

————— In Gießen an der Lahn it used to be that you flipped off a passing patrol car and then shot it off with tracer ammunition. Gießen's leftists were still big wheels in the republic. All the Frankfurters ever did was just talk. The broads still traveled from Hamburg in droves to get fucked by the redskins in Gießen. He had buried a gun in the woods so that he had one when things broke loose. To the right of the RAF we always used to say, the width of a finger to the right of the RAF.

That evening in Gießen, Heino told me that you'd never get the hate and the noncompliance out of him, winning games of dice against the barkeeper and drinking one schnapps after the other. One for him and one for me. And then he drove me the hundred meters on his scooter to where I was crashing. And Heino is not, will not be, and never was a friend of mine except for that evening in Gießen when I listened to Heino's life and doubts, a man who fought tooth and nail against that the fire burning in him going out, against soporific normality ending the radical times he grew up in.

That it isn't true at all what everyone always says to him, that the times are different. That it just isn't true. That there's no reason for moderation. That they all hide behind their desks, in their lecture halls. That in the meantime he's the only one with this fire, that this fire makes him lonely. That the others say that Heino's a psycho, nothing else; someone who doesn't have a grip on himself, someone you can't come to grips with. And I held on to him, sitting behind him on the scooter, and would have gone anywhere with him; really, anywhere.

The most important thing is that you don't let anyone squeeze the juice out of you. The hate and the anger have to be the motivation, the incentive to live, and not fear. But how do you succeed in not losing that? You pour beer into yourself and





Heino pours schnapps onto his fire so that it doesn't go out, and in doing so you only squeeze the juice out of yourself to the max.

You have to keep the fear and the shame out of your life. You have to feed the we-against-you, the me-against-you, the me-against-myself. When you have children, fear necessarily comes back into your life, which is the reason for the cellphone in your pocket next to your scrotum; the rays cripple your sperm, cripple your fear. It can't be allowed to return, has to stay where it is.

Heino says you never get rid of the hate and the noncompliance. And that's true; that's why the gun is still buried in the woods and rusting and not in his hand, because it doesn't belong there.

The kids of the same age are waiting on the safe bench for things to go on, waiting to earn after they learn. But when proverbs no longer apply, it doesn't mean that they will be done away with by a long shot. Only those earn anything who bring themselves into the game, take chances, make an effort, are willing to make sacrifices. The aura of lustfulness is just as important in your job as in the club. People have to see it in you, that you want it, that you don't hit the wall at the right and important moment, obsessively and staunchly have a grip on your arousal.

The complaining kids of the same age, their rear ends flat from waiting, nervously sliding back and forth, which keeps your ass fit, already given up. Now and then someone leaves the playing field, asks for a dry towel to wipe off the winner's sweat. Who's going to be allowed to be the towel, who is he going to pick? They should get up, smash the bench to pieces and throw it onto the playing field, turn their backs on the testosterone-related affected behavior. Start a fire using the smashed bench,

release energy, wake up the waiting bones, shake off the waiting thoughts. Craft a boat out of the firewood, off to new shores. Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream. There's something better for you. Life is but a dream.

Fear stands above everything. The fear of losing everything, of perishing among all the other fraidy cats. Fear of doing something that others think is wrong and therefore also become wrong for you. The critical monitoring and archiving of any kind of actions and thought paralyzes courage. The constantly obtruding comparison with everything that has already been solidified to become incapacity. The feedback is so loud that you no longer hear yourself. In your youth, dealing with things past bolsters you up; you later deal with your own, past courage, with loss; and loss means nothing. You begin to appreciate and trace the fears and worries of your parents that you once rejected, to imbibe them, the fears and worries that drive away courage and anger.

Decisions are no longer made but become inevitable and necessary. Inevitabilities and necessities dominate personal and professional actions, have replaced rejection and noncompliance. A creeping transition, because everything is carried out grumbling and cursing. But you're not quite finished; you still exist, the grumbling and cursing tell you. But at the end of the day you're only exhausted and satisfied that you got over and done with it, that you managed to forget your flat displeasure, that the more deeply seated pride takes over.

They've taken art away from us as the last place of noncompliance with respect to inevitability and necessity. If someone is courageous or extreme, then this courage and the extreme are only worth anything if they can be designated as inevitable or necessary. Only then are they exploitable. They take art away





from us as a place of action, turn a place of the subject into a place of the adjective. Courage and anger belong to leisure time, extreme sports, or to the subculture. The subculture is the place for restaging anger; restaging anger is a culturally necessary process. Immediate hate and noncompliance are removed from culture and left to those who do not have a grip on themselves. Heino, for example.