

DESPOILED SHORE MEDEAMATERIAL LANDSCAPE WITH ARGONAUTS

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Translated in English from the German text:

VERKOMMENES UFER MEDEAMATERIAL LANDSCHAFT MIT ARGONAUTEN

Translated by M. Eugenia Demeglio and Thanos Polymeneas Lontiris in 2016, for the purposes of this research. The translation was informed by the previous translations of Dennis Redmond's 2002 and Carl Weber's 1984.

A lake near Straussberg Despoiled shore Tracks
Of flatheaded Argonauts
Reeds Dead branches
THIS TREE SHALL NOT GROW OVER ME Dead fish
Gleam in the mud Cookie boxes Feces FROMMS ACT CASINO
Shredded menstrual napkins The blood
Of the women of Colchis
BUT YOU MUST BE CAREFUL YES
YES YES YES YES
MUDCUNT I SAY TO HER THAT'S MY MAN
SCREW ME COME SWEETIE
Until the Argo crashes his skull the useless ship
Which hangs in the tree Hangar and place for the dung of vultures in wait
They sit in the trains Faces made of the dailies and spit
Each one a naked member in his fly they stare at painted
Flesh Gutter costing three weeks' pay Till the coat of paint
Cracks their wives keep the dinner warm air the bedding in the windows brush
The vomit out of their Sunday suits Waste pipes
Ejecting babies in batches against the onslaught of the maggots
Booze is cheap
The children piss into empty bottles
Dream of an enormous
Coitus in Chicago
Women smeared with blood
In the morgues

The dead don't stare in the window
They are not drumming in the john
That's why they are Earth shat upon by the survivors
SOME WERE HANGING FROM LAMPPOSTS THEIR TONGUES PROTRUDING
IN FRONT OF THE BELLY THE SIGN I AM A COWARD

Yet on the ground Medea cradling
The brother hacked up to pieces She who is skilled
In poisons

MEDEA MATERIAL LANDSCAPE WITH ARGONAUTS

MEDEA

Jason my first one and my last one Nurse
Where is my husband

NURSE

With Creon's daughter M'am

MEDEA

With Creon you say

NURSE

With Creon's daughter

MEDEA

Did you say with Creon's daughter Yes
Why not with Creon's daughter who has power
Over Creon her father who alone
Can give us the right to live in Corinth
Or drive us out on other foreign shores
Perhaps right now he's entwining Jason
With the pleas of her unwrinkled knees
For me and his sons who he loves
Are those tears of laughter or sorrow Nurse

NURSE

Milady I am older than my laughter or sorrow

MEDEA

How do you live in the rubble of your body
With the ghosts of your youth Nurse
Bring a mirror That's not Medea
Jason

JASON

Woman what voice is this

MEDEA

I
Am not welcome here If only a death could reap me
Five nights three times Jason you have not
Asked for me With your voice you did not
And did not with the voice of a slave
With hands or glance

JASON

What do you want

MEDEA

To die

JASON

I've heard that a lot

MEDEA

Does this body
Mean nothing to you anymore Jason
Do you want to drink my blood

JASON

When will this end

MEDEA

When did it begin
Jason

JASON

What were you before me woman

MEDEA

Medea
You owe me a brother Jason

JASON

I gave you two sons for one brother

MEDEA

You Me Do you love them Jason your sons
Do you want to have them again your sons
They're yours What can mine being your slave
Everything of me is your tool and all things from me
I killed for you and gave birth for you
I your bitch I your whore
I the rung on the ladder of your fame
Sprinkled with your muck The blood of your enemies
And when you intend to celebrate your victory
Over my country and people
Which was my treason I weave a wreath
From their entrails to adorn your brow
They're yours My belongings the images of those
Who have been slain The cries of all the tortured ones
Since I left Colchis my homeland
On your trail of blood Blood of my kin
Into my new and only home now treason
Blind to the sights deaf to the screams
Until you ripped apart the net
Woven out of your pleasure and mine
Which was our home now my exile
I stand disjointed in its mesh
The ashes of your kisses on my lips
The sand of our years between the teeth
Only my own sweat on my skin
Your breath a stench of an alien bed
A husband gives death in parting from his wife
My death has no other body than yours

Are you my husband Am I still your wife
If only I could bite her out of you, your whore
For whom you have betrayed me and my treason
That was your lust once Thanks for your treason
Which has given me back both my eyes
To see What I saw once the pictures
You have painted with the boots of your crew Jason
On my Colchis Ears to hear again
The music which you played on the corpses
The bodies the bones the graves of those who once were my people
With the hands of your guards and with mine
Who was your bitch and who has been your whore
And my brother My brother Jason
Who I threw in the path of your pursuers
Cut to pieces by these sister's hands
For your flight from our plundered father
From mine and his Do you love
Your sons Do you want to have them again your sons
You owe me a brother Jason
Who do you love more Dog or bitch
If their father looks on them lovingly
And at his new bitch and at the king
Of the dogs in Corinth here to his father
Perhaps your place is at his trough
Take what you have given me Jason
The fruits of betrayal that grew from your seed
And stuff it into the lap of your eager whore
My bridal gift for your and her wedding
Go with the father who loves you
And so he kicks away the mother the barbarian
Who burdens you on your way to the top
Don't you want to sit at the high table
I was the milk-cow now your footrest
Do you want to I see your eyes gleaming
With anticipation the happiness of full bellies
What still ties you to the barbarian
Who is your mother and your stigma
You are actors Children of betrayal
Sink your teeth in my heart and go
With your father who did it before you
Let me have the children one more day Jason
Then I will go to my own desert
You owe me a brother Jason
I cannot hate for long what you love

Love comes and goes I was not wise was I
To forget that No grudge shall be between us
Take my bridal gown as the bridal gift for
My lips can't say the word your bride
Who will embrace your body who will cry
On your shoulder will sometimes moan in heat
The gown of love my other skin
Embroidered with the hands of the plundered
Out of gold from Colchis and dyed with the blood from
The bridal feast of fathers brothers sons
Your new love shall be dressed in it just as if
It were my skin To be near you
Close to your love totally distant from me
Now go to your new wedding Jason go
I'll turn the bride into a wedding torch
Look your mother creates a spectacle
Do you want to see her burn watch the new bride
The bridal gown of the barbarian has a way
The gift to weld an alien skin with death
Wounds and scars yield a splendid poison
And fire spits the ash which was my heart
The bride is young Her hide smoothly stretched
Unblemished by age or breeding
It's on her body that I write my play
I want to hear your laughter while she screams
Before midnight she will be aflame
My sun rises over Corinth
I want to see your laughter when it rises
And share my joy with you who are my children
Now the groom steps into the bridal chamber
Now he places at the young bride's feet
The bridal gown of the barbarian the bridal
Gift soaked with my sweat of subjugation
Now she struts the whore in front of the mirror
Now the gold of Colchis seals her pores
Plants a forest of knives into her flesh
The bridal gift of the barbarian celebrates
The wedding Jason with your virgin bride
The first night is mine It is the last one
Now she screams Do you have ears for the scream
Like Colchis screamed when you were in my body
And still screams Do you have ears for the scream
Are you laughing I want to see you all laugh
My play is a farse why don't you laugh

What tears for the bride My little ones
My traitors You haven't cried for nothing
I want to cut you right out of my heart
My heart-flesh My memory My beloved
Give me back my blood from your veins
Your entrails back into my womb
Today is payday Jason your Medea
Is collecting your debt today
If only you could laugh now Death but a present
And from my hands you shall receive the gift
I have broken off forever all behind me
What I called home Now I will do
The same to this foreign land with these
My human hands so it won't be a home
To you a mockery to me Alas
Would I had stayed the animal I was
Before my man made me into his wife
Medea the barbarian Now accursed
With these my hands the hands of the barbarian
Shriveled skewered torn open over and over
I want to break humanity in two
And live in the empty middle I
No woman no man What do you scream
Worse than death is to grow old You'd kiss
The hand that gives you death if you knew life
That was Corinth Who are you Who has dressed
You in the bodies of my children
What sort of animal lurks behind your eyes
Do you play dead You won't deceive the mother
You're actors Liars and traitors
Inhabited by dogs rats snakes you are
It barks it squeaks it hisses I hear it well
O I am wise I am Medea I
Don't you have any more blood Now everything is still
The screams of Colchis also silent And nothing left

JASON

Medea

MEDEA

Nurse Do you know this man

LANDSCAPE WITH ARGONAUTS

Shall I speak of me I who
Of whom are we speaking if
The talk is of me I Who is it
In the rain of bird-muck In the hide of quicklime
Or different I a flag a
Bloody rag hung out A flutter
Between Nothing and No one provided there is wind
I monster of a man I monster Of
A woman Commonplace piled on commonplace I hell of dreams
Bears my accidental name I Fear of
My accidental name
MY GRANDFATHER WAS
AN IDIOT IN BEOTIA
I my sea-journey
I my land-claim My
Walk through the suburbs I My death
In the rain of bird-muck In the quicklime hide
The anchor is the last umbilical cord
The memory of the coast slips away with the horizon
Birds are a farewell Are a reunion
The slaughtered tree plows the snake the ocean
Thin between I and Nolonger! the ship;s hull
THE SEA THE SAILOR'S BRIDE
They say the dead stand on the bottom
Upright swimmers Until the bones rest
Mating of the fish in the corroded ribcage
Mussels on the roof of the skull
Thirst is fire
Water means what burns the skin
Hunger chews at the gums Salt the lips
Bawdry goads the lonesome flesh
Until man reaches for man
The warmth of a woman a singsong
The stars are cold pathfinders
The sky an icy supervisor
Or the hapless landing Against the surf hisses
The pop of beer cans
FROM THE LIFE OF A MAN
Memory of a tank-battle
My walk through the suburbs I
Between rubble and ruins grows
THE NEW Fuckcells with central heating

The tube vomits world into the parlor
Planned obsolescence The container
Servers as graveyard Shapes in the rubble
Natives of the concrete Parade
Of zombies perforated by advertising spots
In the uniforms of yesterday morning's fashion
The youth of today Ghosts Of
The deads of the war which will happen tomorrow
WHAT REMAINS HOWEVER IS ARRANGED BY THE BOMBS
In the magnificent crossbreeding of protein and tin
The children draw landscapes of garbage
A woman is the familiar ray of light
BETWEEN THE THIGHS
DEATH HAS A HOPE
Or the Yugoslav dream
Among broken statues in flight
From an unknown catastrophe
The mother in tow the old one with the yoke
THE FUTURE runs apace in rusting harness
A flock of actors passes in step
DON'T YOU KNOW THEY'RE DANGEROUS THEY ARE
ACTORS EVERY CHAIR LEG LIVES A DOG
Wordmud from my
Forsaken Noone's-body
How to get out of the undergrowth
Of my dreams which slowly
Soundlessly grow around me
A scrap of Shakespeare
In the paradise of the bacteria
The sky is a glove on the hunt
Masked with clouds of an unknown type of architecture
Rest on a dead tree The corpses' sisters
My finger plays in the sheath
Nights in the window between city
And landscape We watched the slow dying of the flies
Thus stood Nero over Rome in euphoria
Until the wagon rolled up sand in the gearbox
A wolf stood on the street when it broke into pieces
Bus-ride in the morning gray Right and left
The sisters steaming under the fabric Noon
Dusted their ashes on my hide
During the ride we heard the canvas tear
And watched the pictures crash into each other
The forests burned in EASTMAN COLOR

But the voyage had no destination NO PARKING
At the solitary crossing Polyphemous
Controlled the traffic with one eye
Our harbor was a dead movie house
The stars on the screen rotted in competition
In the lobby Fritz Lang strangled Boris Karloff
The south wind toyed with old posters
OR THE HAPLESS LANDING The dead Negroes
Rammed into the swamp like poles
In the uniforms of their enemies
DO YOU REMEMBER DO YOU NO I DON'T
The dried-up blood
Smoked in the sun
The theater of my death
Was open when I stood between the mountains
In the circle of dead comrades on the stone
And over me the expected airplane appeared
Without thinking I knew
This engine was
What my Grandmother used to call God
The airblast swept the corpses off the plateau
And shots crackled at my reeling flight
I felt MY blood draining from MY veins
And MY body turned into the landscape
Of MY death
IN THE BACK THE SWINE
The rest is lyrics Who has better teeth
The blood or the stone

END