

Fourth Chapter

Dreams and Feelings

Second Life

Short – Without memories

Archangels

My angels have gorgeous voices
How gentle they are
But you two
You are my archangels

Your voices
So seductive - so tempting

Your words
So indescribably sorrowful

My tears
So unspeakably beautiful

Ludwigsburg

In Ludwigsburg I had my first appointment after my apprenticeship. Because my draft delayed itself, I was there for three years. Three years in which I discovered an incredible variety! Bizarrely I lost, thus far as I discovered the books again and the visual arts for the first time, the music. Not, that I did not hear it any more, but I believe that I listened to less and less - up to a night - but that should be later, very much later

Before, I can remember, I listened to sometimes, in my room, entirely painted in red, with black edges - in which I was not alone once. But also not really, just a bit - the time of oblivion, of repression

Ludwigsburg was like a liberation! I was in a city, no longer high on the mountain - cut off - now I could go again on journey of discovery! And what I discovered all - I can not enumerate it!

The first time in the library! She was so large, she was so beautiful - so gorgeous! And then I stood in front of a shelf, what beautiful volumes! Shakespeare! Straight away the first volume - Richard III - how the first words hit me! I was terrified or I am terrified only now?

Heinrich, Titus, Merchant, Julius, Lear – The Tempest I not understood! And as I turned around - Storm! What a wonderful diction! I hiked with him, although I was not really interested in it, but the language in which he was telling was so beautiful that I could not stop to harken him of landscapes, castles, rivers, and noble misses - and then I had again the blue volumes! Welles, Kurosawa, Allen - some I saw, or I would still see later!

Many of the "classics" I should find now. I can enumerate them not a bit, wants it also not! But one opus I have to mention. I always heard "Inferno" - also Dali - and was then yet amazed as I found out after a search that the "Inferno" was simply the first part of Dante's "Divine Comedy"! I borrowed it - and it hit me like a punch! I could not cease reading - the "Inferno" notabene, now comprehending why this part had occupied so many! Most of all grabbed my, as Dante puts his thoughts to the damned like Homer or Aristotle down on to paper - I had to think about it for a long time!

Movie theater! Immediately I ran to the movie theater on the first evening, disappointed ascertain that no movie seemed interesting! "Flashdance" - at least something about dance with music? The movie was horrible, dreadfully banal, the music trivial, the actors lousy and the story ridiculous - but I sat in the movies, was thrilled and was confused!

Not that I had not been to the cinema the three years before - evening performance! A workmate took me along, he always watched kung fu films! I looked older and so also I was asked the question, that the bored, chewing gum chewing card salesgirl asked to all: Kung fu or porno - I always thought about whether I should say porno once!

But there was also a highlight - "Cat People"! I still remember that I talked to him about it that it was nonsensical to watch the movie, just because Nastassja Kinski was naked in it - I bought a movie magazine if possible - the pictures about the movie were obvious! So we watched the movie! I found it ridiculous, and frankly I found the other actress who goes swimming in the pool much more beautiful - well, more erotic! But two scenes electrified me!

In one case the desert landscape with the black big cats as they lie on the bare tree, and thereto the singing of David Bowie. But much more the ending! I found it beautiful! The black cat, her eyes - I never should be able to forget them again!

And now why, why was I so enthusiastic? Sure, the cinema hall was much bigger, the screen, the sound - but that it could not be! Was it, because I was alone, because I had no more to watch stupid kung fu movies? Now I believe, I felt, that I could decide for myself, I could say which movie I wanted to watch. After the show, I just wanted to enshrine the feeling, thus I went straight to the next show - the same movie, just as stupid - but the sentiment, equally beautiful - Antoine Doinel?

I also discovered the blue movie theater - went inside, and it was wonderful! I had never seen such a wonderful cinema hall before and also rarely saw such a wonderful again! It was delightful to sit therein, there were always only a few in it, and most of them sat at the back. I always sat in the middle and had the impression to be alone in the movie theater!

At the box office one got a bottle of schnapps held out to the card - I always declined with thanks - I wanted to go to the hall! Over the years this beautiful cinema hall has been preserved and I was delighted to see many years later that from the blue movie theater a municipal cinema had become!

It were beautiful, unburdened years in Ludwigsburg, and then was still

Lizzy

Oh Lizzy! I'm so besotted of you and your innocent smile!

Sour Times

*'Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday
Oh these sour times
(Portishead, Sour Times)*

Merely memories, memories
Emptiness, indecision, inability

What kind of value such memories have
Daily humiliation

Whose fault if not yours
That who empty, undecided, unable

Let me lose myself in your music
Do not let me alone with myself

With me alone I am able to nothing
With me alone I have nothing
Ever brought off

Was it the key to recognize, whom I need
Was it the key to recognize, what I need
Was it the key to recognize, why I need it

Am I forearmed now
Am I capable now
Will I finally make something
Will I finally create something

Will I finally become somewhat to the human
Of more I dare not even
In my most beautiful
In my wildest
Dreams to dream

Books

I sit in the vocational school for booksellers in Stuttgart, by far the oldest. It's about why you want to learn the profession. The expected answers come: I like to read! Is it about that? Why do you learn a profession? When it was my turn close to the end, I say: I have to make money!

Should I say what I feel when I think of the beautiful backs on the shelves, see them, touch even! Should I say what I feel when I think of all those who have created these beautiful works? To say what I feel, when I think about that - I as well

Could I ever

Stuttgart

2001 – you were an institution till also for you everything has changed. Many, many of my CDs I have bought in you. Countless books on art, Propyläen Art History, the History of Literature of course also - and oh yes, the Lexicon of Christian Iconography! What was most important of? Of course, a silly question, but I have to think of Burroughs - everything from him I bought in you, and actually read. Junkie, sure Naked Lunch, Interzone
Today there are many which imitate you, but your flair none has ever achieved any more oh yeah, the “Merkhefte”, has anybody repealed these?

En Cendre

malentendus – malentendant – malveillant
(Emilie Simon, *En Cendres*)

The loveliness of the language, the loveliness of sonority
The grandeur of the voice

All this comes together
By the time I listen to you, by the time I hear your songs

Heidi

I was so bad in English - Because I had been in love with you, or though?

If you sat on the desk, with the wide, flowery summer skirts - the white, see-through blouses, as they were worn at that time - the high, light shoes, with many straps – the long, smooth and shiny hair

And then at the school festival - your friend! Tall and slim – and obviously you liked yourselves very much....

Your hair, your shoes, your blouses and your skirts – sill, I love to think at it

Heilbronn

Berliner Platz (“Berlin Place”), a flattering name for the shabby parking lot who was there! Now, you have to stay decent and mention that the city, at the end of a very confusing time, was almost completely destroyed. Only very little what was still so after that night, as the day before. After that, everything was very fast, very cheap, but especially very unimaginative rebuilt - simply said, the city was an ugly city!

And how it has changed! Berliner Platz - now a cultural center with the public library, theaters, jazz club, music school, restaurant, bakery, shops - there is nothing more of the shabby parking!

Before, a streetcar drives again now, and the alamenda will actually become again to one, even when the trees still are a bit small - how you've changed!

Diet Mountain Dew

The first thing I would do
Should I set foot in the United States of America someday is
To buy me a large bottle of Diet Mountain Dew
To drink from it
To know
That dreams can come true
Even though it is not quite as banal as the
American dream
Will make you believe

And should I ever be really famous
I will do advertising for Diet Mountain Dew
Promised!

On A Good Day

*Hey, hey, hey, the end is near
On a good day you can see the end from here*

*I saw a life, and I call it mine
Our nature does not change by will*

*On a good day, you can feel my love for you
Will you leave me be, so that we can stay true
To the path that you have chosen
(Joanna Newsom, On A Good Day)*

Very close, within one's reach, every day I see it
And please let me the faith - yes, faith! - that I could change

Your love I feel every day - to leave you, do not ask for
Me I want to betray - you - the idea shudders me

The way I try to go, the only one, last, he seems to me
Not to think I want, he could lead astray, end up in the illusion
What would then still remain

Your love – would she support me enough - waiting for the end
The love of all of you - only the addiction would remain to me
Totally wrapped up in her I wanted then to be

Only the love of all of you
Only the addiction

Secrets

No one will tell you all his secrets
At least not I
Not even Kurt did it

Stuttgart

Railway stations, railway stations were always my harbors, I only have this never recognized - especially yours, could one but only once just arrive, and even if it should go further, it took some time for it, nothing for overly hasty are you - even if it should become different now

I often walked through your hall, all the people, those, those who come, those, those who go, those, those who stray, not knowing what might be their designation, not knowing which of the trains destined for them, unaware wreaking between all those, who knowing

And now you are maimed, and although there is still the beautiful hall, so it hurts to see you so, even more it hurts, that soon no more ships will put in and out that you are no longer allowed to fulfill your purpose, as an aged, who seems useless, relegated, without purpose, just waiting

But I'm sure some will continue to love you, even if much of your beauty bygone and you deprived your signification, I will, and this odd feeling begins to fulfill me, as if I look upon my trees, or the distant lights, to know that at least some from you will be, if I

Finally I Found You

*A sparrow in a dream
Returns to its final peace
It's both seen and unseen
(Morcheeba, Finally I Found You)*

I feel free and unbound
Is the sparrow no longer blue
In the dream, in the world of dreams, he is happy

Who still asks for reality and objectivity
Everything is one and dissolves into boundless parts
I go with

Dance

Didn't you want to learn to dance Tango always?
Wonderful music - "AA"

But how should that work?
Dance – Feelings - Emotions – Let it slide

Not, that you had no feelings and emotions
But, you are not able to express them even
Not even write about - only recently - a little

Let it slide?
Not yet!
Soon?

Bad Friedrichshall

In my youth there were many bunkers from the previous time. Although the Americans had all blown up, or otherwise rendered unusable, but their remains could be found everywhere. For us they were ideal places to play, for me and my friend. Some of them consisted of only one room, others were of considerable size. The most eeriest was on private ground, on which one could attain through a hole in the fence. At first there was only a deep hole that was used to burn all kinds of waste and what accumulates so in the plantation. The hole had a considerable diameter, and if you looked down, you could see concrete walls! So we went down and found a bunker with several rooms! Since everything was very dark, there was only the incident light from above, everything was very scary but also very exciting! We always read the letterings on the walls, but we made us no thoughts about them. Was it an unburdened time?

Today all bunkers are filled up, on one of the mounds even a plaque is mounted, which reported that hereunder the remains of a bunker are – in which we often had played!

Smile

Whensoever, a woman will smile at me thus, I will ask for her hand!

Le Vieil Amant

Romance

But that ain't me

That ain't me

But that ain't me

That ain't me

(Beth Gibbons, Romance)

Of course, that's me
Can not deny it, not will it
No longer, can it no longer

However, will turn into something
Not be aware of it, am unsure to me
Unsure, about what comes

How beautiful the trumpet
Chet, Elizabeth, Billie, Nina
How beautiful to get lost
Why always wake up again

But that's me

Universe

I know that you love me - but I can not show you
How gladly I would write a song for you - to show you
I would compose symphonies and hymns
To worship You

If they are my angels, then you are my Madonna

And I just wanna be loved by you
I just wanna be loved by you
I see nothing worse than to sail this universe
without you
(The Pierces, We Are Stars)

Ludwigsburg

Your beautiful market place with the churches and the Old Sun. It again had cost me infinite overcoming, and now I sat at a table, had ordered, several courses, wine thereto, was ineffably nervous – sweated! Very delicious food, good wine, perfect service - sweating, uncertainty yet still some gratification at least having done it - feel foreign, alone – am it

Secrets

So many secrets inside me - Or just only one? - What difference this makes?

Why can't I know the secrets that you're keeping from me?

You old fool, you don't want to know your secret after all - or however - for what? Should I tell you it – still now, now that it no longer counts, where nothing else counts! I pity you - Old Man!

*Stop! Don't tell me now
There is danger in your words that I cannot ignore*

What a danger! Today it is meaningless - earlier when you were young, than you had to have to say it! Today it is a joke! I pity you - Old Man!

Why must I conceal the secrets I've been keeping from you?

There is nothing left to hide, to hide, to conceal! Bray it out! Let all know it! Why do so as if! I pity you – Old Man!

*'Cause I lose you more and more
With every breath
(The Pierces, The Good Samaritan)*

With each breath, with each, I lose you a bit more! Do not let it be that in which I lose you, that, before I have so much fear, let it be the death who all awaits us. Not that I look forward to him, no, certainly not, will I yet than no longer can hear my angels singing. But that other

July 14th

You know, what this day means to me
Now, two days after I look
What about "*Honeymoon*"
Should it just be ready at least in August
But have had other things on my mind

Now I see
That there is still no album
But, that you at
July 14th
The first single from it
"*Honeymoon*" – have released

I can not help it
But again such an overlap of our résumés
And pity
That the album should now be released in January only

Then I will have finished with my work
Have shown the manuscript many
Have searched for a publisher
Maybe became disappointed

But that would not be bad
Could I look forward
At least to January
And wait that long therewith

August 27th

Now there is already the third title of "*Honeymoon*"
"*Terrence Loves You*"
And the album will be released on September 18th still already
Pre-ordered!
I hurry now, would like to be trough with the first correction until then

And then, what about my plan?
From September 9th on doing open stage - readings
At November 1st Rosenau - poetry slam - final
And then - publisher
And then
LA

September 19th

Today I got "*Honeymoon*"!
I will listen to the album right after!
Therewith my aviation is finally over!
I hope, the path starts only now!

What remains?
The American dream?
Will I meet you one day?
Hardly likely – or?

But I will fly to LA
Drive past your house in Malibu
"So long and good bye, Lizzy", saying
And then meet with the see cow
To turn into the goddess and the angel
To embrace Silvia Plath
And to find the answers to all the questions, that I could not find here

Stuttgart

At the Fire Lake, was on the move all day, walked in the city, driven cog railroad and more, now at the evening near beginning twilight, when it cools, I finally come to rest. Salad with roasted Swabian pockets, coffee, and the view of the lake - the other people at the other tables, conversations, couples, friends - I look at the ado, drift, my thoughts, wishes, dreams, hopes - think about the future, as I always do, what I would like to do, what I picture to myself

Kaiser

Him is not anymore, also - Kaiserstraße!

Would Karlsruhe	also been no definitive life plan! As well as many, of the many other places - almost nothing is left of them
Was it yet	not wrong, all right even, always somewhere else, discontinuous, continuous change, always something else
And now	time to start something, to carry on, and conclude

Sour Times

*'Cause nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you do
(Portishead, Sour Times)*

You love me - You love me - You love me

As if she, in her black elegance
Capable of killing in terrible pain
Her cup in indescribable tenderness carries
Between those that beget the pain

And you close your jaws
And I feel them in my neck
But I know, not harm they will me
Just hold, so there I go, wherever you want to have me

Emily

May I sit next to you?
Hey, also I know the names of the stars

Heilbronn

If something should illustrate your ugliness, then for me it were the barracks in the Bahnhofstrasse. Shabby wooden constructs, the whole side of the road! As from another time, another world!

Today all beautiful, large, solid structures, so different you look now - almost like one of the big cities – Do you compete with them now? - Even students are in you now!

Scapes of Sonority

Not enough, I write about the music - too much, about the words
But I have even difficulty to write something about the words
No words can I find, for that, what the music causes in me

I have to think of the scapes of sonority of Emilie, of the universes, that are unfolded
From her, and the indescribable musicians, who play with her
I am overwhelmed by my feelings, can conceive no thought any longer
How shall I ever put this into words
Only tears I have
Thereof many

Wandering Star

*And the time that I will suffer less
Is when I never have to wake*

*Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
The blackness of darkness forever
(Portishead, Wandering Star)*

And the night flatters me, the view that distant lights
Brighter, darker they appear, alteration in the unalterable
Unpredictable, arbitrary almost - surprise, always different

Many hours of contemplation they have given me
Immortality even
Not always they have made it easy for me
Many a time denied

From once so many, only a few are left
But you I would like to be faithful to
Until I am no longer
Or can not come to you any longer

Until then
Will I follow you
Will I pursue you
Will I observe you

Will I accompany you such a small part
On your incomprehensibly long way
That still had a beginning
That still will have an end

And between in the eternal alternation
Will present me a little bit
Pleasure
The pleasure you, my friends, have gotten to know

This Is What Makes Us Girls

they were the only friends I ever had

Stuttgart

Rosenstein Park - once I was at the Museum of Natural History, looked at the fossils, so old, so long been, yet still something had remained - otherwise I was always walked through you, many times aimlessly, sometimes to go downtown or home, but that I would have sat on a bench, simply would have looked at you, enjoyed, thereto I can not remember – only in the beer garden I was sitting one time or another, and looked yet again at the other people

But you were a beautiful park, not that you're not beautiful today, but you have wounds, and these do not only hurt you - many share the pain with you - but even now, and especially at that time, you are and were a beauty with many charming places and locations, your Rose Garden, the view of Cannstatt, and I also liked the view, on the high up, beside you proceeding railway - yet - what will it be - beautiful? - skyscrapers, shopping center to date, ugly, inhuman, one should hope, in ten or twenty years, one will be pleased, find it beautiful, what was build - nice it would be, the many sacrifices and uglinesses demand it

June 3rd

I am changing
My posture is changing
My thoughts are changing

Le Vieil Amant

*Le mois de mai
S'est joué de moi
Cette année
J'ai laissé couler trop d'émotions
(Emilie Simon, Le Vieil Amant)*

How indescribably I love it when you sing: "*trop d'émotions*"

I can not describe you even rudimentary
What I feel at these words!

It is like an ineffable silence, which is expressed in a single tone

Oh, just empty words!
What sensations!
What a pain in my mind!

Do you know the single tone of "*Echoes*"
Maybe he can be an answer

Falling Stars

Excuse me, Joanna
But the Perseids can be observed in August, not in December
But that is probably not such important

Heilbronn

How many times I stood in front of shop windows, in front of cafe entrances even, but I could never find the courage to walk through one of the doors. So it was with the tea shop, that no longer exists today, today there are many, at that time I think it was the only, more precise he offered coffee, tea, chocolate and more - but I only had eyes for the tea. In small bowls he was to be seen in the shop window, and on small labels was to read, what sort it was and whether it is black or green tea. And then, then I actually entered the shop one day, before repeatedly assured what I want to buy. I bought some black, and some green tea and perhaps a flavored tea, I just can not remember that exactly. I briefly mentioned what I want, and was happy about to leave the shop!

At home I prepared the tea, just as I thought it should be, the way it was always done with the bags. The result was disappointing, especially the green tea was terrible, and that at the not inconsiderable price for me! It stayed my only purchase, to ask what I had possibly done wrong, I did not dare anyway, and so my interest in tea comes to an abrupt end, and pursued at most in the form of tea bags.

It took a long time, very long, until I properly began to interest me for tea, to go into a special shop and to give free rein to this passion. Today I can not imagine anything else, as that I, after coming home, as first fill the water kettle and to watch the tea as he unfolds in the glass-pot, to smell at, to pour in the teapot, to look at the swollen up tea leaves, to sit at the computer and to enjoy the warm tea!

Too bad that it took so long

Pleyel

You are wearing a beautiful black dress, and a nice, corresponding, black bolero jacket
Elegant, very elegant
The one I wore once, was much more colorful

I Can Feel

*He could be anyone
Just for a night
Small talk and white lights
Big dreams, hey ya
We could be anywhere
Just for the night
Tall mountains high hopes
In your dreams, hey ya
(The Pierces, I Can Feel)*

It's nice that also you sing about the land of dreams – isn't it beautiful!
It is indescribably beautiful!

In my dreams I touch gently the endless stars
In my dreams I smell each rose in an endless sea of flowers
In my dreams I taste all tastes in an endless menu
In my dreams I hear all the tones in an endless soundscape
In my dreams I swim through endless oceans

In my dreams I see you in your endless loveliness

Childhood Fantasies

Isn't it beautiful, the boundless fantasy of a child!
The "knowledge" that everything that exists in the fantasy also exists in the world!
Isn't it beautiful, to have this fantasy preserved as an adult!

Depends on the fantasies

Stuttgart

I went there, observatory, I can not remember exactly, met two members - I got to know someone - helped somewhat with the guidances, at this time also in Heilbronn

After the guidances we often went for a drink, sometimes also for a meal, Yugoslavian, one lived in Ludwigsburg, he always gave me a ride – it still should take a long time before I get my driver's license

Once we were eating in Ludwigsburg, together with others, Portuguese, talked - I made conversation - Hermann Hesse "*The Glass Bead Game*", or was it "*Siddhartha*", said that I did not understand the book, had laid it aside, maybe later wanted to read it once again, he found that good that I admitted to myself, that I laid it aside for later

I have read Hesse never again, have found my literary home on another continent – there where I would like to be so much

Congeniality

With You

Give Away Your Heart

*Headlong, straight up, fall down, get up, oh
We'll run, we'll fall, we'll bleed
We'll win, we'll crush, your end, not us*

*Disappointment is everywhere, in your eyes, I can see, it there
Pointless ends and pointless means, in this moment you'll see*

Give away your heart

*Disappointment is everywhere
Disappointment is everywhere
Disappointment is everywhere
Disappointment is everywhere*

*Give away your heart
(The Unthanks, Give Away Your Heart)
(Jon Redfern)*

There to you should have one

Transition

The reality tires me!
The dreamland so beautiful!

Why oh why, the transition lasts so long
With all its unspeakable thoughts and fantasies

Ludwigsburg

Again dinner, very delicate Italian restaurant, Tournedos à la Rossini, foie gras, Madeira sauce, served in two courses, nervous, insecure, alone - as always. Misplaced, as so often I feel so, wonderful food, excellent wine, fantastic service, sweating, paying at last, overcome at last, back in my room again at last, alone again at last - a nice evening

Pleyel

How wonderful it is to listen to you, to look at you. I smile and listen to the beautiful music. You take me along, in a different world, in which I can say anything, can do, what I can not do in this world. What a meaning has reality, when you have found this world again at last. The one, that you as a child possessed before.

*In this world nothing is real
All you see just happens in your head
Just like a dream
(Emilie Simon, The Ballad Of The Big Machine, La Salle Pleyel)*

Sand River

*Knowing, now you'll never fake it
Whether my oceans divide
I'll try to understand this
But everybody knows this time

Autumn leaves
Beauty's got a hold on me
Autumn leaves
Pretty as can be

Everyone can see
Everyone except me
(Beth Gibbons, Sand River)*

As I have already said to Elizabeth - "Black Beauty" - this is not my problem - although I think it's nice that you mention the ocean in your song! I can, the beauty of the world and of nature, see! "Everyone can see - also me" would the text read in my case, but this effects nothing! Nothing happens, no matter how many times I see it and experience it - the world is beautiful, thereto there is absolutely no doubt! But there also no doubt about that these basic experience does not tears me out of my lethargy! Only the beauty of your voices and your music are able to stimulate me. Then I feel something rising up in me, something that want to become expressed, as now. I dream about, to be able only to listen to you - how beautiful the thought to dissolve into ya

Emily

You know that I would like to be a little girl. But then I am happy again to be just an old, fat, ugly man - too often I have seen what happens to little girls.

Railway Station

Our little railway station, often we had to wait with our bikes until the train was passed through, when we drove around, to the river, the old and the new part, even when this was not our actual stomping ground.

It was always impressive when they came snorting, already can be heard from afar, not to mention the steam clouds at all! And then they drove past, with an impressive roar, everything drapping in fog, the ground vibrated so powerful they were! Since the station was very small, only a few of the powerful locos were stopping, but if so, it was even more impressive to see how they start again! One saw like it tense its muscles, like it got ready, to with a powerful jolt at first only very slowly and then faster and faster to set the train in motion again!

And then there was a trick! We put pennies on the tracks, waiting until a train came in order to roll over. Sometimes we could not find them afterwards, but if they were pressed so flat that the imprint was nothing more to see, only a thin, oval piece of copper was still left! Of course, this had to be done considered, gave it still already for a penny yet all kinds of sweets to buy - but for the suspense and wonder one was able to relinquish from time to time to something else

Today there is an underpass, new platforms, the city train stops frequently and the station building is no longer one

Renée

I smile, listen to the beautiful melody and your concise voice

*You're playing his way
But the prize that you've been losing was youth
And I say
'Throw the ace and face up to the truth'*

Renée, Renée, Renée - Kaninchen! Do you think also that I have played his game too long, that I followed him too long? Well, I have lost my youth in this way, never have had one - from this time on. But this, I have only to attribute to me! And now - the ace - the truth? What truth – have I yet already written, that art is only fake, the life only chases after the art and thus not even fake is, but only runs after it! So which truth? After all, we all cheat! Or is there such a thing like "true feelings" - Renée - Kaninchen

*Well baby how the weeks fade
Baby was the best part of your youth a sensation*

You were really the best in my youth! The few moments with you, the night beside you - my indescribable stupidity
Never again, my whole further life, was I so close to someone as to you, never again has someone ever said anything so beautiful to me as you - about my even then so dark heart

*Well they say
'Out of touch, she lives in faded dreams'*

Don't we all lose all our dreams? And you have endured so much - and have made so much of it - you and your two - it was nice to touch them - they are both so beautiful - like you

How lovely it was to see you again - how nice it would be to see you again
But I am scared!

*But baby as the weeks change
And we've seen quite a few
I don't know who's fooling who*

*Yeah that's a change
I never thought I'd end up fooling you
I'm fooling you*

I hope, I will never fool you or use you! I would like to give you so much, but what can I give you already.

I would like to give you one thing

I walk through the endless rows of shelves and look at their backs. One is especially beautiful! I stroke her and grasp her gently - "The History of Coney Island"

(Talk Talk, Renée)

O Father! My Father!

*Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name.
Your Kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins,
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom,
the power and the glory are yours.
Now and for ever.
Amen.*

Why hast thou saved me?
Just to lead me to sin?
No!

You saved me
Because you love me endlessly
You have bestowed me a new life
As before Mary

What had I almost done to you
Burdened myself with which guilt

Which burden lies on my shoulders now
I am unable to bear it

I want to sleep
Sink into the everlasting dream

*When she goes to dreamland nothing bad can happen
Cause she won't be seen there
No she won't be seen there
No she won't be seen
Cause there's no one there
(Emilie Simon, Dreamland)*

My Father on Earth

Tropico

Basic Considerations

As often, two completely different assessments are possible. One declares the work to a more or less meaningless concatenation, of more or less irrelevant images, metaphors and quotations, or, one takes the work as artistic act and expression, and thus the artist, seriously and potters at her work profoundly. I think the second way for the right one.

Of course, the basic structure of "*Tropico*" is very simple. The Fall, sin and redemption. Shown by the use of a seemingly exuberant flood of images and references. But what with a Peter Greenaway - for example in "*Prospero's Books*" - is celebrated, is often regarded here as a sign of banality. No Shakespeare proven actors and international film awards make a difference, but a singer – one with no special position, I think in contrast to somebody like Björk - and a video director, are originators of the work.

But why take the work not simply seriously once. After all, the artist gives a lecture to Catholicism, as well as to metaphysics, and American icons are in her songs and her - with her sister(?) - self-made videos from the time in New York always present. Thus, a stringency in the work is given - with obvious references to the life of the artist. Seen in this way there is no reason not to assume that this is a serious work of art.

In the following I will divide the work into nine parts, which I discuss individually. In doing so references within the work, but also to her other songs and videos will be made. At the time of consideration "*Honeymoon*" is announced but not yet released.

The following classification was made:

- 1.) Creation and Paradise
- 2.) Walt Whitman – I Sing The Body Electric
- 3.) Body Electric
- 4.) Elizabeth Grant – Recitation: I Sing The Body Electric
- 5.) Gods And Monsters
- 6.) Alan Ginsberg - Howl
- 7.) Elizabeth Grant – Recitation
- 8.) Jon Mitchum - America, Why I Love Her
- 9.) Bel Air

1) Creation and Paradise

Movie titel:

"*Tropico*" – according to Elizabeth Grant a word that she liked from the sound and simply means "tropical". The same is to be found to words and terms such as "*Ultaviolence*".

In the following I will consider the characters in order of appearance. Starting with John Wayne and Elvis Presley, than Marilyn Monroe and finally Jesus Christ. Subsequently Mary, Adam and Eve.

John Wayne:

The film begins with a top view of waves which are mirrored in the horizontal middle of the picture - the primordial ocean of the Book of Genesis. A narrator recites from the Book of Genesis. We see John Wayne and the creation of "The Light". John Wayne is God. The further creation is indicated.

In a gesture he blesses or forgives Mary, who asks John - God – for forgiveness. He turns to Adam and Eve: " *I wanna tell you where you at.*" - " *And I'm gonna teach you how to be cowboys*"

Elvis Presley:

It's the late Elvis, in one of his typical Las Vegas suits whom we see. In his also typical gestures he begins to sing parts of his songs.

Marilyn Monroe:

She can be seen in her most famous dress. Also she moves entirely in her well-known gestures and says sentences like: " *Sex is a part of nature*" or sings verses of her songs.

John, Elvis and Marilyn as the Trinity? What then is Jesus?

Jesus Christ:

He is - without being able to hear his words - to see in a likewise typical gestures. In the course of you can hear his words. He speaks the "Our Father".

All four talk and sing superimposed on each other. But join up at the end:

John: „*Make sure you do it pilgrim 'cause I'll be watching you.*“

Marilyn: „*Live can change on a dime. Sometimes you just have to gamble.*“

Elvis: „*Yeah baby, that's what it is. That's what it's all about.*“

Jesus: „*Amen.*“

John: „*Don't forget: I ride for you mama.*“ (?)

Mary smiles, Adam and Eve turn to each other and look each other in the eye - the coming announces itself. The prelude of " *Body Electric*" begins. Three white doves, two little lambs and a white unicorn becomes shown. Adam and Eve begin to move to the beat, Eva starts to sing.

Mary, Adam and Eve:

Mary (played by Elizabeth Grant):

She begs John several times for forgiveness: „*Dear John, forgive us our sins.*“ As he turns to her in a gesture she smiles: " *Thank you, (god?).*" Later, she is to see once again as she smiles – ecstatic? - while Adam and Eva turn to one another.

Adam and Eve (played by Shaun Ross and Elizabeth Grant):

John/God speaks the directive, however not only to Adam before the creation of Eva, but to both after her creation. At the end, both turn to each other, starting to move with the rhythm, to touch each other. They discover their corporeality, while Eva starts to sing the first lines.

How can the whole be assessed? On American icons a whole much is called up inclusive of white doves, cute lambs and a unicorn - everything is presented in a candy-colored rush. And Mary is smiling ecstatically and looks thereby so seductive, as if she is the sin. In any case much more seductive than the - of course not naked - Eve - before the Fall noticed indeed! After all just only kitsch à la America?

Up to this point in the film I would agree, and to be honest I also got stomach pain at this moment during the first watching of the movie. But to quote Grant:

*They judge me like a picture book
By the colors like they forgot to read*

(Lana Del Rey, *Brooklyn Baby*)

Of course, all the presented gets a sense in the succession, when the break occurs after the Fall and we rediscover ourselves in Los Angeles. Of course the scenery is, with all its colors, icons, every gesture, every quote, every song snippet and every word, impelled to the extreme. All the overlapping actions do not make it easy to capture everything, especially since individual parts are difficult to understand or are also only to see indistinctly. However, this creates in my opinion an atmosphere to that it is about for the artist. Not the single Elvis, Marilyn in her inevitable white dress or even the Duke with his iconic rifle are important. All together, with all of their clothing, very important their gestures, the word and song snippets, combined with the lambs, the white doves and the unicorn, wrapped in a mysticism of light, creates a special place, which will stand in an almost unsurpassable contrast, to the image, with which Los Angeles will welcome us.

2.) Walt Whitman – I Sing The Body Electric

Although the poem of Walt Whitman "*I Sing The Body Electric*" is recited only after the song of Elizabeth Grant "*Body Electric*", it seems to me to be better to place the consideration of Whitman in front. It is easier to reflect starting from the original work to the inspired work, instead firstly to consider the inspired work in order to go then to the source of inspiration.

Now a problem arises for me. It can not be the point here, how I see the poem or as it is commonly seen, but rather the question arises: How does Elizabeth Grant, the artist, sees the poem! This question however, only the artist herself is able to answer!

Here once again, I have reached the point where I get annoyed at that the interviews with her always revolve around such profound things as her lips or sex on the pinball. I would love to be free to experience once a question about her study of metaphysics or her relationship to Walt Whitman, whom she will designate in the later as her father, not to mention the tattoo – about her answers I would be very excited in any case!

So what to do? I try it this way!

How does Peter Maurer feel the poem „*I Sing The Body Electric*“ by Walt Whitman?

But this can, as noticed above, precisely not be the question! How gladly would I just once be able to talk with her, I would have so many questions! So many interesting questions one could ask her, so many meaningful questions! Just started preferably I want to end right now! What remains to me than to let the artist speak for himself!

And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

*The Love of the body of a man or woman balks account, the body itself balks account,
That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect.*

Such-like I love – I loosen myself, pass freely, am at the mother's breast with the little child,

I do not ask any more delight, I swim in it as in a sea.

*This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot,*

Hair, bosom, hip, bend of legs, negligent falling hands all diffused, mine too diffused,

This is the nucleus – after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman,

*Be not ashamed women, your privilege encloses the rest, and is the exit of the rest,
You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the soul.*

As I see my soul reflected in Nature,

The man's body is scared and the woman's body is scared

How do you know shall come from the offspring of his offspring through the centuries?

*Have you ever loved the body of a woman?
Have you ever loved the body of a man?*

*I believe the likes of you shall stand or fall with my poems, and that they are my poems,
Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's, mother's, father's, young man's,
young woman's poems,*

*Womanhood, and all that is a woman, and the man that comes from woman,
The womb, the teats, nipples, breast-milk, tears, laughter, weeping, love-looks, love-perturbations
and risings,*

Poise on the hips, leaping, reclining, embracing, arm-curving and tightening,

*The curious sympathy one feels when feeling with the hand the naked meat of the body,
The circling rivers the breath, and breathing it in and out,
The beauty of the waist, and thence of the hips, and thence downward toward the knees,*

*O I say these are not the parts and poems of the body only, but of the soul,
O I say now these are the soul!*

I am the body and the soul
Although I have none

The head of the female body
The breasts, the neck, the back and the belly
The hip, the bottom and the pudenda
The thighs, the knees, the calves, the ankles, the feet and the toes

But more beautiful of woman
The hair, the short and the long, the dark and the bright, the smooth and the curly
The ears, the pinna, the lobes

But most beautiful of woman
The face, the forehead, the cheeks, the chin
The nose, the bridge, the wings
The eyebrows, the straight, the arched
The eyelashes, the short, the long
The lips, the narrow, the full, the smiling, the pouting
The eyes, the blue, the green, the brown - so multicolored
So clear and dull
So cheerful and sad
So full of life and so terribly empty

I sing the body electric

3.) Body Electric

The Song:

*Elvis is my daddy, Marilyn's my mother,
Jesus is my bestest friend.*

*Whitman is my daddy, Monaco's my mother,
Diamonds are my bestest friend.*

According to own statements Elizabeth Grant has no special relationship to John Wayne, who also appears only in the film. Elvis, Marilyn and Jesus however, are always present in her work. Thus, the first two verses get a major importance. The other verses? Diamonds are mentioned by Grant repeatedly but seem to me somewhat labored here! Monaco we still had previously. Interesting seems to me the designation of Whitman as her father! It is not known to me that Grant mentioned Whitman once again in her other work!

*We don't need nobody, cause' we got each other,
Or at least I pretend.*

*Heaven is my baby, suicide's her father,
Opulence is the end.*

Now the text gains on additional significance. The three first mentioned become to her caregivers, only these she needs, nobody else - she wants to persuade herself! And the relationship? Heaven is her child, she is the mother - suicide her father - thus she has, in a coalescence with suicide,

conceived heaven - her - and the opulence betimes the end!

*We get down every Friday night,
Dancin' and grindin' in the pale moonlight.
Grand Ole Opry, we're feeling alright,
Mary prays the rosary for my broken mind.*

Also I love the pale, sallow moonlight - only I do not dance and touch - feel anything but alright.
Perhaps it is because Mary prays no rosary - for my broken - so what is actually so broken in me

*My clothes still smell like you,
All the photographs say, that you're still young.
I pretend I'm not hurt,
And go about the world like I'm having fun.*

I can no longer pretend, and not even I still believe me that I might have to have some fun, let alone
not would be hurt. And when I look at the photographs, those, that I have, where I am young and
also beautiful, then I smell only the old clothes, those, that smell of decay, those, that announcing
the upcoming

*We get crazy every Friday night,
Drop it like it's hot in the pale moon light.
Grand Ole Opry, we're feelin' alright,
Mary swayin' softly to her hearts delight.*

You are so beautiful as Mary – when you are Mary
My swayin' is a staggering
And my heart

*I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric, baby,
I sing the body electric,
I sing the body electric,
Sing that body electric,
Sing that body electric,
I'm on fire,
Sing that body electric.*

*I sing the body electric, baby,
I sing the body electric, baby,
I sing the body electric, baby.*

It is like a frenzy - it is a frenzy – it is the frenzy!
I know why I refer to music as my drug!
Yours Miss Grant are the most seductive!
And I am addicted to them!
Make me addicted!
Bestow me the frenzy!

The movie:

Preliminary note:

Since we are before the Fall Adam and Eve actually would have to be naked. That this is not the case here, is quite understandable – although I would have seen the fuss with pleasure, would this be the case! But I can not understand the solution that was found. American prudery or are the exuberant flowers and leaves supposed to symbolize something? Especially in the case of Ross I find the whole exaggerated. Before the release in the press probably spooked around that Grant was to see "topless" or with "nipple patches". Maybe because of this? But I could imagine more elegant solutions. But now the movie.

We see responsively Adam and Eva, Mary and the icons Elvis, Marilyn, Jesus and Wayne (God).

The first two stanzas:

The bodies of Adam and Eva begin to touch each other, they begin to sway "*dancin' and grindin' "* - Mary prays the rosary - Wayne considers the whole.

The refrain:

The movements are becoming more intense, Elvis ecstasies, Marilyn's gesture however appears to me ambiguous.

Stanza three and four:

Mary starts to sing and the snake appears. Eva separates from Adam and begins to dance alone. God with his rifle across the shoulder looks skeptical at the scene while Eve turns with a seductive smile towards the tree of knowledge. There is the snake who Eva touches without fear. Jesus and Mary pray. Eva takes the snake.

The refrain:

The icons appear to be dismayed and perplexed. Jesus spreads out his arms to the sky and Eve and the snake begin an erotic roundelay in which the snake more and more approaches her pudenda. Again Adam and Eve dance together, Eva sinks aground and Adam is above her. A kiss becomes indicated.

The fifth and sixth stanza and the final refrain:

It comes to the coalescence of Adam and Eve. Marilyn is ecstatic and Elvis lunge out to the big gesture. Adam and Eve make love and Mary's face appears to me to be empty. Finally Eva picks in a seductive gesture the apple, he appears to be redder than any other apple - tear him out of my body! With an enchanting smile that reminds me of that of Mary from the beginning, she shows Adam the apple - show! - let me see! - how dark it is! Jesus seems to be depressed, Marilyn to be delighted. In a sensual move Eva bites without hesitation in the apple - devour my dark heart in your hand! - no longer I have to bear it! Lightning and we see for a first moment Grant in close-up as a dancer on the pole. The bite into the apple, lightning, the dancer in quick succession. Jesus has his hands folded and looks broken, Marilyn screams and Elvis again in big gesture. Mary shocked, covers her eyes - the mirrors in which we already see all the time, are shattered. Meanwhile Grant sinks unconscious to the ground - as Eve and as dancer, bills cover the body of the dancer and God shakes his head. Elizabeth Grant begins with the recitation of "*I Sing The Body Electric*" by Walt Whitman.

4.) I Sing The Body Electric

Recitation of Elizabeth Grant:

Grant recites the beginning - the first four verses - and the end of the poem. Since you can not read it often enough, the corresponding passages are quoted here:

*I sing the body electric,
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
They will not let me off till I go with them, response to them,
And discurrup them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul.*

*Womanhood, and all that is a woman, and the man that comes from woman,
The womb, the teats, nipples, breast-milk, tears, laughter, weeping, love-looks,
love-perturbations and risings,
The voice, articulation, language, whispering, shouting aloud,
Food, drink, pulse, digestion, sweat, sleep, walking, swimming,
Poise on the hips, leaping, reclining, embracing, arm-curving and tightening,
The continual changes of the flex of the mouth, and round the eyes,
The skin, the sunburnt shade, freckles, hair
The curious sympathy one feels when feeling with the hand the naked meat of the body,
The circling rivers the breath, and breathing it in and out,
The beauty of the waist, and thence of the hips, and thence downward toward the knees,
The thin jellies within you or within me, the bones and the marrow in the bones,
The exquisite realization of health,*

*O I say these are not the parts and poems of the body only, but of the soul,
O I say now these are the soul!*

The film:

I will, while Grant recites the beginning of the poem, consider the film chronological. The film furthermore, in accordance with the recitation of the end of the poem, not. There arises a complex structure of cuts and therewith levels which to demonstrate in detail would go beyond this consideration by far. This only illustrates the complexity of the work. At the beginning I will still compare the words of the poem with the images of the film, but then discuss the individual levels only separately. What as a consequence, to my great regret, can not be done is, to demonstrate the interaction between the spoken words and the images of the film in its entirety. But I will also in the following, in some especially interesting cases, point out.

The beginning of the poem:

Adam touches Eva tenderly on her chin, appears confused, sees the apple, which is fallen out of the hand of Eve, lying in the grass. In close-up we see how the hand of Adam takes the apple. Cut on Elvis. He is appalled: "Man, you've gotta be crazy." Adam picks up the apple and bits into it without hesitation. God draws his revolver, flashes. Also Adam falls unconscious into the grass - the first recitation is completed.

Before Grant will continue with the recitation the new reality of Adam will be shown us.

Between the recitations:

After an extremely hard cut we look in close-up in the eyes of "Adam", that fix us. He wears a shirt. An unpleasant sound can be heard in the otherwise silence, a broken striplight maybe.

The next cut shows us the scenery. Shaun Ross can be seen in the background. He is behind a counter in an untidy looking something rundown shop for food and all sorts of things - a gas station? Ross rests his elbows upon the counter - everything looks extremely bleak, Ross tired and bored. Everything is quiet, seems to stand still, except for the all-pervasive annoying sound.

In the next image we see Ross closer and from the side. In the background a drop-in ice cream freezer: "*El Paradiso*" - an ice cream brand - Los Angeles. He stares dead ahead at the counter and begins suddenly slowly turning his head towards us. From the corner of his eyes he looks at us – it strikes me that he partakes of something very threatening!

Again a hard cut and we get to see the, already familiar to us, new reality of Eva - as a dancer at the pole

The end of the poem:

Womanhood - Grant as a dancer - *and all that is a woman* – the eye of Mary in extreme close-up, she closes them, lowers her head - *and the man that comes from woman* - men in the bar, yelling, horny. The abdomen of Grant with an ornate tattoo: "*Trust No Bitch!*", at the pole - *the womb* - a dancer lies with splayed legs in front of a man who seems, with closed eyes, to suck up the scent of her pudenda, an old, bearded man with long, tousled hair watches curious, surprised? - *the teats* - another man presses his face into the breasts of another dancer, visibly delighted and aroused - *nipples* - a dancer with large breasts and nipple patches - *breast-milk* - Grant on the pole as she bends backwards towards the viewer - *tears* - Ross from the side, now behind the counter sitting, as he buries his head in his hands - *laughter* – a man, his hands stretched aloft with enthusiasm, looks on the breast of a dancer - *weeping* - the face of Mary in close-up, gorgeous, sad, empty, frozen - *love-looks, love-perturbations and risings* - Grant in slow motion as she makes a movement upwards on the pole.

I would love to continue in this way, especially since there are really impressive implemented passages:

*The continual changes of the flex of the mouth, and round the eyes,
The skin, the sunburnt shade, freckles, hair
The curious sympathy one feels when feeling with the hand the naked meat of the body,*

Simply impressive, but as I said, this would unfortunately go beyond the constraints of this consideration. Therefore, the individual levels now considered separately.

Mary:

Her face appears subsequently just one more time: "*..but of the soul ...*" - as before, only it seems that unsettling spreads out, her facial muscles, lips tremble, something seems to push its way through.

Grant as a dancer:

Besides the fact that there are an immense number of references to, especially early, songs of the singer, it seems to me as if that Grant does not fit to the other dancers. Not only that her clothing - unlike the others she is dressed - an so inappropriate impression makes - her ear pendants? Thus she could lie on the beach, which you can not necessarily say from the other dancers, thereto also the tassels change nothing which then maybe be not absolutely adequate for the beach. Her whole posture, expression, her movements have nothing really saucy in itself – simply entirely in contrast

to the other dancers. I would interpret this with pleasure indeed, but I would like to speak with Elizabeth Grant about it previously, whether this is actually artistic origin, or that it is more because that one Gant, or she herself, did not want to show in a corresponding style. So I would like to end therewith.

Ross and Grant at the drugstore and at home:

Ross at the drugstore is hard to beat in bleakness and loneliness. Also Grant appears later there as a gang of men, bare-chested, obviously boisterous, enters the shop.

A cut shows the two at their home. It is messy, dirty, dusty, shrouded in a hazy light. Grant drinks from a big plastic bottle of coke and appears like the classic cast - former school beauty, now two-bit, disillusioned wife - only the crying baby is missing. Ross sits at the table and appears as the ridiculous satirism of a gangster - the 50s or 60s notabene. Shirt and hat - at the apartment! - and with a gun playing.

Four of the gang members. They seem to kneel, all look at one point, their faces appear expectantly. Another member is noticeably excited. Finally a woman's hand puts something on the tongue of another member, it could be a host, an Eucharist: "... *digestion* ..." - which will continue with cocaine. The mood is exuberant, Ross seems nervous, displeased, tense.

Grant and Ross. She leans on the shelf and eats ice cream, he leans with his eyes closed against an empty meat counter. A strange mood prevails - something is in the air.

Ross takes a drain cleaner from the shelf and looks at it. Puts it in the next scene like a gun and aims at the run away gang members. They rip out things from the shelves while running away. Ross tracks them and they leave the store.

Ross and Grant are alone again and look at the stuff on the floor. The gravity, the oppression, the bleakness of the whole scene, only interrupted by the arrival of the gang and the ceremony, it has them back again. The absolute emptiness.

The gang on the road:

They appear very late for the first time, and until the beginning of "*Gods & Monsters*" also for the only time: "... *language* ...", in the form of a pump gun and two women legs in hot pants. It is drunk, played, weapons are omnipresent, Ross and Grant share a cigarette.

The girls of the gang:

Two titles cross instantly my mind: "*Carmen*" and "*This Is What Makes Us Girls*". The girls - explicitly girls - hot pants or short skirts, skimpy tops stand together, talk, do their hair, drink, smoke, Grant is one of them. She is part of the group, unlike at the supermarket or at home, the mood is exuberant.

Ross and Grant as a couple:

Three times we see the two, standing or sitting next to each other. Grant makes soap bubbles. The last time at the last verse of the poem: "*Oh I say now these are the soul!*" And the expression at her face, it resembles that of Mary

Now we have finally lost paradise, but also have not arrived yet. It will still also lasts a short moment. But then, we are there, where we should be: "*In the land of gods and monsters*"

5.) Gods And Monsters

A short break emerges before Grant starts with the song. Here a new image is introduced. Grant and Ross - in the background additional people - with heavily made-up faces - the mouth is seemingly sewn up. Very briefly Grant with two painted tears on her face, another person heavily made-up - the song begins.

During the song we see the whole, in the last part introduced, levels. I will follow the progress of the plot with brief remarks. Here the previously said applies that by far I can not be responsive to any detail – much to multilayered is the work!

At the beginning we see the gang and the girls on the street. In close-up Grants abdomen, with open hot pants. The tattoo "*Trust No Bitch*" can be seen - the connection to the dancer. Likewise, a tattooed gun. It is shot, played, the girls are in a good mood, smoke, paint each others toenails - one of the heavily made-up faces. "... *monsters, ..*" Grant and Ross, heavily made-up, dance. Short intercut - "... *angel, ...*", again Ross and Grant. "... *garden of evil, ..*", Grant as a dancer.

Subsequently we see images from the different levels of the plot to the song. I can not consider them in detail here. I would like to start again at: "*It's innocence lost, innocence lost,*" Ross in a billiard parlor, an apple eating – continuing eating? - the one we know from paradise? - and Grant dances at the pole. Now the plot compresses. In excerpts:

*In the land of Gods and Monsters
I was an angel
Lookin' to get fucked hard.*

At home! Balloons, Mom, Ross is looking at something - a child? "*Angel*", Grant's face in close-up. "*Lookin' to get fucked ...*", Mary sings the words. "... *Hard*" Ross with hat and gun at the table sitting.

"*Life imitates art*", Ross yells.

"*Dope, shoot it up, straight to the heart please,*" a new image. Ross with several men at the drugstore. He imitates with his hand a gun and "shoots" the others. The raid will be planned.

"*Fuck yeah ...*", is sung by Mary.

Subsequently the different images, also the yelling Ross appears again. Finally the gang in two cars, armed, in one Ross sits, masked - they drive away – towards an aim.

*It's innocence lost,
Innocence lost.*

Grant as a dancer licks off a mirror, Grant as Eve with the serpent, she approaches the darting serpent with her lips. Intermediate image, Ross and Grant, soap bubbles, then Grant with the girls and Mary sings: "*Innocence Lost*" - the song is over!

The text:

It beats me to death! Each stanza, each verse, each word - all of importance, all so full of images, in which I sink without a lucid thought – it's so beautiful to dissolve

I Dissolve In Trust

*In the land of Gods and Monsters
I was an angel*

You are an angel! You are my angel! I adore you!
You know who I am - nothing is hidden from you!
Least of all my dark heart!

*Living in the garden of evil
Lookin' to get fucked hard*

It hurts me - your words!
You break my heart!
What a waffling sonofabitch you are!

*Screwed up, scared, doin' anything that I needed
Like a groupie incognito posin' as a real singer*

Why do we do such stupid, unholy things?
You are the only, true, female singer!

*Shinin' like a fiery beacon
Life imitates art*

You shine brighter than the brightest star!
Life imitates art?
You create the art!
You give birth to life!

*You got that medicine I need
Fame, liquor, love, give it to me slowly
Dope, shoot it up, straight to the heart please*

Fame, liquor, love, drugs
Fame I have not!
Love I give and conceive none!
Liquor and drugs
Straight to the heart - as if that would do any good!

*Put your hands on my waist softly
I don't really wanna know what's good for me*

How gladly I would do this once!
I always thought to know, what's good for me!
But you-all show me, how hypocritical all was!

*Me and God we don't get along, so now I sing
God's dead, I said „Baby, that's alright with me“*

God isn't dead!
You and God - you belong together - Angel you are

*When you talk it's like a movie and you're makin' me crazy
'Cause life imitates art
If I get a little prettier can I be your baby?
You tell me „Life isn't that hard“*

I tell you nothing, because I have nothing to say!
How beautiful you are!
When life imitates art, but you have no art
What do you have still than?
Making someone crazy - perhaps one should therefor self
Be crazy!

*No one's gonna take my soul away
I'm living like Jim Morrison*

Nobody takes my soul away - as well as, if you don't have one!
Jim Morrison - he and she - you and she - ridiculous, embarrassing Old Man

*Headed towards a fucked up holiday
Motel, sprees, sprees and I'm singing*

Life - shitty and utter crap!
Forget the motel and to sing I can not anyway - nothing I can!

Fuck yeah, give it to me, this is heaven, what I truly want

Nothing I can give!
Heaven, I do not know - not for me!
What do I really want!
To hell with that!

*It's innocence lost
Innocence lost*

Innocence!
What innocence?
An ocean full of ridiculousness!

6.) Alan Ginsberg – Howl

Between the end of "Gods And Monsters" and the start of the recitation is the following conversation:

Marilyn: „*For I must have you and no one!*“

Ross: „*You know it's not always gonna be this way, right?*“

Grant: „*Yeah.*“

Ross: „*So just chill, right?*“

Grant: „*Mhmm.*“

Ross: „*Alright?*“

Grant: „*Yeah.*“

God: „*Just remember: I am always there for you.*“

The earth in space, a comet, Jacks birthday, stupid "men joke" - the "ladies" come in - two of the dancers - Grant is not involved. At least one dancer has an Indian tattoo.

Elvis: „*Lord Almighty, I feel my temperature rising.*“

Grant begins with the recitation:

During the recitation we see pictures of the birthday party, the maid-up, but first of all of the gang. In the evening they look at the illuminated city, the atmosphere is calm, but tense - the raid is imminent. Ross keeps Grant tenderly in his arms.

I

saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness starving hysterical naked,

dragging

themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angelheaded

hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who

poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

who

bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who

passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

who

were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the scull,

who

cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,

who

got busted in their public beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,

The door opens, the attack begins, Ross enters the room first, followed by two more - filmed in slow motion. While they are approaching the guests, who not notice them at first, Grant recites onwards. When she ends, the attack begins properly and in real time.

who

ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night

with

dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares,

Here, Grant abandons the poem in the heart of the line, which she not completes, "*alcohol and cock and endless balls*". Is it going too far, to ask if she abandons because the next words could be referred to her? Or does she omits these words, which are known to whom, who knows the poem, because

"*with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares*" is this not Elizabeth Grant?

Am I - under-interpretation, interpretation, over-interpretation

I to Grant: Metaphysics over-interprets the world.

Grant to me: You under-interpret the world.

Is it then the question: What is the interpretation?

Sibling Loss

*A stroke of luck or a gift from God?
Hand of fate or devil's claws?
From below or saint above?
You came to me*

*Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
It's falling down
And all around me falling
(Garbage, A Stroke Of Luck)*

Why do things happen, why not?

Why am I here, and you too?

You would have been safe, if I no longer had been!

I was and you are still!

Why?

I find no answer, no answer thereon
Wherefore I was endowed so rich
And by whom?

I am frightened and me gets cold

The day will come
The devil is knocking on my door
Nothing happened
Now you have to pay the price

"What a price!", I laugh loudly!
"My soul!", I laugh even louder!
"In my faith there is no soul!", I yell!

The devil smiles
And says in a tender tone
"Throw it again, my friend"

7.) Elizabeth Grant – Recitation

Between the end of *"Howl"* and the beginning of the next recitation the raid takes place. One of the three men wears a cross around his neck, Jesus folds his hands. Grant is to be seen as a dancer. For a fraction of a second the made-up - something happens - explodes? - very briefly once again. Then again Grant as a dancer. Again the made-up - turmoil. Anon Grant as a dancer. John/God lets his revolver spin around. The raid is over and while the three men flee begins Grant with the recitation:

And so, from being created in His likeness, to being banished for wanting to be too much like Him, we were cast out, and the Garden of Eden transformed into the Garden of Evil.

We see as the perpetrators flee. God puts his rifle in his arm - *"in His likeness"* - as John Wayne does in many of his films. The three men leave the room, the door closes, *"cast out"*, and we see Grant as a dancer, as she presses bills on her upper body: *"Garden of Eden"*.

Los Angeles, the City of Angels, a land of Gods and Monsters, the in-between realm where only the choices made from your free will, will decide your souls final fate. Some poets called it the entrance to the underworld but on some summer nights it could feel like Paradise – Paradise Lost.

"Los Angeles", the city at night, brightly lit. This reminds me of *"Ultraviolence"*! We see briefly the gang and most of all the guests who recover from the raid and call the police. The gang members raise their weapons into the sky, *"final fate"*, and the made-up mill around in panic: *"Some poets called it the entrance to the underworld."* Grant and Ross side by side, *"but on some summer nights it could feel"*, the gang members start to shoot: *"like Paradise - Paradise Lost"*. The empty, shattered, sad, desperate face of Mary in close-up – lightning.

Mary prays as already at the beginning: *"Dear John, forgive us our sins."* John has put his rifle on his shoulder now.

"Master of the universe, Creator of all, forgive us our sins. Dear John, forgive us our sins" Mary prays further on, a cloudy sky in time lapse, the sun is rising, a new day begins. John/God begins with the recitation. A cello in the background.

"... but on some summer nights it could feel like paradise"

Could!
Could I?

The Lost Paradise

8.) John Mitchum - America, Why I Love Her

I am not a friend of John Wayne, you will find the passage in the manuscript. The poem is by John Mitchum, but there are many recordings of where John Wayne reads the poem. Also my first thought of *"America, Why I Love Her"* is not positive. Also *"Germany, Why I Love Her"* would never come to my mind. But then

When I listen to the beautiful cello, the quiet, shall I say, strangely moving music – let myself in for the words and look at the beautiful pictures, then it moves me really and I have tears in my eyes. For me the most beautiful part of the whole movie! I watch it again and again. Whitman I knew in part, Ginsberg very well - Mitchum not at all. Perhaps the greatest discovery of the movie for me. "America, Why I Love Her" - maybe I can say this also some day - probably just a silly thought – of a stupid Old Man - but I would like to see it already some day, the "Kansas sunset or an Arizona rain", but above all "a snowflake drifting in the Rockies" and the "bright Nevada sky" - I would be so happy - perhaps for the first time truly - from the bottom of my heart - from my heart

I would like to quote the whole poem, even if Grant omits a part:

America, Why I Love Her

*You ask me why I love her? Well, give me time, and I'll explain...
Have you seen a Kansas sunset or an Arizona rain?
Have you drifted on a bayou down Louisiana way?
Have you watched the cold fog drifting over San Francisco Bay?

Have you heard a Bobwhite calling in the Carolina pines?
Or heard the bellow of a diesel in the Appalachia mines?
Does the call of Niagara thrill you when you hear her waters roar?
Do you look with awe and wonder at a Massachusetts shore...
Where men who braved a hard new world, first stepped on Plymouth Rock?
And do you think of them when you stroll along a New York City dock ?

Have you seen a snowflake drifting in the Rockies...way up high?
Have you seen the sun come blazing down from a bright Nevada sky?
Do you hail to the Columbia as she rushes to the sea...
Or bow your head at Gettysburg...in our struggle to be free?

Have you seen the mighty Tetons?...Have you watched an eagle soar?
Have you seen the Mississippi roll along Missouri's shore?
Have you felt a chill at Michigan, when on a winters day,
Her waters rage along the shore in a thunderous display?
Does the word "Aloha"... make you warm?
Do you stare in disbelief when you see the surf come roaring in at Waimea reef?

From Alaska's gold to the Everglades...from the Rio Grande to Maine...
My heart cries out...my pulse runs fast at the might of her domain.

You ask me why I love her?... I've a million reasons why.
My beautiful America...beneath Gods' wide, wide sky.*

Both drive in slow-motion with a Chevrolet Bel Air convertible from the 50s through an oppressively beautiful landscape - the flow of time is nullified.

Today I am driven by car all day long, have searched a special place, visited, traces of the past, long bygone. Wept – wept a lot

You ask me why I love her?

Then I lie down, slept, dreamed
Associations - awoken - notes
Write
What else is left to me

I wait at the gas station, stand, wait
Wait for the bikers, wait, that they come, stop and I can ride along

Ride - Your big topic – how gladly would also I
I have no topic

You wanted to be a poetess
You are
I do not want to be anymore

Grant throws a purse from the car, in the hand she holds a colt. After that beads - "M". In the back of the car lies white clothing. Both arrive at their destination: "*in our struggle to be free*". We see Wayne briefly as he recites. Grant sits up, looks at the breathtaking vastness that presents itself to one. The car has held before a hillside, a large tree to the right. An endless vastness opens up, gentle hills, mountains, fog: "*My beautiful America ...beneath Gods' wide, wide sky.*"

9.) Bel Air

Now to the last part of this journey.

The scene between the end of the poem and the beginning of "*Bel Air*":

The music continues, changes its character, violins, tender, just the way Ross touches Grant. How she touches him and baptizes. Both begin to undress. He baptizes her, they continue to undress themselves - slow-motion, also here there is no longer temporality, is this nullified. They put on the white clothing, touching themselves tenderly, and exit the car. Elizabeth Grant is oppressively beautiful in the pictures of the baptism - "*Bel Air*" begins.

The beginning of the song:

Both walk around, the gorgeous beginning of "*Bel Air*", the gorgeous tones of the piano, all engulfed in a mystical light - the cathedral of nature! We see Grant singing the song - the artist presents it to us. Gorgeous pictures, hardly to describe – also Mary sings the song. Both, Grant and Ross, under the tree, Grant in the grass, by the soft yellow light of the setting sun surrounded. Again and again the tree - a completely earthly one. And more and more, these gorgeous pictures.

The climax of the song:

Mary sings into the broken mirrors: „*Don't be afraid of me*“
Grant with Ross under the tree: „*don't be ashamed*“

„*Walking away from my soft resurrection*“

Grant: „*Idol of roses, iconic soul*“
Mary: „*I know your name*“

„*Lead me to war with your brilliant direction*“

Again these gorgeous, hardly from this world being pictures til:

Grenadine, sunshine, and it fades so did mine
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you,
Come to me baby

Both start to levitate - Grant in "*Summertime Sadness*" - and the transition to a new world takes place - the rapture. Am I religious? No! Am I moved? Yes! Contradiction? No - forwhy

And the last word has Elvis: "*You're always on my mind, you're always on my mind.*"

In the background the children's voices, exuberant, playing, who already were to be heard in the beginning, just as beautiful and reassuring - and in the distance a storm – thunder is to be heard. The final transition - the work is at an end:

Written by Lana Del Rey

Thanks, Ms. del Rey! - And I mean del Rey!

Gargoyles standing at the front of your gate
Trying to tell me to wait,
But I can't wait to see you
So I run like I'm mad to heaven's door
I don't wanna be bad,
I won't cheat you no more

Did you cheat, were bad
I have, I was

But you not let detain yourself
No one should let detain himself
Not you, not Franz, not I
Nobody

Run, run to heaven's door
Your vault - heaven
My vault - sky

Spotlight, Bad Baby
You've got a flair
For the violentest kind of love anywhere out there
Mon amour, sweet child of mine, you're divine
Didn't anyone ever tell you it's ok to shine?

How I envy you!
It is important how the love is

Wouldn't it be nice
To sit on the man's lap
Who infinitely tender combs my hair
Embraces me and dances with me

You're divine!
Shine, shine - Your shine shall outdo everything else

And I
Dissolve in the dreary darkness of my being

Don't be afraid of me, don't be ashamed
Walking away from my soft resurrection
Idol of roses, iconic soul
I know your name
Lead me to war with your brilliant direction

I'm afraid, and I'm ashamed
Resurrection

Idol of Roses - Iconic Soul
You know my name
And not just this
You know everything about me, nothing is hidden from you

Lead me to war with your brilliant direction

I always had the feeling that you were the one
Who bestows me my fourth life

Roses, Bel Air, take me there
I've been waiting to meet you
Palm trees in the light, I can see late at night
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you
Come to me Baby

Take me along
How long do I already wait, meeting you

Palm trees late at night
What for a thought, to be greeted by you

*Grenadine, sunshine, and it fates so did mine (?)
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you,
Come to me baby*

In deepest love and respect
Ms. del Rey

So now, also "*Tropico*" is completed - again a stage

Still waiting is the early work, I look forward to it - very much

And "*Tropico*"? I'm no longer able to see you as before, as well as "*Ultraviolence*", "*Paradise*" and "*Born to Die*". How will it be with the early work - fear, but also joy, suspense, what forthcomes? Nothing is anymore, as it was, but that's you want nevertheless, and I also

Fear - fear of the failure
Transition - now unstoppable - but which - whereto
I'm afraid - would like to pray
to whom - for what

To My Parents

How
Lucky I, that I always could trust my parents

How
Beautiful, that they always supported me
Also
When they could have had dropped me

How
Sad, that I can not tell them this
Not
Because they are no longer

But
Because I am not able thereto

True Faith

Isn't it amazing, that I now, where I want to deal with this song, discover, that also you wrote a song with the title "*Ultraviolence*"! Already crazy sometimes - the world of images, of references, the world of art, the only world that really exists

*All those years ago
All those tears ago
All those years ago*

*Everybody makes mistakes
Everybody makes mistakes
Even me
Just be free
(New Order, Ultraviolence)*

But I would like to deal with another song. I had never much time for music that could be put into an area like "New Wave" - except for one song that immediately captivated me - New Order; "*True Faith*"! The rhythm - I just couldn't get it out of my head - never again! And then just the part of a verse: "*My morning sun is the drug*"

The rising sun – many a time, after a night, spent with those distant lights, when it's suddenly dawning, when she slowly appears - *my morning sun is the drug*

I have written a lot about drugs now, and I must confess, that I now finally can imagine no life without drugs anymore! And actually I have been taking drugs all my life – only that it was never clear to me! How beautiful it could have been, if I had understood this earlier, that these are drugs - the morning sun and the art, in particular the music! When I listened to music for hours, headphones, as loud as possible, till such time as my ears ached, then I searched for the rush and I found it also, I should have listen only once properly, perhaps I would have discovered earlier why I have this addiction, would I have devoted myself completely to the rush only once after all, but with this I have my problems till this day. What could have been, if I not only would have got high on the pounding rhythm and the morning sun, but also at the other words, verses, stanzas, images

*I feel so extraordinary
Something's got a hold on me
I get this feeling I'm in motion
A sudden sense of liberty*

That's what I feel now, something happens, something! Everything changes - the oeuvre of Elizabeth Woolridge Grant completed an hour ago! Of course, I have to revise everything, but now - how it goes on now! *I'm in motion* - and I feel the liberty ascending in me! And one day you will be my statue also! And a pity, that the sun is just setting, but tomorrow morning I will greet her, and it will be another sun, the old one has disappeared!

*Again and again I've taken too much
Of the things that cost you too much*

I can not get enough of it! And if it costs me everything, it shall costs me everything, it must costs me everything - I will soak it up – the life chases after the art and I chase after as well

*When I was a very small boy,
Very small boys talked to me
Now that we've grown up together
They're afraid of what they see
That's the price that we all pay
Our valued destiny comes to nothing
I can't tell you where we're going
I guess there was just no way of knowing*

If only I had listened to them, the very little boys, who were shouting in my ears until they ached, and I had many a time the thought, one day I will drop them, and my ears will bleed! Would they just have! How much would have been different, had they bled!

Yeah, we have been growing up together, but you are still young! Your songs! Nobody can say whereto it goes - but the heck with it, my whole life I have been thinking about, what I want to do, instead of doing something once – is it important whereto we go – is it important whether this manuscript ever becomes a book, if anyone ever will read it – let us not become ridiculous now! Even if the music intoxicates you, confess it to yourself! It still applies: *In the land of gods and monsters* – am I the monster!

Yeah! I would like, that this manuscript becomes a book! I would like, that it will be read by many! I am the slut, the hoe, the whore, whatever you want! Only, I want to have some of it! Not like Lizzy in New York, when she goes to bed with men from the record industry and she has to confess later that they did not help her in her career - I go to bed with all of you, and do every shit that you-all want to have, but, for that I want to have something - or which whore does it for free?

*My morning sun is the drug that brings me near
To the childhood I lost, replaced by fear
I used to think that the day would never come
That my life would depend on the morning sun...*

My life depends on the morning sun! Your music - you propel me, urge me, leave me no choice - especially you Beth! The sin which did not eventuates, instead endless agony! If only I would have had listened to these words once and understood them. Now at last the day comes on which my life depends still only on the morning sun and your music!

I feel so weird
Extraordinary, odd, special
A sudden sense of liberty!

And if you fail
There are so many drugs

(New Order, True Faith)

Railway Station

You were an ugly city, and you had an ugly railway station! Shabby, dirty, drunks in the early morning, drunks late at night.

Today, everything is neat, clean, and your courtyard is no longer recognizable. Suburban trains depart from there, the bus station.

But one thing has remained. Could one in former times, directly from you, even drive to Berlin, so you are still left behind, left behind from all remote connections. You are like a beautiful harbor, only the small ships mooring at, the big drive around you.

If you want to go far away, you were not quite the best starting point

But to cherish one can you despite all

Ice Girl

you were looking for someone to keep you warm

you found me

you were looking for someone to dry your tears

you found me

you were looking for someone to not be alone

you found me

(Emilie Simon, Ice Girl)

However, after you I was looking for – so long
And even if you freeze me, maybe even freeze me to death
I had to find you, you were the key – to everything

You were the beginning

Oracle de Paris

You are my oracle and do not fear that I am committing the stupidity to ask what your words mean, when I do not understand them.

That what I should understand – everything that is intended for me – you are telling me in a divisive way. What I do not understand, is not meant for me.

Forget the hermeneutic nonsense to seek the sense in all - the message - and even more stupid to think we can find it theoretically, and - in the final absurdity – to find in fact then also.

The oracle not want to say directly what she thinks or feels to you always. She uses images, symbols, metaphors, and others more. Do not ask after the behind - it's like with a dream.

Forget the Freudian nonsense to ask on the meanings of the images. In each head are other images that the dreams uses for its expression. But the underlying emotions that thereby find their expression, are the same or at least similar.

I will never ask my oracle why her hands must be clean. For whatever

I close my tear-filled eyes and feel the sadness in me

I

Love your beautiful smile

I

Love your wonderful eyes

I

Love your delightful voice

I

Feel chosen to be allowed to meet you in dreamland

Undenied

*Now that I've found you
And seen behind those eyes
How can I
Carry on
For so bare is my heart, I can't hide
And so where does my heart, belong
(Portishead, Undenied)*

How can I go on - Beth

After you have shown me, what is behind the eyes
After you have shown me, what I no longer want to see
After you have shown me, what I had buried deep

Can you tell me, what should I do now
Can you tell me, how should I behave
Can you tell me, how should I continue

My dark heart belongs to me, in me it beats
My dark heart belongs to me, in me it lives
My dark heart belongs to me, until it stops beating

Will I receive the answer in you - Beth

Ludwigsburg

In Heilbronn, my first time at the observatory - in Ludwigsburg, time of many observations with very large binoculars - Dieter - often from the Mastall Center, a dark corner was enough, the lights of the city interfered remarkably little - although my first variable star I observed lying in the grass between Stresemannstraße and Heilbronner Straße - RZ Cas, fascinating, it should release me never again - but the center was closer, and I made a lot of beautiful observations from there – also through the entrance area, the large glass door, one saw the young girls, even a few boys were among them, as they easily and gracefully made their exercises, how exhausting it was, what kind of effort they took upon themselves, week after week, for a dream - maybe one of them is a great ballerina today even if the chances to this are so very low - Stuttgart - but perhaps at least corps de ballet - how many dreams may have been disappointed, how many travails not come to fruition - today I admire them even more like at that time, you have to try, fail, probably, but the attempt is the beginning, the necessity

I always had too many dreams, could never tie myself down, concentrate, decide – is it different today

Numb

*I'm fooling somebody
A faithless path to roam
(Portishead, Numb)*

Renée – you also Beth
Also such a fear, deceived and used I everybody only
You-all, Kaninchen, and most importantly - sibling

And the inexpressible

I am really without faith, but hope for redemption
Bel Air is just not for me

Or do I deceive only me in the end, that would be not so bad
Then I would just go the path further on, the aim I know now

A lady of war - oh Beth, be Judith and do your work

Land of Dreams

In the past I never dreamed of people - except some of the time from you - Sibling

In one case I reached the place that I wanted to arrive at - you were there - Sibling

I was surprised - to reach the place and to meet you there - Sibling

Nowadays I embark on dream of people – do I understand the dream now - Sibling

1-2-3

I never will be able, my true feelings, hidden deep inside of me
To express

Words are not capable anyway – will not tell anyway - and if
If I wanted to say it and words would be capable
I could not find them and use them anyway

Music! - A melody!

Rhythm - what a beautiful word! - meter - beat - cadence - modulation - chords
Consonance - dissonance - counterpoint - polyphony - timbre - dynamics
But thereto I am certainly not capable!

Therefore they will remain inside me, hidden deeply!
Can not release them, to become free!

*We can bring a blanket for the grass
Cover up your eyes so you don't see
If you let me go I'm running fast
One, two, three
Count one, two, three*

*We could count the teardrops in our eyes
One, two, three
Count one, two, three
One, two, three
Yeah one, two, three*

*Now you know
Now you know how I feel
(The Pierces, You'll Be Mine)*

Stuttgart

It was nice, that, after I had indeed done many things in you - the time in Ludwigsburg, college, study, vocational school - I finally also once lived in you, especially in the most beautiful of your parts, in a special place

Just a few meters I had to the river, I often walked along it, just across the river I had to go, I was already at the plants and animals, and again across the river, just at another point, I was already at the trees and the roses - shortly cut across, in your center, planetarium, gallery, art society, Kaiserstraße, Schlossplatz, cafes - never theater, ballet or even opera, never I would have the courage to do it - but most beautiful, just a few meters to the first pool, a few train stops, the second pool, and just a little further, the third pool

The time was not easy, perhaps one of the worst times of my life, pain, physical, back, leg - but you made it bearable, helped me when I walked, to sit was often much worse - most bearable it was in the water, when it carried me, eased, the eyes I closed, was able to forget, even unbend

I was never on your festival, as well as in Munich, although both took place when I lived in you, even though I lived in Munich around the corner, and also with you it were only three or four stations witch I would have to drive, or could have gone by foot - it was enough for me, in the evening in the urban train or subway, the drunks, vomit and urine in the railway cars - you had so much more to offer

You were still the small town that, that you were when you were not Bad, only Cannstatt, have retained you much, even still today, even today I like to be with you, in your smaller park, to walk along the river, which I walked along at so many different sites and locations

I dream again now - music, television, SWR - if this dream would come true – do you laugh about yourself Old Man - than I would like to live here again, too many nice memories I have - almost forgotten the painful moments

Seven Months

*For as long as I have tried
And as low as I can be
I will never resign myself
From the trial I seek
(Portishead, Seven Months)*

Seven months - Four are up
Three will follow
Then it will be completed

Now I have found my way, whose I am sure
Because the aim is in mind, though still distant
But only a matter of time, than it is achieved

Each path has an aim - and the aim is the aim
And my aim comes every day and every hour
Closer and closer

And you say it Beth - No time to rest
No time for doubt

Consciousness

How does a human being
Living with the consciousness
To know
Whereto he is capable

The One I Want

*He was lost but I have found
He's deeper than the ocean
Higher than the rain
Let me walk beside you now
Oh I will never leave you in so much pain*

*Come lay your head upon my heart
Go easy on me
I know that I am the one you want
(The Pierces, The One I Want)*

You all give me so much love, tenderness and trust
It is nice to be compared to the ocean
You all give me so much support, help and relief
It is nice to be compared to the rain

I want to lay my head on your heart
As I never did it before
I dissolve in desire for you
Lost but not found

Heilbronn

Robert Mayer – most prominent personality of Heilbronn - how long your monument was hidden, disgraceful, until it was finally positioned on the marketplace - Kätchen! - can be just better merchandised

Observatory – together with you - now part of the history of the observatory – together with you met him

Afternoons and evenings in a threesome - lived far away – saw you not so often - you saw yourselves more often - you knew him better – did someone know him

I am standing at the blackboard, next to the clock, where now the cupboard stands in front and thought that I should actually be able to conclude, from the data that I had for smaller telescopes regarding to their limiting magnitude, what a limiting magnitude I can expect for somewhat larger telescopes: "You interpolate?"

I did not know it - did not know, what interpolating is

You wanted to establish an association, I asked, why one could not simply join up, to make guided tours, community college, to observe together - had made negative experiences - ALB - 2nd chairman – not wanted yet again – Laubenheim, again Laubenheim, the decision was made, I left the observatory - sure you have made the right decision

A few years later we met in the pedestrian zone, you didst advertising for the "open day", through the telescope one could observe the sun, we get into a conversation, I became a member of the observatory, quickly 2nd chairman and later executive secretary, made many guided tours, preferably for children and teenagers, for school classes, community college - He was there not anymore - soon he was not anymore

Today I am no longer a member – never mind! He is no longer there - you are no longer there - the place so familiar, the people so unfamiliar, although nearly the same remained, always the same rituals, meetings, discussions, posts - tiring, boring, meaningless - how beautiful is to observe the moon, the sun, the planets, the stars, the celestial objects - only the guided tours I am missing somewhat - whether my series of lectures will help

You'll Be Mine

*Prick your finger on the spinning wheel
But don't make a sound
Drop of blood and now you're taken
For all time
With a kiss you will awaken
And you'll be mine
(The Pierces, You'll Be Mine)*

You kissed me - You woke me up
And now I belong to you

To you I would give my soul - and maybe I have one even
To you I would give my heart - and maybe one can love it a little
To you I would give my thoughts - the beauty - the others I keep

Because now I belong to you - now - and forever

Movie

A soldier in the trench, a shell hits, he survives and sees the ragged bodies of the others - he vomits, will have this image his whole life in himself!

Anti-war movie: Still very early, when I started to occupy myself with movies, it was clear to me that it could give only one anti-war movie - the spectators would vomit and would never be able to forget the images!

I would like to make a movie - but I think that no one wanted to see it

For me I have not to make it - I see it often – by the transition

All Mine

*All mine....
You have to be*

*Don't resist
We shall exist
Until the day I die
Until the day I die*

*All mine.....
You have to be
(Portishead, All Mine)*

I want to have you, hug you, love you
As I have never loved anyone, have coveted
I desire you in intense arousal, can not wait any longer

Wild dreams flood my mind, making all thought to farce
Only the desire remains, the animalistic command
After your body, your flesh
Want to feel you, want to smell you, want to taste you

Do not act coyly, you're mine, you're promised me
My allurement is not enough, my torment is not enough
Believe me, it will be beautiful, satisfied you will be
Bare yourself, lie down, surrender yourself

Stuttgart

You are the most beautiful, at least the most beautiful I ever saw, which I have heard of, can imagine, never mind that you have no black ballerinas, what hurts me, it is the place, the buildings, the location, the charm, what constitutes you

The many plants in the houses, from the desert into the jungle into the mountains - crocodiles - the whole world in its inexhaustible richness, shapes, colors, structures, textures – smells!

The trees and bushes, avenues with birds running therein and breeding, redwoods, striving towards the sky, old, much older than I, and much older than I they will still become

The carnivorous plants - they would delight the Frenchwomen - if Emilie would be my guest, I would love to show her them - pretty idea - how tenderly they take life, many times I have had the imagination that they could exist a hundred times bigger - a nice thought, to become a part of them

But the most beautiful the water lilies – thereon a Frenchman would have had his pleasure - when they bloom in the summer in all their diversity, on their edge the visitors sitting, rejoicing in them - I never sat, went slowly past, have surrounded you - melancholy

There are too many animals that one would have to mention, all have their eligibility, all their beauty - like a woman they appear - all live their lives, all die their deaths, as you are gone, her, at her I was always standing for a long time, the gorgeous body, elegant, powerful, dignified, the permeating eyes, fascinating, magical, captivating, the deadly teeth and painful claws - You know what I always wished! - later you lay at your favorite place most of all, only that it was never aware to me, that you were getting tired, that also you one day no longer are – are you sad, that you were not allowed to hunt and kill in the wilderness? - I would be it

The many beautiful birds - why I am getting sad, when I see the condor, in his aviary, not at the vultures, not at the eagles, condor yes - I like zoos, am happy as a child, that they exist, but you make me sad - how gladly I would love to see you in the sky, unattainable high wafting, silently, knowing what you are look for

When they sit and eat, it almost seems as if you could sit next to you, maybe not to the silverback, but to the females and the younger - the small, almost like human children

Shaggy and orange – preferably I would hug you, sit next to you to chat with you, you seem to me

like good friends - how I envy your carers - although this is somewhat naive

The polar bears, when they swim in the water, gladly I would like to swim with you, how gladly stand in front of you, as in Dover, as I went to a museum for a polar traveler, right at the entrance just around the corner, suddenly standing in front of an erected polar bear, larger than me, larger than my head his paws - it would be a bagatelle for you, even for the young bears - but I belong to another

In a beautiful house you live, what a contrast, you are so light, fragile, delicate - a small wisp of wind takes you with - but where are your sisters, butterflies so beautiful - dragonflies can do things that you can not – begrudge you them? - or is it enough for you that you please the visitors, not they

All the little animals, are you receive too little attention – turtle, too ordinary - cows! - I like you, also the insects - why ugly - if they were humans

Glory Box

*Give me a reason to love you
Give me a reason to be a woman
I just wanna be a woman
Some I wanna be - is a woman*

It's time to move over

*So I want to be
(Portishead, Glory Box)*

How gladly I would play with bow and arrow
And give my heart to the other girls to play

How gladly I would paint them the toenails
Oh, would I be still only young and beautiful

No, not so, does I just begin to love him
The Old Man, the dying
Also his body is much nicer now

Yet still sometimes
He wonders, would it differently not much nicer
He realizes how much he liked the dangle at the earlobe
And to dress nicely

And as a man
How boring yet anything is

And as a woman
How fascinating yet anything is

And as Old Man
Especially as dying

No Possibilities

His possibilities in life to waste, is the affair of each individual self!

No possibilities in life to have, is the sadness per se!

It not gets out of my head:

the child in the street
the child with a weapon
the child in the hotel room

the child – whom we take his life

Close My Eyes

*Close my eyes
Leave me in quiet
You said I was hiding
And I will not deny it, ohh
(The Pierces, Close My Eyes)*

When I look into myself, strange what all is to see there
And when it does not seem to the outside, inside me there is
Chaos, despair, fear, sadness, panic
And I do not deny it, why I should
Because you will never hear about how it is inside me
I simply will never betray it to you
And your imagination is insufficient anyway
To see that, what I, whenever I want, can see
Again and again I have to look at it, at the transition to the dream

Heilbronn

To the me repeatedly confusing moments in my youth belongs an evening in the jazz club! I was at that time still a pupil, had not yet begun my apprenticeship, was no older than early fifteen - completely introverted! I am not sure how I made it, sure by bus to the town. The jazz club - "Cave 61" - at that time was actually a "cave", in other words, it was in a cellar with a vault, on the market square, in the city center, bus stop right in front of it. The get back irritates me more! On the one hand, the concerts did not start early, on the other hand, in the evening drove barely buses or none at all, and I had at that age no permission to go out long - sure I stayed only a little and went long before the end of the concert, to which I can not remember.

I still remember a main drape and then the vault, I was very impressed! And then all visitors signed in a book - even I, and I was very proud when I wrote my name! More I honestly do not know anymore, also not how I got the idea, how I managed it to put it into practice – many a time I astonish myself, about, to what I was capable of in those rare moments - unfortunately it remained rare moments!

Even Though

*Feel the solar flare
I'm on borrowed time right now*

*Even though we know it's forever changing
Even though we know we lie and wait
Even though we know we don't have long
Even though we know the hidden danger*

*I hope it's not too late
I hope we don't go wrong
(Morcheeba, *Even Though*)*

I feel reborn, feel free, feel young
Too late, only imagination, so what

I lend me the time, in a pinch I steal it, and give it back
In the infinity of what will inevitably come

I live, I feel, I breathe - my heart beats at a faster rhythm
Who cares about the risks, who cares about the lies

Let us lies, let us hide, let us cheat
What interests it, for how long

A happy life, destroyed with a doubt at the end
A sad life, blossomed with a joy at the end

Childhood Fantasies

Isn't it nice, the childhood fantasy!
Isn't it nice to keep this childhood fantasy yourself as an adult as well?
Or is it more of a curse!

Actually, it is a blessing!

Only
What is the childhood fantasy
Without the childhood view of the world

Only
What is the childhood fantasy
With the adult view of the world
With the knowledge about the quiddity of the world

A more awful curse I can not imagine

Wandering Star

*And the masks, that the monsters wear
To feed, upon their prey
(Portishead, Wandering Star)*

How often have I preached, I told, lied
About what art is, the artists say, mean or think

Have create them whores, whom I looked at through the mirror - Paris, Texas
Have pleased myself to the bucket, not seeing, who the real whore was

Have felt me good, about their weaknesses, suffering, fears, wishes, desires
To puke
Not seeing, that about me
Would have to puke

Behind the mask she hides
The whore, that I am
Behind the mask it hides
The monster, that I am

Ask the whore, standing by the side of the road
Every night sells her body
Kills her mind
Whom you look at with thorniness

She can tell you everything
She is like a omniscient Goddess

She is the omniscient Goddess

Stuttgart

Stuttgart, porn movie theater opposite the train station – so different as in Ludwigsburg - dirty, disgusting - no nice hall, no atmosphere – I am like Travis when I walk through the city at night, can not sleep, find no calm, thoughts do not let me go - only that I see no angel, no one that I have to rescue, have no commission, no mission, I have nothing, find no one, mill around aimlessly, sit in the porn movie theater, consider the time that elapses, consider the audience, wonder why they are here, do not even know why I am here, not even what I want, why I am

Dreamland

*Where have you been you green little bird
Did you fly away to see the world
You're living in a dream
You're chasing the ghost
Did you find the key that you lost
(Emilie Simon, Dreamland)*

sparrow - sparrow blue - green little bird
I love it, the manner of you name me

No, I am not flown away yet, into aviation, to see the world
Still I live in a dream
Still I chase the ghost

But the key, the key I have found - or?

Nightmares

Isn't it strange
I can not remember
Ever have had a nightmare

Dreamland
So strange, confusing, surprisingly - so indescribably beautiful
If only I could be in you
And dream of the other things only

Numb

*Cos the child roses like
Try to reveal what I could feel
But this loneliness
It just won't leave me alone
(Portishead, Numb)*

Are these your roses, Elizabeth? - The one, who I like so, when she opens? - Ingrid?
What would I be able to feel anyway? I'm yet able to feel everything – just gotta to visualize it!
The "all" is the problem, at least than,
When you have lost the childhood innocence - or Elizabeth

But you are in the right indeed, that all are only artificial feelings
Who can be switched on and off at pleasure
As long as, until the conscious mind passes out bit by bit
But just bit by bit

The interim period, when the mind is still there, but no longer has the situation under control
Then the agony begins, the images, the tolling, the squalls
Til at long last the salvation sets in and the other country reveals itself
But too often it seems to last an endlessness til it's so far as

And when the mind reigns, when emotions are only a question of the set-up
Then there is one thing that never disappears, that cannot be switched off
How often I have denied it, glossed over, pretended as if I wanted it so
And then you are lying next to me, bending over the pinball

Ludwigsburg

When I got up in the morning and looked out the window, I could see down on the street the staff, shop assistants, of an apparel store, as they waited to be let in to begin their work.

Among them was a young saleswoman who attracted attention therefore as that she often wore a turquoise dress, the same stockings and shoes. It seemed to please her, me anyway, whereby to please maybe the wrong word is. She was somehow something special, immediately to recognize amongst the others when she wore these clothes. She made me curious, fascinated me in a peculiar way. Whenever she wore this, I remained at the window until she went with the other employees into the shop.

Only now, when I write this, I realize in amazement that I never went into the store, never tried to see her from up close, to stand face to face, or even to address her what actually should not have been difficult, would I only have had to make an inquire about something trivial.

Apparently it was enough for me to see her from time to time from my window in these clothes

Ballad Of The Big Machine

*In this world nothing's real
Al you see just happens in your head
Just like a dream*

*A very long night
Don't get me wrong
This time I'm here for you
(Emilie Simon, Ballad Of The Big Machine)*

How I love her, this world – I smile and listen
Your wonderful voice and your wonderful music
Sink even deeper, even deeper

See how universes arise – universes pass
Time has no meaning any more
It does not stand still – simply, it does not exist any longer

Emotions drifting through the timeless, infinite space
They are the only real, still is
And also they are increasingly unclear

A single pristine feeling fulfills the space now
Becomes flightier – translucent
And elapses with the space – and me

Je vous remercie beaucoup – Madame Simon!

Sled

When you were living in Stuttgart - Moroccan Menu
When I stayed overnight with you - Preparations
When we the next morning - Sled

I went with you and your child for the small slope
You were working
One would have thought, that we were a family

What a strange and irritating thought

Humming

*Closer
No hesitation
Give me
All that you have*

*Naked
My thoughts are creeping
To late
The show has begun
(Portishead, Humming)*

The show has begun – Should this not be a text by Elizabeth?

Naked I stand in front of me - no hesitation is still there
I give everything I have

With your help, I have implanted me thoughts over months
Now it's too late - the seed has sprouted

Now the show begins - and I'm excited
What she has to offer

Consider my elegant jewelry and the still too short hair
Who will judge the show after the prologue
The great applause at the end will decide
Whether the show succeeded

Let The Show Begin

Bad Friedrichshall

Preferably we spent our time at the river, more precisely at the weir and the shallow section of the river behind. The weir was not in good condition at that time, deep holes had formed in which, if the water did not flow, real small ponds formed, in them a lot of fish! The problem for those was that the water often not flowed for days, especially in summer when anyway was little water there, and the miller – it gave and gives to date a mill which is operated with water from the river – took plenty of water for himself away. Thus the ponds dried out more and more, and the fish becoming increasingly scarcer of oxygen! They would croak miserable! But my friend and I saved the fish again and again by catching them and releasing them in the deep water over the weir. Such rescue missions could occupy hours! Later the weir has been repaired. A concrete mixer came and the holes were filled with concrete, the fish that were still in them found not a nice end!

Numb

*I can't understand myself anymore
But I m still feeling lonely
Feeling so unholy
(Portishead, Numb)*

I fall of euphoria in dejection
From one day to the other - from one hour to the other by now

I have never created so much and have never had so much fear
Not only the over 250 pages I mean

Look at the pinboard, see the placards, everyone is amazed
From my concept, the ideas that are behind it, how surprised they are
And yet I feel that it will end in disaster
Consider my body, not beautiful, but no comparison to not so long ago
But can not believe that it could be so again as it once was

Look at the rings on my fingers - orange, green and red - all elegant and beautiful
Worn in the other city, and no one has reacted funnily
Will they carry in my city also

But am I not still the
Old Man
Ridiculous Old Man
Lonely ridiculous Old Man

I close my eyes and see my beautiful body, as the jewelry sparkles
As they gaze after me, their thoughts you do not need to guess
And I like it - Carmen - Coney Island Queen

The Hell As Such

Excavated pits - wide and deep
Burning, stinking meat
Boiling fat
Ditches

Dante
This! - you would not be able to imagine in your most terrifying fantasies!
Bosch

Why
I never dream of it?
Nights
My dreams are so beautiful!

Day's – At an open mind
Transition – With dwindling mind
Night's – Until sleep brings salvation

Sprout And The Bean

*And as I said
I slept as thought dead
Dreaming seamless dreams
Of lead*

*Should we break some bread
(Joanna Newsom, Sprout And The Bean)*

Long enough I only dreamed - grave they were – unnecessary they were
Dead I was
To die I will
To live I will

Let us break the bread

Stuttgart

When I began to discover you, I also found the Leonhardplatz and the Leonhardstraße - the nightclubs

I walked down the street, women waited at the doors, talked to the men on the street, two Thai women, I went on quickly, did not dare - uppermost was an obviously small club, two young women at the door, one talks to me, I go with

We sit at the table, I do not know how to behave, did we already order something, I can not remember, see the private rooms, she asks me: "Half or whole?" - I have no idea what she is talking about: "Half."

We sit in the private room, a small bottle of sparkling wine is in the cooler, incredibly expensive, she tries to talk with me, what shall I say, she has introduced herself with Susi - or I have the name wrong in memory - she has an off-the-shoulder top on, I touch her bosom, she is not appalled, but means that the whole would becomes her be a bit "too hot" - later we are back at the table, say nothing quite a lot, I ask if she works regularly here, somewhen I go

Next week I go again, Susi is not there, another young woman asks if she is allowed to sit down, I Pernod, she: "May I a Piccolo", both again incredibly expensive, she is different from Susi, puts her hand on my knee, asks if we go to the private room, she would probably have no problem with that, to let herself groped by me - at least it seems so to me, but I become more and more nervous, insecure - leave

The Rip

*Wild, white horses
They will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow?
(Portishead, The Rip)*

What a nice thought - Beth
But you were not Beth, would you not end the stanza with a question
And we know what happens next

Is it rather accidental - the rip - R.I.P.
Or is there more behind
Even so a mystery

And I'm bleeding once again, because you leave me no other choice
And I am grateful you for it

I see the wild, white horses and your beautiful Collies
And feel the tenderness they give me
Am very far away

Kaninchen

Oh Kaninchen, maybe I should stop myself with my ridiculous thoughts
Problems even, to struggle with, and simply write down your story
How many times, this would be more worth it!
How many times, this would make more sense!

But I can't, not now!
But I promise you, no matter what happens hereby
I'll write your story!
And I'll tell it all!

Autumn

*I may have changed, it's hard to gauge
Time won't account for how I've aged*

*I have got no control
Over my heart, over my mind
(Joanna Newsom, Autumn)*

It breaks my heart, maddens me
To hear you sing such a song
Your gorgeous voice, the harp so delicate
Like the awful, relentless sisters
With the voices, not of this world

Weren't you the most beautiful
Didn't you have this charming smile
Didn't you have the voice of the little girl

Why are you the last, the last of you female artists
No longer I am able to name you – all of you - angel
Songs that I now finally really hear

Why do you destroy, do you kill my image, that I had of you

I have written that I would like to ask all of you
What you feel, when you bestow your art
Only her, her I would not ask
Afraid I would be of the answer

And you, what would you answer?

dove-grey days

Heilbronn

Heilbronn and America, no simple relationship - Waldheide, Pershing, nuclear warheads! There were many demonstrations - I was at none - an accident with dead soldiers and always no clear statements of what actually was on the Waldheide, happened, occurred. So, I also was not necessarily excited about the United States, Walt Disney, Hollywood and Coca Cola did the rest, and even there was "my" American cinema, then it were directors who grapple critically with the topic USA - not preconceiving that they were thereby also a part of the American culture!

But one time it still might have been that I actually were come together with the American culture - the German-American funfair in Heilbronn, which took place once a year - on the grounds of the large barracks in the city! I remember burgers and hot dogs, that it tasted good and the atmosphere was very lively. It is weird, because I made nothing of funfairs - till today - and I have also no memories of early visits of the Talmarkt or the Theresienwiese - both important annual events in the region. But the German-American funfair has remained as impression unreal alive!

Today I wonder what would have been, would I have found a connection to American culture back then? Today I stand at the boundary, watch the football and baseball players and of course the cheerleaders. At this time, these sports have a high priority in Heilbronn, some teams played in high leagues. After the withdrawal of the soldiers all came to a stillstand until some interested people began therewith again, and today there are teams which play in different leagues. And I, I have great pleasure to watch them, burgers and hot dogs to eat, by these so American games, specially for hours at baseball!

Of course it would have been very difficult for me to get into the city, then the barracks were situated very inconvenient, but I think that if you were interested you could watch indeed when the soldiers playing football or baseball, maybe you could even take part in somewhat! Sure you could have learn about something from the people - a strange idea from one who does not even dare to enter a café, but I have the feeling that I would have dared this!

Only You

Years of frustration lay down side by side

*And it's only you, who can tell me apart
And it's only you, who can turn my wooden heart
(Portishead, Only You)*

Only you could free me from my lethargy
Only you could show me that I could not continue so
Only you could reach my dark heart

Yet still it took years until I listen to you really
Yet still it required a different female artist
Yet still it needed a song by a different artist

But then you have hit me like non other
But then you have left me no choice not anymore
But then you have opened up the look inside to myself

Now you show me the hidden held fears
Now you show me the unacknowledged deeds
Now you show me the creature deep within me

You are relentless as the beautiful cat
You are relentless like a dragon in rage
You are relentless in your tenderness

The softness of your voice
The elegance of your pictures
The hardness of your words

You are the mother, who gave me my life
You are like the father, who gave me my life
You are my sister

Child

A crying child with his mother in the supermarket

I see the child, feel his sadness, his pain, and begin to cry - it hurts me, not in the soul, I have no faith in that, but rather quite directly in the body! I feel a deep attachment to the child!

I want to go to the mother and ask her, how she can accept that her child is crying, would like to expostulate with her, yell at her, to give the child a cuddle!

Then I see the mother, who is stressed out, the child who wants once more everything, that is defiant because it does not want to accept that him will set limits by the mother. I feel a deep attachment to the mother!

I want to go to the child and ask it, if it has to be that her mother it is always made so difficult, expostulate with it, yell at it, to give solace to the mother!

Do I look at the child, I am the child!

Do I look at the mother, I am the mother!

A strange feeling jump back and forth between the two

Rape

I feel the pain, my body hurts, my mind hurts, and perhaps my soul – who can say that. I feel the disgust, the revulsion, am disgusted and at the end I hate only myself! I feel the hands, the violence, the smell, the stench, the breath, the voice, feel the penetration into my body and much worse in my mind! Feel how I die, how my life will be ended, will be stolen, will be taken away, will be no longer there, even if I should still be there - why should I be still there, for what, whereto – I am just waiting until it takes an end, no matter how, only that it comes to an end

I fuck the whore, she does not deserve it better, has made me horny, and now she is allowed to ensure that I can live out my horniness. I enjoy it when she defends herself - I can still do it harder with her - when she screams, makes me even hornier! I leave her some space should think with pleasure that she has a chance, then I will show her who is the top dog here and fuck her and have the most beautiful, deepest feelings that you can imagine - I get off, and horny shit, this effort was really worth it, and the little whore next to me cries, makes me already horny again, what gives me the opportunity to do it with her again straight away

Do I actually rape myself in this moments?

Shall I tell you that I have never listened your song, never could watched you thereby, only the text I have read, it hurts enough. Why the audience applauds you at the end, how they can bear it, when you live through it before them, again and again. It is for me, as if they, after they have spectate at it, donate the watched applause - it disgusts me!

The Book Of Right-On

*And even when you run through my mind
And even when you touch my face
You know your place
(Joanna Newsom, The Book Of Right-On)*

I feel you in my mind, my spirit - Oh, you touch my soul!
And I know my place

But to dream I dare - Book of

But to dream I dare, that it might please
But to dream I dare, that it would read
But to dream I dare, that it would touch

We should shine

Stuttgart

Just above the Leonhardstraße the street-walkers patch, I walk past the prostitutes, one speaks to me, not I have to start the conversation, asks me if I want, asks if I want two women, I deny, do not know, what I with one, go along to her room, pay, for a little more twice, more time, she gets undressed, midsummer, the window is open, not curtain, privacy, she says that I shall get undressed, I'm terribly nervous: "Lie down on the bed." – has problems with the condom, takes it into the mouth: "It will not stand!" - sweating, confused, she lies down, I on her: "Is it in? " - "Yes!" - takes the hand, nothing goes, confused: "From behind?"- to look yes, to fuck no, kneels down, bends down, pretends she would masturbate, wants to make me horny? - I feel the whole not a bit erotic

I would like to embrace her, to feel her body, to touch her, be touched by her, to lie with her – to be tender, tenderness to receive - whereby I confess that she was very tender somehow, I was completely overchallenged by the situation - as well as - as when I should approach someone - not even this

Lovesong

*Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am home again
Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am whole again*

*Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am young again
Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am fun again*

*Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am free again
Whenever I'm alone with you
You make me feel like I am clean again*

Whenever I put the headphones on and I'm alone with you-all, then I know
I'm home again

I dance through the gallery, dance with the costumes, with the yellow, the red and the blue horses, staring into the urban canyon, totally without fear, 'cause you-all are with me, and then also the colors, shapes, spaces, lines and the strange worlds - things that are not there, but very clear to see - I touch the pictures try to be as tenderly as possible, to be as tender as they are, when they touch me - and Judith, you I present my head with pleasure

And the tones, beats, rhythms, melodies that embrace me and ingratiate themselves in my mind, abduct him in another world and seduce him, envelop me and my feelings, and thereby let become them visible, visualize them to me, let me become sensing, give me some humanity - sounds that let me waft, that let me drown at last, that let me forget, that lead me there, where I would be so gladly, where I belong

Words which wake up in my mind, words read already long ago, almost forgotten, letters - line by line whispers something to me and I listen to, listen and waft in an ease in which every little breeze compels me further, towards the indefinite aim, that to achieve my wish, yearning, desire is - A gentle freedom sweeps me away and leads me towards a feeling of happiness

Image to image string together to a continuous sequence, fascinating and captivating, amazing and strange, as in the secret nights, as in a moment of innocence, of oblivion, of suppression, as the magic, that merges the images, they seem to be something, what they are not, deceives the mind and presents him moments of freedom - Would the images never end, the state of absolute bliss would be reached

*However far away
I will always love you
However long I stay
I will always love you
Whatever words I say
I will always love you
I will always love you*

So far as I am away - from where I want to be
So brief yet - then I will go

So happy I would be - would I once find the proper words

But you-all I will always love - as long as I still have

*(Adele, Lovesong)
(The Cure)*

June 13th

Now time has come, fifty years and creeps me more and more the idea
That I'm ten years too late – more probably twenty
Years that I have hesitated too long
Why have I wasted two years with the shitty job I had before
Where I simply could not find the rest
Now, that every year counts, yet

But still remains time to me – or – but at the very least at touch of
I'm ready to dive – Start a second life

You Hanne, fulfill my thoughts more and more
You're right Hanne, it's enough now, now it's at the time
Doing it once and for all, dive into infinity, eternity
And whatever God's haven may be for me
And whatever it means to me that my soul is increased
For sure, the body has to perish!

I'll kill him, slaughter, like a mangy dog
I'll do it with pleasure and lust
Nothing should remain of him
Anyone who knows me, should no longer recognize me
Who does not know me, should get to know someone completely different

And my mind I'll flog, I can't kill him
And my mind I'll teach, to admit what he is
And my mind I'll guide, to be aware of
What's in him

I'm a horny looser – I'm the ugly lover
Ah, how right you are Hanne, but you say also
I'm a belly dancer – I'm a building jumper
And maybe you're right also therewith

Today, after almost exactly four months, I have the feeling
To have half that achieved, what must be done to achieve

The work on the body has arrived at the half quite accurately
I should have done it in four month
The work on the manuscript has arrived at the half quite accurately
I should have done it in four month
The work on the mind – Where has it arrived?
I can not quantify it

This seems to be the great unknown to me!
It may upset my plans
But only if I let it, if I surrender it
And this, this I no longer intend
And you, you will give me the strength to do

Break my body, hold my bones

Your angels – Break my body
I myself – Hold my bones

It Could Be Sweet

*But the thoughts we try to deny
Take a toll upon our lives
(Portishead, It Could Be Sweet)*

Too long
I have allowed him! - I have allowed him!
Not!
He did it! - He forced me! - I was powerless!
I have allowed it him in a way
That I could say at the end
I am unaware! I am aware of nothing! I hide nothing!

Yet still, suddenly – suddenly? - they were back
And I was surprised - surprised? - wherefore

And now I am making war on them, knowing
That I can not win it
What a strange idea
To be able to win a war against yourself

Who should beat whom?
Who should be the winner, who should be the losers?
I am the winner – I am the loser

Eternally wage war - absolute destruction
Ceasefire - absolute denial
Conclude peace – absolute cheat

I want that the rhythm of the bass, becomes the rhythm of my heart

Sniper

All day long I wait and feel bored without getting even a fairly good possibility. Twelve kills, not bad, but not nearly best performance! After all, no one has found my hideout yet, I think they are groping pretty much in the dark were I lie. But they have learned what areas I can cover. Will I probably have no choice to look for a new shooting range.

I think I do not see proper that believes me no one! Oh mom, you probably have no idea that you are standing with your horny babe just ahead of my tube - and when I see the babe thus I'm getting one.

Really horny that babe! Has no one told your mother that this is exactly the place where I still busted two of you guys? The stupid cunt probably brought something wrong about, these corner I can see, stupid cow, the other would give you cover! Simply horny that babe!

And now? Shall I eliminate you both? Would improve my statistics significantly! On the other hand, would be really a shame about the babe, with this one you still could have a lot of fun, if a real man, would give you a good talking-to someday. But to orphan her does not brings so much joy, orphans there are already well enough. If I take out the babe, a real shame so, the old woman would never become happy again! Man, what a shit you would have done - the wrong corner!

My finger bends – 13

Now I can look me for a new place finally! But afore I enjoy the spectacle some more, given to me - God am I horny!