



Mutterkuchen
by Anke Feuchtenberger

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/2>

Contributors

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Comix Influx - Spread The Words

Page 1

*(1) *The Petra Struder* (2) I feel (3) Don't feel. Are you crazy?*

Page 2

*Does your daughter suffer from a lack of humour? //
Make fun of it!*

Page 3

*Does your daughter suffer from a bleeding heart? // Stop
with the theatrics finally!*

Page 4

*Does your daughter suffer from a burning heart? //
Sometimes a sacrifice of smoke can help!*

Page 5

*Does your daughter suffer from big dogs? // Offer her a
cat!*

Page 6

*Does your daughter suffer from from freezing? // Put your
warm clothes on!*

Page 7

*Does your daughter suffer from all hopes dashed? //
Burn all the bridges!*

Page 8

*Does your daughter suffer from onanism? // Leave her to
her father!*

Page 9

*Does your daughter suffer from delusions of grandeur? //
Saw off her crown!*

Page 10

*Does your daughter suffer from being let her down? //
Farewell! // Take the receiver from her!*

Page 11

*Does your daughter suffer from frailty // Try and lament
for her! You will survive her.*

Page 12

*Does your daughter suffer from being sawn up? //
Canonise her as long as she is a virgin!*

Page 13

I didn't always sit like this! // Hold on!

Guck! // In former times there was a cosmos. Not cosmetic. Not cosmopolitan. Cosmos.

That is Marian La Luna, author of herself. // The triviality of my being.

Doesn't she want to be possessed by someone? // Hey, Marian, time for a refreshment! // But not intrasubjective again!

Here comes the sun in my megahearts? // Let's call a spade a spade and a wild animal a wild animal, then it belongs to us. // Is it life? Love? // I am going to tidy up your garden, snake!

God shat on me! // It looks like this maze of god is a cul-de-sac!

Title: Roses // The man who loves me... // He has good bearing. // His mother idolises him.

He idolises me. // He has wonderful hair. // He wants to have three children with me. // He doesn't smoke.

He brings me roses every day. // He consumes my time. // My room. // I pine away for wild peace. Fin.

Title: No roses // [Names of plants] // That is Christiane B.'s garden. // That's me // The man how loves me... // The knot-grass, the knot-grass, He is a repulsive creature!

[Stuff missing, like the knot-grass section above] // Wasn't so nice, eh? // His mother never sang lullabies. // He is married to his wife. // He is already losing his hair.

[More stuff missing] // He has five children. // He is getting himself a drink now. // Without, I can't take it anymore.

He often goes to prostitutes // But in fact he wants to have sex with men. // Doesn't say much for me? // No, not the end! Next time, when such a thorny bloke has the main part, I'm not playing anymore.

Life Imprisonment (1) Land tongue // I dreamt I was at a strange place (2) Wind tunnel // It was dangerous (3) King's Hut // It was very lonesome (4) Sun parlour // It was very dry (5) Watercastle // I was very lonely (6) Rivermouth // But it didn't seem impossible that somebody would show up.

Come on, jump!

[Nothing in English]

What are you doing there? // I have a struggle with my own life.

You're laughing? // But this isn't funny! // But it wasn't meant this serious. // = Page 31-2 = // Deeper, deeper somewhere in the depth is a light

Like a duckling: to follow whatever it sees first of the world. // What's up with you? // She's not my type. // But she loves you. // She doesn't suit me.

She's not sitting right.

She simply doesn't go.

Therefore, we let her fall.

Excuse me, what's on the other side? // Nothing. Or everything. Whatever you want.

But you can see the other side. // Yes, sure my child. Somebody have always to see both sides. I'm here... and there. // The important thing with it is: not... to... be... seen... ach...

Now he is there. // Finally... a gate.

I am too tall for this gate.

It leads to a garden and what a beautiful light. I'd like to go there.

I reckon. You've got what I need: greatness! // Drain to the dregs. We'll make you feel small!

[No dialogue]

[No dialogue]

[No dialogue]

[No dialogue]

Who are you? // Who are you?

I am what I am. // Me too: I am what I am.

We are. // Let's leave this forest. Then we'll know who we are!

This is me, yes. // A monster! Similar to a rabbit!

Quiet please! You wake the king, he's dreaming! // And guess of whom?

Nobody would know that! // Of you! // And guess where you'll be, when he wakes up?

Well, here we are right now. // Hey, I think, we're close to home! // Oh no, you'll be nowhere. If the king wakes up, you'll burn out like a flame.

I'm growing // Me too. I'm growing. // Dodgson is dreaming! // It's his dream. I was in the wrong dream.

[Title not translated] <Errexeger> (1) The first was a porter (2) The second was a tiler // "He tiles and tiles and the water is up to my neck" (3) The 3rd was a news carrier // "God has cheated on me, too." (4) The 4th was a layer // "I'm not lying, when I'm lying like this." (5) The 5th was a hunter // "He wishes 3 children of me."

(1) The 6th was a livewire [sweeper] // "I sweep them all" (2) The 7th was a weirdo // "Oh, kiss me through the hole of this wall" (3) The 8th was a thug (4) The 9th a screwer // <Röh,Röh,Röh... Pffff... Röh> (5) The 10th a bedside rug // I am waiting... waiting... (6) But we're completely persons of integrity

The Birth of Helvetia // A Taurus was in Europe // Bright... Ache... Well! // Movement, shifts, and metamorphoses

My watercastle, my heartland // Ice Age // I am Helvetia, author of myself. // Self Government // This is all for your freedom, Helvetia // The tempestuous mountain people

A comforting noise // <Jorio duruu junio sorio> // Going home ["homesick"?] // Come, oh come in my parlour // Hospitality - elementary gift of women // She is still without a voice, but somebody came and gave her chocolate // Tunnel Building

and made her flat // Bank Secret // The dress is too tiny // Birth of the helvetia

Night on Bärmi and Klett

I am there for you. Nothing will happen to you. It was just a dream. Everything will be OK.

*Do they also eat people? // No, only the yellow tigers do.
// = END = // Translated carefully, thoughtfully, clever
and with joy by Matthew Wing & Anke Eickhoff. Good
things take their time.*