

The photos are stills from a film I made this February for an exhibition at Galerie Wedding in Berlin. I re-staged a play there that I wrote in 1987. It's called *Die Pauschalreise* (*The Package Holiday*) and deals with three female workers from a spinning mill who win a package holiday in Greece. But then they spend all their time in their hotel room unhappy because they're no longer working; they're superfluous. I wrote the piece after reading Marx for the first time, which resulted in my longstanding and ongoing preoccupation with economics. The play begins with a prologue by the three Fates. Clotho spins the thread of life (her foot swollen from working the spinning wheel pedal). Lachesis moves it onwards (her lip swollen from licking the thread). And Atropos cuts it (her thumb swollen from said endeavor). I've updated this prologue in a second poem. It actually originates from a to-do list of everything I was yet to achieve before the film shoot.

List of Things to Prepare for the Fates

have to bake a cake for all the three of them  
have to fit the epaulettes on Klotho's shoulders  
one for Wehrmacht and the other for the shadow banks  
have to put one high heel on her left foot  
so that she has to limp all the way down

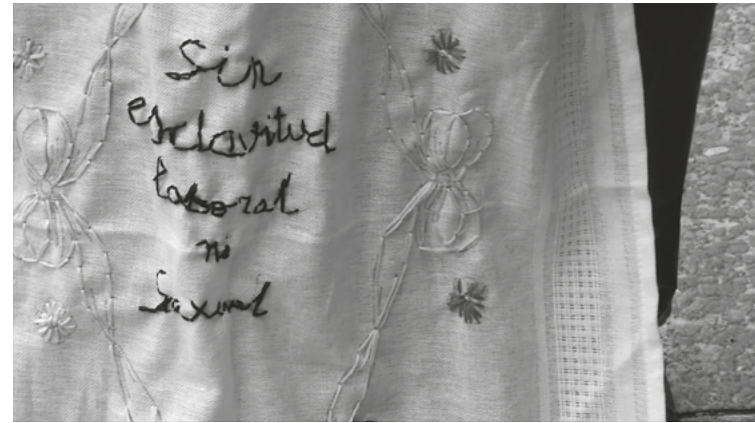
have to paint the fingernails red of Lachesis  
have to put the thread in her mouth  
have to arrange her shirt with a long long train  
a train of shabby entrepreneurs  
debtors always, always depending on...

...these routs of hands  
which move along the trenches

like along furrows in the field  
to deliver the harvest  
just in time  
always  
who are silent thereafter  
in their tents on the badlands  
and waiting for the next demand...

and so then to Atropos  
must deliver the pieces  
with face turned away  
must not look  
must not look there  
before she bows her head  
to the scissors  
cutting cutting.





Things used to be more celebratory with us. We would sit in the garden after work, legs apart, hands heavy on our knees. We were fortunetellers, we were important. Now we are machines. Repetition is insatiable, great quantities are produced and cut off. Nothing flows in, nothing seeks to run. Products and machines are a tightly nestled couple, and no one dreams of abandoning the other. So we don't hesitate to cut.

Why we are still blind? It spared us from pity, so we could go to work in a good mood. It would have broken our hearts, if we had to have paid attention to each thread in its particularity. We have now gradually established a mid-sized company and are heads of the departments: drive, transmission, and dispatch.



Yes, only with great effort can we remember to hold in our hands anything other than goods by the meter, always new, always the same, always ready to be consumed, and willing to die in birth.



We have always channeled you in, steered you around, and cut you off in your own way. Instead of working, we just offer our limbs now, which are necessary to keep the thread moving. The thread runs through us. It unwinds on us, albeit without our assistance. What else could it still mean to us other than the mere disfigurement that it inflicts on our body parts.

