

ULRIKE MARIE MEINHOF

A POEM BY KLAUS HØECK (1977)

Quadruple sonnet cycle/
1st volume of a trilogy

Genossen von 883-Es hat keinen
Zweck, den falschen Leuten das
Richtige erklären zu wollen

R.A.F

7

The ninth day of May, nineteen seventy-six.
Here a life ended without magnolias
without words of comfort, without sacraments
all alone in Stammheim's concrete universe.

And I say: no matter if it was murder
or suicide, it was murder to break a
human being in that way in seclusion
and in total isolation, caught between

*in order to avoid the other problems
dr stral I lad g aisr dp gdi sky om
fff gggg iiii iiii kkkkkk lll lll sss est*

the walls of cement in a black box like some
rat being given a trial and error test.
The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames.

8

The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames,
those from the torchlight procession at the West
German embassy building in Stokholms Ga
de, where blood-red paint has been poured over the

pavement, which the police are busily try
ing to get rid of using thinner and saw
dust. But even so, it is beneath contempt
that only forty people are taking part

*avoid the enth prlm ccc eei iii iii
e s ml I le ise iii iii ij iii
jkk kkk kkk mmm mmm nnn nps sss sss ss vel*

in this demonstration which an obscure sha
dow is surveilling from behind the curtains
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.

9

From the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom
beneath the black eagle in the yellow
coat of arms the usual explanations
about the terrorists are being sent out

and raw crimes without one word about the Spring
er concern's violence and the suppression
laws. The chargé d'affaires exclaims 'Potz Sapper
ment'. And he envisages both sabotage

*in order to avoid the other problem sig
mentioned in magazines and newspapers pol
that that there paper paper no no no across*

and attempted murders. But he need not fear
in Denmark the spring is under full control.
There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

10

There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe
and as usual the poet gains inspir
ation from tragedy and from open pain
as he does now from a photograph right

across Politiken's second page where a
prisoner has marked the occasion of the
death by constructing a cross out of white co
ton handkerchiefs in the window of his cell.

*in order to avoid the other problems'
which are mentioned this this that belief
that Ulrike Ulrike Ulrike a*

Otherwise everything is as usual:
poppy seed buns, bread rolls and tea with lemon
Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet.

11

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet
to this landscape without those rubies which the
exploiters have long since expropriated:
labour that has been used as capital which

now glitters from orders and regalia
from secret bank-boxes, golden jewel ca
ses and vinaigrettes like stolen happi
ness and blood money and stolen property.

*avoid other problems problem which in in
ninth ninth ninth ninth ninth ninth in in ni ni in
Meinhof Meinhof Meinhof who silent silent can*

The copper beech has come into leaf in Øst
re Anlæg, but the swallow's not returned yet
with the happy falsetto of a death scream.

12

With the happy falsetto of a dream scream
the pop-singer's singing from the hi-fi loud
speakers between Benzons and Hedges billboards
and from posters of Ho Chi Minh in the dis

trict of the city where the police arrest
ed Ralf Reinders, the leader of the Beweg
ung 2. Juni. For he had too little
time to draw his pistol and shoot himself free.

*in order to avoid the other problems from
nine nine magazines which mentioned in healthy
mentioned happy to avoid to avoid is thanks*

In the back room of the empty baker's shop
a red admiral butterfly's fluttering,
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless.

13

Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless
while I'm attempting to celebrate your life
not your death, Holger Meins. You pricked your heart on
a sprig of holly very early on. And still

the wound is reopened by salt and ammo
niac. You saw the structures of capita
lism laid bare like veins on an anatom
ical chart. You wound gauze bandages round

*the structures were coloured completely black
of capitalism and the machine pistol
hearts were coloured were coloured is chess*

your hands and you wrapped black veils round your head. And
finally you turned to the machine pistol
and I myself sit playing my one-man chess.

14

And I myself sit playing my one-man chess
and play against death. I move the white bishop
in the twenty-third move. In the meantime Ul
rike M is being buried held in check

by water cannons, bulldozers, armoured cars,
ambulances and helicopter patrols.
The police are afraid of the demonstra
tors as well as a resurrection at the

*problem problem problem also also where
surveillance surveillance and and surveillance
mark out mark out mark out mark out mark out*

Cemetery of the Holy Trinity.
That is why they concentrate on surveillance
in order to avoid the other problems.

15

In order to avoid the other problems
the press use space to write about the criminals and thugs of the Baader-Meinhof gang, or about the Persian queen's dress material.

Last Sunday there were articles about lobster sauce, adverts for Austin Allegro and Kadett City, B.P. Petroleum and announcements for houses out in Karlebo.

*that's mentioned in newspapers magazines' rub
there there stands there stands in the papers' hetz
Neptune is like newspapers like newspapers*

There is soon nothing else than nonsense and rubbish, complete distortions and reactions hetz mentioned in the magazines and newspapers.

16

Mentioned in the magazines and newspapers is that you're an arsonist or stole a wallet but not that you changed the shadow of your youth into a flower, Andreas Baader.

A carnation of terror and ivory perhaps, or a rose above the department store of Schneider und Kaufhof so as to stop the insane consumption and the wastefulness

*in order to avoid the other problems
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers
Neptune is on fire in Sagittarius*

which spreads like an anthrax or cancer in these industrial societies but as yet Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius.

17

Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius
but you were born in the sign of Taurus, I
rene Goergens during an electromag
netic storm on Aldebaran, which in

one single hour coloured all copper black, the
hour of truth, when you liberated Andre
as Baader from the Deutsches Zentralinsti
tut für soziale Fragen. In this way

*you liberated you liberated while
you liberated you liberated to
you liberated you liberate the myth*

anyone can choose his or her second life,
while the others, here prison warders, just watch
like a silent, passive player in the myth.

18

Like a silent, passive player in the myth
you perhaps are sitting there thinking: yes, but
Rote Armee Fraktion commits violence,
assassinations, kidnappings, terror and

sabotage, without for a moment consid
ering the everyday criminality
committed by public prosecutors
and judges protected by legality,

*in her cell has in her cell had attempted
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof evidence
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself*

without for a moment verifying this
weighty and eloquent piece of evidence:
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.

19

In her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.
One usually says that it pulls at one's
heartstrings. And that's precisely the effect the
announcement has on me, like a hard, rough tug.

Ulrike without laurels and silver, with
out nylon stockings and a polka-dot dress.
Ulrike without any love and without
sleeping pills, completely alone with her un

*in orderssss to avoid derrr any otherssss roblem
emssss str omal aaaa aaa eeeefffff ii ii slid
ikkk kkkmmm mmm nnnn oooooo ss ss ss ss self*

fathomable silence with the white handker
chief to wipe away the sweat of all the fear
early on the morning of the ninth of May.

20

Early on the morning of the ninth of May
your brain tumour exploded, the one they said
was the cause of the whole misery, the ar
ticles about suppression, the likeness of

Marx, which you so often saw in your mind's eye,
the defence of those who were exploited and
those who were poor in both substance and spirit,
the armed struggle for justice that should prevail.

*orsss asss avoid orsss dsss are proble
oo aaa iii bccc eee iii ii ii ii hh grenade
oo kkk kkk lll lll lll lll lll ll mm across*

Your brain tumour with its left-oriented
ness burst open your head like a hand grenade,
the ninth day of May, nineteen seventy-six.

21

The ninth day of May, nineteen seventy-six.
The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.
There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet
with the happy falsetto of a death scream,
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless
and I myself sit playing my one-man chess

in order to avoid the other problems
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers.
Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius

like a silent, passive player in the myth.
In her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself
early on the morning of the ninth of May.

22

Early on the morning of the ninth of May
the church bells rang out for divine service but
God was not present in Stuttgart on this Sun
day morning, which gleams like a cross-stitch pat

tern embroidery with violets, forsy
thia and daffodils. To see this beauti
ful spring is almost the same as seeing death.
So she is not as far away as the death

*in order to avoid the other roblem on
aaaaaa deeeee iiiiiiiiiiiii kkkkk self
lllllllll mmmmmmmmmnnnoooooossssssnfirm*

certificate claims, for it confirms only
what the medical officer know about:
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.

23

In her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself
now that the new potatoes have arrived on
the market and the boys with their nylon nets
are catching the first of the tadpoles in May.

Once in former times old men were wise, now they
are only old. Once in former times the old
women were loving, now they are only old.
Power is all that is still left in their minds.

*in order to avoid the the ther the prolems
iiiiiiiiiiiiijjkkkkkkkkllllllmmmmmm of
ooooooooooooosssssssssssssssssssstttt that*

Soon there will be nothing else left of any
love than the blue body that's hanging dangling
like a silent, passive player in the myth.

24

Like a silent, passive player in the myth
death is waiting for Petra Schelm, this time at
a police cordon in Hamburg on the fif
teenth of July disguised as a policeman.

'She is to be caught dead or alive!' is the
standing order, implicitly at any
rate. And no quarter is asked for or given
in this struggle against power and profit.

*in order to avoid the other other
death death death death death death death death death which
only only only only only*

Therefore the ladies' hairdresser is killed in
cold blood (a while later called self-defence), and
Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius.

25

Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius
and production is increasing, consumption
on the rise during the economic boom.
The easy profits of the overseas com

panies can quite clearly be seen from the shares
barometer, all for the benefit of
capital and the national product. Why then
does the Rote Armee Fraktion attack va

*in order to avoid the other problems
deathly deathly deathly deathly deathly which
death death death and and and is is only which*

rious banks and financial institutions,
why does it perpetrate these criminal acts
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers?

26

Mentioned in the magazines and newspapers
is that it's impossible to understand
why Ulrike left her luxury villa
which lies at Blankenese in Hamburg's

poshest precinct. For the journalists cannot
comprehend that socialism and a swim
ming pool, barbecue, Mercedes and a cheese
and red-wine environment simply can't be

*Ulrike Ulrike luxury villa wine environment near
three three three wine wine wine wine pool mystery
to to to to to to to to problems*

reconciled with a true revolutiona
ry. They're still trying to solve the mystery
in order to avoid the other problems.

27

In order to avoid the other problems
for a moment I would like to send you
a sonnet, Horst Mahler. First: you can't count on
my sympathy any longer, now it is

too late for that kind of petit bourgeois re
flexes. Second: don't think for a moment that
I cry over your fate: Finally: I am
filled with a strange sense of pride on your behalf.

sonnet sonnet sonnet sonnet Horst Mahler
sonnet sonnet sonnet sonnet Horst Mahler
two two two sonnet sonnet sonnet thanks thanks

So much was a human being prepared to
sacrifice to become a human being.
And I myself sit playing my one-man chess.

28

And I myself sit playing my one-man chess
and pondering my next move. Is the inner
revolution enough. Is it enough to
support those fighting with words by Bakunin.

To take a decision and to hold fast to
it in one's mind, is that action enough. To
wrap one's heart in black laurel leaves is that pain,
is that sorrow enough. Is it enough to

the laurel leaves the laurel leaves ah
revolution revolution and while
revolution revolution and heart

thank the dead from the cemetery of this
life? - Allow the questions to stand open while
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless.

29

Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless.
Now there must be an end to charity and
all forms of slave's pay. An end to profit and
gold brocade. No more expressing gratitude,

one's hat in one's hand for the privilege of
having a job that ruins one's health and mind.
No more motorways and refrigerators,
an end to platinum and legality.

*refrigerators refrigerators and sand
refrigerators refrigerators and blood
have been have been the nobody and blood*

R.A.F. takes up an armed battle against
the policeman that falls in his own nosebleed
with the happy falsetto of a death scream.

30

With the happy falsetto of a death scream
Thomas Weissbecker sinks to the ground, shot through
the heart. But your death is greater than the Tai
mountain, while the policeman's is less than swan's

down when he later happens to die. That is
how death is weighed in lead and stone and not on
ly in a clear conscience. Or contrary to
all expecatations it is you who are seen

*with the happy falsetto of a death scream
with the falsetto of a death scream you you for
strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet.*

flying into the sky with seven roses
round your skull and a carbine in your hand, for
strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet.

31

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet,
Gudrun Esslin's heraldic device, the violet storm petrel, rejoicing like the heart,
and just as vulnerable, one shot or two

and both lie stretched out on the ground. No, not yet
are the swallows plummeting over the prison in Stammheim so as to intensify
your longing to escape somehow from this hor

*with the happy falsetto of a death scream where
in the universe in the heart you because
there is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe*

rendous cage of steel and vanadium, where
you are commanded to start singing because
there is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

32

There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.
The sky looks as if it's ermine, and there's an
election meeting in Western Germany,
commerce and skulduggery, where one promis

es each other that those who are top dogs will
continue to be top dogs, where freedom means
the right to uninhibitedly exploit
those who've really created everything that

*who are really who are really who are on on
who are really who are really who are smoke smoke
who are really who are really who are coming*

those who are really prosperous batten on.
And a cloud of words and of smoke rises up
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.

33

From the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom
in the court building in Frankfurt sentences
and dissents are uttered by lawyers who them
selves ought to be sentenced to prison or fines

for protecting the rich. For to be rich is
the same as being a criminal and an
offender of the worst kind. Each of them gets
three years, minus the time already served for

*each of them gets three years get mattresses on
each of them gets three years they get they get also
each of them gets three years they get they get flames*

having set some foam rubber mattresses on
fire. My comment on the sentences: also
the redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames.

34

The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames
over all of Western Germany now in
parks and in home gardens. So let them become
a final great blazing beacon to Ulrike

Marie Meinhof and a symbol to the re
bels that their struggle must go on against in
justice and plutocracy. For there is no
difference. In former times the body was

*der t void the other oblems stick
dd eeeeeeeeeeeiiiiikklllllmmm day
mmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnssssssssssss verse*

lashed for slave labour, today it is bribed in
stead with a Volkswagen and comfort, today,
the ninth day of May nineteen seventy-six.

35

The ninth day of May nineteen seventy-six.
None of it's all that difficult. You don't have
to be either a professor of theo
logy or to read Marx from alpha to o

mega to realise the simple fact that
the wealthy steal from those who are poor. They them
selves always talk about envy whereas we
see the matter as being one of justice.

*aaaaaaaaaccdddeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii blood and
kkkkkkllllllmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnn hand
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo May*

And a chapter that was written with blood and
TNT now ends with death by one's own hand
early on the morning of the ninth of May.

36

The ninth day of May nineteen seventy-six
is already far off now and forgotten
like a historical fact that's nicely and neat
neatly stacked in posthumous journals across

the front pages of which it says in red ink:
annulled, or they are otherwise bored right through
by two holes like an expired passport. Gone
are the newspapers that have been archived or

have already been used instead as wrapping
paper for fish refuse and vegetables
early on the morning of the ninth of May.

37

The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames
as a natural protest against the state
of emergency laws and laws that protect
or only promote private ownership more

than they do love and the newly laid lark's eggs.
Here no rights exist for those who are in love.
Jurisprudence applies to neither the
lilac bush nor to blackbirds. Prosperity

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaacccdddddiiiiiiii poor
iiiiiiiikkkkkkkllllllmmmmmmmm dead
nnnnnnnnnssssssssssssstttvvvv six*

is for the rich, poverty is for the poor
and the Kingdom of Heaven is for the dead
the ninth day of May nineteen seventy-six.

38

From the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom
(and there is sure to be a photo of a
Kanzler or president hanging on the wall)
the judges return a verdict for Jan-Carl

Raspe. To them it is little more than a
game they play with rules and paragraphs, to him
it is deadly earnest, as when a boy vi
visects a frog that's been caught at a pond with

*it is it is it is it is ritual
it is it is it is it is and and and
has been caught at a pond which now is flames*

his knife according to a certain ritual.
To the frog the sky is open with pain and
the redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames.

39

There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.
Yesterday it was Georg von Rauch's turn. The
rain had dripped long enough everywhere through his
beard and hair. The Lee Cooper jacket of black
velvet was almost worn shiny by gusts of
strong wind. And there was nothing he regretted
when he met death as a silhouette of the
type that at a shooting gallery is sudden

*it is it is it is it is and comes
it is it is it is it is and skywards
and and is suddenly in front of your sights*

ly in front of your sights for a split second.
And unshaven he begins to rise skywards
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.

40

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet
on the day Commando Petra Schelm attacks
the headquarters of the 5 U.S. Corps in
Frankfurt and kills at least one of the offi

cers who was shortly to have been posted to
Vietnam under the Stars and Stripes. What sort
of a society is it that thus for
ces its young men to rebel and fight and to

*are officers are officerers than the
Schelm in Frankfurt in Frankfurt in Frankfurt ment
there and shinshine in Sunday' universe*

behave like desperados, while the offi
cial communiqués serve up the announcement:
there is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

41

With the happy falsetto of a dream scream
Holger Meins fantasises during the last
days of his hunger strike and just as in a
traditional film clip impressions from his

lost youth flicker past his inner eye: the blue
spruce trees, the kisses, and something as income
prehensible as a red admiral but
terfly. There is nothing beautiful left that

*Holger Meins fantasises fantasises
fantasises fantasises tonight to
night to night to night him him come*

can captivate him more than these cold con-
crete walls with their exploded astronomy
Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet.

42

Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless
and there is a frightful blue out above the
sea, as can be seen from the terrace of the
rich man's villas, which is shaped like a chessboard

of white and black porphyry. The stolen earth
the robbed coast, the expropriation of the
sea starwort. Is there no limit to the rob-
bery of private ownership. When will one

also start to phase out the swallow's terri-
tory and preserves over which it now rules
with the happy falsetto of a dream scream?

43

And I myself sit playing my one-man chess
with pieces made of boxwood and of walnut.
The rich man is also playing for his trophy
with living humans (the so-called riff-raff)

and with real blood-money (so-called silver
shillings) the struggle for power, position
and glory are won. The judges (the so-called
court of law) favours or gives preferential

*human beings human beings human beings in in
humanity is being oppressed and it
is being oppressed is oppressed as as ah*

treatment to its own class, while the police
maintain the law and order of capital.
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless.

44

In order to avoid the other problems
I now want once more to send you a sonnet
Horst Mahler cutting across times and places
a green sonnet that is full of avens, a

poem that will cause you to give a scornful
little smile because you have perhaps misun-
derstood something or other. As if poet-
ry was not a form of action just as dan-

gerous as machine gun bullets, but you are
admittedly locked up inside your prison
and I myself sit playing my one-man chess.

45

Mentioned in the magazines and newspapers
is that you've been arrested now, Fritz Teufel.
So you can't any longer see the cirrus
clouds that are sailing like loose goose feathers or

the cabbage white butterfly in natura.
You will have to make do instead with the wall's
whiteness or the eyeballs of the prison war
der. You will be enclosed within your world's own

*Fritz Teufel Fritz Teufel Fritz Teufel in can
Fritz Teufel between between on three works
feather feather feath on three three problems*

abstract purity, where you'll be able to
read plenty of large theoretical works
in order to avoid the other problems.

46

Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius,
which indicates the fantastic state of things
that those who feed others with their hands now
get less and less in wages for doing so

Less than the officials who have hearts of pa
per, less than all the officers and the spec
ulators with their albino eyes and yes,
less than all of those who they carry on their

*heads' heads of heads of heads of heads of are
heads' heads' heads' heads' heads' heads' are are are
are are are are are are are are newspapers*

shoulders, all of the many heads of depart
ments, the directors and notabilities
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers.

47

Like a silent, passive player in the myth
Ulrike Meinhof's hanging here in her cell:
a veritable dead weight, an alien
body in the social organism, a

brain tumour now encapsulated for ev
er in a coffin beneath the large linden
trees which stand on the threshold of Hell and Hea
ven and which spread their manna seeds out over

*the lindentrees' the lindentrees' the lindentrees' its
places running running running running
it them it only only Sagittarius*

the Christianity that has no room for
its infected conscience any other place.
Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius.

48

In her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.
Four years she has been imprisoned unsentenced.
And now she makes her appearance before the
final judge dressed in roses and cerements.

She does not come as a martyr with a crown
of barbed wire and rusty cross, but as a re
presentative of revolution and with
humanity as mentioned in the Bible.

*aaaaaaaaaaaaabbbeeeeeeeeeeee the
ffffffffiiiiiiiikkkkklllllllllll who
rrrrrsssssssssssttttvvvvv the myth*

God, you will not fail as did the other judge
from the time of the Nazis who's sitting there
like a silent, passive player in the myth.

49

Early on the morning of the ninth of May
you departed from this world, Ulrike, of
nails and paper, this high tower of chrome from
where you rose up into the sky deathly pale.

For it is easier for a poor person
to enter Heaven than for a mosquito
to fly through a barrel hoop. You rise up with
out artificial eyelashes and without

ballast of any kind, for you have left your
body behind in Stammheim where it is said:
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.

50

The ninth day of May, nineteen seventy-six.
The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.
There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet
with the happy falsetto of a death scream,
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless
and I myself sit playing my one-man chess

in order to avoid the other problems
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers.
Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius

like a silent, passive player in the myth.
In her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself
early on the morning of the ninth of May.

53

Like a silent, passive player in the myth
you're sitting there reading the reports of the
trial in 'Bild' and 'Stern'. Between crystallised
glossy paper roses and advertisements

for cigarettes, beer and sanitary tow
els are these outpourings about murder and
robberies, but the liberation movement
R.A.F. liquidates and appropriates.

*the words cover in that way one and sa
the words cover in that way one and for
as words cover in that way one and and self*

In that way the words cover one and the same
action, although not the same state of mind for
in her cell Ulrike Meinhof's hanged herself.

54

Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius
and the golden rain's stops flowering in the
rich men's gardens and society as a
whole. The mad squandering of tin, petrol and

bananas is coming to an end. The sev
en fat years will soon be over, then the sev
en years of truth and the pure years of jus
tice will come, which smart like spirit and salt

*Farewell to profusion at the expense of
andres and of others others others poor
like a silent passive player in the myth*

petre. Farewell to profusion at the ex
pense of others. Then will the rich become poor
like a silent, passive player in the myth.

55

Mentioned in magazines and newspapers
is that the King of Sweden has now got his
queen, while the accused Gudrun Esslin's un-
able even to get her own defence counsel.

In other words: 'er wird ausgeschlossen' be-
cause of his honesty, because of the
fact he has not been a Nazi, or because
of his hair colour, because he keeps a cat.

*wird ausgeschlossen because because because
as a Nazi or a fascist my my my
as a Nazi or a fascist but but but*

He is excluded from the trial because
deep down he is probably a Judenschwein.
Neptune's still retrograde in Sagittarius.

56

In order to avoid the other problems
I will set to work praising you once again
Ulrike Meinhof: pillar of purity
that crashed into the century's ravine,

lilac bush of pain and consternation, black
saltpetre monument of infamy, bull
finch heart laugh of orange cores, the last con-
science of humanity that committed its

*that crashed that crashed that crashed that crashed and a
that crashed as stupidity as stupid as
of pain of pain of pain of pain and see*

first act of stupidity: to love too much,
the greatest mistake of them all: to act as
mentioned in the magazines and newspapers.

57

And I myself sit playing my one-man chess
which in a certain sense is a world map, a
mini-stage where I am now to choose the right
solution, the absolutely right chess move,

where I am to choose between the evil and
the good, without having an inkling what good
and evil are. Once again I try out the
bishop of white ivory and run straight in

*I lose I lose the moves the moves the moves not
I lose I lose lose myself beauty ty ty
I lose myself I lose I lose myself*

to a mistake so great it is beautiful.
I lose myself a long while in this beauty
in order to avoid the other problems.

58

Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless
but that you can hardly hear, Lutz Taufer, in
your isolation cell without tobacco
where only the wire gauze forms a pattern and

everything else is white with neon light as
on the Day of Wrath. Here they strip you of ev
erything except your skin, your shirt of victo
ry, which you had since birth. Here they'll torture you

*and here and here and here and here and here as
and here and here and here and here and here be
and here and here and here and here and here ah*

to death one day like a red admiral but
terfly impaled on a pin in its showcase,
and I myself sit playing my one-man chess.

59

With the happy falsetto of a death scream
Ulrike Meinhof takes her leave of this world
almost on Walpurgisnacht without one single
person hearing it. But the prison guards

search desperately for some kind of will or
testament. If they are to find it they will
have to do an x-ray of our brains. And she
did not leave behind any farewell letter

*machine machine machine other machine
seventeenth the to photograph hearts hearts
blue blue blue blue only only dness*

written on white typewriter paper, only
the imprint of a blue finger in our hearts.
Bach's D minor concerto's on the wireless.

60

Strange to relate the swallow's not returned yet
the black carcass-swallow's failed to arrive yet
at the autopsy which the medical officer
carries out in secrecy under

the quartz halogen lamps. Nor will they find a
message of any kind in either of her
kidneys and her brain tumour looks like a small
Isola Bella in the x-ray photo.

*Meinhof Lutz Lutz Lutz two two two a nai
Meinhof Lutz Lutz Lutz two two two falsetto
Lutz Lutz Lutz Lutz blue blue he man matter*

There is nothing but lymph and blood which is left
for the spirit has now left matter behind
with the happy falsetto of a death scream.

61

There is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe
although all resistance to the regime is
criminalised, even though the smallest po
litical opposition that goes against

the government's plans is crushed using emer
gency laws, Berfusverbot and in the last
resort imprisonment, isolation cells
and murder. Yes, the sun's shining alright at

*plans plans plans plans plans plans plan and cut o
plans plans plans plans plans plans and and but
there there and and and two two two two retrnd*

full strength and ultraviolet gleam over the
towns and Länder of Western Germany, but
strange to relate the swallow's hasn't come yet.

62

From the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom
there come screams and cries, when Carmen Roll is pressed
down into the gynecological chair,
which in the modern Inquisition is used

as an instrument of torture. And behind
the ether mask she experiences this
mental rape when the staff at the prison take
her fingerprints (see the Kursbuch 32: Fol

*ethers ethers ethers ethers ethers while
ether ether ether ether ether and
and and and and only on universe*

ter in der Bundes Republik Deutschland) while
all go on about das Wirtschaftswunder and
there is bright sunshine in Sunday's universe.

63

The redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames
like small cockades or flags of the insurgents
among all the tulips and the daffodils
under the garden glass and veranda roofs.

But out there in the suburbs they hardly know
what sort of a person Ulrike Meinhof
is before a rose has been named after her
or maybe a horse or type of whipped-cream cake.

*aaaaadddddddddddggggiiiiiiiiiiii rs
iiiiiiiijjjkkkmmmmmmnnnnnnnnn gel
oooooooooosssssssssssssstttttttt mber*

To bank directors and manufacturers
of plastic she is simply a Dark Angel
from the murky chamber of Hell or Sodom.

64

The ninth day of May nineteen seventy-six.
Let us all now be gathered in Ulrike
Marie Meinhof's name in order to devise
some revenge that goes further than these verses.

Anyone interested is requested
to contact Klaus Høeck, Ryesgade thirty-
four, ground floor, Copenhagen N. tele
phone number: thirty-seven thirty-four nine

ty nine. Let us subsequently discuss such
main issues as tactics and strategy while
the redcurrant bushes are flowering like flames.