

# Biography

-- 1943

--- The year of the great destruction.

„the pleasure in destruction - is creative....

hail Victory!

hail ....

hail? I came into this world?

but I never wanted to be there too ...

with pliers you couldn't put me into

only by the cesarean section (lifted), I was

deceived with her.

the Allied enveloped german cities by bomb carpets

/wrapped in a duvet, she let me

sleep outside in winter under the open sky. Therefore, the

red cheeks of mine.

yes - yes, cause+effect or

nothing -- comes out of nothing .... no

my difficulty lies only in the beginning, because where he is

is there anyhow somebody - in the circle and when, where he has

enclosed himself?

so questions spill ... over the whole

live. I - a ... walking question mark... want myself

to stand up to see while I stand. Is it the tone or the

turntable -- was it the genetic or environmental influences --

even both ... determined by the vase .... the wind

in the void ... nothing -- to testify me

know yourself - the most difficult. The easiest

other -- to give advice to myself -- as I have to do it.

i was in america .... to ram myself through while only 18

on a shipyard in brooklyn and I did not only put glass wool

in my inner head, which already did not exist in my head at that time

after half a year - recruited - as a soldier

and didn't just jump out of the aircraft?

that I was a bar owner, seller, printer ... .. in berlin and

a carpenter in love, a waiter, a locksmith in los angeles

was on the verge of whoredly drinking up all money in tichuana?

I was an assembly line worker, machinist and farmer in Ohio ...

at that time I helped to build expo 67 in Montreal?

that I read my first book.... dostoyevsky, who set it all

rolling and made me read crazily?

that I was quickly back in Hamburg ... as a longshoreman,

a curtain factory worker and a bailiff in the theater ....

a style advisor for people - like what I still am?

that I loved certain women, yes, and also loved men and

beat up the latter?

that I tried to educate children -- to be educated

by them?

that I drank and guzzled like a russian -- that is: a

cossack... who tried not only once cannabis and drugs?

can the reason understand itself?  
can the ey --- see the eye?  
can the senseless venturing write ... itself?  
I just want to bring it to an end, then to.... suddenly  
ask myself, wondering and reading:  
what, this is what I am ... .. ?  
  this young man .... this one? ....  
and who more than this ... .. did not understand  
and the world which he saw.... had often ... .. he believed himself  
and griped it himself .. ... at the moment.... the whole  
understanding  
to understand yourself, that is, to believe in it, that it  
and he ....to be like this and not otherwise.  
as I said, it's only you and the second of understanding  
at the instant of the total yes ... .. yes .... and ... ..

again

what shall I tell - what shall I choose?

that I am a man ... .. who saw half of the world .... who felt  
such a mother .... everything - I love her early death  
.... who felt the suffering and hate?

that I had - no childhood, and so no good start?

that (perhaps) .... her, and this my woe, were necessary  
at this point and still is .... to write now .... to make  
art?

when I gave away everything to follow the empty pride  
and tarried in an indian ashram to take back my last  
pants  
which I split in two parts in the past, again and again,  
worse to take it back?  
that I have reached almost exactly where I began?  
that everything repeats itself and I have enough of it and not  
only of it, but also of my extremes too?  
  
but that she and this change of life were necessary to  
who - who - this and that - here and there and  
up some more happened to him, to be finally  
able to say:  
no human is alien to me any more?  
and, that there again and again ....

a woman comes running