

si muero porque no muero.
If I die because I don't die.

si no muero porque muero.
If I don't die because I die.

Si muero en la carretera.
If I die on the road.

Si no muero pero en la carretera si muero.
If I don't die but on the road I do die.

Si muero porque no muero en la carretera.
If I die because I don't die on the road.

Si no muero porque muero en la carretera,
If I don't die because I die on the road.

no me pongan f, no me pongan l, no me pongan o,
Lay me no f, lay me no l, lay me no o,

no me pongan r, no me pongan e, no me pongan s,
Lay me no w, lay me no e, lay me no r, lay me no s.

no me pongan flo, no me pongan res,
Lay me no flo, lay me no wers,

si muero en la c.
If I die in the r.

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During a walk in my future neighborhood I come across a small shop, a one-man enterprise—a mattress manufacturer. The shop is called GREEK STROM. Strom as an abbreviation for στρόμα (stróma) which means mattress. I immediately appreciate the triviality of the shop's naming the moment I see it. Soon I need to buy a mattress, and I already know: This will be the place.

The trivial moment lasts only for a second. How can I ignore *Strom*? In German *Strom* is the word for *electricity* and also *stream*. It describes fluid matter, flowing particles moving in one direction like a major river, or electricity. GREEK STREAM? GREEK ELECTRICITY? Anyway, both are great identities for a mattress shop. But why GREEK? I'm already in Greece, so why is it important to tell me again? It appears that Greece might be the origin of production. But how I understand it, in this case *Greek* points more to a certain way of fabrication. It says that this is a place where mattresses are fabricated in a certain Greek manner or technique. That might be true. But pointing to fabrication in this way doesn't mean that mattresses are the only thing that are being fabricated here. False statements and fake text is fabricated, GREEK STROM is a story made up to persuade people to buy, one could say. I think to fabricate a false statement is bad, but the fabrication of meaning never seems fake. A fabricated story still is a story, no? This is the beginning of a story.

I decide to have a look inside the shop. A middle-aged man comes forward and asks me how he could help. The shape of his back shows that he has already lifted many mattresses from here to there in his life. He has pearls of sweat on his forehead and he calls himself the mattress maker.

I start talking with him. The mattress maker offers the mattresses according to the customers' requirements and he explains that, above all, it's the size of the mattress that determines the pricing and there are certain models that differ in hardness and materials used. The body would always be a structure of spiral springs.

Every mattress type in standard size, single or double, has a standard price, he explains. For every ten centimeters you want to add in width, the prize increases by ten Euros. "Fuck!", I think, "This is real *Preisgestaltung*." I love that German word, it means *pricing composition*. Ten for ten is a completely balanced composition. But I can tell that in the outside world people might feel offended by this logic.

"What a random pricing," someone could think. "Wrong, absolutely wrong! Far too simple and a shadowy concept, ten for ten, the world of numbers is far more complex, even though it sounds good. There is no way to simplify like that. I'm not an idiot!", this person ponders. "There are economic rules we have to follow and this pricing obviously doesn't make sense. Also it's an insolence to just set fantasy prices like that. Where should this come from? What magical formula is behind this?"

I can clearly hear this person talking...

But I can clearly hear myself answering: "Sorry, but I don't want explanations of numbers, I want written truths. It's very important to acknowledge the logic of trivialities and to respect the banausic and philistine. The world is full of numbers already, don't you think?"

Beside the pricing another curious detail has caught my eye. I'd never thought that there still is mattresses with a spiral spring body and I immediately find the image of a spiral spring very tempting.

It has a starting point and then it moves in spiral circles around itself till spring. For the duration of the circling there is no rule nor time set. Clocklessness till spring. Spring as a personal discovery, a realisation.

I spiral spring
You spiral spring
He/She/It spiral springs
We spiral spring
You spiral spring
They spiral spring

And indeed, when I enter that shop on this particular day it's the beginning of May; a warm month of the year. Spring. I am suspicious. Not because of the weather, but of the idea to maybe buy a mattress. I never bought a mattress myself before. A strange feeling of growing up, a kind of future suspiciousness and angst comes with it.

In the shop to my left and right, the very first things I see, are mattresses standing vertically, packed in thick transparent plastic with a GREEK STROM logo repetitively printed in red, in a stretched marker typeface. I imagine some German person, more likely from the south of the country, saying GREEK STROM. I'm really hearing it. The *G* of Greek would sound more like a *K* and then you would have *Kreek Strom*, which would be phonetically similar to *Creek Strom*. A creek—a tiny river—the very opposite of a *Strom*—the big stream.

Every big *Strom* begins somewhere as a spring and it spiral springs its way
into a creek
into a little river
into a river
into a stream
into the sea.

The German mispronunciation of Greek, *creek*, does make total sense now. *Greek* the origin of fabrication, *Creek* the origin of the story. And in the context of the clumsy German-English pronunciation, again, there is another phonetic oddity to do with *creek*. In German *Creek* would be spelled K R I E G which means nothing less than *war*.

Krieg Strom.

Creek Stream.

War Electricity.

The pleasant warmth of spring suddenly gets cold. Fears, confusion and my initial feeling of suspicion take over and control my brain.

Brain Strom.

Brain Storm.

The force taking over has a face. It's an epiphany of Athena, the goddess of wisdom, craft and war. She appears as the origin, the creek and the Krieg, and blows my mind into a *strom*. Trivial streams of wisdom running into the clocklessness of the realisation. Manufactured mattresses, fabricated madnesses, crafted badnesses of war. Civilized storm troops hunting native peaceful thoughts upstream. I cannot locate a bright shining light as the epiphany, the origin of all this is around me, surrounds me, the goddess is a *Greek Strom*. Strom of unconsciousness, trapped somewhere in the *spiral spring* between pre-real and reality. No thought, no idea, no confidence, no time. The war is storming between Athena

and my German *creeks*, I don't have the *craft* (German *Kraft* = power) to run, to resist, to find shelter. Completely overrun by the big *stream* of possible futures, not able to fabricate the mattress in front of me into truth or fake, into reality or dream. No actual selling strategies here, but me, spelled by a simple mattress.

After my encounter with Athena I walk further into the shop. A wooden vitrine with a glass on top presents three different models of mattresses. The models are not the size to sleep on, they are handy versions of the originals. They are not fully closed by the very top layer, they are cut open so that you can look into the mattresses' body. You can study the layers of meat around the spiral spring bones.

The first layer would be a beige webbing of fine straws. A kind of fabric mat, maybe as thick as a thumb. The next layer is also strawish-type, but more brown in color. Then a layer of a synthetic fabric is placed on top of the natural materials. The amount and material would depend on the model you choose.

The vitrine makes me feel as if I were standing in a museum looking at some excavated objects from the first humans on our planet. Back then people would sleep on rocky ground, maybe in caves. The evolution of fabricating a bed, a mattress, would start with covering the hard ground with comfortable materials like straw, moss or leaves. Seemingly nothing really has changed. I like the idea of sleeping on a rural object of tradition, it feels safe.

It is obvious that this mattress' production is very old fashioned, it is definitely not up-to-date, a poor tradition, and I also know that there are many scientifically approved synthetic materials available which are highly ergonomic. But sleep isn't synthetical, it's syntax.



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