

Im Bau

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In the Burrow / Under Construction

Fifteen sound spaces based on a text fragment by Franz Kafka

Libretto: Michel Roth

Note: The original punctuation has largely been left unchanged.

1st Space (Prologue)

I have set up the building and it seems to be a success.

Only a large hole is actually visible from the outside, but this actually leads nowhere, I don't want to boast of this cunning done on purpose rather it was the rest of one of the many unsuccessful attempts at construction, however in the end it seemed to me advantageous.

Of course, some cunning is so fine that it kills itself, and it is certainly so bold to point out the possibility that there is some research value here.

But I fail to recognize who I think I am a coward and my cowardice only out of cowardice berthing. Probably a thousand steps from this hole lies a layer of moss hides the actual access to the building. Certainly someone can step on the moss. Whoever wants can penetrate and destroy everything forever. In my dreams there is a lustful snout ceaselessly sniffing around.

I know that well, and even now my life has hardly one at its peak completely quiet hour.

At that point in the dark moss I'm mortal.

2nd Space (In the Burrow)

In the innermost part of my building I live in peace.

But now the enemy is slowly and quietly boring me from somewhere approach, I do not want to say that he has better instincts than I do, maybe he knows no more of me than I of him, but there are passionate robbers who Rummaging blindly through the earth and with the enormous expansion of my building even they have hope to find one of my paths somewhere, of course I have the advantage of being in my house, knowing all the paths and directions, that Robber can very easily become my victim and a sweet tasting one, but I will old, there are many who are stronger than me and there are countless of my opponents, it could happen that I flee from one enemy and run into the other, oh what not everything could happen, at least I have to have the confidence that somewhere maybe an easily accessible, completely open exit is where I, um to get out of it, I don't have to work anymore, so I'm not while I'm Dig there desperately, even if it was lightly filled up, suddenly - save me the sky - feel the pursuer's teeth in my thighs.

There are also enemies inside the earth, I have never seen them before, but I think firmly on them. They are beings of the inner earth, even those who have become their victims have them

hardly seen, they come, you can hear the scratching of their claws just below them in the Earth that is her element and you are already lost. Here you are in her house.

My building does not save me from them, as he probably will at all not saves, but spoils, but it is a hope.

I can't live without him.

3rd Space (Sleep)

The most beautiful thing about my building is its silence.

I can sneak through my corridors for hours and hear nothing but that sometimes Rustling of some small animal that I also rest between my teeth bring.

From time to time I startle and listen, listen to the silence that remains unchanged here reigns day and night, smiles calmly and sink with loosened limbs in still deeper sleep.

4th Space (Castle Platz)

With my forehead I am against the earth a thousand and a thousand times for days and nights ran up, was happy if I hit her bloody because this was a proof of beginning to consolidate the wall, and have me this way, as you might have me will concede, my Burgplatz probably deserves it. I wanted to go to the Relieving desperation from physical fatigue rolled me over onto my back and cursed the building, dragged me out and left the building open until I then came back ruefully after hours or days and almost raised a song about the integrity of the building.

Sometimes I dream that I would have changed it, completely changed it, quickly, with Giant powers, in one night, not noticed by anyone and now he is impregnable, the sleep in which this happens to me is the sweetest of all, tears of joy and Redemption still glitters on my whiskers when I wake up.

5th Space (Labyrinth)

When I approach the exit there is always a certain solemnity.

I dodge him, even avoid the walk that leads to him in his last To walk foothills, it is not at all easy to hike around there because I have there a small great zigzag work of corridors; that's where my construction started, me At that time, I couldn't hope to be able to finish him as he was in my plan there I started playfully at this corner and so the first raged there Joy in working in a labyrinth building that seemed to me the crown of all buildings at the time, which I probably do better today than too small, of the overall building judge quite worthy tinkering, which may be delicious in theory - here is the one Entrance to my house, I said ironically to the invisible enemies and saw them all suffocate in the entrance labyrinth - but in reality one too much thin-

walled gimmick that represents a serious attack or a desperate order his life fighting enemy will hardly resist.

I have to tackle a really big attack with all means of the whole building and try to meet with all the forces of the body and soul.

6th Space (Under the Moss Blanket)

If I just walk in the direction of the exit I sometimes feel like mine is thinning out Fell, as if I could soon stand there with bare flesh.

Then I'm under the moss cover. All it takes is a jerk of the head and I'm in the stranger.

But already I'm outside and chasing away from the treacherous one as fast as I can Place.

I'm actually not outdoors now, although I no longer push my way through the aisles, but hunt in the open forest, feel new powers in my body for those under construction to a certain extent there is no room, I do not deny that.

But construction is too much for me.

7th Space (Outdoors)

I watch the entrance to my house. It gives me an inexpressible joy, more still, it calms me. I then feel as if I am not in front of my house, but in front of it myself while I sleep and would be lucky to sleep deeply and at the same time being able to guard me closely. I'm kind of excellent that Specters of the night not only in the helplessness and confidence of sleep to see them, but at the same time in reality with full vigor to encounter.

There are many enemies here, but they also fight and hunt each other Occupations past construction. There are happy times when I almost tell myself that the world's opposition to me may have stopped or calmed down or that the power of construction makes me stand out from the previous one Battle of annihilation.

The building may protect more than I dare to think inside the building.

8th Space (The Outpost)

Sometimes I don't get the childish wish in the building at all to return, but here near the entrance to set up my life to spend watching the entrance.

But do my enemies have the right weather when I'm not under construction I?

If only I had someone I could trust I could trust in mine Observation posts could pose.

But I can only trust myself and my building.

No, I do not observe how I believed my sleep, rather I am the one sleeps while the spoiler watches. If he came now, if he did start working to lift the moss, if he quickly squeezed it in so that I could finally chasing him in a lawn free of any concerns bite, mangle, tear and drink him

and his carcass other prey, but most of all, that would be the main thing, finally In my building, I would like to admire the labyrinth this time around but wanted to pull the moss cover over me and rest, I think the whole thing still rest of my life.

But nobody comes and I stay on my own.

9th Space (Difficult Return)

I was not far from the decision to go far, the old bleak one To resume life that had no security, the only one was indistinguishable abundance of dangers and the individual is not so precise and made me fear, as the comparison between my safe construction and the always teaches other life.

Crossing the entrance in circles will be my favorite pastime, it's fine almost as if I'm the enemy and spy on the right opportunity to succeed break.

10th Space (Sleep)

I came back to my building from the upper world and I feel the effect its immediately. It is a new world that gives new powers. I cover the moss cover to me.

11th Space (A Hiss or Whistle)

A barely audible hiss or whistle wakes me up. I never heard it when I did came, although it was certainly already there; I had to feel completely at home again to hear it. Maybe this is an animal that I have not yet know. It would have to be a large herd that would suddenly have invaded my area. A large herd of small animals?

It's nothing, sometimes I think nobody but me would hear it.

Strange, the same sound here too. Remaining the same in all places bothers me the most.

What is it A slight hiss, only audible in long pauses, a nothing about that one could get used to it, I don't want to say, no one could get used to it not that one, but without doing anything about it for the time being, one Watch for a while, watch, that is, occasionally listen every few hours and patiently register the result, but not like I ear the walls grind along and tear open the earth almost every time the sound becomes audible, not to actually find something, but to find something of inner unrest to do accordingly.

It will change now, I hope.

Sometimes it seems to me that the noise has stopped, it takes long breaks, sometimes you miss a hiss, then two breaks join together and For a while, people think that the whistle has ended forever. It is like opened the source from which the stillness of the building flows.

You should be careful not to check this discovery, you are looking for someone to whom you can find She could confidently entrust her beforehand, so you gallop to Burgplatz, you remember, because with everything you are, you have awakened to new life, that you has not

eaten in a long time, you tear half of those under the earth spilled supplies and loops on them as you go to the location of the unbelievable discovery, you just want to be casual, just fleeting again convince of the matter while eating, one listens: unshaken it hisses far away there.

12th Space (Under the Moss Blanket)

I do not want to say that the animal knows about me, encircles me, probably some Circles have been around my burrow since I watched it. And the Noise becomes stronger, the circles narrower.

How did it happen that everything was quiet and happy for so long? The happiness of his Possession has spoiled me, the sensitivity of the building has made me sensitive made his injuries hurt me as if they were mine.

I stray so far that I get to the labyrinth, it attracts me to the moss ceiling to listen. So distant things. Deep silence. How nice it is here, nobody cares my building, everyone has their own shops that have no relation to me, how do I have it did to achieve that.

Here on the moss ceiling I listen in vain for hours. It's almost like I'm leaving the house for the hisser.

13th Space (Coexistence)

But in reality I can't take it up here.

How were things last? The whistle had weakened? No it was got stronger. The whistle has remained the same. There are no going over there Changes in front of you, there you are calm and lofty over time, but shaking here every moment at the listener.

If the animal is on the move, an understanding with him might be possible.

But maybe it is digging its own burrow, then I can get an understanding don't even dream. Even if it were such a strange animal that its construction was one Neighborhood would tolerate, my building does not tolerate them.

14th Space (The Burrow in the Burrow)

... to detach the Burgplatz from the surrounding earth, except for a small one, unfortunately detachable foundation to create a cavity. I always had it here most beautiful place to stay that could exist for me. On this rounding hang, pull yourself up, slide down, roll over and under the ground again have your feet and literally play all these games on the body of the castle square and yet not in his actual space, but formally firmly between the Hold claws.

Then there would be no noise in the walls, no cheeky excavations to the place then peace would be guaranteed there, the rustling of silence, and I would be his guardian.

15th Space (Epilogue)

The animal probably didn't hear me. As long as I didn't know anything about him, I can't hear at all, because I kept silent, there is nothing more silent than the reunion with the construction. If I had heard it, I would also have something of it should have noticed that it would have stopped at least more often at work must and listen, but everything remained unchanged, that ...