

Ede Sevenich and Simone Grothe

eleu•the•ro•ma•ni•a

[eleuthero'mānēə] *noun*

an intense and irresistible
desire for freedom



ac•count•a•bil•i•ty

[əˌkoun(t)əˈbɪlədē] *noun*

the fact or condition of being
accountable; responsibility



Yes, you were deceived by them
missing all the warning signs
They disappear before placing
a single piece of furniture
Try to hold it with tenderness
carry the overload
and have the patience that they demand
Then replaced by the other ones
but where do you go when you go quiet?

The sweet words roll right off my tongue
how each single sentence is strung
bruised-up and broken and scarred
I have written down
all that they cared to reveal
All but the very ending
which they were either unable
or unwilling to tell me themselves
or maybe they just couldn't see it yet

They are not the laughter or the strangeness
I ordered
They are so tender and sweet and as soft
as a bouquet of clouds
Still they consist of the madness
I so desperately and
achingly want to avoid
Getting to know them more as you remember that
we became more soul than body

Crawling onto your lap
placing their hands on your neck
holding on tight
If this is what you truly want
I can wear their skin
over mine, their hair
over mine
I can wear it like you wear disappointment
on your face

It's an old story really
the opinions
shaped by your view
disambiguation and denying
A stained glass window
try to contain and stay balanced
What about the others?
With their eyes staring
to the nine panel door



in•de•ci•sive

[,ində'sɪjsɪv] *adjective*

characterized by lack
of decision and firmness



They are slowly created
formed like clay pottery
and watered with callous thoughts
Overwhelmed by the unknown
pretending that we can predict
something that relates to uncertainty
It's quite a breathtaking show to see
the way they move
by your written rule book

You let them play with the waves
up to their necks at times
Trying not to drown
in all the expectations
For some inexplicable reason
they feel unworthy
Pushing limits
until their arms
are completely stretched

Slowly shifting its weight
as rigid fades into smooth
from bare foot to bare foot
Up in a spiral of stairs
knowing their curvature
like the reminiscent smell of panic
Slice through the skin
dig out to give it some meaning
discard and displeased by their very presence

Chasing, but they can't find themselves
because they are never
in the same place
One breath for every movement
wondering if their feet will take
a separate way from their hands
The reality is that they are not dancing
they are taking steps
but none the way your rules apply

Longing for them to stretch
with the distant sound of a ticking clock
when there are grander things
swirling around them
An eager desire to stay the same
craving what is nearly impossible
to achieve
From where they are now
I can only be sure of a very few things



care•less

['keələs] *adjective*

not concerned or worried about



I am not even sure of the title
they don't care either
The idea that we should know
is a heaping pile of socially-crafted bullshit
With each languid day rolling into the next
unheeded swells the unbidden sigh
it makes them unsteady
Unceasingly intoxicate themselves
to escape from the slavish martyrdom of time

They begin to invent things after a while
fed by you
I suppose it's only human nature
to add and subtract
from our reminiscences
That strange emotion
stamp with their unanswerable woes
the feeling of not feeling
being completely disaffected

They are telling the wrong lies
not even useful
the right lies would at least be warnings
It's awfully terrifying
You may not have meant to
but you did
fucked them up
You fill them with the faults you had
and add some extra

What luck
what a horrible curse
Poison under their skin
Worthless prescription on repeat
Absurdities no doubt crept in
this metaphorical bubble of existence
and they can't figure out what the hell to do
You are divine, cut up so perfectly
without the desire to change

You poke and prod for hours
that is so enthralling
I know it's abrupt
they have grown quiet now
Some of them have left
shrinking into a corner
like pressed daisies
For those who have stayed
their prison is their tangible incomprehensibility



fa•ti•gued

[fə'ti:gd] *adjective*

extreme tiredness resulting from
mental or physical exertion or illness



And then
how do they go on
after the unthinkable happens?
They weren't afraid to
grieve with empty arms
but of the names randomly plucked from the air
head filled with echoing memories
They became polite and smiled at each other
exactly the way strangers do

Resigned themselves
to where they are now
hanging by a thin tenuous thread
They can feel it twisting above them
gently fraying
Cutting themselves off
from living according to their inner guts
as oppose to the narrative
that you tell us would be right

There is a meeting point between
how they imagined it and
how it has transpired
To ease the mind of its nagging questions
they drift in and out of each other's lives
Making room to reconnect
until the empty space is replaced
After months of silence
you, the mutual fear, bring peace

Their attention may be drawn to you
but the few who dare
must speak again
to right the wrongs for many
Be a shelter for the broken
and a cocoon of motivation
for those who need confidence
until it feels like
blowing in the wind

Watch their gathering shadows
that have brought me to
a new understanding
the words, and then
became a prolusion
something they weren't expecting
A surprising transformation
from nothing to everything
but it's a promise



in•dig•na•tion

[indig'neɪʃ(ə)n] *noun*

anger or annoyance provoked by

what is perceived as unfair treatment



Pay close attention
you have seen them from a distance
Wearing their mantle of mystery
marrying their perfumed silence
Soon spread the dismal shade
bowed head and lowered eyes
folded like two white petals
Realisation striking
this time I could not bear to pick them up

They drink glasses
of clear wine
Impossible to see properly
even as darkness bends in on them
closing from every side
They are lying to themselves
calling it unconditional
But I cannot see it
not yet

Plan to build a secret glass refuge
think of it as a kind of survival procedure
but there are faces on the wrong side
of the wet windows
smeared by rain
Even if they separate themselves
breaking the binds
of the misconstrued
their silence is too deafening

We were friends in
the old days
but they are not my priority anymore
You turned your back
you turned your back
and you turned your back
so many times
That soon your feet
were facing the wrong way altogether

Reaching the point at which
they rebelled against each other
A forest without trees
melted into
a desert
It's the right choice to
close the shutters
and stay so cold
but it was all in vain



suf•fo•ca•tion

[safə'keɪʃ(ə)n] *noun*

the state from being deprived of
air or unable to breathe



Leave the others hanging
at eternally vague intentions
with turbulent currents
churning underneath
You drained them of their identity
the damned whisper
cruelty knits a snare
Only the self-destructed thoughts
to keep them company

They are a deluge of human luggage
a muted mask
of nonchalant composure
All calm tranquillity on the surface
their dishonest projection
masquerading as beige
Some vague realization
collapsing from the growing pressure
of their silence

If I touch my body,
does that mean it's still here?
Questioning their own sanity
walking around armless
Suddenly whole days were blending tighter
creating one endless
and subdued loop
Their mantle-state has been
shaken to its core

Describe the day you first knew you were real
it never made sense
Worrying over the floors
in confused circles
Don't know how many pieces you got
constantly adding more
Keep cutting all the edges
until they are unrecognizable
stuck in the misplaced encounter

A bar fight of untangling
giving the clock a face
fit the shoes with their tongues
Pull the sorrow
from between their legs
like silk
knot after knot after knot
filled with doubts but
still anxiously wandering further



chaos

['keɪɒs] *noun*

complete disorder and confusion



So much noise, what a circus
does my sudden sassiness upset you?
Don't try to make it logical
the only ones who are left are the mad ones
desirous of everything
at the same time
in a cubicle that closes in on them
They will float for a moment
and then lash out

In the fell clutch of circumstances
they are going quite mad
With the knowledge
accepting the overwhelming number
of all dehydration and spite
They created a rich and complex inner life
most time caught up
lost the minds
in the midst of confusion

Compare them with an impossible highway
skid in broadside
in a cloud of smoke
up to a burning house
The way they are pulled and pushed
it became a constant struggle
But you are always asking more
unashamed and sacrificial
You split their heads open

Notice every subtlety
in their environment
it's intense
Surrounded when left with nothing
but chaotic thoughts
Why can't heads have overflow pipes
or simply find structure?
They are caught in a disaster
with no mercy

The ones who didn't
prepare to handle themselves
Bought train tickets
without permission
and refused to run
The jealous behavior over illusions
as if we were born with it
in our mouths
Unplug it for a few minutes



des•per•ate

['dɛsp(ə)rət] *adjective*

feeling or showing a hopeless
sense that a situation is so bad
as to be impossible to deal with



Do you remember being born?
How does one forget
something as essential as that
It is a terrible thing
to look at oneself
and all the while to see nothing
They are crossing the road
the most ordinary thing in the world
but it's the last time they are ever going to do it

I could not count the hours
that you tried to cage and contain them
they were labelled
You drained them of their worth
traversed through the rubble
Beat them down to nothing
with relentless fists of words
until they were numb
nothing left but the internal rustle

You have broken the vase
and stole the lonely flower
The need to withdraw
into a darkened room
Come back!
Steal all of the vases
cut all of the flowers
Listen for a second
they have tried to change for you

Still unable to release grip
although it gave them blisters
They dropped what they once were
holding onto
Leaves are all dead on the ground
the floor seemed wonderfully solid
They lay huddled
scrape them together
with my bare fingers

Thinking beyond the moment
smell the raw sweet
essence of things
Probably shaking hands away
motionless sitting
Eaten up by you
like plums in the icebox
They were delicious
so sweet and so cold



emp•ti•ness

['ɛm(p)tɪnəs] *noun*

the state of containing nothing



Doors lead to trapdoors
a stairway leads to nothing
In the end everyone is aware of this
nobody keeps any of what he has
Like a soggy paper boat
they dipped their toes
As though to test if it was cold
they shivered
and never learned to swim

After many years
trying so desperately to save the others
while their own hands were shaking
It's over
They stand in the center of their room
and can't breathe
This isn't a physical problem
it's about accessing their memories
Like a museum of fears

They were visitors
owning nothing
You never belonged to them
they never found you
it was always the other way around
You took all our clothes off
they witnessed all the imperfect parts
but time can not
fill the empty chair

Slowly, they did not speak another word
they are free to go
Still they confine themselves
held in place by their looking
And I, infinitesimal, felt myself
being a pure part of the abyss
Caught between being noticed and
wanting to disappear
busy in my solitude

But it is they that still cannot see
any of what is coming
But the rest of what is coming
cannot be seen
Even after it has been covered up
nothing left to see
even as they look right at it
And still I think I'll stay
for one more look at them

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