

A Language At War

By Jörgen Dahlqvist

I. ----- STARTING THE PRESENTATION -----

2

I'll start with the basics.

Language's words name objects.

Every word has a meaning.

We understand it this way:

I point to an object.

You focus your attention to where I'm pointing.

I pronounce a word that's associated with the object.

Table.

Lamp.

Pen.

Paper.

Chair.

Glass.

And so on.

This creates associations within you. A picture of the thing appears in your mind the next time you hear the word. It has thus created an associative connection between you and the thing.

Table.

Pen.

Lamp.

Paper.

Chair.

Glass.

I'll start with the basics.

Mankind's greatest debt is certainly that she allowed herself to be born. Humans give birth, as they say, astride the grave.

I'll start with the basics.

A geyser simmers inside me.

This is what can be said. This silence.

This is what can be said. This silence.

This is what can be said. This silence.

I'll start with the basics.

I've taken refuge underground. Buried. Cut off. Not cut off from other people. But from everything else.

This is my location. This is my condition.

Table.

Lamp.

Pen.

Paper.

Chair.

Glass.

The world as we know it, as I know it, is facing moral bankruptcy. So I've left everything behind and gone underground. And so I sit here, and I sit here and I sit here and, yeah. The most important thing is perhaps to keep myself away. I

found that the world as we know it is facing moral bankruptcy, which is why I decided to seek refuge here.

The thoughts that I conceive here must be of the finest crystal. But this crystal is no abstraction, just as silence isn't - but something very concrete. Maybe even the most concrete. The hardest. Like a diamond. Or a crystal.

But that doesn't mean that I don't long for another. That's human nature. It's simply impossible to make any other conclusions from what I just said other than what I just said. More on this later.

II.----- *SHAPE UP!*-----

I'll start with the basics. I continue.
About this I'll say these words.

Table.
Lamp.
Pen.
Paper.
Chair.
Glass.

Have some meaning, if this means anything.

Table Lamp Kugelschreiber Papper Stuhl Glas
--

Reading these words normally, the second actor follows, translating.

So does it follow, that if I don't say anything, this too must mean something?
If so, then silence must have its own special meaning.

Table Lamp Kugelschreiber Papper Stuhl Glas
--

As before, but with a slight pause between each word.

I continue.
You either set yourself apart from the world or you don't.

You either set yourself in a forest, among trees, among trees that make up a forest, or you don't. There are so many things that set me apart from others.
If they're a human what am I then?

It's human. Nature.

Tab lile Lmp pm Kugglsschrber Pappii i i ii i Stuuuhl Gla a aa a s sss

Slower, with the words becoming distorted... softer.

Start fading out...

Fade out into silence.

--- SILENT!

I continue.
You either set yourself apart from the world or you don't.
You either set yourself in a forest and so on and so on trees that
make up a forest or you don't. It's human nature.

I b. But how do I know this? How did this specific information reach me? Yes,
that's one thing. That's one thing for myself, that's for me. That's one thing for
me. For what is that information really or is that information or I have just
received the information that I have received that information. I do not know. Not
a damn thing really.

(long silence)

What does this silence mean?

Is it not possibly just misleading? By the way I say it?
Is that not just misleading, I mean.
My eye gives me information that there is a chair right here.
My eye tells me, so to speak, that right here there is:

*Continues
Glottal W
/
/
/
/*

Sfs:
210 Table
211 Lamp
212 Pen
213 Paper
214 Chair
215 Glass

Table
Lamp
Kugelschreiber
Stuhl
Papi piii
Glas a s a a
AS s pp.....

*Into normal
reading again,
when Rafael
says the words.
After a few
words, into
Glottal Whistle
/Silent
Screams*

STOP!

It's the same with silence. That the silence is right here. It's here too. Although
not the same thing, so to speak. But that's it. Same thing.

SF220

The problem is just this.
Scream. Silence.

SF230

Like you may not be able to call a DESCRIPTION of
a state of mind, because it's more primitive than a description of its own nature,
it's still a description of the psyche. Same thing with silence. Same thing with
silence. Silence can also be a scream, or the same thing as a scream, a
description of a state of mind.

III.-----DEFENDING HIMSELF-----

I continue.
I read books. Bertrand Russell. Kind of an art-break.

No, just kidding.
I read Dostoevsky, I read Strindberg, I read Kafka.

And you might think that says something about me.
About my fate. Or whatever you might call it, for want of
a better description. This silence. If I choose to leave
everything,
leave it all and take refuge here. But it means nothing,
because you can look out the window and see a man
walking in
a weird way, without knowing that there's a storm out
there.

Table
Lamp
Kugelschreiber
Papper
Stuhl
Glas
Karte
Karte
Karte
Karte

*A similar process
as in part II, first
two times normal,
but a little faster.
Third time start
stuttering, go into
different
variations of the
words.*
/
/
/

SF310

I might as well read other authors.

And I do as well. Sylvia Plath. Virginia Woolf. Does that say more
or less about me as a person? I guess more in one way, it says something about
my choice of gender of the authors, that I like both male and female authors,
but in every other way less.

*Repeating
Karte:
variations*

III b.-----THE MAP, RECONSTRUCTION-----

The map is drawn. The map is drawn, now drawing the map, it starts here. The
aspects. The aspects of the map. It's drawn, and we are the aspects of that map.

Aspects. Aspects of what's been said, in the language, of what's just been
said.

Table.
Lamp.
Pen.
Paper.
Chair.
Glass

*Continue
repeating all
the words,
same energy
level as 2.*

-
-

*Fades out,
start listening
to the
improvised
association.
Gradually
starts
intervening.*

A road. One road and one. Road. Yes, or a road. It doesn't really matter. The
most important thing is that there is a road. And that there is a road and
there is a tree. Trees. Elms. Elm. Zz [improvised association part]

... .. Trees. Elms. Elm. Zz. Syllables. I point this out, this word. Elm.
And you make an association to the word. In your souls. In your souls you
form an association to the sounds that I just said, say. Elm. Elm. Book.
Chair. County Chair. Yes, those words that I say. The syllables.

/
/
/
/
/
/
STOP!

That's a fact. That's a fact. I'd never lie. Or not as well. Not about that.

SF320

SF330

Never as long as. Yes, you know.

I remember what I said. That word. County Chair. Chair. Lamp. I'm sure of it, though I can't find anything written about it. But just because it's not written down doesn't mean it hasn't happened. It's not a double negative. It is as it sounds. It sounds as it is. The demolition takes place in double joints. Everything's logical. Like the law. It follows its own consequences.

There's nothing I can do about it. It is as you say an dramatic pause.

IV.-----THE INNER VOICE APPEARS PHYSICALLY AND SPEAKS-----

1
Cigarette

*Angela
silent.*

2
You'll catch up with the words you use.

1
Heat

2
Your ancestral tendencies are formed by those words.

1
Room

2
These are the words I say to use.

1
Body

2
Promised untouched twilight.

1
Sweat. Sweat.

2
Total silence and a stunning starry sky.

1
Skin. Skin, dog. Dog, dog.

2
There you go. The anions are fully formed. They are now, as you say, as you would say. Formed.

1
Body sweat, beach, bodies, naked bodies, naked bodies sweat.

2
Oedipal.

SF410

1
Dog, skin, stupid jokes and laughter laughter laughter, it's banal.

2
Oedipal. Oedipal. Oedipal. Oedipal. Oedipal. Oedipal. Oedipal.

And there I go.
Into the magnificent nature.
Through the tallest trees. The trees are like a forest. I'm going in there. Into what looks like a forest. The image of a forest. Which may just be a forest as well. No one cries. Nor do I. Even though I try. It's very quiet. Just my steps onward.

----- Angela
enters.
Fades in, very
slowly

SF420

EAsounds: Attack / Sudden change in video, room

This is the world's border. The map ends here. The map begins there and ends here. Everything contained in itself. In its own description, in itself. In facts about itself.

Ssssiilence
Sss ss
Walt (*fr*y)

K k kka a karrte
Karte

CUT! Angela stops, a strong light is suddenly turned on on him, almost like a trial

V.-----SPEECH OF DEFENSE-----

I am what I am.

1
It was me.

2
I'm no one other than myself. I am me. It's who I am. I do the best I can. I do. The best I can. I've made no promises. There are no promises that bind me with single words or. Or words or sentences, specific sentences that would compel me to. It's just who I am. It's my nature.

1
It's who I am.

2
I have my motives. I have. My intentions are mine. And they have their own reasons. I'm not mad. I want to be good. I'm not mad. I'm not. How could I possibly know? I can't see into others. I can't penetrate the soul of another person, whether they're sitting across from me or right next to me. I just can't. It's impossible. That would make me God. I'm not God. I'm not God and I'm not mean. I'm not. These are facts. These are the facts to recognise.

1
Or something like that.

2

Language is just not enough, it hasn't. It just doesn't know. What others think. Or what others think or what they think or what they try to say but that they can't say or can't not say. I can only know the facts. That which is said. Like I'm not God.

1

I just said that. So I can know that. Others may be God or think they're God but not me. I just said that.

Too high and mighty. For myself. Then I wrote it down to emphasise the importance of verifiable facts. Now it's there in black and white on this paper: I'm not god. I don't believe it, no matter what others believe of me, I don't believe that myself.

1

In that.

2

That I'm that.

1

Of that.

2

It's written down, and therefore it's fact. That's all I can know. Nothing else. If I knew more, I could also do other things. Act differently. I just don't have all the facts. That doesn't make me a mean person. It can't work that way. That would make me someone else. I know who I am. I don't like what others think about me. I know who I am. I KNOW who I am. I know. And I know that I never know. That I'm not mean that I never. I'd never do that. I know. Because I know that because I know it.

Enters gradually, blends with the electronics.

SF520

Sssss

Sssscw

Ssscwe

Sscwein

Schmutz

Schwein

Stiefel

V b. - - - - - *DOUBTS* - - - - -

What is it about someone who chooses to live alone? Living alone like a pig in its own loneliness. Nobody forces anyone into it. To live like a pig. To be a pig to live like a pig with himself in his own loneliness. We are all alone, but why do you have to live like a pig in that loneliness?

*Repeat and vary
Schwein
when 2 talks
about pigs*

It worries me that life, that pig, that we live like pigs, me. The dirt is hot. It worries me.

V c. - - - - - *NATURE IS UTOPIA* - - - - -

All those clichés: I miss the nature and fresh air. Where people really know each other. They go out the front door. And they greet each other. Here in the city, people don't even greet each other. Just a lot of empty gestures. It's nothing to be content about, this pigsty, to live like a pig in its own loneliness. It's beautiful out in the country, but when you have to work in the fields all day you don't get to see it. Then the cliché goes on: but not long ago a friend came to visit and complained that he has some difficulty breathing at home, which he'd never had when he lived here. I told him. I said that it'll only get worse if he didn't change his lifestyle. If he continues to live alone. Like a pig.
 Yet he continues to live his filth. It's like he refuses to admit that he's basically a human being or maybe a dog. Not a pig, but a human being. Or a dog. Could be the same thing. But a pig?

Ulme	
Bäume	
Luft	
Hund	
Grenze	
Karte	
Anonymitet der	-
Grosstadt	-
Glas	-
Stuhl	-
Kugelschreiber	
Atmen	
Lamp	-
Table-----	

Gradually the words become softer, Still distorted, read slowly

fades out

Stops!

SF610

But I don't know where the County Chair's map ends, what is the beginning and end of a County Chair, those laws that include the chair itself. It has its own laws in the same way as I have my own laws.

VI. - -UNTITLED, A MONOLOGUE OF THE INNER VOICE - - -

1
 The map ends here begins here is the world's border as it is said that one can go in all sorts of directions and some can no longer come back as first of all, the world is everything that is the case and secondly, if the other is that it is which is the case (that is, the fact) that the facts are said is the actual EXISTENCE of facts and facts that is the case and thirdly, and the third is preceded by remarks about the image of facts, the actual depiction of facts says that a logical picture of facts is a thought so it is as well and the fourth says that a thought is a proposition with a sense for the subject if you can speak of such one and you can't be the world that says without the limits of the natural world that is the world that is the limit that is the world's limit as you say, and the fifth says that propositions are truth-functions and that elementary propositions are truth-functions of themselves and the sixth states that what is said to be the general form of a proposition is derived through a series of operations that create truth-functions of other propositions and finally the seventh says after some remarks about death and death and life and death and the impossibility of ethical and aesthetic propositions.

VI b. - - - - -TRYING TO SAVE THE SITUATION - - - - -

2
Fuck it's hot. Incredibly hot, isn't it? And of course this room has no windows.
And the sweat exudes through my skin. Can you say that the skin is my law?

*Angela enters,
Soft*

1
I am the law. I'm thirsty.

*Cresc gestures
ppp<p*

2
Can you say that the dog is my law? No, you can't say that. I'm not a pig.

ppp<mp

It's about clarity. Transparency, clarity. To state that someone has existed throughout his life is clearer than saying that the same person has existed for the last five minutes. For the latter claim I would ask: Who claims that? And for what purpose? And for the former, we know who's behind these claims. On the second claim, the opposite is true. It requires questions answers, explanations. Language.

pp<mf

p<f

/

/

Questions answer the language.
I register the facts. Surface is facts. Everything else is just guesswork.

/

There are several possible explanations but only one correct description. All these descriptions are enclosed by the real thing. By the framing of facts.

For example: surface; the sun shines; it is hot; children play outside. That would be possible. That would be possible. And it is.

I can only know the facts. I can only register the facts.

I believe in perfection. I don't believe in moral bankruptcy, as such. Or rather I believe in moral bankruptcy, that it exists and that I don't believe it, and that's why I've left this world and now only communicate via, through.

*Shorter,
stronger
gestures!*

1
Like a pig.

2
But I'm not a pig, don't want to be a pig and live in my loneliness heat in my own filth.

/

/

1
But you are.

/

/

2
With the sweat that exudes through my skin.

1
The stench.

/

/

/

2
I continue.

/

/

This is the world's border. The map ends here.

SF620

SF630

1
The map begins here.

2
I continue.
The map begins here.

1
The map ends here.

2
There are several possible explanations but only one correct description.

1
There's only one possible explanation but several correct descriptions.

2
All these descriptions are enclosed by the real thing. By the framing of facts.

1
The map begins here.

2
This is the world's border. The map ends here. The map begins here.

1
The map ends here.

2
I continue. I have no imagination.

1
Neither do I.

2
My imagination's left me.

1
I am the law.

SF640

2
I can only understand what I see, what I feel, what I understand. I can't understand what I don't understand. To demand it from me would be. I have no imagination. I've been silent for so long I don't even know if I speak the same language.

1
But I do speak the same language.

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|
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|
|
|
|

STOP!

Sigh,

Continues
...

SF650

2

Isn't it hotter today? The air in here is barely breathable. I'm sweating without effort. No windows here. My boots go tjipp when I walk through the wet sand. The nature. The forest.

tjipp tjipp
tjipp tjipp

VII. - - - - - ERUPTION OF THE INNER VOICE - - - - -

2

But you're sitting here.

1

But I'm sitting here.

Or am I not? Am I not sitting here? Am I not sitting here? Or am I not? Or am I not?

2

But you are sitting here. And you sit here in solitude here and you sit here sweaty and you're sitting here a sweaty pig and you're sitting here for fuck's sake and you mean loads of different things with the words you use or what to call them in the absence of others, and in some private sense like someone has shaken words from tree naked bodies genitals and these logical names are expressions that have guaranteed references to objects that correspond to an expression of the term horse, so because of the nature of the reference to an object with the paradoxical result that the concept of horse is an object and not a term of how to perceive the paradox, it is clear that it arises by treating the terms objects and concepts as any terms while they are in fact, it has the special role of distinguishing the different categories of things that are assumed to be close to the meaning of a preposition or smile just a smile and when someone tries to name a name and pronounces it in a way that makes sense to mean something else, it means something like being objectified as in hot May or Liv or Tor well maybe not Tor but all the others It's like a table or a chair or this stench that stinks like a stinking stench that stinks down all over and the language is not an opinion it is a question or it is a question that is disguised by an opinion or it is a boundary that rushes towards and strives for ambition that the language is an answer that means anything but what it sounds like and has only one language and that is the usual language that is common, which is common because the language doesn't have to invent a new language like inventing a new soda that's really too sweet but you drink it anyway for the taste, so to taste not for the appearance appearance, there is nothing wrong on the contrary the taste feels like it's the only honorable one. To drink. The fish's eyes look nice. They tell little stories. Jokes. Can't help laughing. Then it has to stop. The sound is too much. The laughter. So I stop.

SF730

VIII. - - - - STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN, EXPLAINING THE SILENCE - - -

2

I'll start the basics.

I point to an object and you associate and you. I don't know.

Table.

Lamp.

Pen

I'm trying to say this shout the silence. Say what's here, the language.

Moral Stiefel Schmutz

SF810

SF810

For this is what can be said. This silence.

For this is what can be said. This silence.

For this is what can be said. This silence.

For this is what can be said. This silence.

For this is what can be said. This silence.

For this is what can be said. This silence.

*Silent
scream*

-

-

-

*into
laughter*

Or.

This is what can be said. This silence.

What I can say. This silence.

I wish I could laugh more. Not just here. I mean inside. Or inside, within myself. Everywhere, really. Everywhere even outside myself. In harmony, myself and laughter. I don't want it to get stuck.

SF835

Because I believe in perfection. Otherwise nothing. Otherwise nothing. Except silence. Because everything other than perfection is silence. What I can't say. It's silence. There isn't, neither in language nor elsewhere, it's silence. Perfection or nothing. Or nothing. Or nothing, or nothing, or me.

Or I can't say language. What I have within me. Or nothing, what I have in here. What can't be said, this silence inside that can't be said, which can't be said, can't be said for the language is not to say what is in here. Thus the silence. Thus I don't say anything about what can't be said about something that's in here outside the language that's just silence, but not in here.

Moral Welt Steifel
Stuhl Stuhl S stu uhh ll L L St St tuh uhl Stuhl

*Silent
Scream*

-

*into
laughter,
but it's
difficult to
laugh...*

VIII b. - - -

SF 830

Who thinks about a County Chair? Or where a County Chair is located? In their areas. In themselves. Outside of themselves. How should we understand the chair?

We can't, not even if we could speak its language. The chair is left alone in silence, nobody asks what it thinks about this or that, the chair. It's free to think for itself. Without anyone, in its own silence. That scream, in its own silence.

*Silent
laughter...*

Same thing with a table
Lamp.

Everyone may think for themselves. Everyone, but not me, I'm the one who has to provide the crystal clear, the tangible that I will point to an object and then. Then I don't know, I don't understand these requirements. That they demand of me.

Stuhl
S stu hh st
S
Sssssss

ssssss

Into a fly...

Everything that happens is hidden. Even bodies. Their nudity. They must be washed, shameful. I wish I didn't need clothes any more. That we could just walk around as God created us. That we could just see each other as we really are.

SF
840

1: *As we are.*

2 Like those whom we'll become. Be transparent to each other. I don't like flies. Who does? Maybe God. They are as God created them. Even though they don't walk. Fly. Just like their name.

We have to be real. I have to be.

I try to be it. Be real. Transparent. Not like a pig, or a pig or a dog. But as real as I can be.

1

This room is no longer. It's just the motions now, no longer time and place.

2

Death is transparent and real and that's what I want to be about. Death. Real.

Fade Out

1

The factual logical image is thought. Let's all sit quietly and slowly enter deeper into wonder.

2

No, calmness. No waves. No medium to go forth and multiply. Laughter is not stuck. It sounds like a stream, like a clear cold stream.

SF
850

Ha ha ha ha ha.

And so I mean my own. Not the chair's. Laugh. Or the chair's or something else's, but not mine. My inner soul, as it can now be described. If it could be described in any way other than that silent scream.

1

It's only nature. You're surrounded by the normative. The law. The nature.

-
-

2

I long for the forest, for its forest trees and to walk around the forest and just breathe in the air. Naked. Like God created me. Separate, separated from everyone in total loneliness beneath the magnificent nature. This yearning. This, what should you call it, how could you describe this longing, what can I point to for somebody to understand this longing so that the chair, in all its own thinking, will understand that I'm longing, I so long for. To another kind of seclusion, one that's fresher. So that the County Chair, enclosed in its own law, understands me, my longing.

Ulme
M m LL
Bäume e
M m e

For deep inside me, in the very depths of me, inside of me, deep in here, in this silence, it sounds like a geyser. Silence. And I hope there will eventually be an eruption, once and for all. Once and for all, become a different person. The most important thing is that I come to some kind of clarity with myself. Because this geyser, this, this silence that I have inside me, the one that can't be said, it's of absolutely paramount importance. that I come to some kind of clarity with myself, but this.

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I long for the glorious nature. Map. The nature that's a map on the map, which is pictured on the map. It's dark. Dark and hot. The heat. Inside here. The heat in here.

I hate everything but daylight.

Loneliness.

1

Pig!

STOP!

2

I totally prostitute my soul by talking to intellectuals, I just, just by speaking, the language, this language, I'm becoming and I'll try to keep myself from this madness, this geyser I have within me, silence. Scream.

I've got to get out of here, from this prostitution of my soul.

The nature. The basics. Like a chair. Or a lamp.

1

I've decided to stick around for a while.

XI. - - - - - THE GEYSER - - - - -

2
I continue.

SF1110 Man's greatest guilt is certainly that she was born. **X**

SF1110 Man's greatest guilt is certainly that she was born.

Thus this silence. That she had been born this silence.

SF1120 That she got this guilt this silence. **X**

That she owed this guilt to her birth.

Therefore, she is born of this silence? Thus this silence. Therefore, this language that can't be propagated, which is mute and I have within me this geyser, this silence.

SF1130 Like a mute silence that I carry within me, which I feel but I can't articulate because there's no language that can describe the language that is silent within me, like a geyser that's about to erupt and the burden of birth, that we let ourselves be born. **X**

SF1140 And loved.
And to love.

1
I'm looking for a point that goes beyond language.

2
I've got to understand or die. Simple as that.

1
(at the same time) A point the goes beyond language. I understand that there must be such a point. Life doesn't consist of just facts. Or of sexuality. Or of transparency. Or there is also more to life. There must be more to life. You give in. You have a flaw, a moral flaw. Just like the stench. You collapse under pressure. But it's not my stench. I'm totally odorless. Like a gas. I've decided to stay. I will stay. No matter what it costs. Let the shadow dance over my body, protecting, protecting. There's protection in the darkness. In this dance, in what stays hidden from sight. Because there's pain, it's also not there. The pain is cancelled out by the absence of light. The function of the cathedral. There's a home beyond the law. In the protective darkness. That which transcends life. Which rises above the life and is only life.

2
(at the same time) I came here for. To this place. Because I don't know. Because I don't know.

Table Cigarette Heat Paper Bodies Hund Sweat Silence Pig Tyst Gris Silence Tyst Moral Hund Tyst Cigarette Tyst

Simple as that.

*Fades out,
Talking
softer,
whispers*

Silence silence silence silence silence silence silence silence
silence silence silence please silence, please silence this eternal
obscene this geyser inside me, which is never silent, as constantly, the
just going on inside me all the time, going on inside here. Here. Inside
me, silently, and like some kind of inner inquisition as I force myself
and like me, silence, away from here, to the glorious nature, silence,
far away from all this, this guilt, silent, that renders me silent, that will
keep me from being, silent, and as I must can, the soul, like me, this
silence, silent, as constantly, as inadvertently, life goes on, silent, its its
its silence, silent, like me inside, inside of me, silence, inside my chest, deep
within me here, here and you can't.

Tyst
Tyssst
sssst
tyst
silence
tyst
schweigen
tyst

I don't know. And that right there is the problem.

SF
1210

And I want to understand.

XII. - - - - - REGRESSION, THE CHILD - - - - -

**SF
1230**

All in all, it's silent. I live in silence. Sound consists of mechanical waves generated in some physical medium; in solid bodies, fluids and gases, these waves are longitudinal, that is, they. I don't know. But here there is only silence. Silence and heat. And darkness. Or darkness. Or darkness or whatever it is. Darkness.

And nature has no substance in here. It's just motion.

Language is the limits of what my understanding. This is what I understand. This is the limit, I am the limit of my own understanding, language is. I see the dog and I'm on my way, we're on the way and we're the same and I'm the dog. I'm the dog's gaze and in the dog's eyes is where I am.

And further away, in the dog's eyes. If I could understand what I see: I see smiles. Smiles and uniformed men. Everyone laughs. It must mean that those who smile are happy. They're natural. I play with the kids. Toss some small change over to them. They'll be happy. I drink tea with the mothers. Offer cigarettes to these young women. They smoke eagerly. Almost aggressively. They try to tell me things in a language I don't understand.

1
What does language mean, then?

2
What, then, do the words that everyone says mean?

1
Do we even speak the same language?

2
I'll never know. Language is holy. Or holy. Or holy or something like that anyway. I've been silent for so long that I don't even know if I speak the same language.

1
They're silent.

2
I really don't understand this heat. In here. Does anybody understand it? Maybe God.
Does God exist?

A music box starts playing, after a while we hear: Humming, singing, a kind of children's song

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Fades out.....

**SF
1240**

2

I'm a massive liar, and I've always only done horrible things to people close to me and I beg for forgiveness.

No. I'm not a liar. How could I be? I can't lie. I'm brutally honest.

The law.

XIII. - - - - - ACCEPTENCE - - - - -

1

I am the law. I'm the law's intention, it lives within me.

2

The law. The law. The law.

1

The law doesn't lie.

2

Neither do I. I don't pray for forgiveness any more .. I believe in transparency. I don't feel the need to be ashamed of it, the absence of forgiveness. I'm live life. You could say I'm living the life. I live my life fully. Never pray for forgiveness. Or whatever. I'm sucking the marrow out of life. As they say. As they say. Carpe Diem. Carpe. DIEM. AS THEY SAY. Carpe diem. Marrow. Marrow. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I'm not ashamed of my body or how I live my life. My body is my own, as God created it. Why would I do that? I'm not provoked by other people who live their lives. Nor do I ask them for forgiveness for their actions. I actually feel provoked by this mystery. That anyone wouldn't dare to stand up for their actions.

1

Like you don't dare to stand up for your actions, for example.

2

You're provoking me.

1

Your action.

2

Her action, not her as a person. You have to make the distinction. Person and thing. They're two different things. If she smells bad it's not a moral defect. It's a trait. It can be washed away. Or hidden. Or hidden with deodorant. She doesn't have to live in filth.

SF 1320

1
He chose this himself. It wasn't forced on him. There's no law that states he no longer has to see himself as a human being. That he no longer needs to think about hygiene, health and finances. That's his choice. That's his choice. That's his choice. That's his choice. That is his choice. He himself has made those choices and if I could help him in any way I would do it. But it's his choice. Not up to me.

2
I can't I don't want it.

1
Not when he doesn't want my help.

2
I've offered him my help.

1
I have.

2
I told him not to booze it up anymore, or what she now.

1
Not to cheat anymore.

2
Just like me.

1
Be transparent.

2
Not to wank.

1
To meet someone.

2
Anyone.

1
Get married.

2
He doesn't need to be alone.

1
Why does he want to live alone?

2
Like a pig?

1
There's so much that separates us

SF 1330

2

If she's a person then what am I?

1

What am I then?

2

Table lamp a fucking County Chair, or the rules of a fucking County chair, unlike a County Chair then.

1

I am the law, the pain. Everything is banal, everything is just swarms of words on a piece of paper. Like flies swarming around a carcass. The stench. Everything to be said. Or written. There's no way to write down in the dust. Just live it. Just live right down to the core, death. Ash is just ash.

XIV. - - - - - THE SPEECH - - - - -

2

One proposition can't possibly claim to be true.
The happiness of the happiest is not the happiest of happiness.
I feel alone in the world. The map starts end here. The map starts to end and I'm screaming my silence and a proposition can't itself describe itself.
If you have no contact with either people or gods, you're alone. And I don't believe in God. Or I think God is dead. Just as flies die, as they are called as they are called what they do, the act that they perform.
The causes of my problems are in my own mind and I inevitably carry them with me. And that's the problem if anyone asks me if it's just someone to ask me, I'd say it was. I'm wearing the problems that I'm wearing, they're in me so they're in me.

I wish I could recognise the true look of love and be able to distinguish it from a simple attentive glance. But I can't. Although I could certainly describe the difference. But what's a look? How do you learn to get a glimpse of something? A dog can't be cheated, but he can not be sincere either. So am I that dog? I don't know. I don't know.

I only know how to pronounce words. How to pronounce words and then point them out. Then not much more. I see what I see, I see, I see these things.

Table.

Lamp.

Pen.

Paper.

Chair.

Glass.

I see them, and then bring out sounds to describe them. But how do I learn to see with the true look of love. I do not know. How do I describe it, this geyser silence scream.

I can only try. Say the words and point.

I don't know what a look is for, how one can show sincerity through one's eyes, I can only say what I see. That's the only thing.

The basics. I'll start with the basics. What I see. Projecting sound.

You can get rid of all sorts of directions and some can never return. Then it's just a name. My name. A signature. And nothing more.

The very basics. The beginning and the end. I'll start with the basics. The end.

/ Curtain