

Philip Weiss

My Back Pages

I write with my left hand and cross out with my right. Sometimes it's the other way around. Then I write with my right hand, the left serves to cross out. On rare days I write with both hands, cross out with both hands. Which is why I have written almost only crossed out words, texts, stories, so that I have put together a constantly growing collection of demonstrably untenable sentences. Only in exceptional cases, when one of my hands is tired from the work of constant crossing-out, slackens, at first lags behind, increasingly weakens, finally lies there, on the desk, and the pen untouched beside it, unopened, likewise lies there, so that the other, the writing hand, in a sudden burst of freedom, improvisation, begins to move across the paper, casts caution aside, outdoes itself in absurdities, madness, becomes boisterous, ever more so, wilder, for so long, until the other hand, neglecting its work of crossing-out, of necessity stirs again, begins to resist and intervenes, tries to put an end to this game, grips the pen, opens it between thumb and index finger and finally begins to cross out, only in these exceptional cases, this failing of the body, do my texts then emerge. In this carelessness, this vulnerability of the body my texts emerge. In this immobility, paralysis, only in this sloppiness of the body, in this theatre of the body do my texts emerge. A failing of the body, a checkmate of the body, and my texts emerge. Yet that is not often the case, seldom in fact, hardly ever. A tiny thing makes the difference. Just a mite more, a touch more weariness, exhaustion, a pinch more sluggishness of the body, just a hint more of muscular

weakness, and the writing hand, too, slackens, sinks down, has nothing more to say, and no text emerges, not one crossed out, nor any text of any other kind, no sentence, no word more. There are only the hands lying motionless beside each other, on the desk, in the body trap, listless and despondent, nothing more.

It was one of the best times to go to casualty. It was a lucky chance that I had to go to casualty at five in the morning. It was a good thing and far better than, for example, at six or even seven. At five in the morning the night shift doctors went, the day shift doctors came. At five in the morning the day shift doctors were also tired and bad-tempered, of course, but still less tired than the night shift doctors and also less bad-tempered. At five in the morning even at casualty reception the smell of sterility mixed with the smell of coffee. At that hour the arriving day shift doctors had the departing night shift nurses make them coffee, which then, handed out with a smile, took away a bit of the tiredness and even a good bit of the bad temper. I was satisfied with the moment of my illness. I walked slowly, because just as the smells of sterility and coffee mixed and the faces of the night shift nurses with the smiles of the day shift doctors, so my nausea mixed with the cramps in my abdomen. At five in the morning there were many people sitting in the bright light of the casualty unit.

I was wearing my dinner jacket with slanting lapels, under it the waistcoat, the shirt, with it the dark tie, over it all the black coat and on

my head the hat. I removed it and conducted a conversation with the sister at the casualty reception desk. Yes? She said and I said cramps and nausea. Why? she asked and I said something about a general unfathomability. What? she asked and I said, it just was that way. Then we both fell silent and both tried to confront the general unfathomability. She, by handing me a form, I, by filling it up and giving it back to her. We were both reassured and I sat down. There's always something one doesn't understand. There's always something one doesn't understand and one day one dies because of it, I wanted to call out to the nurse, but I didn't do it and remained seated.

Simone woke up in the dark, reached out, reached out to me, yet I wasn't here, was not beside her, which startled her, which made her sit up with a start and go on groping in the dark, which finally, since it was all without success, led her to turn on the light, so that she also saw that I was gone. Simone stood up, her legs gave way, sat down again, whispered *Oskar*, cleared her throat, called *Oskar*, and listened, stood up again and stumbled forward into the next room, again switched on the light, looked round, saw a sheet of paper on the floor, crumpled, picked it up and read: ~~I write with my left hand and cross out with my right.~~

The doctor wore spectacles on the tip of his nose and the tip of his nose lowered. The doctor's voice was high. His speech was brittle and rasped, groaned a little in the foreign accent. My stomach joined in and made a few incomprehensible noises. I removed hat and coat and sat down on the trolley bed. The doctor opposite me. Our glances went past one another in the neighbourhood of the tip of his nose. Yes? he said and I said cramps and nausea. Why? he asked and I said something about a general unfathomability. Aha, he said at that and we both nodded. Profession?

asked the doctor and I said, I had been a writer. What about? he asked and I said something about a general unfathomability. Aha, said the doctor at that and we both nodded. One of us got up and turned round once, looked somewhat stooped and sickly. The other remained seated and looked somewhat stooped and sickly. Since when? he asked and I said, since two o'clock in the morning. Supper? Bowel movement? asked the doctor and I said, neither one nor the other. Aha, he said in a high voice and we both nodded. Sober? the question, sober, the reply.

Then we were both silent, he standing, slightly stooped, I slightly stooped where I sat. We were silent and enjoyed the moment of harmony. It went on for a while. Then, however, the night shift nurse entered the room. She came with a smile on her lips, coffee in her hand and comfort in her eyes. It had made itself at home there and didn't want to leave again. It had lodged there in her eyes and shone dully next to hospital beds through hospital nights. The night shift nurse handed the day shift doctor coffee and smiles, turned round, wished a speedy recovery, one doesn't know whether addressed to him or to me. She looked over her shoulder once and winked at me with her left eye, winked at him with the right and disappeared. The doctor sipped at the coffee and for that the tip of his nose rose. Age? he then asked in a high voice and I said thirty three. Thirty three, he said and stepped up to me. He felt, pressed and then shook his head. I unbuttoned my jacket, almost unbuttoned the waistcoat as well, but the doctor said, that I didn't need to. He felt again, felt along the bottom of the waistcoat, pressed the solar plexus. Here? he asked and I made sounds. Aha, said the doctor satisfied and smiled.

You can lie down now, he said and I lay down on the trolley bed. It'll probably be nothing too unpleasant, so I could feel reassured, it was

unlikely to be a stomach ulcer, a stomach rupture was also improbable, said the doctor and I lay motionless on the trolley bed. A heart attack could be ruled out, it probably really was the stomach, though unlikely to be an ulcer, so he said, he had seen everything, and I made hardly audible sounds. I was probably – that was the most likely – sensitive, I was simply sensitive, said the doctor to me, yes, that must be it, I was sensitive, but that was good, I had to be that, it was important, if I wanted to be an artist, that was good and very far from being a stomach ulcer. The doctor laughed. I should first of all feel reassured. I should stop worrying, even if in general I start to worry very quickly, if I was what was called a sensitive soul, which in itself was good, if I wanted to be an artist, but perhaps less so at this point, said the doctor. In cases like this, one has to know how to relax, even at the start of the day one has to relax, even at five in the morning, I heard the doctor say, whose voice rasped a little, groaned in the foreign accent. Either, said the doctor, suddenly very loud, one crosses the Jordan quickly or one doesn't, it was always so, it was the same for everyone and completely normal. He laughed out loud and I made sounds.

Simone hated me. She hated me for a moment. Then she loved me and knocked the old coffee out of the filter into the rubbish bin. As she put fresh coffee into the filter she hated me again. As the water dribbled into the espresso pot, she was undecided and couldn't say exactly what she felt. Since she was alone she didn't need to say anything anyway. It would have been pointless to say anything, since no one could hear it. If she had said it, no one would have been aware of it except herself and she wouldn't have believed herself. It was a lucky chance, thought Simone, as

she put the espresso pot on the stove, that she was making coffee here alone at five in the morning and didn't have to tell anyone about how she was feeling at that moment. Although it could not at all be chance that today and at five o'clock in the morning I was not in the house. It could not be chance that someone had already left the apartment at five in the morning without a word, without saying goodbye and without leaving any clue, where in all the world one might have gone in the middle of the night. It could not be chance, rather, it must be a provocation. Simone put her left hand up under her curls to her left temple and massaged it. As she did so she looked at the espresso pot, which was giving off hissing sounds, and hated me.

I lay motionless on the trolley bed and looked at the casualty room lighting. It was good to be lying here on the trolley bed. It was good and far better than standing, for example, or just sitting. Because lying down the cramps diminished and the tiredness grew. It was an advantage to lie here, since the pain grew less and lying down it was easier to think of sleeping, which is, after all, what one did, if one felt tired or one had lain awake the night before. And finally one also thought of sleeping, if one found oneself in a situation, in which one couldn't avoid having to listen to the stories of the friendly doctor or instead being left to one's own thoughts. Only the neon light of the casualty room interfered with the tiredness and revived the cramps. I was satisfied with the trolley bed, but dissatisfied with the ceiling neon light.

Turn onto your left side, said the doctor and I was in agreement with the suggestion. I thought the suggestion an excellent idea and immediately put it into action. I turned onto my left side and was no longer looking at the casualty room lighting, but instead at the medical apparatus. There

was a lot of medical apparatus. They made bad dreams likely, but did not from the outset prevent sleep, as did the ceiling neon light.

Mirror, mirror, said the doctor in a high voice, giggled and bent down to me. We now had to carry out a teeny-weeny endoscopy, we had to take a look deep inside me as soon as possible, said the doctor and waved a tube in front of my face. The tube, as I saw, was attached to one of the pieces of medical apparatus. The medical apparatus was there to give one bad dreams and to look deep inside one. At its end there was a shining eye. The innermost part of my inner life was to be illuminated with the tube, which while it had an eye had no comfort lodged in it as in the eyes of the night shift nurse.

Simone loved me and sipped at the fresh coffee which took away a bit of the tiredness and even a good bit of the bad temper. While the coffee could take away the bad mood and tiredness, it couldn't take away the headache, nor the sentences and pictures. They were stuck fast in Simone's head, not like the anger at me in her stomach. It was quite loose and it quickly turned to love, then to worry, then shame and then it was bewilderment. She put down the cup. With her left hand she raised a cigarette to her mouth and lit it with her right. She put her left hand under the curls to her left temple and massaged it. She put her right hand under the curls to her right temple and massaged it. Hairs stood up on Simone's skin and she shivered. It was the pictures and sentences of the previous evening which exercised an effect on Simone's hairs. It was the pictures and sentences which stuck fast in Simone's head and which could not be expelled even with a cigarette in her mouth and fingers at her temples.

One of the pictures was Simone's lonely dance in the badly lit dining room.

The previous evening Simone had not come back from work until late. She even came back from work significantly later than she otherwise came home late from work. Because that day she didn't just take on the afternoon kindergarten in addition to the morning kindergarten as she usually did. For a further hour after the morning kindergarten and the afternoon kindergarten she even organised a special supplementary kindergarten. She looked after the little twin sisters, who were stuck in the kindergarten just like the sentences and pictures in Simone's head. Because at five in the evening, after the afternoon kindergarten, the parents of the little twin sisters had not come to pick them up, which is why there had to be a one-hour supplementary kindergarten. Simone had to phone the parents of the little twin sisters and wait with the little twin sisters. She not only had to wait with the little twin sisters, she had to wait with the screaming little twin sisters. Simone had to be a singing camel for the screaming twin sisters, since that was the only technique for transforming the screaming twin sisters into laughing ones. So she had spend her time as singing camel with the laughing twin sisters, until their mother finally came to pick them up. Whereupon they were transformed into screaming twin sisters again, as they were so impressed by Simone's performance, that they didn't want to leave at all. Simone then began to quietly cry and, after everyone had gone, had to dance for a few minutes among the rows of seats in the badly lit dining room, to calm down a little again.

He himself, said the doctor, sat down and took the spectacles off the tip of his nose, he himself had also been sensitive, he, too, had been young and sensitive, he, too, had been ill, said the doctor, although he had not wanted to be an artist, he had only wanted to be a doctor, but he had nevertheless had every illness, especially at the beginning of his studies, so he had leukaemia, lung cancer, tape worms, he had diabetes, dizzy turns, a weak heart and inflamed testicles, I heard the doctor's high voice. One is young, sensitive, the skin, the environment, everything penetrates, penetrates one, moves one, he said and I lay on the trolley bed and tried to think of sleeping. The doctor stood up. I lay there and looked at the medical apparatus. Head back and open your mouth, said the doctor and I obeyed. Put your head back, because when your head was like that, then you got some air, if it fell forward on the other hand, you didn't get any, it was quite simple, and I had the choice. I lay there with my mouth open and said nothing. Then the doctor stuck in a white plastic ring so that it stayed that way, the mouth, and didn't, for example, start biting, in a sudden rage that came from deep inside. I tried to think of sleeping and made sounds. Did I want to say something, asked the doctor and I shook my head. Good, said the doctor and sat down on a chair on rollers, rolled in the direction of the medical apparatus and pressed buttons. A screen lit up and the eye began to shine even more brightly. The doctor took some absorbent paper towels, rolled back to the trolley bed, shoved the paper under my mouth which was being held open by the plastic ring and said it was because of the saliva.

The previous evening Simone had not come back from work until late. She even came back significantly later than she otherwise came home late

from work. She came home late from work and would have been happy to see me, but I wasn't at home. Simone would have been happy to see me and was now just as happy that I wasn't at home. I was sitting in the dark at my desk. I was sitting at my desk, but I couldn't be seen at my desk. Only once Simone's eyes had got used to the dark, was she able to make me out. So I was at home after all and Simone didn't know whether she should be happy or not. She went up to me and realised that I was naked. She stroked my back and kissed my shoulder. My arms hung down to left and right of my body.

Hm? she said and I said that I didn't know exactly. What? she asked and I said, that was just the way it was. Hm, she said then and we both nodded. Tell me, she said and I asked, what? What's up, she said and I said, nothing. Then she had to laugh and I didn't say anything. Hm, she said. You're unfathomable, she said and I wanted to say, that one never understands something, but I didn't say anything. Then we were both silent, I sitting naked at my desk, she beside me in coat and boots.

It's finished, I said. What? she asked. It's finished, I said and pointed in front of me. A stack of paper and two fountain pens lay there. That was wonderful, she said, that was great, it had to be celebrated, that made her day, that was the best news for a long time, said Simone. I said nothing.

We could take a trip at last, said Simone, we could spend more time together at last, we could, for example, spend a day in bed together at last. We could even take a small holiday, said Simone and I said nothing. Hm, she said then and we were silent.

Be happy anyway, she said, be happy, that your text is finished. It's finished, I said, don't you understand? Hm, she said and I said, oh, and then I said, that I was just tired.

And you? I asked and she said, she had been a singing camel. Aha, I said then and we were silent.

I lay motionless on the trolley bed and looked at the medical apparatus. I lay there with a plastic ring in my open mouth and paper towels below it because of the saliva. I lay there and my gaze followed the shining eye which was interested in my deepest depths. It was good to lie here on the trolley bed. It was so good and much better than being at home, for example, or going for a walk. Because on the trolley bed I was not Oskar on the trolley bed. On the trolley bed I was something more beautiful and friendlier. I lay there and there was nothing more to be done. I could only wait. At home I would be bored and it would be my own fault. Going for a walk I might catch a chill. Here I could lie with plastic in my open mouth, below it papers towels because of the saliva and calmly look at the medical apparatus. It was an advantage to lie here, as the doctor was friendly and told me nice things. It was good to lie here, as after thirty three years I would now at last find out how things stood with my deepest depths. It was a lucky chance, that I found myself in emergency that day, in order at last to get down to the essentials. The essentials and the deepest depths would in that day and place see, if not the light of the world, then at least the light of the shining eye. I was satisfied with the condition of lying down. My mouth was wide open and the saliva slowly began to run out of the left side of my mouth.

Simone put down the cup and ran out of the kitchen, across the hall, into my study, over to my desk, switched on the lamp and looked at the table surface. The evening before a stack of paper and two fountain pens had been lying there. Now there were two fountain pens.

The evening before I was sitting naked at my desk. There was a stack of paper and two fountain pens lying on it. The stack of paper, however, was no stack of paper. Rather, the stack of paper was a pile of pages to leaf through. I sat at my desk in the dark and looked alternately at the pile of pages and at Simone. First of all I looked at the pile of pages for a while, then I looked at Simone for a while. She stood there in coat and boots and was sweating.

I sat naked at my desk and quoted myself. I began to quote myself and quickly looked away from Simone as I did so and back at the pile of pages. I sat there naked, looked at the pile of pages and said: Let us pull on a text, so that we are not so dreadfully naked. So that we are not so dreadfully naked, I said and smiled. I wrote that once, I said and then I asked, whether she still remembered it, but didn't wait for the answer. Simone stood there in coat and boots and was sweating.

Did she want to read it, I asked. She must read it, I said. Please, I said, she must read it. I showed her the pile of pages, but she didn't want to read it. She took the pages in her right hand, then her left hand, made a

stack of paper out of them and put it back on the desk. Please read it, I said and handed her the text once again. Simone read a few passages. She did so, because I asked her to. She could cross out what didn't seem right to her, I said. But she was unable to cross anything out. My back pages, I said, that was what the text was called. Hm, said Simone, stood there in coat and boots and was thinking about the material that was sticking damply to her back.

Hm? I said and she said, that she didn't know exactly. What? I asked and she said, that was just the way it was. Hm, I said then and we both nodded. Then we both had to laugh, for a moment, but neither of us said anything. Hm, I said. I don't want any back pages, said Simone, I want love now, love in the flesh, I want Oskar in the flesh and not any of Oskar's back pages.

I lay there on the trolley bed and there was nothing more to be done. I could only wait. And then I couldn't even do that, because the shining eye came directly towards me, it came closer and was briefly right in front of my face, paused, stared, began to move again, came even closer, dazzled me, so that I now saw nothing but the eye, then only white, saw a light that was growing brighter. And then it was gone.

Off we go, said the doctor in a high voice and pushed the tube ever further into my mouth, ever further, as if it were not going into a stomach but into an abyss. The noises which were coming out of my mouth, as the tube was going into my mouth, were loud and deep and reminiscent of the calls of dangerous animals in fairy tale forests. I put my head back, ever

further back, a bit further back still, since I felt something moving about deep down, that was interested in my deepest depths. I realised that I was still able to breathe and was very glad of that. I was extremely glad of that and breathed through my nose, which was particularly important to me.

Now, pay attention, I heard from above, now inflate, came the word from the white coat, which was standing next to me and pressed a button. The animals in my fairy tale forest made noises. The air entered my depths and inflated them. That was particularly loud. The air entered my depths and made them spacious. My eyes watered and I didn't see anything any more.

Aha! I heard the doctor's voice. What have we here? he said and then he said, that he himself had also been sensitive, that he had also been young and sensitive, that he had also been ill, although he hadn't wanted to be an artist, he had only wanted to be a doctor, but he had never seen anything like that. He had never found anything like it in a person yet, and not at all in himself, I heard the high voice coming from the white coat, he had really never encountered something like it before. It was extremely disturbing and was actually pathological.

Simone sat at my desk and took off her night shirt. She threw it in a wide arc towards the book cases. Then she stood up, took the night shirt, sat down on the old wooden chair in front of my desk and threw her night shirt towards the book cases. Then she let night shirt and book cases be and simply sat naked at my desk. She let her arms hang down left and right of her body. She sat there like that for a while and began to shiver.

She sat there and shivered and stared at the desk with the two fountain pens. She sat there and made a face. It was a suffering and drawn-out grimace. It was the most miserable grimace she could manage. Simone sat naked at my desk, shivered, made the most miserable grimace she could manage and said a sentence. She said it in the deepest voice she could manage: Let us pull on a text, so that we are not so dreadfully naked. So that we are not so dreadfully naked, said Simone, shook her head from side to side as she did so and felt very close to me. Then she picked up one fountain pen with her left hand, the other with her right hand, pulled the ugliest face she could and said: I write with my left hand and cross out with my right. The fountain pen on the right then began to attack the one on the left, so that it almost fell off the edge of the table, at which the latter, however, began to counter-attack and gave the right fountain pen such a heavy blow, that the cartridge deep inside trembled, it staggered, almost fell over, but then rallied, and at that same moment they went at one another again, their tops got caught, their clips got caught, now one, then the other seemed to get the upper hand, until the tops all at once both came loose and whirled through the room in a wide arc, the steel nibs clashed and a small puddle of ink formed on the desk, until both fountain pens sank down exhausted, and realising the absurdity of their struggle, lay down next to one another without caps, in order to dry out together. Simone laid her head on the desk and wept.

That's actually pathological, I heard the high voice of the doctor, whose voice rasped more loudly now and threatened to break in the foreign accent. That's actually exceptionally pathological, he had never seen anything like it, and so found it extremely fascinating. He was extremely

fascinated and impressed, said the doctor. It was a lucky chance that today he was day shift doctor and not, for example, night shift doctor like last week. It was a lucky chance, that he had the early shift today and not the late shift like, for example, tomorrow, said the doctor, whose white coat I could hardly see, because my eyes were watering. How on earth did you do it? he asked and I lay there with the plastic ring and the tube in my open mouth and made animal noises out of dark fairy tale forests. What? he asked and I lay still on the stretcher bed. Oh, he said and began to pull the tube out of my mouth. Your deepest depths, said the doctor then and laughed, your deepest depths are nothing but a heap of pages. And I sank into a sudden deep sleep.

Oskar, it sounded like and again and again, these sounds, *Oskar*, and again *Oskar*, but nothing could be made out, a gentle vibrating and it had a voice, *it's me, Oskar*, the sound was somewhere in the room, but where did it begin and what did it want and what from, because something was being said there, being said just like that, that sounded like *Oskar*, but there was nothing more, and it merged in the room, which remained vague, it merged somewhere and unfathomably with a feeling of reassurance, *wake up, Oskar*, and a feeling of reassurance, and something large in the room, it bent down, something large, that changed the world, bent down, *it's me, dearest*, it imposed itself, was suddenly clear, and blue in it, a face, in the room, next to the quiet vibrating, that sounded like *Oskar* and had a voice, was definite, a vibrating, these words and a face in the room, and a rocking motion, *everything all right with you*, that's what it sounded like, yet it couldn't be made out, a face, a nose, the big eyes, shining, blue, which were looking at something that was there,

and dark curly hair around it, and light above it, too bright, a ceiling neon light, and something else above all, inconceivable, and insipid, an uproar, yes, fear, if there had not been the feeling of reassurance, the rocking motion, and to the left more faces, *what are you doing, Oskar*, what was that, Oskar, what could that be, and the faces looked and sat on bodies, and the bodies stood or sat on beds, in a row, in this room, the hospital room, and there were also night shift nurse eyes, with comfort in them, which had got stuck there, which came to rest on something, that was here, only here, and became tangible through a touch, in *Oskar*, the sound of a voice, *it's me, Oskar, it's me, Simone*, and something began, at last, came from far away, with the rocking motion, the pale blue eyes, the curly hair around them, a thought with which something began, that was here, in this touch, *you dear you, Oskar*, and it occurred, like a twitching, and put itself together, out of letters, words, out of stories of kisses, touches, texts, of thoughts and put itself together around a hole or a knot, and euphoria, yes euphoria, *Oskar, Oskar*, so it was called, a self.

I lay in the hospital bed and looked at Simone. Simone sat on the hospital bed and looked at me. Simone said to me that it was her, she said, it's me, and I said, that I had already thought that. But I didn't look as if I had been thinking much, Simone appeared to be thinking and I then also said that it was me. I said, it's me, Oskar, and Simone said, yes.

Then we both said nothing, I slightly absent-minded as I lay there, she slightly absent-minded as she sat. We said nothing and enjoyed the moment of harmony amidst the moments of general unfathomability. That went on for a while. Then I wanted to know more exactly and asked

what had happened. Simone picked up a transparent bag from the hospital bedside table. It was a transparent bag, whose contents one could see. The visible contents of the bag, however, were not any contents. Rather, the visible contents of the bag were the contents of my stomach. Simone dangled the visible contents of my stomach in front of my face. It's finished, said Simone. What? I asked. It's finished, said Simone and pointed at the contents of my stomach. Your text, said Simone, and I said nothing.

I hated Simone. I did so for a moment. Then I loved her and tapped the contents of my stomach with my finger. On opening the bag I hated her again. When I took out the first rolled up page and unfolded it, I was undecided and couldn't say what exactly I felt. In order to distract from the embarrassing situation of my indecision, I kissed Simone. Simone kissed me, too, and we loved each other. The comfort which had got stuck in the night shift nurse's eyes came loose. The others who had been lying down sat up.

I love with my eyes and withdraw with my mouth which remains closed. Sometimes it's different. Then I love with my mouth, my closed eyes serve to maintain distance. In rare cases I also love with my whole face, with my whole body perhaps, it withdraws then, since it is so open that it becomes transparent. So that I have almost only lived nights, meetings, years with this longing, that is I have assembled a constantly growing collection of moments of love that cannot be fulfilled, which, however, I

don't own or hide, which I cannot store. Only in very rare cases, when, for example, the closed mouth becomes tired because of its constant resistance, goes slack, light, first at the corners, then increasingly breaks open everywhere, so that another's tongue begins to find in me, overpowers me with a love, which does not dissolve me, but, rather, makes a body whole, because these are lips, by which I can feel my own, or, for example, when the eyes grow tired, can no longer resist satisfying curiosity and begin to open with my mouth, and find a gaze, since someone sees my half shut lids, and so something happens – only in these rare cases, this falling of the body, therefore, do moments of love arise. In this thoughtlessness, this vulnerability of the body arise moments of love. In this carelessness of the body, in this theatre of the body emerge moments of love. Texts emerge as well as moments of love.

(Translated by Martin Chalmers)