

TRANCE ELATION

» MICHAEL BARNHOLDEN

*Wunsch, Indianer zu werden
Wenn man doch ein Indianer wäre, gleich bereit,
und auf dem rennenden Pferde, schief in der
Luft, immer wieder kurz erzitterte über dem
zitternden Boden, bis man die Sporen ließ, denn
es gab keine Sporen, bis man die Zügel wegwarf,
denn es gab keine Zügel, und kaum das Land
vor sich als glatt gemähte Heide sah, schon ohne
Pferdehals und Pferdekopf.*

Franz Kafka

*The Wish to Be a Red Indian
If one were only an Indian, instantly alert, and on
a racing horse, leaning against the wind, kept on
quivering jerkily over the quivering ground, until
one shed one's spurs, for there needed no spurs,
threw away the reins, for their needed no reins,
and hardly saw that the land before one was
smoothly shorn heath when horse's neck and head
would be already gone.*

Trans. by Willa and Edwin Muir

*"OH TO BE a red Indian, instantly prepared, and
astride one's galloping mount, leaning into wind,
to skim with each fleeting quivering touch over
the quivering ground, till one shed the spurs for
there where no spurs, till one flung off the reins,
for there where no reins and could barely see the
land unfurl as a smooth-shorn heath before one,
now that the horse's neck and the horse's head
were gone."*

Translator unknown

1. IF YOU WERE only an Indian, in an instant, alert, on a racing horse, leaning into the wind, jerking over the uneven ground, until you shed your spurs, no need for spurs, until you throw away your reins, no need for reins, and you hardly saw that the land before you was smoothly cropped prairie when your horse's neck and head would already be gone.

2. IF, ONLY, instantly an Indian, alert, racing horse, leaning wind, jerking ground, shed your spurs, no need for spurs, drop your reins, no need for reins, you hardly saw that the land before you was smoothly cropped prairie, your horse's neck and head already gone.

3. THE INDIAN IS the wish, the dream the fantasy, but the reality is the desire to live outside of capitalism, in a landscape free from the commodification of property.

Land, the ground we walk upon, wind, the air we breathe, outside yet inside the world as we have come to know it.

Fetish wear of consumer culture, stop and go, there and not there, presence and absence, the ambiguity, the ambivalence with which we participate.

See, there and then when, language is a dream, image is a hard line that ends at the edge where you looked out a window and what saw?

Hunter domesticated gatherer the big dog ate my homework and took me out for a power ride the mind body separation: I think therefore I am confused.

As if a horse is anything more than an expression of the eat it raw uncooked serial monogamous impulse dressed in leather from hoof to horn.

Flag thee gelding down, resuscitate the rose, cross the border, nice outfit senior, walk away singing, close the gap and hunker down in front of the blazing buffalo chips for a can of creamed corn.

Red he said she said but not right here not right now, is stronger than wine, cut my throat Cassidy, make me cry a river of blood.

I want out but I also want in.