

Prologue (Clouds, disco-dancers)

The machine in Wireface's hands has a monitor, it is streaming a film. A shiny, long tube is prodding doggedly through creamy, reddish and yellowish clouds. A large, bald judge is undergoing a gastric bypass. He weighs a hundred and eighty-two kilos; he cannot tie up his shoelaces. He can hardly get up from the chair. He has been losing respect at the office.

The shiny, long tube carries a camera on one end. The reddish clouds are the stomach and intestines. They are swimming in the yellow fat, a flabby mass of lard. The stomach is the size of a watermelon. The camera is travelling through clouds, tissues, mucus.

Wireface is changing the channel. The bald-headed judge now weighs forty-nine kilos less. It is only six months since the surgery. The judge says that he is pleased, even though he looks exhausted. He rides a bicycle through the countryside. He tries not to appear breathless.

Wireface is heading to the dance floor. He doesn't let go of the machine even for a moment. The judge is already in the hearse. Complications, internal bleeding, thrombosis. Wireface would just like to relax. There is too much flesh, teeth, bones that he needs to conquer. Too many of them are waiting for their turn.

Wireface tells Birdface, whom he's dancing with: "Being on call is killing me." Birdface places her long fingers

on his shoulder. “Hang in there”, she says. “I have found a hotel in Berlin. We can mix business with pleasure.”

The dead, dolls, loneliness

Surrounded by hundreds of corpses, he thought about the remaining years.

He recalled the moment when it all began to fall apart.

At night, he watched the lit up windows of the neighbouring buildings.

Sometimes it seemed more useful than talking to the dead.

Aimlessly, he was changing television channels.

“I have learned not to judge others”, one of the TV dolls said and blinked.

(It seemed to him as if she were not just a doll saying these words.)

The world became a bewildered, freckled teenage girl with a heavy period.

He had no one to talk to, apart from the dead.

And they were repeating the same stories over and over again.

Westward

In the middle of the living room, she had a fluorescent red, lip-shaped sofa.

She slept on it with her face turned towards the West.
(She was proud of the rituals that she had not given up.)

She had never dreamed of a *Great Love*.

Already at fifteen, she felt old.

She saw herself as a mound of decomposing protein, decaying flesh, future fertiliser.

All those depressing things.

She was a little girl when she discovered that, in her dreams, she could detach from her body.

She would levitate above the room and watch herself sleep.

Then everything would be all right again.

White bedsheets became sea waves returning to the beach.

Beaches

The world looks different when you are sprawled on the bathroom floor.

Beaches are the only thing you see.

The world looks different when you are lying in a puddle of your own blood.

Naked, motionless, saved from all the unnecessary questions.

The instrument in Wireface's hands gives off a high-frequency sound.

Disco music for dogs.

The sheen of his black leather trousers in the dark.

His skinny arm sways as if lifeless.

Wireface walks along the wet trail that leads to the beach.

Cypresses, dogs barking, a place to put one's head down.

Beaches are the only thing that you see while lying naked and motionless.

You see Wireface as he carefully places the machine down onto the pebbles and switches it off.