

Rave

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I
The Decay

“The decay begins.”

... – and approached me in slow motion. I looked, wanted to, went, and thought.

I had a pleasant feeling.
Maybe I could already decide.

“Now the driving licence is gone, now I quickly write the book.”

Wirr: then I stood in the midst of the music. – Boost.

Laarman immediately managed to secure the film rights to the Schütte-Saga for some kind of fanciful sum. The money was gone anyways, the accounts blocked, and the cards withdrawn.

I saw him as he stood with the young lady behind the pillar, and suddenly he appeared gigantic to me. He persuaded her, well: they actually persuaded each other. Everything entirely friendly, heatedly red.

My face was also already pretty damp.

As we cam through the back we reached the other space.

SWEET CONFUSION

One must picture So-and-so as a happy person to oneself.

Who invented this again?

We looked around and laughed. Now the music is really awesome.

“Hey! Look!”

I felt the prick of the sixteenth’s superbrightly in my fingertips, arms wide apart. She too, teensy glitter in the front, top, bottom – fabulous.

The shining jewellery gleamed silvery.

Schütte to Wirr: “where?”

Whoever said toilet does not necessarily have to mean something else. The seeker was calm, even while talking; the interpreter was mingling in the wordlessness of the faces or gazes. There the seeker seeks signs.

Who takes something?

Who might still have something?

Who can still cut one by now?

Who’s in?

It was the time that the lime blossoms bloomed.

Mark then heard someone next to him saying the sentence: "Now the Public Prosecution Office is also investigating on suspicion of breaching the confidentiality of the word."

And I immediately thought: "fantastic".

And on that note I visualised Albert's witnesses of truth right in front of my eyes, I mean those drawings in which the pictured tiltings show the pushing of the sides of time into one another.

Clamped down by the pounding.

Then I saw how she –

And turned –

And masses of new gazes. I laughed, because –

I don't really know –

And turned around. "What is it?"

Oh, I see, sure, sure. Good.

Okay.

Behind him, above him, around him: now there were really big super-human-sized Sound-Might's standing up, those huge devices that inside him thundered into each other. He looked up, he nodded and felt thought about by the beat's bum bum bum. And the big Bumbum said: one one one –

and one and one and –

one one one –

and –

awesome awesome awesome awesome awesome ...

He saw Hardy and Leksie, faces and gazes, stumbling over the beat, pestered, pushed, touched. Saw the broken, the delighted, the trusted and tender, the many cues, fast, short, fully clear, already blurred by the next one, in waves of sympathy. He watched and danced and saw beauty itself. The legs and lights came in from the edges, on feet, in flashes, the treads and basses, the stretches and whooping, the equations and functions of a higher mathematics.

Now he embodied the music itself.

Then came a fast stepping cascade, so to speak somehow bursting out of the rhythms and sounds.

A substantive cascade,

that narrates the tearing down and the speed of thoughts, in unison with the music, the sum-feeling of contrary aspects, the wide shot of the ghostly view in the moment of simultaneity, and the blessing of the automatic nature of this holistic process.

In this direction would –

a sort of Contradiction Balance, without which –

and so broadly stretched –

Well, time itself would still be intact – processes. And then the synthesising conclusion of the contradiction: like before the creation of the world, the so-called Spirit of God – ...

But, unfortunately, this is inconceivable.
And he saw, that it was good.

CALLIGRAPHY

When Wirr ... the music distinctively as – . It's not true. I just suddenly thought: What was this? I know this. What the hell of an awesome track is this?

So precise, as if I would just have woken up. I found it strange for a moment.

I was standing on the dance floor and barely moving. I was clearly feeling the connection that was leading me automatically, between my sense of hearing and my body, deep inside, within the music. It was all anticipated there in this instant moment.

The rear door was closed, strangely enough. The lights at the ground lit the way back.

I walked, I stood.

I saw Fabian's face, questioning, perhaps irritated.

I was making an answering, self-questioning gesture.

An open situation, new people, text on t-shirt's.

I bent down, switched on the lighter.

"What time is it?"

Wirr: the question arises where one is at right now, at the same time in terms of dosage.

And I was thinking: "let's search Sigi."

We went behind the DJ. Feelings of thankfulness danced ahead of myself.

All those years that –
Using records as arguments –
Felix gave me a cheerful nod.

I forgot how one walks,
how to walk and speak
and I am toward
flying into the air
raving

"Techno and Hardcore bear the burden of the glittering years of 91 and 92":
quote.

Later we would talk about it, but not now, already. One would talk then about sentences and things.

It's all yet to come.

Amazing feeling.

I was briefly thinking about Maxim Biller's rage column. Then about Diedrich's War and Peace, in Spex magazine at that time. Some kaputt mechanics managed to present every past as awful, terrible, and, somehow, extremely sad.

Always without a past, every new bassline.

"Bass", I was telling Sigi, "bass, bass, bass."

Maybe the Schütte-Saga would begin like this, with the bass rumbling from the distance through the walls, before the party, at The Pledge of the Bass: the celebration begins shortly.

ENTER THE ARENA

In every Bass Boom Wirr heard all the basses he ever heard during his lived life until now – party panic, *break*. The bass was suddenly gone.

No bass.

The bass is gone.

The suspension of the Grand Beat, shoving, awaiting, holding your breath. A sort of Arcade of Birth?

And as the bass returned back within the beat, thousandfold guttural screams levied themselves.

The people were screaming: "wonderful!"

The bass is back.

And they danced and jumped around in a frenzy and a big, gigantic voice boomed out: "*ENTER THE ARENA.*"

Enter the arena.

Yes, of course, obviously, thanks.

Thank you.

I'm in. – Me too. – Me too.

Since then an intention befell Dark to reconcile Luhmann's 'Art as a Social System' with Adorno's posthumously published book on Beethoven in his habilitation treatise on Basic Channel.

Dark had short, bleached blonde hair and should incarnate something really evil.

But how was this supposed to work?

Theory of Harmony, Friday, 28/06/1996.

Word of Longing: Word-Machine.

Two dancers with highflying arms were displaying the brightness of their armpits, and therefore the air also became fragrant.

I went there and danced along. The feeling was great. I understood secret things about women, which were performatively explained to me in a playful way by one of the dancers. We looked into each other's eyes and started laughing. She was wearing a little fur coat and we danced with each

other a bit closer. That was fairly easy. Sometimes we touched each other with our hands.

I was thinking about our Techno-Comic. There should only be good vibes in the Techno-Comic. The plan was already a couple of years old. We wanted to make a film about our life, about partying, the music, how everything really was.

But how was everything really?

I can see myself sitting at Wolli and slicing lists and ideas page by page into the computer – only at two points we always got caught and could not move forward. And that is after all why the whole film failed: because of the plot and the drugs.

There was no plot. That was the whole point.

Because of the dancing I was then thinking of sexuality.

Then: some day I would like to write something about love, perhaps something like a study on Proust, which I would then call The Proust-Improvement. I think that Proust's conception of love, with all reverence, and with all his finely chiseled elaboration, actually is as dull as the worldview of an Elle or Brigitte Young Miss editor, I'm sorry.

I was letting myself drift away again in and with the course of the bass. There it was soft and clear. There it cruised along.

Assyrian in wei ge sie te –

And I said to Sigi: "my wanderings in the – "

Once I had, at a Westbam party, that was still in the old halls, out in Weißensee, perhaps even during the first Mayday –

SEXUALITY

Schütte has ordered a small delivery from Dark. Now the Dry Press Devices were standing in front of the corner, dry and high, with their fluttering smelling nostrils, next to them the sniffers in darkness.

I went to Schmalschleger, who grasped the middle of my face with his giant wet hands and laughingly pulled me back towards him and kissed my hair. I should snort in the hands of that other woman – that would be great.

I was talking to Laarmann while also now taking those deep, steady breaths of air straight into my head. Doing this again and again felt absolutely amazing. Laarmann recounted the planned Techno-Television.

Most people don't actually understand what kind of guy Laarman really is. Laarman sniffed and phantasised and flailed about with his arms. A somewhat slender person could simply lean against Laarman and enjoy a sense of well-being. That's what I was briefly doing.

It's like we were sitting once at a riverbank, in Berlin, perhaps in '91, I think in front of, or behind the old 'Planet'. I still had a last crumb of hashish

and rolled a microjoint that we then smoked together. His girlfriend was also there. He appeared so handsome to me, with his blonde curly mop of hair.

Another time we sat in a darkened flat behind the old Patent Office for many hours, here in Munich. That was again crass in a different way. A giant fundamental discussion about everything, with Kerstin, with the pug. Afterwards no one could speak anything anymore for a couple of hours. One was sitting there, thinking a lot, naturally mostly paranoid stuff about the situation of sitting there in silence, and no one was saying a thing. Now and then the replenishment question was raised. That was pretty though.

But also somehow kind of awesome.

Then the woman from a moment ago came back from the toilet, and the three of us went to the bar and drank Averno. A lax lady, super lax movements, likeable. She was talking to Laarman about logical or ethical foundational challenges, that's what I thought at least, with her tiny cute ladies-beard. That was awesome of course. Long black thick hair, boyish habitus, with a fairly wide butt, funnily enough packed into a pair of low-slung worker's jeans, amazing.

"The happiest moments of my life I experienced in those situations, in those places."

SLEEP? WHAT FOR?

And I saw William (how he was opening his arms!) and called:

"Hwill!, hey Hwill!, how's it going?"

"Magnificent! Yourself?"

"Same!"

And I told him about the sentence that has just been thought, right here.

He: "WHAT?"

It was too loud, whatever. We bounced around a bit in front of one another, sincerity emerged, a communal encounter of the experience of friendship, and then we joyfully drifted away from each other again.

Later she managed to provide us with it.

They already went ahead.

Down there, in the gloomy mine site of the meadow, slaving away, ploughing, creating peace, he was lying there asleep.

Desperate fidgeting –

Many girls –

Surely, I'm not doing something like that.

A friend saw her earlier already, fully open, in the front, close to the door.

Except that this hadn't happened at all.
She had no inkling of that.
Maybe a simple wave to him would be –
She would –
He would already be drunk?

Hardy shouted: "SLEEPING IS COMMERCE."

We raised our glasses towards each other. Hardy explained that all this will be summarisingly narrated in his yet to be written book, "Lupo". He expects the book, which he envisioned for himself and which he would write, to be called The Book of Lupo. Everyone was laughing, obviously liking the idea.

Schütte: "why?"

Wirr was thinking about the words: "one of my clients said of himself that he had forfeited his kind smile."

Dark the sentence: "all traces of my involvement must be erased."

What kept us together, so Thompson's lawyer Duke, were the drugs. The next day, early in the morning, the duell.

He was taking care of the soul side of things: quotation.

You play the music –

I write the book.

Translated by Milosz Paul Rosinski