

Perentine streamer texts

To call—or not to call, or to call, yes, no, yes—no...

John Williams

by Lewis Mumford

Williams, Lewis Mumford, and Lewis Mumford
The book is a study
of the original work of Lewis Mumford
and his original work on the
history of the city of
Lewis Mumford

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Annette Wehrmann
with an editorial note by Ort des Gegen e.V.

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thing different, studios echoing with a sad, jangling waltz that keeps breaking off and then starting back up again and little girl feet stomping in time, the soundtrack to our show, a nonstop presence against the ceiling and walls.

24.01.96,

a day in nature, it's fall or spring weather, morning. A big estate and somewhere in the background is a manor too, but you can't make it out. 2 men are moving away from the mansion, headed toward the street. They're bound by a common plan. One of them is a slightly plump young man, about 28, with a sparse reddish brown beard, colorless hair, light on the pigment in general. Conservatively dressed in a light-weight turtleneck, corduroy pants, coat. No further specifications on the other so far. They have now reached the street, and the younger guy runs right out in front of a car, getting himself intentionally run over. This still cannot be called suicide, because it's not a matter of individual failure or the negation of one's own existence—there is an underlying plan to the whole thing. The other guy stayed back at the curb and is the eye-witness to this death. He gives his witness report to the ambulance and later to the police, but he doesn't mention his acquaintance with the deceased or their plan. To dispel any suspicion—because he's going to get very famous now—he takes on an entirely new identity. First of all, the news about the fatal accident and the witness to that accident will make its way into all the papers. The sensationalists descend upon the scene of the crime, encircle it. Better cover your ass. So he exits the stage with the heavy step of a cowboy or a sailor. He is not yet accustomed to this posture, it still takes effort to maintain. But it's just enough

to remove himself from the situation undetected while the police and EMTs are doing their duty. With time, the pose will become 2nd nature to him, he will fuse with it completely. Now he wears a pale trench coat, gray hair, crew cut. His name is Köhnlechner.* Köhnlechner will make his career as a writer on this experience—he writes 2 very successful books, both inspired by this “fatal accident.” Still no mention of the pact underlying it all. We see Köhnlechner taking a walk in the woods, surrounded by female fans. He recites his poetry in the company of his admirers and—this is weird, now there’s supposed to be a French translation all of a sudden, and they’re trying to find a word for “recites his poetry.” “Orateur” says a woman ecstatically, “the word is orateur.”—The setting transforms imperceptibly and we are now in a foreign country, Köhnlechner’s on a reading tour. The final scene shows Köhnlechner in a hotel room, sitting on a hotel bed, Köhnlechner at the summit of success, and he really looks a lot like HG.

06.24.96

Just saw 2 dead squirrels on the street, then a couple of spotted sheep, strangely resembling pigs, under trees in the field, still alive. Yesterday I saw a big toadfrog with gold eyes, the size of a toad, but with smooth frog skin, no toad warts, and no toad-like warts either, no warts whatsoever. It was sitting on the tiers of a basin, a little wading pool at the Tate, in the midst of all the tourist masses. Wonder how that frog got there?—British interstates aren’t very different from the ones in Germany, if you can see past the left side driving. Even the brown signs pointing out scenery and points of interest are the same. But I’ll miss the pound coins