A play is a landscape

(Gertrude Stein)

A narrative landscape

The spoken texts in a Narrative Landscape can be divided into four categories:

On the first plane, the image of the earth, we hear all the words that are in the play at random. A cacaphony of yet unselected monologues, dialogues, arguments, statements.

On this plane we can choose, or better the manipulator of the joy-stick can choose one out of nine squares, indicated on the image.

On the second plane, there are nine different images. Mostly landscapes. Each image, the one chosen by the manipulator, has its own story and its particular idiom. These nine monologues refer to the images of the second plane, the third plane and the fourth plane. Their tone of voice and their literary structure are based on the image of the third plane, a human image. A photograph or a painting.

On the third plane the basic text of the second plane returns in a shorter version and is interrupted frequently by neighbour stories or voices. On this human plane the humans talk to each other. The facilities of the computer can turn monologues into dialogues.

On the fourth plane the basic text of the second plane is spoken backwards. The complete text. The last sentence becomes the first sentence. The text is composed in such a way that instead of losing their meaning, the sentences seem to unveil an inner story, not noticed before, The hidden truth, maybe.

Bon voyage!

Dirk Groeneveld
Once a soldier, always an angel.

We synchronized our watches
looking at a silent sky
I think I smiled
I think he died
pilots are brothers
in wartime or not
the machines warm us
or wear us out
devotion makes us angels

A mission flight
not the cannibal right
took us straight to the enem complex
how photogenic is a dull
german village
and orderly at night

my brother in the sky
was still alive
I saw him in the mirror
taking pictures

My brain somehow became mechanic
not a magician on its own
I had to re-invent my other self
one half of me was blown away
I think

Today
supporting joy
adding my gifts to children
riding trains on time
tight on schedule
I might run into him
confront us together
at the next corner

Off course this is not known
to the parents

or other chauffeurs

Once a soldier, always an angel
that's why I wear a cap

Underneath I am partly empty
The hit was quick
the head was missing
someone picked it up
it was not replaceable
the thought was
I was not there
I am still not here
they found me out again
my brainpan is a harness

Do you believe me
when I say ...
cover me with tuba-sound
or else,
place them at my feet
and I will kick them around
like a furious child
on a burial ground

I am the janitor of groundaction
angels fall.
When it was shown it was erect
intact it sat on a lap and stood out
the province was amazed
the tower was superior

The simple fact of hands helping hands
and the glory of molding
a vision into flesh
was made stone

Single out a person
single out a landscape
we need a thread
to hold it to the throne

The bird might fly the cage
the child will walk away
a caress is not enough
to show our gratitude

Do not point at the cement
do not point at the paint
hold your breath in front of the baby
place the bird in his hands

He handled it with care
though frozen with fear it tried to escape
we wanted it in position
so we placed it on a lap

Our days were wonderful
the sun shone as it had to
over our playing hands holding
a reluctant bird with compassion
Our nights were spent awake
a trembling energy held us together
and body and warmth became one
a province of man in the state of woman

How could this bottle be held
without breaking
how breath stopped when it moved
deep within

One night the moon came in
through the window
he looked up with his bright eyes
broke the rope and escaped

When it was shown it was erect
intact it sat on a lap and stood out
amazement
the tower was of a superior kind

Do not point at the paint
do not point at the bird
do not point at a heart
point at soul in the province
Man is an industry of fragments. Man is a city-map.

How situational is a city?
desperate
I see pretty

at fingerprint all of a sudden
we are in it
hold down the particle law
and we split it
hit the ice-cube with your forehead
and you have it

now assemble what's lost
and rumble
this sound of city-vox
is a beast on our back
lay it on the table
and see how it runs
to the end of the tablet and back!

this is an uncreational lack
to many make weak our city-plan
forbid them to travel for a second
so we can cluster them forever
this is the end of the seven days panic
we're even again
and nothing is lost
except night
ask again and we'll answer your question?

How lost is the body that holds it together?
support-technique is a science, you know
we generate straw successfully
our fabric is a brilliant result
of research
human tissue, you see, is a dense complexity
of distorted energy
so how we go at work?
in nightshifts
we select the upper-parts
the brain-halves
the thighs
The Square.

The plan of this city is plotted on the spot
On every corner a pig yawns at you
The flags wave untidy
Don't cross me!

I know how to make a square
Take three straight sticks of equal size
and nail them to the earth
(¥ Take three, take four, také five)
Got it!

This hat stays where it is.
When I become chief of this city
I'll slaughter the pigs first,
have the flags publicly whipped
and then I'll make everything round

I know how to make things round
Put your foot up tight in the air
and keep your fist closed
There are days you jump through a burning hoop
and where does this hoop come from?
Hold on to that thought
It's vital to make a circle round
No human being ever jumps through a square!

When this plane crashes and we turn into flames
I'll make myself round and escape
"Rounder than round" that's my motto
Away from the ghetto of the square!

This is only one-third of all my thoughts.
A piece of the reich

One jump and I'll leave you behind
That is the risk of gravity
That's what everybody thinks, thinking safe in a square
But I don't think that way
I think round

All those organic cities spreak against themselves
The shiny shoeboys it delivered
In the best of cases
Not more than that
The "Flagship of Society": a square
I say to you:
a man in a doorway, is that a man?
or a lying shadow of sticks?
It's not the city needs paint
The responsible ones need to be painted
Let the woman sew round flags!
Have them wave in open space
Then we shall see if it attracts pigs

This is only two-turds of all my thoughts
Am I a step further? Ahead?
Reich two within reach?
Oh, you are interested?
Look. Take your time.
I am not stuck in your stickwork
Make up a textballoon, if you wish. You pigs!
That's the plan, isn't it?
To electrocute me in your square chair
Extract a pigtailing from my brainpan
I easily step out of this window
One step and I'll do it
Be careful! I can leave you any moment

This is the last third of all my thoughts.
Lift gravity, I told you. Lift!
Tonight I'll veil myself in my true identity
Slaughter the pigs, install the round flags
Encircle every female shadow with a manly man
I'll break the organic city on my knee
and give birth to a black hole!

This plane must land somewhere
But all the runways are on fire
Pisa.

When it was shown it was erect
intact it sat on the lap and stood out
the province was amazed
the tower was superior

the simple fact of hands helping hands
and the glory of molding
a vision into flesh
was made stone in an instant

single out a person
single out a landscape
we need a thread
to hold it to the throne

the bird might fly the cage
the child will walk away
caress is not enough
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do not point at the cement
do not point at the paint
hold your breath infront of the baby
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he handled it with care
though with fear it tried to escape
we wanted it in position
so we placed it on the lap
[so we placed it on a lap]

our days were wonderful
the sun shone as it had to

playing our hands on the white canvass
reluctant bird with compassion

6 = over our hands playing on the white canvas
7 = a reluctant bird held with compassion
Our nights were spent awake
a trembling energy held us together
and body and warmth became one
a province of man in the state of woman

How could this bottle be held
without breaking
How breath stopped when it moved
deep within

One night the moon came in
through the window
he looked up with his bright eyes
broke the rope and escaped

When it was shown it was erect
intact it sat on a lap and stood out

AMAZEMENT
the tower was OF A SUPERIOR KIND

do not point at the paint
do not point at THE BIRD
do not point at A HEART

POINT AT SOUL IN THE PROVINCE.
A sideline is lovable
in a landscape
enjoyable for all
who are in the air
connected with one ear
looking out with one eye
I buy a microscope every year
handle with care
don't break the box!
the black box

I am a farmers son
from a farmers mother
the only time I was transported
graciously
has to be history
and therefore forgotten

these hands are made for blocking (X)

Working with machines was a bless
I killed the all-night alcoholic
so they told me
so they showed me
and they told me
and awoke me
so they told me

and they took my hand
lay off my hand!
but my hands were off-duty
and I shake them
and I shook them
and I show them

clean as a window
the windows I cleaned in the city
never a fingerprint on it!

I wear a ring on my small finger
Is it there still?
The mind is a track
that leaves traces

the leaf is lustful

hands shake
hands earth-quake

The map I embody

shakes with fear

Percusio means:

massage

massage of the brain
through the hand

maybe a mapshopowner
will bail me out
Your wings are waxed to your body.

I had a dream last night
I could not escape
I am still not awake
and I do find that my blankets
smell

My reasons were logical
to visit the city that haunted me so
they gave me the adress of a palace
Everything in it
had to be sold
one minute after my arrival
They would wait,
the person in the dream said,
but not too long
because the palace was on fire

My car is too small to fit a palace
but when I arrived at the spot
I didn't have to worry about transport
I stood there in disappointment
ankle-deep in desertsand
looking at the fire at hand,
Not even a silhouette of a castle
or a palace
or its household effects
just the fire at hand
Then a voice said:
go in there and find out
they are waiting for you
you mug
don't miss your fortune
after all, we made this happen for you

No one escorted me
but I went in
indeed there were doors
made out of flames
and staircases
and the carpets I walked on
felt soft and smooth as skin
perfumed with rare anointments
not the smell of burning blankets!
I knew my prize
but where were the sollicitors?
I was getting hot
under the armpits
Then the nightmare woke up
pushed away the dream
I found high-up
on the third or fourth floor
and noticed how everything was made of wood
The voice said: originally this was a forest
they burnt it to the ground
you are a bird
you are asleep
your wings are waxed to your body
now: GO!
I started to run in all directions
up and down and sideways
until I was confronted
with the men 'without tongues'
they stood in line
they blocked the entrance
I noticed how they watched
the flames crawled towards me, up my back
and how they wanted me
to be like them: inflamed forever after
I need a rest today
I think I'll put up a sign which everybody understands
somewhere within these blankets
it says: call the fire-brigade
as soon as you see me burning
they will co-operate
I am certain of that
The rose diet.

First we take a loose, preferably colorless piece of cloth. Well washed.
When you live near a creek, immediately reserve a fast-streaming spot.
We come to this later.
First we take care that the supple tissue stays moist.
All actions held should be handled in a stream.
The rose-diet demands the optimum.
Also in preparation.
Good, now the cloth is damp. And we search with our eyes for a flat, possibly solid surface. (sub-soil?)
We lay down the piece. Smoothly.
As if we have a totally relaxed body restore from its efforts.
It is important to remain attentive about the little moves in nature.
We come back to this later.
Good, the sun breaks through the clouds and gently we abandon the piece of ground.
Stretch your knees. Stretch your feet and wings.
Stretch them well.
The cramps, in this first phase, could lead to disastrous pirouettes.
And breath, breath. Good.
We come back this ultimately.
As you might have forgotten, we looked for an isolated spot near a creek.
A fast-streaming creek and a spot with much shadow.
Now we move on towards that direction. Don't be afraid.
Accelerate when alteration is asked.
This has got to do with another aspect of our concentration.
The basis of the rose-diet. We come to this later elaborately.
Go for the target, not for the bruises, during this second phase.
To get to the roses we do not start with the applause.
But on the count.
One two three, one two three. Stop!
Who of you have found the spot?
Good. Now fetch the rose firmly at the bud. Got it.
Hurts. Yes. It hurts. And wait.
The others can go now. And leave their things with the
janitor.
We continue. Can I have full attention?
Good.
We feel how the rose opens in our hand.
And we slowly, slowly twist her. (around.)
And meanwhile we lick with our tongue the sap from the rose.
And pay attention!
Yes, continue, continue.
Dance that lovely pirouette!
And try to remember how do you got in this position.
How did we get here, how do we come back and how do we tell
the others?
That's the secret of the rose-diet.
Put your memory in the fridge, disconnect your body-energy,
and you will never come to metaphorical results.
Now let go of the rose, we are finished.
Pick up your clean underwear.
I will see you tomorrow.
And before I forget: take along every day two spoonsfull
of sugar for the janitor.
It's his rosebed.
And now: fly!

The third phase of the rose-diet.
Art as the golden fart.

Fartations of art
walls covered with it
blankets of gold for the dead
stony pillows to the living!
certainly
rejection is a spiral
not to the artist
not the seine!
this plane goes somewhere

a shoemaker buys a horse
the horse is sick
it lies on its back
the horse dies
and the shoemaker starts from the beginning
he buys a horse
the horse is alert
the horse runs away
the shoemaker runs after the horse
and returns after two years in his village
without a horse, just its ears, its eyes and its tongue.
the shoemaker is a art-dealer
the artdealer buys an artist
the artist runs away
but not today
the shoemaker makes shoes for the horse
the horse is dignified
so goes the saying
third story
the shoemaker is fart-collector
he collects rare farts
now the horse is sick
out of the track
drenched in sweat
lays on its back
has to be stopped
or shot in the head
the shoe-collector knows a medicin-man
they talk and talk
just a sec
the medicin-man is a fart
he wants a piece of the horse
any fart
so they shoot the horse
and relax
and the horse shifts
for a moment
collect the shit!
and the medicin-man runs off
holding his shit together
now the shoemaker is not lost
he cuts the horse in two/
now the shoemaker is into art-business
he sells the body and keeps the head
and tells everybody about the medicin-man
how he ran of with his shit
and that it's not original shit
okay, shit from horse, now dead
but how dperived of quality!
shit under influence
stolen from a dead horse body!
now the medicin-man is already dead for years
and the shit has gone to pieces
what a shame to history!
to the history of fart-dealers
and the horse is dead
and the shoe-maker?
Oh, he lives in the country, in the city
next to the horses
that bring him his daily bread
on a golden plate
and he says, to all comment:
Bring me a horse and I'll feed him
ame me one horse I didn't make
and I'll break his neck
and everybody laughs
shitting in their pants
gold rings the ears with fear and holds them together.
in the world of golddiggers and shoemakers.