

Second Chapter

Art and Icons

First Life

- ICU -

Skye is the Limit

Of course, I am aware of what the brothers mean and I know the brothers without you and you without the brothers and see that you are something most notable together – but, it is simply your voice, the voice of an angel, also "The Unthanks" are - today - far more than Rachel and Becky. Allow me therefore - Skye!

I see you in your red dress, feathers - also the white - you like feathers, at dresses, another angel had them in her hair once, and then as warbonnet, you like them as part of your self-made dresses! And then your hair - incredible! And your voice - I find no more words! You are the angel that fascinates me the most! Of course it is also the music, and the words - it is the unity of all and I am drowning once again - but it is a completely different drowning like with Elizabeth! She tears me down, gives me no chance, and leads me into a frenzy, in which I can think of drugs only! Your drowning is different!

It is a slow drowning, you are tender, it seems as if I could turn at any time, as if you only would make an offer that you, taken for granted, could refuse! But then it is quite obvious, actually you are still more inexorable as Elizabeth - she lets no doubt in what she will do to you, you are clever, you obfuscate your intentions, so long until it is too late, and the drowning, who is always in the devious belief that he could, at any time, swim back to shore, realizes, that he is already lost and him only remains the final capitulation - you take me with, very deep down, smile at me - this is the end

Heilbronn

As my life could have been ended already twice
As I could have taken a life
As I watched TV secretly at night
As I timidly discovered that there was other music
As I timidly discovered that there were other films
I made a discovery that should change me
Not immediately, slowly, again and again - until finally

I do not remember exactly when I entered the public library in Heilbronn for the first time. How I got my reader's pass. But I still know exactly how I discovered it for me step by step. If you entered it you could immediately see the shelves with books through the glass panels, which were lined up in the, to the entrance hall adjoining, hall. And for me quite practical, science, especially astronomy and physics, was at the very front. I just had to enter the hall and had everything I wanted. But with the time

I began to become increasingly interested in the other shelves - geography, history, biology and more. Then backmost - movies and visual art to which I had no relationship at that time. Movies! I borrowed them all, the little blue volumes with all the fascinating movies of all the directors and in fact, some I had already seen! And now I began to understand them also! Before, at home, at night, they were confusing – just no normal movies - somehow different - confusing - and sometimes also - Dominique

And then there was still another discovery! I had already noticed that there were no novels, and that other visitor came down the stairs at the side sometimes. So I took courage and one day I crested the stairs also and was deeply amazed! Again glass panels and behind it further, countless shelves with books - novels, poems - but of most of the authors I had heard never before something. And then there was a smaller room with English and French books and also in other languages. Only English I knew a bit, but for the books it was not enough! And then, to the very end I discovered that it went upstairs still right to the top, almost under the roof. In a small room there were records and books about music. Books I could still borrow some – records I did not dare because I was afraid to scratch them, and aside from that only my sister had a simple record player. And then, anyway, was an end with the glory!

It was a nice time - the time in the library, the time with the books. It was the time when I discovered so much beautiful – did something so indescribable.

Then the serious side of life began – was it no already serious enough? For the next three years, I lost the books and the movies, but discovered the music more and more. I had also bought me a record player and my first records. Pink Floyd - Wish You Were Here - and I began to forget

H.-J. Kunst

I see you with your pointer over the shoulder - what a beautiful anachronism – walking up and down. It has something contemplative to listen to you, and when you can not remember a name, the students wait until it comes to your mind again. Too bad that I could only listen to you such a short-time – never I had this feeling again when I listen to someone who speaks about art!

Warnemünde

Often I walked through the streets, watched the tourists, ate fish sandwiches while I watched the ships when coming and going – walked over the beach. Your little station, the impressive Russian sailing ship that one could visit! How high the masts were, the shrouds - whether I would get dizzy if I were allowed to climb up? The railing! It was beautiful and when I closed my eyes, I could sail with it in the storm - if they still needed a ship's cook - how ridiculous, I would, even if I would seriously consider doing so, never dare to ask - but the thought was beautiful, simply to put out to sea, among so many strangers, a language I did not speak, an aim that I did not know - so I eating my fish sandwiches further on and watched the ships to

Conan O'Brien

In one of his broadcasts - or probably better "shows" - he conversed with a guest, probably from Europe. He talked about, that the celebrities are the same for the USA, as what the royals are for Europe.

I think both are boring. Interestingly seem to me already the icons, the American icons to be.

Augsburg

For me, the city of the small streams – through the city, the narrow streets they extended - small and fragile, with beautiful riverbanks, beautiful trees. And even in this one could drown!

Teacher

at the piano
next - Peter Maurer - vocally – just “C”

Munich

Only one time I visited the zoo, and remembered me are just the big moose! Strange, in Sweden I had seen non, now they stood in their impressive size in front of me! Truly beautiful animals, with their magnificent antlers, theirs so long legs, and the massive bodies – preferably I would have stroked them.

The Gamba Player

How beautiful you are in your splendid red robe - in this enormous skirt. You have legs apart, although one can see the tips of your shoes only, a truly immense amount of fabric! This was always so or was this garment specially cut? And even the instrument is on the fabric!

The instrument! How big, almost sweeping it is! Even, it seems to be a little taller than you! And the really huge bow! And your attitude which results from it - the one hand, the elegant fingers, on the fretboard, the other, equally elegant, with the arc! But most fascinating appears to me like you hold the bow! I know that one kept him in this manner in your time, but it looks amazingly, and yet so elegant, but somehow unnatural – completely I wonder, how one could play the instrument in this fashion – like a lady on horseback in the women's seat. So indescribably elegant on the one hand, but on the other hand, yet so absurd, so unnatural! But surely, this question did not arise in your time – or!

I look at you, your instrument - how elegant everything is! And then I wish that you would start to move, to play and tones would arise! I close my eyes and listen to you - what a beautiful instrument the gamba still is! I love her gorgeous sound, much more than the one of her successors - a pity that one can hear you so rarely – I would love to see you much more often!

I take a deep breath, the tears fall quietly and I'm not sure why. Is it your grace, your elegance, your beauty - the many people who live in misery, while you, play this wonderful music with your instrument?

Friedberg

The city was beautiful, the city wall, and the location gorgeous. I walked for hours through it, the many small recesses, the beautiful church. In winter, I walked through untouched paths and fields, sinking in deeply as I was used to from home only from my first memories! I had a nice, small apartment, often went to the superette - my car I had sold as in Munich - and cooked me something when I was not on the way. I often dine out, too many nice options there to sit in the evening, to eat something, to drink something. This was the only satisfactoriness in my work, I started early and finished early, so I had the evenings for me - in my profession no normality. So I sat often among people - alone - and felt free and relaxed somehow - also in retrospective a nearly lovely time - except the thoughts on the bathroom.

Piano

I sit at the piano, and my hands touching the keys gently
I will never learn to play an instrument
You have to love your uncle very much

Augsburg

Right next to the train station was a bowling center in which I often went. Not to go bowling!
I sat at a table, always ate a burger, and looked the guests while they bowled, had fun and
enjoyed the evening. I enjoyed their presence

Girl With Guitar

Girl with long hair and guitar - what a YouTube topos. But honestly, from time to time I love
to hear them: Riley Biederer, Alyssa Bernal, Andie - and of course Jess Greenberg!

You have very nice voices - more beautiful than the original singers? Absolutely, but you sing
the songs only, this is not meant offensive, but the artistic act in itself, is certainly the writing
of the songs, and the composition of the music.

But who says that! One that struggles to bring off something at least once! Be proud of your
singing and the many enthusiastic listeners that you have – myself included.

Heiligendamm

Oh cold Baltic Sea, you're not a proper sea, even if you do not see the other shore, standing on
the beach, often pebbly, often harsh - but always beautiful, varied, not just flat, not like your
neighbor to the north - and always you are there, never leaves one, never have to wait, you're
reliable, and somehow I have taken you to my heart, even if I'm afraid that you do not want to
be at this place

The Most Beautiful

The most beautiful thing I ever saw was, when I as a little boy in the winter, when it got dark
early, went out of the house and looked up the garden. There stood three mighty firs on the
left – back then. On the right a large, mighty fruit tree – back then. They concealed the
twinkling stars behind.

But between them the mighty Orion and his two dogs had just enough space together in order
to let something wonderful happened.

Betelgeuse, Rigel, Procyon and Sirius - never I will see anything more beautiful

Wertheim

It was beautiful to stroke the horses, to touch them, to feel their strength, but also their gentleness. A fair bit of melancholy conjoins to me with this time!

Elizabeth

If you are not an artist and I assume wrongly that you are one - who cares! Your music is neat anyway!

But if I assume that you are not an artist, but you are one, maybe a very special artist, then this seems to me so tragic and terrible that I do not want to assume that for that reason alone! Apart from this: Your music is neat!

Augsburg

Narrow streets, small streams, small shops and small restaurants or cafes. In backyards, under shady trees, with small menus, homemade, presented nicely, guests who chat lively with themselves - two, four or even more - quiet evenings at my table – watching them.

Speech

I stand at the lectern, an immense crowd in front of it.
Not on a stage - I'm the dictator!
Everyone is waiting for my speech.
What will I tell them?

I do not know, I really do not know!

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor."
(Charles Spencer Chaplin, The Great Dictator)

Or rather!

"Do you want....."
(Joseph Goebbles)

Maybe!

Heady, the thought of the cheering crowd!
At the lechery, which is no longer to beat!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Kühlungsborn

The boardwalk, the, admitted not just large, sea, the wind, the salt-breeze, but also the little wood - it was nice to be here! Most I enjoyed it to sit in one of the small restaurants with a few to the sea, to watch the people as they walked up and down, and to eat matie with fried potatoes - the best I ever ate!

Elvis

What if they would still be alive today - Morrison, Joplin, Moon, Hendrix? Would they be fat, old and a cartoon of its own today? Would they have played in a glitter dress also?

And if?

Everything would be better than dying young – anyone who claims something else is an idiot and hypocrite! At least I would have been happy, if you would have been able to keep going on.

Augsburg

Your small river, so nice to walk along it. For hours, to the reservoir and continue. Only rarely someone comes your way, I miss it very much! Not that I can not walk along a river now, but you were especially beautiful. I hope once again to have the pleasure to go along on you

Art

Life imitates art?

There is no life

Just Art

Wertheim

Two rivers determine my view of Wertheim for me:

One flowed sluggishly past my workplace, in the period between lunch and dinner, I sometimes lay in the grass on its shore and looked at the water as it flowed there calmly till one of the ships disturbed it and brought it into disorder. It then took again a whole time until it calmed down and the previous state was restored, until the next disruption!

The other was shallow, flowed faster, more hectic. With pleasure I stood on the bridge and looked at the water, it was fast, but the sight had something, I might almost say – meditative.

Sometimes I sat in my car and just drove along on one of the rivers, letting myself be surprised what possibly will come. So I found some nice places and cities on the near side, as well as on the opposite bank. They were beautiful rides, as well as the, often hours long, ways in the woods.

Dix

The War; Triptych; Cartoon

I stand in front of it, weep shattered, but no one sees it, can not start to cry in an exhibition, cry inside of me, no one sees it – why?

Heiligendamm

Gladly I were your guest, your forests, your hills, almost alike thence where I came from.

I drove by car on the road, from time to time came a few houses, left and right, then it took some time until again some came. At home one drove from one village into the other, from one city into the other.

I also rode my bicycle gladly, it than took even longer until again houses came, or along the small sea what was even more beautiful. On top of the dike, always seeing the water, smelling and hearing. On the coast, sometimes gently inclining towards the small sea, sometimes harshly.

Long I ain't ridden a bike, have long, not even seen a small sea

Résumés

I'm almost exactly 20 years older than you - well eight days. 1985 - as you were born, I did something wonderful. The 15th year of age was a moment of change for both of us and the three years from fifteen to eighteen were important for us. You discovered art and I lost it again. Before it did not exist for you and you probably had your problems - I had a carefree time - what a statement! - and watched films and saw music programs secretly at night. At the age of eighteen much changed for us. You began to be an artist and I could, in form of literature, painting and music, find art for me at least again. At the age when I began to study you released your first album. Today you are famous and I

The middle name of my mother is Elisabeth

Augsburg

Your large forest, the beautiful river at its side, almost wild. In summer and in winter it was nice in it and to walk along, often for hours - forest, I loved her always, in her I felt secure, the trees, the leaves, the small paths, often it is sufficient to walk a short distance to loose yourself in her, to become invisible. The mood and the sounds, they reassure me, bestow me serenity. The animals, the birds, a nimble squirrel or even a shy deer and maybe even a fox. Nice hours

Music

Sometimes a stanza is enough
Sometimes a verse is enough
Sometimes a word is enough
Sometimes not even a word is necessary

Karlsruhe

Only briefly I was in this city, but did not live in it, came in the morning, went in the evening, when I early with labor, which I had only briefly, was finished, I stayed gladly somewhat, before I went back. You are a beautiful city, almost too beautiful, sometimes too much beauty appears boring, Botanical garden, at the zoo I was never, not even in the castle, went a bit through the streets, drank a coffee, but never have you really gotten to know, two of the most important albums I ever bought, I bought in you - perhaps this was the most important, the most significant, which combines with you - aspirations, a lot, but them I just had always

Cover Version

Emilie Simon "*True Colors*" and "*Space Oddity*" are certainly no cover versions, she simply sings the songs.

Also Lana del Rey "*Heart Shaped Box*" is certainly not a cover, she sings the song, showing thus what she can, that she can.

The Pierces "*Come As You Are*" is also none - even if they are close to it - they would not have to be able to omit the guitar? Only their voices and with pleasure some rhythm, that would have been great.

For me, a cover is a reinterpretation of the music whereby the text differently, often more terse, appears. I think of Jimi Hendrix or Eric Burdon. A very nice example is "*Mad World*".

More and more I like it also when songs are sung a cappella: Harvard, Cocktails, Rubyfruit and many more! Many a hour I have spent with you and spot many a song entirely new – thank you!

Munich

It was very nice to walk along on the Isar, renatured, just nice and relaxing. You are able to start walking simply for no reason, when tiredness commences, always a beer garden or at least a possibility to rest, a snack, a beer and lemonade, was given. I loved it to spend the days off thus, just like that, without a plan, simply in nature, although the city began just a stone's throw away. Was I too tired, for the homecoming, a possibility to drive home by tram or subway was never far! And the river, flat, fast, but always a calm radiating, always like a gal pal waiting to be visited in order then to be happy about this visit in an honest matter.

Joyce

A strange picture imposes itself to me again and again. I sit with Joyce and Nora at a table. But not with Joyce I talk, but very excited with Nora - I notice him not at all! Whenever he tries to get into the conversation, I fob him off!

When I think of Nora, I think of Tess – was it wrong, what she did?

Augsburg

Zeughaus Stuben – not that one could not eat well elsewhere in Augsburg, but the Zeughaus Stuben had still something that raised it above all! Some times it hits you, you see something that outcrops as ideal such perfect that one for no reason, without to reflect on, only can accept it admiring! And so, when I close my eyes, I see her in front of me me, the pretty young woman who was not to top as an ideal of a Bavarian waitress. Her colorful dirndl were the prettiest and most elegant, her elaborate braided hairstyles the most beautiful, and her smile the most enchanting that I have ever seen.

Gladly I would travel to again, but I fear that she would no longer be there - or even more tragic, would be off that very day!

Marcel Reich-Ranicki

Did he once said that he have become a critic because he is unable to write a novel himself?
What an absurd idea!

I will never dare to criticize you - what a horrible thought - just because I am not able to do what you can!

I will thank you and worship you

You pronounce that, what I would love to say
You pronounce that, what I do not dare to say
You pronounce that, what I can not say

You are my angels, who protect me
You are my hope
You are my salvation

I'm bleeding

Smells Like Teen Spirit – Tori Amos

Your voice, the words, the tones of the grand piano - everything hurts, aches so infinitely - please tell me that it is not the slinky red thing that you wear

Your eyes, your glances - how many times I am the one on your back - just a metaphor, just a disgusting fantasy - why I wish me that you treat me like a dog, that you put your hands around my neck

All my angels I would like to ask, better, I would like to talk to them about what they feel when they play their music, sing their songs - to ask that question you would frighten me, I would be afraid of the answer, would be afraid to get to know what you feel when you play and sing your songs

Why then, I can not stop it listening to them - actually there are only two - “Crucify” and this - the third, the third I can not - but most of all, why I can not stop watching you

A denial!

(Tori Amos, Smells Like Teen Spirit, Montreux 1992)

These tears I've cried

I've cried 1000 oceans

(Tori Amos, 1000 Oceans)

Paradise

I will not consider "Blue Velvet" - commercial, and there is a better version - the original version. But I would like to say in this context that I perceive the commercial as simply ridiculous and do not understand anyway why comparisons are drawn to David Lynch always. Apart from the fact that I better say nothing about Lynch - there is a documentation that says it all - I consider this reference for somewhat absurd.

Furthermore the three titles of "Tropico" - "Body Electric", "Gods & Monsters" and "Bel Air" - because I will consider them in detail, along with the short film, in the fourth chapter.

Ride

I will consider the short version at this point only. I will go into the spoken text of the longer version on another place.

The text:

Quick and painless, the text is fantastic! He is like one of those so typical American road movies - of endless vastness and beauty.

*Dying young and I'm playing hard
That's the way my father made his life an art
Drink all day and we talk 'til dark
That's the way the road dogs do it – ride 'til dark.*

Jim Morrison!

Him, you have to worship – the first LP; the first song

*You know the day destroys the night
Night divides the day
Tried to run
Tried to hide
Break on through the other side
Break on through the other side
Break on through the other side, yeah
(The Doors, Break On Through (The Other Side))*

Will there ever be such a first song on a first album again? What a feeling it must have been 1967 to put on this record and thus for the first time, first to hear Densmore, than Manzarek and Krieger, and finally Morrison! I can understand very well that you have to talk to him, who does not - with him the frenzy began - so long ago - so long repressed - but now it is back - you gave it back to me - *before you slip into unconsciousness*

*I hear the birds on the summer breeze,
I drive fast, I am alone at midnight,
Been tryin' hard not to get into trouble,
But I, I've got a war in my mind.*

*So, I just ride, just ride,
I just ride, I just ride.*

I would like with you, to hear the birds
Would like with you, to feel the summer breeze
Would like with you, to go on tour
Would like with you, to be alone at midnight
Would like by you, to be led to war

Only in this manner I will be able to resist

*I'm tired of feeling like I'm fucking crazy
I'm tired of driving 'til I see stars in my eyes
It's all I've got to keep myself sane, baby
So I just ride, I just ride*

The only thing that still keeps me, is to go on travel with you. The road is still long and will take us far into the past. But at some point we will arrive, what awaits us then – who knows?

I would love to be fucking crazy – am tired – am alone – but you

With one pretty song

The video:

The video is divided into different levels. These are in order of appearance:

- 1.) Grant as singer in different clothes
- 2.) Display boards with concerts of Lana del Rey
- 3.) Grant with three men
- 4.) Grant with bikers
- 5.) Grant with the American flag
- 6.) The last minute of the video

These components are shown in a different sequence during the video. I want to tell these different stories individually.

1.) Grant as a singer in different clothes:

At the beginning she can be seen in a white dress with long curly hair and a slightly shy - innocent? - appearing performance. She looks very elegant. Hands applaud her, the hands of the bikers. Thus she can be seen again for seconds at the end of the video.

In the second appearance, she wears a red dress. Disco balls can be seen. She is no longer just behind the microphone, but has it in her hand and swaying with the music. But her facial expression does not look happy, rather introverted.

The last appearance shows her in a yellow strapless dress. A shot shows her feet and her high heels in close-up. She sings in front of a curtain in a theater with small candles on the edge of

the stage. The bikers are her audience again. This dress is a very elegant low-cut one. She is significantly more confident, the Satan gesture (Satan greeting) is celebrated by the bikers.

Once again we see her to the end of the video as a singer in close-up. The jewelry from the final appearance can be seen. Now she looks directly into the camera, appears confident, laid-back and relaxed - got things straightened out?

2.) Display boards with concerts of Lana del Rey:

It starts with the "Neptune" and a "World Premiere" - "Lana del Rey". It is the "Neptune Theater" in Seattle.

On the next announcement we see Lana del Rey in the opening act. The venue I have not figured out.

I also have problems with the third venue where Lana del Rey appears as main act.

3.) Grant with three men:

In the first scene she stands in front of a pinball machine, bent over slightly, with her hands she supports herself against the machine. She wears hot pants and a shirt. A rather scruffy effecting man stands behind her who plays with the pinball. They laugh, the mood seems to be in high spirits. In the next scene of both he helps her out of a car. Both give a kiss of greeting to each other - two fists touching.

Now again in front of the pinball. She hands him a cigarette - again? - backwards. She looks tempting. Both in closeup. Now she has the cigarette again, pulls on it, takes the thumb in her mouth and lies down on the pinball with the upper body: *Don't break me down*. He strokes her hair to the side and kisses her on the shoulder.

Close up of Grant as she lies on the pinball. He is no longer visible. She has dropped the cigarette in the previous scene obviously. Very briefly, we see her in close-up laying on the pinball at the end of the video once again.

This time we see Grant in a terribly kitschy appearing room. She wears a turquoise dress, short and low-cut, she has a large red ribbon in her hair. She sits on the lap of a big, heavysset man, also rather scruffy effecting. He combs her hair. Her face seems to be empty, absent-minded. The whole scene seems to be somewhat surreal. A brief close-up of the two heads, then one of the legs. Again he combs her hair - quiet and seemingly endearing. Does she like it?

The feet in close-up, they dance, now you can see that she is barefoot. Then, the upper bodies of the two. He is significantly larger. She looks fragile. But it seems to be tender, as he embraces her with caution. She has put her arms around his neck, it seems to please her. In the next scene, we see her as singer in the yellow dress making the Satan gesture.

An extreme close-up follows in witch she nestled her head on his massive chest. She seems to be anxious and desperate: *Don't leave me now*. Then the scene opens and we see both, she turns around, and the scene narrows again on Grant. His hand strokes her hair back. Then we see both embraced closely, one of the lamps in the background dazzles. Again, he strokes her hair. In its tenderness, the scene appears unreal, almost as if it should not be: *Leave me high and dry*.

Once again we see both at the end of the video for a short-time. They dance facing each other in close embrace. He laid his head on her shoulder, she envelops his neck with her hand.

The third man breaks with the preceding. He appears well maintained, he represents at the first glance everything you'd called suave or business man - from the recording industry? He looks relaxed, talks to Grant. She is wearing a stylish white dress and has laid her arm around his neck. But her sight is directed downwards. Both standing on a balcony.

His second appearance is as a listener when Grant wears the red dress. Then we see a motel. It's the Fergusons Motel in Las Vegas, she and the man are on its balcony. After a cut, we see Grant in her white, elegant dress in the corner of the balcony, alone. She looks absently. Another cut, and she sits with just this expression and closed eyes on the man's lap. He caresses her shoulder, she plays with his hair. He looks into the distance.

Again we see Grant in the corner of the balcony. A strap is slid down. Then she sits on his lap again. But this time filmed through the bars of the balcony. Both look at each other, smiling. We can look under Grant's dress, see her underwear. It gives the impression of an enamored couple: *Been tryin' hard not to get into trouble*. Again alone on the balcony, she bends extremely far over the railing. The short dress slides up - her facial expression? *But I, I've got a war in my mind*.

Three appearances, three dresses, three announcements, three men! Sure they are assigned, even if I can not do this reliably and therefore will not do so. Some comments:

About the first man is often written that she has sex with him on the pinball. Can I see it this way? She appears affectionate to him, he very tenderly. Her expression in the doubtful scenes? I do not know, but if I wanted to express that the man standing behind her, and we do not see, has sex with her, her expression seems to me to be very irritating, especially since she lies completely quiet on the pinball. But perhaps this question is simply not so important!

The second man corresponds like the first the type "trucker", actually a lot more. To me she seems, in her dress and the red ribbon, as a trash version of Lolita, vulnerable, not from this world, innocent yet seductive - in a setting that is not surpassed in unreality, unless by the sight, if he, in infinitely tender, combs her hair, while she sits on his lap. All this seems to be much more interesting, than the big question on the pinball. Many times I would wish it to be able to ask her some questions. Also, if I may have to accept that she would not answer me them.

You like Nabokov very! - I've just started to read "Lolita", but found no favor in it, other books by him I have not even started - could be a mistake! And filmings? Kubrick - every word superfluous, the remake - every word pointless.

The third man? From type, quite different. Even if there is a moment where both seem to be in high spirits, they do not seem to be happy, no real tenderness can be seen, although this would seem to fit here. And when she bends over the railing at the end? And why are the first two men to see again at the end of the video, but he does not? As I said: Sometimes I would just like to talk to you, Ms. Grant.

4.) Grant with bikers:

Before the singer starts to sing for the first time, we see the hands and faces of the bikers as they applaud her and shout.

In the next scene with the bikers we see five of them - all men. They sit and stand on a rock, in the background a vast, magnificent panorama opens up. One can be seen the tips of the American flag, as they flutter in the wind. One of the bikers, still on the rock, shoots with a gun.

Subsequently, we see a group of bikers, five men, a woman as well as Grant, who are standing by their parked bikes. After a cut, two bikers during urination, and subsequently the woman wearing sunglasses and a shotgun. She shoots it, what obviously makes her fun.

The bikers ride on a highway. One has secured the gun to the sissy bar. On one the woman rides along, on another Grant. The atmosphere is extremely relaxed. The motorcycles very classic, of course "Easy Rider" comes to ones mind. Grant seems happy and lets, with closed eyes, her hair waft in the wind. Finally they drive towards the sun.

A gas station at night. Grant stood at one of the gas pumps. Dressed in boots, hot pants, shirt and fringed jacket, she waits smoking. She seems to be absent. Then the bikers appear and excited she gets on. We see her talking and laughing with the biker on whose bike she sits. When he hit the road she lays her head back, she's happy.

Now a party begins, the highlight of the video, whom I would like to discuss especially.

*I'm tiered of feeling
Like I'm fuckin' crazy!*

5.) Grant with the American flag:

We see her overall five times with the American flag. It is every time the situation on the rock with the bikers, even if she is seen in close-up only sometimes. She holds the flag in various ways:

The first time put around to the shoulder.

The second and third time (very short) she holds the flag over her head. In these images, the flag flutters in the wind.

The fourth time she holds, presses, the flag herself on the chest.

The last time she has put the flag around her neck.

6.) The last minute of the video (from 3:23 on – 77 sec):

We see in the course of the last part of the video once again the first two men, Grant as a singer with the white and yellow dress (perceive on the earrings) and also Grant with the American flag laid around her neck. There is a lack of the serious man and the singer in the red dress.

Otherwise, we see a group of bikers at a boisterous party. It is drunk, shot, made nonsense - driven by bike through the fire - and more. The mood is relaxed. And Grant? I want to discuss this in different sections.

First of all her magnificent warbonnet attracts attention. In this size and with these gorgeous feathers it was an award for an extremely brave and successful warrior - a powerful chief! Also thought as reminiscence of her former live, the work on an Indian reservation? In particular the last shot where the headdress is backlit - *I'm just ride, I'm just ride* - and she looks at the viewer directly, makes the headdress especially come to prestige - like an aura - almost like out of this world she appears.

In her hand she holds a gun, which she briefly adheres at the temple at one of the scenes, or is it more of a tap: *But I've got a war in my mind*. This she pulls across the cheek then, the lips, and the heart: *Just ride*.

At the end of the video Grant is hilarious, laughs with the bikers, celebrates with them. When singing she seems to lose herself in her music, completely merge in it. When she kisses one of the bikers at the end she seems to be at the finish, now she finds the security, the freedom, she has sought. And at the last picture where Grant looks at the viewer frontally and the warbonnet appears like an aura in light, she has become another. The singer from the beginning, in the white dress, with uncertain appearance, has disappeared, another person is looking at us, a proud warrior, now proud singer, proud artist. Every reason she has after this song and this video all times.

Some associations I still have:

The feathers remember me when she sings in "*Brooklyn baby*" of the feathers in her hair - Sparkle Jump Rope Queen? - probably a little far-fetched?

The situation at the motel reminds me of Lizzy Grant and songs like "*Trash*" or "*Mermaid Motel*".

I have a feeling that I would like to be one of the truckers, or of course the bikers, but please not the serious man at the motel.

And I remember my feathers, my two-sided pendants in the ears and other.

Conclusion:

For me, one of the best songs of Elizabeth Grant, not to mention the video. What should be anti-feministic, pornographic thereto, will not come into my mind. I do not think it is because I have suddenly lost my orientation – Marburg, feministic approach in art history - Orlando - Simone de Beauvoir I just can not reenact! Therefore, I assume that, until proven otherwise, the accusations are simply nonsense, one should listen to the song and watch the video, in order to – after some contemplation – and only then, to say something about. And if I understand everything wrong now, fall for Ms. Grant's tricks? We already had: Who cares - the song is cool and the video much more - I'm fucking crazy – maybe soon

American

Short and crisp - a song like "*Flipside*", a song with which I just be at loose ends! And because it is sometimes better nothing to say, if you anyway have not much to say, I want to leave it at that. Should this change once I still can make up for it.

Did I understood the song now? Actually quite simple? Sometimes one should not think too complicated – sometimes one should not think at all – sometimes one should just - like now!

As always in the morning it bursts out of me!
Take a slip of paper, quick!
Boot up the computer!
Today you do not have to work!
Boot!
Quick!

Notes, words, references ... quick! ... please do not forget anything!
Booted up - File - Which chapter? - Two!
Open up - quick - Notes!
Lasts!
Slip of paper - quick - Write!
Without thinking - affective - that you're able to so great!
Affective!

The last time

This time, this time you're your own target, this time you strike
You want to strike - cause pain - maybe even kill
If it needs to be - and it seems to be almost as - you'll also kill
Everything open! - Everything ready! - Start to type!
Fucking Old Bastard!
You do not deserve, continuing hide yourself

I lie in the morning, just waking, still partly in another, more beautiful world. Have tonight again at last observed my star – 01:30 am till 02:50 am. Very quickly it went, concentrated, intense, without any problem whatsoever - Jupiter I have omitted but than. The sun is already shining in my window, but directly I can't see her not yet – 08:10 am.

*You make me crazy, you make me wild
Just like a baby, spin me 'round like a child*

*Be young, be dope, be proud
Like an American*

Everything is so easy? The childhood, this innocence, this lightheartedness? Does she simply sing about the time in which she still had this? When she was young - the American flag, not only in "Ride", also plenty of other songs and videos - when she was intoxicated - and take such things not always literally - please! For example, she sings once that she feels like a beat poet on drugs - Please! - She feels like! - She does not sing: I'M ON DRUGS - is that so difficult to understand!?! - I can - always better - perhaps also entirely once

I was only very briefly innocent, then ...
I was slightly longer unburdened, then ...

Emotionally, I'm Lizzy - that's presumptuous when I say that?
I have already said that I'm going to ask you before, then when someone
Let an Old Man his dreams
It will remain dreams always

So, emotionally I'm Lizzy
Not at the beginning
Later, when you commit your stupidities

Then your savior came
I have had many saviors
But I'm not following them
Just like you - be Lana and remain
You know how much I love May and the early Lizzy
I'll still tell you - admit
How much I dream of this unburdened and innocent time
And Sparkle! I would get to know her so much!
Brite Lites?

Emotionally I will always remain Lizzy
But for others
As a very clever man said, free quoted
When he looks in the mirror after amplest morning toilet:
As always, outside perfect, inside a wreck!

Slowly I'm getting fucking crazy - and I love it!

Six things I want to do!
At two I'm working!
Three I can do not until later, then when they are completed and well
Except for the most beautiful, simply because the most hyphy!

For some time now, the idea is growing
And now I have to say it simply once
That if enough time still remains to me
If it do not run out and run away to me
I now know what will be on my tombstone:

Peter Paul Grant
13th June 1965 - born at Heilbronn, Germany
XX.XX.XXXX - died at ?????, USA
Like an American - Proud like an American

Hey! I'm not an idiot, and certainly I will diss nobody!
I'm not saying that my Miss Grant have to be called Elizabeth
And even if
It would be kind of cool
And a bit of think about should reveal that Grant is not exactly a rare name
And surely it should give some among them witch called Elizabeth
Well, there is still the problem of whether one of them
Wants to marry an old German
Of the rest - inside him - I do not want to talk
But he would be grateful, I am very sure about that!

And finally: Yes, presently I know of only one Elizabeth Grant!
Often it seems to me as if we were the very same person.
Just the last few days: "*Congeniality*" written,
"*Paradise*" finished "*Tropico*" completed as far as "*Gods & Monsters*"
"*Bel Air*" will become very interesting for me
And yes, again and again I have the impression
Her songs, she has written only for me

*Only you can take me there
I don't even know what I'm saying,*

Do I have to commentate that

How can it be that you know me so well
You angels looking in my deepest, most hidden inner
Why do you know me so well
Or do I know you only so well

What for a comforting thought
For the Old Man
Who never brought anything to pass
Who never will bring anything to pass
That it could be
Could, already that's enough!
That he could share something with his angels
Would this mean after all
Some of you
You angels
Could also be in me

I love you my angels
I love
Never I have said in my entire life to someone
To anyone!
Only to you!

And Beth: you I adore, for that what you have shown me
And Elizabeth: you I adore, for that what you're going to show me

I have the feeling, I should view "*Is This Happiness*" and "*Flipside*" more accurately

Oh Elizabeth, all your songs and videos are interesting
Sometimes I'm just too stupid
9:49 am

Cola

Couldn't I do anything with the song a moment ago, this changes abruptly now. But first I want to tell how I heard the song for the first time.

I have the video of "Born To Die" - I mean the good one, not the official - not discovered yet. Drive to work by car, about 5:30 am - it's still night. Return trip takes about 60 minutes - a CD every day. "Born To Die" I have listen to yesterday - mixed feelings! Now "Paradise" - "Ride" was interesting, "American" - well! And then "Cola" begins.

Violins! Well, I know already enough of yesterday! If need be....! Then she finally begins to sing, and what she sings!

My pussy tastes like Pepsi cola

OK! Did I understand that correctly! - Again, starting over!

My pussy tastes like Pepsi cola

OK! Now that's a text! Would like to hear it in German, by a German artist! But more!

My eyes are wide like cherry pies

OK! Drugs! - Not just something new by Ms. del Rey!

*I got a taste for men who older
It's always been so, it's no surprise*

OK! As an old man one hears such a thing quite favorably! And honestly, Ms. del Rey, I do not need to take the whole thing seriously - or? Or after all! 'Cause now it begins!

*Ah, he's in the sky with diamonds
And he's making me crazy*

Wow, the song gathers pace, and then, only a little later, it happened!

*Come on baby, let's ride
We can escape to the great sunshine*

Crap! What a song! Who cares the pussy, drugs and old men just now, now, now that it finally happened!

*Come on come on, come on come on, come on baby
Woah, ahh, yeah.*

And then, the whole thing again! Only still rougher, more intensive!

I fall asleep in an American flag

And finally, as if it were not enough!

*Drugs suck it up like vanilla icees
Don't treat me rough, treat me really niceys
Decorate my neck
Diamantes ices*

I'm just zonk out, sink in the song completely!

*Why, come on, come on
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, yeah*

The grand finale! - Shit, I should slow down!

I think the song simply epic! Can listen to it over and over again - ten, twenty times in succession, it is always the same! - What a song!

As in many of her best songs, Elizabeth Grant starts very simple, in order to, in several steps, to increase the music and her voice more and more! Also the grandiose parenthesis, here in her typical rap style, account for the tension of the songs - no simple verse-chorus scheme! Just as the incredible finale - her songs stand apart the usual style! There are a number of videos of "Cola", as she used the song as an opener. Some are simply heady - Olympia, April 27th, 2013! - I just do not know what else to say!

I could still go into the text, but the thing with the "pussy" and the flag, what Grant says, should be known. And about the rest anyone can think itself - or just soak up the great music in itself.

But I still want to mention an association:

*We can escape to the great sunshine
We made it out to the other side*

"Lucky Ones" imposes itself:

*Could it be that you and me are the lucky ones?
Finally, you and me are the lucky ones this time.*

It simply obtrudes itself: You will not make it! And if, when you escape, no sun will shine on the other side – also this time, you will not be the happy - Red Hot Chilly Peppers!

Yayo

"Yayo" is already published on "Lana del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant ". I want to talk about this wonderful song related to the other songs of the album. Especially the song on "Paradise" – sometimes the crappy violins annoy only! Sorry, but how beautiful the song is on "Lana del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant "! Therefore, in the fifth chapter:

The Early Work - From Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey

1.) The Change, Lizzy Grant becomes Lana Del Ray - New York 2008-2010

What is to say about "Paradise" now?

With this album Elizabeth Grant clearly shows that she wants more than ever to sing "*Video Games*"! Certainly, "*Blue Velvet*" is unnecessary, with "*American*" I can not do anything - but the rest!

The three songs of "*Tropico*" are fantastic. Pity - intent? - that there is always another song between them, since I love to listen to the songs at one go, straight, in a row. One can skip the songs in between. Especially the segue from "*Gods & Monsters*" to "*Bel Air*" I perceive as very inspiring.

"*Ride*", "*Cola*" and "*Yayo*" are three wonderful - elderly/old/very old? - songs.

I love "*Ride*"! Especially the video - I close my eyes and see someone other bent over the flipper – would I have been so tender but only, would have hugged you when you were barefoot, would have been capable to a gesture as the man who so unspeakably tender combs her hair. I love the text and wish me to just be fucking crazy.

"*Cola*"! What shall I still say, about the other side, the sun, the happiness? I hear the song, sink in it, drown in it, as once before - I love your songs Elizabeth Grant!

"*Yayo*"! Yes, the violins! Although they are in the background, but the gorgeous mood from the original reprobates somewhat towards a beautiful mood. If you do not know the original song, certainly very nice - but if you know it

Admittedly, when I heard "*Paradise*" the first time, I knew "*Lana del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*" not yet! So, also "*Yayo*" is a great song, that, with the others – also "*American*" - tells a story. More detailed it is told on "*Ultraviolence*", but also here the artist shows that she wants more.

"*Honeymoon*" is still announced only dare. It should be almost done? Once more in the direction of "*Born To Die*" it should go - completely overproduced? I do not think so! Knock something out like "*Ultraviolence*"!

Come As You Are – Emilie Simon

I hear your songs, sit at the computer, do not know you properly
„Come As You Are“ - Why not
It is nice to hear you and wonder, the stupid riffs in my head
How will she sing: „I swear...“, as slowly as she plays and sings
With her high and clear voice
Accompanied by the impressive interpret melody of the grand piano

„I swear...“
You begin and tears run down my cheeks

Why I have never listened!

But, you had one, damn you had one!
Yes, you had one!

That night I found you – Emilie
That night I listened to you for the first time - Kurt
That night I saw you on the side as proposal
Also a woman at the grand piano, just another song
That night I listened to you for the first time too – Tori
That night I heard you for the first time
And I must admit, with you it took a little
Had you not been able to omit the guitar, as Emilie
But we are still come together – The Pierces

That night I listened for the first time
You
And also me
Your words were so beautiful
Mine were so indescribably shameful
That night I realized

I don't have a choice

(Emilie Simon, Come As You Are, L'Olympia 2006)
(Nirvana)

Interpretations

You and me
We see the world through such different eyes

But nevertheless
I have the feeling of being so close to you, like no other people

Schopenhauer

(The World as Will and Representation - §52)

Is it not ironic that I follow him therein that the most high-pitched voices - female voices – something very special are. But apart from that, there are no things in common among us.

Why always this metaphysics - always this excess?

Does this not block the view of the essentials? I guess so. How else should one recognize the pure, simple beauty of the emotion in oneself!

Augsburg

The streams, the alleys, but especially the green spaces. There are lovely ones in the city, places where the city disappears, although some times only a few meters apart. I went in them for hours, have pleased myself to dammed water, to interesting, beautiful and impressive trees. They were places of calmness, although I rarely managed it also here, simply to sit on a bench, always in motion, pacing the ways, with no clear aim, only when I was tired, maybe a little rest, a coffee, something to eat, at one of the few places where I had dared to sit down, found something that moved me to stay.

I must confess that you were perhaps the most beautiful city I have ever lived in. You have not a small sea, and also others lack you, but you have something mysterious, something almost magical, so many places that are able to enchant one. I was sad when I had to dip. I would be happy to be back again and to go through the green, would I be able yet today, there I am sure about, just simply sit down at a place that especially pleases me.

Heidegger

Ludwig Wittgenstein:

7

One of my philosophy professors:
Learn the philosophical slang to avoid using it then.

And by the way:
I do not think that he was a fascist - he was much worse!

Franky Knight

*I wrote some songs they're all for you
There's nothing else that I can do
Too late to pray to soon to see
Your eyes again my sweet Franky*

*I called a ghost into my house
A tender ghost that I can trust
You took my soul away with you
The night you went you gave me yours*

That is all there is to say about this wonderful album!
Anything else would be unsavory and disgusting!
Except maybe – the xylophone is gorgeous!
Only the feeling is important!

*Et je regarde pendant des heures
Tous ces nuages je vois des fleurs
Des trains des arbres mais meme là
Au fond du ciel je ne te vois pas*

*Alors je prie Dieu me pardonne
Sans croire en lui je prie pour l'homme
Qui m'aimait tant et que j'aimerai
Toute ma vie mon chevalier
(Emilie Simon, Mon Chevalier)*

Merci Emilie!

Ballad of the Old Man

He lived in a world in which there were gods, monsters and angels!

His brokenness belonged the gods!
His hate belonged the monsters!
His love belonged the angels!

Whensoever he had closed his eyes, he saw an angel, of lovely form, with black, curly hair.

Whensoever the eyes slowly closing, he entered a land, that was terrible, the monster revealed himself!

Whensoever he had opened his eyes, he lied to himself, be able to be a god!

Reality
What is the reality?

Actuality
What is the actuality?

Dream
What is the dream?

After that
What will come after that?

Friedberg

I loved the cafes, particularly the one in the pedestrian zone, sat by the Mexican, was impressed by the dishes in the Asian restaurant, but also the uptown, rather French characterized was very nice, and to the rather simple German characterized restaurant I went with pleasure when there was the buffet. Snack in one of the Bavarian restaurants was always good - so the time passed. One year I was there, and considering how often I was in Augsburg, it surprises me myself how diverse my memories and impressions still are. I learned to step out, to go among people, just because, just to drink a coffee at the evening and to let pass it. It was already different than in Munich, where I often walked through the city for hours in the evening, never able to decide, to sit down somewhere, to others, close, too close, now I was able to.

Artwork

What a beautiful idea that every human being would create at least one work of art in his life – would become an artist – would become a God!

What a beautiful thought that a work of art of every human being would be issued in a "gallery of the people"!

What a beautiful place this would be!

True Deception

Art is deception - so banal

Life is Art

Life is deception - even more banal

Ballad of the Old Man

The gods demanded the suicide from him!
The monsters demanded the murder from him!
The angels would have given him the life!

The gods touted for him!
The monsters hounded him!
The angels waited for him!

The gods deceived him, was not the suicide, the murder of yourself, the perfection of the murder per se! To decide self about moment and manner, could there be a more divine doing?

The monsters lied to him, was not the murder, to watch death doing his work, to support him thereby, to make yourself to the master of life and death, the fulfillment of life, of being per se!

The angels demanded him, life should be something, for that it was demanded to do something, for that it was demanded to strain yourself, and only the life per se should be the reward in all!

Suicide - For him, one had to become a god!

Murder - For him, one had to become a monster!

Life - For her, one had to become an angel!

Munich

Not at all I visited places like the German Museum, not even the observatory! I did not dare once again, shied the contact with the people, the Old Pinakothek on the other hand, I visited often. I liked the large hall with the many still lifes of Dutch painters. Of course, there were several pictures of Rembrandt and Rubens, Rubens especially! But I liked the hall, showed it after all very nice, what images were painted at that time usually, that the "Great Masters" were the exceptions, although this does not have an effect on museums usually. And then of course all the other famous works - Dürer only to mention - which it gave at this location. For hours I spent time here - after Stuttgart my second, shall I call it revelation? Revelation, as regards the visual arts. But it also should not be a secret that I did not like all the works, some made me even very sad or rather angry, preferably I would have cried, from grief, grief because of the representations, the personated, does one have to perceive anything as art – preferably I would have

Maybe I should let it go at that, otherwise I would conjure up the many beautiful hours in the premises in a false light.

American Icons

Are they not tempting, this "American Icons"? It seems that they can give you everything you desire. Quite simply, without giving anything in return – also such an "American Dream". But if you only even look up briefly, and look into their eyes, than you see the phoniness and the truth.

A hypocritical racist, a fat musician and you - boring as an icon!

But if you did not have to be her, you were so beautiful. You had a natural beauty which was overwhelming. What should the whole frippery - the mysteries and myths - that you not had be in need of. I have tears in my eyes when I see you getting in the car, seemingly carefree smiling and so indescribably beautiful.

What happened to you, have they done to you?

*Down on the West Coast, they got their icons,
Their silver starlets, their Queens of Saigon,
And you've got the music,
You've got the music in you, don't you?
(Lana del Rey, West Coast)*

Glockenspiel

I love it when you say: "... plays the glockenspiel ..."

Ballad of the Old Man

The brokenness led him into suicide!
The hate led him into murder!
The love would have lead him to life!

The brokenness was his fulfillment!
The hate was his specter!
The love was his desire!

The brokenness was of lovely form, not to commit yourself to something you had to, not take a stance, constantly wavering, staggering, indecisive, so he drifted on towards the suicide!

The hate was of arousing form, him it gave in abundance, nothing he demanded, just only an act, without thinking, only to devote yourself to the own desires, so he drifted on towards the murder!

The love was of inconspicuous form, but she demanded a lot, to tie yourself down, take a stance, be determined, respect the own feelings, open up to others, their feelings, so he drifted away from life!

Suicide - He demanded the brokenness, only in the brokenness suicide was possible!

Murder - He demanded the hate, only in the hate murder was possible!

Life - She demanded the love, only in the love life was possible!

Gods - Suicide - Brokenness
Monsters - Murder - Hate
Angels - Life - Love

Würzburg

When I was young and served, I always had to change trains and to wait for the connection in your station. So it was that I knew your station very good. Later I visited you several times, because I lived and worked not too far away - and always it attracted me to the station

I have never been in the castle, at the river I parked always and walked along him into the city, but never crossed him! Nice streets, small cafes, students - always through the city, your beautiful pedestrian zone, restless, chased, in you it was extremely, and again and again to the station

From your train station I drove to the small sea to introduce myself, with the car of my brother-in-law, came from where I lived now, mine in an accident - total loss, may had end bad for all, the other turned over, at the end only broken cars, no personal injury, as well as when I drove later on the highway in the guardrail, right, not on the road again, total loss - unharmed, as always, externally

Now, almost did not arrive at the station, but then yet still in time, and driven to the small sea

Whenever I have visited you since, what I made the one time or another, I am going to the station, and also yours is much nicer today than before - memories of that what all could have been, you only have to allow it, silly Old Man

Stream

Regarding literature is spoken of a "stream of consciousness" - among others Joyce, Döblin, Falkner. However, appears to me the "stream of subconsciousness" as more important

Music

Music is my drug
But what is my addiction

You are my dealer
My gorgeous angels

With voices
Only angels can have

Sirens
Not deaf - Not tied

Ballad of the Old Man

The not occurring act was his life!
The destructive act drove him into the murder!
To the creative act only remained suicide!

The not occurring act dominated his life!
The destructive act was a part of himself!
The creative act was foreign to his life!

The not occurring act, how simple he was! Always a thousand plans in the head, what all would be possible, could be, everywhere you could be, everything could be done, so faraway from life!

The destructive act, still easier was he! To his it was not even demanded a plan, only destruction was necessary, so natural was the murder!

The creative act, how heavy he was! To bear the insufferableness, in hope and fear to create something, to reveal yourself, others let judge on yourself, so natural was the suicide!

Life - To accept her, one would have had to overcome the not occurring act!

Murder - To refuse him, one would have had to overcome the destructive act!

Suicide - To refuse him, one would have had to overcome the creative act!

An emptiness spreads out!

Karlsruhe

DisCover - Kreuzstraße 31

That of all things just you be still there, therewith I did not count! I recognized the front immediately, only knew roughly where you were - had forgotten your name, but the front was obvious!

At you I bought them, first "Dummy" and than "Portishead" - or vice versa? Unfortunately, I was only briefly in Karlsruhe, what all could I have discover at you! 25 years I see - so much different in Karlsruhe, unbelievable to which extent is built - and you, once again 25 years? Unfortunately it is Sunday - I want to go to the away match of "my" team, "Pirates" - but soon I have some days off, and then I will come back to Karlsruhe, and quarry at you. Sure, you have especially LPs, but also a lot of CDs - at you I could find some of what I can not so easily order - Hanne Hukkelberg, The Pierces.... - but most of all I can dig around at you - I'm looking forward, also to the beautiful botanical garden, and as I said, at the zoo I have never been

Cheer

10,000 - 25,000 - 50,000 - 100,000 - 250,000 - 500,000 - 1,000,000

People cheer on me as I enter the stage. They are in exuberant spirits, wanna see and experience me.

- 1.) The next two hours
- 2.) De Tschuden
- 3.) Do you want....

1,2 or 3 - make up your mind! This is not a child's play – this is my pure severity!

- How I would love it
- Your young women! The last one was so gorgeous!
- Is it not heady?

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Who says that all isles hide something nice?

Norma

I hate you in your white dress, how ridiculous you are in it!

How beautiful you are

Ballad of the Old Man

His inability was the life!
His fate was almost the murder!
His salvation was the suicide!

His inability he could not overcome!
His fate he did not want to accept!
His salvation he could not find!

His inability led him to believe in the luck, nothing to finish, meant not to have to face up to something, not to be able to fail, meant to lose the life!

His fate led him to believe in the safety, to have responsibility for nothing, not to be aware of guiltiness, to suppress everything, meant to surrender yourself to the murder.

His salvation led him to believe in the nothingness, in the nothingness he could lose himself, dissolve therein, move on from everything, to be undefiled, meant to surrender yourself to the suicide.

Life – To accept her, would have needed ability!

Murder - To refuse him, would have needed strength!

Suicide - To refuse him, would have needed calmness!

Not occurring act - Life - Inability
Destructive act - Murder - Fate
Creative act - Suicide - Salvation

Augsburg

What beautiful and elegant animals, that black feathers, the long neck and the blood-red beak - has to think of Elizabeth when she total in black, with red lips - elegance and grace - sorrow and longing - death and life – would animals exist in the underworld, then this, the blackness that shows dead his fate, and the redness that makes him think longingly about the past, wasted life

Would it be possible for me, I would have a lake, a large, on which they could swim - every day I would look on them, they would remind me of that it will come to an end, as if I not always would have to, and with their beak they would show me that there is something that I have never felt, felt and experienced, as if I did not feel this every day, every day it shows me anew

How I would love and adore you dancers, what a ridiculous old man I would be, sitting so on the lake shore

Fucked My Way Up To The Top

You say the song is ironic? Rather pity – or?

You want to go on tour with Courtney Love? Honestly, I would feel you much cooler, if you would give your critics the finger to tell them: I fucked my way up to the top – so what?

But then you say also that you went to bed with several men from the record industry. You feel this in order, only that they have not helped you in your career, that annoys you.

I do not want to insult you, but does this not mean, that the reason why you not fucked your way up to the top was, because the attempt to do it failed?

Shit, I am just also only one of the sonsofbitches, who would have liked to fuck you in New York, in the hope, that you would fulfill them their perverse desires! Shit, I would have chattered you with all possible transcendental shit so I can fuck you!

I am like Travis, when he goes to the porn movie theater with Betsy....

Shipbuilding

When I see you sitting so, and hear you singing
It breaks me the heart
I'm so touched by it

Strange
That I could say also about some of my angels

And you - what are you then?

Ballad of the Old Man

Angels - Life - Love - Not Occurring Act - Inability – Do Not Overcome

The World of Angels - The World of Salvation

An indescribable feeling fulfilled him!

He was situated in a landscape - flooded with light - on the edge of a slope, on the left a large, mighty tree, on the right a small one, in the distance a soft hill, wafts of mist - this indescribable light - everything seemed so familiar to him! A soft sound fulfilled the air, a never known and experienced softness, tenderness overcame him! Grass seed danced in the golden light, and it was to him, as if he would hear the voice of an angel, a sound, like he had perceived never before, it was the loveliness per se, which his ear, his mind inspirited! He looked at the stems, bright golden, softly swaying, laid his head in her lap and closed his eyes! A wondrous calm, an indescribable feeling of security began to fulfill him! A warmth let him shudder, a barely to heard pounding – or its two?

He opened his eyes, and realized to his astonishment, that he was still in this place, that he lay under the mighty, wide expanding branches of the tree, the golden seed fulfilled the air, the warmth of the sun let him dance, softly swaying! All anxiety, all insecurity, all the shameful that he ever had felt, had fulfilled him, was forgotten - not in this world! He saw a rose who opens up, forgot his name, and discovered his soul - in this world he had one! And he felt, that he should be in this world, that this world was the place, of which his yearning always had told, the world, in which he always had traveled, when his eyes had closed themselves, the world in which he had seen an angel with black curls, the world - how long had he been waiting to see her once, to become a part of her! And all the time it was to him, as if he would hear children - in ludic innocence!

"May I can stay?", the Old Man asked, full of happiness and ineffably anxious!

"Unfortunately our journey has just begun, and, also I can only be here for a short moment, only angels are allowed to stay forever - and I wasn't allowed to be one!"

The little girl took him by the hand and led him away from this place - a terrible pain fulfilled him!

"Please!" - he looked at the little girl imploringly

"I'm sorry, so endlessly sorry"

*Give heaven a try, be young and be wild
Be free and alive
Baby
Give heaven a try, be young and be wild
Just feel alive,
It's just you and the sun,
Its just you and the sun now, baby, baby, baby*

*I get so damn tired
You set my soul on fire
Ignite me, inspired,
Make me higher and higher*

Rostock

Your center, your pedestrian area, beautiful, everything clean, everything new - I confess that I am walked with pleasure in you, that it was nice - not to speak of the ships and the harbor! But, and this not to say would be dishonest, it gave another side

Prefabricated buildings, were they now more beautiful than formerly? Beautiful they were at least now not - bleak - cold - repellent - not a nice place to live - not a nice place to grow up

Excused this, for what you stand for many, the nights, the hate, the inability of the nation, the fear of the residents - there is nothing to apologize - deeds are deeds

I walk along the pier, look at the sailing ship, become wistful once again, dreams, do nothing - inaction – sometimes more inexcusable than to do something

Summertime

I want to hear once, when you sing it.

The first part with your soft and gentle voice, high and elegant, which itself ingratiates and captures you.

The second part with your harsh and guttural voice, deep and dirty, which challenges and captures you.

And in the end you scream it out as possibly only Janis was able to: *Don't you cry!*

And by the way - Rebecca - mind-blowing !!!!

Günter Grass

Do I have to write something about Günter Grass?

No, why! Every day people are dying, many because we look the other way! Nice that we all were so affected on May the 8th – have thought of all the bad things, happened at that time, have committed by our ancestors! - It is really simpler than to think about the things that now, just happen at this moment

Ballad of the Old Man

Monsters - Murder - Hate – Destructive Act - Fate – Do Not Accept

The World of Monsters - The World of Sin

An indescribable feeling fulfilled him!

He looked at the world, that was presented him - the skyscrapers, crowded together, and the sea of the small houses around. He stood on a soft hill, the night sets in late, some stars were to be seen, crickets chirped - for a moment he had the feeling, that this could be paradise! However then

The city revealed his secret to him, only from afar he was beautiful! He set foot in him, strode through the entrance, the entrance to hell! He saw the humans, their travails, their desperateness, their disappointment, their suffering! Palm trees swayed like willows at a river, a river, that he had almost forgotten, just as that he almost had forgotten many things, wanted to forget - and the anxiety, the insecurity, the to be ashamed, everything descended upon him

Ineffable suffering, ineffable greed, ineffable disappointment, ineffable lechery - how could someone live in this world, how could someone be in this world! Insanity took hold of him, mangled his mind, like ragged flesh, a smell of disgustingness spread out - panic came up in him! Panic, like it came over him from time to time, when the eyes began to close themselves but were not yet closed - it was not the panic per se, it was the feeling, to be at the mercy of him! Defenseless, like a little girl

And then, it slew him

"We're back in my world!" The Old Man was appalled.

"I know!", the Little Girl replied. "I know, but this is the world of monsters! You just only can not yet see the difference! "

"And how do I succeed, to see the difference?", the Old Man asked insecurely, insecure, whether he should ask.

"You always could do it, always it was possible for you, always you had the ability thereto - not for blessing - only for curse!"

"Shall I ask?"

"Don't do it", the sea cow says in a calm tone.

"You do not need to ask", the Little Girl says in a calm tone.

The Old Man closed his eyes, and betook alone on a journey, a journey in which space and time no longer been an issue, since there was no alternation, no transition any more, no matter where he went - in space and time!

Everywhere he heard the tolling of the bells, everywhere he heard the squalls - in the world of the monsters - in his world - destruction, hate and murder - the monsters wallowed therein - in his world, the world of monsters

"I don't want this!", the Old Man cried desperately.

The Little Girl had tears in her eyes.

"I didn't want it too, but they were stronger!"

The Old Man broke down, lay weeping on the ground and yelled - and life imitated art

*So I'm going back to Santa Monica, New York to L.A.
Never coming back, boy, no matter what you do or say
'Cause I'm so afraid
And I've had it up to here with the panic and the fear
There's nothing in your heart
Thought that I could make you change,
But I'm so afraid*

But it's not love that keeps me here

Heiligendamm

So, once I lived at a small sea. But even that was very nice, after all, the body of water extended to the horizon. It was nice to walk along the beach, sometimes from Heiligendamm to Warnemünde, and later back again. However, my most beautiful impression was another.

One evening it became increasingly stormy, and at night a severe thunderstorm was ongoing. I went to the dike, it was impressive - the power and dynamics of the waves, the roar, the air, the clouds as they frantic, constantly shape-changing, ripping, merging, scattered across the sky - I breath in and out the heavy with wet air in deep, bumping drags, could not get enough. Then the part with the concrete walls!

The waves stroke with immeasurable momentum against the obstacle, rose towards the sky, even from a distance it was clear that it was impossible to go there, where the waves were fighting with the concrete - meter by meter I dared to advance, drenched, swaying in the storm, the loud crying of the water ached in my ears, and it would be ridiculous to claim, I would have had no fear - but just she was it who urged me forward on and on until I fearfully, wet, feeling cold, barely able to holding myself astir, still a whole stretch of the edge, had to admit myself that I ridiculous human had nothing to set against this force – to go forward to the edge would have probably meant the certain death, at least it would not have been foreseeable what the water would have done to me - so I tried to stay some more and back down then – seldom I felt me so free in my life, redeemed, happy

Today I wonder why I did not go forward, today I would do it

Hide

I can not remember, as a child, ever, to have played hide and seek.

Tess

In "Tess" you were beautiful, and once you were allowed to show that you could be a really good actress, if they let you. How stupid was "Cat People" – like given away – how I laughed at the movies, when you said that you are still a virgin! But the end is so much lovelier than that of the original - I love it to look into your eyes - Black Female Jaguar

And you remind me of C. - not only in this film - "Paris, Texas"

Ballad of the Old Man

Gods - Suicide - Brokenness – Creative Act - Salvation - Do Not Find

The World of Gods - The World of Innocence

An indescribable feeling fulfilled him!

He saw the flicker, heard the hum - the bleakness slew him! He looked around in this world, which was so totally different, like as he would have anticipated of the world of the gods! He was looking for foothold, but he did not find it, he felt like a big beetle on a glass panel, howsoever he was struggling, he could not find a foothold, skidded deeper and deeper – whereto?

He was amazed, didn't he has opened his eyes wide? Didn't he see? Wasn't his mind broad awake? Confusion spreads out - where were the gods? Where was the created? Where was the redemption? Where should he be God? Here he wanted to be God! Here he should be God! God in the artistic act! So he had written it!

He tried to think straight. So much he had looked forward to this world, so much he held out hope, so often he had tried to become a god, now he was in the world of the gods - where were the gods, where was the divine creative work! Where was the redemption!

"I'd hoped", said the Old Man in his confusion.

"Whereupon?", asked the Little Girl, as if she wouldn't know the answer.

"Onto the three white pigeons, the two white lambs, and the supernal-white unicorn!" The Old Man said this, suddenly knowing, that there were no unicorns, suddenly knowing, that the Little Girl knew the answer already long ago! He closed the eyes!

Max Ernst! Like in his pictures - a world - a intoxication! Structures were lost, the colors dissolved them - he dived into the world of images, became one with her! And then he saw them, the pigeons, the lambs, and the unicorn! And then he saw a gorgeous woman, a gorgeous artist, she smiled at him, with an indescribably tender smile, even much more tender than Cole had received it, and in a in grace and elegance not to surpassing movement, she revealed him the reddest apple which it ever would give! He bends his head, towards the mellifluous hand, and bit in indescribable lust into it! Then he opened his eyes again!

"I only see monsters and angels - no gods", he said in a gentle tone.

"Because you can see now finally", the Little Girl replied.

Then he realized, that the gods created not anything, they destroyed only - they were the monsters!

Then he realized, that only the goddesses created, gave birth to - they were the angels.

"And when I look into a mirror?", asked the Old Man.

The Little Girl had tears in her eyes, one ran down her cheek, gently she shook her head.

"That doesn't matter", said the Old Man. "I've always felt it, suspected, feared - now I know it definitely!"

"But you not have to be afraid of me."

The Old Man kneeled down in front of the Little Girl, leaned forward, and put his head upon her heart, upon the little, pure heart of the Little Girl, that so gladly would have been an angel, she would always be there for him - her tender waves

"I may am a monster, own a dark heart, but at least I could understand the angels a bit, when they speak to me - and The Endless Ocean, her I've understood now also!"

The Old Man stood up to walk the rest of the way alone

*If you love me hardcore,
Then don't walk away,
It's a game boy,
I don't wanna play,
I just wanna be yours,
Like I always say,
Never let me go.
Send me to the stars,
Tell me when I get there kid,
I can be your Nancy,
You can be my Sid,*

Be my Sid!

Munich

The deepest impression however made the English Garden on me, more precise, the English Garden in winter. Even without white blanket it was nice, but now! Gorgeous, quiet and peaceful it lay there! How nice to go therein, to add your traces to the traces of others! Once I stopped amazed! This perspective I knew not at all! It actually took quite a time, until I get clear about that I was in the middle of the lake! Startled at first, almost somewhat panic - could I break through the ice? - sink even! - what an unfamiliar idea! Around me traces - others were also gone this way, wherefore I did not immediately noticed where I was – turn back! I stood in the middle of it, thus I also could simply walk on by, it would make no difference. So I went ahead, always hearing on each cracking sound! How strange! I had never before and never later such fear, I could break through the ice and then drown! But it was not the drowning in itself, what causes me this fear, but rather the image of one who was broken through the ice and now caught under the icecap - an image from several films – gasping for breath, miserably suffocating - not drowning! But finally I reached the other waterside and was able to continue my way more quite again!

Universe

Each of you is a own universe, a universe per se
It is as if I would jump from one universe to another universe

It's a Shame

| | |
|---------|---|
| It is a | shame that we waste our lives, are forced to waste it, forcing ourselves to waste it! |
| What if | we exploit our full potential, not to become the Übermensch, not to become a ridiculous bastard of man, an absolute perversion of humanity! |
| What if | we were all artists, would realize that we are all artists! |
| What if | we use all our creative potential, would build, would create |

To Create
To be Creators
Thereby become Gods!

| | |
|---------|---|
| What if | we realize that we are all Gods, in the creativity – the creative ability – the creative act! |
|---------|---|

Ballad of the Old Man

Do not overcome inability

Able to hate

Do not accept fate

Able to murder

Do not find salvation

Able to hate oneself

Now he had overcome his inability, accepted his fate, found the salvation
To become God in the creation of destruction, the destruction of himself
God and monster became one
Life was overcome
To become one with the horse
peach, plum, pear

Heidelberg

When I had signed up in Heidelberg for an annual school to obtain the secondary school leaving certificate, I thought thereto, not to commute every day, because the distance to my residence was yet quite large, but rather to look for a room. I wanted to finance it among other therewith, that I wanted to work hourly in a bookstore. So I head off to go into each bookstore at Heidelberg to ask if there would be a possibility for me. I did not expect to get such a response! Precise denials were still nice, of one, to phrase it differently would mean to lie, they sent me flying out! I was very disappointed!

But then I found a sympathetic ear finally! It was a beautiful bookstore, and the older gentleman was very kind. He listened to me that I want to improve myself in schools, would be fond of books very much and it would be wonderful to live in Heidelberg. He promised me to think about it and I left the shop with great joy. All day I had defeated myself again and again once more to ask, not had let me be discouraged by not a rejection, and now I finally had received the reward.

I went in the store after a few days when I was told by the old man that it yet would not be possible now! I do not remember exactly, but it was something with the weekdays on which I was able to work or just not. He really had make an effort, showed me a listing which showed him that I had too few opportunities to work effectively for him! I was terribly disappointed - commuted the year - did not live in Heidelberg!

How much Heidelberg would have changed my life? Many years later, as a second profession, I would learn that of the bookseller! When I sometimes went through Heidelberg today, I ask myself many a time how the city would have affected me, that year, the many tourists, mainly from Asia and the United States, the many students - or should I say co eds! It should take a few more years, then I should be a student myself.

And today, will Heidelberg change my life today? I can not imagine that, after the 14th of July it will be as always, no matter how the response of the audience will turn out. The mere fact to sit on a stage and read from this manuscript, to reveal something right out in the open about me to other people, has to cause, to trigger something!

How large the fear to disappoint, how large the hope to please!

How large the grief that also she is no longer too: *G. Koester's akademische Buchhandlung*

Authentic

What does this mean for the arts? Why is Elizabeth Grant asked? Why do she have to answer that she writes her own songs that she has made her videos (so far) by herself that her songs are autobiographical, that she thinks her work is authentic.

Suppose a young woman is bored in her small town. She travels with her parents to Miami to go on summer vacation. There she sees the Latino gangs and their girls. In the evening she raves with her younger sister of the bad boys, cocaine and tattoos that she does not understand. Later, she makes a song about it - how more authentic it should be! Does she has to buy a kilo of cocaine now, does she has to ride with bad boys on black motorcycles on the highway now, does she has to stand constantly before suicide now.

How authentic is or was Bob Dylan? How authentic is or was Salvatore Dali? How authentic is or was Chet Baker, when he sings and plays „*My Funny Valentine*“ in the late years, marked by the years before? And how authentic this was as he did it as a young, sensational, handsome jazz musician? How authentic is or was Sylvia Plath – or was it just conducive that she committed suicide at the age of 32! Would she not be as authentic when she could have opt for life? It would have made me happy! Fuck all authentic!

All the idiots that shout for the authentic, look at your life – how „authentic“ it is! Should I talk about the whore on the street now? Is it her „authentic“ life to wait on the road until john stops to feel something authentic, when he fucks her and payed! The one to whom one's own life is not authentic enough, should not look for the missing in others. The authentic of the whore, is not to be a whore – maybe a mother, wife, maybe a person with desires, wishes and hopes, maybe broken, disillusioned, desperate, but maybe even happy and satisfied – but what ever, if you stop on the road and ask the whore how much she costs, you will never experience something authentic!

Ballad of the Old Man

Not he should be in this world!
Straightaway it should have ended!
Once The Endless Ocean requested him to come!
Because in this world he could only be a monster!
No angel!
Now finally he had understood!

In The Endless Ocean head back he will, that he knew now!
To the place head back, where he came from!
The place rediscover, where he once found a feeling of security!

The place, where it gave no tolling!
Only warmth and the beating of a pure heart – maybe also its two!

Now I know at least who I am: *The Last Girl On Earth*

Bad Friedrichshall: September 5th, 2015 - Now it became yet still - almost - seven months

„*Seven Months*“

Augsburg

Three internet cafés:

The first was on the outskirts, towards Friedberg, in a estate of prefabricated houses - I always drove there by bus. It was very strange, a single-story building, very large, especially since the inside was one large room! I think it was used, or was supposed, to be a kind of cultural center, meeting place for the residents - I never asked. On one wall a number of computers were lined up, vis-à-vis one could buy all sorts of things - between was plenty of free space - a very strange place, one had to walk several staircases and corridors to go to the lavatory!

The second was opposite the train station and was actually quite normal, an internet café as there are many. Confusing was only that at the checkout counter always the same - a perhaps mid twenty year old Turkish man, tall, muscular, precise beard - was. No matter when I was there, no matter how long I was there, he was also always there! Until he was twice there, at the same time - really completely identical twins!

The third place was the strangest. Actually quite normal, several times I had been there, the large staircase downwards I had already noticed, there it led to the lavatory. Then I needed the lavatory, went downstairs and discovered that the room upstairs was actually only a kind of lobby. Beneath was a large, very high, except for a few tables and some rubbish completely empty room! The ensemble was probably intended as a kind of club, upstairs maybe a bar, a few tables and below was celebrated, the DJ put on. To the lavatory you had still to walk along a lathy corridor that still continues, ramified, and several doors had, which were all closed - definitely one had to be already under quite different buildings! An in its emptiness and bleakness almost surreal place!

I went to the cafés because I had problems with my provider after the move, they should drag on! So I visited for a long time as possible every day at least one of the cafés. It astonished me again and again how many people there were, at the station I still understood it, transients who wanted only briefly look up something, or perhaps pass the time, but otherwise? Had not everyone his port at home, at least if it worked? What all this people did? Many seemed to talk via Skype with friends or relatives, listen to music or to watch movies - perhaps it even was better not to know everything – even when these places were not really anonymous. What I made?

Art

To speak about art, means nothing more than to speak about oneself

Shores Of California

*Why all these conflicting specifications
Maybe to prevent overpopulation
All I know is that all around the nation
The girls are crying and the boys are masturbating*

*And that's the way it is in Minnesota
And that's the way it is in Oklahoma
That's the way it's been since protozoa
First climbed onto the shores of California
(The Dresden Dolls, Shores Of California)*

Now I have yet still included a song of you in the manuscript. I have hesitated for a long time, how I shall arrange the paragraph "Abuse", but after "Rape" it was rather obvious that it should have the same structure. I have thought about some, but "Slide" I just felt as the most suitable.

With you it was for me as with Hanne Hukkelberg. Your music, and I could see you only as a duo, is so different than that of the female artists, whom I always denominated as angels. You I could never see as "angels" - rather than as something else!

On the other hand I must confess that in the course of writing I learned that there are angels, all around us, you just have to see them!

And you, as so many of the artists and female artists that I have listened to in the last months, you have released only few – already so long nothing anymore! I have to check whether you still perform - you still make music - I hope it sorely! It is obvious that you always were musicians you absolutely had to see live!

I have already said that I also dream of being able to make a TV program to invite artists like you. You could do on the stage whatever you want as long as you want! Before, we would talk, and I mean talk, about art, music, your music and everything whereupon we just would be up for! Also such a silly dream of an Old Man

I would like you and all the other artists, all, not only the by me mentioned, to express my respect and my honouring! Time after time I find it astonishing what you artists are willing to do - a to a high degree uncertain future, what will be in old age and so much more, you take all that to live your dreams, and - you step in front of an audience, are so awful vulnerable in those moments: *You don't like it yeah!* I don't need to say any longer that I have tears in my eyes, tears of emotion when I look at you, tears of disappointment when I look at me.

I bow to all of you, in deepest humility and greatest admiration!

Sondereinsatzkommando

Fat as symbol for life - although probably only myth
Fat as symbol for absolute horror - in the reality per se

"No question, I know that your mission brings you to the breaking point! Belarus! I have seen young soldiers become desperate - suicide, and I was unable to prevent it! I feel guilty for that what I have required from them to do, but - we do it for the cause, we do it for the future, our future, that of the German people and the world "

"Believe me, I know the stench of burning flesh, and the cries of those who have gotten no bullet, or at least suffocated before they have begun to burn! Man! I know all that! And I know that it is not easier in the camps, but rather much more difficult - especially now where you after Hungary finally have come at the limit of capacity! Try to persevere! I know, the gas chambers and especially the crematoria have reached the absolute limit, every supplier tells us that it simply not goes anymore effective now, and I know, you at the pits, you have the hardest work! "

"I have seen enough of this lowlives, you must demonstrate unyielding hardness. Shoot every day ten and throw them into the burning pits – this offscum must be clear that it still can slightly extend its filthy life when it does what it is told, but that it is now inevitably over, and you determine it when - and if it does not help, just throw a couple of them as such in the pit! The screams will make the others already clear that it can be much more painful when we and you want!"

"You do it for your country! The future generations will thank you! They will honor and know that your work, your unconditional effort, self-sacrificing, full of abandon to our cause, up to the breaking point, you have accomplished it, you are the creators of a glorious future, the glorious future that lies before our nation, lies before the German people! You are the heroes! "

"Go back and do what has to be done, be a role model for your people, and be the absolute horror for the filth that you have to eliminate! We are doing it right now to purify the world! "

"Give me a line to Berlin, thank you!"

It pisses me off, in Berlin, there everything is so simple, just a few more Jews from the East, sure, and how shall this all work, can not manage just jet what accumulates! And the men, what shall I say to them! In Belarus, there we have processed one village after the other, that was feasible, but now! All at once! Let them from Berlin go to a camp once, let them stand at the pit once, let them keep struggling with the vermin, when they again not pile up the bodies once again, or not want to shred the remains. Let them stand at the ditch and collect the fat....