

Life as still life.
[informed; -ation.]:

(ed. and translation Freke R ih .)

[White noise; 51 consonants.]

It's radio blackout
at the moment
it's radio blackout
in my head
the receiver
has gone missing
background silence
shines instead¹

Det är radiotystnad
för tillfället
det är radiotystnad
i mitt huvud
mottagaren
är försvunnen
bakgrundstystnaden
istället

[White noise; 19 consonants.]

Pip in the pipe aktuell or fib aktuell
the Mayan veil in front of the pyramid
where heads roll
You finger a dollar-bill and eat your lentils
Shut your Ginunga-gap
and jerk on your beard
old dwarf amongst jotuns.ⁱⁱ

 this is a kind of a beginning. I'm sitting and waiting for
the words to run out of me but the space-key is stuck and I forgot to breathe.ⁱⁱⁱ

It's important that we all must show solidarity!

We must all let lose. The weight shows this morning a down-ward trend in Tokyo.

Niklasindex is up fifteen points. Dow Jones-syndrome is in bed because of the holiday

The weight-doctor is on at 3 em. Saturday rerunning in a diet-version Sunday twenty-three 00

A doctor was arrested this morning charged with vertical six:

where the answer was D-bone which is what you do with the fish in the ballad.

A nice fanfare for the winners!^{iv}

It's like when and soft

maybe on the way into the other stone

looking for the knob which somewhere

in time itself withdrawn has the

voices spread in the moss

wrinkled like caramel-paper

beneath the stands after a pointless derby^v

*– And we're back! In the studio with us, still, Michael Penny – socialanthropologist
and writer to the book *Souley Shrubbery*.*

– Yes-sir-e!

– And we was talking about northlandish children.^{vi}

I wanted to write a tale, willingly poetic and shrewd but instead
some sort of report comes out of it,
not as much an explanation as a prevarication.
I wanna blame somebody but there is like no obvious bad guy.
how easy it would be if I could Americanize myself and paint in black
and white, just ignoring the palate of reality.
maybe I can blame the weather? people do like talking about the weather.

Temperature: 9°.

Wind south-western: 7 m/sec.

Precipitation: 0,0 mm.

The sun ascended 4 minutes ago
and it will not rain tomorrow either.^{vii}

On the other hand it actually did rain.

Sunday without bell-chimes, hereabout hearing-range
but the batteries are out, but it is not
as it doesn't feel like that time itself
emptied out its saved vacation-days

and I wanna be exclusive. like when kajsa told about that time when her father met the king in
borlänge. well now
that wasn't really true but still.

- Children from the inner parts of Lapland, yes.
- Yes. And you said that they are alone.
- Yes. Or, no. Not all of them of course.
But that it is an other kind of loneliness that they grow up in.
- Compared to children in Stockholm.

So thank you Lennart Brylla in *Vansbro* who thinks that all doctors are a *dime*-a-dozen
Although Lena *has* a hairy arse – ho, ho a fairy arse
Come *on*, Pelle! Have you *walked* all the way to the studio or what? You smell like *shit*.
Ain't that a card-game?
But what-about *the doctors*? They gotta future? What do *you* think?

PLACE YOUR SURVEY HERE:

Take the time to ask the children! My dad *thinks* so out of *control*.
The latest dime-of-mind *straight into* your radio. And you: it *has* to go down! *Face-down!*
Maybe *all* of the doctors actually weigh *equally*?
When they sit themselves down and await their shadows.
Now a topic from the French academy: where the sun casts its cloak over the dimes.
Lolly Popp has *thirty* seconds as of *now!*

the truth is worth sacrificing for a great tale served with coffee,
especially as I can't bake no sweet-breads. then you will have to improvise. compensate.
reinvent.

YOUR AD HERE:

tall tales I grew up in, juicy histories.
over-seasoned tales, too-fucking-sweet plum-compote and cold mountain-water.
jenka-gum bought for dimes at “hallo” and salmonella-ice cream from the Albanians.
asbestos-water from the tap and dried meat with white
stripes of fat in it. stolen sljivovica and smoki.
salty cucumbers, krofne with sugar and pears, hot from grand-ma’s livada.

OLD-AGE FOR RENT

Tired of every-days? Sick
of the same old jog trot?
Old-age will appear when
you at least expect it! Per-
fect for weddings, funerals
and childrens parties.^{viii}

you are what you eat. so what does my food guide circle say about me?
today's special: second generation immigrant with extra servings of lingonberry and 10-15
peperoncinis on a separate plate.
refuse to call myself half, rather double.
supersized.

Eat away.

860,7 grammes of food becomes

1112,9 kilocalories containing:

31.1 grammes of protein

140.8 grammes of carbohydrates (amongst this 63,1 grammes are sugars)

47,8 grammes of fat (amongst this 14,8 grammes is saturated)

3 grammes of salt

7,8 grammes of fibres.^{ix}

An equivalent of 230,5 grammes of ingredients;

Just ad water.

2.

mansized. sitting in a chair wearing only panties and dready hair, screaming and dancing.
roaring your head backwards and laughing
showing off all your teeth. would be cool with a gold-tooth.
the public dental-care owes me a golden tooth since I've never had a hole, right?
right!

- or is that having the wrong idea? maybe even
harbouring it; probably it will turn itself
right again, but it will take some time
and while abiding we keep looking
for the keyholes, for the caramel-papers
and for the meaning of it all

“maybe you could enrich us with your multiculture“ a woman told me on a job-interview.
the fuck does she know.

[I] remember when I was little and during late-night-hours sneak-listening to the radio, a TV we could not afford yet, the green radio-eye glowing in the dark and all the alien voices from far off east, prayers from the Vatican and the Soviet-republic's communist propaganda, the mystery of the whole world streaming out of the little box whilst tuning, hoping to, at last, capture radio LUXEMBURG !!! – hi hi we are the monkeys ... la la la laaaa and then the radio-theatre, [I] could scare myself shitless while listening to some of Edgar Allan Poes's works.^x

I raise my self onto a high-horse and imagine my self as becoming one of those...
who puts words into writing.
some bastard who stands around and wiping snot upon the shirtsleeves, at the printers.
maybe in Falun, flipping pages and thinking allright next generation-novel.
maybe I'll sit in morning-show-couches telling about the wonders of menstrual-cup, dissing
Ulf Lundell while really having to take a shit and
wearing make-up during live-broadcast.
really having to shit maybe we could cut out, if I've been able to empty my self in a church
it should work on tv4 as well.
maybe I could get some newspapers débutante-award and afford a drivers-license or an
apartment.
but everybody would probably see through that, a débutante I'm really not. debut, débutante.
there is a first time for everything, I know because I was there. over and over again.
again and again

20

09

→

Gender-transgressing identity or expression
is added as a discriminatory ground.
Socialstyrelsen abolishes the view of
transvestitism as a disease.^{xi}

I don't want sympathies or sentimental hollywood-strings. I can go as far as tindersticks
or perhaps a nordenstam-arrangement, but maybe we should begin the march
on the drina.

the exposure to competition is beautiful and for all
time therefore to shout out and to vending call
welcome to Confiscatory-central
place a bid on the houses above the Karlberg-canal
place a bid on the boats gypping for ten months completely unused
in a dream-world where anything not happening can come to happen

tam-tadatadam-pam, tam-tadapa-
dam-pam.

*It is the third
wheel which
urges the wa-
ter out of the
snow falling.*^{xiii}

[White noise; 51 consonants.]

- For instance.
- And... How does this manifest? Then?
- There are a lot of possibilities.
- Yes.

so I was born in the blizzard of February 1979.
in my book of skåne which we read in the third grade, there was a picture of a lady in a
doorway with two-meter-high snow-banks on either side.

I seem to remember a cat at her side, striped coarse stockings and
a pot in hand, but mostly I remember my mother's voice saying that it is kjells
(or kickans?) mother.

do not know if it's true.
my mom does not say much that can be archived under truth. but as I said,
a good tale.

so that we can skip that Mazarine.

what good, strong coffee I make. piss, alternatively poison according to some,
so strong that we have to stand up while drinking said my grandfather.
can we move on, says you.
sure thang says I.

Mazarine:

125 grammes of flour

120 gram mes of sweet almond

260 grammes of powdered sugar

185 grammes of butter

3 large eggs

1 tablespoon of water

- Many of course become sad.

what the fuck am I doing. unfriendly of chronology and here I am and once upon a time. eh.
like I was some fucking folk-hero or princess.

YOUR AD HERE:

- Chronically?
- Sometimes! But most often not.
- As the faithful listener knows by now,
I myself was raised in Lapland.

speaking of snow. a beautiful scene comes to mind.
winter in skärholmen, the snow-bank outside of onoff. like eight kids watching children's
programs on a TV in the shop-window.
so fucking nice.

place a group-bid and justify how it could be
how you could better utilize these sweet
possessions and then also produce
more joy, which in turn renders
higher profits for the common good of the common wealth
place a bid on companies and then the next and so the next

3.

speaking of snow. the junkie in sveg have just smacked me because I laughed at
that he could not get it up.

I run after him into the knee-high snow and press his face down.
fist-punch him in the back of the neck, astride his bony disgusting junkie-back.

I hate his fucking smell but free junk is free junk. and junkie-romance is
the only true romance.

in any case at that point and if you are me. unfortunately he survives and few hours later
we have smoked bucket and fallen asleep.

OLD-AGE FOR RENT

Tired of every-days? Sick
of the same old jog trot?
Old-age will appear when
you at least expect it! Per-
fect for weddings, funerals
and childrens parties.

speaking of snow. on an old vhs, I see my father running around on the lawn-snow with my
brother on the sled. my brother
falls off in a bank but my dad keeps running around. mom barks behind the camera and it
shows white noise.
what I did I do not know.

- Aha? Well into?
- Quite. And I feel sad sometimes.
- That is fully understandable.

[White noise; 42 consonants.]

(Ode to K. B.

A blue light starts under the eye-lid, in the lower verge of the one side.

Still has the upper-hand.

There is nothing nowhere that I can't let go of, nothing says some thing's true.

Then you say "it's you against the self".)^{xiv}

- Crying.

- In the pillow at night?

- Yes.

[White noise; 25 consonants.]

"When I woke up ..." Brööööööt! What the fuck do you mean sound like last week?
Why did you really *up* this morning, sour-bitch? Isn't good enough with *one* Saturday?
The radio went on and went to the movies with our panel.
Nicholas Cage has uglier pants than ever.
There, we must break up the debate for a *debate*.
Technical support was Lennart Brylla and presenter was *me, me, me*.

Noisy-noise can be described as an infinite number of part-tones which is infinitely close to the frequency scale. They have, therefore, a continuous spectra, the vibration-energy available at every frequency. Examples of noisy-noise sound is fat sizzling in a frying pan and fricatives. You part between the difference of white noise and coloured noise. White noise is noise where the oscillation energy is uniformly distributed over all frequencies in the spectrum, i.e. the sound consists of all sinus-waves in the area of audibility. Coloured noise is noise where oscillation energy is uniformly distributed over all frequencies within a certain frequency-range, i.e. all the sinus-waves within a bandwidth.^{xv}

After words;

This is a suite of poems through Mass-communications. A collection of Radio-voices, all independent of each other. The Voices thought, perhaps like this: advertising-radios picked, wilting flower, UR's informative / conformational, the politically coloured underground-radio and / or the self-realization between. The range was voluntary. Everything else, too. This is a suite of poems in progress, with breaks and adds as all or nothing since. The participants contributions are named first and is then broken discernible and only visibly by its own anonymous snowflake. The Internet has not himself requested to be present but it is the editor that has made these grants, as a crisp grinding of his interpretation of full- and part-whole. As a shoemakers knife against the Lord's throat.

Any editorial edits and / or translations, including interpretations, can also be attributed to the lone editor. These are of course made entirely disrespectful of both the original text and language as such. It has been made in order to polish the surface, which has proven to be terribly important. At least for beauty. At least in the litter:n. The new-word is best described by looking at the anglicised fuckyou-term: beauty of literature. And therefore translating this to "lit them". It is with this logic, that I leave you. Goodbye.

Participants/indexing. After a broken chronology:

- i Hans Krøjer.
- ii Per-Ola Mårtensson.
- iii Anna Dvornik.
- iv Erik Granström.
- v Bengt Berg.
- vi David Lyreskog.
- vii <http://www.smhi.se/> 23/11 -09.
- viii Pål Hedberg.
- ix <http://www.mcdonalds.se/Sweden/Prodfacts.nsf/combmenu.html!ReadForm> 3/12 -09.
- x Dana Stojakovic.
- xi <http://www.rfsl.se/?p=2840> 3/12 -09.
- xii Gunnar Gravfeldt.
- xiii Freke Råihä.
- xiv Jacqueline Lindfors Berger.
- xv <http://www.ling.gu.se/~abelin/ffg/talakustik/akustikstart.pdf> 13/11 -09.