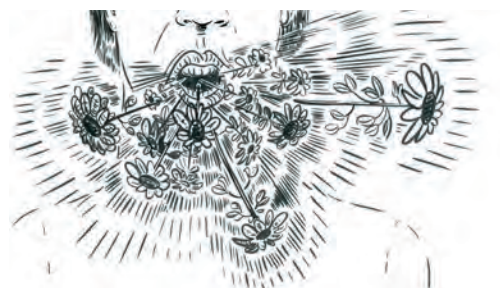


# Organ wanderung jetzt



## ORGAN DRIFT NOW

A single individual concludes the day by overseeing the making of a newspaper. One reason is increa-



sing forgetfulness, another enduring uneventfulness. The paper's content is exclusively consecrated to the individual's immediate everyday affairs. The readership consists of one sole person, who is identical with the author. For the inaugural issue, the first



thing that springs to mind is to cover the more precise circumstances of the individual's habitat. The first three lead stories/front pages concern the variable slamming of the house door, each time vaguely reminiscent of animal sounds—a quacking duck, a seagull's call, a piglet snorting. Or, what do do with accumulated



finger grease. As a general rule, this is where damage notices go. Every sound during the day is an outrage. Even the author's own. On a good night, he was once able to radioport them. Unqualified silence is a long spell



that grows more precious with every passing soundless hour. At the end of the first year of publication, brake noises came out of the mailbox. But that's for later. The newspaper appears daily, which makes no positive contribution to relaxation for either the author or the reader. Like every paper, this one is also divided into sections. Local Politics pertains to



the domestic situation; Business to routes of acquisition and sustenance; while International is consecrated to contact with the external world. Arts & Entertainment covers hygiene, clothing, and mood. The sports section has its parallel in reports on the household pets, including physical changes in any inhabitants.

Anticipating excessive monotony, there are days on which only metal is touched upon. Using aluminum foil as toilet paper is only so fun. At least it made for occasional material for stories beyond the



Somewhat is the animal which has been living longest in the house. This animal had already progressed to emptying shopping bags and presorting, somewhat. Somewhat would rather go to the refrigerator independently. Although it was more about the emptied shopping bags Somewhat would sooner crouch in. Or rather, roll down the narrow stairs in. Catwalk with shopping. Sometimes Somewhat was compelled to strut down the long window sill with the new acquisitions. A cowboy's gait or with a supple swing of the hips, like solid bir-

## But he only made up the third animal

ches in a young wind. Meanwhile hadn't been seen for weeks, this not only due to the animal's slight stature. Usually this member of the household announced its presence with the disconcertingly inconsistent scents with which it apparently preferred to seek attention. Typically a blend



of two fragrances no one would come up with as a first choice, at least not in this combination. Cheddar cheese and peppermint, or motor oil with laundry detergent. Probably a Gemini. Sometimes just plainly unambiguous food odors. Seemingly obvious expressions of



concrete requests for dinner, but he never went for it. Approximately would be a name for a new animal. Always keeping itself hidden, then suddenly communicating directly? At any rate, he was definitely game for this unobtrusive presence. But he only made up the third animal.



Frequent discomfort at the soles of the feet tended to increase. Slippers were still not an option. Clearly too bourgeois, even though they could probably prevent the awkward changes between different floor coverings. Curious that Mr. Likewise or Like I Said knows the criteria and observes them. Thick socks in the summer are also no way out. The inevitable smell of sweat would only engender another scourge. Anything but getting hopeful-

## Shortly before mastery of the five- way negation

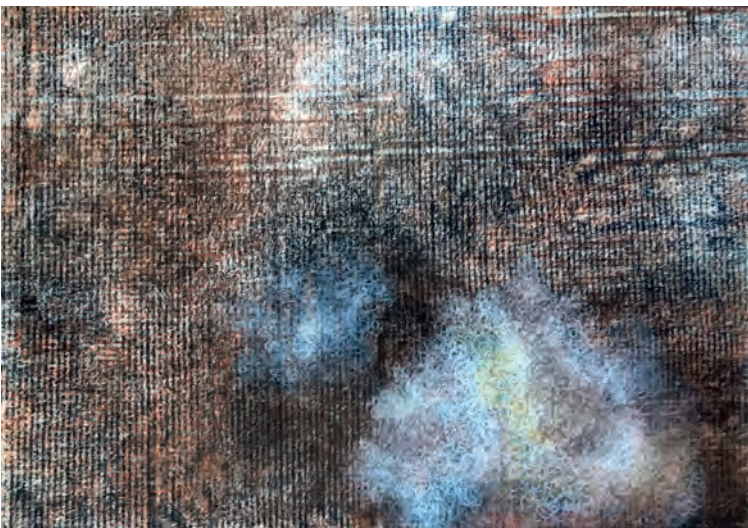
requisite scandalous reporting. His generation never did cause a single war—beyond that, they accomplished no more than pushing through

the division of trash via color-coded recycling bins, in the spirit of the annals of history. Things probably were better in the days when syllable division was discovered. Scattered special editions, one having been exclusively dedicated to descriptions of the light over the course of one day, occur rarely. The newspaper always consists of eight pages. Font size varies according to communicative needs or mood at the time of writing.





lessly sidetracked and mired in complications. The floor coverings in the household extended from splintery smooth over stubbly dull to crusty fuzzy and ceramic cool. Homogenization was unthinkable. Mr. Likewise or Like I Said had an impressi-



ve collection of splinters that were always glad to seek intimate contact with his calluses. Calluses attracting wood? Some of them had a dark red tinge. As far as carpet lint went, he was much less goal-minded, although carpet lint was by far the more frequent occurrence. A few specimens exhibited millimeter-sized fuzz penetrated by splinters. The fuzz might

... and went out  
and tried to  
influence the flow  
of traffic

be wayward ringlets that had forgotten their substrate or wretched dust that had worked its way to a linear stretch, but always in company. He never knew in which box to preserve such specimens. That wasn't the only thing in favor of removing the carpet. Though glue residue and cold screed would probably surface underneath. Best occupy oneself with important matters.

A letter to the editor arrived no sooner than the first week. The text didn't feel unfamiliar to him. An unstamped envelope. The address was correct. Aside from the usual well-wishes for the new publication, there was no mistaking a few critical overtones between lines:

I'm overjoyed about this new magazine and thoroughly excited to see how it will evolve. I know I'm not authorized to appear as a rea-



der here. Being a huge fan of image descriptions, I'm very taken with these accounts of the apartment whose rich detail is so deeply impressive—that every detail persistently stops simply being such, rather be-

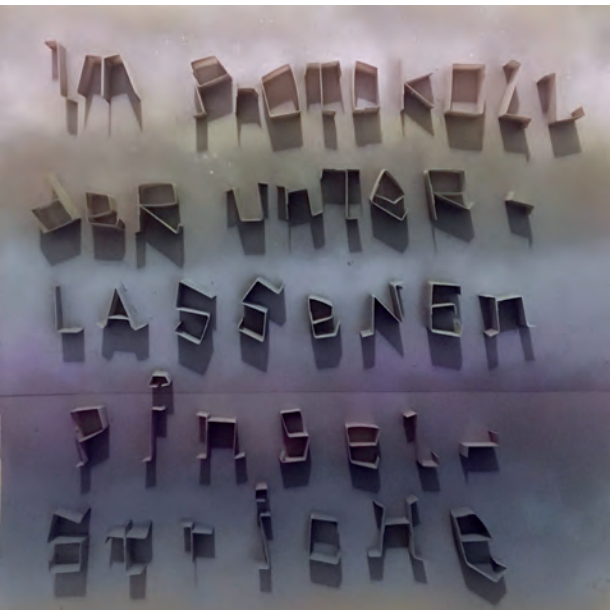
coming its own personal hero. I would have wished for a tea party or a general assembly of light switches. The idea

That sort of  
indirect method  
of communication  
had a longer  
history

to pursue self-knowledge without any outside input is brilliant and groundbreaking!

As he read this, he ultimately regained an urge for one of those soliloquies which had somewhat fallen into obli-

vion. Hearing a voice that was likely his own was always alienating at first. Things went better when he called himself. Yes, the author of the letter was right, the only outside input Mr. Likewise or Like I Said could take, if any, was air. He more or less alone bore responsibility for everything else. Which wasn't without its disadvantages. Shortly before mastery of the five-way negation. So he was responsible for everything and at most, accountable to no one but himself. Revenge couldn't always be discounted. Needless to say, even for these let-



EVERY SOUND DURING THE DAY IS AN OUTRAGE. EVEN THE AUTHOR'S OWN.

ters to the editor. Soft clouds of sedation sailed over the complete contents of his memory. A soothing deletion. Anyway, he could still see. Ergo the gazette.



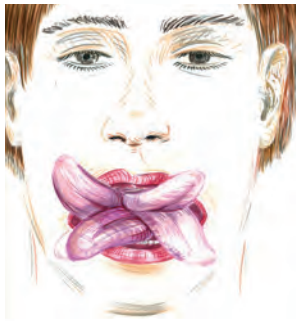
He was long since past the years when just a season counted. You could have glued him down to a chair and at most the toilet would have noticed that no one came to visit it anymore. Sentences in which





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articles had the majority increased in number. Not necessarily the best school of writing. Bureaucracy syntax. Better off disappointing in the first half of the sentence. He could definitely sense when two pedestrians crossed paths three streets down and couldn't stand each other. Social intolerance induced a near-



No individual issue

ly physical discomfort. Sometimes he saw it coming and went out and tried to influence the flow of traffic.

There is nothing about droplet formation, spiderwebs, or sweeper bags in this sentence. That sort of indirect method of communication had a longer history. Years ago, he had bred plants that could



change color within a split second. Originally in an effort to add some variety to the eternal green of his potted plants. This trait eventually got tested as a traffic light in a small locality not far away and proved practical in some



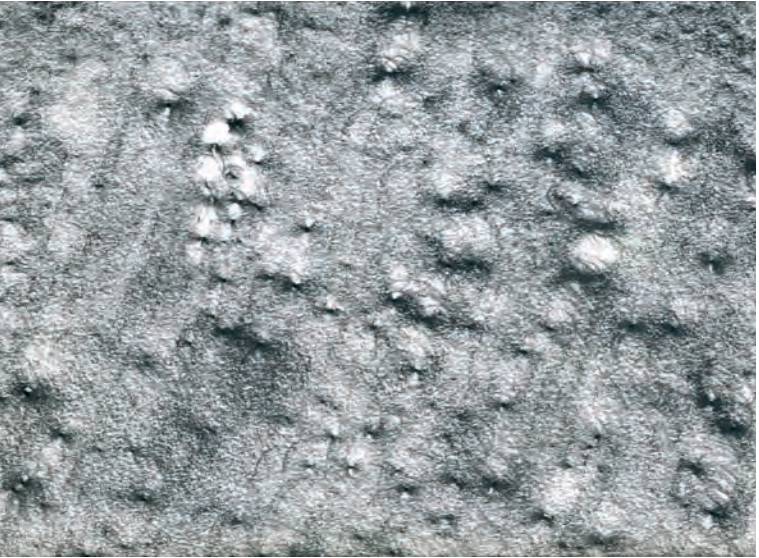
respects. He seemed to remember hearing. It may well be that this secured his income to this day, but how and why should he know that?

People have since grown used to the fact that you even have to pay for lesser illnesses. No, not the pure costs of treatment targeting the root of one's symptoms, but the sickness itself has come at a cost for at least five years. The account settlement system was

At the  
cemetery of the  
last pictures

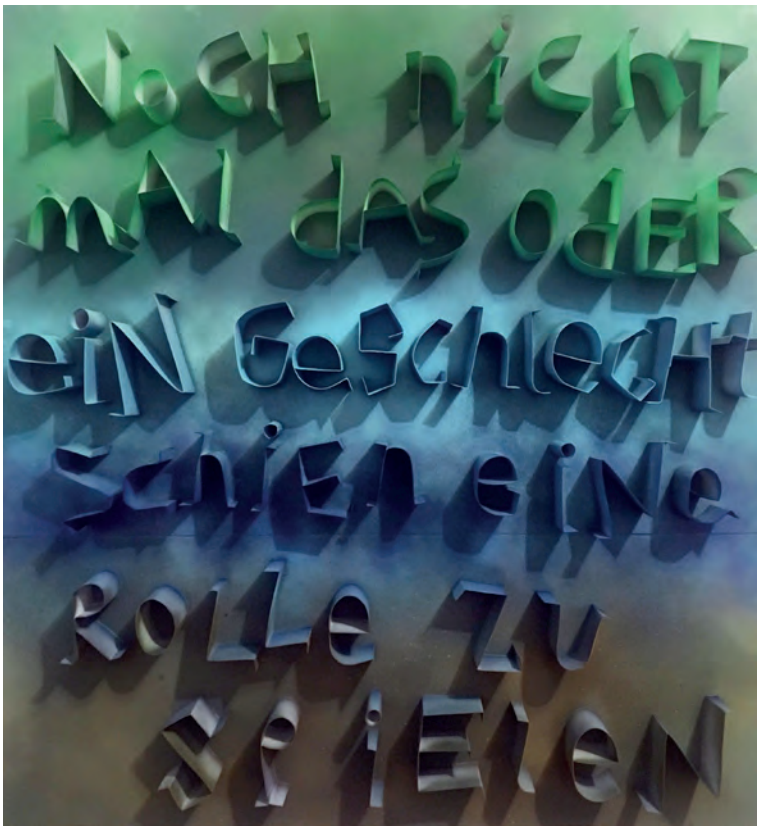
commensurately diffuse at the introduction of this monetization. With the first symptoms, a flat advance deduction automatically showed up on one's account statement. You were alerted to costs yet to come, as well as to the undreamt extent of the approaching sickness.

When he had to go out, the path often led him to the cemetery of the last pictures. It wasn't only that the names of the deceased, the interplay between the particular shape of the headstone and the grave landscaping at hand or in keeping with tradition was telling and provided grounds for conjecture on the erstwhile individual. Here, the final glimmer of the eye visible on the cornea shortly before passing had also been



immortalized on the headstone. A bit morbid, one thought at first and not the least arbitrarily, but ultimately these pictures were often almost reassuringly unspectacular and had something indirectly consoling about them. What else could one have wished to see in the dying breath? The most beautiful moments collapsed into one another? If the final glimmer of the eye





cern, but he was familiar with that. Not just the concern. If some concerns overlapped, life went on. More problematic was when they fused. And there was always a vanishing hope afoot, too, that all the air inhaled over a long period of time could be good for something after all. A dumb short-haul logic that didn't even suffice to disembark. To get off the ground with it seemed terribly far-fetched.

## THE EXCITEMENT FACTOR OF A MULTIPLY MELTED TUB OF ICE CREAM



was itself so tenderly boring, passing away couldn't be very exciting either, as all the fuss about it would otherwise lead one to believe.

He only hears himself inhale. Of course that was cause for some con-

In the beginning, only bottle labels changed insidiously. The appellation shifted meanings with every sluggish breeze. The history of cross-fades starts in London fog. And who is talking about early-stage air pollution? Sometimes it was merely an offset flavor. It helped to keep an eye on the bottles while drinking from them, so as not to end up all too surprised. Bam! And you were



from malt beer to butter-milk. If the liquid switched from soda to vodka, then it simply became a durational long drink.

If a visit would not be thwarted, he addressed each unavoidable guest with the same name. Through



intense staring into the face of the visitor, he managed with growing frequency to see this one face. Without it being due to an intimate past. Or constituting something like the horizontal checksum or intersectional

composite of all house guests having come to pass. Yet he still failed to understand why that face was so powerfully reminiscent of a gym teacher. Ultimately faces only work like somewhat better modula-

## There had probably been no faces prior to the invention of traffic signage

ted traffic signs, if you wanted to put the effort into understanding them. There had probably been no faces prior to the invention of traffic signage. ~~If there were no distance, one would constantly have~~

~~to melt with everyone and everything as circumstances dictate. The distance/intimacy problem between beings and things doesn't come until later. Not for nothing does the aforementioned matter of tact imply dance. Set theory's short-lived success had made the limitation of these symbiosis fantasies understandable. For a few years, no one under the age of nine could do their basic multiplication tables.~~

Flimsy taste of oat mucus, through which a celery note unexpectedly careens like an express train. Upon



may, a new promise hung in the air upon waking to every new day. Not that he was unaware that nothing would come of it.

Still, the outlook on a day with a modicum of anticipatory glee that at times properly shook up the predictable events of the day, without too much getting thrown out of whack. Another consistent fear was that the promise might dissolve into thin air as absolutely trivial and harebrained. Then it got tough. He may always have had other, smaller, alternate glimmers of hope on reserve but, sadly, these usually possessed the excitement factor of a multiply melted tub of ice cream.

## SANDWICH AS ITS OWN KNIFE, THE CAR AS ITS GARAGE, AND THE BALL AS ITS OWN GOAL

*(Translated by Carrie Roseland)*



which crabs then immediately meddle in the flavor out of nowhere in the mid-throat area. For some time now, the temporal component of ingestion had been downright recklessly neglected. The diner could easily be left to chew several minutes on a cube of diced bacon at his own discretion. It resulted from a commonly found trio of vegetables, potatoes, and fish or meat that the eater choreographed the progression on his own while eating, in which the tastiest or else the most repugnant remained on the plate to the end. Be that as it