young. Ruben, I have also bestowed my loyal Black servant Oßman. With this I fulfilled the most unrealizable thought of his life. He shall be emperor one day a year, emperor of Thebes! I myself will be the loyal subject of the person of color, one among his one-day people. I may enjoy this humility and this grace. Abigail the first of Thebes

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:} Mein Hund und ich finden die Else toll, aber er hat das Buch gefressen und jetzt können wir nicht mehr weiterlesen
Datum: 12. Mai 2020 um 20:17:17 MESZ
An: mailto: {mailto:} @googlegroups.com

Liebe Piper, Gail und andere Genossen
Ich weiß leider nicht worum es hier geht. Denn mein Hund hat mir den Malik gefressen.
Er hat es wohl aus Bosheit getan, denn er ist ein sehr nachtragendes Vieh. Er schlang der Else ihre Worte Seite für Seite hinunter. Im Badezimmer hatte er sich verkrochen, in der Dusche und ich musste zuhören wie er all die Rubengesichter und wehenden Fahnen mit Gusto zerriss.



35. Letter

My dear Brother. I couldn't sleep all night. I'm awake/I watch over, since I'm emperor, often with the moon, sometimes together with the chieftrain for the weal of my people. You know, I have always loved the night and I longed in the sun for the stellar constellation. But yesterday I just thought of you, my dear Ruben, and drew your brotherface on the ceiling between mosaic of my chamber. Longhaired, thin fur around your shoulder — afar drifting your brown eyes and your hand is grasping after the first morning streak of the sky, oneself gravating a shepherd's stick. You great shepherd among the princes, you emir, you messias of all animals of the bridal grove, of the sombre primeval forest. You blue char-ioteer, you auburn jackal, who is fetching the gazelle from rock. You taught me the word from chaste homicide. Thou art Ruben, yet untasted person of the bible. Your brother Jussuf.

Es war ein trauriger Tag und ich weinte stundenlang. Dem Hundsvieh vergeben war ein schwerer Akt. Zwar schlich er zu Boden gedrückt daher und machte gar verzeihungsheischende Gesichter, doch erst seine großen braunen Kulleraugen brachten mich zur Vernunft. Er war trotz allem doch ein lieber Hund und ich war ihm wohl auch einige Male auf die Pfoten getreten, als er um mich herumstrich, nach Liebkosungen bettelnd. Versunken in dieser fremden schönen Welt, hatte ich seine kleinen Beine übersehen und war ihm nacheinander, eins, zwei, drei, vier wie im Stepptanz draufgetreten. Ich sagte ihm: „Verzeih mir liebster Freund“ und er reichte mir seine weiche kleine Pfote. Wir sind nun wieder Kameraden und diese Geschichte ist am Ende.

Aber ich habe jetzt keinen Malik mehr den ich lesen kann und halbe Sachen sind mir ein wohlbekanntes und unerwünschtes Übel. Der Hund schläft schon, denn auch ihm wurde die Zeit ohne erzähltechnischen Fortschritt lang. Deshalb schreibe ich jetzt meine eigene Geschichte. Später kann ich ja immer noch so tun als wäre sie mir vollkommen neu.

Sodann. Die Rubengesichter hatten sich versammelt. Alle hatten sie große, stolze Adlernasen und drohende Stechaugen. Sie kamen immer nachts zusammen, sobald alle anderen Menschen bereits schliefen. Denn sie hatten geheime Dinge zu besprechen, die nur den Ohren der Rubengesichter gedacht waren. Sobald ihre Versammlung beendet war, breiteten sie alle ihre Flügel aus und flogen heim, um sich nun auch endlich im Schlaf zu erholen. Nur die große Rubentaube musste sitzen bleiben, denn sie war zu groß für die kleinen Fenster der Versammlungshalle. Irgendwann hatte man vergessen ihr das Tor aufzusperren; So saß sie also seit geraumer Zeit in der ehrwürdigen Halle fest. Mit jedem neuen Tag hatte sie sich mehr daran gewöhnt und es immer mehr genossen ihr gewaltiges Federkleid über die hölzernen Sitzbänke rauschen lassen zu können. Der Prinzessin des Landes, mit Namen Kesele Mio jedoch tat die Rubentaube leid. Sie pflegte zu sagen: „Die riesengroße Taube mit dem riesengroßen Rubengesicht sollte endlich wieder frei sein!“ Denn sie erinnerte sich daran wie schön es war, sie über die rubinfarbenen Dächer der Stadt schweben zu sehen. So wurden auf ihren Befehl alle Mondkälber der Stadt zusammengerufen, um ihr schauerlichstes Lied zu singen. Während sie sangen, flossen ihnen tausend Tränen aus den Augen. Die wurden zum Himmel gezogen und fielen als Regen zurück zur Erde. Es war die schönste Weise die die Mondkälber jemals gesungen hatten.

36. Letter

Brother. The models of the basileus crown are hung in the town house, under glass, for my thebetans to look at. Basileus.

Mein Hund hatte einen sehr genialen Einfall. Wir sollten die Geschichte so belassen. Denn mit hungrigen Magen ließe sich schlecht ein Märchen komponieren. Er ist ja auch ein sehr gewitzter Kerl. Ich kann ihm aber nur beipflichten. Daher werden die Mondkälber einstweilig das Ende sein. Außer jemand anderes hätte Lust sie fortzuführen. Ich muss jetzt Wiener Würsteln anbraten, denn mein Hund ist ein ungeduldiger Connoisseur.

Liebe Grüße vom Hund und mir.

37. Letter

Hark brother; my Ottoman revealed to me that the city of Thebes would transfer thirty million Mammothaler to me upon my coronation. I shall have three temples erected in my Thebes: the Temple of Awe, the Temple of Prayer, and the Temple of Love. The Venus of Siam shall be fetched and brought to my city, you see, Ruben – and if that means killing all of Siam in battle, then so be it. Whatever the Basileus desires, he shall receive. I know you do not doubt my wantless word; not even the poorest pauper should question it. And this too you must hear, brother, my people's frenzy grows daily, occupied with the upcoming nuptials of their Basileus; venerated chiefs convene in the arches of my palace, discussing the courtship. The young Prince Sasha of Moscow, the new Turkish Minister of Defence, Enver Bey are amongst the final contenders. I am not opposed to either three; however, I hope that my prized folk, whom I have left this decision up to, will choose in favor of Enver Bey. Abigail Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:} Mhmmm
Datum: 12. Mai 2020 um 19:05:45 MESZ
An: mailto: {mailto:} @googlegroups.com

Mhmm,

Wie muss es

Wie ist es wohl von deiner Mutter verstoßen zu werden? Wenn sie dir ihre Liebe verwehrt? Wo Liebe Überleben ist.

Im jüngstem Alter, dein Haar noch von Ihrem Saft durchtränkt an deinem Kopfe klebt. Das Blut, das durch deine Adern pumpt noch ihres ist. Wenn das Wasser in deinen Zellen noch nach Mutter schmeckt und dein Nabel noch nicht versteht, warum er fortan hungern muss, wo er doch Liebe war. Wo Liebe Überleben ist. Ob man versteht, trauert und seiner Enttäuschung Emotion verleiht? Oder ist es reiner Überlebensinstinkt, der einen plärren und leiden lässt?

Ich stelle mir diese Fragen, während ich hier in meiner rechten eine Flasche mit körperwarmen Milch halte, in meiner Linken ein wochenaltes Lamm. Ich nahm mir Piper an, nachdem sich ihre Erzeugerin nach langer, schmerzhafter und wahrscheinlich traumatisierender Geburt von ihr abwendete und nie wieder zu ihr zurückschauen wollte.

Ich konnte spürbar den Boden des Gefäßes in ihrem Wesen sehen, das bis dato vor Liebe überquoll. Gierig und bedürftig lechzte Piper nach Ersatz, nach einer



38. Letter

Dear brother, I am sending you pictures of the two occidental poets that are dear to me. For my coronation I shall have the poet Richard Dehmel receive the Star of Khalifa, and the poet Franz Werfel the golden Rose. The Austrian Kardinal Karl has been staying in my city Thebes for several days. His mild, blue eyes are two sights to see. Abigail.

Spenderin, die die Leere in ihrem Inneren füllen sollte.
 Oh wie naiv ich doch auf die billigste und wohl älteste List der Welt hineinfel.
 Ich, selbständige, emanzipierte und überzeugte nicht-Mutter bin nun Evolutionsinstrument. Wie wenig es bedurfte, mich zur erfüllten Versorgerin zu machen, zur Milch, Getreide und Liebesspenderin. Dieses hinterlistige Balg heuchelt mir personifizierte Abhängigkeit vor, mit keinem anderen Ziel vor Augen, als die Gier im eigenen Herzen zu stillen. In Wahrheit ist es dieser kleinen Kreatur doch völlig gleich, wer diese Rolle einnimmt. Noch viel eher verschont sie respektable Leute. Aus rein nüchterner evolutionskonformer Akzeptanz, will sie diese starken Wesen nicht ins Verderben ziehen, und sucht sich seine Opfer im Sinne Darwins aus. Und doch fällt es mir sehr schwer mich von Piper loszureissen.
 Ob ihre Erzeugerin wohl den gleichen Prozess in Bruchteilen von Sekunden durchgemacht hat, für den ich Wochen gebraucht habe. Oder was veranlasste Sie dazu, ihr Kind dem rohen Überlebenskampf zu überlassen.
 Nun hab ich es wohl doch geschafft, sitze hier im Zug nach Hause und darf mich wohl Mörderin nennen.
 Gruß Gail

39. Letter

My brother, I and the whole town are in an extraordinary celebrative mood. You're wondering why I let myself choose a candidate for marriage. I must be accommodating to my people in some degree. Wise council belongs to an imperial marriage. I do consider the marriage of an emperor as a political matter, otherwise the responsibility would be outrageous. My dignity as a flawless priest, which I will clothe on the day of my coronation, fulfills me with stars and suns. You, how do you think about that, Ruben - among us two - I may now do whatever I want!!! You see, I'm in high spirits in my double infallibility like one of the trickiest, little despots on the way to the river bath. From my roof, I see a number of dark legs wading through the water. It is hot - 40 degrees Thebes heat in the shade. But I adore the golden rose of a sky, open in full bloom. If only the fountains wouldn't rot and the folks would take my advice and scoop the drinking water from the rock of its origin. My people are lazy, they rather get an eye disease than to bring themselves to head out of town. I'm now also namely interesting, so to speak, and I can't be seriously angry. If only my cooks eyelids wouldn't be ignited red and the taste of all the sweet dishes would disgust me at least a bit - if I imagine his silly lashes are beholding the macaroons or sprinkling the anise or the cinnamon themselves upon the dishes. [It is precisely here that instead of an omitted sentence the novel Oreo by Fran Ross (1974; rpt. Boston: Northeastern University Press, 2000) opens up. It comes to rest at page 39.] When Christine was about two and a half, she got her nickname. It came to Louise in a dream. Louise was walking down a dusty road with Christine on a gray, overcast day, when suddenly the clouds parted and a ray of sunshine beamed down right in front of the child. Out of this beam of sunshine came a high-pitched, squeaky voice. "And her name shall be Oriole," squeaked the voice. [It will continue to lie face open, at the pages you last turned.] Your brother.







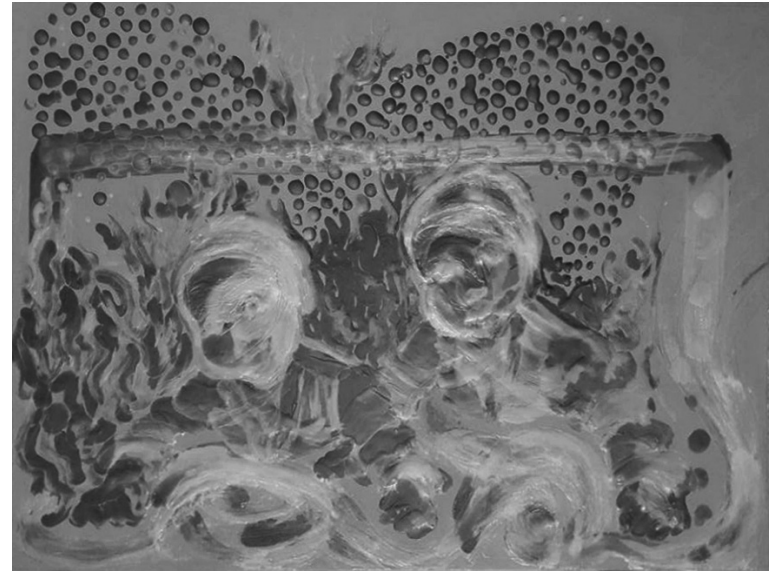
Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: [mailto: Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April
21st, 15h Datum: 11. Mai 2020 um 06:56:21 MESZ
An: mailto: class@googlegroups.com

Dear Gail,
Tell me more about your loneliness.
Don't call me nosy, since i want to become a novel one day I always want to know
all feelings.
Maybe you better not give in.
Ever since you wrote I also read about Ahmaud Arbery. I had not yet heard about
him and I add this to my daily readings on accelerationist men with Hawaii shirts
and heavy armoury waiting for the day they can start shooting everyone else. They
somehow think this is a joke and call it boogaloo.
I guess they want me dead, too.
The sort of text I am.
Who am I?
I see the video of Ahmaud running along the street on a warm morning in spring,
I see huge light trees and lavish gateways to american homes. I become the warm
sun on his back. Then I become painted metal, the skin of a white pickup truck
on the middle of the street. Surfaced like Melville's white whale from a deep sea of
hate and feelings of entitlement. And fear. Ahmaud must run around me since I
block his way. I carry two men and one carries a gun. I'm also the metal of the gun
and the bullets in the gun. They let me run free and I'm on my metal-machine way,
projected with force on a linear path no matter what.
This morning I woke up from a dream.
I was in my authors body, people had sent me „fanmail“ with portraits. It felt
weird getting mail like this. But the last one made me wonder, -it was just a printed
out paper. Someone had „deepfaked“ the head of a crying middle aged woman
onto a women's body in a car. She was black and she was crying so hard, her mouth
opened in a gasp, her left arm raised in a gesture to shield her face and her tears.
In my dream i thought this must be the Holy Mary. A black kid of about 8 years
was leaning forward from the front seat to her left, as far as the belt would allow.

40. Letter

My pious, powerful half-brother, I've been aggrieved at you, I rather say, I can't
be aggrieved at you at/in/from the bottom of my Malikheart. You took the side
of My nation and stoked it's disobedience against me, in the Time/ while I've
been/was stamping my hooves in front of the gate/pass of my city Theben, a wild,
whinnying horse. But my faithful nation is full of repentance, is a unique Malik
with Me, You!! My Nation is sweet as a raspberry, My Nation in Theben is color-
ful and blessed, a fire-blossom. Look, Brother, with Siam you are in negotiation
on her Venus, from which you hindered me, to fight for before my coronation.
This minute my Thebetaners are gadding around, adorned with goldleaves and
cheer around the streets, and the plazas of the city and are practicing songs for
my coronation ceremony. Ruben, you did want to force Me. There's a Hieroglyph
on my forehead, starting to carve itself in, and it's foreign to me, Jussuf.

Looking up to her a little bewildered but full of empathy, feeling for it's mother.
Ahmauds mother.
In my dream, that was me.



41. Letter

Beloved Brother! My noble friend Daniel Jesus Paul Leppin, the king of Böhmen, moved into the chambers in the anteroom of my palace. For his slender woman, my servants will press oil out of roses. I am good with the böhmian royal poet; we are connected through a vein of friendship. In My second home city Mareia only his books are read, incomparable incidents, Theben's people are almost all not capable of reading, for myself every Studium gives me headaches. Let's celebrate My Ignorance! Yours Jussuf Abigail of the wild. Message: I nominated the King of Böhmen, Daniel Jesus Paul, to be governor of My very happy city Mareia.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: [mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 10:16:43 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 10:16:43 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 10:16:43 MESZ

Liebe Else,
in letzter Zeit denke ich sehr oft an Dich. Ich fühle mich sehr einsam. Es gibt so viele Dinge, die ich Dir gerne erzählen würde, aber Du bist leider schon längst tot. Heute morgen habe ich über den Fall von Ahmaud Arbery gelesen. Ich wünschte ich wäre zusammen mit Dir vor Ort gewesen und wir hätten diesem "weißen Vater und Sohn" so wie sie in den Medien beschrieben sind, als zwei "Mütter von Söhnen" verjagt, eingesperrt und Ahmaud gerettet. Ich wäre Gail und du könntest Shellie sein. Der Vater wäre Senator Roark und sein Sohn. Wäre ich dabei gestorben, bin ich zumindest jemand der für etwas Gutes einstand und meine Kinder können zu mir aufblicken im Himmel.
In Liebe,
Deine Gail

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: Aw: Re: [mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 08:05:44 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 08:05:44 MESZ
An: mailto:Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 7. Mai 2020 um 08:05:44 MESZ

Du,
Kind will ich nicht sein. Aber ich hätte dir so sehr gerne in der zweiten Person, als deine Mutter geantwortet, so daß ich eine vollkommen indirekte Rede würde in der ich nie mehr ich sein müsste, zu-mindest im hier geschriebenen. Ich kann mich aber gar nicht lange genug als ein du denken, es wird immer wieder gleich ein ich oder ein sie daraus, das du bleibst und bleibt immer du.

42. Letter

Ruben, I cannot get a feeling for My third capital Irsahab. These cautious, quiet, knowledgeable Hebrews, certainly fulfill the ceremonies due to me, when I, their Melech, am in Irsahab, but the wine of their veins does not flow towards Me like the precious blood of My dear people from Theben and Marcia-Ir. Suspicion and embarrassment, blushing and dread receive Me under the arch of this golden city. I am the sea, even the deluge that devastates their sanctuary. My word resounds to these frightened people like the call of a hunter. (I never kill rabbits; you do not think that I could do that?) With sorrow the trembling people hear the murmur of the many shells and pearls around My Neck and, mockingly smiling, they observe the nose-buttons in My two wings, and good-naturedly they lisp over the stars and moons of My cheeks. These people with their unpleasant superiority don't appeal to me. (They also know nothing of My poems and ballads.)

So will ich mich wenigstens als eine Mutter ohne Kinder denken für den Anfang. So wie du mit deinem Traum. Du, das ist sehr praktisch, denn wenn ich als Mutter keine Kinder hätte, hätte ich sie auch nicht zu Hause, ich muss sie dann auch nicht erst wegschicken in die Odenwaldschule oder wegdenken oder wohin, um dir zu schreiben. Oder so wie du sie weggeträumt hast, so daß es so sehr wehtut. -Nun bin ich ganz frei, kann alles werden, Wörter, Sätze, Sprache. ich höre wie du mich rufst, ganz aus der Ferne, zwischen uns die Klippe auf der du stehst, du nennst sie Distanzierungsprozess. Ganz klein stehst du da, auch die Klippe, ganz klein, die Insel mit der Klippe, winzig, das Meer darum unendlich weit. Sind Fische darin? wenn du es willst, davon erzähle? Der Wind auf dem ich gleite ist nicht von dieser Welt so weit entfernt bist du. Doch deine Worte erreichen mich, du rufst: "Kalessin", Tochter und ich fliege zu dir. Meine Flügel im Wind klingen wie riesige bronzene Zimbeln, ich spüre die grosse Hitze in mir, mein Blut ist das Feuer mein Wesen das Wort. Deine Welt dreht sich an mir vorbei bis du als winziger Punkt wieder auftauchst, so weit weg, auf deiner winzigen Distanzklippe auf deiner winzigen Insel und rasend schnell immer näher bis meine Klauen wie riesige Messer vor dir in deinen Fels schlagen. Nun bin ich wieder ganz nah bei dir, die Deine und du nur das Wort, das für uns die Distanz überquerte. Ich höre dir so gern zu. Dein Wort, endlich in mir angekommen, geht jetzt von mir aus zurück zu dir, eine Nabelschnur und durch die nähere ich jetzt dich, nähere mich dir immer weiter, und kenne dich doch gar nicht. Und während du im von dir gesagten langsam in mir entsteht, und dann, wenn du endlich genug da bist, schreibst du mir und machst mich schliesslich doch zu einem du, sagst: "Liebe Else/Mutter" und: "Du schreibst an und über deinen Bruder". So wie du überhaupt alles erst für dich erschaffst obwohl es schon vorher da war. Ich auch. An wen ich Schreibe? Für dich.

43. Letter

In addition to Marcia-Ir, I offered Daniel Jesus the governorship of Irsahab. He should try to bring the Irsahabans closer to my heart. I also commissioned some painters to paint some landscapes and cityscapes of Irsahab for my palace vestibules. When I live in a city, I like to have it as a picture as well. Your Brother.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:} Liebe Else
Datum: 4. Mai 2020 um 13:40:18 MESZ
An: mailto: at googlegroups.com

Liebe Else/Mutter,
ich bin gerade erleichterter denn je, keine Kinder zu haben.
Weil ich gerade von einem Traum aufwachte, in dem ich ein
mir auch im echten Leben bekanntes Kind so sehr liebte und
dann wurde es mir weg genommen und ich litt so schrecklich
darunter und weinte sehr viel, im Traum.
Ich nähere mich dir deiner Briefe durch dieselbe Schreibform wie
deiner an und frage mich/dich ob auch Schreiben wie das Sprechen
eine Art Kontrollverlust darstellt. Fest steht, ich kann mich dir
nur durch Distanzierungsprozesse nähern.
Du schreibst an und über deinen Bruder und die ganze Zeit denke ich an meinen
Bruder.
Stell dir vor, das Schreiben könnte Distanzen bezwingen,
es gibt zwei Menschen, die sich gegenüber sind, die eine schreibt
und die Luft zum Denken wird immer knapper, weil jeglicher
Raum zwischen denen wird genutzt zum Sprechen und Schreiben,
und dann entsteht so ein Druck, der die beiden Menschen voneinander
weg drückt, weil es ist ja klar, die Worte brauchen Platz, sie sind ja,
obwohl man sie nicht sieht, da.
Und auch andersrum, wenn du weit weg bist, stell dir vor,
ich könne einen Satz schreiben der so lang ist, dass er irgendwann
bei dir ankommt.
Plötzlich kitzelt dich was, und du spürst einen Buchstaben,
oder einen Laut,

44. Letter

My Beloved, princely brother. My dromedary Amm is ill and my camel Rebb
gave birth to a very small camel. The smallest children can ride it in the palace
garden. And I get my servants to scare the camel into my private chamber and
play with him. Your little mock emperor Jussuf.

Ich frage dich nochmal, an wen schreibst du?



45. Letter

Ruben, think of the two emeralds that are missing in the imperial coat. Do you
think that it shows? Moreover, my servant Osman begs me not to go up the hill
barefoot, in accordance with the old Islamic custom, for the coronation ceremony.
The skin of my little toe was injured by a little sharp stone. It happened when
I went for a swim in the river. Jussuf.

29.04.

Liebe Else,

Im Traum hatte ich heute ein 5-6 Jähriges Mädchen im Arm.

Es war schon zu groß, als dass ich es eigentlich tragen müsste, aber es war so schön das Mädchen zu tragen. Ich trug es links. Das Mädchen saß also auf meiner linken Hüfte auf und ich hielt es fest umschlungen mit meinem linken Arm.

Kurzweilig hatte ich noch einen Jungen an meiner Rechten.

Ihn hielt ich an der Hand. Er allerdings, kam und ging. Das Mädchen hielt ich die ganze Zeit im Arm. Es war so schön, wir, Mädchen, uns über die Dinge, die wir sehen, erzählend.

Und jetzt, da denk ich mir, wär es vielleicht doch schön ein Kind zu haben.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>

Betreff: Aw: {mailto:} Re: Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h Datum: 23. April 2020 um 11:27:09 MESZ

An: Mail to Class <mailto: @googlegroups.com>

Picking up our discussion on the sensitive use of language in translations... there is no possibility to simply comment on these questions and the problems addressed. Every post, article, or use of the terms in question will per se / have to take a position.

For starters (English -> German): <https://www.dw.com/en/n-word-and-gender-politics-how-german-translators-deal-with-them/a-50636705>

- Lasker-Schüler's contribution to the pacifist Expressionist project, "to do something to protest the war," was to raise a mirror to the prevailing institutions of power. By calling himself "Your emperor... and your servant" (431), the Malik represents a democratic "counter-emperor," a leader for a new world order: he shares power with his black servant Ossman who periodically assumes the throne for a number of days. Herzfelde commented years later (in 1969): "Her 'decisive action' to elevate herself to Prince of Thebes, was the result of a truly democratic impulse. Her elevation of the artist to absolute sovereign was a manifestation against the subservient spirit, and against the division of societies and races into superior and inferior peoples" ("Else Lasker-Schüler" 315). Herzfelde's vivid assessment of the poet as a dissident

46. Letter

Brother, i dream horribly of you in the darkness. You are the incubus of my night. In front of the hill, you are standing amidst my people: I'm delivering the coronation speech. My attentive people descend around me; You however are growing, a sphere so great, choking my word. Oh, I know how this day troubles you, so just send me signs of carefreeness. I painted your proud, delicate Rouven face next to mine on the city flag. It's waving of all roofs as a welcome. My Brother mine!

47. Letter

Dear. Among the invited guests, the painters of my crown models will give me the honor. The game crown that you drew for me, is driven colorfully, sown with all sorts of stones. Ludwig Kainer's festive crown, i wear to the palace festivities. Heinrich Campendonk, the oldest of the five Haymond children, drew the crown for hunting to me. John Höxter the hebrew circlet, Egon Adler the high priest's crown, Richter the indian feather, Fritz Lederer the crown of his mountains. I want to see the giant mountains just once, even if just from afar. Do you know who designed the war hat for the wild tribes to me? Lederstrumpf. Your often crowned brother Jussuf.

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto:} Class Meeting, tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21st, 15h
Datum: 21. April 2020 um 18:35:31 MESZ
An: Mail To Class <mailto:}@googlegroups.com>

“Chris’ ultimate achievement is philosophical. She’s turned female abjection inside out and aimed it at a man. As if her decades of experience were both a painting and a weapon. As if she, a hag, a Jew, a poet, a failed filmmaker, a former go-go dancer - an intellectual, a wife, as if she had the right to go right up to the end of the book and live having felt all that. “I Love Dick” boldly suggests that Chris Kraus’ unswervingly attempted and felt female life is a total work and it didn’t kill her.”
Eileen Myles (sort of also on Else Lasker Schüller)



My dearest, dearest, dearest class,
Hi.

I hope you are all well!

Tomorrow we will have our next Class Meeting and I would love to speak about your experiences with the text and the translations of “The Malik”, since after the last Class Meeting I had some second thoughts about the relation between the text we translate and our own contributions.

But first some general information...

Next Class Meeting, tomorrow,
Wednesday, April 21st, 15h

(Zoom invite shortly before as always)

As said, I can offer to have weekly Class Meetings this semester, and I think we have to find a way to structure our work within the next 7 weeks (only!) till the online Angewandte Festival. I think we should find a way to actively work together during these meetings, have readings, work in smaller groups, or something. I would love to discuss this tomorrow.

Under the circumstances I don’t think we should force it too much, but we should have something to show till mid June. So next Class Meeting will be April 29th, 15h.

48. Letter

Dear Ruben, yesterday I was ready again with the Austrian-Venetian Kardianl Karl. From his room was happy about my enthusiastic people and threw kissing hands at him and cheered with him for a while. The cardinal said, I am affable, he said, I am also very affectionate. My inexperience in affairs was good for his kind heart. His last home is regalia.

I also hope that, from May on, Sergei will be able to join us online and instead of a blocked seminar we discussed a weekly format where he would offer to translate our text-work into music. Also to be part of the festival...I will keep you informed on this.

For “The Malik”, I realized that this book is very much happening inside a fully developed fantasy that relates to the world around, as an answer to it, but very closed in within the rules of its own. If we want to open it a bit with our secondary texts, - towards a more modern version of auto-fiction, I think we should read her previous book (only in parts) for it contains the very turning point where the more social, realist first person-narrator “Else” turns into the fantastical figure “Malik”. (For this I finally ordered the English translation of “My Heart” and will scan it very soon.)

Also we should read a bit of Chris Kraus “I love Dick” to get a practical sense of the texts, her letters to Dick and then try, with our own texts, to build some kind of bridge between the three models these books provide and the times and states of mind they represent.

I also had to think a lot about the orientalism that is so much more apparent in “the Malik” than in “My Heart” and what to make of it?

How could we handle the part of this language that has become almost tragically repulsive to translate, to read, to repeat in another language, in another time?

While these words have rested in a book for the last hundred years the living spoken and written language had the time to change, to be more thoughtful, to take into account other realities, feelings, experiences. It did change with society, at times only out of courtesy for sure, or because it somehow became a new norm, but sometimes also by free choice. Not to say that also today a great deal of language is still in no way careful and that no amount of time, no historic cruelties seem to be sufficient to rid even the most abrasive transgressions of some use of words. There is always language that wants to hurt and language that wants people dead.

But this language here, ELS’s language is not of this sort. It is of the most sensible and felt sort, written by someone who knows very well these transgressions -for they were directed against her in many brutal ways as well, -as a woman, a Jew, a

49. Letter

Dear Ruben, yesterday I was ready again with the Austrian-Venetian Kardianl Karl. From his room, I was happy about my enthusiastic people and threw kissing hands at him and cheered with him for a while. The cardinal said, I am affable and very affectionate. My inexperience in affairs was good for his kind heart. His last home is regalia. Ruben, in the evening, I finally saw Enver Bey (Enver Parscha). We liked each other and kept laughing like bourgeois lovers, and then we dined together in the palace. You listen, we ate all alone, checked our arms from the board! His arms are brazen! But he was polite enough not to let me sink in our hand fighting. He has eyes from the night. Ossman told me that he said to his general about Me: treachery umbrahallah! He also tenderly said something to me like Tucktacktürk ‘Malik, sometimes you look like a street boy!’ Otherwise, he only speaks of war; maybe he wanted to impress me? Always at war in times of peace. Especially if you’re going to marry him, I got myself into it! (I also don’t like mustaches.) O your tied up Jussuf Abigail.

poet, someone with her own openly proclaimed sexuality, someone who loved passionately and public, a single mother, an artist. In a time that was not embracing any of this. How did she respond to this? To me, she mirrored the outside world, the German Kaiserreich, but on her own terms.

She made herself Malik, the emperor, the ruler of her kingdom. She struggles with this and she writes she is not at all happy. For it also means she is alone, - to no one. It means everything and everyone else is subject to her divinity and rule and only god is above her. This also states the obvious because she is the writer of her story. It means she becomes he, alike the men that rule around her. His/her subjects love him. His, Maliks people that love him, ELS's people, fictions for herself, to be loved by them, carried, defended, caressed. They are subject to her authority but she loves them back. For they are her state, she keeps them close. Her friends, correspondents, soldiers. Her fantasy people are subordinate, clichéd colonial fantasies, (not only) from today's perspective, but within the story they are also like a part of her, almost part of her body, her outcast body of state. She shares her exile kingdom with them, shares her fantasies of grandness and loneliness. But she also repeats the exclusions and cruelties of the outside world. For hers is a kingdom therefore there is also cruelty, hierarchy, - the necessary reality of staying true to the written construct of your own story. Outside there is no fantasy, or there is but of a much darker and more powerful sort, one that claims much more reality, a real German Kaiser, his real body of state, a real colonial nationalism, that ELS inhibited like everyone else, without choice. A Germany on the way to a world war, were her correspondent Franz Marc will be murdered. Later on towards the self-proclaimed Third Reich, but not yet there. I can try to imagine what this latency feels like everyday, but I can only go so far in it. I can read the anti-Semite articles that were written about her, where she was made to be exotic, where her difference was made alien to a proclaimed native Germanness, a "body of folk". She, Malik, he- they love one of these "Germanic People". Giselher, Gottfried Benn, the most sensible of the "Aryans". He seems as close as he stays alien to her, she makes him "the Barbarian". He goes a different way, tries another fate, he will err - he seems to know this. But he will stay true to her in his weird way. In the end of the book her

50. Letter

Ruben, the venus of Siam arrives tomorrow in Theben. I fear though her beauty is not capable of disguising her tissue/fabric. Armed soldiers await her at the entrance to the city. The hearts of the younglings beat devoutly. I hear them all as one single against me pounding - high up in the dream.

ルーベン、サイアムのビーナスは明日テベンに到着する。私は、どんな布でさえも彼女の美しさを隠すことなど出来ないのではないかと恐れている。

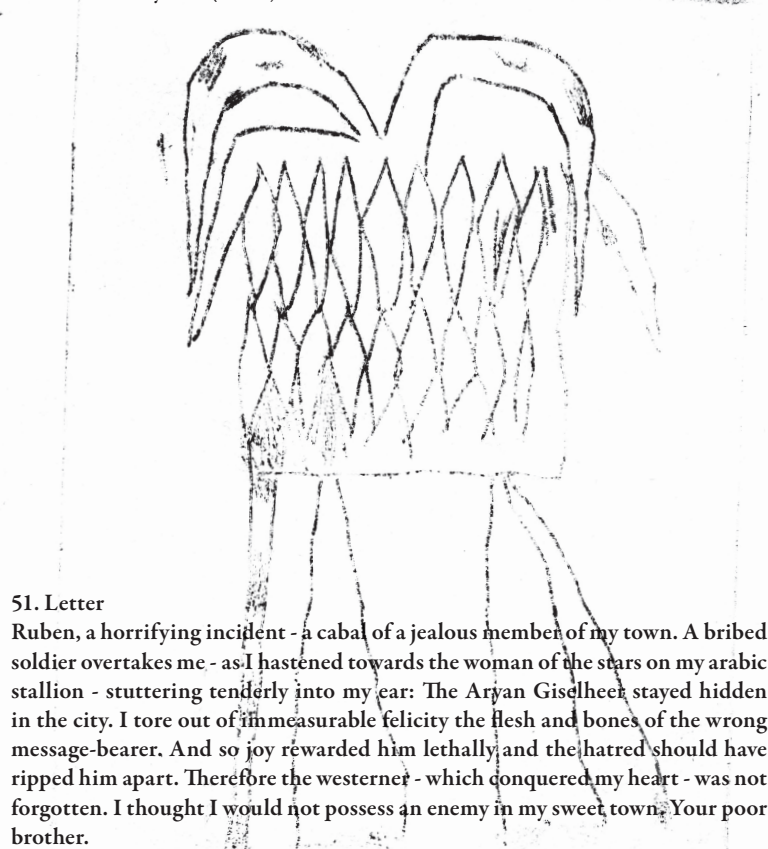
武装した兵士が街の入り口で彼女を待ち構えています。若者達の心臓が激しく鼓動するのが聞こえる、夢の中でひとつの高みにいるように、彼ら全員の心臓が私に向かって鼓動しているのが聞こえる。

colonial fantasy state will conspire against her narrator-self, fail, the Malik will kill himself. Her narcissistic Artist-Ego-State with its unsolved conflicts will be passed on, consequently to Maliks brother Ruben, the already dead Franz Marc. The rest is a reality of war, sorrows, money problems, her child will die, she will be forced out, but die in exile before it's over.

What to make of all this?

I submit myself under your divine judgement.

With love I am your.. (what?)



51. Letter

Ruben, a horrifying incident - a cabal of a jealous member of my town. A bribed soldier overtakes me - as I hastened towards the woman of the stars on my arabic stallion - stuttering tenderly into my ear: The Aryan Giselheer stayed hidden in the city. I tore out of immeasurable felicity the flesh and bones of the wrong message-bearer. And so joy rewarded him lethally and the hatred should have ripped him apart. Therefore the westerner - which conquered my heart - was not forgotten. I thought I would not possess an enemy in my sweet town. Your poor brother.

ルーベン、私の街の嫉妬深い者の陰謀による恐ろしい事件が起きた。賄賂をもらった兵士が私を追い越していった—私がアラビアの種馬に乗って星の女に向かって急いでいるとき—兵士は耳元で優しくもった、「アーリア人の Giselheer (ジゼルヒア) は街に隠れていた。」。私ははかり知れない喜びから、間違った(嘘の)メッセージを伝える者を肉と骨とにひき裂いた。こうして喜びは彼に致命的な報いを与え、憎しみが彼を引き裂いた。それゆえ、私の心を征服した西洋人のことは忘れられなかった。私の親しみ深いこの街に、敵なんていないと思っていたのに、、、。

あわれな弟より

So belohnte ihn tödlich die Freude und der Hass hatte ihn zerfetzen müssen.
このようにして、喜びは彼に致命的な報いを与え、憎しみが彼を引き裂いた。

Von: Piper <piper2020@gmx.at>
Betreff: {mailto: Mhmmm
Datum: 19. April 2020 um 15:05:45 MESZ
An: mailto: @googlegroups.com

Note to self: Start writing letters.

E-mail address: piper2020@gmx.at
PW: xxelspvtxx (memory hook: kiss kiss else lasker-schüler prinz von theben kiss
kiss)

x

52. Letter

My brother. The celebrations are over, but garlands still connect the houses to the palace. My coronation speech is given in the streets. I saw you standing at the bottom of the hill crying. Daniel Jesus Paul and you kissed - I knew that you would be enlightened by pleasure. At the table, however, you were annoyed about your crowned brother a few times. I neglected my Tebethans for the artist's sake and gave malicious advices to the women. You shouldn't be concerned with anything other than raving (?) about your Malik. It also seemed to you that I danced too much and too wild for a Basileus. But you don't know my Thebes people yet. They are happy all the exuberance, and since my two imperial eyes are now in a serious mood, I do not at all benefit from their respect. People must not meditate, Ruben. Your animal people are just other people ... The cardinal, too, left the city satisfied and returned to Vienna. Greetings to my newly elected Vice-Emperor. Daniel Jesus Paul, may he sweetly accommodate you, my beloved brother, and your dear wife in my second capital, Marcia. Yours Yussuf Abigail.
Message: Ruben, tomorrow I'll be keeping court. Yussuf.

53. Letter

Ruben, I executed the 3 criminals of my city Theben on the same hill where I, Basileus, held the Kings speech. When I asked the fratricide, how his brother would be executing him in the beyond, the poor guy stroke out his arm so fiercely, as if he was raising the ax against himself. I asked him: How would your father Naphtali and your poor Mother Bekki execute you, if he or she were the Basileus? So I spoke, I will execute you in the likes of your mother. Boundless joy arose between my people, for they didn't like the slain, grouchy killjoy- brother. (Between us, neither did I.) The second one I executed so lenient, but the third one was a traitor, so I locked him up in a tower. A picture of me is hanging on every wall around him, so as he may always see the severe, faithful eyes of his emperor. Jussuf Abigail I.



54. Letter

Several questions were laid before me by the elders of Thebes according to old Islamic custom: What had insulted me recently- I answered, the question of Albanian princes, that I haven't, in addition to my three cities, been entrusted with the Albanian government. With colourful folk one has to be golden and purple, not black, white, brick red- those colours are too harsh. Very delicately one addressed my wedding held out in prospect with Enver Pasha. I discussed the hesitation of the adored cardinal of Vienna against the wedding with Bey, and we agreed by taking prospect on a possible union of My Imperial Majesty and the Abyssinian Majesty of Menelik, my cousin of Abyssinia. I find him, between you and me, gently childlike, mouse-grey and stock-coloured toned and gorgeously in love with me. Yours truly, Jussuf

55. Letter

Ruben. I have given my folk the permission to found three alliances. „The Jehovanites“, the fathers of the city. „The red and yellow Adams“, the cattle rangers of Thebes and surroundings. „The Sabaoth Boys“ is the name of the league of sons. Out of these, I chose seven chiefs and put myself above them as their leader. We eight wild Jews are now forming an altar roof, Ruben. With those- my- wild Jews I now wander across the Alps to Russia. Sasha, the prince of Moscow, is lying in chains there.





patiasfantasyworld 20h



The problem is that white people see racism as conscious hate, when racism is bigger than that. Racism is a complex system of social and political levers and pulleys set up generations ago to continue working on the behalf of whites at other people's expense, whether whites know/like it or not. Racism is an insidious cultural disease. It is so insidious that it doesn't care if you are a white person who likes black people; it's still going to find a way to infect how you deal with people who don't look like you. Yes, racism looks like hate, but hate is just one manifestation. Privilege is another. Access is another. Ignorance is another. Apathy is another. And so on. So while I agree with people who say no one is born racist, it remains a powerful system that we're immediately born into. It's like being born into air; you take it in as soon as you breathe. It's not a cold that you can get over. There is no anti-racist certification class. It's a set of socioeconomic traps and cultural values that are fired up every time we interact with the world. It is a thing you have to keep scooping out of the boat of your life to keep from drowning in it. I know it's hard work, but it's the price you pay for owning everything.

— SCOTT WOODS

@ariellla_official



Send Message

