

The Merchant's Contracts
(Die Geschäfte des Kaufmanns)
or
Play Money

A Comedy of Economics

by Elfriede Jelinek

as staged by Nicolas Stemann

Translated by Gitta Honegger

(German stage version courtesy of Thalia Theater, Hamburg: June 22, 2009)

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Translator's Note:

The world premiere of this production, directed by Nicolas Stemann, was on April 17, 2009 at the Schauspiel Cologne as a co-production with the Thalia Theater, Hamburg, where it premiered on October 2, 2009. It was invited to the 2010 Berlin Theatertreffen, and subsequently to the Vienna Festival.

Elfriede Jelinek continues to add new texts for each city and encouraged the translator to allude, when appropriate, to current and local events.

The bracketed numbers in the text reflect the pagination for the production 98-1.

The names are the actors' and the director's names.

This draft of the translation follows the formatting of the production script of the Thalia Theater.

[gh.]

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Small Investors (April 15, 2009)

NICOLAS: Addresses the audience: "Now we must all pull in the same direction"
[improvised]

THERESE

Stripped of everything we, the small investors, guard this site of loss, deserted
 by our means for meat and drink and clothing and
 household appliances and homes and gardens, coops and condos in East and West,

RALF

more in the East. There's property still up for grabs.

THERESE

And now we must rest on the rough bottom of our own weary limbs, sine we can no
 longer afford our new sofa, although it was such a bargain

RALF

No way!

THERESE

There's no way out for us, cast out from our own home, at a loss what to do, and lost
 beyond help. For some friends, I see are neither real or true

RALF

Those are not stocks, those are just securities,

THERESE

but even these securities are not our just friends as we thought they were, when we
 brought home the bag stuffed with real values, real estate values that guarantee real
 status, which comes with a portfolio,

RALF

and that's where they are now,

THERESE

Yes, we've got them, immortal values, mortgage backed values,

RALF

for mortgage values lasts forever,

THERESE

and they weigh little, values weigh little. Idly, we harness ourselves for work,
sheep-like dependents, without the right to vote,

RALF

we'll just have to work another twenty years,

[97]

THERESE

because our retirement fund is gone, gone up in thin air, we bet on the wrong horse,
we have the certificates, but we never get the prize

RALF

we are priced out; our price is on this tag, but we didn't mark it,

THERESE

so here they are, those prized values, marked down, while we missed some steps,
and we are falling, falling, oh! if only we held our own horses before they fell, before
we fell, but we bet, we were set on something else,

RALF

We sat on nothing, we had no seat, no voice in a boardroom or on a board where our
names were listed in chalk; we list our losses and get wiped off,

THERESE

And as I said: No way; no way they let us in,
we are wiped out, we wipe ourselves,

RALF

but only in the bathroom

THERESE

the only place we had a seat. Though we took a bath some other place. So now we sit
here, locked out of our own house, of all places, our heads locked up our ass,
unfortunately, because some friends, what's up with them?

RALF

Promises, promises, none kept.

THERESE

What did I want to say? I knew it just a moment ago, when I glanced at the portfolio.
There still was something left in it,

RALF

something is left in it still, however, it's not worth a thing, not as much as we paid for it,

THERESE
we would have paid with our blood for the securities,

[96]

RALF
And they would have taken it for sure.

THERESE
We would have defied the heavens for such security, defiant we would have been in any case, but only to be wounded all the more deeply.

RALF
For some friends are not real or true,

THERESE
the man in charge of small investors, in charge of so many powerless, is doing all he can to help us, but his power is limited, the bank's certificates are already tied around our neck,

RALF
they pull us down, our worth is written on them, but whatever is on it, is of no interest,

THERESE
it's the weight of the stone around our necks that counts,

RALF
the numbers on the stone also count, but the stone counts more,

THERESE
it sinks, it throws up its arms and sinks and we die because we stopped thinking, had we stopped to think we would never have stopped thinking and would still be alive. Our worth is nothing, our value is not ours, we surrendered our value and got nothing in return, we redeemed our value and got nothing, there is no redemption for us, we have no value, and we have no values, our values have no value and our own value is zilch, what did I want to say, those who are on our side, no, I said that already, they are powerless, they can't help us small investors, and that's not even what we are, we the little bitty investors, that's all we have, that's all we own, everything we had we pawned for us, a pawn for something that was worth nothing, and if we owned more, we would of course invest big, not tintsy wintsy.

[95]

THERESE (*cont.*)

this is how misfortune serves us mortals. To prove it, we can kill ourselves now, our retirement money is gone, 15% per year guaranteed, at the very least! And what have we now? Now the shit has hit the fan,

RALF

and is steaming up the place,

THERESE

and now we got the pie in our face. Oh wouldst thou that even just half-loved us never . . . No idea, what he would or wouldn't want, where is he anyway, who half-loved us at least? He took off, I think, there's no one left here who even loves some part of us, we had one earlier, one at the very least, because we were part of a community,

RALF

the community of small investors, who stick together,

THERESE

earlier, when we still had CDO's and creditworthiness and mortgage backed securities,

RALF

all Nothings, collateralized by a lack--a lack backed by nothing but a sucking vacuum, even when the securities took off, we took the shit, at best we took hold of Nothing, which does not secure us the way the rope secures the mountain climber, his dear and loyal rope-- now and forever, so we hope. But we hold on to nothing, we hold up nothing and no one holds us up, it's not worth anyone's trouble and we have enough troubles; we don't want any hold-up of our pension money, so we don't have to hold up the bank or anyone else, and what have we got a hold of? Nothing at best.

THERESE

But even this Nothing is tied to claims and if this Nothing finally wants to pay us, because it must, because the one Nothing we own forces us to destroy the other Nothing we are and then still continue making claims, then nothing will happen, because all that Nothing has been used up, why should anyone give you anything for it?

RALF

Maybe it was used too much, we need so much,

[94]

THERESE

but this Nothing wasn't something we good-for-nothings really needed, this Nothing between nothing and nothing, that big Nothing, that's been invested

RALF

it should still be there, that Nothing, between nothing and nothing, that big Nothing, that's been invested

THERESE

it still should be there,

RALF

but this Nothing wasn't something we good-for-nothings really needed, that Nothing between nothing and nothing, that big Nothing, that's been invested

THERESE

it should still be there, that Nothing between nothing and nothing, that big Nothing, that's been invested

RALF

it still should be there

THERESE

And there it is! The net gain consists only of interest earnings, and nothing else, it should still be there, since nothing flows back from the projects in which we invested,

RALF

everything that flows always flows downhill, right?

THERESE

But nothing flows back, no gains, nothing comes back,

RALF

you can't make nothing from nothing,

THERESE

Not even nothing can be made of nothing

RALF

but it's coming, the big Nothing, where we, the have-nothings are stuck chewing our fingernails, which we still got,

THERESE

we haven't got anything else

[93]

RALF

so if that Nothing wants to pay us, we have to realize it paid off only for that Nothing,

THERESE

it paid off only for that Nothing

RALF

while for us it didn't pay at all, buying those CDO's, offered to us by an independent trader for the Funds Promotion and Investment Co.

THERESE

this lady had been specifically advised to take out a loan for the fabulous, safe purchase of securities that offered additional securities, a purchase anchored in the ground as solidly as the roots of blackberry twines; this was no simple recommendation, those securities were practically served on a platter to the lady! But now those securities have done their job, they've done a lousy job, one can't have enough security, right?--but we have none, so here we are, here we are, stuck, as if we had roots, but the money is some other place, it blossoms and thrives elsewhere, it does not bloom in the Collateral Debt Obligations we bought, those took root some other place, those will only yield themselves, when all claims are fulfilled, one claim follows the other, those claims are our only security, it's easier ripping out a fully grown tree than fulfilling rapidly growing claims and those collaterally insured securities--which they outsourced to so-called securitization special purpose entities, which already means they had no purpose, to special purpose entities then, which they in turn financed with short term certificates of indebtedness, {or shorts for short},

RALF

only Nothing can come out of nothing, but all can be got for nothing,

THERESE

if you pull out billions worth of risks and pour them into a foundation, which then holds the horn of plenty, the horn that feeds it, while we slowly grow roots, filled with restlessness that we might never get anything back, those roots however find no fertile ground

[92]

THERESE [*cont.*]

after they sucked us dry instead of sucking their ground, their plot, which consist of debts -

RALF

certified debts then are their securities,

THERESE

the security of the plot, which is no security, that's the ground we stand on;

RALF
roots keep growing nonetheless,

THERESE
but not for our money, that's gone,

RALF
[poof!, gone!]

THERESE
which vanished long ago

RALF
[down the drain]

THERESE
but somehow those claims are holding up, while we aren't, while we lost everything

RALF
[brother can you spare a dime]

THERESE
and there we thought we placed our bet on the right horse, and the horse on the
right track and where did it get us? Did someone else get it right? But we had
nothing to do with it,

RALF
still – we must pay for it, and that's the truth, no?

THERESE
No! That's the truth,

CHORUS STARTS:
so the crisis is spreading and it affects all segments of the financial market,
whose winners we thought we were,

[91]

CHORUS [cont.]
whose only winners we thought we were, we, the lucky ones, the poor can stay poor,
but poor us will get rich now!,
yep, poor us will be rich now, though with no sweat pouring down our backs !

THERESE: [*parallel to the Chorus*] so the crisis is spreading and it affects all segments of the financial market, whose winners we thought we were,

RALPH

whose only winners we thought we were, we, the lucky ones, the poor can stay poor but poor us will get rich now!,

THERESE

yep, poor us are the only poor to get rich now,

RALPH

though with no sweat pouring down our backs!

CHORUS

We can bank on it that we can't bank on anything, we got bunked already; as they say, bank on others and you'll go bunkers; but we know our bankers {whom we banked on} and we'll belong to the winners, that's the truth, no? NO! That's the truth!

THERESE [*parallel to the Chorus*]

But as there is little difference between humans, there is a lot between money and money,

RALF [*parallel to the Chorus*]

the money one loses from the money one owns,

THERESE [*parallel to the Chorus*]

not to mention the money one wins, {it's the money that talks},

RALF [*parallel to the Chorus*]

But now we talk, no one talks about us, so now we talk,

THERESE [*parallel to the Chorus*]

we are all equal, compared to money, which is not equally distributed,

[90]

RALF [*parallel to the Chorus*]

we are all only human, equal and alike like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and we talk like the common folk we are

CHORUS

we invested, listen now, we invested and now a song of great lament crosses my lips, it suddenly bursts forth between lips parched and burnt from so much throwing up and cracking up, as soon as we open our mouth, we invested in something we thought was safe, we could have just as well burnt the money, because what we

thought was safe, what they sold us as safe and secure, was not, that's for sure, but there is no security anyway,

RALF/CHORUS
we invested

THERESE/CHORUS
and we did not invest nothing, that Nothing is our life,

RALF/CHORUS
still, there were the occasional highlights of high risk adventure vacations

THERESE/CHORUS
that's why we travel abroad; we take a break to take our risks.

RALF/CHORUS
not anymore, now we are broke; at best, we take a dive;

THERESE/CHORUS
at best, we take a dive,

THERESE/RALF/CHORUS
oh, if only it hadn't been us!, if only it had been others but us! ,

CHORUS
we invested much, we invested everything in what was not our life, but was supposed to become our life,

[89]

CHORUS [*cont.*]

in retirement, in old age, we invested in the Nothing that was to be our old age, oh had we not saved ourselves for old age, when life is just beginning, although it's over already. If it has to be Nothing, let it be comfortable!, but old age is worthless anyway, an old person has no value, so then we invested in a dead-on Nothing, the Nothing that will become of us. Well, that really paid off! We get nothing! For us it didn't pay off, but there must be someone, for whom it paid off, there must be someone, for whom it paid off, that Nothing, that still has to pay out all that Nothing, and its claims, and those claims of that Nothing on us, these are not nothing, they are not without interest, they carry interest, ten years from now they will still squeeze those claims out of that Nothing, which will have to pay interest for unpaid debts, and when that interest is finally paid off, the interest for the actual debt, the original debt certificates will then also have matured, unlike us, who finally can be had for a dime . . . all that effort for nothing. For nothing. No, not for nothing, not for free, the effort consists of debts, because the company doesn't exist, whoop dee doo, we invested in a company, which doesn't exist, in nothing!, which, however, had once been something: our small capital, our savings, our life savings, which we could save

up only because for decades we didn't have a life, but we saved, we invested, and now this! We invested in a company that exists only on paper, like its board of directors, which exists, but doesn't direct! A director would have to be paid, and from what? From nothing? No wonder, they are such poor actors {who can't act their way out of a paperbag!} Now the investments of this company, the one in which we invested, were purchased in turn by management companies and then this company was simply closed down, that is, *that* company parted company with *this* company, well, it's not all that simple, but anyway, it's closed now, and a board of directors won't do any good, but how can something be closed that doesn't even exist?; that had opened wide the doors for our investments, but those were not doors, there was nothing, the nothingness that was kept alive only by the fees for the transactions with our lives?, but unfortunately, it doesn't keep us alive now,

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CHORUS [*cont.*]

now that we would need it, it can't contribute to our livelihood; we already put our lives into it, for decades we didn't have a life and we saved our money so we could buy those papers, and now this! Investments purchased by management firms, the old directors bagged, replaced by new ones after a coup by small investors, let's hope the new board will do better!, the old directors didn't even have a working phone, they too had nothing!, they had nothing either! Those poor guys! That'll change now; that's the very least, the bottom line!, it's a concrete business transaction, a purchase, really, no, it's not the bottom line, well perhaps it is, no, it's not a deal either, and if it is, it's a bad one, Lucky Hans, who got a blank piece of paper for a golden goose; but if the bottom line was our money, for which we purchased these papers, our money that's gone, what's at the bottom, what's our bottom line, our asses are the bottom, our asses are on the line, and we shit, but not money, on other people's pastures, like horses, asses and live stock, which is different from common stock in that it holds no voting rights. But nothing can come from nothing, But if it moves in the right direction, which is not ours--we have no sense of direction, we are senseless, leaderless and without direction in the markets--,then something might come of it still, but what?, we don't know whether to buy pumpkins, lemons or peppers, the main thing is that others know, but , o dear, what should we put now in our shopping cart, with inflation chipping away at it {and us trying to chip in}, it drives inflation, slowly, so we can follow (it), before inflation deflates and implodes?, we must hurry to get our share of the inflation,before it all gets too cheap and caves in! Where do we get the shopping cart, and what do we put in? We can't even find the market, the market avoids us, that's why we don't find it, even though it's marked on every admission ticket, but we don't have such a ticket, we stumble around, without direction and with no interest, without a shopping bag, without a shopping cart,

[87]

CHORUS [*cont.*]

because we lost our interest, it has no value, we didn't earn it, so we don't get any interest or sympathy, they cut all bonds with us, we are no longer part of anything, we can express our condolences to the parted, no, rather to the bereft; Nothing is all we can still be a part of, we still can have our share of Nothing, we still may purchase shares in Nothing and participate in Nothing, we can take part in the Paralympics of Nothingness, we the legless, the headless, the countless, the nameless, the homeless, hopeless, who can't even hope for the consolation prize; Yes, we can--take part, that is, but we won't ever get a part of it, never, never, never! So there, and now the inflation is over too, that's what we get for our lessness!

[86]

NICOLAS (reads Stage direction):

This is how it might look here perhaps: The hall is windowless, dim light, black walls and ceilings, dark gray floor, rows of chairs, also dark gray, the people are dressed in dark. A podium all the way in the front, with tables covered in black cloth. Where am I? At the annual convention of Goths? Or of groupies of undertakers? Wouldn't I know better? "Annual General meeting, 16 July 2008, St. Helier/Jersey, or St. Peter Port, Guernsey, wherever our company requests your company." The words are projected on the back wall of the hall. One word is missing: Extraordinary. Extraordinary General Meeting. The subject is a multi-million business. The bank, the mortgage company from a far away land, inaccessible to our steps, want to have their resolutions approved. Many investors fear that they will lose even more money. And that is what will happen. With a few thousand voting rights in the bag they are seated in the hall, representatives of small investors, who wouldn't even find their own bathroom without an arrow pointing to it in their homes, from which they will soon be evicted, if they bought any paper of this company. They sold everything to buy paper of this company. What is lying around? MacBook or other notebooks on knees, you too on your knees, three electronic voting machines, bags, blackberry, camera, documents, pads, pencils, a small bottle of mineral water. No table. Everything is on the floor.

The text can start and stop anywhere at random. It doesn't matter how it is staged, I imagine three or four men yelling it out as loudly as possible. They don't have to do it with precision, that is, they don't have to always do it in unison, there can be shifts and inaccuracies, but not intentionally, please! One can also tape it and transmit it to the toilets and check rooms, whatever When it is staged, big paper maché heads of politicians, the way they are worn at demonstrations at the G8 summit, might be quite funny.

Thank you all, ye bloggers, [faithful and triumphant], oh cometh to me, there is still much room in the manger.

85

CHORUS OF OLD MEN I.

No cause for concern: The substance never was changed to be there

The market took a dive, woe, woe, woe!

It makes no difference to us, but maybe to our customers,
 what will we tell them now?
 What do we tell them?

But the substance is there unchanged.
 That is, it never was there and it isn't now, but it never was changed to not be there!
 It was never changed to be there. It is unchanged, since nothing was ever taken from
 the firm – that is to say, we took, so that no one else can take on our firm, and that's
 the truth.

The truth is: nothing was ever taken away against the firm's interests!
 We took in our own interest, because we are the firm!
 Nothing was undertaken without interest, and it was in our interest
 to take from you - but also to give it to you!
 But what is there to give, if we can't take anymore?
 Then we wouldn't have anything left at all.
 Please give to us, so we can give it to you!
 What, you are not giving any more? You don't trust us anymore? Then we won't give
 you anything either.
 Trust against trust!

The market is weak

Our market ratings reflect the overall market and the market is weak.
 It is chronically weak.
 Whenever we ask how it is doing,
 it tells us it feels weak. Too weak even to answer.

[84]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*cont.*]

If we were to follow your logic that you want back what you put in
 -plus 15% interest of course, which our firm promised you, cross our hearts and
 hop hip hop
 -you might as well pack it all,
 you pack ass!
 You idiot, hopeless moron,
 who hasn't learned that all great things are simple, but not all simple things great!

We promised you 15% and you really believed us?! For 15% you really should give
 us everything, you should give everything for it! And more! Just take out another
 loan! Then you'll already have more than you have!

So, if you want back at least what you put in for the future, since all futures were
 blue chip, safe and stable, here is what you have to do dumb ass: get back to your
 stable, if you still got one and shut up! I don't know where you would go from there,
 but you won't hear me anyway.

Security

So now you have the blues and you want those chips off your shoulder; but the chips are already down and out of your computer, so what do you need security for?

[You want someone to count on instead of counting sheep because you can't sleep? Your shorn sheep is out to pasture, high and dry, it would rather be out in the rain, to get washed off, not washed up like you; the rain won't wash away your debts; or our sins, only a god can do that, no matter what god, so what's left, what's left for the sheep to do? It has no stable, after all, couldn't afford it, huh?

So? What is it? Huh? Well?

Cat got your tongue?

It sure got your brain!

So what security do you need for that?

What security do you need?]

[83]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*cont.*]

You want it for yourself?

That's not what we promised you,

You want to be safe and secure and sure of your future?

That's not what we promised you.

We didn't promise you personal safety, but a future.

But it makes no difference, since you won't get either,

[there is no safe you can crack, crack you can get in the street, but it's not safe, too much traffic, you might need some safety in your car, if you still have one, so buckle up and don't look at us!

You don't get it, because you don't need it.]

And even if you needed some security, you won't get it, at least not from us.

Your complaint: your little house is gone!

But lets take a closer look at your complaint

[which isn't worth looking at it . . . we will explain it to you as a bonus, since we already got the money, your money, you little investor, you!

You, who might have been lucky once, with a father who left you,

who left you a facsimile home, I mean a family home in the foothills somewhere, under the rainbow, with mountains hidden right in the back of them, so you thought]:

So we promised you something that wasn't ours to promise? Sorry, but we missed your point!

And there was no way to make sure the mountains wouldn't fall on the house,

[82]

CHORUS [cont.]

the threat of the mountains tearing the house off the ground in one swap, I mean swoop, in a momentous rockslide, was the only thing it could be sure of!
You already got over the mountains, they are piled up high on your house;

The second mortgage you took out with our help, for property in the East, is somewhere in that pile.

But now you must face the rainy days in the plains, the bone grinders of your existence, and the mortgages weigh on your house.

You are again a financial burden to your parents, whom you outgrew long ago.

You are not as big a burden to us as to your parents, for whom you are a leaden load, you can't even make the down payment, or pay off the interest – or did you inherit a home in a cheaper neighborhood?

You have to admit:

Your inheritance was not in an expensive or trendy neighborhood, though the construction of a new upscale mall could increase its value – what did I want to say

its value could have increased, had you not sold it to invest in penny stocks, in our stocks, secured by us and that's security!

Your insecurity is our security!

Which you can also purchase from us, with 15% per annum guaranteed, which your little house would never have earned you;
that little house could never make such a huge profit all on its own!

Well, not with us either, not in a hundred years, because by then it will be gone!

[81]

[CHORUS cont.]

In any event, it won't be there, while in a hundred years you expect your assets worth a hundred times 15% (someone should do the math, I can't), but in a hundred years we, who made such good investments-the right investments, will own the whole city and we started with our sweet little house: we sold it and used the proceeds to invest in safe asset backed securities to make a kill and save our asses and redeem our souls!

Redemption

Because we still have claims on life!

We have several claims on life that have not been redeemed,
 at least not until now, but since these mean our life's savings, life will pay back a
 hundred fold, until our savior will finally deliver us from bondage, from all bonds,
 and deliver the goods: hallelujah! our redeemer will come and redeem us for good,
 for good money, and once we make our fortune, once we are fortunate enough to
 sell the house, we will count our blessings and invest them in something better than
 the house, something much better! And we will quickly be redeemed! Our redeemer
 will be here in a jiffy, wait and see! No, better not . . . All you will see now are claims,
 but no redemption

All right then, take a look, after all, there's nothing left for you to look at but your
 own face in the mirror:

A house can't do anything for you, but cost you a bundle
 for repairs, for the upkeep, it will cost you precious time of your life,
 which isn't worth it--
 your life isn't worth anything anyway,
 your life isn't worth living!
 that'll never cut it!

But 15% per anus, per rectus, per annorectis, that's our offer, that's our guarantee!
 well, it didn't quite cut it either, don't matter,
 don't matter to us, but maybe to you

It's only natural that something pays off for someone who owns something.
 The bank always wins, doesn't it,

[80]

CHORUS [*cont.*]

You complain = we file complaints

We used up your fortune,
 what you inherited from your fathers to preserve it, we have it now, it's ours now,
 and we will keep it, your complaints won't do you any good,
 -we file complaints, presto, against you too, we file against everyone!
 Let others complain, it won't do them any good: we do the filing of complaints and
 go to court if necessary! -

Kickers

But we also offer a wide assortment of kickers!
 Take a look at our prospectus, go ahead take a look,
 take it in your hand, hold it against the light of day, and it will all come out
 No, nothing will ever get out . . .
 but one day it will all come to light, the kickers we offer for your penny stocks.

With these kickers you can aim for the butts of the lucky winners,
 You can aim, but you'll miss,

You'll miss us at home, because we had to sell the home –
 no, it was you who had to sell.
 You really dare to hit us over the head? You dare?
 Well, you'll see!
 You'll see what will happen!
 You can already see it now, but you can't believe it!
 I enjoy doing all the talking, because:
 as long as we talk as the bank, you can't talk as an individual!
 You can't tell us anything! But we have something to tell you!

[79]

CHORUS [*cont.*]

The Word

Did I already tell you:
 All great things are simple and many of them can be described in one word!

I think I already told you that
 But I did not tell you the word, which lets you finally express what you cannot have
 or know or name, so, ready - here we go: "Freedom," "Justice," "Honor," "Mercy,"
 "Hope"

That's from the preface of our brand new annual report that beats everything--that
 beats and batters everything.

And if the preface is so terrific, how terrific, how marvelous will the word itself be,
 that word that was in the beginning and shall be forever and everywhere?
 Because you can say any word and it is already with God!
 In the beginning was the word and the word was with God!
 And you will also be--delivered that is, from all earthly things (which you don't
 have anymore anyway, which you haven't had in a long time), you too shall be with
 HIM!
 The child of God you will always be, **and it doesn't cost a thing!**
 You thought you will get it some day during your lifetime, the word you'll get a
 word in at the general meeting {*Hauptversammlung* HV for short in German}
 (not HIV, that's more positive),
 well all right, the word was with God, not with you, remember!

[78]

CHORUS [*cont.*]

[Word 2: "Europa"

We can describe our destiny in a single word:
Europa.

Oh God, now I just dropped that word, too. That's all I needed.
 I just wasted it, without thinking, on people who don't understand!
 How lucky I said it when I still had it, it's a pity I dropped it. I got so used to the word
 ...

Soon we will have no words for it.
 Europa Money is our God, he is right on the money,
 God our gold in whom we trust,
 we are with him there
 (but we won't find our money there, even though we worshipped it)

Europe we did find, eureka, we sit right in the middle of it, though lately
 without money. Europa.
 A strong border against all others, while your anticipated profit
 is beyond all limits, of course,
 but we will make sure you know your limits
 –right now we are showing you the borders of Europe, and those are much more
 expansive than the limits to your pursuit of profit!]

Death without (any) security

It's okay, go on, invest in more debts,
 we support your debts
 and we can also support your death, if you like!
 It won't be easy, though
 in a beautiful sanitarium or in the home care of a smart, handsome,
 hands-on nurse, that's what you thought,
 but it won't be . . .
 it won't be a pricey suicide clinic either,
 since your priceless life is all you got,
 and you couldn't afford anything higher than this clinic, huh?

[77]

So you are dying for us to finance your debts.
 You want to get your fill of life, though you have to already watch what you eat?
 Who do you think you are?
 Where are your securities? Well? - we are waiting!
 They aren't backed by debts, are they?
 Your debts have already eaten up all your securities!

You are full of insecurities and without any safe securities!
 Well, if that's the case, let us show you your natural limits,

[which of course don't overlap with those of Europe. You are much smaller.

But your plans for the future will collapse, no matter what plans you had! You will collapse -- but not Europa!

Europe as a spiritual concept

Europe won't collapse, something more would have to happen than your lapsed securities and the return of your leased car.

Europe's borderlines are natural, so are yours, only smaller and narrower, but that's okay, since you don't have a car anymore.

So you are walking [along] a narrow line, you walk the line, but without Cash, Johnny! {"... and without Rick's Rubins, I'm afraid." [ns]}

Let me tell you: The real demarcation between Europe and Asia is not a mountain range, it's not an age range, a price range or a shooting range, it's not a range at all,

rather, it is a system of faith and ideas, which we call Western civilization!

Well, isn't that a good idea? "Europa" as a spiritual concept?
It costs us nothing! It costs you everything!

[76]

If you stop carrying the concept of Europa in your heart, it will die! So make sure to get your shares!

We should proclaim programmatically, that the spiritual concept of Europa will not die, as some people predict.

Quite the opposite: We declare:

"that it should live and shine and bring light to those parts of the world, where unrest and terror rule." {"So let the sun shine in . . . " }

It also says that in our annual report!

And this won't have a sequel in court,
and if it did, the script would be the same,]

until our goals are reached and all our hopes fulfilled!

Prosperity

and there shall be prosperity for us
to have and to hold, for richer rather than poorer,
yes, and for prosperity to hold on to us,
so we can have it all to ourselves,
until death, until our debts do part from us.

You'll never get to Guernsey

You don't even own yourself,
 not even tenfold, not even a hundredfold.
 You belong to us a hundred times over!
 So you really believed in the 15% anormalum,
 Congratulations! You are owned by the bank!

The main thing is, you buy the certificates, which have the same name as us, but
 don't belong to us:
 They belong to everyone.

[75]

No, they belong to a company on the island of Guernsey, but you will never get to
 Guernsey, unless you take out a loan for the trip, which we won't approve, we won't
 approve your attending our annual meeting to insist on your rights!

We won't dump you, of all people, on our institution, which knows all about
 dumping!

Europa

You can believe what you want, in Europe everybody can believe, they can believe in
 what they want, that is Europe!
 Christianity has for centuries shaped and hammered and twisted and bent its
 history, which it held up against: Art, science, diligence, industry, research,
 influence, success, *Europa*!

Go ahead, believe in whatever, or don't, it won't affect us, but where would you be, if
 you hadn't taken advantage of this opportunity to buy these certificates, which bear
 our name, they bear our name only, but they are barely worth their name, they bear
 our name, but they can't bear us, these are stern bears, I mean, bear sterns, no, what
 did I want to say, what's in a name, it's full of bull in a bare market.

They bear only our name, but they are not us and they don't belong to us.
 They only bear our good, old, trusted name!

NAMENAMENAME

Our bank,
 who bears our name, but is barely worth its name,
 its name is on these certificates and supplements that ascertain its undivided
 interest und dividends, indivisible and united, like the stars on the flag for its large
 lobby;

the bank sells you its paper beautifully bundled and collateralized already by your
 future debts, and all these materials indicate that up to 80% of this bank's revenues
 can be finally delivered by such fees.
 Deliverance is all, sins don't count then anymore.

Not in this bank!
 They don't count in this bank that is us,
 {u-s as in you-ess --
 "Ace!", you got it, the bank that's us} and has our name!

[74]

[We are the bank,
 but the firm, this great family that is each and everyone, {our great country} which
 should in fact have our name, the firm is not us, at least not anymore,
 those are two totally different things, the bank and this {great country} {die
 Gesellschaft},
 you have to understand that, you simply have to understand, although it's not that
 simple, {it's the economy, stupid!}]

But if it were simple you would never have bought into it!

(It's just by accident that our CDO's carry our name, just as we carry our name.
 Both of us kept our fine name--fine for us, the fines go to you--on these documents,
 and doesn't everyone want to keep refining documents with his name on them?
 That makes his documents so personal, so proprietary, so all one's own, owing to no
 one.
 Every person his own owner, wouldn't it be honkeydorey!

But we didn't give you a present, of course,
 you have to pay for it, so does the company, in which you count the least, and the
 country that counted on us and counted us out, but not for long!
 The company that has our name but doesn't belong to us - just like the country - has
 to pay, so that it can keep our fine name, like you can keep yours and we can keep
 all.

And the bank, which has our name but isn't us, has earnings of up to 80%, and that's
 the truth, NO, *that's* the truth, YES, that's the *truth* - (what am I saying . . .) - well
 then, 80% earnings from transactions with the firm, which has our name. By
 accident, certainly by accident it has the same name as we, there are worse names
 and that's the truth, no, that's the truth, but those are names we are not.
 We are not this firm!!!!

[73]

We are part of the Family, but we are not this firm.
 We only have the same name, whether the firm exists or not, whatever, it existed
 and its name shines far and wide. There is a glow to this name, which doesn't come
 without a price, we promise, we already got the prize.

So, what's in a name? Like yours? You got nothing to your name! That's why you need new paper!

You need papers, made out to our name, but it's not us,
they are only paper you can say anything on paper, and that's the truth!

Watch out: It's not us!

[You can't know that, of course, because we have the same name, but we are not to be confused with our name!]

Caution, please! The water is only 5 feet deep, you cannot dive in, or you'll be paralyzed, so surely, you don't want to take a dive, do you, no, you don't want to be immobilized, you want a Stimulus! Like us!

You should have done like us

If you had just done like us! But you didn't

You should be happy someone still likes you

We like you just the way you are!

Europe takes you the way you are, now be on your way,
take Europe's mission, which we are not, wherever you want to.

If we were Europe's mission, Europe would also bear our name and we would get the license fee!

A license fee also for the name *Europa*.

[We'll have to take a closer look, there might be something left for us, there might be something in it for us.]

[72]

CHORUS [cont.]

But what's left for you?

At best the IRS comes after you, from time to time, from country to country

But the money you once had is with us now, we let it disappear. Poof – a magic trick!

You weren't supposed to know that – but it just came out.

It always comes out. Luckily, too late for you and without consequences for us!

Pilot project: more episodes to follow

More episodes will follow, something always has to follow, there will be a follow up, let it come, we don't mind!

Right now we are still with episode 1, the pilot project, right?

We'll get it right, because we'll be the pilots.

You are our dear guests, our guests on board, you can get a good rest with us.

Your money also takes a rest, right, and the cheers of victory get us all fired up.

It's our own cheers that get us all fired up, like champagne cork they pop from our throats!

We are the gods, we got all fired up by ourselves, while you got burnt.

We burnt your capital, but it was very small, it didn't burn long, though it still made us happy, your capital, your poor little {cappy}, which once was yours, has been burnt by us.

Our bank lives – You don't have to live!

Our bank also has to live off something!

You don't have to live!

You are too small to live.

You are a premature birth – and we are your incubator!

Nonetheless, you fatten us and we batten on you.

And this incubator is turbo-charged!

[71]

[CHORUS cont.]

We charge ahead and flash the big V, we charge interest --
while you have to charge everything.

We already have your capital: It's already been sunk on one of the [channel] islands!
Well, maybe not on the island, but off shore, sunk in the sea, your little capital. End
of chapter.

But our firm, our country are alive and well!

And your capital is still alive!

The company, the family, which is all of us, even if we don't get all the money from
you, but only a part, long live the family, which is all of us, this country, and God
bless

Let it live, period. That's quite a lot already!

Your capital goes on living, it has eternal life, it lives on beyond your death.

It lives in our company, which is everybody's family.

You were its host only.

You could give it a temporary home, your sweet little cappy,
but that chapter is closed now.

it goes on living with us!

And you can file chapter 13.

{Your lucky number, our lucky strike!

Let's strike up the band!

Let them strike in Europe

It's all Greek to us!}

But your capital is alive and well!

So why are you complaining?

It lives on a beautiful island!

Aren't you happy it's alive? And will go on living?
While you are dying, your capital lives, it lives with us!

And it likes living with us – we kept it company!
It would be all alone with you – but with us there is: entertainment, fun and games,
sports on board with a board that thirsts for your credit and hands you back a debit.

Our bank has to live off something, that's the truth, no? NO? How true!

[70]

[CHORUS cont.]

And it lives off the firms, which bear its name, but they are not it.
The firms receive,
they receive from you,
you are the firm!
You are firm, we are firm, it's all in the Family, {it's destiny,
manifest destiny!}
The bank takes all, and what's best: All have the same name!

A licence fee for: Name

Isn't it wonderful?
Man proposes, but God disposes!
But he doesn't dispose of us! We dispose ourselves, we dispose over our firms,
which have our name but are not us!
What's in a name? Thou shalt not take God's name for nothing! And God also belongs
to us.
Our bank, whose name alone is capital, took in 23 million Euros in license fees;
although an audit revealed that we could account for only 1 million Euros, give or
take, in fees
who says, we have to know how to count?
It is pure coincidence that the names are the same, that doesn't prevent us from
charging fees.

Control – God

Our control mechanisms – let me add – are in place, as you can see.
We control ourselves, and that's enough.

Just think how often you couldn't even control yourself, so be thankful we let
ourselves be controlled at all, and our in-house control, our self-control is the
strongest!

We don't have to submit to any control, but we do. We don't have to allow any
degree of control, but we do. We make allowances for all controls.

We even allow ourselves to control ourselves.

[69]

[CHORUS cont.]

God knows no control, God knows, there's no control under God--{there's only one nation under God, in God, indivisible, by God}, who is control incarnate, incorporate!

God controls himself – and that means that nobody can control him:
He is the highest authority on rocky downhill turns from appeal to appeal.
For God cares most for the poor – he doesn't care for us, but we don't care, because he can't control us! We control ourselves, just like he, and he doesn't like it, because he wants to be the only one in control of himself, and that means, there is no need for control.

“HE is who HE is” – {is he really, has he ever been?} – We are, what we are!

He cares most for the poor, but that doesn't do him any good:
The IRS controls them, the partner controls them, the authorities control them, the transit cop controls them, he hasn't learned anything else. This prevents you and everybody else from feeling like a little God!

Everyone a little God! You'll all be like Gods, the stars in his heavens, we promise you, in good faith, by our faith, by God! after you signed our contracts!

Where would we be, where would we be, where on earth would we be if our godlike customers wouldn't have signed our contracts?

Our customers, who let it rain Olympic gold, who poured the riches of mount Olymp's gods all over us, for they had faith in the bank that had our name; it sure was gold, man, but it sucks!

Someone's gotta clean up

Only because we have a name that has nothing to do with us, not anymore, it did, but we didn't do anything, and because we are called what we are not, we do what we do just for you!

And you don't even pay what's due.

[68]

[CHORUS cont.]

But your losses pay for your dues, all outstanding dues are more than balanced by your outstanding losses.

Someone's gotta clean up and that's the US
uh-m, that's us, us, us!

We collect the fees, we clean up and we clean up good,
 We don't want an infection to spread, do we?
 The fees are feeding on you,
 they are nesting in your flesh, like a virus,
 they are eating up your nest egg,
 but you must scramble it up for the dough,
 so scam, will you, scramble up some money,
 we don't want your flesh, it's foul and ours is fair, {milkfed lamb from New Zealand},
 no use pounding on our doors, the pound is falling,
 we are busy packing it in and you can pack up and pull out, no, not the gun, the
 dough, the dough {for the dues},
 not the doe, dodo, we don't shoot doe, our deer, our female deer, please!
 don't shoot our deer dear, our dear, dear piano player!

if you give us the money, that's better than getting a virus infection
 having the name we got
 and you got nothing to your name, dear,
 so what are you going to do, dear, we are waiting, go ahead,
 shoot!
 But, you see, the gun's always pointed at you,
 go ahead, shoot, that'll teach you!

So give it up, give it to us, now,
 let's have some action, lets get some action
 so we get in the act,
 so we can all act up a storm before it hits us
 before it hits the banks
 before it floods the river banks
 the ole man river banks
 and we all go down
 with Kattrina,
 and we will be the bank that was,
 a place where everybody knew our name and yours,
 the rest is bunk!
 --not bunk, *Bank*, it's German,
 no, not bunker, *Bank, Deutsche Bank*--
 Shoot! No, *Scheiße*, Shit!
 The rest of us is *Bank*!

We cannot make you a member!

And what's left of you gets in our bank, where they are always ready to serve you,
 After they put you through the grinder,

[67]

[CHORUS cont.]

And before you have a chance to ask:

No, we can't make you a member of our bank, there are strict rules for admission, and you don't qualify.

But we'll be happy to sell you our certificates/securities, which are meant especially for you, as one of our countless small investors; yes, we can always sell, it's our pleasure.

And we even take change. Pennies also add up, just like all of you teaming up against us right now. . . .

At least that's what you are trying to do and it's unfair, unlawful even!

The small investor's rep:

Because you surely have something else cooking in the back of your head, and your small investors' rep is cooking up a storm way back in the back room, you can smell it all the way, and he's not only got you, the small investor, eating it all up, he has created quite a stink and this is the kind of the guy you trust! Oh well, it's your business, but not for long, you can be sure!

A representative of Nothing is all you have, you have-nots, whom you let represent you, the small investors. Now, there are folk bigger than us behind the representative you elected, real bigshots, bigger than us, and we are quite big ourselves!

He's got a whole army of locusts, of predators, an army of animals behind him, who will go after your money even more aggressively than us, much worse than what we could ever do, what we would have been able to do.

Not even we could have done it, we only had your best interest in mind, since you took care of our interest, right?

[66]

[CHORUS cont.]

Therefore, let us warn you right now:

Behind your small investor rep, there are bigger folk than us, be prepared, be forewarned! We know who's standing there, we are also bigger than you,

(and that's already very, very big),

but the hedge funds, the leopard funds, the tiger funds, the Cerberus funds, the Merry Lynchers funds, the Front Point funds, they are all standing behind your investor rep, the rep you elected –

they are all standing there and you don't see them!

You see us, you can see us as the speck of sawdust in our eyes –
but you can't see the plank in your rep's eye!

The funds, the *fonds*, the giant *frondists*, the gigantic frontline soldiers, the heroic freedom fighters standing behind your small investor, driving him like a car,

right behind the man, the rep, who represents you and everything you no longer have; there they stand, those funds, they stand there with other funds like a firewall, like a one with many zeroes, but the zeroes come after the Number one, and you come after all those zeroes, you are {actually going} after them to make you a zero as well, we can see that, you make a good zero, otherwise you would never have entrusted your money to us, of all people. How do you like them apples?

But you started counting your apples, before the picking was done, didn't you? You picked the wrong apple, you wanted the biggest one, so you banked on the city. You picked the big apple, not the small Mac, someone had taken a bite out of it already.

In any case, you probably figured out some profits.
But, we already told you who's behind your money, they are predators, so big, you couldn't imagine.
And your small investors' reps--they'll put a motor on your money and let it fly away, farther than we could ever throw a stone after you.

Your money doesn't want to come back to you!

We can understand that you're feeling bad somehow, because you lost your money to us.

[65]

[CHORUS cont.]

So it's with us now. Aren't you happy?
You can come and visit your money any time you like.

You can see for yourself that it is doing well, your money.
Better than with you.
Because with us it has friends, fitness, fun and games on the island.

No, we can't give your money back to you.
Now look, it's on vacation here,
at least it gets a vacation, on an island, why would it want to come back to you?

It doesn't want to, don't you see? It doesn't want to return to you, you'll just have to accept it, just as we have to accept our exceptional returns.

[The firm also has to accept our licensing agreement, no? Yes: no!, that's right, it had to accept our licensing agreement, for which we accepted their settlement fee, for which we settled, for which we settled with your money, because, be honest now, you only gave us your money, because of our vintage name that needed new tires at least a hundred times.

It wasn't us!

Whoever says now that it's still us, will be sued!

Our name is Heracles now or Hercules, as you like, you are allowed to like something, but it's not us, or is it, after all?]

Man and Real Estate:

Whatever, it made sense to be a brand, a hot brand that marks profit.

A man/a *Mensch* is a man/a *Mensch*, no?

People are people

A brand is a brand!

[64]

[CHORUS cont.]

It puts your stamp on everything, ready to mail, as long as the address is known.

A man is a man.

And real estate is real estate is real, right? A *real* estate stays put, it's immobile, a man and his money are mobile, and that's a good thing!

Real estate isn't, right?

It has to stay, where it is: In old small towns in the new Europe, in new, modernized, rebuilt big cities, wherever, it has to stay. Some made a mint, others didn't, some put their mint in bourbon and played the horses (and lost); location, location, location, is what's it all about, right! We got on your track, you couldn't hold your horses, you bet on us, too bad for you, uh-m what did I want to say

So we invested in real estate,

In Eastern Europe {in the Mid and Southwest}, when it still was cheap, right?

Just at the right time

when the price was right and the times no longer just,

while elsewhere foul loans lounged lazily in their little beds and sound asleep they wouldn't dream of waking up.

They probably are dead already, no?

No, not with us!

Our realties are not frozen in place!

They are still working for us and for you they represent value,

to which your value will be added,

since you invested in our realties.

But it wasn't us, we are not we, we just collect the money,

is that so hard to understand, we just collect the fees for ingesting, uhm investing your good money!

[63]

[CHORUS cont.]

These are the fees you put into our immobility.
 You will have to come to us, for we are immobile, like all things great,
 (except for example the majestic whale, who at least knows how to swim, maybe . . .)

Your money left you

But your money isn't and if it were great, you wouldn't have it,
 it wouldn't even want to work for you,
 it works for us now, for whom else?
 You can be proud of your money's career with us, don't you think?
 You took a shot at us, yes, Sir, you squeezed the trigger, not too tight, and *kaboom*
 your capital dropped dead.

It has to get a rest somewhere, your money, otherwise it would keep pushing like
 you, for tickets to the world cup or world series,
 it pushes its way to the stadium, to the tv, to the beach,
 it pushes, it shoves, but no longer for you.

It is dying for a new order, it would kill to get some order in this raging river, those
 bared ferocious teeth.

Your money is no longer dying to see you.
 You left it.
 Before your audit you killed all your orders, sneaky little killer you are

[62]

[CHORUS cont.]

This is how we picture it:
 as your money is lying in the sun with us, oiling its skin with returns before you
 burn like a moth on a light bulb, before you get burnt by us,
 -in, yes, it yields returns!
 But not for you, it won't ever yield to you --
 no happy returns for you.

So who's doing it?
 Why are you so negative?
 Why can you only see the losses rather than the negative returns?
 Who's supposed to do it, who will produce a loss if not us?
 Who is doing anything if we don't do it.
 If we don't report for a job, which should have been done by you:

The management of your money, which is now with us,

vacationing on the island
 Fun, games, sports, beach volleyball,
 right on target, right on the money,
 we volley your net assets, that's what we do for diversion,
 we instantly divert, uhm, diversify your investments!
 How are we doing it? Wouldn't you like to know!

We diversify everything we can get our hands on
 Everything that slipped through your fingers! {You gotta hand it to us!}

Venture Capitalist

You are not a venture capitalist, are you?
 Sure, you like to venture new things and so you should, by all means,
 Biking, swimming, computer games, go ahead, do it!

[61]

[CHORUS cont.]

We love to take this venture off your shoulders as well!
 We'll make something out of it!
 We also regularly service your money (which is ours now), for which we charge a
 service fee, of course.

Your service station does too, and even the shop takes more than we do.
 it would take more than we do, if you still had it,
 if you had more to invest, we can assure you.

We can also spell it out for you:
 It comes to 160 mill total!

Comparative value, imperative value, the work of God

And if we figure in the comparative value – God willing –
 last year's imperative value of money – we figured out the will of God – (we are
 doing the work of God)
 when money still had value (except yours, since you no longer had it) –
 then we can rightfully claim that last year the comparative value, including the
 commission for two stock offers – which we were able to make because of you,
 right? – well then, it still amounted to 147 Mill!

So then, within those two years, while your money vacationed on the island
 (no need to check train schedules, flight schedules, boat schedules, you'll never get
 to this island!),
 while your money was serving an internship on the island – because your money is
 working for us now, where you even aware that your money was doing God's work?

Just in case you don't know, where and for whom your money is working: it is working for us!

[60]

[CHORUS cont.]

Well then, while working on the island
and using its limited time off for a few scenic roundtrips -
(always going around in a circle, right)
your money also lost a few pounds!

So you thought what your money can do you can do too?
However, while you took your after lunch nap on the patio,
your money practiced with us and lost a few pounds,
but all that is lost on you, though we are telling you the {God's} truth!

No, your money doesn't sleep,
that's not how it works with us, that's not how we do it!
It might have slept when it was with you, but not with us,
there is no sleeping on the job with us!

On the island it has to work out after work.
It races against you in the company jersey.
You thought you were winning, but now your money's in the race against you and
out to win,
it's in the race,
but not for you,
it races under the logo of the firm, which has our name, but isn't us.

Your money took good care of us,
why should it care about you, now that you can finally sit on your patio
and read the paper

Before, you could have never taken the time,
and now we are also taking care of your time.
This is definitely not your time, maybe your time is still to come, but it isn't this one.

[59]

[CHORUS cont.]

You can finally take a rest
Go ahead, read the sports pages, get excited!,
Read about politics, tiring as they are.

Isn't it swell! you could also open the big umbrella -
but it won't rain money on you, that's pouring on us!

{Though it rains no more in the plains of Spain.}

It reigns here with us,
And we let it rain till it drops.
It pays off for us,
But not for you, you paid it out to us

Placing

Should we tell you something?
Maybe we shouldn't, but we will tell you anyway,
we don't charge for placing.

We won't take your place either;
the silverware, linen napkin, a glass of wine,
marketing, licensing,
the artsy label on the bottle, made by a famous artist, right?,
those are extras, gifts for loyalty, right?, for loyalty to your money, which in turn
wasn't loyal to you, but to us!

your fault, your own fault, and now it is so much happier with us,
admittedly, sometimes it looks at us with a questioning, pensive gaze, but we
reassure it right away, we reassure it:
Yes, it has to work, but it also is entitled to fun and games and sport on this beautiful
island, right? That's why you are no longer entitled to an additional pension, isn't
that the truth, yes!

[58]

[CHORUS cont.]

Otherwise it might as well have stayed with you, back home, on the patio,
where you take care of your plants and [take] advantage of your retirement,
which is all there is, which will be no more.
Otherwise it wouldn't have had to leave, your money, for which you hunger and
thirst like for justice.

Money eats money

But the money is also hungry and wants to devour other moneys and grow, and in
the process it is devoured by other money, stronger money. And that costs!

just the management of your moneys –
they are flowing to us from everywhere
like brooks that merge into rivers that run into the sea that surrounds our island,
our gourmet Guernsey, washing round our land of cheeses, of hams and jams and
Wurst, lapping round our ankles – the management is costly, of course!

It costs a fortune, for as soon as the money arrives on our blessed island, there are the aforementioned facilities: fun and games and gaming and sports and schmooze with likeminded peers and likeminded money, which has to work whether it wants to or not.

You don't have to anymore, but your money must!

Big relief for you, big relief in your small change purse, at the stock exchange, in your wall-mart wallet, in your safe deposit box--
great stress and hard work for us!

It was our pleasure, don't mention it.

Well, okay, small pleasure, but, as they say, many a nickel also makes etc/blah blah blah

and what you get for it is lots of fun and games and gaming and sports, whether or not you want that for your money doesn't make any difference, because it doesn't belong to you anymore anyway.

[57]

[CHORUS cont.]

And just those loyal, strong, trusted hands, with their firm grip on your money for our nimble, well trained trust, the *Treuhand*, {a handy German strategy, meaning *faithful hand*, which holds your money so lovingly now; it was to yank you up the high bar; bu}t that was only a local bar, which left you high and dry and hung-over; anyway, it was our *Treuhand*, our faithful hands that brought the bank a handsome two thirds of its current gains! Well aimed and gamed. Bingo!

Island hopping on the sweet dreams boat – Isn't that a hoot!

[56]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN II

[insert: new 10.06.09]

*[Attention!!!! New play from here on!!!!
Possibly change of perspective?! Watch out!]*

Banks get help, but not you

As a bank, you get bailed out right away.

You always have the right of way.

As of this moment you are up and going again.

You got the money from us.

From us. U-S. Respect! That was quick!

What heaven breeds and earth bears, you penetrate with inner light you, our government, you oh you, the savior, and we--our own saviors, {oh, [what a] bumma}, nothing can save us or you anymore. We leave it up to the government, when rescue is supposed to come, to the administration, who leaves us, because we are not banks, they sold us down the river, and no one was on our side when the torrent tore us underwater.

I am no {river} bank!

If a bank, do not abandon. If not, abandon. Otherwise, abandoned already.

Unseeing seeing is the government. Our misery does not remain hidden to it, for the bank tells it what there is to save,
and it saves the bank, it does not save us,

“We are the state, *der Staat*, {l’État, el estado—no, that’s Germany and France and Spain and Mexico? etc. we are} the states, more or less united, we stand but now we fall, and it does not save us, our dear government, which is also us, we don’t save ourselves either. Where would we go to be safe?, there are people living everywhere, no room for us poor folk, we better get a ride with an ambulance, all others would run over us, no one saves us, this car doesn’t take us either. This is why we turn to someone else to rescue us, someone who knows everything, a god, who knows us, the government--a god, who knows everything, from us and about us, nothing slipped through the cracks. Our word still lives, but it will also die away soon.

[55]

We call for help and don’t get it. We are no bank.

We are no bank. We get nothing.

The government receives our small shipment disgustedly, it signs our invoice, which is blank, and does not respond to it.

There is no answer. We are handed over to our murderers, who are the kind we are.

We don’t yet know it, but we are our own murderers.

As the self-blinded king was a murderer and didn’t know it, we too are self-blinded, our own murderers.

Our unforgiven debts flash across the monitor, they are high, too high, we were blinded, blinded by ourselves, therefore such sky high debts, blinded by us and by what was possible for us, which is no longer possible, now we see our debts were our fault, our own fault, our most grievous fault, to you oh lord, uhm, no, to us, o lordi lord, who suddenly became debtors, all at once, unexpectedly, and we weren’t

even blind yet!, to us then, thy kingdom come to us, but no, it won't come, our home, our castle, our little kingdom, gone, gone, gone!

Expelled from our home and land, for we are not a bank, for only banks get saved, who must in turn help other banks, that's what is really going on, that's what is behind the rescue operation, though covered by silence, the way one spreads a piece of paper over the pile {of crap} one just produced, so save, if you can, but not yourself, it's always someone else who must be saved, everyone saved but ourselves, {we lost our savings}, only he who can save, in the midst of danger, shall receive. This also is where saving graces bloom. Not we, not us. No boom for us poor babes. We are bust. Do not begrudge us the advisors at our banks, for what is more rewarding, what befits a man more than showing the way[s]. We were shown ourselves. Here you'll be shown. In this bank they'll show you.

You ghoulish ghost, will you look at your shoes!, completely worn out, not polished in months, the T-shirt stinks, pants are loose, boxers filthy, your number disconnected, cell without a SIM – Subscriber Identity Module – worthless, that's what you would need now, huh? A module that gives you a worthy identity again.

[54]

(cross border leasing)

Our corporation is like a city, a bleeding city, no, others must bleed, all that has become already carries the seed of passing and trespassing. [[“Das Vergehen” Hegel! -- Keim des Vergehens“ -- ej: “Alles Gewordene trägt schon den Keim des Vergehens in sich”]] This firm is a city, which has the greatest power everywhere, the world trusts us, it relies on us, we have the seal of approval, but only because we can seal any deal, because we know how to wheel and deal and [also] win every appeal.

We conquered Europe, we were active in cross-border leasing with German municipalities, we were active everywhere, we also were buying, we bought everything we could get, wheat fields in Brandenburg, water supply lines in Southern Germany, power plants in Ösenland, vineyards in France, pastures in Africa, where no one else has anything to eat, people everywhere, we bought people, we didn't need any sports arenas for that, we are always on hand to insure any investment, [[Spiegel on-line, 29/2009 re AIG. “In the headquarters of greed”]], we were always there, we were passive, but always there, we put our stamp on a thousand contracts, {we have the government's stamp of approval}, we stand for proper business procedures, the main thing is business still proceeds, the world leaves us, the world leaves everything [up] to us, and now it is gone, the world, let it be, leave oh world leave it be, leave us alone, leave us be, but where, oh were? There's no room here, the boat is full, the tent is full, the port-a-pottie bubbles over, well, I'll just have to keep looking.

The world doesn't like its people, but people like the world even less,
tearing the bowels out of her--copper: very popular, expensive non-ferrous metal,
where there is copper there is a way, where there is a will to profit, there: a way!

We lived in the light, now we are lost in the {dark of} night.
Not much longer will we be in our penthouse. Not much longer will we be on our
country retreat, where our whole *being* could take a little rest before it must take
leave.

We bend over contracts, we bend over this sewage canal system, which we
leased for 99 years to the investor who signed here, here on the dotted line, who
doesn't know us anymore, who has no need to know us, though he leased our
sewage canal system.

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He did well, the foreigner, that man from overseas, he did really well, terrible was
the swiftness of his steps as he approached- a curse, but we only saw our savior,
and now we shit in foreign {sewage} canals; no gondolier dips his oar into the
foreign that is us, more foreign to us than to other foreigners.

You'll see, says he, the foreigner, from overseas, who is clean, his waterways are
clean, ours are sewers, but what can you do, we need them too!, and we do see, we
are sitting with him in the same boat, but we don't see him, he is with us, but it
won't do us any good now, all the same.

The sewage canal through which he rows the boat, does not belong to us anymore,
that's okay, you are welcome!, well, it belongs to us, but others reap the benefits,
that was the deal: **others benefit from our shit**.

We can use the system, and all the others also make good use of it, each to his own
benefit, that is the economy, that is how it has to be, that is how it was explained to
us: it is to everyone's benefit; terrifying are the steps of its curse coming over us,
but, look, it is to everyone's benefit, it fits everyone's personal needs, otherwise it
would not exist!

This it is, the curse; we knew it would come one day, we knew it, but we did not
foresee it, yet we knew, though we were blind, always blind like the seer,
and now with terrible swiftness the curse has come, pow! wham! the curse,

the curse, I tell you, it is hunting you down, and then you are devoured by the night,
for which you don't have a home anymore,
woe, woe, ouch! Where has it all gone? Something was here!
And now it's gone!

No. Not all is gone. The sewage treatment plant still belongs to us, it belongs to the public, it belongs to us, but at the same time it doesn't belong to us either. How shall I put it? What does it still have to do with us, the plant, here with us, what [harm] can it still do to those who dwell in the light? How does that work? How is this supposed to work?

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But it shouldn't be working! It should rest, it should take a rest, it shouldn't be working. Who wants to work nowadays?

We rather take off, on a cheap flight.

We fly over the sold, leased, deserted canals, which carry our shit, we fly along, we fly away, we fly off the handle, we are handed the pink slip,

we settle for a lump sum compensation, that's fine, and the canal's lessee immediately gets a terrific tax break, the buyer might get an even better one, that's why he did it, he's fine too, every advantage is fine for the one who took it, he can see it, his advantage, he took it, he got it.

That way both get their share. The one taking and the other taken in.

Neither one gets away with it, that's what they get, that's all they get, but who could have foreseen that only the bank gets away with it and no one else? Who feeds us, who? The Bank.

Who kills us, who? The Bank.

Mistress over life and death.

Who, I ask you? You know it anyway! Only dead matter is certain.

Only edifications, uh, edifices can be guaranteed. No one can carry them away, they stay, they stay where they are told to. They don't go away. They last and they outlast us, they might be besieged by claims, but they don't cede and cease, buildings, that's how they are, buildings, they don't cede, they don't cease like we must cede and cease. But our house stays, the canal stays, yes, and the water main stays, so, don't worry, you won't be left hung out to dry!, it doesn't belong to us anymore, but it stays, the subway stays, it doesn't belong to us anymore, but it stays, and the hydroelectric plants, they belong to someone else, but they do stay here. It's simpler that way.

The contract comes with a limited warrant.

The sewer system gets an unlimited flow warrant; it gets a warranted flow, a cash flow is piped into it, our shit is piped in and out of it, it still stinks, every time, again and again, but one can't smell it amidst all the other stink in this area, where they save on taxes

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and savings magically disappear in ways we choose, we no longer notice the stink of whatever came out of us in the dark of night to dwell in the light and earn and save money elsewhere, earned money is not saved money, but in this case it is, because we save on taxes that saves us some money, isn't that swell!

there are no due amounts, no declared accounts, no defrauded amounts, no advanced amounts, it's only logical that no one pays, isn't it?

Someone worth nothing can't be liable for others, he can't guarantee, can't vouch, can't vouch for the warranty, which, however, can guarantee that the sewer will be filled, but not that the contract will be fulfilled; that's an entirely different matter.

Okay, it would have to pay, if the owner of the shit processing plant would have to pay, but he doesn't have to either, he has to take a shit, but he doesn't have to pay. We all have to shit, but no one wants to pay for it and no one has to, if he's already taken his shit and making a shitload, he doesn't have to take any more shit he won't poop or pay, it's been paid for, it paid for itself, and now no one will pay, least of all an insurance company that never loses its 'strength to be there.'

What does it have to lose? We are the ones who lost. How could we lose? We don't own anything! Ask the insurance, it doesn't own anything either and loses everything, because it can't pay. It owns everything and loses nothing, because it pays nothing. It's lost. The insurance is lost. It didn't insure itself, and now it is lost. It doesn't matter.

Oh well, it has to stop somewhere, and that's at the insurance. It says, it pays, but if it has to pay, it doesn't, because it can't.

But we, we however, who are passed on by banks like innocuous IOU's we don't even have the money to buy the debts of others, so we have to make some ourselves.

We poor suckers who get sucked into everything. We make our own debts. We craft our home-made debts from nothing and what's left is nothing again. We can't bundle them up, our debts, for a walk on the wild side, down by the shadowy river banks,

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we have no shadow banks, we can't ship anything off shore. Everything stays with us. Our lies stay with us and so do our liabilities.

This insurance insures subprime mortgages, and when it does insure that kind of thing, it will insure anything, even things that don't exist, even claims for things that don't exist. It even insures the nothing that is us. That, which doesn't exist, which doesn't benefit anyone, but it is insured and therefore benefits us.

There is no risk.

The nothing, the debt is no risk, not for the insurance, anyway. Who hasn't taken a risk, who still needs another? No one! Only this insurance takes the risk, which isn't one, because if it really were a risk, it wouldn't be so sure to insure [it].

This insurance doesn't yet know it would do best to assure us of nothing, to insure {the} *Nothing*, but what does it do?, it merrily rolls along insuring and assuring; it would never insure shaky credits, right? wrong, it would!, and with great pleasure!, whatever shakes, will fall and then we fall due.

Someone will have to pay, but not this insurance. Never. They don't have to pay because they can't pay.

They won't pay. Not us. Maybe others, but not us. We have no securities and we don't get insurance. Others have debts and get insurance. We have nothing and therefore we get no insurance. But no matter what one doesn't have: It won't be possible to pay, so nothing will be paid.

Our shit was taken for a ride, in this sewer system, just as I said, and it no longer belongs to us, the shit or the sewer, it did, just for a moment, but not even our shit belonged to us as long as someone could make money from it and that was not the case as long as it was warm and happy inside our bodies. Now it belongs to an investment fund, which can save on taxes with our shit in our sewers, because it leased our sewage system; was it bought? no, something else was bought, this system was leased only, so was--well, wherever all that shit was taken to. Our shit is our own,

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but then again it no longer is, not where it's now, not were we flushed it; it was all flushed from excitement to make it into the sewer, okay, so be it, the sewer has been leased, we have no authority over our shit. Let them have our river-run power plant too, and the transformer, let them have it all. We don't even notice they have it, we don't mind. You are welcome--it's our pleasure! Whoever leaves us, we can do without. It is still warm when it comes out of us and already it no longer belongs to us.

Kings! They sit on thrones and stools and banks, and humans don't see what their rulers are doing. Don't they consider, up there on top, that some day we might mix ourselves into the concrete, so we would finally be solidly in place, inside ourselves, concrete at last, no longer excreted and flushed away? Did they really believe we would not notice, we would not find out, did they actually think we would not miss our sewer, when we are about to pass water, and all of a sudden we just lost it; we couldn't hold it?, not take note it has been leased?, that lovely sea beneath us, with its cute crisscrossing arms? not notice the dam, now sold, not take note of what will go next, just going and going and gone without us. Leased to foreigners, all of it.

So how is it going? Is it? Or should we tear up the sewage system the moment we see it? Who are we anyway?, obsessed with themselves, those lords of our sewers, as once they were obsessed with us, who created the system, who built the dam. And they? Sitting on shady banks and far away shores, those guys, lording it over us, in shadow banks, where they started tailoring debts into value, they are tailoring already, the debts have hardly appeared and there they are tailoring, there they are, bundling sheaves of debts, here we sit and watch them hacking and slicing and tranching and making bundles--from on-line business--also gone bust in the meantime, where they filed us, in order to rank us, so they could post us all spiffed up in our new clothes; but these guys are trading our shit, which means, they,

**We, all of us, will pay for it. The government will pay for it.
The risk is zero, because the government will pay for it.**

In the end the government will pay for it. **And somebody will buy all right.**

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We are absolutely sure. What everyone else has already spit out and chucked up, there's always someone ready to buy. That's gonna happen.

But isn't there anyone who would want to first be asked?

There is no one. There is no one.

Not to be asked, to be destroyed is all he wants, one burdened by debts! Good grief! That's all we need, yes, sure, that's all we needed all that time. End of questions. An end to questions? Never shall you ask me. [*Nie sollst du mich befragen.*] That site, where my parents not knowing they were my parents, abandoned me, who did not know these were my parents, there, all right, it was there, where my grave was meant to be, I did not contribute to the yearly rent, I did not know about the grave, there, right there, something is there, in the dark, uncanny, some kind of thing without a name, for if it had a name, I would not know it, would I, and for this thing I do not know, or against it, depending how one looks at it, they sold me an insurance--they assured me I was insured--also without a name, in an anonymous bundle that someone tied, as someone tied my foot, all tied up, and terribly swollen in the meantime, my foot that is, and also my poor little bankbook, which, however, is not swollen, the bank book doesn't pay, not even tied up it pays, it pays as little as crime, no, crimes do pay, my debts pay, but not me, my debts don't pay me, on the contrary, they take, they keep taking, they take us all, kindly they take us to the cleaners, they take us on so lovingly, no one else does. No one used to eating at our table, no one used to scooping up the scraps that dropped from our table and eating them too, no one who used to sharing a bite, no matter with whom, someone take care of me now! Take care! Don't lend your strength to anyone not used to it! No one can deal with your strength, if he doesn't know you, no one would want your strength, if he could see where you stand! Just once let yourselves be touched, please, let yourselves be moved. I can't see you anymore, but for once,

I want to move you and remove you, just once {and for all}.

[47]

There are places everywhere you do not own, but you do own all of Europe instead!
no, you don't have to also buy the people if you want to buy Europe,
people are not included;
if you want people, you'll have to make them yourself,
because all others won't take you, even for free;

You wouldn't take just any people, only Europeans
and even those you would carefully pre-screen.
You, of course, are European and you have values and you have roots, documented
roots no one wants to root for,
however, skimming off the top will do, right,
so then we own you too,
at some point you belong to us,
you are Europe! You must be!
You are the greatest peace project of our time, *Europa!*
And you stand as strong as we,
money never disappears with us,
we can show you the money if you so desire,
an almost insatiable desire,
it comes from you, but goes to us.

When the economy is healthy, you are too
and that is where a healthy equity capital accumulates,
we are healthy, thank you, thank you ,
I hope you are too,
when the economy is healthy, you are too,
you won't need a doctor, even though your appointment with him was set before
the due date,

but you were set up here in expert financial care, then offered to the public

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and then issued like a medical prescription that comes with a list of all the drugs one
must not take,
and you dare to show yourself to the public, who certainly won't be much taken by
you?

Even before you were plasticized, since now your plastic money no longer works
either?

Anyway, where are your securities that would allow you to do that?
We are amazed you dare such a thing,

going public with no cash flow to show for yourself,
 thanks, but no thanks,
 we got cash flowing,
 our cash flows beneath those banks where rivers stream [Milton] We lower our boat
 into the cash streams,
 and we follow the streams, whose beds we dug ourselves,
 our boat follows them blindly, those cash streams
 that will flow into wide rivers and those shall benefit you alone,
 once they stream into the sea and may at long last engulf the Caribbean isle of Aruba
 and the island of Guernsey,
 so why can't you be quiet and leave us alone,
 so we can do our work,
 so your money will finally find some peace?,
 we are about to dig in, we too need love and peace,
 so let us lay down your treasure, aren't U2 for love and peace?
 Then work with our bank, instead of against it?,
 or else

you are after all a peace project
 the greatest in history,
 the greatest peace venture of all times,
Europa! Europa!
 no, not Aruba,
 that's a misunderstanding, but what do you understand anyway!,

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you yourself are stuck deep in the muddy!
Europa!
 it's good for business, because all who will live up to this momentous challenge of
 bringing about the
Friedensprojekt Europa
 the peace project Europe, will be rewarded,
 if not by us,
 certainly not by us,
 Europe will reward you.

We reward ourselves,
 don't worry.

Give us your wages to wager
 then you too are *Europa*, like us,
 you are like us, but not us,
 and you reward us instantly
 for the good job we are doing and you don't have;
 you purchased our securitized bonds,

our certificates, our straight A report cards,
 instead of having to work yourself
 and now you think you have a claim?
 That's not what we meant. That's not what we intended.
 That's not what we tendered. You should know [better] how it is, making claims and
 getting nothing back.

Nothing won't come to us. It comes to you.

Nothing comes from nothing.
 Nothing dead-on against nothing,
 so let it come, this Nothing,
 let it come, for all we care, but nothing is coming,
 nothing is coming to us, maybe you have it coming, this Nothing,
 but it isn't coming to us,

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though it may be coming from us, but not to us.
 Whoever wants to reward himself, rewards us.
 This project Europa carries is its own reward,
 that is it's name, but it is not what it is, luckily,
 because at any moment you could find yourself in the unpleasant situation
 that the certificates for the stocks you purchased for your portfolio, and that is
 something everyone needs,
 everyone needs a portfolio, perhaps not yours,
 well then, the situation is such that those aforementioned certificates are not stocks,
 and furthermore, they are expired:

MEANING!

now, then, of course, the portfolio needs a meaning of itself
 and it does find a meaning of itself: namely in itself,
 because it has content, doesn't it?,
 it does!, here, in your portfolio, you have plenty of contents,
 but they contain nothing,
 nevertheless, your portfolio contains them, that sustains them, but it is on the look
 out,
 it is quite a looker, your portfolio, that little devil, right?,
 it is looking for meaning, your money,
 that's what you taught it,
 and now, moneyless as you are, you are looking for at least some meaning in it,

yes, your money is also looking for meaning, but not with you,
 a meaning it can find in neither itself nor in you,

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but with us your money found its meaning,
 because its meaning had to be fed to it
 its meaning had to be whispered to it,
 because mortgage backed paper must be in every portfolio,
 that's what we told you all along,
 even on TV,
 that's what we fed you,
 that's what we whispered to you like to a horse run wild.

well then, those risk free stocks, which you purchased as stocks,
 which they weren't,
 that was a bit of a shock, huh?,
 anyway, they are terribly hurt, I am sorry to say, by your attitude,
 so they simply went away,
 well, not quite as simple as that,
 but they are off and running,
 they don't want to stay with you anymore,
 they have no more value,
 and if they do, then not for you,

what would you do in Aruba with your money,
 what would you do in Guernsey with your money,
 since you are here,
 but your money isn't,

oh dear, your money suffers from retentions now, but you don't notice,
 as it is in Aruba in spring training,
 and it's all your fault, you first trained it, your money,

it doesn't flow as it should and if it did, you have no container for it
 where is it supposed to go, poor money?,

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well, it's flowing all right for us, but no longer for you
 it flows into the Project Europa,
 but Project Europa flows directly into the Caribbean firm,
 where it no longer has our name, but it is us just the same, well,
 okay, it might not flow directly to us in the Caribbean,
 it makes a few twists and turns along the way, right? right!,

after all, it wants to turn away from you, right?, so it flows, it flows away from you,
 everything flows, it flows through your fingers, it flows away,
 it resembles us that way, that giant project,
 that's much too big for you anyhow,

get yourself a smaller one and start small again, from the beginning,
 as the zero you are,
 - who could doubt its great future,
 the future of *Project Europa*, of which you will be part of, or maybe not?

Now the question is: Will this future actually happen?,
 will all those new ideas, which you can read about every day in the papers,
 actually happen?

The Peace Project Europa--will it happen or not, that is the question.
 It will happen, as we happened to find
 a city, a refuge, a safe haven but not for the have-nots, and also asylum
 on the island of Guernsey,
 as we founded a firm in the Caribbean, far, so far away!,
 and all for you, all on your account,
 Guernsey is not Europe, of course, no matter,
 Jersey, Guernsey, or later Aruba, we do need Aruba, it's part of the game, whatever--
 --
 they are all part of it, those beautiful Irelands, uhm, islands,

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where we could realize our own big project, with the help of a bank that proposes
 and disposes, which at this point still stands firm in the middle of Europe,
 it stands in for the firm there, that never stands still anywhere.

[Name

We quickly need new big shareholders, and we must cut ourselves off from the
 bank,
 which only yesterday had our name, but today it still has the same name
 I mean, there never was nothing to its name, it was always the same, today as it was
 yesterday and the day before yesterday,
 but it no longer is ours, we have a new name, we couldn't help it,
 and it helps, our new name,
 it is Heracles now,
 names are sound and smoke,
 it's a free for all after all,
 Hurry up now, we are calling it a day,
 don't call us, we call you,
 we can call you any names we want,
 what's in a name?,
 a stooge is a stooge is a stooge
 {and a bank is a bank is a bank},
 we don't have another name, uhm, we have the name we always had,
 only the firm, {the Mother of us all} that took us in so kindly, now has another name,

it still is us, nevertheless, the name one has is sound and smoke, and Curry and Larry [and Laurel and Hardy] and Moe, isn't it so, that our name is Heracles now doesn't count, though it pays to our account, for license fees, but it doesn't count, it may count for you, because you liked our old name, because you got accustomed to our name, but for us it's not the names that count but gains; we are not talking about weight, we don't want to get distracted, just because we also must lose some,

we are talking about Heracles and all the work he has done,
yes, talk,
yes, sure, these are gigantic undertakings

[40]

and you too can participate in our great project, as long as you stay peaceful, as long as you hold your peace, hold it tight!, don't let go, otherwise it might drop on your toes, so keep the peace!, because this is a peace project, right, as long as we don't get off the road, which is also named after us, because the journey is the goal, which has also our name, though it is not us anymore, while we still are, we are Heracles, we are Heracles now, and we can make anything happen, we can do anything, even small jobs, the big ones anyway, with the help of your money, which you so bravely entrusted to us, we can always hit it, the new road, that's better than your head, so go ahead, this way leads directly to us, it always does, the way, that's named after us, but isn't us, that is, in a way we are the way as well, the way, the truth and the life, but it only has our name and not even that anymore, but don't worry, hit it anyway, we already did, we hit it big already!, so come you after us [Mark, Ch 1] and we'll come after you right away . . . ahem]

I am the way, the truth and the life, says this man,
who has our name, but is not us, because his name is Heracles now, but he still is us,
we are the way, the truth and the life,
if you believe in us, follow us,
it won't do any good though,
because we already found the man
to follow us.

We already have a successor.

We can afford another name now, because it still is us!

Go ahead, make your own [name], it will get as little out of it as you. Only we get something out of it. We already got everything anyway, and we also got a successor. He is our heir. What did I want to say? Yes, our heir, who has our name and also is us. Who now has a different name, but still is us all the same.

[39]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN III

The Government is our Servant

Everyone has the right to a job.
 Everyone has the right to do our job for us, anyway he likes, the way we like it:
 by spending what he earns, by giving us what he deserves:
 owning property, having the government at his service, yes siree, the government as
 servant.

You heard correctly, because the government, which is our servant,
 we had it first, our government, we taught it, we made it, first come, first served—
 because the government as servant won't give you a hand-out when you need one.
 Why should it? It works for us! And we serve you.

[Thank you for choosing us as your nest egg,
 your children and grandchildren will still have a nest, though they won't have an
 apartment, not to mention a house, not even a small one,
 at best it might fit in some public shelter, but not a tax shelter, that's for us, you can
 file for as much relief as you like.]

We, however, don't give anything either.
 We are not here to give any handouts, that's the government's job!
 Because the government serves us.
 It serves all earnings to us [oohps, something's not right here - whatever]

You don't deserve any better than us making money off you,
 as you committed yourself, body and soul, in other words, all your money, to us.
 Don't you worry. Now we are your worries.
 Give us your worries, we take them.
 We take everything. We are the lamb of God. But we are everything else too.

We don't give anything,
 we don't even give the basic support (Grundaustattung) to your undernourished
 capital,
 that's less in any case--and what a case it will be!, the worst case scenario is bound
 to happen-- than you gave us!,
 that's not much, but it's all natural;

[38]

Jesus Christ gave a lot more, naturally,
 you give what you have, that's not much, that's normal,
 the rest is for the government to give, our loyal servant of his master, right,

The government is also important somehow, because the Government oversees us,
 it oversees us even overseas,
 we are looked over, we are looked into, we are on the look out;
 and what is the outlook? -- we are overlooked, nothing was found because
 everything had already found its way home to us;

Nothing was found by those worthless wretches in our government
 who are not worth the dirt under our stomping feet,
 not even worth smashing their bodies to a pulp, those bloody nobodies,
 not worth the bullet to blow their brains out,
 they got no brain and that's a no-brainer;

the government, it is the helping hand under our boots,
 trying to hold on to our bootstraps
 because it is also strapped for cash;
 and now we should get the boot, because we did not deliver the booty,
 but we stood firm in our bootlegs;
 the government is also us,
 although we don't have its name, as we now have a completely different name,
 but it's still us, all the same!
 Yes, the government leans heavy on us; it leaned on us while it fed on our loans;
 while it learned from us how to run on the nation's reserves
 uh, to run the nation's banks,
 uh, the nation's federal reserve bank,
 uh, to reign in the nation's banks
 which gave the FED a run for its money,

the main thing is that nothing will be government run,
 the main thing is [that] the government won't be government run, then we'll be
 okay;
 because then we will have prevented the worst,
 because the states have competences

the government has the competences of the nation as long as it is not nationalized,
 that would be very bad for everyone, uh, not for us , not for us,
 nothing would be bad for us,

[37]

but we did not confer any competences on the government,
 (we don't have any, how could we confer what we don't have?)

but it has them, nonetheless,
 the government has competences, as long as it isn't government run,
 it should only be nationalized when it is broke,
 a nation can only be nationalized, when it is broke,
 one can nationalize a nation only when it is totally bankrupt,
 as bankrupt as you will be soon, or already are, weren't you in a hurry!

Now you too are the nation, the state,

[I mean, now you finally are quiet, because you are dumbfounded, even though now that you are the state you also are its politician, the representative of the people. Weren't you a bit hasty choosing your way, the way of having nothing, of having nothing left? So we'll have to nationalize the nation sooner than planned, right, no? Right! Why not apply your logic to us, go ahead, give it a try!,

[if you were to take as hard a look at us as we had to look at hard times, uh you would find--no, not the money you gave us, what you would find is that even the biggest mortgage brokers [Immo Gruppen], who are listed, say, in Vienna, had losses of eight billions, yes, sir, if they can have losses of eight billions without anyone noticing, how much more then can be lost with us!, and that could be given a close look, but that's not happening.]

The government has the competence, that's the least [to be expected],
but we have it too,
we have competence, whatever it may be,
we have more competence than you,
we even have more competence than the government, which can't touch us,
so why should we keep in touch,
we can keep our cool,
we don't even have to keep our clothes on,
the emperor was also naked, though all had seen his clothes, right,

[36]

The Emperor's new clothes

You bought our guaranteed insecurities,
but we sold them as absolutely safe securities, that's obvious, that's understood,
you need some security,
that's as good a reason -- which we can explain anytime --
the reason for us selling you insecurity as security, right,
selling you the emperor's new clothes
the clothes everyone sees although there aren't any,
and it is us who gave you the competence to do so,
you, the people, as government were given by us the competence to compliment us,
uh, to compromise us, no, to compose us, uh, to control us,
yes, that's it! That's what I wanted to say! Control!
That's the word we needed! No, we don't need anything else, thank you.

Your last shirt

We are happy we could sell you those securities!,
happy we had anything to sell to you!,
others would have sold the shirt off their backs to get our securities,
we, on the other hand, would take your last shirt off your back,
your burial shirt, for which you had to take out an additional loan

to qualify for eternal life with the help of our certificates which can attest to your innocence of mind and spirit, all natural, pure, and unprocessed at all times of your life, that's what you thought!, securities, certificates which we then dressed up in the wrong and as it turned out, toxic stocks.

God looks through all clothes,
 which will be torn off your body when the time has come und you will be sucked
 into the vacuum,
 because the loan for the last shirt has not been paid off, has it?,
 you still owe us for our securities and you will be sucked from the bank straight into
 Nothingness like an aborted fetus, how far? that far!,
 quite a feat, huh?

[35]

go ahead, please, take off whatever you like, you can leave it with us, so take it all off,
 if you want to multiply,
 you will have to, anyway, before the {Holy One}, the Invisible one, who will suddenly
 show up right in front of you,
 you can't take it with you,
 {the last shirt has no pockets, as they say in German}
 but you can entrust everything to us, even that which isn't there,
 which you no longer own;

Competence

we are more important than your parents, we are power,
 we will take care of you for a long time, after you have come of age,
 and before you could be power,
 we take your full value and keep it up artificially for a while, until our hands start
 trembling,
 a job for Heracles you'll get to hear about, since you never heard of it,
 you'll also hear about his other jobs,
 we support you, because the government has the competence,
 we, however, dispose of it, government proposes, we dispose, by ourselves, for
 ourselves!,

the way we see it, these are no competences,
 this little steering wheel we turn--that's no competence!,
 but the government bravely keeps up with us,
 we set the trend and the government follows our trendsetting competence, we got it,
 this competence,
 there are no audit reports just lying around here in some drawer inviting anyone to
 read them;
 no, no, they are not inviting,
 we would surely know about an invitation to a reading,
 after all, we are the catering service,

we, after all, are setting the table for you, which up to now was set only for us, we would be notified first about an invitation to a reading of audit reports, we would take care of the buffet, we'll be happy to do that, it all comes out of the same pot and goes right back into it anyway!

Media pressure

What, do I see media pressure headed our way,

[34]

to our investors party in our mortgaged home?
 newspaper scum! Printing every piece of crap that's against us,
 those printer columns print more crap than we could push our paper to others,
 their crap gets printed, but our paper gets pushed to others,
 we do that much better, we can beat them at any roadshow.

You security risks

You! You are the security risk, all of you security risks, dear risks,
 get over your insecurities, no need to secure your home, you don't have one,
 just as the emperor has no clothes; you can stay close by if you like,
 but we do the closing, we close the books and prepare the spread. {You can keep the
 sheets, if you keep quiet,}
 our speaker does all the talking,
 he talks on your behalf, so behave,
 stop talking, eat,
 come to our general meeting,
 where you'll hardly be able to meet,

because at the same time you would have to also meet at our company
 headquarters, according to company by-laws,
 and you can't split yourself in two,
 you don't want to split anything, be honest now!,
 that's why you are so stuck on our stuff, so we can stuff ourselves and put on an
 awful lot of pounds, which is all right with us;
 which is us all right, getting fatter all the time,
 gaining in the shortest time, uhm, what did we want to say,
 so you are stuck for good in the place you wanted your money come back to,
 back home, right, at home with you,
 but what was your money supposed to do there with you?
 You wouldn't expect your money to settle for that,
 you are not that kind of slipper animal,
 although you slouch in your slippers on the couch in front of the TV all day,
 what else is left for you to do,
 you can't split yourself like some unicellular organism that has to stay in it's cell,

[33]

because there's no money left to go out,
because his money ran out, and money is indivisible,
we don't want to share, we want the whole thing, don't we?,

You better stay at home

wouldn't you agree,
you could not be at our company headquarters and in Guernsey simultaneously,
you will have to decide where to go,
getting to Jersey or Guernsey is definitely quite difficult
because the bad weather there all year,
you better stay at home, completely inactive,
act secretly!

Don't do a thing, period. The main thing, you can't be seen.

In fact, you can't be seen now, we didn't even notice that you can't be seen,
so we won't be able to see you at our annual meeting either!

What a pity!

We would have shown you a thing or two!

Here we go shoving money down your throat,
safe money, which you first stuffed in our mouths,
the money which you left with us, so we would watch it,
so it would be safer with us,
don't worry, we are watching, we are watching out, because it's no longer here,
it's not here for you, we are still here for you, but your money isn't, it isn't--your
money,

because you lost it, because you lost,

that's why it might, perhaps, be safer with you, because it's no longer there,

your money is no longer at home with you, you can be sure!,

you threw it down our jaws,

and now you don't join us on this beautiful island!

And we invited you!

Your money got there first! Why don't you take a look, it's gone!,

Your money is gone!, the loan too, which you took out against your income, puff, all
gone!,

it prefers being with us, you can be sure!,

[32]

and your small capital, against which you took out an advance so you wouldn't have
to shoot yourself,

it wants to get bigger,

it is quite sure that it is safer with us than with you in your home with padlocked
doors

and pads in the crotch to catch the dribbles, uhm, and padding between window sills
to catch the draft;

your curtains are drawn, the blinds are down,
 so no one can watch you banging, banging the woe drum, the woe is me drum.
 You, full of woe – wow – now!, bang it all out,
 How now? You can't?
 well then, go on a binge, pig out, eat all you can!,
 what? On what? You can't? You can't pig out anymore?
 At least you can still brag about our catering service and products, all pure and
 natural, our all-natural jellies and juices, yes, sir, all of them!,so pig out on our jellies
 and juices, then out into nature to pick fresh cherries!,

that's where you belong, not to us,
 you belong out in nature, we are the wrong place for you,
 we came out in the open with our binges,
 now you can move out into open spaces,
 you won't need to shell out money there,
 you'll just need shells to trade,
 shells picked up at the shore,
 berries picked from a raspberry bush,
 you won't need your money there, we traded it for you,
 there you'll find nature pure, just like in our dear loyal marmalades, what did I want
 to say,
 now it's raining safe, risk free money,
 it pours right into your wide open mouth, whoops, here it comes!,
 that's what you thought, huh?, we cultivated you for all natural foods and issues of
 security, which, however, are securities, we
 for all things natural and matters of safety and security, which, however are
 securities, we pampered and raised you on our grocery chain so that you would
 later be able to give back to us, to the chain, which originally had our name and also
 was us,

[31]

I said "was," because it no longer is us, our name is Hercules now,
 we have your CDO's, we have happy CEO's, and we have very busy CFO's,
 quite naturally, there are expenses incurred by our natural, risk free food products,
 which will all be passed on to you, but our various marmalades and coffees still earn
 their good name, whatever it is,
 they have our name, but that's not who they are,
 they are not us, we have been tested and all contents are out in the open,
 so how do you like them apples?,
 the purity of all contents is guaranteed by our name,
 by our honor we no longer have, nor are we it anymore,
 there's nothing to it anymore, its name is Heracles now and we are it,
 we are still it, we still are a credit to you anytime,
 just make sure you don't forget our new precious name!,
 otherwise we won't know in which name your money has been credited to us, yes,

with your ID!, everything the legal way!, no, we won't forget it, your name, don't you worry!,

the economy and the people

people drive the economy rather than the economy the people,
lucky we are not them!,
we are not people, and that's a good thing,
we are the fine thorns that prick the economy's tires until they blow out from anger,
but one can't see what caused it,
what did we want to say,

Heracles safe and secure

this kid isn't coming to tea; the party is off;
he'd rather tee off ; well, we aren't going to strike,
but the kid better get a grip on his club and get ready to strike,
we are serious,
what I am holding between two fingers
is all of my son's inheritance

[30]

our kid, whose name is the same as ours, and that's who he is and will be.

He is Heracles, he is like Heracles,
he works the most difficult jobs, the biggest jobs,
he seals leaks, clears all in-and-outflows, our son,
a real Hercules, but his name is the same as ours,
and what did it get him?
Killing his own kids, because there wasn't enough left for them,
and he didn't spare us any of it,
he is some kind of a guy, that Hercules, you better believe it, he is our guy and he has
our name too!

Go ahead, give us your inheritance, we have ours,
you've got your own, we'll make sure your heirs won't inherit anything!
We guarantee it with our name! That's our free service,
exclusively for you, all extras excluded!

We'll make you so careless you'll even forget your name
the main thing is, we still know ours,
we have the same name as the bank and all the firms by that name,
which, in God's name promise us, uh-- you a huge profit,

Profit is our God

profit is our God,
let him promise you whatever he wants

even nothing, if he likes,
 we have another name, we want your name,
 because you really did it this time,
 you outdid yourself all right
 undoing your supplementary pension fund,
 and now you are done in and your name is also different somehow,
 you no longer have the same name as the bank and neither are you the same,

oh dear, what's the bank going to do now, what's the bank getting out of it now?
 It got away by the skin of its gold teeth, that's more than we got,
 but we promise you the stable of Augias

[29]

where we shall hook up all the cattle now patiently standing and gazing,
 while sucking away on their blades of grass,
 to milk and honey pumps, which shall suck on them in turn,
 day after day, early in the morning,
 as the fog drifts off, we can already see it drift off.

The Overview

You get the drift of riches all around
 but the fog won't lift in front of your eyes,
 it won't leave our firms, which all have our name,
 but nothing to their name, not even us and now not even our name, we got it though,
 we no longer have your name nor are we you, but we still are . . .

You are who you are.
 You want to be who you are not.
 How could we ever be anything with nothing to its name?
 It would be impossible!

[Our bank has our name and it is us.
 Our firms have the same name as the bank, but it is not them.
 Phew! Just a moment!, they also have another name now, but they are us, we are it
 still. Not to worry, we still are it.]

Maybe we'll present an overview, but I don't think so.
 Too much overview would only be harmful.
 You wouldn't know what to make of the view.
 You can trust our overview, we got it!
 It has our name, but is not us, it got another name now, but is us.
 But it is not for you
 This overview will soon overlook you.
 Every viewing will overlook you, you and almost everyone else,
 no idea, why we would need an overview,

there's no need for it, we already got it.
We've been overlooked already,

[28]

and an overview is no longer necessary.

Phew, I am afraid, we'll have to say this again in completely different words
As can be seen, we do not lack the stuff whereof to speak, though we may be ill-versed in words.

[27]

FINAL CHORUS OF OLD MEN

The Government is our servant

The Men:

Everyone has the right to work.

Everyone has the right to work with us, any way he likes, as we like it,
by spending what he earns, by giving to us what he deserves:
to own property, to have the government at his service, oh yes, the government as
servant.

You heard correctly, because the government, which is our servant,
won't give you a hand-out when you need one.
Why should it? It is in our service, after all! And we serve you.

We, however, don't give you anything either.
We are not there to give any hand-outs, that's the government's job!
Because the government is our servant. We are the deservers, [oohps, something's
not right here, whatever.]

Franziska, Maria:

The government is also important somehow,
it is the helping hand to boot us up by its own bootstraps,
the main thing is that nothing will be government run,
the main thing is that the government won't be government run, then we'll be okay;
because then we will have prevented the worst,

a nation should only be nationalized when it is broke,
one can nationalize a nation only when it is totally bankrupt,
as bankrupt as you will soon be, or already are,
weren't you in a hurry!
Now you too are the nation.
Weren't you a bit rash choosing this route,

[26]

the route to having nothing, to having nothing left?

We are happy we could sell you those securities!,
 happy we had anything to sell to you!,
 others would have sold the shirt off their back to get our certificates,
 we, on the other hand, would take your last shirt off your back,
 your burial shirt, for which you had to take out an additional loan
 to pay for eternal life,

Patrycia, Therese:

certificates that will at all times certify your entire existence to your creator;
 that's what you thought!,
 certificates we dressed up in the wrong, toxic funds, whatever,
 you can't it with you,
 {the last shirt has no pockets, as they say in German}
 but you can entrust everything to us,

we support you, we dispose, the government proposes, but we dispose, by
 ourselves, for ourselves!,

Media pressure

The men:

What, do I see media pressure coming our way,
 to our investors party in our well invested home?
 newspaper scum! Print only crap that's against us,
 those printer columns print more crap than we could push paper to others,
 their crap gets printed, but our paper gets pushed to others,
 we do that much better, we can beat them at any roadshow!

You security risks

You! You are the security risk, all of you security risks,
 so--dear risks,
 no need to speak

[25]

our speaker does all the talking,
 he talks on your behalf, so behave,
 stop talking, eat,
 come to our general meeting,
 where you'll hardly be able to meet,

you could not be at our company headquarters and in Guernsey simultaneously,
 you will have to decide,

why don't you stay at home, and stay completely inactive,
act secretly!
Don't do anything, period. The main thing, you can't be seen.

but what was your money supposed to do at home with you?
Watch TV all day?
You wouldn't expect your money to settle for that,
you are not that kind of slipper animal,
although you slouch in your slippers on the couch and watch TV all day,
what else is left for you to do,

your money is no longer at home with you, you can be sure!,
you tossed it down our jaws ,
and now you don't join us on this beautiful island!
And we invited you!

and your small capital, against which you took out an advance so you wouldn't have
to shoot yourself,
it wants to get bigger,
it is quite sure that it is safer with us than with you in your home with padlocked
doors and pads in the crotch to catch the dribbles,

Oh, woe – oh, wow – now!, bang it all out,
How now? You can't?
well then, go on a binge, pig out, eat all you can!,
what? On what? You can't? You can't pig out anymore?

we came out in the open with our binges,

[24]

now you can move out into open spaces,
you won't need to shell out money there,
you won't need your money there, we traded it for you,
there you'll find nature pure, just like in our dear, loyal marmalades,
[which originally had our name and also were us,
because our name is Hercules now],

people drive the economy rather than the economy the people,
lucky we are not them!,
we are not people, and that's a good thing,
we are the fine thorns that prick the economy's tires until they blow out from anger,
but one cannot see what caused it,
what did we want to say,
Go ahead, give us your inheritance, we have ours,
you've got your own, we'll make sure your heirs won't inherit anything!

We guarantee it with our name! That's our free service,
exclusively for you, all extras excluded!

Profit is our God

profit is our God,
let him promise you whatever he wants
even nothing, if he likes,
oh, woe, what's the bank going to do now, what's the bank getting out of it now?
oh, woe, it got away by the skin of its gold teeth, that's more than we got,

The overview

Oh, woe, you get the drift of riches all around
but the fog won't lift in front of your eyes,
it won't leave our firms, which all have our name,
but have nothing to their name, **oh, woe**, they aren't us, and now no longer have our
name,

[23]

we have one though, we no longer have your name, and no longer are you either, but
we still are, **oh, woe**

You are who you are.
You want to be who you are not.
How could we ever be anything with nothing to its name?
Oh, woe, it would be impossible!

Maybe we'll present an overview, but I don't think so.
Too much overview would only be harmful.
You wouldn't know what to make of the view.
You can trust our overview, we have a good one!
It has our name, but is not us, it has another name now, but is us.

But it is not for you

Oh, woe, this overview will soon overlook you.
Every viewing will overlook you, you and almost everyone else, **oh, woe**,
no idea, why we would need an overview,
there's no need for it, we already got it.

We've been overlooked already, **oh, woe**
and an overview is no longer necessary. Phew.
I am afraid, we'll have to say this again in completely different words .
As can be seen, we do not lack the stuff whereof to speak, though we may be ill-
versed in words.

[22]

ANGELS:

Ralf [Angel of Justice]:

Work is the source of all wealth and all culture, and since profitable work is possible only in society and through society, the yield of work belongs wholly, with equal rights for all, to all members of society. None of this is true, not true, any of it, none of it true, where is the Angel of Contentment to set this right? I am just the Angel of Justice, I don't have to be content, I can only rectify.

Work is not the source of everything material, of all wealth. Nature is also the source of great practical values, of gray values, uh . . . what should material wealth consist of, if not of practical values?, what did I want to say?, would you please also use your brain, because I just lost it, I misplaced mine, and it is less mobile than a wandering rock, really!

Nicolas [reads stage directions]:

[As the Angel is talking, a Wandering Rock enters, scampering about in a circle as if rolled onstage in a bad children's theatre production. The Angel doesn't let himself be distracted. After a while, the rock, getting more and more aggressive, pushes the Angel aside and continues his speech. Off and on sandpipers may also roll by him across the stage.]

Angel and Rock:

In Death Valley there are pieces of fifty-pound rocks, real rocks, wandering about, cross my heart, some even move uphill! Nobody knows why or how, because at first sight there is stasis, and that's how it goes with our money; my brain didn't wander off, my brain isn't dead either, nonsense, my brain is gone, there's a strange dynamic in my brain, but you can't see it, nothing moves in my head, and yet the rocks are wandering, the rocks keep wandering, why shouldn't my brain also go to work? No one has ever seen those rocks wander, no one has ever seen my brain working, my head, my head, my heart, my heart, well now, my heart is working, I am sure it's still working, no, yes, I know it, there are hundreds of yards of skid marks indicating that it's working,

[21]

there is no such indication with regard to your money, and yet it worked, in foreign hands, not in yours, that's good, you put it in foreign hands just in time!

Even rocks, once they start wandering, can get up to a speed of three miles per hour. And what did your money accomplish when it was with you? Nothing! And what did it accomplish in the Caribbean? It rocked! But it didn't roll back to you, it didn't roll over you, it left no skid marks, which even rocks leave, in Death Valley, though they can't be seen, one cannot see rocks wander through the Valley of Death! That would melt even hearts of stone.

[Just about now the rock could starts speaking on his own, with the Angel cutting in again and again and vice versa]

THERESE:

No, they don't melt, they just wander and wander and wander, those rocks, it is true, even rocks are more mobile than your small capital was in your hands.

RALF:

They all wander, those rocks, they wander on dry or wet grounds, every theory so far has failed to explain them, except monetary theory, no, it always falls short when it comes to rocks, it's not made for rocks, it's made for what you produced through your work--a special theory, to melt hearts of stone.

THERESE:

You wonder why you don't have your money anymore? Because it wandered, it wandered like a rock,

RALF:

you sent our money in the ring, so it would win for you, so it would pay off for you that we sent you our money, we sent it as an intern so it would return to us as a master.

THERESE:

and as what did it return?
It didn't return!

[20]

RALF:

Even empires can crumble.
Even kingdoms can fall.
Commonwealths also can disappear,
and wealth can even be lost by the wealthy!
They can have partial losses, but they still have more parts.
Others have nothing.
They have nothing, and they get nothing.
Even rocks can wander,
but those who don't have anything, don't get anything,
you can run around as much as you like.
Our money, however, was sent around in circles and now it is back with us, only it's worth more now, no, just a moment, please, it's worth nothing now,

THERESE:

we are always next in line, but it never is our turn,
one {kind of} money pays the other

another pays for other stuff
 money can spend itself quite freely and gets all spent itself, it is, what it is,
 it is God,
 it is nothing but what it is,

RALF

it is exhausted, it is nothing, it is down to nothing, we can tell right away, we know it well, after all,

THERESE

and this money pays, while it is still panting and running in circles, the other--the money that went first pays the one coming next, no, the one coming next pays for the one that went before, one money is paid with the other money that once belonged to us,

RALF

but we don't recognize it anymore, after so much wandering it's value is gone, it expired between the buyers and sellers of stocks,

THERESE

this money is in- and for itself, it is what it is only for itself, but unfortunately, that's not what it is either, it is also the other. This money is also the other money, because it bought the other with itself, it is God, it is what it is,

RALF

it died a miserable death, our money, after it was sent around in circles,

[19]

it wandered, the money, to make sure that the ethical standards that supposedly were the hallmark of your firm, which sent all that money on this tedious, tenuous trip, were firmly in place.

Pairings

DANIEL

So now this money is wandering, okay, it wanders, but it doesn't get anywhere, because it is running in circles, like in a fog, around and around, and every time it gets less,

FRANZISKA

this money is going ahead now, okay, so it can pay the money that's next, which also wants its fitness sport,

DANIEL

unfortunately, all this is necessary, money must be paid, even with nothing, which is all there is,

FRANZISKA

but one shouldn't pay with money that doesn't even exist!

DANIEL

But that is what it's all about.

FRANZISKA

Now we know.

DANIEL

Too late.

MARIA

You promised us something that doesn't exist

SEBASTIAN

that exists only on paper

MARIA

like the money, which is supposed to pay for new money, but then at some point it simply can't, because something broke off, and there is a hole now,

SEBASTIAN

and everything falls into that hole.

[18]

MARIA

We can ask for money back as much as we want, nothing is there anymore, the money doesn't exist anymore.

SEBASTIAN

The money was never there,

MARIA

the money was there only as long we were giving it to you.

RALF [Angel of Justice]

Empires can fall, Commonwealths can collapse, it can hit even the wealthy
it can hit even those who are rolling in money, and fall, like rolling rocks,
something isn't right here,
oh yes, it is,

one money pays for the other that's made to run in a never ending circle, so it can't buy anything for itself anymore.

PATRYCIA, DANIEL [in a dialogue]

oh, I don't know.

I get it, but I just don't know, I don't know! Nonsense! So then by all accounts the returns are all that funny money, that staggered too long in a circle instead of multiplying in a straight line, because if it keeps going in a circle, that stupid money, if it is sent around in circles, it goes nowhere, long or short, it will stumble and fall, it might finally fall on tarp [TARP], and it will have to yield, but not profits, it must also pay, yes, money has to pay too, it has to pay with itself and it has to get paid.

SEBASTIAN, FRANZISKA

but money doesn't like it, everything always having to be paid with it, it wants to pay itself, it wants to be the one to pay with itself; when it's always going in circles how does it get a chance to ever spend itself?,

it certainly knows the way, it knows all the stores along the way, but it can't spend anything, this money, it can only get itself completely spent, for someone else, who, unfortunately, won't be around much longer, and this someone will get paid with the money of the next one, with our money, of course!

[17]

RALF, **The first Angel of Justice** [*enters rather unwillingly, he is pushed out by invisible hands*]

A social condition is just, if it can be reconstructed as the result of rules, according to which each individual is treated equally. The differences start with the construction of these rules, for example a head tax--and by head and tax I mean that everyone pays the same amount, irrespective of income --can be justified as just, as can a progressive tax that is determined by a person's productivity. Uh [*he takes off discretely.*]

RALF [*parallel to his speech fragments of street scenes, music, projections*]

Second Angel of Justice:

You didn't consider that justice originates--I said: *originates*, not: *ends* (which would take us to a completely different place), with the more or less equally powerful.

It must not weigh heavier to one side or the other. There must not be more power on one side or the other, for every fight would mean futile mutual damages. Everyone satisfies the other, as everyone gets what he values more than the other. One gives the other what the other wanted and now owns and in return {the former} receives what he wanted.

[The Angel can't go on speaking. He keeps having fits of laughter and stumbles off; as he staggers out, he manages to utter only sentence fragments.]

[16]

NASTY BACKTALK***Now what?******1. Frustrated Demonstrators***

Already we can see people gathering angrily in front of this building,
 shoulder to shoulder they want to drag the gentlemen of the executive floors out of
 their bunkers, and take them out with one shot in the neck.

Thus they shout in the streets, stomping their feet on the hard stone pavement. They
 rage.

Knowing that no one would approach with compassion even their graves.

They shout. They stomp. They don't want to inquire,

**they just want to scream, because their lungs still work, though they don't
 anymore.**

**But young lambs, unadvised, are pulled away as if by a force all their own,
 pulled even from this herd, their lips pursed once again for mother's breast,
 hardly weaned they reach anew for those strong bonds tendered to them ever
 so unflaggingly.**

Just waiting for THE opportunity.

Eager to lose again what they had lost long ago.

The breast denied to them forever, as well as the womb, but perhaps there is a way
 back into it?

**Any time they would snap those gilded breasts again, their wellspring, only to
 invest and lose them all over again.**

Oh, if this mother would only accept them,

if she could just let it bounce happily around her once again, her darling little ram!

Alas, the bank would yield no more.

(...)

Just now we could see them in front of the building, where we thought them to be
 safe, the funds/credit we don't have anymore. No fun/ Incredible.

Now they are coming out, hostages of bigger powers, with raised arms they are
 coming; they surrender, but they render nothing to us.

Everything is coming out.

[15]

The money had come all the way to the Caribbean,

but the rest of us will never get the credit

so we never again will get to see the kind of credit, as we never had seen it before

(...)

It is because of our need for security that we never get any security.

Let us shape our destiny, but it won't be ours!

For only the fortunate are taken to the house of fortune.
 No one takes us in, even if we were dogs.
 Were we investments, we would be taken out of the country!

(. . .)

Because all options go to the bank, that's a safe bet, that's what they have always been.

And now? Are they? are they really? Are they safe?

What on earth did you buy?

Did you really buy security, did you say you wanted security, when you bought this junk?

You would have had to say so, how could we guess you wanted security.

You wanted security, they all want security right away,
 but now you sink, you are underwater now
 and that means insecurity. Speculation. Stocks. Kaboom!

Because: The bank, this shelter that welcomed you so kindly and sold you instantly,
 yes, sold you,

the bank is doing well again, thank you.

It suffered for a long time, but now it is doing well again.

Thank you for asking!

Thanks to your asking for more!

[14]

Yes, of course, the bank sells, what else it is supposed to do?

and the bank buys back, because no one else does it,

and the bank buys you, and it sells you out

and it leads you and it leads you on.

The bank--the blind seer. But all it can see is the nearest bank.

yes, man's art of foreseeing comes down to nothing, and that's what you will get as well.

Had you practiced seeing, you would have become Apollo and let people worship you. But the way it is, the way it is . . .

What you see is Nothing. (*Das Nichts*).

In this bank you looked nothingness in the eye.

(. . .)

The prophetic goes hand in hand with power, that's the way it is,
 people like to be foretold:

this stock rises, that one too, this one doesn't, that one plunges.

All that frenzy, that --- thing, that ---- how shall I put it, extra sense, that's simply part of power, don't you think?,

(...)

Look here, the essence of Gods is based on pure force,
while our money rests quietly, it doesn't hurt anyone, but it is exposed to the force
of strangers.

You take our money and produce crimes with it.

The bank as the site of Dionysian rites?

**(...) The bank as church that is going wild! A church of passion, a church of
raving lunatics!**

Yes, there is your money raving, and people are watching ecstatically, with glowing
cheeks(...)

Go on, go on in!; you'll get fucked there,

there is unanimity in that all want more than they had before,
all want more than they ever had,

but there also is faintheartedness as to whether they will really get it,
as everyone knows: Money leads to violence, because it always wants to become
more and more and more,

(...)

So let's start with a small human sacrifice.

All we must find now is one person, and we are set to go.

[13]

We need a violent death to let off steam.

We don't care who, but die he must.

And if it were our little savings account.

Yes, we could offer our account as sacrifice instead of ourselves.

Stealing from ourselves?, sure, why not.

Our world protects us from violence, that is its principle, **only the banks'**

Dionysian violence gets protection, no, the Dionysian bank, no, Mr. Dionysus, who
drops in every now and then just for our executions in the bank.

**this bank does not have to run wild and gorge itself and kill and tear apart,
we can do that ourselves, we storm into the bank and rant and rage and tear
ourselves apart. We sacrifice ourselves.**

(...)

Capitalism is the only power we must acknowledge. We don't exist without it.

How else should we distinguish ourselves from others? How else to use ourselves as
weapons?

Wouldn't that mean even more violence? That without it we would not even exist?

The banking palace will be destroyed right away.

No, not yet.

It's going to fall now! No. It didn't, after all.

The money has left the palace! No, it didn't.

Yes! It's gone! Didn't you see it run just now?

Would you please honor the god of money! That's what we are doing! We honor him.

We can't honor him any more, because we don't have anything anymore, but whatever we have we will give,

so it would become more, but it never does,

a principle of sacrifice.

The animal also gets thrown to the ground, throat cut and bled,

bled completely dry,

so that we get more from the sacrifice than we had before.

We could also try that on ourselves, however, we would then have to sacrifice ourselves.

[12]

6. Shouts of victory for bonus payments

(. . .)

this bank has a marble portico, can you see it shake and fall?

No, I don't.

It still stands there, no one drills a subway through it from below!

That might be the only decent action, but no one does it. Too much effort.

Can you hear the shouts of victory inside, about those handsome bonuses?

Oh yes, I do, I can hear them now! That's right!

I hear screams, but I don't know what they are screaming about!

All those blows! We get pelted with payments! They hit us unprepared, we didn't deserve them, but we get them regardless, we are getting it all right, they hit us over the head, ouch!

(. . .)

Do you hear the shouts of victory inside?

No, I don't.

This bank went bust and won't be bailed out.

the one over there is also broke but it will get a break, it will be bailed out.

No, I just heard, the other one will also be bailed out, yes, the one before.

Bailed out. The last moment.

We would not want to lose our bonuses!

No bank - no bonus!

You can understand that, no?

And no bank - no bonus, neither for you or for us.

And if you let our bank die, that's bad [news], even though the community wants this murder. But if it dies – who would pay us our bonus? Strange sacrificial cult! Dying in order to get even more!

All sacrifices will be chucked so we finally get some order.
So in order to get some order, let's first create some chaos.

[11]

Universal chaos just for security!
 The universe just for security,
 for those who can only bring us insecurity!
 And that's supposed to be a sacrifice? For that you put down everything you had?
 For securities which don't exist?

Killing for securities?
 Murder for a little more security?
 No more speed guns for a little more security? Absurd!
 (...)
 Let them all die! That would be the greatest security.
 And that's what will happen right now.
 (...)
 Off with the bank! They are inside.
 We are outside and we are busy sacrificing.
 The bank is dead. The bank a sacrifice. Sacrifice for the bank, as long as it's still there!
 You don't have much time for your sacrifice! Sacrifice now! Right now!

(You are still crying?)

Why are your eyes awash in tears, old woman?
 Oh, yes, I already told you the reason, and you are still crying?
 Even though I already explained it, you are crying?
They are running in circles with banners and signs, running after their supplementary pension funds, which in any event would have been more than you are entitled to. A supplement is a supplement.
 A present. A gift. Not an entitlement.
 Done. Gone. Finished.
 (...)

9. This bank will be executed now

As soon as the bank is dead, the community realizes, it didn't want that either!

Stupid commies!

Being conniving is not enough,

[10]

well, it was enough for us, but it won't be enough for you.

Not quite. There never is quite enough.

The sacrifice is torn apart by the same hands that once fed it.

It is an organized execution.

The public is admitted and will be cured.

The public was ill, but now it is cured.

This bank will be executed now.

At first the crowd is peaceful, but not for long. It happens very quickly.

We don't see any reason why this otherwise peaceful mass of investors starts moving now, we can't see a thing, that's because of the fog.

We don't see the reason and there is no reason for us to know.

The crowd will lunge on someone. Wanna bet?

Usually it is the wrong one.

(...)

The violent death of their capital offers the crowd a valve to blow off steam; but it calms down quickly and invests again,

One just has to be careful not to get in the way when the crowd invests again.

There, it is calm now and invests again,

with great, or at least somewhat greater security than before.

The point is it invests.

And you?

You want to investigate?

That won't help your investment.

IRA's, idiot retired assholes, that's the words the bank invented for people like you.

For the sacrificial lambs. Well, can't call them "lambs" anymore.

They emerge from their dens, where dreams of bigger homes sleep.

[9]

They buy everything!

They buy whatever we tell them! Their problem!

Fan the thunder club's blazing flame and let it burn, baby, burn, burn down this banking palace.

Retirees and assholes preferred.

They are allowed to go first to the sacrifice so they can sit and watch themselves get burnt.

So they have good seats when their money gets burnt in front of their eyes.

Then they will get their turn to burn,

just be patient, all lambs will be fleeced,

yes, you go first, you have preference,
 the preference of your very special preferred stock in being a retired ass.
 Everyone will be fleeced. Don't push now.
 Don't you push us, all right!
 It's not our fault that the market always returns home to itself
 yet has nothing to sell.
 At least not to you. You have already been sold.

10. You'll get burnt, not the bank!

So, now you want to burn down our banking palace!
 Really? Seriously?
 There they come, they're coming,
 I can see them already, I can see them,
 on the broad street near the great Wall my eyes behold the sheep, what, so many?,
 we would not have expected so many,
 black wool their sacrificial offering,
 freshly spilled blood and shorn locks too,
 we fleeced it ourselves, your lamb!
 We should know whom we fleeced!

Now you are showing up? It's too late now!
 Sorry, but we already burnt your money some other place, for which we received a
 pretty bonus.
 We wouldn't have missed that opportunity!
 Now let's turn away for a moment from your grave and your Euro/dollar grave,

[8]

we'll put a branch of something there,
 but no, we won't lie down there ourselves. We still must be at our winning best.
 There are so many others coming up right behind you.

CDO's are beyond the reach of law.
 So, please, just come closer, where legal rights apply!
 What, you no longer have any rights? You are no longer right? You never were!
 (. . . .)

In all those years they didn't get it,
 that they never went into the bank,
 instead, the bank went around them with their money, which also went off in the
 wrong direction. This bank missed a few benchmarks. It was unsecured.
 Why are you in such need of security that you entrusted your money to a bank, of all
 places?
 What? You got trust? That's completely out of place.

(. . . .)

Oh, so now all of a sudden security is an issue!
 No problem! That just means we can rip you off again!
 We wouldn't have thought it would work!
 And you'll pay extra for security, we can assure you!
 In order for us to secure enough security to profit once again from your need for security, you get to pay extra!
 This time we also get to rip off your need for security.
 It was you who gave us the idea!
 (. . . .)

You think you are buying something more or less safe with whatever you have left, but you also get the risk of the bank thrown into the deal!
 Didn't we do a terrific job?
When you came to burn us, you got burnt by us instead!
You give us your need for security and in return you get burnt together with your money.

[7]

You can watch it all. But it won't get more.
As it burns, it will get less and less.
Everything gets into one urn anyway.
There it will intermingle with you.
 All comes to dust. (. . . .)

12. This market is crooked, but it still holds its ground

Well, now, to you.
 Not a shred of your pants will be left after your death on the tracks. Wanna bet?
 (. . . .)

There is no market for what we sold you, the market is us alone.
 We give and we take. That's what the market is all about.
 You pay for what we give,
 and when we take, we take it again from you.

This market is crooked, but it still holds its ground.

One bank props up the next. Who else should prop it up?
 Only if someone were to build a subway underneath, it would most likely not hold up.

If just one of your values goes off track, the returns are gone.
 Then you can throw yourself on the railroad tracks, but it won't get you much.

13. There is no knowledge we do not have – nothing we cannot turn into profit!

(. . . .)IRA: Idiot retired assholes.
 Our preferred target group. Hitting the bulls between their eyes
 while the shit is hitting our fans.

We could never build the number of trains it would take to move all those bodies on swift, shiny tracks towards their final processing. [6]

[6]

We could not count the miles of railroad wagons we could fill with still more human sacrifices.

Trains as grills for the bodies we sacrifice or who even sacrifice themselves.

Our sacrifices can't run fast enough to get to offer themselves up on the tracks, in the retirement home, in the nursing home.

They are still twitching, but soon they will lie still. There is nothing that can ever be enough. (. . .)

All right, we'll take even you as a sacrifice. No need to thank us.

IRA Idiotic retirees, such sacrifices don't really count, they were already cast out before they could offer themselves up. Those aren't real sacrifices!

No one wants them! If there must be a sacrifice, then a real one, please.

(. . .)

As long as the nation considers minimal thinking a God given custom, we have nothing to worry.

It has our blessing.

We bless our nation. Because we are doing God's work.

The cleverer give in. The cleverer give nothing.

Just remember,

in case you want to picket us with your ludicrous signs,

going in circles around our buildings,

remember now!, there is no knowledge, none whatsoever,

which we do not have.

Yes, it's about time you remember this! Yes, the time is now!

Go ahead, rise up against us with proud words!

It is too late to put out the fire.

Go get some wood, and start burning yourselves ,

but not too much - it diminishes the pleasure,

get a nice fire going in the oven and then we'll turn on the heat on you,

just so you know that in this country it's not some politician

but us, us, us who rule!

[5]

THE JOBS OF HERCULES

You could never win

You fought a good fight, but you could never win.

You would have to be Hercules to win against us, and you are no Hercules.

[Your little house is looking at you, but you aren't coming. You don't come.

We are coming. You don't come.

Your house doesn't wait for someone like you. That's all it needed, waiting for someone like you!

It is waiting for the bank, which is us,
we are everything.]

You can't protect your property and we can't protect you.

So there; and now that the spring of your happy youth has passed as well, how do things stand?

As for you, you aren't standing. You can't even stand up anymore!

What do we do with all that junk?

You offer us your children for slaughter, but what do we do with their flesh?

Are we supposed to put it through the grinder?

We can afford to be vegetarians. Why would we need your children's flesh?

Why would we need your rotting mortgages?

We shall be the masters,

we shall be the masters, while you must sacrifice, your children, your house, your car, your God-knows-what to us,
you know better what you still have left.

You are offering us junk, are you kidding?

What are we supposed to do with that?

What are we to do with junk bonds?

We don't bemoan your fate, far from it, for it was your own lunacy
that wrecked the house, slaughtered the children, sold the car,

it was you who took the children out of private school before they were slaughtered
and now you feel horrible.

[4]

We know that.

We know you are unhappy

we know you can never be happy again.

Yes, the children too. Especially the children, they are dead. Whatever.

Was it really necessary?

Killing the child--that was necessary for sure!,

was it?, was it really absolutely necessary?,

yes, it was necessary,
 and afterwards covering it nicely, with its teddy next to it,
 slaying the wife with an axe, the cheapest brand, not even ten Euros, that's the way!,
 ax handle pressed brutally against the victim's mouth, because you couldn't bear her
 groans?,
 massacring both parents, was that absolutely necessary?,
 the mother is groaning too,
 groaning from afar,
 as if in her heaven she could not keep her head above water either,
 the father-in-law, sleeping in front of the TV, bludgeoned with the axe, his father-in-
 law, **enough!**,
 you are not an ordinary murderer, after all, you are a special murderer!, **enough!**,
 yes, enough, he was the last anyway, your father-in-law,
 and already beat by old age and illness,

a job worthy of Hercules, can't argue with that.
 It was not driven by base motives as hatred, jealousy or greed,
 rather, the motive was a matter of thrift, all those people, little and big, all killed for
 the sake of thrift, because one gets short thrift no matter what.
 That was worth it.

They had it coming

They had it coming, since we had no money coming in and we lost the income we
 had!

[3]

It shouldn't all come down to us! It wasn't only our speculations that didn't pay off,
 on the contrary, the assets of the whole family are gone, gambled away on the stock
 market, so the whole family had it coming [deserved their deaths].
 So off with the family, off, off, off!

One does not blow all family assets for nothing,
 while the murderer, the core of this affair, did not blow his murder,
 he did blow it, however, at the stock market
 all blown,
 500 K invested, stacks of claims, stacks of Nothing,
 those fabulous investments -- Bang, bust, gone!,
 all this would have caused the family boundless sadness, no doubt,
 therefore off with the family, let them follow the money, the lost money,
 no more family, it shall go the way of the money,
 it shall go the way of all flesh, off and away!,
 one after the other, one behind the other,

losses thrown after the great loss,
 tragic losses of human lives thrown after the tragic loss of money,
 they are better off dead before they could hear about our great loss,
 in fact, the parents and father-in-law are better off dead as well,
 because the loss of such a loss--
 the loss of their family, a loss added, piled on top of all other losses, (so actually a
 gain),
 --the loss of such a loss would have been too much for them to bear.

All dead, all dead.
 Stock market losses can't be easily corrected, you wanna bet?
 Neither can losses be undone.
 Lives can be undone, if necessary with force, but losses remain, try what you want.

[2]

[Well then, after we had swooped down on our sacrifices with our axes, like a
 swarm of crows, but without a sound, quiet, quiet, not a peep coming from us!, so
 the neighbors wouldn't hear us, they all lied there, under their blankets, buried
 symbolically so to speak; it was the best we could do for them, sparing them the loss
 of all their means, we spared them quite a bit, that was our goal.]

The goal: total extinction.
 that's a lot of work!,
 and for nothing, for nothing, just like the investments, all for nothing,

now they are all dead, we can't reverse that,
 (death only goes forward).

no one is left.
 Nothing is left of your money either, nothing is left of any kind of money,
 no shares, no paper, no CDO's,
 you are all alone. Alone.

Why did you spare your own life?

Why did you spare your own life after you murdered all your loved ones whom you
 now must mourn?,
 all right, it's none of our business, we only ask, because we are interested.
 Why did you spare your own life,
 why didn't you throw yourself down a cliff? That's what we would like to know.
 Why didn't you fry your own flesh in the flames? That's what we would really like to
 know.

Now what?

It makes no sense for you to start something new, now that you have put an end to
 everything.

It makes no sense.
 No, you can't escape your misfortune,
 not on wings and not in earth's night,
 night comes by itself, nothing you can do about it,
 there is nothing you can do.

[1]

we don't mind your doing nothing,
 you have already done everything possible, and now the corpses of your loved ones
 are covering the ground, which no longer belongs to you,
 the little house, half finished, will be auctioned,
 the condo sold, there's no one left to live there anyway;

now you can come off your high horse, you no longer have to stay up there, it's
 enough, come on down,
 you don't know where to go? Well, then, why not back into earth's womb, where you
 came from.

The Kingdom of the Dead belongs to you, except if you should find something
 Above the earth, everything belongs to us, but below the earth--you can have it, we
 don't mind.
 You can take it,
 --except, if you find gold or gas or oil.

You can go there and dig in,
 --except if you should find something.

No one will disturb you there. You won't be disturbed by the treasures of the earth.
 --But should they be down there, treasures of the earth,
 oil, gas, electricity, uranium, flowerpots, running water, then the earth below our
 grounds will no longer belong to you either, then the dirt under your nails won't
 belong to you anymore,
 then nothing belongs to you anymore,
 nothing at all,
 absolutely nothing,
 nothing.

The End

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