

He packed his bags in silence, slowly meditating over each piece of summer clothing. The soft wind tried to tell him otherwise, but soon he would be ready to travel. The places I've travelled so far that were definitely worth it: a lake in Oregon where there were no boats at all and the water was as clean as tap water, a park in Berlin where we had lunch under young birch trees in the spotted shade.

And brownies an unknown baker made, eaten in the silence of the other.

But it felt as if the silence was eating up the room between them.

He started to become afraid of getting enough air. While listening to the wind, seeing the waves in the sky and one

Wish for something, will you? But make a nice one, or to the party you can't come. For we only want real interesting persons. Not the ones asking stupid questions all the time. Feel discriminated?

Well,

you should.

How is it that we are all trapped in a mental institution that diagnoses us, labels us, and tries to silence our free will? How long can we wander around like ghostly corpses waiting for redemption? From where, we're expecting the solution, from the Pope, from my grand-mother, from our ancestors? The way was long until here, maybe too long and too hard. In Cortona Slang this would have meant:

Not enough plasticity!

This is my call for deformation and mutant replication, for reproduction with no need for productivity, a call for everchanging inelasticity.

Silent Cortona

It was really silent in Cortona, for a few minutes, why, nobody knows really, maybe, because we were writing, writing in silence about silence, silently, silently.

With a shudder the silence rose and roared: Silence?!

There is no silence! There is only sound and the absence of sound.

Presence, sense, masturbation, around.

An open wound is appearing in front of us, many tunes flying out of it, a black hole, but silent, Gravity, but weak, magnetism of machines not people relentless in rhythm,

breaking things in its path. „Bunch of savages in this town,“ he said. „Back in Santa Cruz, things are different.

There, no one. Here, someone. Who am I? I will lie.“

„Here, someone

where I can be me

is not where I am free!“

So, where else, if not in the monastery of

CORTONA?

Where else, But, what should the term else mean

Everywhere else, just not in the monastery. The outside?

The outside of the inside?

Becomes visible when you turn the inside outside-in. But you would not want to see it. It is kind of ugly.

Les fleurs du mal grow in aesthetically
on the walls of consciousness.

Alle reden zuviel.

Wir brauchen Wille zu Stille.

Silence is sometimes the answer. Or the only answer that can truly express complexity. This silence was really complex in a way, in another was it seemed to be quite simple, less complex in each case than the sounds of the bells in the village that died away. But suddenly a child started to cry and some might have realized the more immediate urgency of an infant voicing his natural concern.

Listening to the pros and cons seemed far less attractive than just have a moment of piece and quiet.

We all know, no, we don't, but we know that the Scheidegger machine picks up noises from the nights and stores them in its slimy, oily back of its dark and mechanical machine-learning brain. And every time, I swear, everytime I write something on its gentle back, it is weeping, weeping out the reluctant rest of last nightshift's happenings.

Years later, the memories come back, bring to life the mountain and its horror. The life of a survivor is not an easy one. Still, calmness was often grecing its thoughts.

Pineapple, canteloupe, strawberries: fruit makes him calm. velvety mangoes, the children picked them from the trees, the goats ate half-rotten fruits scattered on the floor.

The old man, having watched silently for hours, concluded:
„Reden ist Silber, schreiben ist Gold.“

Quiet. An calm. And of course silence. The words come to my mind when thinking of anything but Cortona. Still, we are nototiously tired and empty little intellectuals. But that's okay.

Is that to negative?

Who knows? Maybe negativity is the fertile soil in which sparkling ideas come to life, light our way through and die out, hopefully not in vain. There was no chance the mother couldn't calm the baby, it continued an then the bells restarted the sound, and the cows, the dogs, the horses cried, too. The whole universe was in a tumult.

A silent tumult,
as there was no propagation.

Obligation to salvation, all pigs could be worse.

Silent Cortona, let us sweep up the dust of the past and carry on littering words, fast!

Dimly lit, dim of wit, wine is fine but liquor ist quicker! Candles never get thicker, not even in the thick of it. But that's the only way to live: to pretend you're in the thick of it when you're not, to act like you're in control when that is obviously not the case, to pretend that it isn't just your voice in the silence.

It was inherently clear that all noises here are just
passing by, as noises will have become music
two days from now.
The sound of music could, however, not be heard
by everybody. Everybody should be able, but
the world is not like this. She sat
silently, just like the world around her.
It wasn't so hard that she didn't want to try anymore.
Actually, it was easy, even delicious – if it were a food
it'd be a lollypop, something lovely that takes time.
Touching a jolly spot, dancing blindly on this rhyme.
Asking a morning clock, putting jelly on this slime.
The jelly and the slime remained
heterogenous and formed together a half red – half yellow
transcendental paste. But: Even transcendent
al pastes are dental pastes – are tooth pastes –
and the genom is the gnome of modern society.
The corpse under the dome is alone, smiling quietly.
A black cat emerges from the magician's
pocket and a couple of snakes replace it
in the abyss of the fabric. The abbess called me
from downstairs? Georgieboy, could you bring me please some candles.
So I understood, but when I came down, she got furious.
No, stupid, she said, not candles, candies! Stupid!

Silent Cortona. Sitting in a circle, looking at the sky,
it was the mute's turn to say something by
not saying anything.

Blah blah blahs were not emitted, not emitted, we are
hot praying many ring.

A shot slaying uncanny fling pierced the air,
cut through, finally to crash into the
wall. With a bang.

Everybody stared at the newly formed hole.

It held a small toad which, after trying and just missing the
grass twice, managed to jump out and hop away from us. Then
she spoke:

»No! We are but men!«

and she started to play,

the first thing that came to her mind,
after a felt century of inner peace, he was
flying. Behind the moon maybe. Maybe he came
close to the sun – becoming ancient Ikarus.

Instead, he remained silent. Thank you, sir!

So you have learned something at ETH, after all. You
can now save the poor tormented souls
who will never grasp THE KNOWLEDGE and
open the doors to a world without mystery.

SILENT CORTONA

There is always a question related to the authenticity of our memories. How do we know that we have actually live what we remember and is there a way in which we could falsify this? Me, I cried, I can falsify it. This silence in Cortona is a fake and forgery, it's easy to falsify it. I stopped, because I'd interrupted the silence in Cortona – and I became sad and melancholic.

But as Shakespeare may have said,
don't shake the spear, get out of hear,
the mouth is our gear, and all tools must obey.

Hooray!

With that, the wise leader of the guild rises,
him, the great observer ever challenging and
the masses follow him towards lunch –
that is, towards pasta. This time he avoids sitting next to the girl who eats so loudly, always smacking and licking away the sauce on her mouth. It makes him dislike humankind, dislike himself, bad table manners. People should really try to eat quietly, silently, like
noisy, loudly, hate
there is one end of this dispute, if only we could
know, when one round is
completed. The other starts. The occurrence wouldn't
occur, if it wouldn't ask for overcoming.