

LIBRETTO
DELETE [sic!]

Music by Ying Wang
Libretto by Andreas Karl

1

Today is the twenty-fifth.
I feel like one of those cellular automats.
Where it starts with one dot and then automatically goes on and on, only following four simple rules.
None of those rules I made myself.
Isn't it called "game of life"?
Someone else composes my pitches.

2

Today is the twenty-seventh.
I felt a raindrop on my right eye. [Bertold Brecht, Der gute Mensch von Sezuan]
(It comes from the humidifier.)
(Vivid is my imagination.)
Had two phone calls, texted with three friends.

3

Today is the third.
(At least, I don't have to worry about where to charge my phone.)
At any place in my room, I am a maximum of four meters away from a power socket.
I measured it. I measured my daily life.
(Small rooms never made me anxious before.)

4

twelfth.
Don't we need vitamin D?
I use my phone too much.
Tendonitis, welcome, please step into my room, Mr. Typewriters Cramp.
Optimism is lurking just around the corner.
It's like a moving medipack in a Two(One)-room One-person Ego-shooter.
Had one phone call, texted with two friends.

5

twenty-fourth.
Some words are taboo now. I willingly hand them over to my notebook.

6

twenty-six.

“Who, if I cried out, would hear me” [Rilke]

It’s from a poem, I think.

But anyway no one cares. My window is closed, like the others.

7

Today is the second.

I am wide awake.

I learn to talk to friends as if they were here. Coffee can do that.

(I was able to catch some of the optimism. I feel alive.)

Had one short phone call, texted with one friend.

8

eleventh.

Two point seven one eight [2.718 Euler constant]

Three [3] (per million)

Twelve [12] (new)

Two hundred nineteen [219] (critical)

Nine hundred nineteen [919] (active)

Twenty-two thousand one hundred forty-four [22,144] (recovered)

Three hundred thousand sixty-two thousand one hundred eighty [362,180] (total)

Fourteen million seventy thousand eight hundred ninety [14,070,890] (total)

The word “exponential” was never used as much as now.

This must be how stock market brokers felt on that one black thursday.

9

It’s still yesterday. That’s fine.

(I still read things.)

“The gaping cracks in the wall of necessity” [Claude Levi-Strauss].

If we all become the same, we all disappear.

Only if we can tell our own stories, we are individuals.

I now have nothing to tell, except to tell stories of others.

Texted with one friend today.

10

Today is the twenty-third.

I try to find stories in the unevenness of the wallpaper.

There is a rhythm to it.

I think of skin.

The skin of someone else.

I smell a fever waiting underneath this skin.

I also found some new light switches.
There are light switches everywhere yet it's never bright in here.
This darkness needs another kind of lumen.

11

twenty-fifth.

I switch to tea. Coffee makes the walls too thin.

Binge-watching, online window shopping

(I think my computer has a virus.)

(Every virus is binary. Zero one. yes no.)

Sunshine on my screen is annoying.

Outside the window three metal birds are picking apart my light. [Christine Lavant]

12

first.

Either you sleep or you are awake. If you are tired, it is as if one second you sleep, the other second you are awake. Like some shutter technique. Or like there is no grey, it is just black and white dots. I have a theory: Every time we lose sleep, a part of our brain is removed. Like in a surgery. Something else is put inside there instead. Like cotton pads soaked in anxiety, anger, desperation, red bull. Definitely something from the outside, prepared by someone else.

13

tenth.

(Sleep is the only topic. Dreams are no topic.)

Two thirds sleep, one third panic. How is this possible at the same time? How does adrenaline work?

I am nervous. I am tired. I have another kind of fever.

(The air purifier broke.)

14

Still the tenth, just later at night.

Not even a water skelter bug could walk on my sleep, so shallow it is.

I try to remember the name of this sickly Austrian poet, who I think did not sleep at all.

[= Christine Lavant]

15

twenty-second.

How comes no one says anything? Literally. Even the journalists are quiet.

I mean what the fuck.

Do they have sleep problems too?

I remember one. I guess he is doing a food blog now somewhere.

(There are three rules for my everyday life, they are mine.)

16

twenty-fourth.

Repetition, repetition. Distance.

The skin has become wallpaper again. But cold now.

The fever is gone. I may miss it. But who, if I asked, would hear me?

The background noise of all electric things matches the frequencies of my tinnitus.

The birds from before, now they are picking apart my brain.

17

thirty-first.

Repetition, repetition. (The smell of disinfection.)

(There are three rules for everyday life, they aren't mine anymore.)

I am the opposite of lost (- there is only one place to be).

Someone composes my rhythm.

No texting, no phone call, nothing to tell each other.

This repetition does not involve others.

18

Today is the ninth and tenth.

If you type a word ten times, deleting it is much harder.

But how come there is just one story left. And it is a blockbuster. Nobody on the streets.

Mad:

All are watching it in their home cinemas.

19

twenty-first.

It is the first time...

...that I wish to open the window ...

...to shout at something out there.

(I remember a poem about that.)

...that I look down the street.

It does not look like as if the end of the world is out there. It is inside here.

(They would not stop the economy for that.)

Some windows are made to look out of them.

Some are made to envy those behind.

Some are made to shout out of them.

Some are made to jump.

It is not yours to decide which window is yours.

20

Today is again the ninth, the one from before.

This whole thing is tempering with the language itself.
Language, just another victim now.
They did not talk like this before. At least not in my lifetime.
The language itself might remember its old scars.

21

Today is the twentieth, the one from earlier before.
For to cure someone means to make it “normal” again.
But when being sick is the new normal...
(It's not the fever I long for.)
Repetition, repetition.