

# «I HAVE SEEN INNOCENCE PUKE»

## Synopsis

«Good day, the world lies in ruins», are the Dirk Bernemanns initial words, before he carries the reader away into the abysses of a world which strikes a chord in us because it's an all too familiar one – it is our world!

When reading Bernemann's book it seems like someone has finally taken off our rose-coloured glasses by knocking them off our heads.

With poetic vividness he celebrates a massacre of life which is both fascinating and repugnant.

He puts his protagonists into an emotional state of emergency and writes about the world's ... [continue p.4]



## Press Comments

«He is Bukowskis honorable successor!»  
**Uwe Lochmann**

«Fascinating ... a very interesting analysis of society. ... No one who reads this book will remain unaffected. You can bet your life on it!» **Schwäbische Zeitung**

«What does a serial killer read before he goes to sleep? This book might be the answer. [...] I could not bear it.» **Gothic-Magazine**

«Brilliant work!» **gothicparadise.de**

«Bernemann hit the mark with this little reality excursion.» **Zuckerkick**

«linguistically strong!» **Augsburger AZ**

«Literature of an altitudinarian do-gooder with resignative tendencies, becoming desperate in view of this, his, world yet still rebelling against it, is probably one of the most apt descriptions of Bernemann's 'I have seen innocence Puke'.» **Orkus**

## Sample Translation

The binge of these days. We're lying on the worn down bulky waste sofa, with more cancer cells than brain cells in our heads. We are angels, the seducers and the seduced of the state of amok, at some places mistakenly called life. Around us, stupidity is springing up like contaminated mushrooms.

She is resting in my arms, dead-like. Do I love her? She exhales, a sweet breath, a cocktail made of fast food puke, gastritis, cheap whisky and my kisses. She is the wildest diva I have ever been allowed to hold in my arms. Her look is extremely seductive and full of real passion, but I didn't get to see it during the last couple of hours. Comatose, paralysed, brimful of poison. The poison of everyday life.

Her breath, a rattle. In search of oxygen in this vacuum. Oxygen means hope. So going without it is simply a bad idea, baby. Breathe and live! Embrace it, drink, inhale, squeeze, swallow. Breathe air like poison in your past! Feeling her here, still warm, is the blessing of this awakening I hardly expected after the consumption of the previous days. I'm awake now, yet cold and dead.

My eyes wander around the sparsely furnished room the rent of which has threatened to devour us from time to time. Our mansion. Violet walls. Soothing and stimulating at the same time. The angel in my arms does not seem to know either why this silence is such a paradox.

Actually, she does not seem to remember anything at all. I check the body functions of my drug queen. Slowed pulse, conspicuously shallow breathing. Broken-winged angel. An old

acquaintance. The love of my life. The heiress of my insanity. It does not require any memories to tell our story, only intense interhumanity and – as mentioned above – insanity in its common manifestation. I did not make that up!

I grope for my filter cigarettes. Living room table. Living room? Living? Mind overdose! I laugh heartily, my inner insanity must be recognisable in my yellow eyes.

The lighter ares up for a second. By inhaling I transfer the ame to a cheap tobacco product. Pain is the evidence for my being alive, it feels like the caress of a jackhammer. Survival after another intoxication. Yet I'm worried about my angel. Her white skin looks neon yellow in my druggy eyes. She only wears underwear and her body looks like a yellow stream, only interrupted by two black bridges, running down my legs. Her human scent covers the smell of the poison. But I do only notice that after having selected my perception and kept myself from puking all over the resting body of my lover by means of self-hypnosis.

Her left hand clutches an emptied bottle. I examine the little finger of her left hand for five and a half minutes, the first sign of life of the dead drunk princess since I started to watch her. It moves up and down and seems to pet the bottle. Since she is deadlike right now I interpret this view of the comatose movement, probably in uenced by the alcohol intake, as a sign of her endless life-embracing passion.

Thoughts are eeing from me. The detail amorousness of my intensive examination causes yellow rings to appear when looking at the paltry, empty wall. For some reason the effects of my

self-hypnosis start to fade sooner than expected. Food wants to get out.

But I quickly manage to bend my upper body forward in order not to let the greyygreenyellowish mess end up on my goddess and let it splash on the tiles instead.

She will thank me for it, I think. Somehow she will thank me for not covering her with the contents of my stomach.

I feel like fucking her right now, until the day World War III is over. My puke stinks like hell. But I don't feel like getting up off this piece of furniture and just live on. This entire crap in here makes me puke. Like I just did on this cheap, badly tiled, cold floor, covered with the waste of our togetherness. Unstoppable urge to run amok. I dither between the lust to kill and a self-destructive dance theatre.

I get up, standing barefooted in my puke. The fucking head of the bitch banging heavily on the glass table somehow gives me pleasure. I roar with laughter. She seems to return from her coma trip and shyly blinks with her squinting eyes. This provokes long-forgotten aggressions inside of me. When she slowly adopts some kind of upright position I throw a carelessly put down, half-empty beer bottle in her crumpled, drunk and sorrowful face. Her nasal bone breaks, it sounds like taking a lusty bite off a fucking slice of crispbread, only about four times as loud.

Her blood splashes in all directions upon the collision with the deposit bottle. Red pearls in my puke, red streams on violet walls, red puddles in her fucking face. Tears do only provoke further anger.

I move towards this defenceless piece of poisoned human flesh and punch her spaced-out,

soft body which seems to seep deeper into the sofa everytime my fists strike. I interpret that as cowardice and keep on battering her. Her eyes dehisce. Her fucking seductive eyes. I fall off the sofa while sitting on her, thrashing the life out of her. Insatiable bloodthirst. Her head in my hands. I let it crash onto the tiles a couple of times which in their sensitivity break into pieces.

I can't smash the wench's fucking skull. She squeals like a pig of which a leg is being cut off with a sharp knife while still alive. She is not even able to talk sense. Not even able to beg me to stop. So I go on taking her out, just like she has done with me for a long time. She does not only live with me but also lives on my money, deliberately and utterly unscrupulous. Her approaching end symbolizes my acquittal. Soon my fists do only meet pulpy red flesh, and the pretty fast flowing stream of blood creates a puddle around her head, the view of which electrifies me and invites me to go on battering her euphorically.

I pay tribute to her, our insipid time, the inability to love and my inability to run away. To other realms. Thought-images.

I leave her motion-, face- and expressionless body. Stand above her. A smile for her, lying there in her perfect, depraved carnality. Bend down to her once again. Bid her farewell with a kiss on that part of her face which used to be her cheek. She is so sweet, even now with this insubstantial skull and without that horniness in her eyes. This slut has made a miscalculation.

I step out in the garden and greet the new day. And I assume it's a fucking Sunday.

... collateral damages with his sense of macabre humour.

He uses language skillfully, expressing the inner conflicts and ambivalence of the protagonists.

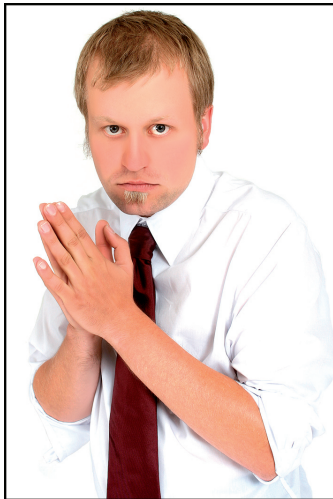
The different episodes of the book fall into place at the end of the book, thus creating a cohesive work which is bigger than the sum of its parts.

Just like in Quentin Tarantino's «Pulp Fiction», apparent coincidences are strung together and one slowly realizes that the character of the second episode has already made an appearance in the first episode.

Thus there's a thread running through this analysis of society and it soon becomes clear that it was blood that made this thread look shining red ...



## Vita



Dirk Bernemann started to express his worldview and state of mind to an audience back in 1989, mainly through different musical projects, playing a mixture of experimental sounds and raw three-chord punk rock. Before long, his early texts were published in various anthologies – without being accompanied by music.

His debut book „I Have Seen Innocence Puke“ was published by Ubooks in 2005 and attracted the public's attention. Bernemann's book received numerous reviews and reached a total circulation of 10.000 copies within a year. The author's readings, one of them held within the scope of the official programme of the book fair in Leipzig, left a fascinated and stunned audience behind.

Bernemann – neither regarding himself as an art project nor an artist nor a plain reporter – simply refers to himself as an author and leaves any further interpretation to the readers and critics who gladly pick up the thread and give their fancy full scope.

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