

THE REAL METAMORPHOSIS



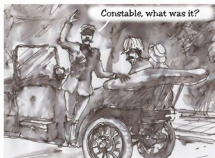
(or:
what Franz Kafka
had no idea about)

1

prolog

Farewell, Your Highness!

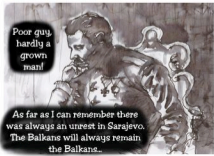






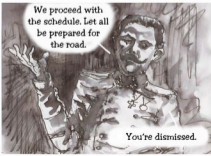
Your Highness,
two strangers cut
one Bosnian's throat. The
murderer are still at large
but the local police is on
trail of them. They gave us
the victim's id.

His name was Gavrilo Princip, he was barely 20.



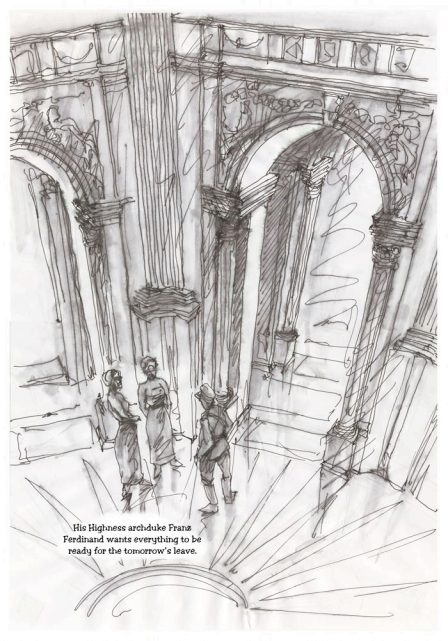
Poor guy,
hardly a
grown
man!

As far as I can remember there
was always an unrest in Sarajevo.
The Balkans will always remain
the Balkans...



We proceed with
the schedule. Let all
be prepared for
the road.

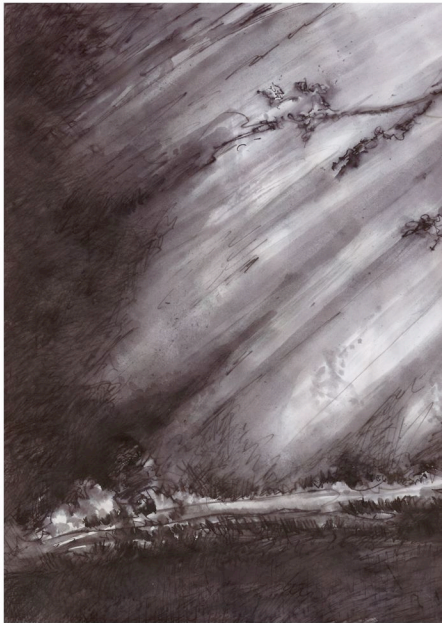
You're dismissed.

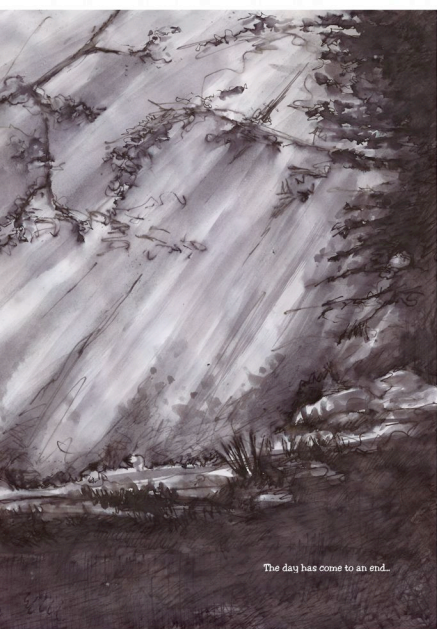


His Highness archduke Franz Ferdinand wants everything to be ready for the tomorrow's leave.

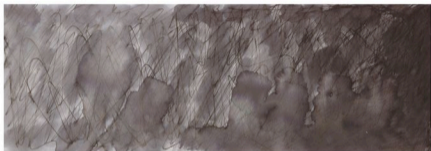
2

samsa





The day has come to an end...

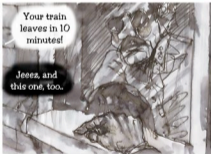
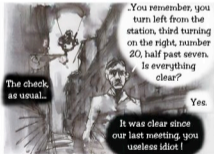
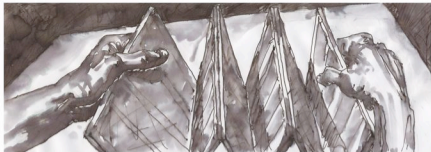


Shit, not the same again!



...a new working day begins.











This corridor
all the way
down, door
to the left,
Mr Linger.



HR LINGER
FINANZ-
BÜRO



Come in!



May I
help you?



Our sales meeting at half past seven.

Oh yes, please, sit down.



These are beautiful. But the price is still too high.

How much discount will I get if I take...say...500 metres straight away?

Hmm... let's say, 6%.

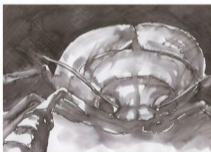


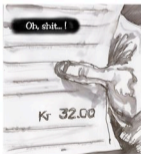
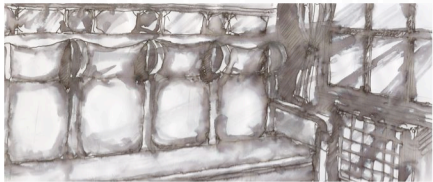
Well... 500 for 34 korunas minus 6% makes 32 korunas.



Please sign here.







Oh, shit..!

Kr 32.00

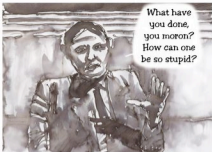


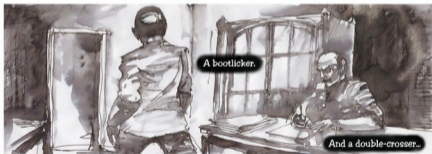
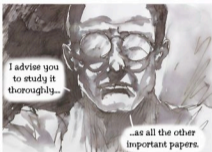
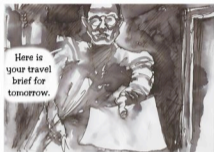
4m. 600

He fooled me.



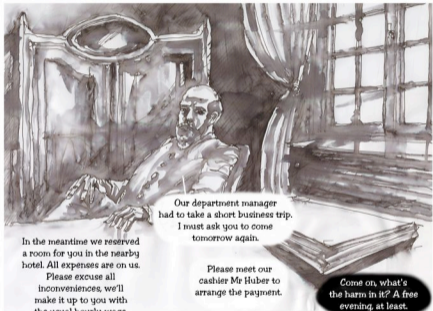
What should I
tell my boss now?







The next day.



Our department manager had to take a short business trip. I must ask you to come tomorrow again.

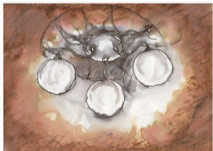
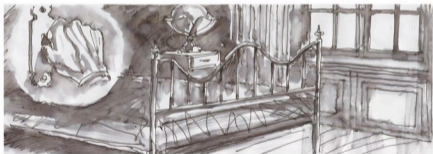
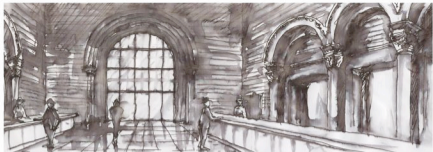
In the meantime we reserved a room for you in the nearby hotel. All expenses are on us.

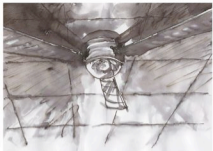
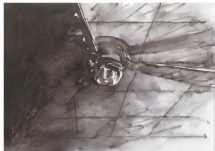
Please excuse all inconveniences, we'll make it up to you with the usual hourly wage.

Please meet our cashier Mr Huber to arrange the payment.

Come on, what's the harm in it? A free evening, at least.







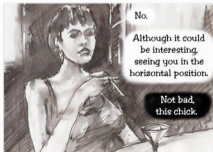
Move your ass,
otherwise life will slip
through your fingers.

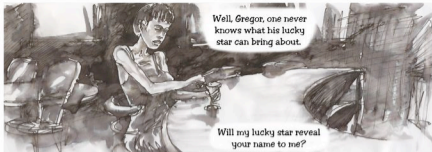


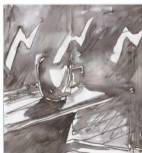


Vodka martini.
Shaken, not
stirred.



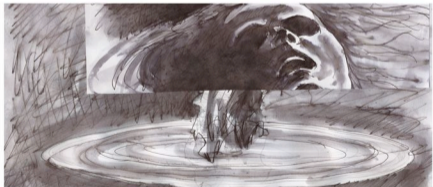






Uhm, yes,
I'm just
speechless.







Oh bugger,
my meeting.



Elisabeth?



Shit, shit, shit.



And this pressure in
my head to it. What's
wrong with me?



A lady?
Which lady?
You went
upstairs all
by yourself.

What the heck...?

The lady in
a red dress
at the bar.

I'm sorry, sir.

Fucking hell.



A lady in a
red dress?
Your money?
No idea.

But you don't
have to pay for
anything.
Everything's
already fixed.

I'll give you the police
station address, just in case.

Back home again.
What a day!
The police hasn't
found anything either,
useless blockheads...
But that fucking slut!
She must have had
some accomplices, no
doubt about it.



Sometimes I get the
impression that my
acting is steered
somehow. It's impossible
I have always such
a sleazy sense of
helplessness. Nobody
who acts in their own
right feels that way,
do they?



Gregor!? Is
that you?

Yeah,
nothing, Mum.

Next day was a Sunday.

I was well-rested but that distinct feeling of the head pressure remaining for a few days was still haunting me. After the morning Mess my friend invited me to dinner.



Come on, Gregor, you'll tell me this in the restaurant, it's just around the corner.



Gregor, he has been staring at you the whole time.

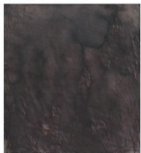


What are you staring at, you moron?

It's absolutely impossible! Was it my voice?!

Give him a punch!





3

kafka



My God!



Gregor!
It's a quarter to seven.
Didn't you want to leave?

Yes, thanks, Mum.
I'm just getting up.

And then the whole mess really began.



It all transferred me
into some
incomprehensible state.

From then on I lived
like in a trance.

The manager's
visit...



The sight of the
family members...

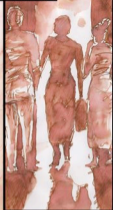


The food which was
always so tasty,
and now I couldn't
chew a bit...



Or those titbits,
previously
uneatable...

The leaving of
the maid...



And of the
next one...



The arrival of the
next, a part-time
witch...



The check of the
family's financial
situation...



Consequently,
my father
started
working...



And my
sister...

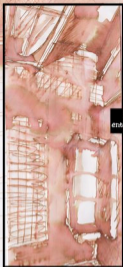


And my
mother...





The only visual contact with the outside world...



My new entertainment...



My mother's visit...

Come on, you can't see him.



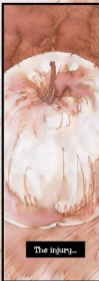
Getting rid of my furniture...



The unfortunate encounter with mother...



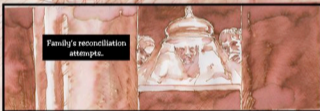
Father's attack...



The injury...



Mother's attempted rescue...



Family's reconciliation attempts...



My mother's attempt at cleaning my room...



Which wound up in a family quarrel...

The old
maid
despising
me...



Come on
nearer, you
old bag.



Renting out a room
to three gentlemen.



Steter's violin playing...



Then the
encounter
with the
tenant...



The hassle afterwards.



We
must
get rid
of this.

And then
the rejection
by the
family...

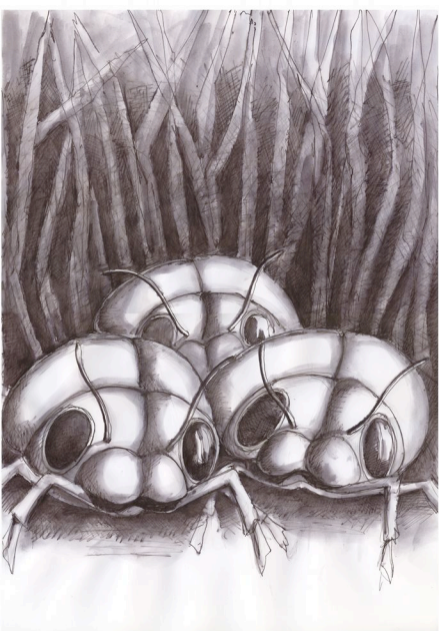




4

berger







He just
woke
up.

Shit.



Mister Berger, I
give you one hour
to fix your senses.

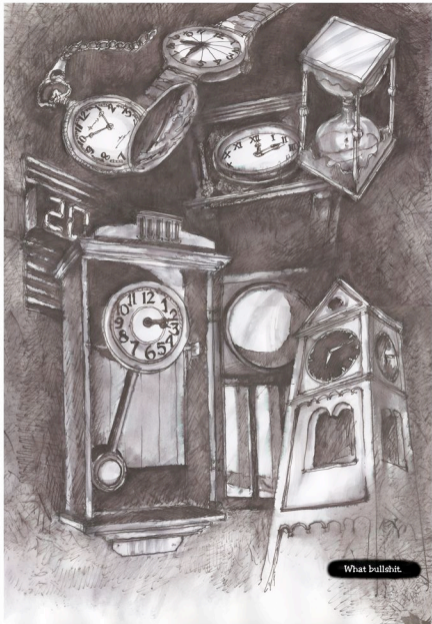


Shit, shit.

Hours, minutes, seconds...



This silver monster
apparently thinks time is
always measured this way.



What bullshit.



Time would sometimes
grind to a halt...

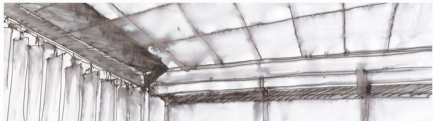


To explode
in velocity.

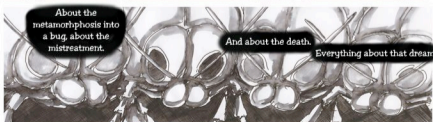
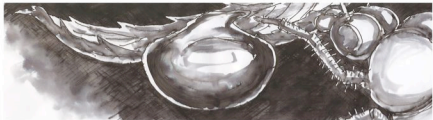


No, no, all wrong.







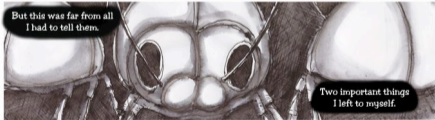




About the journey to where
the time doesn't exist.



Good. Enough for now.

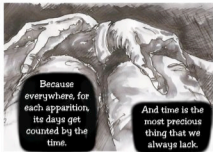


But this was far from all
I had to tell them.

Two important things
I left to myself.



In the first place, I
lied about the time.

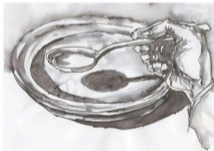


Because everywhere, for each apparition, its days get counted by the time.

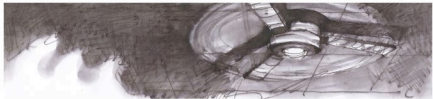
And time is the most precious thing that we always lack.



Mister Berger, time to eat.



You see? It's already cold.



But my energy
slips away,
dearest. I feel it
so clearly...



You know, as I still lay
in that horrible house, I
decided not to leave
you without saying
good bye...



But you were not
there. For a
long time I couldn't
find you at all.



Then you lay on this bed
but you still weren't here.
How far have you got
to stroll in your solitude,
dearest?



God, something is
pulling me so hard...

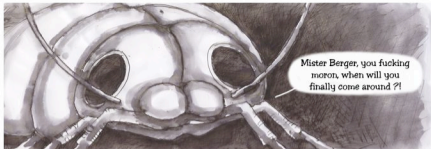


Little Ann! Wait, not yet!
Please, my love!



God help me!

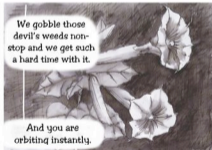




Mister Berger, you fucking moron, when will you finally come around ?!



This is the third time you get high today. How do you manage this?



We gobble those devil's weeds non-stop and we get such a hard time with it.

And you are orbiting instantly.



Which weeds?
Where orbiting?

Stigl, leave him in peace, it's just why we have him here.

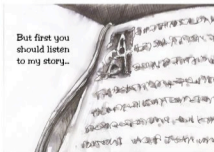
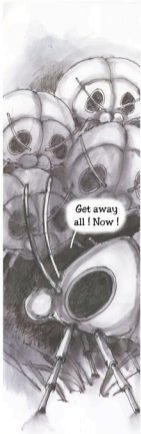


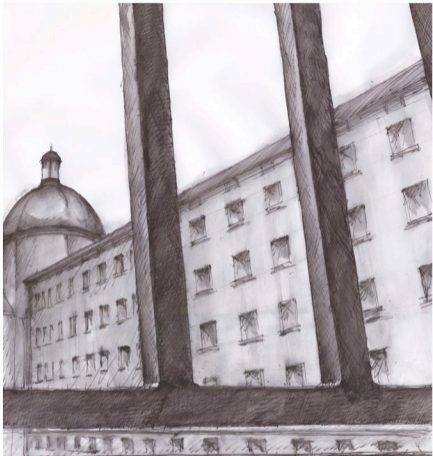
Let me remind you that we all are bugs and our destiny is the same as yours.



And we all want to go back, don't you forget that !









As I sat in Stein clink
for the first time,



it was after our
robbery..



in a
supermarket.

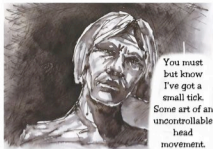


The haul has
been counted..



and well
hidden.





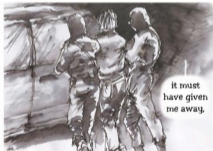
You must
but know
I've got a
small tick.
Some art of an
uncontrollable
head
movement.



As the police
knocked at
my door..



to question
me..



it must
have given
me away.



I thought to myself.



Then an old lady
remembered seeing me
strolling nearby.



and the case
became clear.



But they haven't found neither the haul...



nor the accomplices.



I haven't said anything.



Then I remembered



I had taken a medium, kinda downer.



After that drug, the tick stopped for at least two hours.



So nobody could ever register that,



apart from my accomplices.

You know, it was only a presumption,



I remained silent for the clink sentence.



But when I was free,



my accomplices all the same...



and our haul too,



I became pretty uptight.




A matter of honour, you know.



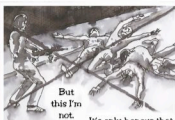
And honour means a lot to me.



Maybe even more than anything else.

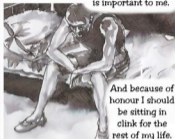


Justice thought I was an inveterate mass murderer.



But this I'm not.

It's only honour that is important to me.



And because of honour I should be sitting in clink for the rest of my life.

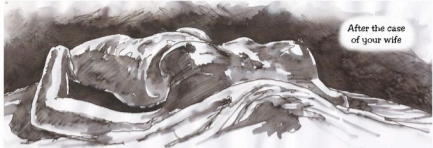


Only sitting is not my favourite activity if you know what I mean...



So it was my part, in brief.

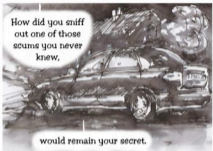
Now back to you.



After the case
of your wife



your fuses were
blown completely.



How did you sniff
out one of those
scums you never
knew,

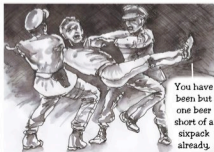
would remain your secret.



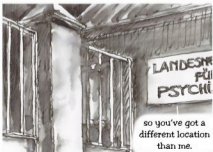
His death has
been qualified
as a crime of
passion.



although his head had been
precisely cut off and his
dick stuck up in his mouth.



You have
been but
one beer
short of a
sixpack
already.



so you've got a
different location
than me.

You have been one of the most difficult cases in the asylum.

Not because you were so pathological mentally ill, not at all.

On the contrary: sometimes you seemed perfectly normal. But sometimes you were such a loose cannon like the wildest crackpot.

Remember the fight with that halfwit, the women slayer..



He died in hospital, do you know this?

Or the attendant who joked about your slain wife..



It wasn't a suicide, was it, Mr Berger?

Well, ok, it's all not my business, anyway.

But what is most interesting for us and what we **MUST** talk about are your other capabilities.

Still in the asylum you managed to project your astral body to distant places in your dreams.

After your last report I definitely know that you are able to relocate your physical body in time and space too.

Shortly speaking, I offer you a small exchange.

You teach us your abilities in order to help us all return to our good old times..



as humans... free humans.

Because we'll be able to transform
into any living creature.

When we have the power which
can put all life forms together.

How does he know all
that? What does he mean?

I want to take all
those poor
creatures with me,
because they all
have been betrayed
by the state.

And I am pissed
with this
country too.

I know
the other
guy
you're
looking
for.

I'll give him away
to you for that.

I can
guarantee you
with the only
thing I own.

My word of honour.

I thought for a while.

Why don't you like the country exactly?

The science, you know..
We as citizens always get judged and charged. Fucking masters of life.

The science? It's but something wonderful !

You don't get it, you poor sap, right?

Don't you really know what's happened to us?

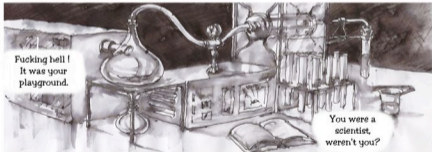
Come on, pull yourself together, you couldn't forget that, damnit !

Why are we bugs now instead of men we used to be?





It was your science, mister Berger.



Fucking hell !
It was your playground.

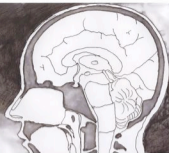
You were a scientist, weren't you?



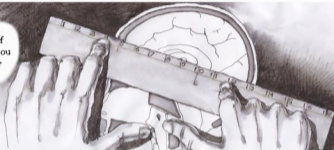
Yeah, but my actual concern was theology, the logic, the mind..

Ha, ha, ha!

That's not bad, his
concern was the mind.



A perfect
confession of
failure, don't you
think, mister
Berger?



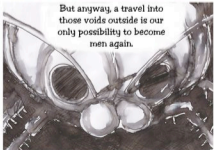
And where is
your mind today?



You got stuck in scopes,
where the mind is an
unknown issue.




But anyway, a travel into
those voids outside is our
only possibility to become
men again.



Those voids?

No, mister Stigl.

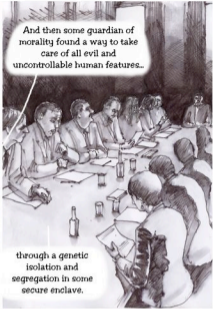


You should have known that
already. On the contrary.
It's the fullness.

And it is within.



Back to the science...

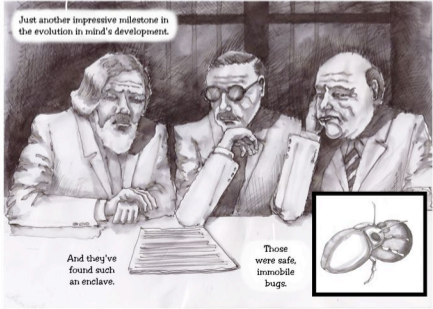


And then some guardian of morality found a way to take care of all evil and uncontrollable human features...



It was just the golden age of genetic research euphoria.

through a genetic isolation and segregation in some secure enclave.



Just another impressive milestone in the evolution in mind's development.

And they've found such an enclave.

Those were safe, immobile bugs.



In the beginning our corpses had to be examined and appropriate cells had to be taken out.

Then the chromosomes had to be isolated and the DNS double helix had to be cut in pieces.



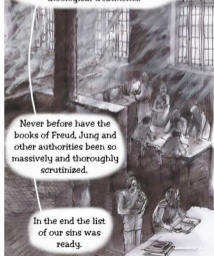
In the end the right gene parts had to be localised and taken by means of the comparison method.

The whole genetically degenerated human potential was to be mixed up with the biological potential of the bugs.



They wanted to create us in such a simple way.

They selected all possible pathological cases documented in scientific, social and theological treatments.

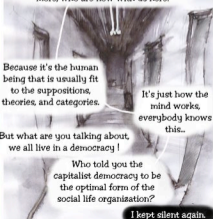


Never before have the books of Freud, Jung and other authorities been so massively and thoroughly scrutinized.

In the end the list of our sins was ready.

Then they started to look for exemplar cases in all mental institutions in Austria, in Germany and in the Switzerland.

Psychopaths, murderers, schizophrenics, rapists, serial killers, sodomites and many more, who are now with us here.



Because it's the human being that is usually fit to the suppositions, theories, and categories.

It's just how the mind works, everybody knows this..

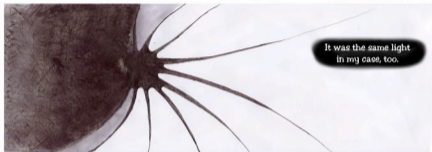
But what are you talking about, we all live in a democracy !

Who told you the capitalist democracy to be the optimal form of the social life organization?

I kept silent again.



There is a feeling when after a long, arduous work brightness emerges in a rapid and unexpected way casting a light on every aspect of the worked on item.

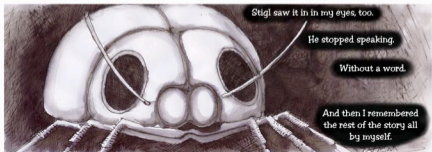


It was the same light in my case, too.



Everything started to fit into a clear sequence of logical beads.

And I was sure to reach the familiar harbour of my mind again.



Stigl saw it in in my eyes, too.

He stopped speaking.

Without a word.

And then I remembered the rest of the story all by myself.

As after a few months our group has been created.

It was the scientists' error.

They were apparently mistaken in their estimation. The bugs got all the human features, the minds and the longevity. And our memory.

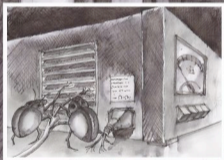
And much more.

Firstly, we managed to escape.



Before that we destroyed the containers and the samples..

and we connected electricity to the research devices.




Then there was a hideout in the forest.

We were free..



How many years have passed?

A few. 6, I guess.



Never before have I had such clarity of mind.



How long do we still have to work, mister Berger?

Once as much, I think.

But I must tell you one thing, mister Stigl.



It won't be by far a simple task.

But how did you know about my physical body travels?



I didn't know up to the moment

you brought us this ...

5

... uhm,
presence




As for the other
murderer of my Ann,
Stigl kept his word.

Days of that scum
have been counted..



God, I could
intervene already
before that
happened, how
could I have
missed that !



An idea to save Ann's
earthly life took me fully by
surprise, for a few days I
was really dizzy.

One idea, so simple, so genial..

Who do we think we are at
all? Are we gods? Or
the ultimate God?

As far as I am concerned there are three
categories of women and also people at all.

First you see it in the eyes, then you feel it in the voice
and in the end you experience it while dancing.

The first ones are hard as steel, fast and full of assertiveness, proud and generous but they are vain, impatient and fragile.

The second ones are smooth like a paste, slow and obedient but they are patient and prepared, walking in life with a certain feeling of guilt.

The third category is like a natural rubber, a mix of the previous ones. They are smooth but with a strong resistance after the first step, they have feminine elasticity which makes a man's throat dry and it binds him in a magical way for years.

1¹ 2² 2² 2³ 2¹ 1¹ 2¹ 2²

If you're lucky it's a kind of a feminine warrior who knows all the tricks and has an understanding of everything.

Ann was such a woman, she was the love of my life.

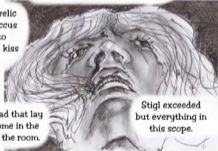
Don't get me wrong: I am in no fear of any acting.

But I am afraid to look Ann in the eyes with the ballast of what I know.

With the ballast of the lot of kisses that covered traces of her steps on the ground after she had to leave.



And with the relic of her tiny floccus that glued to her mouth in a kiss of death.

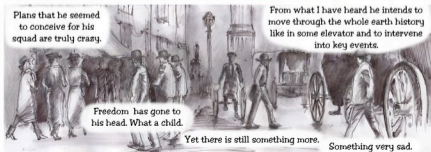


On her head that lay so lonesome in the corner of the room.

Stigl exceeded but everything in this scope.

Plans that he seemed to conceive for his squad are truly crazy.

From what I have heard he intends to move through the whole earth history like in some elevator and to intervene into key events.



Freedom has gone to his head. What a child.

Yet there is still something more.

Something very sad.

But first a few introductory words:

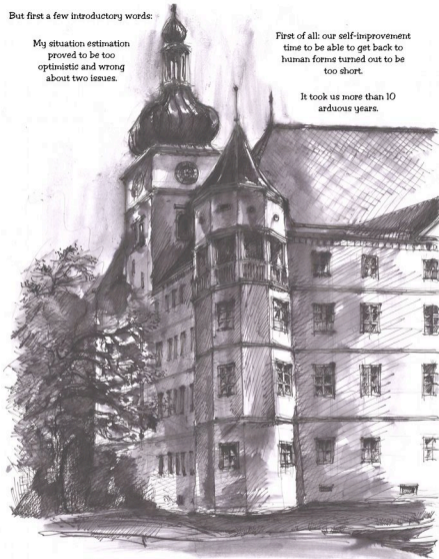
My situation estimation proved to be too optimistic and wrong about two issues.

First of all: our self-improvement time to be able to get back to human forms turned out to be too short.

It took us more than 10 arduous years.

Moreover, we were not able to take everyone with us. But we agreed not to leave anyone behind.

It was the premise.



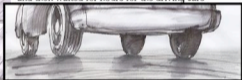
As we spread tar on their feet...



then pushed them onto the road...



and then waited for hours for the driving cars



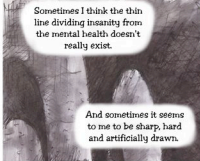
to crush them, for a moment, a very short moment...



I felt like a scientist from the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut in Nazi Germany

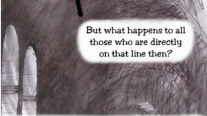


and the spirit of Hartheim castle
wrapped me around...




Sometimes I think the thin line dividing insanity from the mental health doesn't really exist.

And sometimes it seems to me to be sharp, hard and artificially drawn.



But what happens to all those who are directly on that line then?

How could the insanity ever be measured at all?



Stigl doesn't feel the difference, for that matter. He just doesn't care.

For him it's only honour that counts.

You're asking why I don't bother? Life often brings breakups, but death binds people forever.

I must confess one last thing to you. The one I once concealed from Stigl.



Dreams in
which I die



are the best I've
ever had.