

## Where ever LOVE falls

In Wahrheit war sie erleichtert. Die Woche war hart gewesen. Ruhe und ausreichend Schlaf würden ihr gut tun, trotzdem, es ging ums Prinzip: "Nie ladet er uns ein. Immer müssen wir die Gastgeber spielen. Und dann noch seine schrecklichen Gastgeschenke! Er wäre längst sozial isoliert ohne unsere Parties - die wir uns schließlich ja auch einiges kosten lassen."

don't dream your life, live your dreams  
if you can dream it, you can do it  
yes, we can

Ich muss Geld finden. Dringend. Er verließ die Wohnung und ging hinunter zur Flusspromenade, dorthin, wo die Drogenhändler ihre Deals abwickeln. Vielleicht hinterlegt ja einer von denen Geld in den Fugen der Steinmauer. Oder jemand verliert einen Packen. Wenn es eine plötzliche Razzia gäbe zum Beispiel. Kann ja passieren! So dachte er. Den gesamten Nachmittag stromerte er die Promenade auf und ab, malte sich aus, was er machen würde, wenn er endlich wieder flüssig wäre.

don't be sad about your past! be in the future and smile every day as much as you can  
what you can dream, won't never come true

"Er ist eben ein komischer Kerl", versuchte ihr Mann sie zu beschwichtigen. Sie schüttelte den Kopf: "Sich selbst nie melden und dann auch noch mit fadenscheinigen Ausreden abblocken." Es war offensichtlich, sie war gekränkt.

first they laugh, then they copy  
don't be sad about your future, be in the past and cry everyday as much as you can

Als es dämmerte trieb ihn der Hunger heim. Die Augen hielt er am Boden. Vielleicht verliert jemand die Geldtasche und ich stolpere drüber. Ich würde nur das Bargeld nehmen, die Tasche dann in den Postkasten werfen. Vielleicht mit einer Notiz, dass ich kein Verbrecher bin, nur in großer Not. Das würde doch jeder verstehen. Natürlich muss ich diesen Zettel mit dem Computer schreiben, Handschrift wäre zu gefährlich. Wenn es eine sehr dick gefüllte Geldtasche wäre, könnte man natürlich auch überlegen, ob eine Rückgabe mit Finderlohn und Darstellung der eigenen misslichen Lage die bessere Option wäre. Kommt darauf an, wer diese Person ist. Was aber mache ich, wenn nur wenig Geld in der Tasche ist, wenn ich vermuten muss, dass diese Person selbst nur wenig Geld hat?

you are as much worth as you earn  
come on, you lazy sack  
business? that's very simple: it's other people's money

"Und wenn wir stattdessen in ein gutes Restaurant gehen? Nur uns beiden vergönnen, was die Party gekostet hätte?" Sie lächelte.

a day without a smile is a day wasted  
let's build islands of happiness

Er wärmte sich die letzte Dose Gulaschsuppe. Brot war aus. Ein Bier könnte ich mir im Supermarkt noch leisten, aber dann geht sich kein Klopapier mehr aus. Egal, ich hole mir eine Dose Bier und gehe noch mal ans Ufer. Die Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass sie dort ihr Geld verstecken, ist in der Dunkelheit sicher höher.

if you practise everyday you will find your personal fulfilling  
never give up  
stars can't shine without darkness

Es war ein schönes Restaurant. Das Personal umsorgte sie aufs Vortrefflichste. Aperitivo und drei Gänge mit passenden Weinen. Danach entführte er sie in ihre Lieblingsbar. Auf der Terrasse, hoch über der Stadt, glitzernd und von fernem Hupen erfüllt, wechselte sie endlich das Thema.

the truly speed of time, a calm river

Um elf gab er auf. Ausgefroren und müde trottete er nach Hause. Ich muss morgen jemanden bitten, mir Geld zu schenken. Denn weitere Schulden sind keine Option. Obwohl er alleine war, obwohl niemand seine Gedanken erraten konnte, stieg ihm die Schamesröte ins Gesicht.

depression is a lack of concentration  
if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen

"Und nächstes Wochenende fahren wir in eine Therme, ja?" "Gute Idee. Aber bitte in eine mit Golfplatz im Ort. Denn wenn du wieder deine unzähligen Behandlungen absolvierst ..." "Die ich natürlich nur mache, um schön für dich zu bleiben."

"Wie selbstlos ist doch meine Frau." Er deutete eine Verbeugung an.

all Rousseau's are dreamers  
where ever Love falls I plant a tree, even in the desert

Es gab ein neues Materialdepot. In dem Durchschlupf gleich neben dem Billigläden. Decken und Schlafsäcke.

once I put my headphones on, my life becomes a music video

© Maria Peters 11. 06. 2020

Weitere Informationen unter: [www.maria-peters.at](http://www.maria-peters.at)

Rückfragen und Kontakt: [contact@maria-peters.at](mailto:contact@maria-peters.at)

Maria Peters / *Where ever LOVE falls* / Artist Statement / PARALLEL VIENNA 2020

## Where ever LOVE falls

In reality, she was relieved. The week had been exhausting. Some quiet and a good night's sleep would do her good. Nevertheless, there was a principle involved. "He never invites us over. It's always us that have to play host. And then his horrible gifts! If it weren't for our parties, he would have been socially isolated long ago – and we spent quite some money on those parties."

don't dream your life, live your dreams  
if you can dream it, you can do it  
yes, we can

I have to find money. Now. He left his apartment and went down to the river where the drug dealers did their business. Maybe one of them put some money in the gaps of the stone wall. Or maybe someone will lose a pack. If there was suddenly a raid, for instance. In the end, that *could* happen! Those were his thoughts. All day long he walked up and down the river stroll, imagining what he would do when he finally got his hands on some money.

don't be sad about your past! be in the future and smile every day as much as you can  
what you can dream, won't never come true

"He's just an odd guy", her husband tried to calm her. She shook her head: „He never gets in touch and on top of that he is dismissive, using those cheap excuses." It was apparent she was offended.

first they laugh, then they copy  
don't be sad about your future, be in the past and cry everyday as much as you can

As the night fell, hunger drove him home. He kept staring at the floor. Maybe someone will lose their wallet and I stumble over it. I would take only the money, and threw the wallet in the postbox. Maybe with a note, saying that I'm not a criminal, just in dire need. Everybody would understand that! Of course, I would have to print the note, handwriting it would be too dangerous. If the wallet were very big, one could of course contemplate giving it back and going for a reward, explaining the misery I am in. That could be a better option. It depends on who it is. But what do I do if there is only little money in the wallet, if I have to assume that they have little money themselves?

you are as much worth as you earn  
come on, you lazy sack  
business? that's very simple: it's other people's money

„And what if, instead, we go to a nice restaurant? Treat just the two of us to what the party would have cost?" She smiled.

a day without a smile is a day wasted  
let's build islands of happiness

He heated up the last can of goulash soup. There was no more bread. I could afford a beer in the supermarket but then I can't buy toilet paper. Never mind, I'll get a beer and go back to the river. The odds that they hide money in the dark are better.

if you practise everyday you will find your personal fulfilling  
never give up  
stars can't shine without darkness

It was a nice restaurant. The service was top-notch in every possible regard. *Aperitivo* and three courses with matching wines. Then he swept her away into his favorite bar. On the terrace, high above the city, under the sparkling sky and with the hooting of the cars far away, she finally changed the topic.

the truly speed of time, a calm river

At eleven he gave up. Freezing and exhausted he went home. I have to ask someone for money, as a gift. More debts are not an option. Although he was on his own, although nobody could have guessed his thoughts, he blushed out of embarrassment.

depression is a lack of concentration

if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen

„And next weekend we go to a spa, right?“ “Good idea. But one with a golf course. Because if you will get all those endless treatments again...” “Which I’m only getting to stay beautiful for you.” “My wife, the selfless person.“ He mimed bowing.

all Rousseau's are dreamers

where ever Love falls I plant a tree, even in the desert

There was a new storage facility. In the gap right next to the bargain store. Sheets and sleeping bags.

once I put my headphones on, my life becomes a music video

© Maria Peters 11. 06. 2020

Translation: Sanijel Jovanovic, Vienna

Further informations at: [www.maria-peters.at](http://www.maria-peters.at)

Wuestions and contact: [contact@maria-peters.at](mailto:contact@maria-peters.at)

**Maria Peters / Where ever LOVE falls / Artist Statement / PARALLEL VIENNA 2020**