

DATACENTER FOR LITERATURE (IN THE METABOLISM OF THE CASTLE)

Opening Performance by Daniel Falb + Lukatoyboy at the Festival ‚Natur am Bau‘

(<https://www.burg-huelshoff.de/programm/kalender/natur-am-bau>), Burg Hülshoff, September
2019.

{Raw translation}

I.

Hi

before Beate Jörg Barbara and Dagmara *depart*

let's walk past the 1985 **Annette bust**

in the central plant roundel

into the *casing* of the generational process

where the Hülshoffs reproduce

themselves between generation

7124 and 7139

the entrance to the lodge

is always below the water level says Wiki

the lodge itself is above water

The living space inside can reach a diameter

of up to 120 centimeters and a height of up to

60 centimeters

If there is a residential building

in the dam or in a building completely surrounded by water

it is called a **castle**

End of quote

Here the recently renovated sleeping chambers

of Clemens-August II and Therese

on soaked concrete

Here the poetess

who is born instead of *other* babies

with unconditional basic income

And *other* people are now here at the

opening of *Natur am Bau / Nature Under Construction*

in the Bernal sphere

(that's simply the generation ship)

wearing our clothes and even with the same food we took in today

in their stomachs

And

it's the same

castle

II.

You saw it on the way in

the New Economy

buildings

due to their location

represent the first contact

with the ensemble

all this is from the winning design

for the reconstruction

from my info package

a slippery blanket

that slowly overflows Europe

also glues over this quiet corner

of the Earth

– *Rentei / Revenue Office with a signet at the entrance* –

Follow me via the

small pass ways

into the distinctive tree avenue

that is *re-compacted / re-poem'd*

by new plantings

in the 'Erschließung / development' pictogram

let's have a first look at the newly designed

Villa Schönborn in the dark

(*after*

the *Insektometrie* that immediately follows and after

Luka's *Species Sampling*-set at 21h

that is)

where the younger generation

from the Cologne Academy of Media Arts *branch*

of study

Literary Writing

is housed and while writing exposés

reproduces itself as well

in the 'Rübenzimmer / turnip room'

in the 'Kaminzimmer / fireplace room'

in the 'Irrgarten / maze'

you grab

that back of a homo floresiensis

that breast of a homo floresiensis

you fuck a homo floresiensis ≥

YOU [*open the space-ship-double suit for fucking and*]

ROLL THAT HAIRY THING OFF YOUR BODY

THAT PORTION OF HAIRY PULP

THAT WHINING HAIRY SPIT

FIST OF DOUGH

and you go into the kitchen

And that hairy neanderthalensis sbrinks

and pales in your bed sheets

and jerks off

and fucks xemself

while you post sex make yourself a shake or a coffee

or check your Emails

As you come back there is a speck of hairy dirt in your sheets

Cigarette:

with a monkey

right there at the silvery

poetry path

III.

There is a photo

also on the website

where Jörg

stands with Barbara and Georg

at the archaeological site of the castle where

quote fortunately medieval surfaces

are preserved ceramic

shards from the 11th to 12th century

This is now on my mind

at all times

and I don't know somehow

the excavation site pushes itself

from behind through my face

that's my idea here

and that has something to do with

my teething

There the event

Ecotopia

(tomorrow 19h)

will be carved out

like a round relief

Skull

There a fire is burning

(there a *photo* is burning)

there an eternal yellow fire is burning

of potato peels

our lunch

and a breath of

cedar wood

Each red Bernal

sphere

designed by Levin Monsigny landscape architects

with its poetry trails that crisscross

the closed cylinder and its

mondialized biome

of cypresses, cedars, copper beeches, black walnuts, hickory

(Clemens-August Freiherr von Droste zu Hülshoff 1818)

HATH ITS OWN

ARCHÄOLOGICAL SITE

– discovery of an early ditch –

like a Buddha casket

Assumption of the Virgin Mary

that remains still

[out of which however

pancakes

with strawberry ice cream

and steam cake

are being sold]

but that throughout its history

is reshaped several times

either

[writes John Bernal in *The World, the Flesh & the Devil*]

by [a] crustacean-like development

or

as in the mollusks by the building

out of new sections in a spiral form

or more probably

[...] protozo[ic] by the building of a new globe

outside the original globe

but in contact with it until it should be in a position

to set up an independent existence

with Munster up

in the sky

IV.

Three times we sit together at the festival and have dinner and talk

three times and during the meal the whole life

of Jutta Freifrau von Droste zu Hülshoff (1926-2015) passes by

we see the facilities being *emptied out*

the fields chipped off

the associated farm buildings / outer ward set free

the visible plug-ins fall off

the infrastructure shifts away

into the mondial Bernal sphere

and *precisely*

INTO THESE EMPTY SHELLS –

into the concrete becoming-invisible

of Natur am Bau / Nature Under Construction –

into the concrete becoming-invisible

of the metabolism

of this court's ecology

of the relation between nobility and peasantry –

(PRECISELY INTO THE CASTLE

BEING BESIDE ITSELF)

(PRECISELY INTO THE CLOACE AT THE DUCK'S BUTT

MOVING AWAY)

now

smoking

burning

the Zentrum für Literatur

is moving

WHILE THE OFFICE MORPHS

FROM ALL THAT LITERATUR ...

= **FROM ALL THAT**

UNIVERSAL MODELING

CAPABILITY

= CENTER FOR LITERATURE

LIQIDEFIES STONE

= STAAB ARCHITECTS'

ARCHITECTURE PROGRAM

+ 7 MILLION EURO

LIQUIDEFY STONE

= LITERATURE

IN THE DATA

CENTER

FOR LITERATURE

WHERE INSIDE

pulsating heart

of Burg Hülshoff

THE WLAN

GLOWS

pulsating

ice cream

V.

In the statute of the DROSTE ZU HÜLSHOFF

STIFTUNG FROM MY INFO PACKAGE it

says

slightly modified

The 'Foundation Council

Burg Hülshoff' is formed

Donations above

EUR 100,000.00

entitle the respective founder

to membership of the

'Foundation Council Burg Hülshoff'

provided he is not already a member of the Council

While the Hülshoffs needed no more than 98 couples

to bridge the 6300 years to Proxima Centauri b

(Martin and Beluffi 2018)

after the abolition of the *blood*

principle the Foundation Council has continued to grow

to NOW 7.6 BILLION

members

= 7.6 billion + x beneficiaries

of generation 7,142 7,390 10,500 100,000 ...

now write *poems*

and 151,600 people *disappear*

from the Council every day

and 360,000 are added

before Hamed leaves

Natur am Bau / Nature Under Construction (*forever*)

before Peder leaves again

before Cecilia leaves Ann before

Helga leaves Rosalind Micha Johannes

until the next rebuilding in 2081

where already the successors of

Jörg etc.

from *gen.* 7145

will be doing work on the morphing extension

prosthetic body

of the glowing WLAN

(*in me ice fist / in me jealousy*)

and the Wiki page

And generations of poets

are again born there

and generations of Droste

researchers

are born there

and are having new Annette busts

and all other kind of busts

multiplied

before Bernadette

leaves again

and Thomas Katherine

before Mia leaves Phil Eiríkur

Marion Monika

before Stevie leaves and Daniela

Andreas

before Yoko and Eva leave

before Tobias leaves

before Senthuran leaves

Greeting from

the Daniel bust

carved into a carrot!

...

Greetings from

the time structure of the festival

carved into a mango!

100.001 100.002 100.003 ...

...

Greetings from

the Lukatoyboy bust

in the central plant roundel!

...

Neo-Neolithic terracotta!

...

The Aerde has caine Aesthetic!

...

The Aerde has caine Aesthetic!

VI.

I have read the program

of Natur am Bau / Nature Under Construction

online in my preparation

over and over again

I *searched* for something there

... something ...

... but I did...

not find some thing ...

the wounded

menu

through which the poetry path leads us

into the empty dairy cowshed of the New Economy on the monument list of

the municipality of Havixbeck:

Tomato soup

Soup Hokkaido pumpkin

Salad of the season

Potato-lentil stew

Pretzel

Fruit - piece

Snacks

from the Metro

I already

took in

before this event

Spaghetti of yellow and green zucchini

Herbs

Garlic I

take in

tomorrow

from 5pm –

The streams of milk

flowing into the Festival

out of the New Economy

The 1954 wheat streams

flowing from the fields

that we at

Ecology and Madness

(Friday 10-18h)

can't even eat so much is that

six small cartloads

it appears very

full-grained The rye is

already at home

three loads the grains somewhat

small the straw very long

The sprouting soya bean

in the volumes of air of

the *Kubus*

The flax stands splendidly

We get quite a few

apples

We just arrived from *Form Follows Energy*

(Sat 8:15 pm)

chiseled out like an apple

We are now well 3/4 through the

Festival

and you feel ur fatigue

as you sat through the opening

as you sat through the opening

the shape of ur sitting bodies

changed and

shifted with the

cognitive content moved

around

your

rows of teeth

carved from

my fruit and

my *mixed*

vegetables

VII.

SO ONE MORE TIME WE BREAK AWAY

from the outermost rearmost

seam of the Festival

the bubble of our joint metabolism

the Sunday afternoon

(I leave Saturday evening)

as we were about to board the shuttle to the *main*

station

We break away from the kitchen from the put-back

half-eaten buffets

the left-behind toothbrushes

electric meter

the un-flushed toilets

the beds left unmade

with our fur remains

and the stains

We come *'from tomorrow'*

(from Sunday)

(from the Klimakirche/ Climate Church)

run back

into the present through the night shoulder

by shoulder holding

each other by the hands loosely

'Normans'

invading Munster – run back

passing by a *'Hun'*

that rages in a harvested field

in a dream of mine

angrily *'stirring'* it as with a stone or with a brass rod

coming to naught there / *'building'* nothing but

a dirty depression

A NASTY DARK DUCK

huge

in the night –

stream back

through the *Global Glitch Gardens* etc.

and fall

like a waterfall of eternally-liquid

concrete

blood

and WLAN

into the *Slow Carbon Castle*

roar

into the now endless

present

of this opening