Then you open your mouth & pronounce the words in a low but distinct voice:

"Jens, I no longer love you, I love another, it is just like that."

I hear you & yet I don't hear you,

"Another—what do you mean?"

"You know very well (indeed,"

"No, I don't know, do you mean..."

"What I say,"

Now I have to sit down, no, I cannot endure to sit at all, I spring up again from the chair.

"It isn't true—it can't be true—no, no, no, no!"

"Don't shout like that, however,"

"Yes, but, Kim—you & I—I mean—after all these years & all that we share—"

"The things—All the books..."

"You just said that they were your books,"

"But aren't they also yours? I have indeed given you so many books through the years, I have indeed bought so many for you during all these years, I have indeed paid & paid..."

"Shut up with that there, "you say sharply, I stand stock-still & must again ask quite tonelessly:

"It isn't true, well?"

You answer calmly:

"It is true, Jens,"

"In earnest?"

"In earnest, and you shall not believe that it is only something that as quickly as that goes away again & only lasts a couple of months."
"A couple of months?" I repeat, "What are you talking about, we have known each other for almost twelve years."
"It is no use, Jens!"
"Yes, but you must be wrong," I exclaim almost tolerantly, "You choose wrongly, it is indeed me whom you love."
"No."
"It is indeed us two," I say, "no, Jens, no, that is past."
"Past," I repeat, "Past—do you say?"
"Yes."
"In earnest—do you say?"
"Yes."

I stand for a moment—an eternally long second—and stare at you, and suddenly I see you, I mean, suddenly I see you in a whole new & at the same time very old way. You become real for me, how shall I explain it? You become real for me the way I experience it so very long ago on that day I saw you for the very first time, & by one or another power or force within me moved into my life, into my skin & became a flame, a fire in my blood, the other, the only one, the kim..."

Then I tear myself loose & explode: "Then, damn me, you shall also get everything shifted on your head again!"

And I turn towards the bookcases & give myself over to pulling our many books out from the shelves.

"What are you doing?" you scream, but I no longer hear you, I no longer see you,
I WORK, I FIGHT, I KILL,
"EVERYTHING SHITTED," I SHOUT, & CAST
THE BOOKS DOWN OVER THE SOFA YOU LIE UP-
ON, "YOU SHALL GET EVERYTHING SHITTED AGAIN,
HERE YOU GO, ALL OUR BOOKS, YOURS, MINE,
ALL OF THE LITERATURE, OUR OWN & THAT FROM
THE OUTSIDE WORLD, HERE YOU GO, THE FLOW-
ER AND THE SWORD, THE MODERNISM OF THE
'FIFTIES, THE LIAR, THE RIDER, THE FRAGMENTS,
HERE YOU GO, AND HERE I AM SURE WE HAVE THE
CHRONIC INNOCENCE, HERE YOU GO, AND RUN ME
IN THE TRADITIONS, HERE YOU GO, DAMNED YOUTH,
HERE YOU GO, AND WHAT ABOUT LE NOUVEAU ROMAN,
S'IL TE PLAIT? OR THE CLASSICS? JENSEN,
JACOBSEN, H. C. ANDERSEN, HE WHOM YOU LOVED
SO DEARLY, & WHOM I PRESENTED TO YOU THAT
TIME A HUNDRED YEARS AGO AFTER THAT FAMOUS
EASTER, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT EASTER? NO,
WELL? YOU REMEMBER NOTHING, BUT HERE
YOU GO, ALL THE FAIRY TALES, 'SK-1-1-N! RUSH
OVER!' — THAT IS OMQUAEDET IN THE BALLAD
... AND HERE YOU HAVE PELLE & DITTE, EACH
IN THEIR DOUBLE VOLUMES, AND ALL THE BOOKS
ABOUT KAJ THE BOY UNDER THE CHILD-CARE
SERVICE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THE QUALIFICATIONS
FOR UNDERSTANDING HIM, THE WORLD WAITS. HERE
YOU GO, NOT AT ALL TO SPEAK OF ALL THE OLD
FAGGOTS, GIDE, WILDE, PROUST, BANG, & THEN SO
TRULY ALSO GENET, THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSE,
DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE READ IT TOGETHER
THAT CHRISTMAS? DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING
AT ALL, RATHER? HERE YOU GO, HERE COMES
ISHERWOOD'S GOODBYE TO BERLIN, A SINGLE MAN
— HA! — AND GUEST AMONG SHADOWS, HERE YOU
60. KAISER, MANN, HAMSON, YOU LAUGHED A LOT OVER [HAMSON'S] AUGUST THAT SUMMER, HERE YOU GO, AND HERE YOU HAVE DOSTOYEVSKI WHO CAN REMIND YOU OF THAT WINTER WHEN YOU WENT AROUND & PLAYED RAS KOLNIKOV IN MUNICH WHILE I RUSHED UP THROUGH EUROPE IN THE BELIEF THAT YOU WERE DEAD, HERE YOU GO, PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DEAD, AND PETRONIUS, BY GOD, DO YOU REMEMBER THE BED-TIME STORIES I READ TO YOU FROM THE SATYRICON? ALL THE ANGLO-SAXONS, ULYSSES, TO YOU, MY BOY! AND SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS IN ONE VOLUME, JUST AS HEAVY AS HELL & QUITE UNREADABLE IN THIS HERE EDITION, UND GOETHE, BITTE SCHÖN! MOUÈRE, HOMER, OLD SCHOOL EDITIONS; BOOKS, NOTHING BUT BOOKS, ALL THE BOOKS I TAUGHT YOU TO READ, ALL THE BOOKS I BOUGHT FOR YOU, ALL THE BOOKS I HEAPED UPON YOU LIKE I AM TOS sing THEM DOWN AT YOUR HEAD, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, HERE YOU GO, 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MEANS WATCH OUT! A GHOST GOES THROUGH EUROPE, HIGH-HEELED MARX, ENGELS, LENIN, STALIN, THE WHOLE THING, AND AKSEL LARSEN'S THE LIVING PATH.

"YOU ARE INDEED CRAZY, MAN!"

"AND THE OCCUPATION-PERIOD IN A HUGE AVALANCHE, THE FIVE DAMMED YEARS, THE LIGHT DARK YEARS, IF YOU PLEASE? HERE AT LAST YOU CAN GET MY OWN SMALL BOOKS IN YOUR FACE, THE ONES THAT I MYSELF HAVE GIVEN YOU & WRITTEN Dedications in. Here you go, go into your time — with clouds on — which as you always stood & shouted over there at our continuation-school a thousand years ago... Eisenhardt, Eisenhardt! That was before you called me Jens, when I came riding on the bike or went on over the schoolyard, you hung on the glass door & shouted to me, I waved absent-mindedly, a life! I apparently waved absent-mindedly, for out of the corner of my eye I looked at you fixedly & sharply so that the image could remain as long as possible on my retina... ah, your stag-eyes, your blue-gray fallow-deer's eyes, sometimes subdued, sometimes flashing under long eyelashes that could be lowered coquettishly, yes, languishing, seductive... WHAT DID I IMAGINE? WHAT ON THE WHOLE DID I ENVISION THEN? A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO PLAYED THE CLOWN IN ORDER TO GET HIMSELF NOTICED..."

"BE QUIET, JENS."

"ALL IS GONE, PISSED AWAY, ISN'T IT TRUE? THE FLIGHT TO HUNGARY, YOU WERE NEVER TO—"
GETHER WITH ME IN THE COTTAGE IN HEMSE VALLEY IN NORWAY WHEN I WROTE THAT; WELL, WERE YOU? YOU NEVER DANCED THE CZARDAS IN THE ROOM AT THE HOTEL BÉKE IN BUDAPEST, WELL? WE HAVE NEVER LOVED EACH OTHER, WELL? NEVER, NEVER...

"JENS!"

"AND SO HERE IS MY LAST OPUS WITH THE ACCENT ON THE FIRST SYLLABLE IF IT SHALL BE QUITE CORRECT — POLAKHUSET [THE POLISH HOUSE] — NOT GOOD, NO, NOT PARTICULARLY GOOD; I WROTE & WROTE, BUT I COULDN'T WRITE, NO, I COULDN'T WRITE WELL, AND WHY COULDN'T I WRITE WELL DOWN THERE IN YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, SPAIN? I WONDER WHY?"

"YES, I INDEED COULDN'T WRITE YOUR BOOKS,"

"I COULDN'T WRITE WELL BECAUSE I USED ALL MY ENERGY UP TO LOVE YOU TOO DEARLY,"

"OH, GO AWAY!"

"THEREFORE ONLY THIS LITTLE ABORTED EMBRYO OF A BOOK — A BOOK ABOUT SMALL HATEFUL BOYS, THE WORLD LIES IN THAT EVIL, A REVIEWER WROTE, WHY ARE YOU RIPPING IT TO SHRED?"

"TO HELL WITH YOUR SMALL SHITTY LEWD YOUNGSTERS!" YOU EXCLAIM, & LET THE PIECES FLY ALL OVER THE ROOM,

"YOU TEAR MY BOOK TO SHRED, I HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU, I HAVE WRITTEN IT FOR YOU; YOU TEAR MY BOOK & MY CHILDHOOD INTO SHREDS!"

"I NEVER AGAIN WANT TO HEAR A WORD ABOUT YOUR FUCKING CHILDHOOD!" I HEAR YOU
SCREAM BEHIND ME WHILE I ONCE AGAIN TURN AROUND TOWARDS THE NOW ALMOST-EMPTY SHELVES.

"A LAST FAREWELL THEN," I SAY & TURN AROUND, OBLIVION, HERE YOU GO, I WONDER IF YOU HAVE ALSO FORGOTTEN THAT IT FOLLOWED US ALL OVER OUR TRAVELS? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU COULD RECITE MAYAKOVSKI'S POEM TO THE SUICIDE SERGEI YESENIN BY HEART? THEY ARE, AS IT IS CALLED, GONE AWAY,... ALSO PERHAPS I SHALL BE GONE SOON, AT ANY RATE I AM GOING NOW."

"YES," YOU SHOUT, "GO!"

"BUT FIRST A SUITABLY IMPRESSIVE PERIOD, MAY AN EXCLAMATION MARK! HERE YOU GO, KIM STEFFENSEN FROM VALBY — HERE IS MY FOND FAREWELL — HAVOC!"*

(AVALANCHE)

YOU SPRING UP FROM THE SOFA & STAND NAKED & WILD-EYED AMIDST THE SCREAM OF ANGUISH, DESPERATION & LITERATURE, YOU CLASP YOUR HANDS & SCREAM:

"GET OUT, I SAY!"

"I'M GOING," I ANSWER QUIETLY,

"GET OUT THIS MOMENT, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A PUNCH!"

"I PREFER TO GO OF MY OWN FREE WILL, MY TREASURE,"

YOU LIFT YOUR HANDS & LET THEM SINK AGAIN, BEHIND YOU ON THE WALL OVER THE SOFA HANGS PICASSO'S NAKED, GENTLE BROWN BOY WITH THE HORSE & HE LOOKS AT US SADLY, THE GLASS IS BROKEN LIKE SO MUCH ELSE, IN THE STANDARD-LAMP'S GLOW I SEE A GLEAM IN YOUR BLUE-GRAY EYES, THEN YOU FALL DOWN ON THE
EDGE OF THE SOFA AMONG ALL OUR BOOKS,
"YOU ARE INDEED QUITE UNREASONABLE,
JEN'S," YOU SAY WITH YOUR NECK BENT & AS
IT WERE, [SPEAKING] DOWN TO YOUR LONG UGLY
TOES,
"FAREWELL," I SAY,
"UNREASONABLE & OUT OF YOUR WITS," YOU
MUMBLE TO YOUR TOES,
I TURN IN THE DOORWAY,
"MY FRIEND, THERE YOU ARE WRONG, YOU
HAVE SAID THE SAME THING TO ME ONCE BE-
FORE, BUT YOU DON'T REMEMBER IT AT ALL,
I AM SURE, THAT TIME I COULD NOT YET
ANSWER YOU HONESTLY, I CAN NOW, NO KIM,
I AM NOT UNREASONABLE, I AM NOT OUT OF
MY WITS BUT..."
HERE I PAUSE,
"I AM SICK OF LOVE,"
I GO & SHUT THE DOOR OUT TO THE STAIRS
AFTER ME, ON THE WAY DOWN THE STEPS,
I HEAR YOU SHOUT:
"HAD YOU THEN BELIEVED THAT IT WOULD
LAST YOUR WHOLE LIFE?"
AND WHAT CAN I ANSWER OTHER THAN
WITH A SINGLE WORD?
"YES!"

NOW

"WHEN YOU WENT FROM ME," I SAY STAND-
ING IN FRONT OF YOU WITH MY WHISKEY GLASS
IN MY HAND, "WHEN YOU WENT FROM ME, KIM,
AS YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T JUMP OUT OF THE
FIFTH- FLOOR WINDOW, WELL, WE LIVED
Indeed also in the room, do you remember sufficiently? No, instead, I flung myself out into life, as it is called — out into life, yes,

"You dashed around the city & told each & every one about me, about us, you ran me down,"

I don't hear you, or in any case pretend not to & go on!

"When you went from me, I saw you everywhere, you became a sort of yardstick for all those whom I met, you know..."

I drink,

"Do you know that the very first boy I went to bed with after you had left me was named Kim?"

Literally!

"Oh, what do you know?" [won't you scream]

"Kim the second, Kim the third, Kim the fourth, Kim the... all of them."

"Were they good for anything?"

I drink again,

"Not at all, it was indeed you whom I saw before me all the while, it was you I thought about, you spoiled it for me, damned irritating."

"Poor fellow."

"I fantasized about you, you were in my images, in all my dreams."

"We then otherwise didn't go to bed particularly well with each other at last, you put in,

"I forgot that, I forgot that at last it had always been me who hugged & kissed you,"

"now you exaggerate,"

"it was never you who took the initiative,"
IT WAS ALWAYS ME WHO WANTED TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU.

I DRINK AGAIN & BEGIN TO GO BACK & FORTH IN FRONT OF YOU.

"YOU MUST THEN ALSO ADMIT THAT WE HAD FALLEN OUT FOR A RATHER LONG TIME," YOU SAY, "I MEAN, IN THE WAY WE DID IT."

I STOP LOOK AT YOU.

"SO?"

"AT LAST WE WERE DAMN THEN NOTHING OTHER THAN A PAIR OF LECHEROUS & FRUSTRATED VERBAL AMORISTS WHO MERELY LIED THERE & EXCITED EACH OTHER."

I SMILE SICKLY.

"PERHAPS HE DOESN'T TALK SO MUCH?"

YOU LOOK AT ME DEFLIANTLY.

"NO," YOU ANSWER, "HE ACTS!"

I TURN MY BACK TO YOU.

"GOOD FOR YOU."

"WE WERE SOME PALTRY PEOPLE, WE WERE!"

YOU REMARK TO MY BACK.

"OH, NO WE WEREN'T!" I ANSWER; ANGRY & WHIRL AROUND SNARLING, "WE WERE OPPRESSED THAT WAS WHAT WE WERE, OPPRESSED FAGGOTS, MEMBERS OF AN OPPRESSED SO-CALLED MINORITY."

YOU WRINKLE YOUR NOSE.

"AW, GET OUT OF MY LIFE WITH ALL THAT GAY LIB NONSENSE!"

"THAT ISN'T NONSENSE. IT IS THE TRUTH."

YOU SMILE SARCASMICALLY:

"YOU HAVE RIGHT ENOUGH BECOME A SEXUAL LIBERATIONIST IN YOUR OLD AGE, EH?"

"AND SO WHAT? IT TOOK ME ALL THE YEARS..."
Before you & all the years with you & at least three four, five years after you, to find out how we in reality are, wallowing in filth like swine — you also,

you wave your hand about,

"I don't feel myself."

I interrupt you abruptly,

"Especially you!"

Then I continue:

"Naw, the fault, my friend, the fault was that we tried to live up to some false norms, we wore each other out, at last we acted like them there wild dogs down in Macedonia, do you remember? When the summer was past & the surplus used up, they came down from the mountains & fought over the scraps in the snow, yelling & howling, they dashed around in the winter night & rooted in the garbage, lean, starved out, aggressive... we were like that — curs in the night — emotionally undernourished."

"And so it astonishes you that I was obliged to go?"

Suddenly I am shaken through & through by a titanic rage, I give myself again to wandering restlessly up & down the floor while my mouth doesn't stand still in me for a single second,

"You were a bitch, a whore, I wanted to see you destroyed, so dearly did I love you that wanted to see you go down with the flag, it gladdened me when things went badly for you, when I met you drunk & dumb at the pubs, isn't it true? evidence, at any rate, that
You were not happy — with him.

"There you were wrong!"

"In my dreams you were whipped, humiliated, raped, ... What kind of shit is it that men can’t be raped? Do people know at all what they are talking about? There you lay & writhed on the cement floor in the cell. You were tortured by brutal jailers, you cried aloud from pain, and it delighted me."

I stop & look at you,

"Lecherous beggar, are you well-abused at present? He must indeed be good at it since you can endure living with him."

Then I continue my restless wandering.

"Ah, your long legs, your tongue, salty & hot, searching, willing, yes, exactly willing... oh, when you panted over me under me by the side of me, inside me..." 

(Pinched?) Fingered

I look at you again,

"Tell me do you still like to be taken very hard like that on the nipples?"

"How disgusting you are," you say & look as if most of all you felt like spitting on me,

"Why? It was then me who taught you how sensitive they can be," you laugh curtly & derisively,

"You!"

I ignore you & continue unaffected.

"And why shouldn’t I also — or exactly — the aspects of you, the dark sides, the wild sides... yes, man, we were on the wild side... thank God, in between, it was
Also horrible, but it was damned never boring, on the other hand, I have bored you almost to death since you went your way. Only when I did a replay with my prick after you [were] gone was I both myself & you & him who you were together with—a sort of trinity, what you will, all the ones whom you yourself had told me about, the negro, the truck-driver. All of them, it was very fascinating.

I stop,
"It was a hell,
You stir in the chair & run to break in:
"What your ladies are
Who do you think you are..."
But I forestall you:
"The humiliation of your offer of one last fuck! In order to calm me down, you said, by the way, why didn't I accept it? Was it out of charity that you offered it? Pity? You had better go to bed with me so that I can calm down, you said."

Finally the words come to you:
"Who do you think you are to come here & act as if you still owned me? You with your liberated ideas. You with your sexual-politics twaddle. I was always your voice, always an extension of your arm, your jack-off comrade, your errand-boy running after beer, sherry, schnapps, wine. Yes, in Spain I even had to telephone your old mother for money—can you beat it—she cried in my ear while you sat & drank yourself drunk as shit at a café & stared at a bull fight on television."
You continue in a fit:

"I can then damn it all, not continue to be a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, that is really what you desire, isn't it? A little guy like that whom you can form exactly as you see fit, wax in your hands, to make into what you prefer.,"

"My heart was wax in your hands,"

"Bah, a cliche!"

"You are evil," I say, you scream.

"Then don't you understand — that boy no longer exists, that is past, he is dead & gone — do you hear? — dead!

"Inconsiderate & evil,"

"I will also be allowed to live my life;" you say more calmly, "I spent my whole youth together with you, but now I am grown, do you hear? — grown!

"Are you?"

"Spare me your sarcasm, I know it only too well."

"When you went from me, I flung myself out into life, yes, out into life, out into the city, all the boys were blue [like Gainsborough's] & named Kim, I got a soft chancre, rather unusual, hideously sore, very interesting; I got crablice, quite common; I constantly had hangovers, I was feverish [lit., it burned around me], I had blood on my clothing, blood on my hands, my lips swelled up, my teeth fell out, my hair turned gray overnight, I drank & whores & drank, for every day that went by, I