

Third Chapter

Suicide and Trust

Second Birth

Survived

Hippie Sisters

I wonder sometimes why I like your music so much – hit me often that way. And honestly, I did have some problems with your last album. But nevertheless, while listening your music I have feelings and emotions that I do not know about me in this way, that surprise me, that just confuse me!

*God bless the world, it's so glorious
God bless the ones we've loved
God bless the ones we've lost
God bless the world, it's so glorious
I will never die, never die like you*

*I felt his hand today, across my shoulder,
I'll kneel down to pray
(The Pierces, Glorious)*

I have to listen to many of your songs repeatedly - some angel redelpoy or compel me into a frenzy, with you something strange happens. I can describe it just difficult, but I have written that I have feelings inside a cathedral indeed, but just no religious feelings. But when I listening to music I have such deep feelings that this might be called as religious - might! - and therefore I started to call you angels. But with you I have a feeling, that it seems to me, negates that "might", this sensation is religious! Am I religious now? Hardly, but it seems to me that, when I hear some music and someone would offer me drugs, I would say "Yes!" without hesitation. And while listening to your music, the question of whether I am religious, would respond with "Yes!" as well! Both is, when I think rationally about me, very confusing, but somehow not more confusing than the five old rings that I bought and which, after that I have let them expand for my fingers, now stuck at those. But I had already pendants for the ears once - and what about God now?

London

At the age of just eighteen years, just after I finished my apprenticeship, I traveled to England by plane, from Stuttgart to London. There I spent a few days and then went by train to Dover, where I also spent a few days. Back again by train to London and again a few days later by plane back to Stuttgart. Two special impressions this travel granted to me.

London:

I wanted to have a look at the Tapling Collection in the British Museum. I wanted to see the rarest and most expensive stamps in the world, unique rarities. Mauritius, Missioneries but especially Laureate.

Since I did not know where the collection was placed, I entered the huge building - I think without hesitation – and began to walk through the corridors. Quicker and quicker, at the end I probably ran more and the other visitors wondered probably what the young man wanted, who so through the halls whizzed where some of the greatest art historically rarities are stored which there are at all. But all this disturbed me few, I wanted to reach my aim! After a fairly long time, again arrived at the starting point and quite out of breath, I realized that this was no clever approach. Maybe it had not cost me overcoming to enter the huge building, so could I not in any case, especially such out of breath as I was, decide, simply to ask someone, where I could find the collection. I wanted to leave at the moment, as a small passage to my right hand got my attention, small at least for this huge building. It led into a small room, I just had stridden through enormous halls at a rashly pace, with some books, somehow fairly dark. But there was another passage at the side from where a bright light closes in. I went through and, instantly, as if nailed, stopped dead. I just could not go any further!

I beheld an endlessly long hall, bathed in bright light. High it was, indescribably high, until to the gallery and to the windows, and everywhere books. In front of me in showcases - opened books with splendid illustrations - on the walls, behind thin glass, back of book next to back of book! I carefully touched the glass with my fingers – how gladly I would have liked to touch the books' backs! And in endless distance I believed I could see my aim - the Tapling Collection.

I looked at the small pieces of paper, so rare and valuable - some of them unique! But none could enthral me! Even the Laureate, which I after all found so enchanting, could distract me only for a moment - again and again my sight slid towards the books – I was not able to stop doing it!

And so I began again to walk along the glass panels and the showcases, looking at the backs of books and the opened books. I do not want to suggest it, but it was an odd feeling, as in a dream, aware, that it is a dream, but exactly savoring this, enjoying it to the fullest and wishing, that this state would not come to an end. A timelessness had seized me! And I think I wept - at least I'm doing it now ...

I had it back again, my passion for books that I had lost for three years. Not that I had not experienced something in those years - things that should occupy my mind for a long time had happened - but I had lost the books and the movies. Only the music, within certain limits, I had been able to preserve. I did not know it at this moment, but it should not take a long time, then I would experience everything in abundance. The next years should bestow me the world of books, music, movies and entirely new, the world of the paintings, in unprecedented wealth, and this moment was the beginning thereto!

Dover:

Dover Castle

Édouard Manet

Your women, have a picnic, presenting oneself in the salon - Victorine and Nana - I have sought after them, naked, presenting oneself to the dressed gentlemen, her glance, in underwear, so much more than today at all - so appealing and exciting

They still seem tempting, but they were happy - in the world of images and the actual world?

Victorine - there was no life, which ended satisfied and fulfilled, always in misery, passed the days of art, passed the days in the park, passed the days presenting oneself, the days to be sought after, only a shadow, a curiosity

Nana – did it make her happy to be desired by the man, did it make her happy to have to satisfy the man's desires, did it make her happy to define herself on the desire of the men, who will come to an end, when she no longer seems desirable, others taking her position

How tempting, how sad, how absurd

Fucked My Way Up To The Top

What would it mean to fuck to the top
For an Old Man like me
Oh Lizzy, would I be young and beautiful

But honestly, I do not have to think long about it
Who is the bitch of us

Trust no bitch

It Will Not Be Forgotten

*Summer disappears like a dream I had
And winter comes with a knife that cuts you down
(The Pierces, It Will Not Be Forgotten)*

This summer I have a dream
And he vanishes increasingly like a dream
As in a dream things transform
As in a dream

And the winter I was frightened of
Appears as a ridiculousness
Nothing one would have to be frightened of
Nothing I am frightened of

I will never forget it
The feeling - the letters, the words, the lines, the pages
So many already, so many thoughts, so many emotions
Will it be worth it

It already has

Most Beautiful Angel

Your smile, so tender, so gentle
As a dormant, younger sister

Blindfold

*I'm so glad to have you
And it's getting worse
I'm so mad to love you
And you evil curse
(Morcheeba, Blindfold)*

I'm getting more and more happier, to have you
I'm getting more and more crazier, in love for you

I want to feel, your body
Your body, with better and better delights me

In less than a month, I'mma know it
In less than a month, I'mma be Lizzy

Pity
Your hair is not long enough, yet
Not so curly, as in former times

Shot

Also Elizabeth Grant sang in the Living Room

Piet Mondrian

Even with others, but with him the most extreme - line, surface – color
The development to that point - look in the streets - also on the sea, the sea
red - yellow - blue - right angle - black and white - countless variations

It's nice, calming, contemplative, especially the paintings in the original, to sink in it - to become one with them, one with the lines, one with the surface - but especially, one with the colors

Simplicity - much more lucidity, unambiguity, even austerity - no questions, only answers - long before asked a question

Sobriety, but not disillusion – on the contrary euphoria, euphoria over the seen, the perceived, the felt

And at the end: NY – Broadway

Esme

*But if you are scared, if you are blue
I have prepared this small song for you
(Joanna Newsom, Esme)*

Deeply grateful – Ms. Newsom

Sweet Blossom

*Their happiness will shine
Their happiness will grow
And I hope you don't mind if I let them go
(Emilie Simon, Sweet Blossom)*

Why should I have something against it, what should one do otherwise as well
And is not nice, when grown and radiant, to see as they go

I am glad to go
Grown, and even also somewhat radiant
I am looking forward to the autumn, whom a spring will follow

But now is summer, and I am enjoying the sun
Her warmth and exuberant light fulfills all
That all lets appear in a different, special light

My happiness

Six Chords

You say, that you have discovered, with only six chords
You will be able to write a million songs!
I could use a million words do not even write one story!
Now you know why I envy you so much!

„Lead me to war with your brilliant direction“

Instruct me! Teach me! Lead me!

Gan To The Kye

Gan to the kye with me, my love

*Tears in her eyes are flowing
Because little Colly lies dead
(The Unthanks, Gan To The Kye)*

How gladly I would stroke them again - How beautiful the grove is

Wistfulness fulfills my heart - the dark
Your voices cut into my soul - the unreal

Father's will - My will

How you bedevil me with your angelic voices
How gladly I would lay my head in your lap
Feel your hand as it strokes my hair aside

Your are so awful, so indescribably without mercy
When your voices
Delicate as the last tongue of the discontinuing wave
Which still wets a last grain of sand
Shape so relentlessly sad words

In those moments, I am no longer in this world
Not knowing in which then
Only knowing, sensing, that me there
How awful your words soever
Nothing can happen
As long your voices herd me

Like a Collie shepherds his kye

May

Did you lose your innocence in Williamsburg

Claude Monet

At the beginning charming images of people in landscapes, women in beautiful dresses, with or without petticoats, widely sweeping or not

Yearningly I looked at the groups, I would like to sit with them, only from a distance I look - what should I say to the ladies, the pretty with the lace and borders

In love I was with 'em, still am, would like to see 'em, saunter in the park, in their unpractical, constricting, concealing clothes, which yet are so stimulating, so much give wings to the imagination, more than any short skirt or tight top

Bygone time, ridiculous transfigured, not thinking of the women who do not saunter in the park, working women, maids, sex object of the goodman, the old and the young, dependent on men, determined by others, much more than those who saunter

Later – they would have pleased him surely, the water lilies at the animals!

The bushes, trees, bridges, ponds - water lilies - the strange colors - only the plants, no people, not even animals – did he paint paradises

Paradises his pictures, but only if there is no viewer, he would destroy the paradise, the harmony, as he always does, with his thoughts

Paradises the ponds, continuously the surface, nothing disturbing the quiet - only if you would have looked under the surface, you would have seen the faces of all the unfortunates who found their refuge here

Kissing You Goodbye

*I can see by your eyes you know that I,
I'm kissing you goodbye
I'm kissing you goodbye
I'm kissing you goodbye
I'm kissing you goodbye
(The Pierces, Kissing You Goodbye)*

Only in your eyes I have to look to see how much fear you have
Only in your eyes I have to look to see how much you are in panic

And you are right!

It will be an infinite joy to me
To kiss you goodbye

What a wonderful kiss it will be!

Drag You Down

*If you're looking for a lover and you find someone you hate
If you stay with them forever, then I guess you've found your fate
It's just another role that you do, that you do, that you do
(The Pierces, Drag You Down)*

Have I found someone to love – Have I found someone to hate
Found I have, the dying Old Man
With him I am going to spend the rest of my life - no matter what is to come
And suddenly I feel free, so light, so unconcerned

I am preparing for my new role
Always more conscientious, always more methodical
Will it please me? - Better than the old for all!

The hair becomes longer - The filigree rings always more numerous
And the hands always more colorful
The elegant watch and the delicate bracelets

The face always longer and more angular
The body always more stretched

And when I close my eyes, I hear the waves of The Endless Ocean
How they tenderly bewet the sand
See the white church on a small island in the shallow water
Her ringing, barely now to hear

It will be a nice role

„M“

I
Love your „M“

In
My imagination I have an „A“

Not really
It is too early, no one would understand it

But
At one time, I will have my “A”

And I will be so proud of it, as you on your „M“

Crimson

*Sunshine suicide survivor
Wasted angel numb the pain, so wasted*

*Hell bound, hopeless for you
Nothing left to hold onto
Hell bound helpless, it's true
This crimson crystal view
(Morcheeba, Crimson)*

Have I wasted you, my angels - at the end pointless
Only use you, want to use - pointless
Sunshine suicide survivor - never it's too late

Look at the crimson garnet on my finger – red-golden setting
What do you want to tell me, sparkling in the sun - blood red
Shouldn't you be dark black – like my dark heart

Lizzy

Did you sold yourself – as some claim

Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio

colors and dynamics - astonishment and admiration

Your young men and prostitutes, sensual appear the one, full of holiness the others - the one who never touched me, the other

John the Baptist - the bound, the sufferer, will be slaughtered, the spectators already waiting, the instructions are given – terrible the scene appears, Caravaggio, the one who shows the horror, contemporaries are horrified, thrilled, his reverberation enormous - what would have happened if he had painted the common horror of the Inquisition, the common horror of the battlefields, the common horror of the warring families, the common horror of the women - yes, the dark Middle Ages had long been overcome, but the dying, the suppressing

Judith - his Judith, very pretty, very young, capricious, like she presents her beautiful, young breast under her transparent tunic - as she holds the sword, with the force with which she evidently wield the murder weapon, I could not even separate the head of a dead wild hog in this manner - and this I have done more than once

She seems to me like a Barbie doll - why Paris Hilton comes to my head - that poses for a perfume advertising - in any case she will not be able to separate the head in this way - there John the Baptist has been more real, and how it looks with Judith, when reality breaks through, has shown someone else

I am fascinated by his pictures, but everything is still very far from a reality, quite apart from the reality of people

Jarman - no better way to make a film about art, rather than making art - no drivel of authenticity, the clear break with it, closer I believe you can not come to an artist, as Jarman

Caravaggio - of course gladly I would have been him, but much more, much more intense, those other

Sour Times

*End the vows, no need to lie, enjoy
Take a ride, take a shot now
(Portishead, Sour Times)*

Also you request me, just as she: *Take a ride - Just ride*
But where you will lead me: *Aviation*

Take a shot now

My Old Friend

*My old friend, my old friend
You hurt me
I trusted you and I was wrong*

*Now she's gone
(Emilie Simon, My Old Friend)*

My old friend, my old friend
Now I leave you - and it absolutely does not hurt

So far, I left you only externally
But now, but now it happens also internally
With a vehemence
That surprised even me – the one yet hoped thus

I never trusted you - and in that respect I have done well

Why I love you

Your music drowns me into my most terrible fears
Your music shows me my darkest secrets
Your music confronts me with my most heinous sin
Your music is God and Devil in one

You are the judge and the hangman
You are the Creator and the Destroyer

If I had your faith, I would kill myself
I know that this would be the absolute sin
But if your God exists, he would forgive me

Can you forgive me?
You know, whom I ask now!
Please, forgive me!

Flowers Of The Town

*The flowers of the town they all turned away
The pride of the man lies as cold as the clay
All the women are weary, they've lilted so merry
(The Unthanks, Flowers Of The Town)*

How much nonsense is contained in our actions - how much insanity
Aren't we all beasts, only sometimes somewhat "civilized"
But let us be honest – give free rein to us
There is no holding anymore - knows our insanity no limit

What atrocities one should enumerate, what should shock us still
Have hanged small children, old people burned alive
And otherwise, we haven't left out not a thing
So, what should one still tell

From the beauty of a small inconspicuous flower by the wayside
From the radiance of the stars, the colorful glow of the moon
From the first cry of a newborn, the last breath of a dying
From the endless tenderness of The Endless Blue

How it hurts to be, how immense the fear to cease to be
How unbearable the uncertainty of the now
How unbearable the uncertainty of the then
How unbearable the uncertainty in regards to your own self

Born To Die

After birth there is only one certain occurrence

Sometimes immediately
Sometimes a few years later
Sometimes a lifetime

1-2-3-4

Natural
Unnatural
Single-handed
By other hand

Only the latter hurts

Giorgio de Chirico

enchanted places, enchanted figures - curiosity, confusion

Geometry and architecture, the body only shape, the space only without shape - and if, then one or two people far away, small, lost in the vastness of the place, in the architecture - shadows, always harsh shadows, the bright sun was never seen

The body without a face, I liked it, can remember poorly to faces til today, to names even worse, only to tones and images - but none from my own childhood - film, literature, painting – music

I saw myself standing alone on one of the squares, not worried, just the opposite, very calm, composed, what should happen to me here, there was no one who could threaten me - I was alone - Emilie Simon

And so his pictures were always a counterpoint to artists like Grosz or Dix! Magritte was his brother – with pleasure I would have been your sister

Does Not Suffice

(Joanna Newsom, Does Not Suffice)

I would like to hug you, such as Kaninchen Insel
How I would like to hug Elizabeth
How I would like to vent my tears

Please do not let it be the last, please not!

Alicia

*Quand Alicia s'endort
Une plante carnivore
Veille sur son sommeil
Mais dans les bras de lierre d'Alicia
On ne se réveille pas
(Emilie Simon, Alicia)*

You - Elizabeth - Guesch Patti

You-all like these deadly plants – I also

The sweet poison trickles slowly into my mouth
Slowly it unfolds its effect
Paralyzed am I and slowly, very slowly
Decomposes me the plant to serve her as food

Is it a strange thought to lie in her calyx
And look on how she slowly my body
Makes to a part of herself
How myself becomes a plant
How the fleshy monster becomes a plant

A plant, not as actually
Passively by the wayside standing
With mellifluous splendor, color, scent
The senses of the viewer bewitching
But rather his life seeking

Is it not more honest than, just to remain a monster
Just to confess right out into the open what the intention
Rather than with sundry skills and dodges
In fraudulent intent to fool the ingenuous

Oh – delight we ourselves in the beautiful splendor
That those plants bestow us
And the lovely drama that they proffer us

Trust

You
trust no one

But
sometime you have to

I
trust you

*Lately, I'm not the only one
I say, never trust anyone
Always the one who has to drag you down
Baby, you'll get what you want this time around*

*The trick is to keep breathing
The trick is to keep breathing
(Garbage, The Trick Is To Keep Breathing)*

Over And Over

*I'm falling
Over and over and over and over again now
Calling and over and over and over and over again now
(Morcheeba, Over And Over)*

Is it possible, could it be that things change
Is it possible, could it be that there are changes
Is it possible, could it be that I am no longer the same

The last few days I feel so light and free
Your tender voice carries me in to a gentle dream
Did I do the most important step of my life

And if I'll fail - Can I ever fail
Is not the step as such a profit – unthinkable still quite recently
"You don't like it ... yeah" – how much your words hurt me, Lizzy
Every time I hear them, but you sing the song through

And then you are standing on stage again - open mic, and again
And today you're singing in front of a large audience, that adores you

The Sky is the limit

Battlestar Galactica

*What's happened
I make some bad calls
I done that
Not like these
(S02E04)*

Oh Lizzy, you have made some stupid decisions in New York - or?

The Old Man only one - ineffable unthoughtful

Rembrandt van Rijn

Wasn't he terribly sentimentalized, not only in 1942, wasn't he one who had overreached, bankruptcy, the society snubbed with his mistress until the society demanded its price

My namesake has attracted me always more - but his small self-portrait has hit me in the spell every time when I stood in front of it, should he simply have adapted himself somewhat more

Hendrickje - with the housekeeper, with pleasure also with their daughters - sons? - the society did not mind, as long as kept silent, not public - pregnant - his daughter

Is he self to be to blame for all - worse, even silly businessman, strokes of fate, social constraints - failed - why

Hopper, Welles - I do not know, look at his paintings, the famous, his drawings - often more impressive as the paintings, am grateful to be able to see them

Hendrickje - isn't she the more interesting perhaps, not the great artist, often it seems to me - housekeeper, then employer - perhaps so much more

Kings

*If we want to
We could do what kings do*

*All the things we once knew
Everything would change for me and you*

*We all have the blood of angels
And we fell from the same star*

*The heart of a lion and the lips of a child
One part of you is dying
And the other running wild
(The Pierces, Kings)*

I wrote that I dream of
That, could I create also something
I, could be something like you angels
And you say that we all would have the blood of angels
Will you therefore say, what I meant, when I wrote that we all
Could be gods in the artistic act

But is it that easy, to want to be king and then to be king
And then everything changes - I would like to believe it
How gladly I would believe that a part of me could die
But everything in me says that it will not be so

The heart of the lion will beat onwards
And the lips of the child will talk to me onwards
But that would not be bad if it would be correct only slightly
blood of angels

And then, there is still someone who gave me the same advice
That you give me also

running wild - become fucking crazy

Children

Children liked it always, when I told them something, I always had the feeling that they have trusted me - sometimes we smile at us on the road

Kafka's girlfriend, I have your pictures, your little drawings, and all that you have given me, treasured. Everything is in a large envelope with your name on it - I simply can not throw the things away

Children have listened to me with big eyes when I have told them from the sun and the stars. That were beautiful hours, I think for all of us

I hope, I have not betrayed you when I have told you how beautiful it is to look at those inaccessible worlds, how much joy it makes - joy

I had the feeling that you have trusted me, for no reason, simply childish - I could never for no reason, simply to be childish, I could never trust someone – how even, I trust not even myself - trust

Come As You Are

It was on this night, you do not sang it yourself, but to more staggering were your words
So bright and clear, accompanied by the beautiful sounds of the grand piano

Come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be

Who I am, was - I am, how I was - like I no longer will be
How I want to be – will be

Impossible! Impossible to carry on thus! If not now, then never again!
Then it's time to finish it - what kind of thoughts – by the beautiful sound of the music
And the clarity of your words - how terribly clear they are now

As a trend, as a friend, as an old enemy

As a trend - what do you mean - development - which?
As a friend - what do you mean - friend – not a friend I was to me for a long time!
As an old enemy - now I understand you!

I hate myself in my existence, sicken me, disgust me from myself!
I'm the worst enemy to me and the only friend!
I'm caught in myself - can not escape!

How much I would like, only once, to be able to express my feelings!

Take your time, hurry up, the choice is yours, don't be late

Do I have a choice! Tell me! Do I have a choice! Which!

Does it even matter if I'm wasting any more time
Or write in a rush – filling pages, which no one will ever read anyway, and if
But only finds them ridiculous and stupid!

I'm a long time, much too long, finally, too late!
What simply remains to me!

Take a rest, as a friend, as an old

Memoria

Memoria

Memoria

You spit in my face, and I've earned it, just like I've earned it
That She spit in my face, as I have deserved it
That She spit in my face, as I have deserved it
That She spit in my face, as I have deserved it
That She spit in my face, as I have deserved it
That He spits in my face!

Everybody should spit in my face!

I puke on my memories, I puke on it!

And I swear that I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

Memoria

Memoria

Memoria

Memoria

No, I don't have a gun

And I swear that I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

Memoria

Memoria

Who needs one with this shitty memories!

don't be late

Maybe I'll bring something to end but once

(Nirvana, Come As You Are)

Lost

I
Lose myself in your music - can not find a way back
I
Am intoxicated with this feeling that you give me
I
Dance ensouled by the drug towards the abyss in which you will plunge me
Fucking Old Bastard

Tori Amos

Spit in my face
You have every right to
Why you apprehend consequences - there will be no
Who am I, that there were any!
Spit on me!

Was there gossip that you were just a copy of someone else
That you are a no-go
I jerk, at least believed it

Now you're sitting at your grand piano

Your red hair so wild - your face symmetric and smooth
Your eyelashes accurate - your mouth perfect
Unreal

The small pendants
As in the previous year - and years earlier
Them you seem to like
Even already as the girl with the straight black hair

Last year, you sat nearly normal appearing on an electric piano
And years before you appeared quite normal
But this year you twist your upper body at the huge grand piano
Sits almost frontally to the audience, can use almost no pedals

Your clothes - the red top - you seem more and more - more daring?
But this is deceptive probably only
When your legs in the tight pants twitching move, wide open
Many saw themselves threatened by the aggressive manner
But was it that
Did I ever understood you

Your eyes, Your glances
Only once eyes have permeated me thus
Hers are closed now
Yours still confuse me

Tell me, how could you
After

Now you have your hair differently
You no longer play
Do you accuse – probably not
Do you want to experience it in each concert again
Why the people clap

How your words hurt
How can you pronounce them
And your eyes
Your eyes
Eyes

I wish me some of your strength
Only a fraction would be enough
To do, that what I would have to do
Not comparable, what you do

I am the perpetrator
You the sacrifice

Why
I crucify
You

Why
I do not crucify
Me

(Montreux 1992)

Wrong

I was at the right time in the right place
And did the wrong thing

From now on, everything was wrong!

Wrong face, wrong arms, wrong torso, wrong legs
Wrong body, wrong spirit, wrong soul

Wrong reasons, wrong aims, wrong ways
Wrong decisions, wrong rationales

Wrong Gods, wrong faith, wrong prayers
Wrong images, wrong stories, wrong dreams

Wrong feelings, wrong wishes, wrong desires
Wrong thoughts, wrong words, wrong lines

Only the songs, the songs were the right ones!

Wrong listened! - Wrong listened! - Wrong listened! - Wrong listened!

Wrong seconds, wrong minutes, wrong hours
Wrong days, wrong weeks, wrong months, wrong years
Wrong decades

Wrong life!

(Depeche Mode, Wrong)

Born To Die

After "*Paradise*" now the consideration of the album with which she should become known. Some notes thereto:

It's terribly overproduced!

The violins slain everything - especially the beautiful voice of Elizabeth Grant! Most tragic example: "Lolita" is simply no longer "Lolyta"! Especially bad at performances such as at the "Irving Plaza"! It hurts! Where is the bass! Where is the beautiful song go? Who makes such decisions - please not you!

The whole album is a mix of new/newly and old/older songs. Pity that the older songs were rearranged - I like the old arrangements throughout better! For this reason, I will not write something to all titles here. I will take out a number of titles.

I share the titles which I will consider below into two groups – thereto I tell more later:

"Born To Die", *"Blue Jeans"* and *"Video Games"*, as the first group.

"National Anthem", *"Dark Paradise"* and *"Summertime Sadness"*, as the second group.

Therefore I will not consider:

"Off The Races", *"Diet Mountain Dew"*, *"Radio"*, *"Carmen"*, *"Million Dollar Man"*, *"This Is What Makes Us Girls "*, *"Without You "*, *"Lolita "* and *"Lucky Ones "*

These I consider in the fifth chapter:

The Early Work - From Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey
2.) The Completion, Lana Del Rey - London 2010-2012

It seems to me that the mentioned titles are previous works, because of the subject matter, but also because of the music. From "*Diet Mountain Dew*" there are already videos from 2008 and 2009. "*Lolita*" was possibly already published on "*Lana del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* " although there are contradictory informations - see there. Anyway, the song would go well with the other songs on the album. All others likely form a group of songs that she sings very early in London, possibly even at the end of New York. I want to involve this songs in any case in the text there, especially as the musical arrangements of possible previous versions, as already said, consistently sound better for me.

Also I want to show here that I think that with this material the artist not always a favor was done, or, the artist not always has done a favor herself. After all the enthusiasm for her work so far, which will come back to an even greater degree with "*Tropico*" and the early work, I have my problems with this album. But thereto hereinafter more.

Let's start with the remaining titles:

„Born To Die“, „Blue Jeans“ and „Video Games“:

The songs (music):

Born To Die

Since I have considered "*Ultraviolence*" and "*Paradise*" entirely so far, "*Tropico*" till "*Gods&Monsters*" and also have listen to other music recently, it has been some time ago that I have listen to "*Born To Die*". The distance seems to do well. First, it occurs to me that I feel the violins not as intrusive as I had remembered. But this was also partly because I have not listen to a concert from this period for longer. There definitely simply much is slayed with violins. Thereto a note:

Elizabeth Grant is not Adele! Should mean: Adele is certainly a phenomenon when it comes to vocal power. You can strings, a whole band including men's choir, place behind her – Oscars! - and they all can belting together that does not impress an Adele! She simply sings "*Let the Sky fall*" as if to, what is happening behind her, just not concern her. This only just a few singers can do to this extent which indeed is not so bad. It's only sad when a singer who is not able to, who not have this vocal power - but ironically a much wider vocal range than for instance Adele – is forced say through the use of too many strings, to sing with such a strong voice power that simply exceeds her possibilities and leads thereto that she that, to which she actually vocally would capable, simply can not implement! Many times simply one violin will do, perhaps a cello with it!

So, the violins - not that bad. Her voice - beautiful. But then! Just about everything too much! Whoever had the idea in the production, there still something to it, here something more this one simply did the song and the album no favor. So let's leave that, because even if it is not entirely bad, we will soon see that it is much, much better possible.

Blue Jeans

The song starts terrific - guitar, nice contrast to "*Born To Die*". Her voice is simply fantastic. Rough, dirty, deep - great. And then, the chorus: First line very high and clear, second line again deep and rough, then up again and down again and then it goes all the way up! This must someone recreate for a start! And in concerts? Does not works always, but if ...! And as far as I can tell with my knowledge it is really very difficult, to sing a thing like that! But one thing is clear to me: If I have the choice between a through choreographed show concert where everything is fixed down to the smallest and that abounds with playback, and a concert where will be properly sung and there is no stupid show, but the singer also once come up against her limits or everything is not perfect - shit, I want to listen to music and no pseudo-masturbating wannabe – ahh, whatever...I stop now and hate me that I actually, despite all the concerns, once have watched one of her videos: "*Come As you Are*" - after 30 seconds I stopped it, my gag reflex I could also still suppress fortunately. So let us philosophizing about Ms. Grant and whether she has sex on the pinball, rather than determine, that the previous is not to outdo to repulsiveness and gaudiness.

Video Games

Harp! Know I usually just from another of my angels - well, she plays at a different level! But surprisingly - cheesy? - rather the violins. Drums - no! Just again too much! And also here it shows later, it is so beautifully possible!!!

The songs (texts):

Born To Die

I love the text! Do not think about - feel! Chuckle: *"I feel so alone on the Friday nights,"*
Reference: *"We get crazy every Friday night, ..."* (*"Body Electric"*) - but that is later! Lou Reed: *".... take a walk on the wild side"* even though I'm not a big fan of him! Oh Elizabeth, your songs are so beautiful - and you have written them for me:

*I was so confused as a little child
Tried to take what I could get
Scared that I couldn't find
All the answers honey*

I'm still so confused! One answer I have never found, and I am afraid I will not find - or? I would love to say:

*Lost but know I am found
I can see but once I was blind*

Or can I hope that you found me - along with the other angels?
That you show me what I can not see, do not want - along with the other angels?
That you lead me to where I should go, has - together with the other angels?

*Come and take a walk on the wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain
You like your girls insane*

Gladly I would be insane - in the pouring rain - really it has called once: *"Fuck you hard"?*
"Wild Side" - You and Lou Reed - how ridiculous I appear to myself!

*Choose your last words
This is the last time
Cause you and I
We were born to die*

Will I bring it to an end? - For the first time!

Because: *"This is the last time"*
Because: *"Choose your last words"*
Because: *"We were born to die"*

Because: This time - or never!
Because: These words - or no more!
Because: This life – only was there, to die?

Blue Jeans

The text is simply cool. The words, phrases, lines, all results with the music and her great, convertible voice in a unit. A great song! And the text itself?

I see in him no "profundity", should say, that I feel quite unlike the other songs that somehow here the reference to Grant is not there. It gives me the impression as if she just wanted to write a cool song, what her is absolutely succeeded. Maybe I also simply see the reference not.

And how I feel? After repeated listening of "*Blue Jeans*" I only can say:

I will love you till the end of time

Without any question – Ms. Grant!

Video Games

It is absolutely beautiful! I close my eyes and see the images which drift past, the time seems to stand still, the music flows on, the words and images too, and my feelings overcome over.....

In deep adoration, Ms. Grant: "*Only worth living if somebody is loving you*"

Yes, that's probably true - fulfills me with deep mourning: "*Baby, now you do*"

Yes, I do!: "*Heaven is a place on earth with you*"

Conclusion:

"Born To Die" – the getting know.
"Video Games" - the nice time.
"Blue Jeans" - the painful separation.

Self-Made Videos:

There are self-made videos of the following two songs, all in the fashion of those who are considered later, the time of Lizzy Grant in New York. About the discussion to "*Video Games*" possibly elsewhere something – again, such a useless discussion!

Blue Jeans

Lots of, lots of pictures and references! Some seem obvious to me, others dare, others obscure. Monaco is to be found in "*Body Electric*" - "*Monaco's my mother*" – and others more. A lot of Las Vegas, Grant in different stages of live and suddenly gaudy with vintage sunglasses, transparent white blouse and skirt with flowers, not to forget the cactus - wow, and on your lips - redder these were definitely never - I like it, even if it puzzles me a little. And as the video says just at this point: "*I love you*", I only can agree to this! Again wow, for the outfit, which really delighted me, the farewell kiss, Monaco in Super 8 and the melancholy of old America! I'm already looking forward to the self-made videos in her early work - thank you, thank you Ms. Grant!

Video Games

Of course, same style. Skateboarder, singing in front of the webcam, but this time Los Angeles, palm trees! You say that you actually have no special relationship with palms - or I have this wrong in head, you sing so often about? I have, more precisely to those on the "Strip" – unfortunately, was never there - but when I write about "*Jump*" I reveal you why. Should I say more about the video? The private recordings? About your appearance which was yet again cause for important comments? I do not think so - but I do look at again, and again, and

Live At The Premises:

There are two videos that are titled like that. Both are no matter of live performance! The videos were probably released by Elizabeth Grant with this title on YouTube. About the background I know nothing. Common to both is that the artist is accompanied each time by only one instrument – some of the best of what there is of Elizabeth Grant – listen to and dissolve

Born To Die

Piano and voice, it couldn't be hardly any better! Well, sometimes I feel that you push the emphasis too far, but what a nonsense, how boring it would be if you would sing the song always the same! Simply an awesome version – indescribable!

With such a video you do me just happy! My God, Ms. Grant, what more can I say

Blue Jeans

It could be better!

Awesome guitar - awesome voice! So fantastic how you sing the song! There, even I like the hot pants - found them boring already in my youth! - what an incredible intonation! On the CD already terrific - but here - to kneel down! What should I still write? Except perhaps: Is it a coincidence that the guitarist has a rose on his shirt?

I kneel down and do not know what to do now!

The Official videos:

Should I lie now? Your self-made videos - so terrific! "Premises" simply amazing! And now? I do not know how to say it - the next part "Poolside" is truly fantastic again! But this part? Sorry, Ms. Grant but I perceive the two upcoming videos - just crap!

Born To Die

I do not know who is responsible for what, and not wanna know it! OK, it is said that Grant have had the ideas, the director has previously worked with Swift and Perry - but that's one of the stupidest videos - especially for an actually such beautiful song - that I've ever seen! Grant says in an interview that she for instance selected the white dress herself, and she likes it, that makes it not really any easier, but does not belong to love also to criticize when you think it should be? I am not so much at home with this subject, but it is simply a need to me to say clearly how incredibly bad I feel the video:

The waving American flag, violins and a half-naked Lana del Rey - sorry, but more Yank kitsch is hardly possible! I love you so much, if you're seen in "*Ride* with the flag - not to mention the warbonnet - but here

Then the church, I do not say anything to the frescos and the ornamentation, only the question whether I am too limited, or please: What does that have to do with the song - yes, I know where you are, I know what you say to that, but the lyrics do not serve with this - or?

Yeah, than it is getting more and more worse. Del Rey on the throne, superimposed and mirrored tiger - would you have at least be so cool to make the film shooting with two tame tigers? And the worst part for me the white dress. Please, do not tell me that you can feel it beautiful or even erotic! You know what would have been beautiful and erotic - a simple, closed, white dress! And the floral wreath makes it honestly no better!

And then the bad guy with the muscle car! Maybe I totally embarrass myself now, but I can not see both in the text. See "*Blue Jeans*", I definitely would have more James Dean in the head, and he was a sensitive, cried and more, or have you seen other films by him? And although, there would have been no cooler cars? You and he on the bed, he puts his hand on your neck - now I do not say anything more!

Everything comes in so pregnant with meaning! Each facial expression, every gesture - for God's sake, if you while "*to die*" with the finger move over the throat - I am speechless due to the banality! Oh well, also even he make it! Each setting, especially in the church - since there is usually only one solution! If something seems so overloaded meaningful, it's usually just hot air! I hope you have previously read what I write at the beginning of "*Tropico*"! Because the worst comes now!

You sing: "... *we were born to die*". Except for the ridiculousness of the bloodstained del Rey - bra! - can anyone tell me why after "*we were*" he's still alive?!?

I have long thought about whether it is thought that he has only survived symbolically. Would be possible, especially since he is in opposition to her not really hurt. But he's just hurt! At the head and I think also on the lip. As a symbolic figure the whole but only makes sense makes if he was not injured at all - or? Shall I write about the tattoos now? No, the video reached the end of the line and I also!

Should I have done you wrong in the sense that I just did not catch on how awesome the video is - and not ridiculous as I feel it - I want to ask you for forgiveness! The problem is that there is a design vocabulary. And you master it for example in "*Tropico*" and as we will see outright, in my opinion, also in "*National Anthem*" so perfect that here I simply can not see articulately! Or is the resolution very simple and is called - director?

Blue Jeans

Come on, that's even worse! When he puts his fingers in your mouth - that's just ridiculous! When Robert de Niro does so in a great movie with Juliette Lewis, then this is an incredible scene, not to beat in intensity, but here!

And then the crocodile! I think I do not say anything about it - had you the idea for it - do not tell! Also by the way: You were not together with a crocodile in the pool - or? My God! There are even two! Am I right! Now three? Two I would still understand - you and he - two crocodiles - but three? - I fink out again - the way the song is fantastic! There's still something on the edge - looks like a tortoise?!?

And at the end - great sound effect (is cynically meant) and you're drowning together. Wow, drowning - if that were not so ridiculous I would have to really reflect on the last images now, but my mind refuses vehemently. If there is a video that outshines "*Born To Die*" - Viola!

Apologies again, but I think of your self-made videos of "*Premises*", that is all that impressive! Please tell me that the record company wanted to do something totally "killer", they have said in any case, and you have believed it, and - oh shit! - the two videos are simply rubbish and they have you in my opinion messed up the start very pretty!

Performances poolside at Chateau Marmont:

Born To Die

I bow to you, Ms. Grant!

By the time I only knew Lana del Rey, I had more or less the same problems as many others. But some songs I found not so bad! But the performances - "Inas Nacht" I will get to it shortly in the case of "*Video Games*"! But at one night something strange happened. I discovered with the help of some other angels how much you can find on the Internet, outside of the official albums - especially live performances! And still a little confused by Lizzy Grant, I found this! And when I had watched it, I had tears in my eyes, and I knew that this is a wonderful song and you are an even more wonderful singer. And at some point, I also get it with Lizzy Grant and finally that with May Jailer. Only with Sparkle Jump Rope Queen I still

struggle hard (do you have a video of her - with feathers in hair?). But now to one of the most beautiful performance that I know at all!

Straight away the first picture! A beautiful, elegantly dressed singer, who collects herself, while the piano starts quiet and smooth - a piano, a guitar and a beautiful voice, which can smoothly and without pressure, totally in her elegance and beauty unfold itself - why not always so!

And then you begin to sing: "*Feet don't fail me now*". I was immediately under the spell - what a voice: soft, fragile, warm, deep - words fail me! "*Try to have fun in the mean time ...*", yet a bit earlier, but especially now: I love it how you sing the words individually in your way. I just love it! And then you do it like so often and modulate your voice. "*Insane*"! How beautiful! And the moment when you indulge your vocal cords a second of relaxation, your nice gesture, so elegant - that I love also when Adele makes it! And then outright, again much deeper sung, it continues: "*Choose your last*". I would like to go on and on: "*..... answers honey*", and then you sing so incredibly intense: "*.... we were born to die*" - and your vocal cords again need a moment - you are so incredibly elegant and beautiful in those moments! But you not come to an end: "*... insane*", how you emphasize the word and lengthen it - your voice! And then again: "*... insane*" - and then I finally lose myself in her

In these minutes I fell in love with Lana del Rey! And funnily, I have seen right after "*Blue Jeans*" - "*Premises*" and "*Video Games*" also "*Poolside*" - thereto shortly more. As I said, it took still some time until I have discovered the others - May and Lizzy - and finally Ms. Elizabeth Woolridge Grant. But this video I have to watch to over and over again - it has become a part of me. Unfortunately, I know only "*Born To Die*" and "*Video Games*" by this performance. Why is something like that not released on DVD? I just do not understand!

Video Games

If I compare this with the performances on TV - another world! You're so relaxed, or at least appear so! You show emotions: facial expressions, gestures - withdrawn - fits nicely with the song - but they are there! Oh, had you sung the song but only once thus on television - not to think of! And look at the audience - focused they listen to you - they like it - I like it! And your intonation - feelings become transported! And everyone can feel them! And in the end - why you do not do this not more often - you have such a wonderful jazz voice!

I see you as an old woman - when I unfortunately not anymore can experience it - on stage - as the great ladies of jazz, soul and blues have done - then, when your beauty only this one sees, who looks closely - then, when there are only the words - then, when I still will love you - you will sing your songs still as at the poolside! Is it not nice for a singer to know that the outer beauty passes, but the beauty of the voice stays to the end - I would like to be able to sing

And weeks later, I stumble over "*Hollywood's Dead*"! I shake my head and still do not understand it, again not, why those songs be not released or sung in concerts!

Video Games Live on TV:

I would like to say something about it. I think it's terribly difficult for an artist that is somewhat uncertain at the performance, to be moved from one city to another, in countries or even continents. Today "*Video Games*" here, tomorrow "*Video Games*" there, the day after tomorrow

There are artists who have obviously no problems therewith. I have already mentioned Adele. In an age where you just entered the stage as Lizzy in New York and dreamed, she has already released an album, giving concerts and has appeared on television as if it were something normal. Emilie Simon also - all my other angels? - I'm not sure – is probably also just because that you could release your first album indeed quite late. Wow, about me I do not think better now.

I want to take a performance, that I have seen back than on television. Sometimes I zap me through the programs - for more than two months I watch practically no television, now do other things, I missed nothing! - and ended up at "Inas Nacht" ("Inas Night") - it was, if I'm not mistaken, your first appearance on German television. Inas guests interest me rather not, but music, she often has quite interesting, and see - Lana del Rey. And look, Ina rejoice, you're chatting, you're laughing, you laugh, joke about English, Choir, all laughing, relaxed atmosphere and the song begins

You smile no longer, look mostly to the ground - so I wanted as a director, that my actress expresses "malaise"! I zap further

This should be no reproach, at least not towards you. But you have it however previously sung so wonderfully - I'm just sad that it took so long to

„National Anthem“, „Dark Paradise“, „Summertime Sadness“:

The songs (music):

National Anthem

As I will consider the demo video later, I shall be brief here. The violins at the beginning? Would I not know the demo, I would find the song not so bad, but that is not the case, therefore: Not bad, but far, far away from the demo!

Dark Paradise

From this song I know several audio demos that I did not deem to be interesting in this case! So only the version of the album.

Violins! Violins? Violins! I do not like the music, artificial rhythm - why! Sounds simply bad! I feel as if it was just cobbled quickly together? That just does not fit - otherwise everything is overproduced - here it sounds like recorded at home in the basement studio. Also vocally not just something special. Lets me musically in any case leave behind clueless - 404!

Summertime Sadness

Sounds immediately very different! Much more vibrant, violins and much around – delights me after "*Dark Paradise*" very much, even if a song like "*Summertime Sadness*" is faraway from "*Blue Jeans*". But it has its own way and that is good, I like a lot! She modulates her voice, the instrumentation is good, the final I like! The drums, the bass, the rhythm and your vocals carry the song and every time I listen to it again now I like it better.

One, Two, Three, Four
I got that summertime, summertime sadness

The audio demo is really good!

The songs (texts):

National Anthem

I hear the words, read the verses, but nothing happens! Would I hear "*Carmen*", "*Radio*" or others of her songs now, it would break out of me - but? Yes, I can interpret the text! Yes, there are interesting passages! Yes, you can reflect upon the text, but I descend more and more into an agony! I am increasingly perplexed, but know that the video and demo video will disabuse me of it again - so I will just continue.

Dark Paradise

The words - the flow! Actually everything really great! But see above! Since I know no official video of this song, I simply put it to the back. Perhaps it works out to me later to say something thereto - has worked very well once already! Great text definitely!

Summertime Sadness

I like the words - but again happens - nothing! I am confused and stop!

The official videos:

National Anthem

What a video! Here, I will concentrate myself totally on the images! About the music more at the demo video! What a contrast to "*Born To Die*" and "*Blue Jeans*" - simply wow!

The beginning? I am not sure, stick my neck out? Let's start like this:

As Marilyn I conceive you not convincing - only when you sing "*lavender*", you're Marilyn!

With her - Marilyn – this appears very different, with you it is quite cold - maybe I even do not understand it! Therefore along sticking my neck out:

Beautiful gesture towards Mr. Obama? "US Steel" I can't cope with - rhyme? - but otherwise it would match just almost to good

But then the video starts! Everything is immediately distinctive! THE car, THE dress, THAT gesture only – one of the hands is black! Later in "*Tropico*" Adam, the ancestor of all people, will be a white Afro-American, now JFK is a "colored" white - I think there are two possibilities, who has such ideas and no matter who it was - simply amazing and great! Then the assassination and again a beautiful gesture of tenderness - the song begins!

The house, he and she, the children - look! I won't consider individual scenes now - not necessary.

JFK - Rapper in the Oval Office! - sentimental father and husband – yacht

The assassination - real images - re-staged - some times really hard to decide

When she "JFK" at the birthday party "feeds" – Communion? - the Last

Grant is incredible as Jackie! Many a time you have to look closely yet to see, no not Jackie - Grant. As Jackie she looks stunning - she's just not a Marilyn, she's an elegant Jackie! When lying on the lion's skin - wow, that I meant with my criticism at "*Born To Die*"! Incredibly beautiful! "M"! And the others! Is life presented too rosy - T-Bird? And the rose - your rose! Super 8! "*Trust no one*"! "*Paradise*"!

And then you recite Jackie - I have yet again tears in my eyes, running down my cheeks and dripping onto the desk - young Afro-Americans cheer on ya, not for much longer - as it is today, yesterday and the day before yesterday - again a colored person shot by a white police officer - a shot - and everything is different - a toss - and everything is different - even if nothing happened: "*I loved him*" - love - when you climb on the trunk you are Jackie, there is no longer a difference: "*And I still love him*" - love

One of the best - BEST! - videos that I've ever seen:

I bow down before you once again, Ms. Grant!

Dark Paradise

From this song no official video is known to me.

Summertime Sadness

This video, one more time in the kind of the self-made videos. But you sing no longer in front of a webcam - but that's not bad! The images are great, the trees, you between the trees – simply everything! And then you fall - and it's not easy for me, but I'm just analytical – therefore:

In the reverse shot we saw you between the trees, which are on a, well, steep embankment. If you fall at this point, on this site, you simply roll down the embankment! - or I'm just too picky, especially since, if you not noticed this, it looks as if you would fall into a deep abyss. Well, maybe I'm simply just too

And a bit theatrically the entirety, but I like - really! But what I really do not understand now - or I just think again simply too much? The lyrics:

*I'm feelin' electric tonight
Cruising down the coast goin' 'bout 99
Got my bad baby by my heavenly side
I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight*

You sing - she jumps. Wouldn't you have to drive then and she sits on the passenger seat? Shall we ask ourselves, who she is, the trees, the bridge, the old recordings

And then you float - and fall – both you fall - and the drum beats the rhythm - until the end - only the beating bass and you - and I - with my

Dark Heart

I have to travel - go on aviation
I wouldn't die happy tonight

National Anthem demo video:

Here I would like to respond to you and your singing style:

The rhythm, the hardness, your rap style - "*Dark Paradise*" – simply everything! Like a great prototype, all looking forward to the car and are disappointed then with the washy result. Album version and this one - just imagine this would have been on the album - I would have loved you immediately! Oh God, and then your intonation - "*Kiss, Kiss*" - say better nothing to - or about the blue-white dress - when you kneel on the floor and you bend towards me – about the swinging of your hips, when the dress teeters so - and what you then show me - oh, old man, think of something else

Suddenly I fell you real cool with sunglasses - and that the only really cool – obviously except for Mr. Cool – KR is, to say something thereto

Elvis and Priscilla! Attracts my attention for the first time now! That could be you! Looks also not so really happy, next to Elvis - and, does I know now finally why you always this short white dresses

So many pictures - and then at the end - who wrote the wicked end, the music - that's like KR at the beginning of lets say "*Give Me Shelter*" plays and you say to yourself: Why this can not continue eternally and, must the other now necessarily begins to sing! And here: Why is this song over now!

Do I have to bother about what the text means, whether criticism of what and so, or still just only – run out of steam! Now, I listen to and look at the demo a couple of times more!

Bowed I have already twice! "Blow kiss" or "kiss on the hand" - no beautiful terms!

Baiser, Madame Grant!

Conclusion:

The first group, if I am not mistaken, also Elizabeth Grant sums up. She once talks in an interview(?) about three titles that belong together - "*Blue Jeans*" and "*Video Games*" she mentions in any case, about the third title I'm not sure. I am not starting now, in the jungle of links, footnotes, interviews, to search! Also it is not such important to me, in that sense that I feel it in that way!

What do the three titles tell now? They tell a story - clearly! But somehow it seems "lame" to me! Not in the way, as I might say: Those were her beginnings, later, already on "*Paradise*", let alone with "*Tropico*" everything changes! It is fascinating for me to know the very early works. Because these songs enthrall me totally! These six songs, this three and following three, appear to me like a - yeah, search, the try to make it really fantastic and professional now - manager, producers and record company - chatter, all know better - everything - better as the artist?

You have done it before so well! Even worse, this material comparing with your self-made videos, "Premises" to mention - the performance "Poolside"! And then on TV "*Video Games*" – oh God, about the official videos I do not want to say one word about! I have the feeling that you have almost taken the wrong turn in London - as Lizzy almost in New York - or was it even still in New York and you went therefore to London - I still do not understand the data completely, how events are in sequence to each other - but is somehow not so important - LA! There are vague statements that you do not like the US music industry

The titles that I have shifted to the early works are those in which I will find the Elizabeth Grant again that I love so much. These first three songs are fantastic works - I mean that thus! I hurts me if I imagine, that these songs had been released in your way. Or was it your way? You stress it again and again, praying it almost like a mantra: I have full control, everything is done the way I want - who shall believe this? Or do you say it all the time only because to show

Should I ever complete this manuscript, and I think it looks very good! And should I find a publisher who publishes it then, would I believe than that I could keep full control over the book – maybe I am a lonely Old Man and probably a ridiculous also - but naive! You were very naive probably one time at least - Lizzy - or? But then to say always, I do everything alone - producers, manager, record company, co-authors - all that is totally normal, without this it does not function if you want to be a "star", let alone internationally! But with the chatter, I do everything myself I have the full control, you have deterred me for a long time - showed me that you are also only a ridiculous Yank poppet that smiles bravely at the camera and recites by heart the nonsense that has her taught previously! Till "Poolside", "Premises", Lizzy, Sparkel (?), May and finally Elizabeth Woolridge Grant. Would it be too much to ask

for to be sometimes somewhat Elizabeth? I tell you, and only you: One of my dreams is to have a music program. I would invite my angels, and talk to them as long as we want. And then, then you-all could do that on a small stage, whereto you feel like, as long as you want. With two angels I would have problems!

One angel - I have no words and tears flood into my eyes - I imagine, I might welcome her, we sat down, and for exactly two hours we remain silent! I do not know what I should ask her - and she do not likes to narrate about herself, except in her songs! And after exactly two hours we stand up, say goodbye, and she leaves again - she does not like it, to perform, and I am in complete agreement with her opinion - there are the albums, you can listen to them!

And the second angel? Sure, that are you. I would write you a letter in which its written in fat letters:

But please! Would you allow me to speak with Elizabeth Woolridge Grant! Sorry! I am not interested in an interview with Lana del Rey – please let me speak with.....

I know this is ridiculous! Unprofessional, as if you would have sung once something else like "*Video Games*" in the early days, but sorry, you are talking about "*fucking crazy*" - with me you could be "*fucking crazy*" - if your management, or whoever permits it. Would be nice to meet you once and to talk to you – just for yuks – you know how I would like to name you now

The second group: An order?

"*Dark Paradise*": Very confusing!

"*Summertime Sadness*": Old video style - the song, the lyrics, the video - just beautiful!

"*National Anthem*": New video style, but finally something useful. Worked with good people, created something terrific - stupid to say in hindsight - but something announces. Just a pity that you than have not maintained the hardness of the demos - and show this no longer anyway - or?

Many a time I see you as an artist, which simply should exhaust all her capability - should not perform as "Lana del Rey" only!

Of course I imagine that you continue making albums on which "Lana del Rey" is written - necessarily - but please with more rap and hardness!

But then I imagine also that on some "Elizabeth Woolridge Grant" is written!

Elizabeth Woolridge Grant Sings The Blues
(Rebecca has shown)

The Elizabeth Woolridge Grant Show
(Swing - Robbie)

I believe you know what I mean! Why tie yourself down, you are capable of doing so much! And again something like "*Tropico*"?

I just love the picture that I have drawn earlier. The idea that you still are on stage, old, when I am no more - that has something beautiful in itself - this were three wonderful songs!

Concerts: "*Hackney Weekend*" (2012) and "*Concert Privé*":

I would like to write briefly something about two concerts now, which I like very well.

Hackney Weekend:

I do it briefly! Your dress awesome, your shoes awesome, your hair and make up awesome - and when you then sing "*Body Electric*" and the cello is to hear, on the small stage, when you kneel than

then you pray the rosary for me - then you are my Mary

Concert Privé:

Do you know the performance of her? - Of her I have just spoken. - At this stage she gave such a beautiful concert. - But I want to talk about you.

When you get on stage, amazing! I love your hair, the shoes with crossed straps, one above, one below the ankle! But what upsets me is your dress! Unbelievable how beautiful you are. In close-ups - the quality of the video is not the best - you might think you are someone else. Same hairstyle, retro, both black dresses, but especially both incredibly elegant, just like her, when she says "Fuck" in the Royal!

And the concert? "*Blue Jeans*", simply to name a song, is incredible - the bass, your voice - I freak out! Small stage, few musicians, then you are always so incredibly good!

I adore you! - I am serious!

And now, since this part is brought to an end, I will sit back, I will turn the music in my headphones louder and I will dissolve totally in your music

Thank You, Ms. Grant!

Heaven

I'm in heaven

It hurts so!

The drum beats the measure, that my dark heart knows no longer
The words are like needles in my brain
The guitar throttles me the air
The keys hurt my fingers

How gladly I would love to sing with joy once
And give anything therefor
I would shout it out
And dissolve me in the void
As if I had never existed

Once I would like to feel it
To be loved
But therefor it is to do
The last major step, the last major deed
The last major finish, the last major final

I'm in heaven

I dissolve in trust

Nor is it not so far as, nor I lack the courage
The light is not mine, also not the flame
Love I can not give, love I can not feel
Nor I have not reached the abyss now, not really felt the void
But the day will come, and I will be forearmed for it

Then I will dive into the abyss joyfully
Full of love and intoxicated by the things that will come
Nothing can stop me from, I will feel it
At least once I will feel it

And then?

Then everything else does not matter anymore!
Is it not nice and calming to be an Old Man
Whose seconds, whose minutes, whose hours
Whose days, whose weeks, whose months
Whose years - perhaps yet again some - but who knows
Whose decades – probably still only a few - if any

Yet already are numbered

I dissolve in trust

(Depeche Mode, Heaven, Vienna Launch Party)

René Magritte

His paintings and writings were a revelation to me - Dali never interested me! The quiet Belgian, who seemed like the unassuming neighbor in the row house - what a contrast to the noisy showmanship artists - he was like Schwitters for me

The much the more his work affected me - his paintings, riddles, actually quite easy to solve, you just had to look closely, and yet one was surprised again and again then what kind of riddles Magritte had found on the new, what kind of ideas

And what was more important? The art or the writings? Explained the writings the art, or illustrated the painting the writings? Both true probably, and this I liked much, no longer the Greek mythology, the Christian canon and much more was required, but the theoretical writings of the artist or the group to which the artist belonged

With Magritte, a new view of art opened up, its purpose, the reason for its existence – no more ecclesiastical, aristocratic, upper-class contractee - the artist supplied both the art, as well as the theoretical foundation of the same

And even though I realized this, it came to the break - artists like Beuys, ridiculous myth-making, Immendorff, only show - Warhol! I could, can till today, do nothing with this art - except as an investment object if I had the means once

And Magritte, the thought of owning one of his paintings, something that he created by hand - I woulda fear to pollute it, to damage, to lose it – this, I would never forgive me

Cheer

I see you in your uniforms, short skirts, ponytails, the blue-white ribbons – does one of you have braces?

I see you on the training and admire you, with witch passion you pursue your sport. You give much for it – quite a few people consider you only for silly girls witch hop around with their pompoms.

Me anyway you've impressed - if you want to achieve something, you have to develop a passion and also to get over something once. As you said: The worst thing we ever have had was a broken nose – also I should break my nose thoroughly once – crooked it's already.

Nirvana

Why I did not perceived you really?

Shit hype about you - I never liked!
With "Teen Spirit" I couldn't do anything!

Really! You neither! Almost cool - or?

Even "*Rape Me*" seemed somehow insincere!
Shit riffs!
I rather listened - Red Hot Chilly Peppers!

Today I listen your songs like poems

Secret

'Cause two can keep a secret if one of them is dead
(The Pierces, Secret)

Be sure, one of us two will die, and I am sure
That I will not be the one

Tom The Model

You know you don't ever
Have to worry 'bout me
I'd do it again
(Beth Gibbons, Tom The Model)

The devil knows my monster and me to a hair's breadth
And knows that he only has to wait
That his time will come
When illusions pass away
And truth breaks its way through

Then his time will come
And he will be more inexorable than ever
Will let me do that, whereupon we both wait
Of this we both know, one day it will happen
And I see his smile even now

My arrogance will not protect me
The fall only bigger making
Like Icarus towards the sun, in free fall
And yet, there is a choice
On earth firmly, never wafting

Let me aspire into the highest heights
Let me fall into the deepest depths
When all through
Who asks then yet how ridiculous it all was
What a ridiculous Old Man he was

So, I will do it again
And suffice the devil
And after the end
Should I then open my eyes again
Him surprised, but joyfully salute - my monster and I

One we are
Like brother and sister
Like husband and wife
Like slave and master
Like whore and john

End It

And then?
Even more pain and suffering for the people that love you yet so much?

To continue?
It is so unspeakably difficult!

I would be so happy to be able to express what so painful is in me!
But what should I say?

I am so happy that I can hear your infinitely fulfilling music!
I am so touched and moved!

In California

*I don't belong to anyone
My heart is heavy as an oil drum
I don't want to be alone
My heart is yellow as an ear of corn
And I have torn my soul apart
From pulling artlessly with fool commands*

*Here, down in California
Here, among the daphne blooming
Cuckoo, cuckoo?
(Joanna Newsom, In California)*

Sad, endlessly sad, I hear your words
Emilie and her plants - Silvia
You smile always so beautiful, so tender
How sad, so terribly sad, your songs on this CD heretofore are

Should I think about you, should I think about me
Both scares me - more about you
Lavender - Daphne - Grenadine
California
LA

So long you have not written anything - published
Actress now you are – one time
Please write again - your voice to hear

Like a little girl, and I not mean it stupid
You know how I love her, that little girl
When she strokes my old hair

Active - Passive

To Drown

Kurt Schwitters

Berlin not so much, he in provincial Hannover, not so loud and aggressive as in Berlin – exactly therefore so much the more artists for me!

Merzbau - I envied him, simply to start something, to impel something on and on, let evolve, not knowing where it is going - I was very sad that it was destroyed!

Anna Blume – Du tropfes Tier – Ich--liebe--Dir! - what beautiful lines, what a tender poem!

Rauf, runter, rauf, Punkt oben drauf!

Kurt Schwitters - certainly Arp and many others - but he fascinated me the most - I dreamed therefrom to be him, would be possible - pen and paper - wood, paint, materials which could be bought everywhere - newspapers and ads - actually there was no reason, except, except

Kurt Schwitters - you should have an idea, not necessarily an exact aim, to finish something, not the exact form, the content, the reason, the why

Kurt Schwitters – why does it take so long sometimes, so long till something happens - he suffered in his time, he suffers from his time, which ostracized his work, not only his - I could have worked unfettered

Kurt Schwitters - Merz - commerce - future

To Bear

Three trilemmas:

Two dissolve simply as that for me, are none for me!
One you have to bear, just leave as such!

But what is about the bivalence?

That, that does not exist!
That, that does not dissolve!
Can you bear these?

Fear

Seven

"Ernest Hemingway once wrote, the world is a fine place and worth fighting for. I agree with the second part."

Ernest Hemingway wrote in his novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls": *"The world is a fine place and worth fighting for and I hate very much to leave it."* - I agree with the first and the third part.

Shipbuilding

Is it worse it?

I don't know, I really don't know!
I only can try it
Or end it
It's so hard

Life with a sin which did not take place

Why?
Should I pray?
Should I become religious?
Why?
Why am I so rational?

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?

Threads

*I'm worn, tired of my mind
I am alive when I sleep
I am one – Damned one – Where do I go?
(Portishead, Threads)*

If I ever would face you, I would not know what to do - fall down on my knees - I think you would find this ridiculous because it would be simply ridiculous! And yet it is only an expression of the helplessness that overcomes me when I hear your music and find myself so painful in her!

Elizabeth and you, you have changed my feeling and thinking a lot - you let me no choice, as that I face up to myself. And I still have hope what my future concerns. Was the past, that you visualize to me, a senseless, useless wastage, that has dug in itself in my mind that much, that even after the months with you, it is not yet possible for me to talk freely about these things, and especially to talk to the people concerned - only to you I conceive some trust, and look forward to see you again!

Suicide

You sing
A lot about dying
You sing
A lot about suicide
You sing
A lot about to be dead
You say
That you wish for to be dead

They say
As long as they talk about it, one must not worry

He
Sang
He
Swore
He
Lied

Thus
Why should I talk about

Jackrabbits

*So I swung through here
Like a brace of jackrabbits
With their necks all broke*

Where it don't run wild

The feather of a hawk was bound

*And says, "you will be free"
(Joanna Newsom, Jackrabbits)*

*Birds of a feather
Is it outrageous to say that*

*Become fucking crazy
But free
Is it ridiculous to say that*

I would like to sit on that gorgeous horse
To become one with her, to do that, what must be done

If only yet I knew
If I would find you then
How vast the fear that not
Thus, I would like to stay as long, as donated me, as I be able to bear
To be at least with your works
And should I later find
That you waited all the time
I will laugh, laugh about the Old Man
Who had so much fear
And in endless joy to share the endlessness with you

Weapon

You don't need any

George Grosz

His pictures, and especially also the drawings and prints - "Ecce Homo!" - have robbed me the breath, have made me speechless, robbed me the mind, and yet I only would have to look closely, I would have recognized me – in the philistine, the one who talks big, the one who knuckled under '33, pondering about his possible personal benefit regarding the development!

And after, the good family man would have gone to the brothel and would have get his cock licked by a thirteen year old whore - "Hurengespräche" - "Lutschliese"

The conditions were thus, how they are today? Why anything repeats itself, perhaps only to another place - India - land of great opportunities for investors and doers

There that philistine speaks, holding his trite speeches and looking at the pictures and drawings by Grosz, is excited at the exhibition - and regrets that he has lessen in his late work - what would he has still be due to do?

Not to return to Germany - I would not do it – would I be come thus far once as he did - you see what you have therefrom, how banal, how sublime the Endless Ocean

George Grosz, he was one of the great discoveries of my time in Ludwigsburg and Stuttgart, after the fruitless time of apprenticeship - he, Dix, Magritte and Ernst were the ones that moved and occupied me the most - just a pity that so little come to light thereby - maybe it has only lasted endlessly

Rape Me

Is it already so far, now?
Am I already arrived directly at you, now?

But then, I rape me still rather self!
And you know how much joy I have at it!

And yet I have expressed it still quite harmless!
You know

Trust no bitch

Horses

Although I have no special relationship with them
Beautiful creatures they are

Joanna - Wild horse
Silvia - Ariel
I - ?

Machine Gun

*The remedy, to agree, is how I feel
(Portishead, Machine Gun)*

How many times have I said that you write your songs just for me, so deep they look into me, so much I have to admit to myself that they describe me. Yet still I have time and again the feeling at the end, Ellis will pronounce the final wisdom!

Do you think there is a remedy? I think it is the pounding rhythm of this song, which thrashes in my mind - but what happens? When I close my eyes, I feel so free - when I look at my rings, how beautiful they are, as lovely as Joanna's smile! But when I open my eyes again - nothing has happened! How leaden the time, how desperate the hope, only your songs and my dreams are real!

It's A Fire

*Cos this life is a farce
I can't breathe through this mask
Like a fool
So breathe on, little sister, breathe on
Oh, so breathe on, little sister, like a fool
(Portishead, It's A Fire)*

The trick is to keep breathing – Shirley

And you Beth, why you have to end your songs always this way
You could not have omitted "like a fool" at the end

No, you would not have - it would have been dishonest
Not that I say, Shirley would be dishonest, quite certain not

But one have to express it so mercilessly always
You know, for what I love you so deeply - worship

I still dream, to sit vis-à-vis you once
Two hours, do not ask me why just two hours, I do not know

And we did not speak a single word, because we have so much to tell us

Suicide

Is it not a bizarre idea
Suicide – to murder oneself
Since death forthcomes inevitably, you maybe be able to speed up him somewhat
Suicide
Sounds kinda weird

I once wanted to write a book – unbelievable, what all I have wanted to do!
It should be called: "Dead of an Immortal".
He would end his life, because he has become tired of it.
That would make sense, if you than would talk of suicide.
After all, he would live forever indeed, would he not do it.
Otherwise, it is just more of a " to speed up the dead something".
Especially, since you do not know indeed, when it once will be insofar as.

Is it too morbid to write a story.
Of one who commits suicide.
Who would be dead anyway the next day.
Because of a stupid accident!

Actually, you can sit back and just wait.
He will come anyway - sooner or later.
Why the rush.

You know why

Three Little Babes

*“For I shan’t stay here in this wicked world
When there’s a better one for me”
(Joanna Newsom, Three Little Babes)*

Would I know, that there is another world
Already long ago I would be in her
Not questioning, what her entity
Not more senseless as this, she could be
And would the devil waiting for me
Who else should it be otherwise
And point out my place and my torment to me
Joyfully I would take it, and dissolve in the torment

But if no other world waits
This the only after all
What nonsense than the deed
To do that, what will come anyway

And if this world even as unholy as possible
She would be the only one
Nonetheless something special she would be

Something what one should appreciate
Something what one should love
Something what one should honor

So, who now can give the question’s answer
About those other world
The, who give one - do not believe them!

Do not believe them, that she exists!
Do not believe them, that she not exists!
Only you can give you an answer

Was your the right one?

Wasted

I confess it to me now
Wholewise without pathos - sober - factual
The last 25 years - wasted - pointless

Baby I’m tired, I’m tired of you

Paul Wunderlich

I saw the unicorn twice - once many years ago - now again - I think the first time in the same art gallery in Heilbronn as now

The unicorn of Wunderlich is so entirely different than the one of Elizabeth. Yours is like a supernal-white, sublime creature - I want to embrace her, to fall round her neck - but only the virgin it is possible, when she puts her head in her lap

The unicorn of Wunderlich is armored, not threatening, but she leaves no doubt that she is able to defend herself, that she has no desire for a contact with a human – she is a smart unicorn

The unicorn of Wunderlich, so shiny, so matt, so elegant with her long, pointed, twisted horn - I feel like it impales myself, like the horn penetrates my abdominal wall, pushes between my intestines, the spine, there where it hurts so once, central, through the marrow, penetrates, splits, and again become visible on the other side - an excited shiver runs through my body

The unicorn of Wunderlich, so heavy, so solid – the unicorn of Elizabeth as light as a feather appearing – his will not yield, she will stay, firmly, immovable - hers is shy, she will yield, flee

Unicorns just as cities – so different they can appear - my unicorn is part of the endless universe - and the city with the Endless Ocean, will she be mine one day, at least in the way as the unicorn

Knowledge

Protects the knowledge, to know, whereto you would be able to to do it?

It would be nice!

Needle

I see the needle, as it slowly penetrates the eyeball
I see the needle, as it slowly penetrates the gingiva
I see the needle, as it slowly penetrates the vein

Will this also still come

One For Me

*One for the liar and one for the trust.
Ignorant bliss.
(The Pierces, One For Me)*

I am the liar - I am the trust
Deceived oneself I have long enough
Trust in myself I need to find

Bliss?
Why pursue thereafter
In trust I will find it

Drake

*What do you do, you hide lies inside
Why do you do that, I don't know why*

My lies I show everyone
The truth is hidden within me

Why do you ask
Should I show everyone
How it is inside me

How beautiful the harmonica - Toots, Getaway, Peckinpah

*How long did I know for you
I don't know why you had to go
(Beth Gibbons, Drake)*

You have to go, I will stay
You know why, I told you

For too long, you decide on me
For too long, you hinder me
For too long, I listen to you
For too long, you be around
For too long

Dover

I lean over the battlements
Still a little further, still a little further
An odd dizziness seizes me
Still a little further, still a little further

I am enjoying the feeling, being able to plunge into the deep
Still a little further, still a little further
I am enjoying it, only a little bit to be remote from dead
Still a little further, still a little further

But I step back
Still a little further, still a little further
Not falling into the deep
Still a little further, still a little further

I want to feel it again and again, that odd, almost voluptuous feeling
Still a little further, still a little further
This small gap, between life and death
Still a little further, still a little further

It is nice to see you on the bridge - like you fall
I stand on the other side of the handrail - lean over
Intoxicate me by the small gap
And look after you

Happy, carefree summer

Peach, Plum, Pear

*Now it's done.
Watch it go.
You've changed some.*

Water run from the snow.

*Am I so dear?
Do I run rare?
You've changed some:*

*Peach, plum, pear
Peach, plum
(Joanna Newsom, Peach, Plum, Pear)*

Ariel carries me away in wild gallop
One we become - one also with you
Your fate also mine

Have I changed - enough - enough never however
And never, never it is done
And should I answer your questions?

I would love to hear your jazz records with you
Yours are most certainly rare
How much I would love to meet you

I am so afraid that it will not be enough
He had his music, you had your poems
And yet, in spite of everything, you have to do it

I have nothing

*Peach, Plum, Pear
Peach, Plum
Peach*

Similarities - Differences

Similarities

Dictators, Mass Murderers, Rapists

Differences

Female Artists

Who am I, what and why?

Otto Dix

Several times I had to write something about him, his images have created a deep, ever lasting impression, they are a part of me, I am a part of them

As Grosz - pictures, drawings, studies, cartoons - feelings which I could hardly control, could suppress, if only I had given them full scope once, once wept in front of one of his pictures, in public, not hidden, how liberating this might have been - but then they would become aware of me, I would have to say, to tell, to confess something – not I could get lost in the shuffle of visitors, not could be invisible - Ellison

I liked as he painted women, the whores just like the actresses and the other famous women - he saw into the people - painted their inner - of course the question arose, how he would have painted me, but what a ridiculous, hypocritical question, never it will ever give an answer - how senseless and chumming up the question then

Big City - I was repelled, and likewise I yearned in her, at this time in her to live - Big City Symphony - although it was obvious to me that these were only illusions, the reality much more banal, the reality is always more banal, that was already obvious to me early - literature, film, painting and also music had often enough shown and thematized it, and yet I yearned thereafter, also admitting that I would not be among the winners – had I ever won once, had I ever played once - well, Marilyn, West Coast - what for silly dreams you yet are, and yet so wise beyond all measure:

„Sometimes you just have to gamble.“ "If you're not drinkin' then you're not playin'."

Ecce Homo!

War - voluntarily - never – to kill another person, what a terrible thought - even the thought of it - that it could happen - that it might have happened – anxiety states! I simply do not understand it - never nightmares – never

War, the greatest insanity of man, here he reveals his grotesque face, here he shows who he really is - at least murder due to greed, for land, territory, resources - murder because of ideals, faith, higher truth, values - to which abstruse, perverse thoughts man is still capable – at the sight of the battlefields, of the wars which are conducted in this hour, how I shall condemn the one who not kills the little children in a closet, but shreds, shoots into pieces – what shall I hold against him

Ecce Homo!

Body Parts

Always again the reporter asked, why it takes so long, until the dead bodies are
 evacuated

There were no dead bodies anymore

Only ragged flesh, lay in the cupboard

Why these images are never shown, why so dishonest, why not see, what the
 aides, the paramedics and the police had to see

I close my eyes and see the cupboard and hear the tolling

Bullet

I sit, stare into the void, as in a drugstore in LA
I close my eyes
The bullet touches my skin, it penetrates it in infinite slowness
The temple, the cranial vault
Intrudes the brain - infinitely slowly
An eternity it will need to cover only a fraction of the distance
To the other side

Resolve

*I'll be lost when you gone
(Beth Gibbons, Resolve)*

The worst for me would be
If you were no longer
You were no longer
Were no longer
No longer
No

Spider Monkey

*Feathered like a majorette
In a rose unsaid and done
(Beth Gibbons, Spider Monkey)*

Touch your soft body
Hear your silent breath
Smell your light scent

Am a part of you
Under your heart
Feel your warmth

Give me a life

Are my mother
Are my father
Are my female creator

But what good is the most unrestrained fantasy
Witch rages but only in the mind
Nothing gives birth to
Nothing feminine has

How easy it is
Destruction

Even more easy
Annihilation

How hard is it
Constructiveness

The fear of failure

And then
Destruction

And then
Annihilation

If I annihilate myself
I am perpetrator then
I am sacrifice then

Nor is it relevant then

Birds Of A Feather

Drowning by Numbers

Is it permissible to kill yourself? To try to settle a debt therewith?
What, if those, in whose debt you be
Perhaps not pleased take note of that death, but in mourning?
Is it then still possible to kill yourself, to put an end, and therefore yet more suffering
Engender for those, which you have already inflicted sorrow?
Is this perhaps the atonement, just not to be able to do it, not to be able to put an end to
Not the easy way to go, not to steal yourself out of responsibility?

You could make it look like an accident?
Walk along a river, slipped, drowned in the cold flood?
I know where the streaming is strong!
What a perversion of my life this would be!
What a slap in the face of the one who gave me a new life!

So, as simple as that it does not goes!
But alone I can not do it also!
A faith I have not also!
Hope not anyway!

I should start to be fucking crazy!

Easy

*Easy, easy
You must not fear
You must meet me to see me
I am barely here
But like a Bloody Mary
Seen in the mirror
Speak my name
And I appear*

*I'm your little life-giver
I will give my life
Come on you little life-giver
Give your life
(Joanna Newsom, Easy)*

You bestow me life, while you give yours, in order that I can give mine
I pronounce your name, and you appear, and I have no reason to fear
I look in the mirror and spot myself and express my name

How the tones overwhelm me - and your glorious voice
Again a feeling of lightness overcomes me
No, there is no longer a reason for fear
For you are with me

I walk to the river, see the light
See you - See Me
Hear you - Hear Me

Weapon

You don't need any – But it simplifies the matter

Max Ernst

His large exhibition in Stuttgart was one of the greatest moments in my life! I began to study art history, never I had seen so many works of an artist - and what sort of ones!

All the techniques, the sizes - very small-sized works cast a spell over me - the great masterpieces - it was a frenzy, a single frenzy to go through the rooms. I rushed at the beginning, ran, wanted to see all! Preferably I would have screamed with happiness - of course I did not – Loplop!

I was unable to conceive anything, gladly would have touched anything! I would like to have hugged the images, would like to have had sex with them - I was excited - my mind exploded - unable to think straight!

Would I have been able to understand it – at that time? No! And later, when I leafed through the exhibition catalog countless times? Perhaps, but it was the time of displacement, the time in which it seemed as if never something had happened - and technically seen just nothing had happened! What would have been, would I have realized what I see there on these pictures - already some of the titles?

Would I have understood it that these images were mirrors, mirrors that showed my heart, my mind - "*my broken mind*" – that he was my Virgin Mary, who prays the rosary for me?

But I did not hear the prayer, even when I felt something, something that these images were something very, very special for me! Too bad that I was afraid of doing, just to get myself into the pictures, but that I could at no time – just to get myself into something, for no reason!

And so I contain these images decades inside me, and when I look at them now, I cry, for no reason – for no reason I will also cry when I am facing one of the originals again – for no reason, and everyone is permitted to see it, when this one, that with his bracelets and rings begins to cry, when he finally opens himself to art and adhere to his feelings

Saint Cecilia - The Invisible Piano
State Gallery Stuttgart

Basement

I sit in the basement, above me the bombs, but I am safe, in my refuge. It is almost homey down here, where I am so often now, even if it is cold and also often dark

I wait, wait until I can go upstairs again, can see the day-light, that glares me with its bright glow, greets me like the morning sun

Soon I will be down again - but is it not better than above? At least it is safe, at least as long as none of the bombs hits, exactly hits, so long I am safe, in my basement

Tom the Model

*But I can't hide my own despair
I guess I never will*

Still I'm able to, still I'm able to obscure her
But more and more difficult it becomes, more and more elaborate
And I apprehend, long I will not be able to it

She wants to break her way outwards
Wants to show up, to anyone who wants to see her
Wants to show me up, let me become vulnerable

Wants to destroy me – will destroy me

How can I forget your tender smile

Because it is already so long ago, so infinitely long
That I saw it in the mirror, almost I wonder
Was it ever there

And the matter with the heart
Just leave me alone with it
Because right now I become very anxious about me
And shall I think at it - no, I have none

Delete - death - the whole shit is over
Why just now
Tom - Thomas was the name of my only youthful friend
He was there when I did it

Is it that simple – or do I make it simple only

I would like, simply only just to sleep
I would like, simply only just to dream
I would like, simply only just to hear your voices

Am I afraid of, that one day me
Your drugs
No longer will suffice

And then
I search for new drugs
Devote myself to madness

Or
Reply to Elizabeth differently

Yes
I act out all my dark fantasies
In reality

As a German I should be very good therein

(Beth Gibbons, Tom The Model)

Suicide

The water is comfortably warm
The candle lights flicker and throw mazy shadows
The last meal is taken
An enchanting scent fulfills the room

The
Most gorgeous melody flatters my ear
2:45
The
Cut is deep
The
Knife sharp

The
Blood in the comfortable water, as it mingles, in a thousand shades and swirls

I
Become tired - close my eyes

And
Angelic voices welcome me in infinite silence

Not Your Kind Of People

*Running around trying to fit in,
Wanting to be loved.
It doesn't take much.
For someone to shut you down.
When you build a shell,
Build an army in your mind.
You can't sit still.
And you don't like hanging round the crowd.
They don't understand
(Garbage, Not Your Kind Of People)*

To come off in something, to match something, to belong to the crowd
Nothing cloyed me more
Who understood the dangling at the ears

Always in motion, restless, not too long at one place
Nary a bonding, nary an intimacy

An army in the head - now also you start with it

But you are just in the right, to wage war with myself, what else remains
To love - whom
To be loved - by whom

To love means to open yourself
To be loved means to be open
So simple, so heavy

To wage war is so easy
To be destructive is so easy
To be counterproductive is already more difficult
To be constructive is impossible to me

I know, how you let end the song
Do you really think, really, I could be
Do you think

Oh shit, I have again those ridiculous tears in the eyes
But weep a little less recently
But have all the more fear, the more pages I fill
So many are it already

Again, you sing the beautiful part which I quote
And soon you will say it again, that
We are extraordinary people

Now you are laughing at me, or do you mean it
Why do some of your songs hit me so directly
Not as an angel I can see you
Bad Girl - does not fit so proper to an angel
But what are you then?

Are you Pandora, who opens the box - you know how I see her
You - Pandora

Elizabeth - Eva and Mary

Beth - now it's beginning to become interesting - how nice the play with references

But whoever you are - Shirley Manson – Now, no play with your name
Whoever you are, Shirley
Your eye, has permeated me always

And today I have the feeling
That you are a female agent
Who, my most ineffable thoughts and fantasies screens
Those, that I would not even put on paper

Your eye tells me, that you know them all, but also,
That you will never betray them to someone
Because, even if you are a female agent, and I ask myself whose
So I still know, that you are nary a female betrayer

And maybe it is true - soon I will know it:

We are extraordinary people.

Passive - Active

To the	victim	one will be made
To the	perpetrator	one makes oneself

Kleist! - You Asshole! - You Murderer!

"Hey, Heinrich you idiot!", shouted I quite disgruntled.

"Who dares to address me thus," he replied to me. No problem to answer him!

"I! What shall the shit here?"

"I depart from this life, who are you to disturb me?" I told him, who I am, admitted somewhat harsh in the tone, after all I knew him well enough!

"Well, if you write such things, what disturb you than me? Understanding should you have!"

"Oh well, you can do what you consider necessary - but leave her out of the game!" I pointed to the young, beautiful woman sitting next to him in the grass, undoubtedly of high ancestry.

"She wishes for it, too!" replied the pen pusher to me, who now began to annoy me.

"What does she want! Persuaded you have her! You have not the balls, you can't bring it to an end alone!" I became quite loud, but we were still alone anyway, and then I thought about it briefly, whether I should tell him something about airline lines, but let it be, since he had no idea anyway what an airplane was, at least not a modern, such, with quite a lot passengers and colleagues, with the copilot, were on there way!

"By the way, beautiful old weapon! Can I see it?" I tried to talk calmly now.

"Old it's not, beautiful definitely." He said somewhat confused and uncertain.

"For me it's very old, and wow, if I could say that this is the original weapon with which the great poet has sent himself to the kingdom come – this one would really be of value!"

"Well, when it pleases you so much," hesitantly he handed the weapon - idiot! Admittedly, I had learned this by watching Altman, McCabe and Miller, but it worked so much the better. With a quick movement, I put the gun on his temple and pulled the trigger – the lady screamed out hysterically!

"Hold your horses!" I said nonchalant. "He wanted to do it, anyway!"

"But first he wanted to redeem me! Will you shoot me now also? "

"No way! On the contrary!" Should I tell her, that I anyway not knew, how to load such an old weapon? But honestly, after all I was there to hinder the idiot from implementing his crappy plan – what was really successful indeed!

"I do not want to offend you, noble woman, but it is yet clear to you that I bestow you life!" I said this not quite without pride!

"Didn't you tell Heinrich that you yourself...you know...." Then she added in a grave and wistful tone: "You know about my illness? Who shall redeem me now?"

"Well, what concerns the first, I'm really not sure what I'll do when I stand in front of her - even after my conversation with the sea cow yesterday - but I know for sure that I will not drag others into the matter - these perverse characters sicken me!" I tried to control myself, then I sat down beside her, embraced her and kissed her gently on the cheek – only now I became aware that she was barefoot

"And what your illness concerns," I began with a gentle voice that surprised even me,"what your illness concerns, my grandfather had it and lived still happy for many years, happy also to have survived a war, of which he probably never narrated, he died when I was very small. And my father also has it, not everything could be removed from his head, and he too lives with it for many years now without limitations. So you can see, many beautiful years can be bestowed to you." She raised her head, I wiped her tears away and stroked tenderly over her beautiful hair

"So you think.....?"

"Why not, life still has a lot to offer - we could, for example, bonk a little bit?"

"Pardon me! I'm a married woman!"

"You've probably also bonked with this Kleist – or even not? And then yourself by him let have want to shoot dead!"

"Pardon me! He is a poet - was!"

"Me too! Oh well, maybe, but in any case I don't want to shoot you dead! And how about with some bonking now!" I wanted to turn the thing something more in the right direction!

"But that would be very naughty.... just as he lies there....." I rolled the body into the water, water was my friend all along, and gave it a push so that it outswims from the shore.

"Well, that's settled! How it would be under the elder bush?"

"But no! It belongs to another!"

"She's just not there - and honestly, would she be there, then....."

"You disgusting menfolk, always your immoral thoughts!" With these words she had laid herself already under the bush, and pulled-up the skirt, and.....

Now because I am a true gentleman, I discontinue here! But would like make no secret of, that despite my somewhat advanced age, it was possible for me to bring joy to her indeed a

bunch of times and she was, due to some of my skills, details I can certainly not describe at this passage, deeply ecstatic

The lady still lived for many years, we done from time to time under that bush, whereby I confess that the girl from Heilbronn was unfortunately never involved, which was perhaps down to the fact that the smart gentlemen anyway not went along with each other, who she maybe is, or whether she is not even from Stuttgart, or whatsoever but that's a different story anyway, that with the smart gentlemen

Rape

*5am
Friday morning
Thursday night
Far from sleep
I'm still up and driving
Can't go home
obviously
So I'll just change direction
Cause they'll soon know where I live
And I wanna live*

*Got a full tank and some chips
It was me and a gun
And a man on my back
And I sang "holy holy" as he buttoned down his pants
You can laugh
It's kind of funny things you think
at times like these
Like I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this*

*Yes I wore a slinky red thing
Does that mean I should spread
For you, your friends your father, Mr. Ed*

*Me and a gun
and a man
On my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
Yes I wore a slinky red thing
Does that mean I should spread
For you, your friends your father, Mr. Ed
And I know what this means
Me and Jesus a few years back
Used to hang and he said
"It's your choice babe just remember
I don't think you'll be back in 3 days time
So you choose well"
Tell me what's right
Is it my right to be on my stomach
of Fred's Seville*

*Me and a gun
and a man
On my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this*

*And do you know Carolina
Where the biscuits are soft and sweet
These things go through you head
When there's a man on your back
And you're pushed flat on your stomach
It's not a classic cadillac*

*Me and a gun
and a man
On my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
(Tori Amos, Me And A Gun)*