

## **Fifth Chapter**

### **Water and Isles**

### **Third Birth**

They say:  
It's a beautiful death - I'm not sure - I have no memory

I only see the boy playing  
I stand on the side of the river  
It's strange - The boy I'm

No fear  
An angel will come - Our Father

### **Most Beautiful Angel**

I love all my angels  
But I confess  
You are the fairest of all

I love your voice  
So amazing, high-pitched, extraordinary  
I am in love  
Many a time it sounds like a little, defiant girl

I love your long, golden hair  
I wish I could bury my face in it  
I love your smile  
It reminds me  
Kaninchen

You  
Present me moments of calm and silence

Even  
Fulfillment

## Stuttgart

### State Gallery

I was terribly introverted in my youth, still - somehow, even if I have learned more and more to deal with it, or should I say - hide? Anyway, it was not an easy exercise for me - State Gallery

It took me a long time before I dared not only to pass the building, but to seriously consider to enter it, better, for once to climb the steps that led to the entrance. The, of the Old State Gallery notabene! The stoop of the new building of Sterling bewildered me too much anyway, as that I would have considered these. On the one side a large, curved ramp, on the other side a no less large staircase. And what was above one could not see exactly from below - the risk was too big! Therefore, only the Old State Gallery came into question! And to enter it? I do not know anymore how often I turned round, had I already inhibitions to enter a café - only in the cinema it was easy, but there then the light went off

And as I finally entered it, the affair became not better! A large entrance area and I had no idea where to go! I can not remember, but finally I stood in front of the staircase, more precisely in front of the staircases! Go up left or go up right? Obviously, they led to the same hallway, but why then two staircases? And upstairs it was not any better! A corridor and four equal doors - which should I open, whereto led they? No designation helped along, or I am just not able to remember? Should I open one haphazardly, or

Then I noticed the big, no, huge oil painting! It hung in the hallway, actually not to be overlooked, all alone - with me! It was the first time that I stood in front of such a big, real painting! And it was so beautiful, she was so beautiful: Hans Makart: The Nile Cruise of Cleopatra

But what fascinated me the most was the structure of the painting. I had never considered such a painting so close, so directly. Now I saw the brush stroke, understood what oil paintings, oil paint, makes so special, and wanted only to touch it. But would I be allowed to do? Of course not! But I wanted. I wanted to feel the color - but of course I did not dare!

Then I decided to open the door at the front side - I took a deep breath and was glad all the time that apparently no one but me had an interest to be here. But what I saw than, I will never forget it! On a high pedestal - was it so high? - stood seven bizarre figures - Oskar Schlemmer - "Triadic Ballet" - so I could read it. And they immediately cast a spell over me!

Symmetry, geometry, but also broken, spirals, wires, colors, fabrics, metal, rods, masks, helmets, spheres, clubs, pikes, discs, rivets, bobbles – I could not discover enough

But then I became curious - greedy! - what it all would give as well! It was something wonderful! The paintings - the impression - the feelings! And then, than almost a miracle happened!

Otto Dix; "The Matchstick Dealer", 1920 - so stood on the sign. Also this picture cast a spell over me - but what was that for a newspaper snippet on the picture, partly repainted, was it damaged, stupid thought, had the artist - I read the text.

Till this day I do not know how I could overcome myself, to address somebody from the supervisory staff – weren't they there to look after the pictures? But in a moment of unrestrained curiosity, I wanted to know, I went straight to the possibly responsible person and asked him: The newspaper snippet, that probably done the artist, or?

And then he told me about Dix, the expressionists, techniques - and I was happy!

*Oh Captain, my Captain!*

And what astonishes me till this day?

Arp, Baumeister, Mondrian, Léger, Ray - lines, surfaces, shapes, colors, symmetry, geometry .....

All the more - Magritte, de Chirico, Ernst - dream worlds, nothing real ....

But - Dix, Grosz - expressionists?

Expressive is probably the most inappropriate word that comes me into my mind about me! But maybe I saw only that, that how it looked inside me – without that I became aware of it?

I consider the pictures now, today - why do you cross my mind now? Italian art of Baroque - somehow far away?

*„Feet don't fail me now...“*

Lucas Cranach the Elder - You did right Judith, and you are so beautiful! And your little painting, thereon you are even more enchanting! And a pity, that no Salome hangs next to you, you would be the most seductive sisters I can imagine! Were yet both of you seduced and used! You, one might would have to thank even more, as Eva and Pandora!

It's nice to be here yet again, so long not anymore already. But everything is so different! Everything was rebuilt and rearranged! But it is nicer, brighter, more friendly! Only to the permanent collection one comes not so beautiful anymore, have to go over the ramp now, the old entrance is only exit now, today I could enter not at all - but the paintings, those it benefits!

The doors are gone! Large glass doors, they show what is behind! I'm sitting on a comfortable leather couch in the hallway - but you're no longer there! Because of you I came, wanted to see you again, and this time, this time I had touched you, but you are no longer there - and the memories of you are so fragmentary!

But I have learned, ask a lady, we have a chat, about, that the pictures in the hallway have alternated all the while, that mine probably currently in the stack-room is, but she was able to, due to my very inadequate description: Woman, probably naked, but not quite, probably historical painting, I believe something with Cleopatra, wonderfully help along! So unfortunately I could not meet you, but I will visit you, at home, on the Internet!

On the wall is now something modern, seems to me petty – why I always have little use for visual arts after 1945? And why have I no use for visual arts of the last decades?

Literature and music – music!

I came through the New, but I will leave you through the Old at least! The entrance area, now probably better exit area - bright! There are only a few meters to the staircases! I have everything so

huge in my head

### Wuerttembergian Art Society

You are very differently housed now! The politicians need space! And the permanent paintings of formerly are in the Cube now – thereon I had not even thought - had already passed it, formerly, never entered!

And now? Room installation - no reason not to go inside - "Noise" - what associations! Ocean - it fulfills the room, but there are no waves, no ocean

I read: "Natural-Radio-Wave-Trap", the artist is called Sonntag, it is Sunday May 17th - funny, a sign? And what shall I do as an amateur astronomer from the circumstance, that the noise comes from converted extremely long-wave radio waves, the solar wind that interacts with the upper atmosphere - polar lights transformed into sounds! You should just stay curious!

I dissolve in trust  
I dissolve in noise

But the ocean it gave than still also! "Pacific Nocturne"! What a reference! The Pacific Ocean! And even more extreme! Recorded in Los Angeles - LA! - *lonely as I - Land of Gods and Monsters - down at the west coast* - if that is not fate Ms. Grant! Or just a nice coincidence and reward for not having gone straight to the cube

I have to wait for quite a time, because not all installations can run at the same time, but that time I definitely will take.

And then? And then!  
And then, I hear the waves of the Pacific in their silent dignity!  
And then? And then!  
And then, I close my eyes and lose myself in myself!  
Richard Wright - Shine On You Crazy Diamond

### Cube

Formerly you were housed in the Wuerttembergian Art Society! Today here, in admitted, very beautiful surrounding.

Dix - You look so deeply into the souls of humans - "Metropolis Triptych" - "Prague Street" - Jews out! - Your portraits! - I was so fascinated by your big exhibition! - Ernst also!

Prachensky/Sonderborg - so I have tried to paint once as well

And then upstairs

Peter Vogel - so much sounds in the city, everywhere - today! The graphs and drawings, why do they interest me more as than that I would like to bring your works to sound, the beautiful, filigree? - but the room is filled with sounds and rhythms and tones - the other visitors

Discoteca Flaming Star - I need time, till I overview it, like the words, the voice, the pictures in the

first room - confusing and attracting, unfortunately today already so long on the way, actually wanted to touch the picture only

And now, many hours, so many sounds and paintings and still a floor is waiting

Nevin Alday - video, sounds, landscapes - I think it would delight you also, like the waves of the sea beat the drum - I like it and I get tired, the drum, the rhythm, the beats – the, of the drum, and the, of the heart

Is "Tropico" video art?

I drive home, by train  
What a beautiful - journey into my past  
How wonderful, she might have been

### **Elysium**

*And it's your heart  
That's so wrong*

*You'll never know  
Your feathered sacred self  
(Portishead, Elysium)*

You're right Beth, my heart is my problem  
And I fear that I can not change it  
Nor can make it better  
And the same applies to my mind

But my self, that I discern very good now  
And every day I discern it better  
The one, the one who was frightened of everything, the one, the one who dared nothing  
This one dies every day a little more, and soon

He will be history only

1985

The man with the pipe, even if we were not so close to each other, you have impressed and influenced me more than I was aware of for a long time, you had ideas and visions, you have implemented them, you let them become to reality, you will become immortal, why did you go so early, you could have attained still a lot, you – so much more than others

## Woody Allen

### Melancholy

Who are you Woody Allen? You made me laugh and dream, you were a nice uncle, you had quirks and weaknesses, you were just likeable - and yet I lost you - 1985 I was 20 years old

The movies of Woody Allen always had something light, buoyant, melancholic, blue, sensitive, dreamy - non-cromatic

The early comedies were nice, nice and funny, but that it would not been. For me, Allen began with "*Annie Hall*" and found his absolute peak in "*Manhattan*"!

Never, Mariel Hemingway was more beautiful - actually only in this film, I never had more yearning to live in this city, like now in LA - or yet again NY - Brooklyn – there, where as it seems, they all have lived once. Palms and skyscrapers - black and white – last thing - it all seems to make sense, when he fights his way through the tribulations of his films and the tribulations of life and the tribulations of feelings - how much this film struck me in the spell, now I can admit to myself that I envied him, envied, that he could give such a wonderful expression to his feelings - "*Manhattan*" - his city - just black and white - Jazz, singer, collection - innocence - just a bit of confidence – is it so difficult

And then there was "*Broadway Danny Rose*"! I immediately fell in love with him! Of course, I saw myself in him – the world of art, not very great art, art as it is, small, often almost laughable, loving, chaotic - and yet there is still someone who remembers you - Danny Rose – yes, Danny Rose – even then, I dreamed of to be him, in his loving failure - in his deeply human existence

And his wonderful Shakespeare film adaptation – words

## **The Music That We Hear**

*The music that we make will heal all our mistakes and lead us,  
The music that we hear is always standing near to feed us.  
(Morcheeba, The Music That We Hear)*

Without music I would be already no longer - not former – today already not a bit

Music is my healer, my summoner, my wizard  
Music teaches me, leads me, guides me  
Music is my calm anchor that churns me, permits me no calm, hustles me  
Music is my drug that intoxicates me, reassures, lets forget, relentlessly shows

I would like to thank you, but no thanks would be appropriate  
There is nothing that I could give you – you, who give me so much

## **10-13**

Once I will tell a story about you, of which I am not sure whether it is – in its entirety – correct. The irritating thing to it is, if the story would be correct, than we would have extreme coincident paths of life, in the sequence of life data!

In my life at least, was at this time, the exact I have probably suppressed, the large disruption, of me actually was non at all – everything continued, until the first memories came back, until confusing dreams came, until: *“Come As You Are“*

No, you were not the trigger, but you will be the finisher!

## **Bernardo Bertolucci**

### **Desire**

Who are you Bernardo Bertolucci? Do you belong over here at all? I think just because of Maria and mainly because of Dominique! The last movie I was interested in was filmed by you in 1981 - 1981 I was 16 years old

The movies of Bernardo Bertolucci always had something - he was always somewhat suspect, unsympathetic, disliked him - his later films - Eva Green

The early films, in part classics of Italian cinema. But then, two films:

*“Last Tango in Paris”*

Maria Schneider - she seems like a counterpoint to many other actresses. Brando? - Plot? - not, that I had been in love with Maria Schneider, that I was in other actresses, but she had something unaffected, something real - she was like an older sister, who reveals very special things to one

„Nineteen Hundred“

Dominique Sanda - I'm not sure which was the first movie I saw with her, her beauty she revealed in all - but here she seemed like a supernatural dream figure, a creature that could not be of this world, too perfect, simply beautiful! When she lies in the hay in front of the young, naked Robert De Niro, also naked, then I wanted to be him! I would wish, I could look at her, in real, not on the screen! Her face and her smile - completely naked, or dressed - as a young girl, or even more so thereafter - I never saw a woman nearly as beautiful! I would wish, she had given me a smile once, as well as Kathryn James

## Over

*To tread this fantasy, openly  
What have I done  
(Portishead, Over)*

I have to give myself up to you - can not fight against you  
At least not win

I have to admit to myself - that you are mightier  
Have to accept you  
I have to live with you - can not dispel you  
Can not use you

I'm just learning  
To love you - to dedicate myself to you  
To win you as friends for me

To show you your position

## Peter Bieri

I have listened you only very briefly, attended a few seminars only, but it was very impressive to see you and to hear you speaking in your sedateness. And then occurrences like as the history student wanted to know how you want to have the footnotes, to a T - comma or semicolon after the author's name! And you shrugged your shoulders: I don't care, please quote thus that I can find the passage, the rest is unimportant!

And that one should learn the philosophical slang, in order to not to use it then! I was deeply impressed! And I discovered the logic, the analytics, the Anglo-American philosophy - and today I want to become an American - has that to do something with one another - or where is the direct reference - I think I just make leeway from the subject somewhat

That you than have left Marburg and finally Berlin annoyed, I have read later. But that you have also written books, one with an edition of million - picturized! - I have only discovered now! And again I am impressed by you, and dream about to follow you suit perhaps at least something - a very little perhaps!

## Pier Paolo Pasolini

### Pleasure

Who are you Pier Paolo Pasolini? Peter Paul - your life, your dying – riddles

The movies of Pier Paolo Pasolini always had something disturbing, something that barged the boy into turmoil, occupied him, not let go - 1975 I was 10 years old

His movies fall in two categories for me:

On the one hand the sociocritical, the classic movies, movies much can be said about. On the other hand the other movies - especially the movies in recent years.

*“The Decameron”, “The Canterbury Tales” and “A Thousand and One Nights”* - will he do justice to the works? Does it matter? Young actresses and especially actors, lay people - for what audience - why?

To see his latest movie, was very difficult, at times without Internet, a movie, even "Arte" does not broadcast, a television station that otherwise quite well screened movies as the above. I knew some excerpts, a documentary, but when I saw the movie for the first time entirely - I do not remember, it was early in no case - as I knew the book already? But I would like to see it earlier - Kurtz – were they not much more brutal? And the book? Who, I would have been - which of the three sons, which of the four men

## Désert

*Où est la mer*

*Je ne sais pas pourquoi je cherchais juste la mer  
Mais la seule chose que j'ai trouvée était un désert  
Un désert autour de moi  
(Emilie Simon, Désert)*

I am just aware of why I look for the sea, desire the sea  
The Endless Ocean, The Endless Blue

I want to stand at her beginning - look at her  
Knowing about her size that she encompasses  
And swim through her

I will swim, swim till endlessness  
I will swim, swim till blessedness  
I will swim, swim till fulfillment

I will swim, swim until I arrived  
I will swim, swim until I reached an isle  
I will swim, swim until I left all behind

## **Spain**

I dived in the sea – once only in my life

Today I am aware that I have not thought about it that this was somewhat "weird" with my "past", so much I had repressed it.

Of course it was only in the area of the beach, and actually it was only snorkeling, but there were pretty deep places at the rocks and you could see smaller fish, which I liked very much.

Which reminds me that at that time there was a book which I read several times, gobbled, and that I found much more interesting than the stories - true or fictional – about the sky:

Hans Haas  
“Drei Jäger auf dem Meeresgrund”  
(Three hunters on the seabed)

## **Ken Russell**

Provocation

Who are you Ken Russell? Psyched, overexcited, eccentric, provocative - religion, sex, violence - your films cast a spell over me - your characters broke out, did not abide by standards and paid their price - Tchaikovsky, Mahler, List – Do I have to say, how they affect me? It was late, I lost sight of you - 1990 I was 25 years old

The movies of Ken Russell always had something arousing - sexually arousing - his female characters were so very different as in the works of Rohmer or Truffaut, in the works of Scorsese or Coppola there were none! Lust and lustfulness - except between two women

He confused me deeply, deeper than a Borowczyk or Brass ever could have done. Their films were distinct, distinct what it was - intention, characters, representation, actresses - admitted exciting, but at the same time boring - predictable! His films - fucking crazy! - was it this, that fascinated me so much, confused, confused my feelings - exciting, appealing, exhilarating, repulsive, indescribably confusing - they cause a storm of emotions - I no longer saw me looking at a naked young woman - Teresa Ann Savoy - but I became an actor - I tortured and was tortured, I fucked and was fucked, I loved a woman and was a woman who was loved - strange thoughts

I became a composer, intoxicated by the sonority, to the tones, and the magic of madness! In "*Gothic*" I lost myself in the depths of the mind, of my mind! And when the films were over, I was sitting alone in front of the screen and dreamed, once, only once to experience such a moment, not in reflection, but in own creation, not in the affection towards another actress as an actress, but

Strange Thoughts

## **This Is Your World**

*For the song of the big machine  
It's a big machine*

*You can if you try if you really wanna do it  
You know you could*

*Oh it's going on and on  
(Emilie Simon, This Is Your World)*

This is my world - It's not too late

No matter how much time I have left

Time

Time creates possibility  
Possibility creates reality

Reality not actuality!

Like the vibrating of music  
The sounding of the grand piano  
The tones of the synthesizer  
The beating of the drums and cymbals

The writing of words  
The writing of lines  
The writing of pages  
The writing of chapters

The writing of a manuscript

The writing of a book

## **Cooking**

Cooking as a contemplative act:

When Hannibal prepared the porcine heart as a whole, it's fascinating for me watching him, and to see the dedication and the tenderness with which he does so.

I wish I had the opportunity there to do the same, but the real world of work is unfortunately hardly calculated to, with such a passion, to pursue this beautiful activity.

I should probably look that I, at least at home, sometimes create me the opportunities, Hannibal, in passion, devotion and tenderness to emulate.

## Ingmar Bergman

### Confusion

Who are you Ingmar Bergman? Faith never played a role for me, like the great conductor you seemed to me always - when I see you on a photography, I would like that it would be one of me - like you, I liked to see me - always dreamed of, to be like you – movies, theater - always these senseless dreams

The movies of Ingmar Bergman always had something feminine, powerful, disturbing, impressive - fell for his actresses - they were the ones, who made up the movies for me - they were the ones, who touched me - except for "*Wild Strawberries*", even then - 1982 I was 15 years old

It always were the female characters, the actresses, that determined his films for me - just "*Wild Strawberries*" was an exception, the old man was an exception - perhaps the grandfather I never had. It seemed unfair to me to mention a name, to favor a film - apart from "*Fanny and Alexander*"

I loved the quite in his movies, not constantly with music underlaid scenes, long shots, time, in which something could develop - movies which confused me, inspired - Kurosawa - both seemed like twins in different worlds to me - the quiet, the silence - so much does it say, so much does it told

An image has burned itself - gladly I would be the boy - the Swedish Post has immortalized it

I have written that the fairest of the woman her face is - the faces of his actresses told so much - I was addicted to these faces - wanted to touch them - gently – feel them - those who let me feel so much

Who shoot the more beautiful film - Woody Allen or Ingmar Bergman? It's like when you look at a city from two completely different angles – can it be both together? - you have to decide?

*"Fanny and Alexander"*

I drowned into this film, like I never drown into my own childhood. At the time before I have no memories at all, at the time in between almost non, at the time after only disappointing - I almost have the feeling that I woke up slowly sometime, perceived single images blurred and then more clear, in order to wake up at the age around thirteen, to determine how dreary the world is, witch now revealed, in order to, not too much later, to begin to persist in this state, to allow no more development – inside - outward to become more and more fatter! So gladly I would have been Fanny

## Sad February

*Bleak February a cruel bitter wind  
Stirs up the black grimy foam  
Out there on the sea is no place to be  
(The Unthanks, Sad February)*

Yet still I would like to be on the sea - Lairdsfield  
And even I would have to share their fate  
What would it be better than to be ashore all along  
And to dream of the sea only

And do you see the distant shores - white with swaying palms  
Paradises - often only one wisp of wind away - unattainable  
But better to see them at least - than never come to know therefrom  
Even if you now cease to be in unspeakable yearning

The wind lashes, the rain pelts, the cold cuts  
Waves as high as a house beat together over your cockleshell  
You will fail to do – no chance she will let you  
Yet still you will love her until the last breath

The high sea

## Monkey

Beside you he sits, when you with your supercharged, jet black Chevrolet convertible were driving down the strip to the Mandalay Bay, and then there was something else with a penthouse and whores or something - and when we are in just jet – simply a fucking cool song!

Beside you, your *“bad baby”* at your *“heavenly side “* - but leastways you *“die happy tonight”!*

Oh God, I will die crappy! 1, 2, 3 what does this still matter! Everything is crappy - I have yet only your songs - also yours - some are simply unbeatable - Sammy, others – Angels

I think of the Wild Palms, when someone could provide me with this drug, when I yet only would see the church, jet only would hear her tolling, unbearable loud, tattering my tympanum, I would do everything to get her – everything - crap – EVERYTHING!

You sing of Kurt Cobain? Did you do it correctly - Robbie? Did you do it correctly - Lana? Did he do it correctly - what you-all think? And fuck - what do I think!

I think of nothing at all anyway! I feel nothing at all anyway - or sees anybody an emotion in my shitty, fat, me nauseating face - or has anybody heard ever that I would have said something about feelings? I am able to simply just nothing! I have never brought off anything! And I will never bring off anything!

4! - I would do everything for it! - EVERYTHING!

If only I had a monkey or a bad baby, not that crappy dark heart - just say it! - I will not die happy, why should! - is it than still important when?

Kurt Cobain - shit, did you do it correctly! Are you happy now? Shit, you still had it, you still had it.....

I am onstage, for the first time I am in my whole shitty, bovine, incapable, apathetic, uneventful, unproductive life happy, when I sing a song - just only one! - and the people – the, who listen to me are happy, cheer - and I hold me the gat on my temple, or gladly also a scattergun down to the chin, and pull the trigger

and then, then I am happy - or?

## Carlos Saura

### Disguise

Who are you Carlos Saura? The one who showed me one of the most beautiful women that I know, who showed me a strong, vulnerable woman, who confused me with his films, the one whom I lost in the moment when you got liberty - 1980 I was 15 years old

The movies of Carlos Saura always had something inexplicable in itself, due to the backdrop, which I did not understand, although I felt it, although it was actually so obvious

Afterwards I am not always sure what movies I saw, before my apprenticeship, secretly at night. Of one, I know it very well: *"Ana y los lobos"*!

I saw the movie late at night, the parents slept upstairs, I at that time next to the living room, there where the TV was. Somewhen, I had begun to get up secretly and to watch movies and music programs at night. A whole new world opened up to me! Not the stupid Ilia Richter with "Disco", but "Rockpalast" - Alan Bangs! And the films were also different! Of course also more sex, more revealing, but above all the stories were not easily predictable, many things surprising, confusing, opaque, fascinating, cast a spell over me - and then this film!

Actually easy! A beautiful girl, a mansion, a mother and three sons, who chase the girl - yet the images, they were different, something seemed to be wrong, not to fit! I was more and more confused! I turned off and went to sleep - until today I wonder how the end would have affected me, the rape, the humiliation, the killing! Again and again I have asked myself this question.

Geraldine Chaplin - I was terribly in love with her - her smile! A bit like Nathalie, she more girlish, Geraldine more womanly. I loved the movies with her – loved her - how incredibly beautiful she was - *"Peppermint Frappe"*!

Many of his films impressed me so much the more, so much the more I understood them - *"La caza"* - as Bunuel! When he was able to work freer, I sheer off increasingly from his films - *"Deprisa, deprisa"* impressed me once again very much - I think, I wanted to be him - even it ended thus, but at least he was not alone

## **The Pirate**

*He had decided to do it properly*

*A dive into infinity, eternity  
God's haven  
A dive into water*

*The fight he fought inside  
Had gone on far too long now*

*I'm ready to dive, start a second life*

*The rocks pull his body down  
But brings his soul even higher  
(Hanne Hukkelberg, The Pirate)*

I have never named you an angel, to be honest, recently, I use the word more and more rarely. I did not put you at the beginning of a chapter, you were always different, and for a long time I wondered whether I should include your music in this manuscript at all – this music works so entirely different. Some of the time your music is quite - I do not know - unwieldy? But then, it does not want to get out of my head anymore, take hold, and then there is - water, to dive into, the struggle - others call it war – to start something new, the body and the soul – for me the same, a unity, indivisible! And not just in this song, again and again

Is it related to where you come from - Norway, Scandinavia? Always many talk about Iceland and Björk, but I felt your music more interesting always - you play so many instruments - how I envy you - but also work together with fantastic musicians - I feel your music much more complex and eclectic than Björk! And then, when I see you at performances, and listen to your albums – you are I guess one of the musicians you just have to see live. Like Emilie, every concert of which I have found videos, seems to have been something very special! And also with you - it is probably simply something quite profound to hear you quite directly singing and playing. Perhaps it is granted to me one day to experience this!

I always had a deep relationship with Scandinavia - but honestly more towards Sweden, although I am not quite that sure why, and towards Iceland, because of the indescribable landscape – as if there are no fjords in Norway! Norway, how little I actually know! And today, today I do not like winters anymore, dreaming of seeing the Endless Ocean, of warmth and palm trees that swaying in the wind

## Mai 18<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday – Stuttgart  
Today – Elizabeth finished  
Now – what happens to me

I lie on the floor, my head yells, I toss notes on the paper - my writing has changed so much - the loops, the "f", the "P", the "t", and others - so energetic, so different  
Have to dress, go out, think, think about  
All only stupid written, so far, delete all, start again, I can not  
Three months almost to the day  
My head yells – no lucid thoughts – have to walk – have to go out  
  
Onwards at the computer, new ideas, different, better, more lucid, more concise – do I become better

## Louis Malle

### Misfit

Who are you Louis Malle? You are so confusing, can not grasp your, your movies so different as from utter strangers - charming, repulsive, tears, boredom - I do not understand you, you are a mystery - XXXX I was ?? years old

The movies of Louis Malle always had something - *Zazie*?!? - *Violet*?!?

Louis Malle? Some of his movies are simply charming, *Zazie* I had immediately locked in my heart, others are great classics, with others I have no use for - "*Black Moon*" - others? - others are among the most beautiful films I ever have seen

"*Au revoir les enfants*" - "*Goodbye Children*" - is one of the movies that touched me the most, I cried when I watched for the first time, and cry every time I watch - Francois Truffaut! - it seems to me, as if it were his film, this I could understand, with Louis Malle I have just problems! I know that this is nonsense!

"*Pretty Baby*" – already at the very first viewing I fell it just ridiculous! Brooke Shields - 13 years old – as old as I – had it been fun to me, that at the age of ten years nude pictures are taken of mine, that I with thirteen years should pose constantly nude in front of the camera, somewhat later finally sentimentalized the same thing do once again, that I have to litigate later, so that the pictures are removed from an exhibition because they are allegedly art, would I be pleased to be "*Pretty Baby*", would it make me proud, would I have shot this movie - I simply not understand him - Louis Malle

Does a director has a responsibility for his actors, I have asked this question myself many times, already in my youth, a photographer for his model, a painter as well - an artist for his work, people for other people – does an artist is allowed to bare others to say something out, about what, say something out, or should he bare himself, at least himself also, or already better only himself - and

in what form? Does Eva Ionesco is allowed to - as old as I - reappraise her childhood in a film, and with that to put a young actress in the same situation in which she was. I had found the movie impressive otherwise:

Eva Ionesco plays herself! As adult woman, an actress, she enact the young Eva and breaks so with the past and the line-up of young actresses, female singers, those, that just France likes so! Would the movie encountered resonance without Anamaria Vartolomei - while shooting 10 years old - oh, and of course not forgetting Isabelle Huppert - when I read the comments to the young actress, her “sensuality” and “gracefulness” I am getting sick - where still is the difference of Irina Ionesco to Eva Ionesco, where still is the difference of Louis Malle to one of the suitors who go to Violet – wherein than still is the difference of watching such films, or looking at the pictures of Eva Ionesco as a child and young girl themselves – wherein

### **The Devil At My Door**

*She stole my soul and ran away  
I try to fix it every day  
Well, she stole my soul what can I do  
I'll take it back, and so will you  
(Emilie Simon, The Devil At My Door)*

The Devil - She  
I love the trumpets!

Why do I listen to your songs precisely only now, was it a plan?  
Only Joanna is still missing - the final step in the plan?  
What kind of plan?

I do not want to start with the silly talk now  
That I see the matter with the soul somewhat differently  
Even if it's may be so  
But do you really think, I get back mine also again?

You know it, 'cause you give her back to me - You-all give her back to me  
You-all snatches her from the devil - you-all - and give her again to me  
And I promise you, this time I will not again

Suppress my feelings  
Not give in to my feelings  
Not follow my feelings

Not respect my actions  
Not accept my actions  
Let follow no consequences towards my actions

Not to love me  
Not to love others

Such as I learned  
To love all of you

## **The Problem of Bivalence**

Lets look at nature in form of a black female jaguar. She can be beautiful, in her shape, in her movements - in her look fascinating. But she can be awful also when she kills the prey, inflicts this pain before she kills them finally. She can be tender, to her cups, that she cuddles.

She is this in her entirety. She can not be divided into the beauty, into the awful, into the tender. She is all, or nothing - no bivalence - no bivalency - Fuzzy Logic!

And mankind? Has he not left nature behind? Is he not able to think beyond nature?

Also to some animals the self-consciousness, the consciousness of their own, at least to a certain extent, can not be denied. But what they are certainly not capable for is self-reflection, the possibility from the cognition of its self, to draw conscious consequences in a reference to oneself. Only then is it possible to reflect on one's own acting and actions and to draw consequences in addition to it, in particular also with respect to future acting. As result accrues self-awareness!

But wherein consists this self-awareness now? Therein, that I now know how I become a good human, do the right thing?

## **High priestess**

Endow me with your pictures  
Relentless - Brute  
Divine – Holy

## **Éric Rohmer**

Talking

Who are you Éric Rohmer? You - storyteller – how the people's gossip bores me, your characters I could listen forever, when they talk on and on! You are like Joanna when she sings on and on! But you have the ease of Truffaut - the ease I can see no longer in her - but with you it is still there, and the pretty girls are also still there, those who only talked, never happened "it", never, but then I liked it always after all, it was different, not so predictable - your first two cycles I have considered completely - 1987 I was 22 years old

The movies of Éric Rohmer always had something teasing - always on the verge, but never quite, always something intervened - in the flood of dialogues, they invited to dream, woke yearnings

Now I know their names again, not only Claire - especially Reinette and Mirabelle. It's the little stories, the feelings, the wishes, the desire - to stand for, in order to deal with - even Jean-Luis Trintignant - aspirations, even then, I always wanted to be a part of the plot, I wanted to be with Pauline, Laura or certainly with Claire, and Maud! But most of all I wanted to be either Reinette or Mirabelle - especially Reinette to stand the adventures with Mirabelle

His movies were probably the antithesis of directors like Coppola or Peckinpah to me

## **A Great Northern River**

*Down on the docs  
(The Unthanks, A Great Northern River)*

I look at the ships, as they come and go  
Jealous, melancholic glances I dart at them  
Where do they come from?  
Where do they go to?  
Will they come again?

I would be so gladly on one of them  
No matter, on which  
No matter, where it would sail to  
No matter, if it would come back again

It would take me away  
It would show me new things  
Unknown and fascinating

The seagulls are calling, laughing at me  
Just at the dock I stand  
See the ships with wistful look  
My whole life yet

I close my eyes, do a step  
Do my journey now, just as I'm able to  
Not away, only into the deep

The dark, cold deep

## **The Same Day**

What everything can happen in a day

How much things can change in a day  
How many impressions are possible in a day  
How many different emotions are possible in a day  
How many perspectives are possible in a day  
How different colors and sounds can be in a day  
How much moods can change in a day  
How much flavors can change in a day  
How much relations with something can change in a day  
How much opinions about something can change in a day

Then, what is in  
A week, a month, a year, a decade  
A life

Possible

## To Ask Questions

Asking questions is more important than to find answers!  
What a bullshit!

Sure, you should think very carefully about your questions - logical empiricism!  
But then, you should make every effort to answer them also!

## Wim Wenders

### Charm

Who are you Wim Wenders? I have not seen any of your movies after 1984 - with *"Paris, Texas"* you cease for me to make movies – you are no longer! You are like a phantom, like a legend - like a lost childhood - 1984 I was 19 years old

The movies of Wim Wenders always had something ease in itself, to me always another director comes to mind - Francois Truffaut - like him, his films have a certain charm, it is difficult to describe - like a balmy summer evening, or, as after a summer rain - even if they deal with cancer and dying - they are human, deeply human - I think, like Truffaut, he loves people deeply

His early films - early films by young German directors. With Herzog for example I never had use for, early or late films - why he did movies with the idiot Kinski remained obscure to me anyway! Disappointing was only that also to him nothing comes to mind about her than naive with naked breasts.

Two movies!

*"Nick's Film - Lightning Over Water"* - one of the tenderest movies I know! It was impressive to see how Wenders shows Nicholas Ray in dignity, nothing is whitewashed, nothing slips off into kitsch - I cried a lot - Joan Crawford, never she was more beautiful than in her white dress sitting at the piano

It was nice to see when the two were talking, one passage shook me! Ray asked for the budget of *"Hammett"* Wenders' directing for Coppola - as Wenders told him the sum, he only said that he could do a movie for a fraction

Failure – is it failure - alternative? - arrange with the system? - dignity? - Nicholas Ray – also one - Hopper, Wells - he had an affair with Joan Crawford - how beautiful she was - I see the junk as she puts out to the ocean - slow boat to China

*"Paris, Texas"* - the definition of road movies for me - how impressive the characters are created – as fewer words it often requires - silence and vastness – desire and aspiration - the dream to drive on the eternally straight road, only desert, for hours no car comes your way, for hours not a single house - only one single ocean of sand - only the music - and this time she also got a just beautiful character – when she with her blond hair and the woolen sweater, the terrible red lips, the so beautiful empty face, presents herself as a commodity, then this disturbed me then, today I feel only grief, grief due to the so many stupid movies, the large number of possible possibilities - how much you all have in common – you all have tried to realize your dreams, have created marvellousness - to measure you-all by that what not succeeded, failed, had to fail - how perverse and ridiculous this would be – only people of your kind are capable and justified to judge on you-all - the others should silence, marvel, and be grateful

## **Funny Time**

*Oh, see me now  
Oh, it's easy now*

It is so easy now!  
Not lie to yourself!

There are so many solutions!  
And none makes sense!

*Winter's here and there ain't nothing gonna change*

That would be a bitter time when winter would be back, and nothing has changed!  
What would I do, would have to do?  
Should I think about, what, if my efforts are be of no avail?  
Much has already changed, but - everything can still become again  
As formerly!

*Falling like a silent paper  
Holding on to what may be*

What do I have, as to hold on thereto?  
What do I have, as to remember thereto?  
What do I have, as to dream thereto?

What do I have, otherwise?

*(Beth Gibbons, Funny Time)*

## **Holocaust**

Let it be a lie, please let it be a lie!

Not because I am a German, that's irrelevant, but because I would love to be a human  
Just a human, a little, at least

Not this monster  
Almost destroyer  
Almost murderer

Not this monster  
Trapped in the city  
Unable to free himself - where should it just go  
Unable to find salvation – just by whom

*„...but on some summer nights it could feel like Paradise...“*

## **Pain**

About the world - How ridiculous  
About me - How honest

## **Francois Truffaut**

### **Ease**

Who are you Francois Truffaut? Your films are so delicate, so elegant, should I say feminine? Your women, in each I fell I love, specially in Nathalie Baye – she is like Joanna Newsom, before I started to listen to her songs accurately - her smile - she always smiled - is so beautiful, so gentle, so tender - and Fanny Ardant - one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, elegance and beauty receive their definition in her! And your stories, you are a wonderful storyteller, you and Wim Wenders, you I could spend hours listen to - 1983 I was 18 years old

The movies of Francois Truffaut always had something charming in itself, like a beautiful woman in a summer dress who walks through the streets at an easy pace, to incur the glances of the young men who will think of her in the evening – especially also the movies where he himself is to see, the movies in which he bows to the women – but especially the movies in which he embraces the children

Antoine - may I say Antoine? He accompanied me to a certain extent - quite young, I saw myself in him - misunderstood - later I would like to be him, with his so much taller, so bourgeois girlfriends - to "*Jules et Jim*" I could never find a connection? He was my older brother, the one, to whom the younger always jealous is!

Ann and Muriel - what a beautiful film, he always has told such beautiful stories, these I liked especially, showed it yet how confusing this world of emotions, of "love" was - the vows, the senselessness, the hopelessness - the violence, the pain, the screams, the wounds – was it not just more simple to stay alone outright

Nathalie – with her I fell in love immediately, in her smile, her ease, her compassion. The films in which she had a part, were always very special films - "*La nuit américaine*" and especially "*La chambre verte*" are till today two films that touch me deeply, and she has an important part thereon. The first I looked at and of course I wanted to make movies - of course! I feel her scenes are the most beautiful in the whole movie, reveal so much about film-making, more than those with the main actress, they show after all the essence, the quite trivial work – also I was and I am in love with her

The second enchants by the depth of feelings, the quiet, the silence, by the nature of Cécilia, the grief, the loneliness, the art and the artists - Julien Davenne – in him I saw myself, see myself in him - how I yearn for them

Isabelle - I disliked her pretty much, and he a movie with her! I was impressed, by her, the story, the feelings - I would not like to argue - Margot, Camille - but I see in this film a climax of her work - and his

Fanny - her films I feel no longer such charming, as also the one before, but she charmed me! When she sits on the bed with open blouse, this is still one of the most erotic scenes I know – at this time she cast a spell over me! And her smile! Her elegance! Her beauty! For me, she was the epitome of the elegant French woman! When she goes up and down in front of the barred basement window

*"L'homme qui aimait les femmes"* - to say it straight away, the end is disappointing beyond all measure! But otherwise! It was a revelation for me, the beautiful elegant women, their skirts, blouses, shoes! Their hair, their faces, their smile! I fell in love with the film and fell in love with the women! When I walk through a pedestrian mall, I see them, as he saw them, each has her beauty, each her grace, each her desire

### **Magic Doors**

*I can't deny what I've become  
I'm just emotionally undone  
I can't deny, I can't be someone else*

*When I have tried to find the words  
To describe this sense absurd  
Try to resist my thoughts  
But I can't lie*

*Enjoy the gift of my mistake  
(Portishead, Magic Doors)*

Shall I that, what I am, not would like to be, would like to hide  
Present anyone  
Shall I be the whore, who spreads her legs wide, in order to show absolutely really  
Everything anyone

But who does that

When I shall be a whore, then a  
Dishonest whore  
Aren't all whores dishonest  
When they present themselves the john

Aren't they seductive  
In the simplicity  
How they are obtainable  
As it seems, that they are obtainable

But aren't it precisely them  
Those, that you will never get  
Those, that will divest you of themselves for ever  
Those, that you will never understand  
Unless, yourself become a whore

I'm waiting for it  
To become fucked by you  
And if you believe then  
My moaning is genuine  
I just laugh at you  
Laugh about your ridiculousness

And do you really believe that I come  
How naive you are!

Trust no bitch!

## War

*We've got a war to fight*

*I've got a war in my mind*

You both lead me to war  
I follow you implicitly

*From this moment  
How can it feel this wrong  
(Portishead, Roads)*

*I am fucking crazy  
But I am free  
(Lana del Rey, Ride)*

*Lead me to war with your brilliant direction  
(Lana del Rey, Bel Air)*

## Waterfall

Did Emily told you the names of the stars?

## Kenji Mizoguchi

Women

Who are you Kenji Mizoguchi? Only a few of your movies I have seen, but they concerned me a lot, not left me alone, like your female characters, your view of art, like your sister - 1956 I was not born yet

The movies of Kenji Mizoguchi always had something confusing per se, not loud, not fast - silently and slowly - gentle and tender

He showed destinies, women, not bourgeois, or even noble, simple women, marginalized, no longer belonging to the society. And the art - Utamaro - compassion – did he saw his sister later once again?

The beginning of 1920 until the end of 1950 - years in Japan, years in Germany - I was born 1965. He has shot so many movies, so much realized, so much said, expressed, about the women - victims - too easy?

Would the world be different - the question arose not for him, at his time, in his country, in my country – today?

Does women act differently, does they are able to act differently? Femininity, womanhood - his women are trapped, at the mercy, like his sister - my sister – sibling

### **Go Long**

*Do you know why my ankles are bound in gauze  
Sickly dressage: a princess of Kentucky?*

*If I knew you once, now I know you less*

*Have hand in hand in loneliness*

*There's a man who only will speak in code*

Do I know the answer to your question – do I want to know it

You are the woman who sings in code

In entwined and encrypted images and feelings

Should I have understood you ever, now not any longer

And all the more I love and admire you

Hand in hand

What a beautiful thought

Especially in loneliness

I am not capable of this

When I want to find pictures and metaphors

I only find my world

Would like to be understood, leave no doubt

To what is to be said, what has to be said

And isn't it strange again, that also when you

When you tell about yourself

Everything so fine and full of art as Emilie - Emily - disguise

When you speak about me

Give voice to all so lucidly and evidently, precisely you

*We both want the very same thing  
We are praying  
I am the one to save you  
But you don't even know your own violence*

Is there something I share with you - how beautiful the thought - no matter what it would be  
And pray – how gladly I would do it  
But that, should I be rescued, you are the rescuer, thereon is no doubt  
Doubt, doubt thereon, that I just only augur  
With all the knowledge that I seem to have  
What an awful force of violence dwells inside me  
This fear, dwells deep down inside me  
And seems well-founded

*Who made you this way  
Do you think you can stop it  
When you're ready for a change*

Only to me I can put the blame on, everything else would be a cheap lie  
Disgusting and repulsive  
And how happy I would be, would I be able to answer your question  
Ready am I, now or never  
I am able to finish it?

*Who take care of you  
When you're old and dying*

Like "The Pierces"!  
Nobody I fear!  
Old I am!  
Dying I do!  
Lonely I am!

*Tore up since birth  
You have done harm  
Others have done worse*

Should it solace me - Others  
That's no excuse  
And finally, it's not my fault, that nothing happened  
Only counts, what could have happened  
Only the question, why not  
Only the inexplicability- Why was I endowed thus  
Only the shame - Why did I make nothing thereout  
Only the disappointment - Why did I waste it

*You are badly hurt  
You are a silly goose*

*Chew your bitter cud  
Grove your little nurse*

Little nurse - Coney Island  
How can I torture myself therefore

Old Dying Man - how indescribable your ridiculousness  
Your wounds are self-inflicted, you have to take the responsibility for

*About loving, and then letting go*

Letting go

*(Joanna Newsom, Go Long)*

### **Hannibal**

What was it like, to eat the own sister?

### **Gramma**

Do you think the flags will waving for me one time – Gramma?  
A.M.E.R.I.C.A.

*Every time you feel unsure  
Try to remember what you are*

To think of you, to hear this song – lovely melancholy!

Wholehearted, I wish you, that your faith has not abandoned you  
And you are now with thy God  
Although this probably means  
That I deep down, must welcome the Old Master once  
But as I said, I will do it surprised but joyful  
Because than, I would know for sure where you are now!

Do you think someone is waiting on me – Gramma?

## **The Great Dictator**

You and he, born almost on the same day - he the director, or the visual artist - you the dictator, who annihilates millions of lives

What a question! What an answer?

Is it a lie when you are standing, at the end, at the lectern and say that you do not want to be the dictator, talking about humanity? Is it hypocritical when one attributes him tender feelings?

Would it not have been more honest to stand at the lectern, and to enjoy the frenzy? And he?

I have no answer to what I would do - would I get the opportunity to stand at the lectern!

If I close my eyes, I can imagine everything - but just simply everything! But what would I do, then, if it were the reality, not just fiction, intellectual game? What is it, when it happens in the transition to the redemptive dream world, when consciousness can not control it any longer, but awareness is still present to the extent, as that it appears like a reality? Should I ask myself this question? Should I answer this question?

There is no answer! Even then, at the end it is just no real reality, the reality is only apparent! So, what would I do? Only the reality would be able to provide an answer to this question! It is open, open in any direction - but just in any

## Empire State of Mind

*Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them*

I always thought that he sings about you  
When you do your stupidities in NY  
You have done stupid things - or?

*Hail Mary to the city, you're a virgin  
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church end*

Me he can not save anyway, therefor I should believe in him probably  
My life begins when He dies  
Or He will kill me

How gladly I would be in NY now - you-all were there - Brooklyn  
Brooklyn, should I be there, could I be there  
Will I be there once, in Brooklyn  
Or at least - USA

*Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight  
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion  
The city never sleeps, better slip you an Ambien*

Does it attracts me into limelight also  
For sure  
Certainly better than to go on with it so

And if not limelight  
MDMA

Think and write too much about drugs recently  
Wanna feel like a champion  
Wanna be Champion  
Old dying man am  
Ridiculous in bumbling attempts  
Better than to die outright

To sleep I want  
Not to die  
To die

Would anyone be able to tell me - it goes on  
I would without hesitation do it myself immediately  
Would love to dream

Dreaming about you  
Dreaming of art  
Dreaming of my art  
Dreams are shit

Don't let me simply tick away  
And why do you sing now about the World Trade

Have such an unholy thought  
Do not get why they flew into the World Trade  
And shook America  
They could be able to destroy America  
Need to say how - jay-z

*One hand in the air for the big city*  
*(Jay-Z, Empire State Of Mind)*

## **The Early Work – From Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey**

I will divide this part into two sections. Once New York (2008-2010) and then London (2010-2012). This already appears required therefore since the years in New York can be seen as years of stagnation, in the years in London however suddenly enormous happens, and in 2012 finally her first official album will be released!

1.) The Change, Lizzy Grant becomes Lana del Rey - New York 2008-2010

Release: "Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant " (album), 2010

Names: Lizzy Grant and Lana del Rey

2.) The Completion, Lana del Rey - London 2010-2012

Releases: "Video Games" (single), 2011

"Born To Die" (album), 2012

"Video Games" (EP), 2012

Name: Lana del Rey

### **1.) The Change, Lizzy Grant becomes Lana del Rey - New York 2008-2010**

2008-2010 could have become her years! As far as it is ensure now, "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* " is ready at the end of 2008 (even if it is possibly not called " Lana del Ray "), and there are at least 2008/09 many performances. And then, nothing happens! Many tell many stories why, in any case it must have been an unpleasant time for her. Is it a coincidence that there are only a few videos from 2009/10? When she is later in London, there are a lot again. She herself says that she has been focused on other things, that she was no longer sure what is to become of the dream to be a musician - but honestly, with material such as that, that can be found on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* "!

In 2009 she finished her studies. She starts to work, continues to perform - less? - and when is it now that she becomes Lana del Rey/Rey? I think this question for somewhat idle. I do not think that there was a crucial point. The end of May Jailor I see no later than the record deal. The singer with the songs, the direct, related to herself, "simple", "innocent", becomes Lizzy Grant. It seems to me that the distance to the songs is larger now, perhaps you would also say she becomes more professional. This is more and more terse for me in the course of "From Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey". Sure, sad on one side but would have someone taken the singer with the guitar seriously, would I know her today? Not even Lizzy Grant I would know, even if it would have given "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* " for longer on iTunes the chances were very low! Finally, I do not want to forget, that her later songs, Lana del Rey, I also like very much. Different, sure! But you can not hold on! And finally, I am also simply hypocritical! Why I have never heard May and Lizzy, just only Lana? To listen May and Lizzy, it is just not sufficient to listen to the radio, television, charts, magazines - May and Lizzy you can hear where May and Lizzy perform! That is the lesson of this story for me. Nice, that I have learned to listen to now - from Emilie Simone and Tori Amos, that night - you have taught me that it is not enough to mourn after May and Lizzy, and to be glad that there is Lana, you have shown me that if I am hereby finished, I just should look at May and Lizzy - they always perform, you just have to go up to!

Anyway, the album will actually be released on iTunes in 2010. Shortly it can be downloaded, then it is disappeared yet again. 2010 Elizabeth Grant is 25 years old!

**Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant; recorded 2008, released 2010  
studio album**

1. Kill Kill (The Ocean)
2. Queen Of The Gas Station
3. Oh Say Can You See
4. Gramma (Blue Ribbon Sparkler Trailer Heaven)
5. For K Part 2 (Rehab)
6. Jump
7. Mermaid Motel
8. Raise Me Up (Mississippi South)
9. Pawn Shop Blues
10. Brite Lites
11. Put Me In A Movie (Little Girls)
12. Smarty
13. Yayo

**Kill Kill (The Ocean)**

To say it straight away, the album starts with a song that I will never forget, and it ends with an even more intensive one! That the first of the two songs also should also been called "*The Ocean*" – sometimes simply all comes together

There is a self-made video to the song, to which I do not want to say so much now, more later. But somehow I like the platinum blonde hair always better!

And now for the song! Farewell!

*As stars fade from your eyes*

Already this verse she sings beautifully! The guitar, the drums, the voice, the rhythm - and then - the refrain - especially the end! It's like a revelation!!! Lizzy, or Lana, anyway, with closed eyes, flowers, unapproachable beautiful, the "Petit Hameau Motel" (Trash!) beforehand, with ring on finger, counts with these: "*one, two ....*" - "*don't trust ....*"

And I'm lost and drowning in the ocean:

*Want to make it fun  
Don't trust anyone*

*Want to make it fun  
Don't trust anyone*

*I'm in love with a dying man  
I'm in love with a dying man  
I have done everything I can  
I'm in love with a dying man  
I'm in love with a dying man  
I have done everything I can*

What I think about: "*trust no one*" I have already told you, but if this manuscript will ever become a book, I will have a tattoo to the same place: sometime you have to

And now I have to listen to the song a few times more and love him once more a little bit more, that dying man!

### **Queen Of The Gas Station**

What a difference! What comes to my mind: "*How I Meet Your Mother*" – Robin as Robin Sparkles? Please, please sing the song only once at a concert! I'd freak out! Should I now look Disney Chanel – be in the mood for! It's simply great what Elizabeth Grant all wrote - why I can not buy this album!

Does it matter that Indian reservations are mentioned? Again listen to

### **Oh Say Can You See**

Wow, what an instrumentation, what for a rhythm, it seems to me as the singer wants to make clear, just with the first three songs, how different her music can be. I can, except the same singer, barely make up similarities.

I sometimes have difficulties to find the old Hollywood and similar references in the songs of Lana del Rey, that others see constantly – much I think more likely “modern”! But this song, when I close my eyes, I see myself in a smoky bar, an over-the-hill guy plays piano and a breathtaking blonde sings with her smoky voice and not only I am fall for her:

*They illuminate my face then leave me the dark  
The voice of Nirvana says, "Come as you are"*

Again wow, sometimes it's been frustrating! Since I sink deeply in 50s Hollywood you sing suddenly of Kurt Cobain! And on top of that: "*Come As You Are*" - I swear, this is the first time I listen to the song really and read the text! "*Come As You Are*" - Emilie Simone - just "*The Ocean*" - I tiddle with my fingers on the keyboard around, do not know what to write, so I write this

For whom you wrote these songs, anyway you soon drive me in insanity! But that is what I want, and you're mercilessly thereby! Should I listen to the rest of the song now, and the others, which I also do not know so well yet?

I do not understand the image "*send you to Mars*" or is it just because of the rhyme, or because I am an amateur astronomer - I know, now I become childish, but I sink yet again in your music and lose myself completely in your voice that sounds like one of the really great, of the old, classic jazz singers - why, for God's sake you do not sing these songs in concert, at performances!

I dream and this is the first time that I tell that I would have a show on TV, music, I would invite all my angels, talk to each other as long as we want, and then they would play, quite what they want and as long as they want - but you, you I would ask, I would kneel before you and beg, do not play the songs that everyone knows, that I love so much, please play these! It would be so wonderful!

## Gramma (Blue Ribbon Sparkler Trailer Heaven)

There is a self-made video for this song. It shows especially Grant at home, the trailer park and a young man - her boyfriend? At the hand she again wears a ring, the ring finger of the left hand. If you want this would be the engagement ring, the previous the wedding ring! Maybe she just only likes the ring finger

There is another video (2009) but it looks fan made to me.

Musically the song immediately reminds me of "*Queen Of The Gas Station*". The bass and the accordion beautiful! And the text? Not only beautiful, tender! I can not think a song about Gramma, I can compare with this!

*T.R.O.U.B.L.E.  
Trouble's what feels good to me  
Crazy as since I was three  
Now I'm out to get you  
  
But I'd have bet that lately, Ma  
And I'm in love with everyone  
And I don't want to think I'm wrong  
Just for feeling pretty*

Your grandmother probably has loved you very much, her little girl!  
Mine me very, her little boy!

I have written "M" weeks ago, and "Main Street" also. Sometimes I write that I feel myself close to you. At this moment I have the feeling that you are sitting next to me and we together listen to this song and talk about our "*Gramma*". I should visit her, it would do me good and I think I know what she will tell me:

*Don't cry, honey, crazy girl  
Don't you know you are the world?  
Every time you feel unsure  
Try to remember what you are*

But this is not my problem Gramma! That I do not know who I am! Or I just have forgotten it, the one, which I was maybe once, very early, when I came home from school, you had prepared food, when you always made so much for me, when you were always so cheerful, and when you told me:

*Gramma said she'll leave the lights on for me  
Gramma said the flags are waving for me*

I turn around and look at the folded flag on the chest of drawer:

Red - White – Blue

One day I will greet you!

## For K Part 2 (Rehab)

Once again - wow! "For K"! I have just serious problems to bring both together. This song reminds me immediately of "Cruel World", the guitar in moments of "Red" – the album of King Crimson - and then there's also "D.O.A."! A cosmos of references opens up

The text? Hair, older - he is a musician, or plays at least, she, the young girl with the six chords, adores him - Part 2 is located before "For K" - "Pretty Baby"! Also later!

I like it to make more and more an advance to get deeper in your music, step by step, but I already have said it to the beginning: To speak about art means to speak about yourself - and I will say a lot about you, so much there is still to say

And then I would like to wish me, once again, a joint - even if I not need it, in all honesty, with this music - endless repetition - today I will bring off nothing else

## Jump

And also this song is something special for me, something very special! At the very beginning, when I just discovered videos like "Born To Die" at the Chateau Marmont, I found this song too, or said better, that self-made video. When I activated the video for the first time I was very surprised by the freeze frame that was offered to me – a syringe that becomes filled with heroin!

My thoughts: Well, cherry schnaps, joints, and if you like also cocaine, but now it is a bit too exaggerated! Does she wants to tell me now something about that she - just have a look

After four seconds, it had happened to me! I knew the face, the man! But I could not place him - Lana del Rey - an actor? No! But I know him, certainly, impossible - Lana del Rey!?! And then, then he is, for a very brief moment with his trumpet in hand, visible - Chet Baker! I have tears in the face, not because of the song, which I anyway do not listen, not because of the pictures, it is because of the man I see - the young, handsome is probably the best word, man with the gorgeous voice and the gorgeous play! And then later, after the many wasted years, the marked man, who an even more gorgeous, so incredibly tender voice has, and an even more gorgeous, so incredibly tender play on the trumpet has! For the rest of the evening I have only listened to songs from him, videos, but also my CDs from him – finally once again! How long ago was it that I had listened to him, the young, and the old man:

*You're my funny valentine,  
Sweet comic valentine,  
You make me smile with my heart.*

And also now I listen to you and silent tears dripping on my keyboard - how gladly I would say those words, after all that wasted time! Could I only just a little bit, a little bit - how beautiful your play is, I dissolve and do not know how I shall continue - delete - and end!

*But, don't change a hair for me.  
Not if you care for me.*

If you care for me, you have to change everything - everything has to change - everything must go - everything must gone - wild palms

I want to numb my mind, as you didst it – would like to forget, sleep, dream, dissolve, in the

endless frenzy - *lean forward and*

*Yet, you're my favorite work of art.*

You laugh at me! And you are right! I want it, gotta it, to do, to create - what else, what else, otherwise than

*This is the end  
Beautiful friend  
This is the end  
My only friend, the end*

*Of our elaborate plans, the end  
Of everything that stands, the end  
No safety or surprise, the end  
I'll never look into your eyes...again*

Will I ever again see in the eyes, in which I saw when I was young, and which I think again, a little bit, be able to see? Or maybe it's all just self-deception, the external changes, what remains, the dream, the dream of a work of art, of the elaborate plan, everything that stands, the end! This is the end! And I'm not even beautiful - as if that were still important! No safety or surprise - the end - I'll never look into this eyes again - never again will I be the young man, never again will I look into those eyes, never will I do that, create, what he could have done, could have created! You have already as a young handsome man created marvellousness, and now as an old man you create after the dead years again something so gorgeous - every tone hurts me in my soulless body, each of your gentle words holds up a mirror to me, I have as a young man done nothing, even less created, how and why I should now, after the wasted years, can do it! How ridiculous I feel myself at the sound of your trumpet, how ridiculous the words I write, but what should I do, anyway - the end?

Should I believe you, Jim Morrison, of whom she sings again and again? "*Living like Jim Morrison*" - "*Gods And Monsters*"! How beautifully everything fits! How ridiculous everything is! Nothing you have written for me, no one has written anything for me, finally I have never written anything for others! I make me sick and why you are singing now "*stay little valentine, stay - each day is Valentine's Day*" and then play so gorgeously, so incredibly gorgeous and gentle, why, why, and how many times I've already listened to it, listened to you Old Man, marked by the wasted years, externally, but also internally, especially internally! And externally, as it changes, but internally? Say Ellis, will I say it also once: Externally perfect, internally a wreck and then, do that, what you let do him? Inwardly fits already, externally I'm working on it - Ellis, and honestly, I think I will not close the door behind me, I will stay and take part

I can not listen to you any longer, put down the headphones! What should I do, I have only ya! I have only ya songs, your songs, Jim Morrison, should I believe you, or do you just laugh about me, as I think at times that she laughs about me, when she sings that she loves him, the dying Man, the dying Old Man - I just hate him, abysmally, hate his self-pity, but to something else he is simply no longer capable of!

And now, I will follow your advice, and shall I believe you - Jim Morrison:

*This is the end  
Beautiful friend  
This is the end  
My only friend, the end*

*It hurts to set you free  
But you'll never follow me  
The end of laughter and soft lies  
The end of nights we tried to die*

*This is the end*

And isn't it just a matter of interpretation, such as the question whether "*Tropico*" is just utter rubbish, or a fascinating work? You know my answer to that, but has this validity, and you Jim Morrison, *the end of nights we tried to die* - because we have brought it to an end now, and if so, what have we brought to an end? The work, life, search me - either the work or - oh, Jim Morrison, *the end of laughter and soft lies* - *I crucify myself* - *it hurts to set you free* - again have the headphones on, what else should I do otherwise! You sing again, "*don't change*" and that every day is Valentine's Day, the audience applauds you and the song is over - *this is the end!* Didn't I have written once, of course I know that I have and also where, just sounds better, that I will tell you why palm trees are very special for me? I got it pretty much, but now I want to do it properly, and thereby again listen to you:

*Palm trees in black and white  
Last thing I saw before I died*

You-all just shellac me with ya lyrics! Should I think about it, to tell you, why I have palm trees on the brain so much, then to watch the serial again, I have it on the hard drive, then again the beginning of the video, with the palms in black-white recording in order to die - I take a deep breath - and stop to write

„*Wild Palms*“:

Sometimes when I close my eyes, I see the palm trees as they sway in the wind. They are your palms, those on the strip, and they are beautiful. I hear the music and see the palm trees - and then I drive with you at the passenger seat, in this beautiful red-white fifties Corvette, pass the palm trees, along the Strip - seaside - and turn - as Belushi - the head to the left and see her! And then I hear it again, that tolling. I stop, run across the road, fall down in front of the sublime, towards heaven aspiring, so gleaming white church, on my knees and raise my hands up in the air towards heaven! I close my eyes, and the tolling gets louder, louder, louder - until it blows up my skull and maddens me! And the palm trees sway in the wind! And I wished me again I had this drug - *sweet comic valentine!* But I have ya songs and I have already said it once, yours are the most seductive drugs! Carry me into the water, and this time let me drown - maybe it would have been better - whether this is the answer

The video, the song, you have to watch and listen to - both are fantastic! For me one of the best self-made videos of Grant to a great song! In the video all adds up, Chet Baker as a young man and later, the palm trees, the syringe - Grant with friend and without. Never the lips were redder, the hair blonder and in blue dress in front of the palm trees I like you best - and time after time Chet Baker! And when he goes away with the trumpet in hand, then I'm sure - your jazz collection is rare! And then you, in green dress, B52 in ultra-blonde, this time with both rings now, and a friend? - touching - but honestly, the palm trees in black and white - and then again you in front of the palms, in the way as you delight me better - and then I ask myself seriously about whom you actually sing, about Chet Baker, about K., somehow yet about yourself - but maybe it's simply only stupid to want to separate this - stupid to want to know

*Just do what you love, just do what you can  
Just do what you love, do it better than*

I listen to you and learn

### **Mermaid Motel**

What a song, what a self-made video! I do not know where to start! With Grant?

Incredible outfits - wig! fan! eyelashes! tiara! - what glances!  
Nosferatu and Elvis - national anthem and flag on Wall Street!  
Motel and Coney Island!  
And Elizabeth becomes crowned - I'm just not sure which of the two!

The drums who beat the rhythm - and when she sings the chorus, and thereto the images, there she appears seductively to me, as Judith on the small picture - and at the very beginning, there she looks to me like Nastassja, like Coney Island - already strange these associations

*You call me lavender, you call me sunshine  
You say take it off, take it off  
You call me lavender, you call me sunshine  
You say take it off, take it off*

If she ever was Marilyn, then when she sings "lavender". It is the first time that I hear the word in English - it will remain as "gargoyle, ultraviolence, grenadine" and so many more - *lavender, lavender, lavender....*

*Maybe we could go to Coney Island  
Maybe I could sing you to sleep  
God bless the universe, God bless the ocean*

*God bless you and God bless me  
God bless you and God bless me*

Why do you always sing such things! Would you go with me to Kaninchen Insel? And then, you would sing me to sleep? And then - universe - ocean - I inhale deeply and am sure that God will bless you! In my case I have my doubts! But remains to me: "*call me lavender, call me lavender*" - your incredible eyelashes - your glances

And will you sing your national anthem to me some day,  
Then, if she is also mine?

And I salute you, Ms. America – Trash

And then I would like to change over to the next song  
But I simply can not tear away myself:

*God bless the ocean*

## **Raise Me Up (Mississippi South)**

Again an amazing song! What an album! The rhythm, what a beat! What a text - what images and references! Alone:

*Ray, ray, ray  
Raise me up*

Excuse me, but which idiot decided not to hype this album! Not that I deem this song for the best, all of them are so incredibly good! - but as a single - or "*Kill Kill*" - or "*Gramma*" - "*Yayo*"!

I do not get it! Such a song, on the radio, do not tell me that this nobody would want to hear, I hear it I believe for the eighth or ninth time now - merry-go-round - and simply can not stop - *pickup truck* - I do not want to start with it - *raise me up* - Ray - Ray Lee - Jim

Sure, no very typical Lizzy Grant song, or early Lana del Ray song, or - but which song was exemplary so far? And only one verse I want to relate to myself, at the end of this long evening at the computer, exciting it was - for me - with incredible music:

*Oh, see, what you've done now*

## **Pawn Shop Blues**

One of her very early songs, and again a big disruption to the previous one - it confuses me - what an opening! There is an audio recording that you can hear also in the interview in Williamsburg in 2006 - more thereto in the last part. And also a self-made video, probably one of her first videos that she has made. The very young singer stands for me, with short platinum-blond hair, totally in contradistinction to the text, the melody and the remaining images. So "country" as the song is, and the images, so melancholic the text - this is by no means May Jailer anymore. The text? The end of the text? It's nice to see the young singer

## **Brite Lites**

Of this this song there is a recording from 2007, a video of a performance from 2008 and a self-made video.

I can't help myself, but these songs - period - so compulsive - Lou Reed? - with these songs I can not cotton up! Everything else I really like, but here I feel out of position. The performance? Helpless, seems to me even nicely circumscribed. "*Disco*", "*Get Drunk*", "*Brite Lites*"?

The self-made video surprises with a different version - Dancefloor!?! Herself? OK, just not my world!

## **Put Me In A Movie (Little Girls)**

Nabokov "*Lolita*" - a book which I have read till the 20th page perhaps, then the talk of nymphets and suchlike has gone me on my nerves. Kubrick, much would be to say thereto, about the remake, you have to say nothing!

The self-made video disappoints me, Grant is simply not Lolita and the sequences with her seem to me arbitrary. Only as "Sparkle Jump Rope Queen" she is, for a short moment, Lolita. Who is discharged?

The song, listening to initially? Well, after I have listened to it several times, I like it better and better. I like the rhythm and "*you can be my daddy*" and "*lights, camera, action*" she sings very mellifluous - but also about the voice? Lolita – I rather think about France - Vanessa Paradis, Alizee Moi not to mention! But then she sings again "*lights, camera, action*" and "*put me in a movie*" and then "*you can be my daddy*" – somehow

"Sparkle Jump Rope Queen" I still have to mention. I'm not sure if it refers directly to Nabokov. And did Grant make performances as "Sparkle Jump Rope Queen" now, or is it just the title of an EP which she had uploaded on MySpace? I don't know

The topic of "Lolita" appears frequently in her art and several passages recurring often. When I think of Nabokov, I always think of his later books that I have not even begun! "*Lolita*" - I think the others are much more interesting! And after the roughly 15th repetition I can only say: "*you can be my daddy*"

### Smarty

Dress, Party Dress, Red Dress.....  
Heavy Metal.....  
Beat me.....

All this and much more appears in many variations time and time again in the texts of Grant.

It is again a very surprising song - the music, the rhythm, the voice, the text, the video – simply everything - to this song one can become hooked on!

Again, I had made a single of this song! "*Who has the ..... like smarty does?*" And by all means, watch the video as far as the end!

*Say I make you feel like  
Like you did, like you did when you were thirteen*

I think, there my world was still in order  
Or, already no longer

*Who has the choice like smarty does?  
Nobody, nobody*

### Yayo

Now we come to the last song, unfortunately! From this, there are quite a number of audio files of performances from 2007 to 2009, a number of demos, mixes, different text versions and two videos of performances. With these I want to start.

2008, The Living Room, NY:

The singer sits on a chair, seems quite relaxed and sings this wonderful song! Then she gets up, continues to sing, and yeah, I have already said it: Oh Lizzy, .....

And then quite interesting, the performance of which we have already seen "*Brite Lites*". This time Grant stands with an electric guitar on stage, the only instrument that accompanies her singing! Her guitar playing? Who cares! Her singing? Who cares! But actually you ask: "*You don't like ... yeah?*" The song is so gorgeous

If I were permitted to hear only one of her songs, it would be this! I do not know why, there are also no considerations about me on the way, I do not know, but this song is for me the quintessence of the creative work of Elizabeth Woolridge Grant! Every word a world!

snake tattoo - „*Florida Kilos*“....  
ivy - „*Ultraviolence*“  
yayo – so many  
trailer park – so many  
black motorcycle – ride, ride, ride....  
50's - .....  
baby doll dress - .....  
I do - .....  
Nevada - .....  
sparkle - .....  
mama - .....

*Let me put on a show for you, daddy*  
*Let me put on a show*  
*Let me put on a show for you, tiger*  
*Let me put on a show*

*I need you like a baby when I hold you*  
*Like a druggy, like I told you*  
*Yayo*  
*Yeah, you*  
*Yayo*

However, now it comes: I need you also, like a baby, and hooked I am anyway - yayo - if somebody would hand me a syringe now - I would take it, and sink, sink, sink and may never appear again - fade away - others I think no longer remains to me, the other I have missed - or Mr. Young?

And by whom originates the adaption - trombones! Incredibly, incredibly beautiful, also the violins at the end!

I will lean backwards now, close the eyes, and then never reopen them again.....

*Hello, heaven, you are a tunnel-lined*  
*With yellow lights on a dark night*  
*Yayo*  
*Yes, you*  
*Yayo*

I sometimes remember thereto, when I had feathers in hair, figuratively only. I asked myself the question whether it should not also be possible, as a man, to get two earlobe piercings and then to wear beautiful, striking eardrops. Really big once! Well, it somehow not worked, but I miss them very much because I loved it when the pendants dangled on my earlobes. Today they lie in a musical box which no longer plays - somehow fits almost too good. Now I open it more often again. The earlobes are closed now, but especially the silvery, that large drop-shaped pendants with gold plating and the beads I still like very much. Maybe I should put me feathers in hair yet again.

The last picture is, as I go with Lizzy to her motel room  
And you know what I want to do with you  
We sit on the bed  
And talk - all evening - all night - and all the next day  
I would have so many questions - the most important one I will ask you at the end

## 2.) The Completion, Lana del Rey – London 2010-2012

At the age of 25, she moved to London. A new city, a new producer, a new manager, the father - Lana del Rey becomes completed - or does she completes herself? Well, depending on the interpretation, depending on the belief, whether she backs "*Video Games*" and the success on YouTube, or if she already had the record deal in her pocket and everything was hyped on social media – whatever.

I consider this question anyway not for relevant! Fake has always been part of art, and which artist's biography corresponds to the (whole) truth? How does Monty Python expresses it: *Almost the truth about.....*

In any case finally something evolves! Mando Diao, MTV, first single "*Video Games*"! 2011 at the age of 26(!), record deal with a major label, performances on television, bad press for it, but at the age of 27, finally an album - 2012 "*Born To Die*" will be released and Lana del Rey is finally born!

I will consider a group of songs now that I did not want to let at "*Born To Die*". I have the feeling that they are "earlier" as the remaining songs – in the case of "*Diet Mountain Dew*" this is obvious anyway. Also they have very interesting subject matters, there are interesting performances, and not at last, self-made videos.

### Carmen

Musically we are immediately with Lana del Rey - violins, lots of violins

Lyricaly an entire cosmos of references reopens. Red Dress, Coney Island (Queen), alcohol, butterflies, dying and so much more!

And for me? For me, one of the most beautiful songs she wrote me! "*The girls, they all are like Carmen*". Indeed? I close my eyes and see her in front of me: Carmen, Carmen - Coney Island Queen - you are my queen, you were 17 no longer, I was none – did you laughed like God? - on so much I can not remember - your smile, your vulnerability, or should I believe you?

*Darling, darling, doesn't have a problem  
Lying to herself 'cause her liquor's top shelf  
It's alarming honestly how charming she can be*

*Fooling everyone, telling them she's having fun*

I do not know if this is true - I know I was stupid, and it does not count, that I was young, inexperienced, but no longer innocent - this innocence I had lost years earlier - when I designate you as a Queen now, as what I should designate you then?

Does it help that you sing once again: *I'm dying, I'm dying*

I was so afraid to see you never again, not to find you again, or at worst, to find you there - "A" – you I would have nearly

Queen and Empress, I can think of nothing better.

*And you're alive again* - maybe, probably rather not, feel the gravity, like she pulls me down, deeper, deeper and deeper

*She says, "You don't want to be like me  
Don't wanna see all the things I've seen."*

When I close my eyes, and the dream has not redeemed me yet, then I see images, see stories, and I feel them, I am them, we are one and share everything. I am the butterfly attracted by the scent of the flower, flatter around her, I am the sunbeam that warms up the ocean, stand at the ditch and collect the fat, smell the stench, hear the cries, the tolling and shoot myself, because I do not work fast enough, or I am simply in the mood ..... *that's the little story of the girl you know, relying on the kindness of strangers* .....nothing is strange to me anymore – is there still something I have not done, something that I just lack? *Like lightning, ooh, white lightning* - there is a self-made video.

Even before the song begins, we see the opening rose, also a recurring image, and Grant in an unusual appearance, especially as regards the braided hair. And otherwise? Is everything said- or the end of the video - *lying, I'm lying!*

### **Diet Mountain Dew**

*"If you touch me, I'll kill you!"* There is a video of the performance, in which she sings the song for the first time live: *"I have fucking heels on ..."*

Furthermore, a self-made video from 2007, with this I do not want to deal further, but would like to go for the self-made video from 2008.

Right at the beginning, Grant in different stylings! (Almost) totally unmade-up - heart shaped glasses! - appearing quite young - platinum blond, leopard - suddenly tired and much older - her boyfriend and a large bottle of Diet Mountain Dew

With the blonde wig, the glasses and the cherry ear pendants - I feel you just great, but then you're again so tired and empty

JFK – Elvis - Eminem.....

Trailer Trash Tremblers - pretty girls from New York - sparkle up your eyes....

Coney Island - Junior Pageant - Ford Del Rey.....

Of all self-made videos I like this the most!

And now I have to confess something! I dreamed of to sit back to watch the video, the bottle in the hand to take a deep gulp out of it! Although, I hardly think it would have tasted me, but it would have had style. From an uncertain reason, you can buy a few varieties of Mountain Dew in Germany, but unfortunately no "Diet". For an incredible price on the Internet - without p&p! - as eight-pack!

Therefor to the text!

What shall I say about the text! Even to try to enumerate all the references - unbelievable! I am struck by "*Pontiac heaven*", in the video - Ford Del Rey - or? - drugs, fast rhythm, and what kind of lines:

*You're no good for me  
Baby you're no good for me  
You're no good for me  
But baby I want you, I want*

Oh my God, I want you, every day, and I get you every day - as often as I want you! And yes! At least I will love you all my remaining life! And you? You know

*Turn me to ashes  
I'm ready for another lie  
Teach me what fast is  
It's gonna be alright*

*I'll sparkle up my eyes  
I'll put my heart shaped sunglasses on*

*Take me on a ride*

*I'll never listen to the past – now!  
I've been waiting up all night – to long!*

Why do you want to take Jesus away, let him on it!  
Let us take drugs - I want to be high and fast!  
And as I said, I will always love you!

And the drug operates - high and fast!

You do me so damn good!  
And damn, I want you!  
roller coaster - pretty girls - NY  
are you laughing about me  
I do

## **Lolita - Lolyta**

At the beginning of my mystery tour into the work of Elizabeth Grant I had a list of titles of "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*" with 15 titles. One of the additional title was "*Lolyta*". One can find it such written on the Internet, partly referred to as demo. I have already said everything in the part "*Born To Die*" and that is why I am certainly not going to listen to "*Lolita*" now, but only "*Lolyta*". There should be also a self-made video, which I do not know.

The bass, the drums, the beat, the rhythm, the intonation - I not become tired, please sing it in a concert this way once - your fans will freak out! I really love to listen to this song, but have trouble to connect it with Nabokov. Since I have not read the book, I likely miss references. Otherwise, the references to Nabokov in her work are so numerous, not to mention the tattoo, that there is no doubt that this book is very significant for Grant - his other books? But this song? Sure the title - but, maybe someone is smarter as I, but I do not see the connection. I hear a just captivating song with tight verses like:

*It's you that I adore, though I make the boys fall like dominoes*

*No more skipping rope, skipping heart beats with the boys downtown*

*I want to have fun and be in love with you*

*You make me happy, you make me happy*

And should I say: *And I never listen to anyone*

## **Lucky Ones**

"*Lucky Ones*" was the second title which was included in the list with 15 titles. Again, there is a version that is called demo. It is the same as with "*Lolita/Lolyta*" - the demo is simply better! Both alternative versions would fit in my opinion very well to "*Lana del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*". When I listen to the song now, then again the demo.

The song starts with fantastic drums, which permeate the whole song! I'll tell no more - I can just listen to it!

We had the theme of the song just ahead. And it is hard for me to decide, but I think "*Lucky Ones*" fascinates me even more than "*Lolyta*"! I feel the text even more interesting, a lot of images, the intonation and then of course the question:

*Could it be that you and me are the lucky ones?*

And the answer:

*Finally, you and me are the lucky ones this time*

I have already said it at "*Cola*" that I can not imagine this. And precisely thus the song gets its deep melancholy that it has for me, supported by the voice of Grant. And also to me she thought of:

*You know that we'll never leave if we don't get out now, now, now  
You're a careless con, and you're a crazy liar*

## Million Dollar Man

A few beats, one word: "You" – more it don't need, to lose myself in this song! It is one of the most mellifluous songs that I know, and I do not mean by Grant only, but in general: "... it's unbelievable ...."

*One for the money, and two for the show*

And if I then still think of Hackney Weekend and the piano, drags me the undertow in the depth and I drown in sensual gratification – would I have known that they are right, how nice it is to drown, to drown in your music, I would have done already long ago

*I love you honey,  
I'm ready, I'm ready to go*

Take me wherever you want, you I will follow - lead me!

The self-made video:

Rarely I have seen you more beautiful, as here, and why you remind me thus of Tess, and why of Coney Island - and who is actually more beautiful, you or Ingrid: *I never had an crazier one*. And all the blossoms, which open, non is that nice, except the one, the one that you always like to show in your videos, the one so incredibly red, so incredibly red as your lips are some of the time, it is your Rose, Ingrid's Rose - how beautiful she is! Only one of the blossoms closes, and in your white dress you look like one of the girls from my youth - one of those I looked at, from a distance

*So why is my heart broke?*

The text:

One for the money - Two for the show - Three to get ready - Four to go

Do we ask ourselves now whereto, and why her heart is broken

*You said I was the most exotic flower  
Holding me tight in our final hour*

I follow you, follow you down, down, down, all deep down, all deep into my dark heart – anywhere, anywhere - just let me hear this song repeatedly, repeatedly until the day I will hear nothing more:

*One for the money, and two for the show - I'm ready to go*

A interpretation:

Actually, I take no stock in to interpret songs in this way, but here I still want to do it now, as it seems very attractive to me. Earlier, I quoted the nursery rhyme. Now some lyrics:

*One for the money, and two for the show  
I love you honey, I'm ready, I'm ready to go  
How did you get that way? I don't know*

*You're screwed up and brilliant,  
Look like a million dollar man,  
So why is my heart broke?*

*You got the world but baby at what price?  
Something so strange, hard to define*

The matching structure of the second verse with the second part of rhyme stands out: Of "Three to get ready - Four to go" becomes *"I love you honey - I'm ready, I'm ready to go"*. So one could understand the first two verses as a start signal, *"to go"* would be the start.

The start whereto, what for? For her career, *"screwed up and brilliant"*, *"like a million dollar man"*, *"got the world"*. And then the question: *"At what price"*. And the answer: *"My heart broke"*. *"Something so strange, hard to define."*

It seems attractive to me to see the text as reflection on her career, to become famous! I am not saying that the text is meant thus, but that is not important. It is important that you can see the text in this way, that you can see something in this way, thereby it becomes art

And then there's still the other variant:

One for the money (first drink for the bartender, sales) - two for the show (second drink for the audience, the others in the bar) - three for you honey (third drink for the ex) - four to go (fourth drink for the way home)

Also a nice interpretation!

### **Off The Races**

An increase: *"Off The Races"*! This song is something like *"Tropico"* in one song! Every word a world of images - everything full of meaning – is there something about which Grant sings that is not in this song!?! I will not begin to mention anything! I will be silent and sink, sink into a world of images, of connections, of references

*My old man - is a bad man  
With every beat of his cocaine heart*

Would that be better - cocaine heart - yayo – would this be sufficient to numb my dark heart – roller coaster - fast and high – or should Mary pray the rosary - or Chet - or straight away Kurt - red dress

*I'm your little scarlet, starlet, singin' in the garden  
Kiss me on my open mouth  
Ready for you*

I close my eyes, have my glasses on, lie in the garden - bikini off - red nail - and I am ready for you - Queen of Coney Island - for you I wear the red dress - let me be your little whore - and deep in me I dream thereof to be fucked plain - to get high - forget everything, only the frenzy - oh Lizzy, why I am not young and beautiful - you-all are allowed to do anything with me - as long as you-all present me as little as the oblivion ...

*My old man is a tough man but*

*He's got a soul as sweet as blood red jam  
And he shows me, he knows me  
Every inch of my tar black soul*

The Old Man is weak and has no soul!  
What is better: blood red jam, tar black - or nothing?

I'm afraid of the nothing! Can you think of the nothing? Wow, Heidegger, I'm already so far - off the races? I'm crazy - save me - but not so! Gladly as a whore, gladly as Junky - preferably as a whore, something else I am not anyway, would like to be! I drive down the street and see them standing, they are my sisters, only that they show it, and I do so as if - I would like to have a red ribbon in my hair, would like to lie on the pinball, only on his lap I would not like to sit, but in reality I am he, I am the monster and not the angel, how gladly I would love to fall, fall deeper and deeper into the blackness - tar black - blood red - dress - and I ask myself who I am, not the one, the I have seen for decades, have more and more hated, which disgusts me and I will kill, oh would I be only be young and beautiful, then I would stand on the street and I would get into everybody's car - Pontiac heaven - you could fuck me, totally without and then when I get tested - so what:

*You got nothing, I got tested*

*Some are born to the endless night  
(The Doors, End Of The Night)*

### **Radio**

*How do you like me now?*

More and more – I am addicted to you!

*Now my life is sweet like cinnamon  
Like a fucking dream I'm living in*

My life becomes strange and stranger!  
Not sour – Not bitter  
Like a dream

*American dreams came true somehow  
I swore I'd chase 'em till I was dead*

I swear!  
American Dream!  
Become true!  
Somehow!

### **This Is What Makes Us Girls**

Besides the fact that the song, as well as vocally and musically simply beautiful is, it is especially the lyrics that makes it so special!

The first I can think of are the "girls" from "*Tropico*", when they smoke together, paint the toenails

each other - something I never had

Up next, "sweet sixteen" - arrived where? When she sings about herself - small town – she would have to be a little younger, but that is probably considered a little academic!

Lana? Lizzy?

A song about her youth, about the time before boarding school? Seems natural, but you should probably not see it one on one!

*This is what makes us girls*

What have you been already - bitch - whore - trust no bitch - should I trust me? With feathers in hair - like formerly? Was there a time when I was happy - gladly I would have little Bambi eyes

### **Without You (China Doll)**

Once again an older song, even though I can not say exactly when it accrued. As many songs, it originally had a different title, and as often I think this suits better with the song and is also more telling.

And also in this case there are again references and known images in abundance - but it is just that what I love so much about these songs!

*Pretty cameras, pretty cameras.*

*And my life is sweet like vanilla is.*

That may be enough! I listen to you so gladly, but now also this chapter is finished! Once again we will meet, at your very early songs.

I want to consider now the song, from which there is also a self-made video, but that I had not considered in the previous part:

### **You Can Be The Boss**

About the text you have probably not say much, but about the music and her singing! Again such a song for stage - Concert Privé - Endless Summer Tour! I at least can not sit quietly, and the fingers on the keys appear to be moving in the rhythm. The bass! Her voice! And that you are the boss I surely need to tell you no longer!

*Bad to the bone, sick as a dog*

### **Summary**

At boarding school Elizabeth Grant wanted – aged around 16 – to be a poetess, with 18 she learned to play guitar. With 22/23 May Jailer has an album ready, that will never be released. In this age Lizzy Grant begins with her performances, and with the record deal it looks not so bad, then probably the stagnation begins - and of Lizzy Grant increasingly Lana del Rey becomes. "*Lana del*

*Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* ", with 25 years of age, could bring the turn, but the album disappears quickly - all just marketing! London, Lana del Rey enters increasingly into the public eye, and then with 27 years of age finally the album is at last! If all that was planned this way, the father, the millionaire(?), who has worked as a manager - as employee of one of the largest marketing companies in the United States! - then working in the Internet area - the big contract was signed and sealed, and much more, then the whole thing seems quite bumbling! When I imagine, Lizzy wanted to make it alone, in New York, and simply had some success, and made then, as it did not want to go on, some stupid decisions. When I imagine that the father intervened at some point. When I imagine such a story, then everything makes simply more sense - for me at least! And then still applies:

**Your music is just neat - Thank You Ms. Grant!**

## **D.O.A**

I cry out in pain!!!

The electric guitar shreds my mind - I can not think straight anymore!

The drummers crush my limbs - every beat lustful pain!

The bass hammers itself dully in my marrow- my body trembles!

And the saxophone the bright clear tone - a red-hot knife

That drills itself into my dark heart!

Lustfully rotates!

Sorry, I am no "nigga"

Do I understand all your words? - Is that important?

Each of your words lets explode my mind

You are God - sorry that was somebody else

Don't care

*Let the story begin*

*Begin*

*Begin*

*(Jay-Z, D.O.A., Rock am Ring 2010)*

## China Town

Rarely a movie has left me so lonely! Perhaps *"Night Moves"* as well, the boat, at the end, when it sails in a circle on the endless ocean - LA - in endless circles – Melanie Griffith!

And now, one victim dead, the other in the hands of the disgusting old man, of the perpetrator - and the "hero" – powerless

It was an indescribable emptiness that afflicted me, an awful emptiness, the emptiness of reality, not a Hollywood ending, the relentless bare reality

Emptiness, endless emptiness, cold - and the desire for warmth, feeling of security, affection - I felt like Gittes, stood there, said, but no one listened to me, powerless due to the things that happened around me

*"Bonnie and Clyde"* - they had killed, was this the fair punishment - enforced by whom

*"The Wild Bunch"* - they were criminals, but was any mean right, no matter what it costs, especially when once again others had to pay the price

*"China Town"* - is justice really just a matter of money and power? Los Angeles – again and again, again and again the ocean, again and again the doubts about the future, again and again the emptiness

Los Angeles - soon I will see you, the palm trees, the church, the ocean - will drive by her house, and now, now I will also make a side trip to China Town

## Roads

*I got nobody on my side  
And surely that ain't right  
And surely that ain't right  
(Portishead, Roads)*

No, that's not right, that's not good

My whole restless life I said to myself  
That it is good so - would I have otherwise been able to lead this life

Always other jobs, other cities  
Always other professions, study and more

And as it fulfills me today  
So many different things, impressions and images  
In my head  
I believe that  
I could live only like this, could survive  
Always something new, others - distraction  
Thus I am still young at heart  
In my so wildly curious mind

But never emotions, emotions never  
But never togetherness, togetherness never  
Loneliness, loneliness always

And today, today I want  
Become American  
Would like to find a wife  
Would like to find a sense

Whether I will yet ever experience the most beautiful  
*You can call me momma, I call you daddy*

Oh Old man, do not dream too much  
Who already wants to have you

I want, more and more  
Now that it is almost too late  
Now that I feel the cold more and more

How wasted, without feelings  
How wasted, without tenderness  
How wasted, without asking for forgiveness

*How can it feel, this wrong*

Because it was wrong

## **Kurt Wuchterl**

At you, I could continue with that what I had found at Mr. Bieri. Also you impressed me very much! Again this calm style, again logic, analytics, Vienna Circle and more - Carnap; "The Logical Structure of the World"! Your view on Heidegger, thoughts on different attitudes of mind and the possibility, more precise impossibility, of these different attitudes of mind to communicate in fact with each other - to talk past each other! Your books were and are important reading to me, and that you asked, whether you are allowed to keep my term paper on Carnap, made me proud ....

## **Therapy**

Your music is my therapy  
You are my therapists

## **Rainer Werner Fassbinder**

### **Desire**

Who are you Rainer Werner Fassbinder? I see in you an asshole, a swine - not only against Ingrid Caven – would smack you in the puss preferably, when you are lying on the ground kick in the belly, shellac you so long until you are just a piece of bleeding shit, and then, I would hug you and kiss you, and beg therefore to be allowed to come into picture in one of your films - 1982 I was 17 years old

The movies of Rainer Werner Fassbinder always had something confusing, attractive, repulsive, brutal, fleshly, sweetish - I do not know what words I still should find - confusing is best - or Hrdlicka - his work, seems to me like your films - *Reveal*: Never completely

### **Females:**

Females, always females, I might almost say as with Bergman, but that would be absurd! Germany, again and again Germany, post-war era, not only, "migrant workers", "Negroes", movies that are not adequate in the Republic! And again and again females - none I found really beautiful except Eva Mattes - actually it was her voice! - "Wildwechsel" ("Game Pass") was disturbing - she had such a beautiful face, that becomes more and more beautiful - all were young at that time, I also – ya did something – movies - many movies - I just looked - just thought - females – did he love or hate them now - I'm not sure - or was it only such a derisory: All women are whores except my mother and sister - except Mieke, of course - his chatter about his relationship with Biberkopf, Mieke and Reinhold I perceived even then only as ridiculous and stupid, especially that towards Mieke

### **Men:**

"*Querelle*" - I have never thought about men, they are just so ridiculously boring! And yet this movie disturbed me, and yet I want the light, *Querelle*, what he did, when he loved – especially the way he loved! Do I have to think about it? Not really, because although *Querelle* is a name that is firmly anchored in my memory, but so far more Veronika, Petra....to stay with Fassbinder. And yet it is interesting that just with him - not even with Pasolini

*"Berlin Alexanderplatz"*

I have written about the movie, the movie version of Phil Jutzi and the book of Alfred Döblin, my test for the intermediate examination in "Modern German Literature". The focus was on Fassbinder. I have considered every scene, every detail, for hours, for days, for weeks, I have watched the film - became a part of it. I respond to his attitude towards the actors and actresses - Günter Lamprecht - the statements of Fassbinder, everything, everything I wanted to know - at the end I had filled page after page - perhaps the most beautiful, at least the most satisfying, what I have made in my life so far - afterwords I hated Fassbinder, he made me sick - the film I was addicted to

### **We Are Stars**

*We are stars,  
Fashioned in the flesh and bone,  
We are islands,  
Excuses to remain alone,  
We are moons,  
Throw ourselves around each other,  
We are oceans,  
Being controlled by the pull of another.  
(The Pierces, We Are Stars)*

Stars - Islands - Moons - Oceans  
You also - Why such words

Gladly I would be a star - shining in the sky  
Consider them only  
Gladly I would be an island - palm trees and sand  
Unable to reach one  
Gladly I would be a moon - dancin' and grindn'  
And revolve around someone

How gladly I would be an ocean, endless and tender  
Giving the control to you completely

I stand at the edge of the endless ocean  
My feet in the soft ground, wetted by your tongues  
I discard my previous life, and stand naked in front of you  
And then I swim out till no longer I am able to

You begird my body - entirely  
I am in you, entirely, and feel the warmth  
And hear the beating of your heart  
I feel secure, for the first time, since I can remember  
And sinking deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper and feel a soft delight  
Like back then?

Back then - should I search for the memory  
Never before she has turned out  
Deep, deep hidden she is  
And yet I am sure that she is there

But if I would find her - what then  
Would it be a lie and it would be terrible  
What would I have won  
Would it be no lie and it would be nice

Then I would do one last trip  
And not the way, but the target would be the target  
To the large ocean - perhaps LA  
Diet Mountain Dew after arrival  
Palm trees and church on the Strip

And then I drive on the Strip, again - not seaside  
And I look to the left, again - see you  
Stop, hurry across the road, in the soft sand  
Standing naked in front of you, get into your floods  
Swim until I am no longer able to  
And have achieved my last designation

Shall I search for you

### **Isle**

I want to reach one of the isles at least!  
I would do anything - anything!  
If only I were young and beautiful!

Sure, do with me what you want!  
But take me to an isle!

I have not to describe you, not even hint!  
Your perverse and depraved imagination suffices entirely!

But do you know, I do things witch does not even have a place in  
Your unholy fantasy

Only on an isle, on an isle you have to take me!

## The Ocean

When I'm old, I want to sit on the beach, and look at the endless ocean

## Orson Welles

### Monument

Who are you Orson Wells? You, the monument, you, who created something new, you, who together with Dennis Hopper, for me, was the greatest hero of Hollywood, you, who intimidated me always at pictures, you - one of those that I would have been so much – 1974 I was 9 years old

The movies of Orson Welles always had something analytical in itself - settings, pans, cutting, camera positions – is it bad, what I thought about "*Citizen Kane*"

Of course "*Citizen Kane*", but most of all "*Touch of Evil*":

"*Citizen Kane*" is good structured, captivated me immediately, but: Rosebud? - lost childhood - banal, what was there to puzzle - even Hearst's mistress, and when? - anything yet banal - the narrative style brilliant!

"*Touch of Evil*" however! Technically a masterpiece and a me capturing story with interesting characters! To me it was by far the more interesting movie! Even "*The Magnificent Ambersons*" I saw and see at eye level with "*Citizen Kane*". What Wells represents for me was something else!

Failure, not to fail because of yourself, but to fail because of the circumstances, the structures, the rules, the industry - he and Dennis Hopper were in this respect my heroes! What could both have created for works, they would have let them, not to want to squeeze them in a frame - "*Out of the Blue*", I love the movie till this day! Should they have arranged themselves, should function, should be part of the whole – as requested to work on documents - solved problems instead of raise those - I probably would have functioned, would have been afraid of never be allowed to make a movie again - would I have had the courage to go to Europe as they - hardly – therefore they were my heroes - they had dared it!

Orson Welles is one of the few people I gladly would have shaken hands once, like a frightened schoolboy to his strict grandfather - my two I never knew. But I also know of no one who ever created something - how nice it would have been to shake the hands of Orson Wells once - I was 20 years old when he died

## **Break my Body**

*I'm a horny looser  
I'm the ugly lover*

Break my body  
Destroy my body  
Annihilate my body

Keep my bones  
Keep my framework  
Keep my structure

Actually quite simple  
Actually quite fast  
Actually quite fine

Build a new body  
Build a beautiful body  
Thus, as he was much formerly

And my mind  
To break him, destroy, annihilate  
Would be much simpler, faster, finer

But nothing would remain  
And before that I have panic fear  
More than before death  
Although after that, no more fear would be

*I'm a belly dancer  
I'm a building jumper  
(Hanne Hukkelberg, Break My Body)  
(Pixies)*

## **Holocaust**

It is not the Holocaust itself - always was the thought there to extinguish that which exists differently. It is the relentless consequence, the relentless logic that can be found therein.

How was it, with penetrating accuracy, precision, to plan the obliteration? To look for rational solutions? To overcome difficulties? Always on towards the aim, never losing sight of it?

Is it no matter, what you plan? The creation of a work of art or the annihilation of a folk? Is it only important to set an aim and then to want to achieve it?

I look at the crowds of people who are brought into the camp, the administrators, the bureaucrats, the functionings - see the smoke ascending - how could someone do this? Yet still it happens every day, yesterday, today and tomorrow - and we are watching! If only one could hear their screams

In the face of this world it really doesn't require a hell anymore

I close my eyes, "*Come As You Are*", I hear their screams, hear the tolling - "*Memoria*" - nothing but memories – no, I have none - unfortunately

## Shipbuilding

Listening to this song - Every time such as a small dead  
le petite mort

But that's exactly what you want  
slow - agonizing - final  
To die

## Peter Greenaway

Lost

Who are you Peter Greenaway? Your films were masterpieces for me, something very special, until the sudden break - the ease at the beginning, with that you mated art, philosophy, arithmetic....with your films, each film was a world by itself, it to discover was necessary - and then? - mainstream? - and then? - Pynchon? - does inaccessibility makes sense? - 1988 I was 23 years old

The movies of Peter Greenaway always had something ludic by itself, they challenged to search, to discover, but also to find, to recognize - they had something childlike, playful - enigmatic and exciting as the world considered through the eyes of a child

*"The Draughtsman's Contract"* was a revelation - the images, the music, the riddle, the women! A film full of charming ease as the lace at the robes of the men and the women - beneath and thereover - subtle, you have to discover it, to look there, to listen to - take your time - what a film like *"Blue Velvet"* tries with a lot of frippery and pseudo-shock images, unfolds in creeping relentlessness here - as if Skye sings

*"A Zed & Two Noughts"* was the next stroke of genius of Greenaway for me! Of course, again the music, as in each of the still following movies. To watch the decay of the cadavers - what impressions, what moments of sorrow and suffering due to the dead animal, which now became stinking meat masses - were they killed for this movie? - and the final, when the human bodies are said to rot away - did the actors really killed themselves? - the snails - I always understood the movie as, that it is a rejection of the question towards the/a meaning of life - I loved it and I love it and mourn for the dead animals - not for the people, who have not done it really in the end

*"The Belly of an Architect"* -! - the images of the film, the music - architecture! This film is a frenzy - Stourley Kracklite - in him I detected myself - especially at the end - he I wanted to be - him I saw alike - increasingly - externally - I was never in Rome - should I think less about the endless ocean and LA, more about windows in Rome - nah, Dover was never an alternative

*"Drowning by Numbers"* - I still have to say something about this film? I already have it! Only - I love it when the pretty, young girl in her beautiful white dress, while skipping rope, enumerates the names of the stars - now we are already three who know the names of the stars  
And of course I love it when the women do their work - sometimes it would just be nice to be a woman!

Therewith an abrupt end came! Not that I not know (almost) all of the later films - even "*The Tulse Luper Suitcases*", at least the movies - but the magic was gone, and regarding "*Tulse Luper*" to me is the question of, who still, even mere temporally, should be able to follow that - art for a few but seems to me pointless, at least in principle art should be understandable and vivid for everyone, otherwise I can see no longer art therein. From Pynchon I have in mind that he said: Why should literature be easy! Good question - maybe because art should be something for people, not just for an elite circle, that has the time and opportunity - I laugh about me now - I think quite seriously: No!

## **Mysterons**

*This ocean will not be grasped  
All for nothing  
(Portishead, Mysterons)*

I shall never be able to understand the ocean, its vastness, its deepness  
Its gentle waves, they lull me to sleep  
Present me silence and serenity, present me peace  
I feel myself so confident in her, so secure, so nullified

If water begirds my body, carrying him gently  
If I dive and all about it disappears  
If there is only me and the me begirding water  
Receives me another world, and I look deep, very deep in me

And I am confused, very confused, do not understand what I see  
No turmoil, no disunity, no chaos - no monster  
I feel a lightness, will be carried away, to a mystical place  
A place, where I am another, where all wars fought, peace rules

Should I have this in me also - the other, there I do not make myself illusions  
Wait only, until I surface again, until I back in this world again  
Yet still these are moments of magic, like a magician on the child's birthday  
Did I have a determination, was snatched her - or does the determination waits only

## Water

Is it not strange that I combine with water only the beautiful  
All my life I live near streams, rivers and lakes - and rejoice at them  
Love to swim - when water begirds my body and carries him  
Dream from the sea and the endless ocean

See the boy as he plays in shallow water  
Piling stones on each other  
Then, I no longer see him

When I die, I want to look at the endless ocean  
And my ashes should be blown away in the steady wind  
And be bare away by the tender waves  
2:45

## Father

Was he your savior in New York  
My savior he was  
I just do not know where it was

## Luis Bunuel

### Images

Who are you Luis Bunuel? The one that I did not always understand, the one who enchanted me, the one who like no other built a bridge to other art forms, the one who showed me pictures - somehow you were at that time that for me what Elizabeth is for me today - you were the high priest of images - 1977 I was 12 years old

The movies of Luis Bunuel always had something mysterious, something magical, like a magic trick, aware that it is a trick, but never wanting to learn this

If I make no mistake, I saw "*Un Chien Andalou*" and "*L'Age d'Or*" very early! Two images - the man who absolutely must crush the beetle, and Jesus, as he pulls the woman back into the house, her cries!

Images, a myriad of images, often not understood, because they were not to understand, should not be understood - it took me some time to understand this!

The strength of the images, the sadness, melancholy - all the feelings - often just one picture, more telling than epic movies, endless novels - the man who inquires about the age of the daughter - much inside me

Time and again women, morale, church, bourgeoisie - sexuality - images - confusion - when the pastor turns the mattress

He is not to grasp, like a dream is not to grasp, you only can dream him, him to dream is the only thing which makes sense

Sense in the senselessness, amazed at the amazing, but then also the search for lucidity, a lucid message - too much to asked for, at this time

Saura was much more lucid, more compelling - both I understood really only when I got the eye for the paintings - Stuttgart, Magritte and de Chirico!

To discover that there seems to be something that displays itself not as simple, not as predictable is as the movies at the normal time, something mysterious, something that arouses curiosity, a desire awakens - as the young girl

The last movie was disappointing

### **Bel Amour**

*Si je pouvais tout changer  
Et si je pouvais braver  
La mort, j'irais te chercher  
Plus jamais je ne te quitterais  
(Emilie Simon, Bel Amour)*

I can not change anything - and death, I can defy much less  
But I have been looking for you - and finally found you now  
And now, now I will let you go not anymore

With you together, I will spend my remaining days  
With you together, I will go the remaining path  
With you together, I will do as much as I can  
With you together, I will never be lonely again

Oh Emilie, how sad that song makes me  
Oh Emilie, how grateful I am to you that you helped me to find him  
Oh Emilie, also you will find him again one day, I wish you

### **Ys**

In the city  
By the ocean - *opulence is the end*

Am I the King – leave out nothing  
Am I the King – sacrifice you  
Am I the King - hear the tolling

Wouldn't I have had to give me to the floods as sacrifice

Now you comb your golden hair yourself  
Not I do it

## **Main Street**

I drive on it everyday out of town and later inwards again - always past you. Also towards you I could never show a feeling - did I had any? You have done so much for me, loved me, raised me - but never I was and never I could be grateful to you for it! Now I drive by you twice each day – apologize, for not stopping – I am unable to, later I hope so, when I have honored you - "A"

## **Terry Gilliam**

### Reality

Who are you Terry Gilliam? Monty, of course - the corresponding movies, of course – but actually there are also of you only two movies that have struck me immediately under the spell - also you I have lost afterwards - 1985 I was 20 years old - 1995 I was 30 years old

The movies of Terry Gilliam always had something incisive in itself - these two are on my mind to the present day!

„Brazil“

Gilliam says he wanted to make a film, in which "the happy ending is that someone becomes crazy" - what a silly idea - what an arrogance – it is, like to stand in front of Sam Lowry in his chair and to spit him in his face! He lost! He is defeated! He smiles only because he does not know it! But can this be a consolation? Then each drug in this world would be a consolation for this world! And the more destructive the drug would be, the more comforting it would be! - Lie to me!

When I saw the film for the first time, and was completely thrilled until the end, when Sam Lowry is rescued, and I incredulously stared at the pictures - worse than "*Blade Runner*"! And then Sam Lowry's face! At that moment I was kneeling in front of him - I was fallen for his tricks completely, not a second had doubted that the escape was real, so many films I had seen, the most incredible turnarounds, but him I fell for his tricks! - And then the disappointment, did this not mean that the system had won, that everything was as always, had worked perfectly, so as to the pits, as if engineers are thinking about how they can make gas chambers and crematoria more effective, to increase performance, just as the Jews lined up in a long row in front of the pit already half filled with bodies, not all dead, and wait until they are shot also, so that the next can move up – I have never understood this - I would be running away, just running, what can they still do, than to shoot me? I regret you so much Sam Lowry, in you I see so much pain and suffering, of you I have so indescribable fear

„12 Monkeys“

The question of the reality, of the delusion - I felt the film incredible – right then when Cole believes now to know that 1996 is real and 2035 the delusion, when he comes to the conclusion that he only have to overcome the delusion, then is able to leave the nightmare 2035 behind, he gets the prove that 2035 is his reality - one of the most harrowing scenes, with an impressive Bruce Willis, that I know! I suffered with him, could understand him, share his pain, had he wished it yet so that the nightmare only delusion, the delusion not reality is - and now - what does it means to realize that the nightmare is real - Cole wants see the ocean, which he has never seen, only one time at least

The end - to see, as you become shot dead – from the beginning Cole has this image inside – therewith travels into the past not for the first time – infinite loop – again and again the same - inevitably - he will again and again, again and again, again and again ..... see, how he is shot, dies - also a kind of immortality

I would have granted it Cole so much, to see the ocean, at least one time

### **Rainbow**

*Well you hate yourself when your feel so weak  
You hurt yourself and then bleed  
Well I know that you could change it all  
If you really would  
(Emilie Simon, Rainbow)*

Allison and Catherine have told me the same recently  
I was skeptical, doubted  
Now I think, although I still believe that „all“ goes too far  
That I can change much, even if I need some more time

You give me the strength, no longer hurt me  
Cease to bleeding  
You give me the strength, to look at myself in the mirror  
Cease to doubting anything

Together with you I can do  
What I should have done long ago  
Together with you I can face up  
What I would have to accept long ago

I hear the trumpets and close my eyes  
To see my future

## ***Show***

*Let the show begin* - You remind me of Stevie, with her soft voice that captivates me always immediately - but also you Christine: *Oh daddy*, will do completely! Why you were always so stupid! If you had once all sang together, how beautiful it could have been – *Shipbuilding!*

*But it's all just a show* - yes, but it is not the question, what kind?

You Elizabeth, you are filling me up with drugs and make me a whore - and I am infinitely grateful to you

You Beth, you are the tender mother who give me a cuddle, who solace me and wipe away my tears

*(Beth Gibbons, Show)*

## **Joanna**

Also you love the water

## **Michael Cimino**

Vastness

Who are you Michael Cimino? You are the one I do not know! - 1980 I was 15 years old

The movies of Michael Cimino always had something - what movies? - only two movies, but these have left their mark

Two movies only, and yet he is one of the most important directors for me - and by that I mean, for me, not want to make any general statement - it should be clear that I consider statements that claim a universality in terms of art for mischief. Two films thus:

*„The Deer Hunter“*

It's the end of the movie, when the hunter trains the gun on and can no longer pull the trigger! I think it is for me the most harrowing picture of how disintegrated a human can be! And yet it does not matter why the person is broken, it only matters that he is broken.

I do not like everything about this movie, but it shows - relentlessly - how humans break, will be destroyed - especially when they come back, seemingly unharmed - externally - internally - no longer are.

When I look at the end of the movie in the eyes of the game, and close mine - this image never gone out of my mind - it has accompanied me and will accompany me - and I want to go to it, to touch it, as if I want to see if it really is, and then to look after it when it at a slow pace becomes one with the forest, and only his tracks in the snow reveal, that it was there.

I am sitting in the snow, leaning against a tree, and wait until it snows, and I am drowning in the snow

„*Heaven's Gate*“

Soldiers cooped up into a small cage, up to the neck in water, always near drowning - the endless vastness of the West - the shepherd bound to a wagon wheel – shot dead by passing by - irrelevant – in an endless vastness

"*Heaven's Gate*" always had something of to be lost, lost in an ocean, lost in a prairie – till to the horizon not a single person, nothing human - only nature – till man bursts in, and violence and destruction follows

Violence as a stupid, senseless act - "*Heaven's Gate*" and Altman's "*McCabe & Mrs. Miller* ", when the young man is shot on the bridge for fun, McCabe freezes to death at the end, drowns in snow - Peckinpah - why I want to live in this country

Isabelle Huppert - I do not like her late movies - "*The Lacemaker*", "*Lady of the Camellias*" and especially "*Heaven's Gate*" – never she was more beautiful, never she seemed more suitable cast to me

The law of the jungle, the law of the one who can afford to buy complaisant helpers that will do anything for him, as long as they are well paid for it - even such an American dream, even such an American icon

## Swimming

*I was swimming across the sky  
Clouds and angels by my side*

*I was flying in paradise  
In that ocean of dead light  
(Emilie Simon, Swimming)*

I swim across the sky and fly in paradise  
Angel and Ocean

But no longer I'm alone, I've found me  
I hear the gorgeous music, the drums and the water

Soon I will be on a stage in front of many  
And open up to them, as I have open up myself only to you up to now  
I am amazed at myself – delight me!

And even, if them should not delight, it will be the step for me  
I will out, and you-all give me the vigor  
Also you-all walked out, not knowing what is coming

And as Elizabeth said: "*You don't like it .... yeah?*"

## Résumés

How vulnerable they are  
How fragile they are  
How innocent they are

How unclear they  
How entwined they are  
How confusing they are

How different they are  
How unjust they are  
How relentless they are

How they  
At all times, in every minute, in each direction  
Can alter

## The Ocean

I hear it in infinite loop

*I'm in love with a dying man*

Because honestly, even when I hated his fat visage, that, that now is no longer quite as fat and grotesque, even when I hated his tightly shut eyes, those, those now are already more open, those, those now are already bluer, remind me almost of your beautiful blue eyes on the image of "Sirens", must I confess that I even at that time loved him a bit, this dying man, when he was younger, and died a senseless death.

And today, today I think I begin to love him truly, even if it is now a fact that the old man, now, a dying man is.

*Yayo*

## Stanley Kubrick

Speechlessness

Who are you Stanley Kubrick? You are the director, which I am jealous of - if I were allowed to be one, then you! Just as you I dreamed, I wanted to make films - seldom - always something special - always setting standards - always - except the last - why this cast - why not "A.I." - why - 1987 I was 22 years old

The movies of Stanley Kubrick always had something, not something, they were always exceptional, in them one could sink, disappear, delve into, drown

From the early films was "*Paths of Glory*" that that moved me the most. The futility of the whole story - the futility of military - the futility of war - order and obedience - the exercise of power - the greed for success, victory at any price - a price that others have to pay! An impressive film! A terrible end! Nihilistic?

I have already said that I have little use for "*Lolita*" because the whole story seems too me shallow and ridiculous corrupt - the poor man, the seductive nymphet - poor American when he fucks a young girl on the Philippines – we Germans like Thailand more indeed! Kubrick's screen adaptation? - "*Baby Doll*"?

With "*2001: A Space Odyssey*" the myth of Kubrick began for me! I sat in the cinema, the spacecraft entered from the left the screen, and endlessly slowly it flew in endless silence - when there is a thought that attracts me more than to be completely surrounded by the Endless Ocean, then this, simply to drift in the silent universe – only, that this can be put into practice very difficult only! It seems pointless to me to say something about the plot, the costumes and suchlike, often enough it was spoken about that. I sat in the cinema and lost myself in the images when Bowman goes on his aviation, thought about drugs - even then, but of course only abstractly and intellectually - differently from today! The music - everything about this film makes me shiver, excites me, casts a spell over me - if I were allowed only once again to watch a movie, then this

Ultraviolence! The next film that made me shiver, very differently - I wanted to belong to them? Not, I wanted to be one of the ordinary people, it hurts me to see how Alex was abused to become "ordinary" - I never wanted to be ordinary, to belong to, to do what all did, because all did it - and the violence? I could sense how sensual it was, what the Droogs did, never thinking about, to do it myself - could I understand the victims also? Of course, it was wrong what they did, although I could understand it! I could understand that you radicalized yourself and finally became the RAF - their deeds disgusted me! I could understand the country, that he fought back - the paralyzing, leaden, dreary country - the hypocritical country - after '45 – just simply start afresh, with the old gentlemen! I could understand them all, confused therein having compassion for all - how easy it would be to have a lucid image, good and evil, just to be a Droog – a fair bit of fun one would have in any case

The next film I could see only many years later for the first time!

Jack, I saw myself in Jack? He fascinated me definitely - his slipping, incessantly, slowly, inexorably - his madness attracted me! But I was also disappointed, by the elevator and other things – fascinated I was by the dying of Jack - he froze to death, drowned in the snow like Mc Cabe - a terrible death

"*Full Metal Jacket*" - one scene, when the sniper repeatedly shoots at the screaming soldier! And then the young woman, as she lies wounded at the feet of the soldiers, and then will be executed by them! How more futility, the insanity of humans can be expressed - war as the ultimate destiny of man in which he can act out his whole humanity – entirely human permitted to be - entirely human is - like with an automatic weapon, a magazine for a hundred shells, and ammunition, who shreds bodies, not only kills, shoots at a cupboard – entirely human to be – also such an "American Dream"

## Lizzy

There are references to the Beat Generation in her songs repeatedly

I have a feeling, that in the time after the boarding school  
Where she found art, literature and music with the help of her captain  
And after her uncle taught her to play guitar  
It just bursts out of her, have to burst out!

She wants to become a poetess  
She became a poetess, who presents her poetry with music!

How melancholic and jealous I become!  
Would I have been able to do this also?  
As an artist to create a work!

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
What was it like, to write the first songs?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
What was it like, to make your first demo albums?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
What was it like, in New York, so innocent, so hopeful, so happy  
To be onstage?

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
What was it like, in the period around 2008 to 2010, how it may have been?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, in London, then, surrounded by other people, was it better now?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, to create "*Born To Die*"?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, the time when you always sang "*Video Games*"?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, when your fans stood to you, as the critics did not like you?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, when you created "*Paradise*" and "*Tropico*" and no one honored you not really?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!

What was it like, when you created "*Ultraviolence*" and the critics noted generously  
That your performances now already have become much better?

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
How it is today, to be Lana del Rey?

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
Do you hate me therefor, that I love all the songs that were stolen you so much?

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
Now I know how is Kaninchen, how are you?  
Not out of curiosity I ask you these questions, but out of pure self-interest!

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
How is it today, was it worth while?  
Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
How is it today, would you do it again?

Oh Lizzy, how I envy you!  
What would I give, for getting an answer to these questions!

Was it worth while – Elizabeth Woolridge Grant?  
Was it worth while – May Jailer?  
Was it worth while – Sparkle Jump Rope Queen?  
Was it worth while – Lizzy Grant?  
Was it worth while – Lana del Rey?

Was it worth while

### **Martin Bauer**

You showed me a different side of logic and analytics! Thomas Aquinas, Nicholas of Cusa, John Duns Scotus have impressed me most of all - your criticism of Descartes! It was interesting to plunge into this world, I have occupied myself repeatedly with this time since then, especially with painting, but also literature - and of course music! Not that I would be something like an expert, I have far too many interests, but it is just interesting to see how close this thinking, writing, life, feeling to the ours today still is! And what shall something like "Dark Ages" mean - darker than the present age it could hardly have been

### **Ys**

Tell me that you're not the princess  
Those with the golden hair  
In which I would love to bury my face

### **Akira Kurosawa**

Different World

Who are you Akira Kurosawa? You are from another world, so close, so incredibly close – your characters, so helpless - the plot, so inevitable - the dead, so self-evident - the truth, so blurred - you were a foreman for me, a teacher - 1980 I was 15 years old - 1985 I was 20 years old - 1990 I was 25 years old - 1991 I was 26 years old 1993 I was 28 years old - 2015 I am 50 years old - your last three movies I have never seen!

The movies of Akira Kurosawa always had something special in itself, they were moments of understanding, that there is more, cast doubt on me - 1992 I began my studies

To me he was always something like a closely related to Ingmar Bergman. The many movies, so many thoughts, impressions, so much could be said, such a little I am able to say.

The question about the truth, the relentless pursuit of honor, the confrontation with "western" art and the thereof originated works, most of all honor and truth!

He showed simply, impressively and distinctly that truth is impossible per se, that everyone lives with his truth, and grimly stand fast to it, even if it is placed extremely in question - just then!

When four total conflicting versions of a course of an event will be depicted, three are wrong - or what actually imposes - all four! The truth may be found in any of the statements in parts - the lie definitely! The truth it will not give, the truth is an illusion, a phantom, as the reality, the authenticity, the objectivity - I learned this early from Kurosawa!

And the honor? Relentlessly go his way? What are the Samurai yet, only caricatures of a bygone era! Relics of the past, no longer usable - useless - for me it was the image of evanescence, even the greatest, the most significant, the most powerful would pass away - no empire had persisted, everything became to the past - no battle created something that had persisted - none resulted a lasting sense - the once proud Samurai was only the laughing stock of the people, and even when they need them once again, a swan song!

*"Kagemusha"* reminds me of Peckinpah when its protagonist a watering hole for horses runs, but then has no gasoline for a car - Kurosawa, I - we just only perfect the killing, the destruction - emptiness

*"Ran"* - I was shocked by this film – his images - the futility, the insanity, the greed - despair! Nothing has persistence any longer – what has persistence? The inexorability of, what humans do with other humans, force on them, culminated in this film - just because it was located in another world, he showed the universal, human, which is in all of us, we carry within us - Japan, Germany, Serbia, USA

The heritage of my fathers - where are the mothers? - the heritage of humans - history - only a succession of wars, empires and rulers - does this not show in particular the absurdity of human existence, when it defines itself, its history, about this – I feel sick - no, I still have none, can not go around the corner to the store, if only I could see the ocean at least, her tender waves

## Fear And Love

You sing one of the songs, one of which  
They have touched me in a very special way  
So beautiful and lucid  
Hopeful

*We always have a choice  
Or at least I think we do  
We can always use our voice  
I thought this to be true  
We can live in fear  
Extend our selves to love  
We can fall below  
Or lift our selves above*

*Fear can stop you loving  
Love can stop your fear  
Fear can stop you loving  
But it's not always that clear*

*I always try so hard  
To share my self around  
But now I'm closing up again  
Drilling through the ground*

*Fear can stop you loving  
Love can stop your fear  
Fear can stop you loving  
But it's not always that clear*

*I'd love to give my self away  
But I find it hard to trust  
I've got no map to find my way  
Amongst these clouds of dust*

*Fear can stop you loving  
Love can stop your fear  
Fear can stop you loving  
Love can stop your fear  
Fear can stop you loving  
Love can stop your fear  
Fear can stop you loving  
But it's not always that clear  
(Morcheeba, Fear And Love)*

I hear the words, that hit me, that sound like a description of my own, and do not know what I should think. Should I despair, or summon up hope, should I believe in me, or give me up? Still I have a choice - at least I think so, but from a certain moment on, I will no longer have a choice, than I have to face up, then the decision decides - and I, what should I do than!

But you said it to me, even if it is not always clear, there is only one possibility. To stop to close my mind, to open up, to stop to be scared of everything – even to enter a coffeehouse or gallery! And the greatest fear, to trust someone! Elizabeth I have already said that I trust her, but that is just easy, what should happen yet, even if tomorrow the big disclosure comes and everything was only an bombastic coup of the record company, of the management - your music is still gorgeous, and all the images - so what can happen already if I trust you - what a primitive knockabout comedy on my part!

And open up, what does it yet means to type words, words that will probably never be read by anyone, not really - delete - and everything was - - Only Kaninchen has read something about of it, towards her I could open up myself a little

*We can live in fear* – how long I do this already, since I have a memory to myself - to the first years, before my third birth, I just can not remember - and also the birth itself seems to be lost. Only to the thereafter I can remember – at that what I did then, thereto I could also not really remember me for a long time, only this fear was always, fear of everything, especially for other people. Only to nature, a flower, a star I could open up myself, to show my feelings, to dialogue

Art - to have discovered it, probably saved me the life, back then, but especially today! Now the memory of what I did is fully present again, in all its absurdity of what for ineffable consequences it could have had, and the fact that it none had - but is this correct? Am I be clear in my mind about it, why I am, like I am? And what is with - sibling? Have I ever asked you, ever talked to you

I sit and weep, weep for me and how often you have already sung: "*Fear can stop you loving, love can stop your fear - But .....*"

I change, take cognizance of it, am glad, but you say it:

*But now I'm closing up again  
Drilling through the ground*

Do you think it could be turn into something this time, Skye, Elizabeth – most of all you Beth - and all the other angels - Joanna, do you think this time it could turn into something? And if not, what then?

In a few days we have birthday Elizabeth, first I and then you. I have never celebrated birthday, can not remind me of a children's birthday party, non of me, none of another child. It is also a coincidence that it is half a century – already before I want to write, only that my circumstances of life have given me no calm. Now I have, almost by accident, this calm. And now I have that awful feeling that it is now simply too late! Too late for this, too late for sibling, too late for everything, even if it is getting better, just too late! All my life I had this feeling that everything I did, although it was good, when it pleased others, it delighted them, I always was scared, the fear to have to note after all that it was not so, that it was not good after all, that it not pleased them after all, that it not delighted them after all

I trust you: Elizabeth - how ridiculous! Whom I trust, your art, the artist, real trust would only be possible towards the person, the person I will never get to know - or perhaps after all! I laugh at

myself and should think of those who have done that of which you have already only dreamed your whole life, of which you already will only dream your remaining life, no matter how long it now still will continue, as it will end even: *No fun anymore!*

So I close now, and thank Skye therefor that she has spoken with me in the past few hours, with this song - very long - but also one before than. And when I say Skye, I mean of course also the brothers - otherwise I am just writing only about sisters - "The Pierces" and "The Unthanks" – and, and I think I can now write also about a sister, my sister!

Thanks for the evening, which began with "The Pierces", than via "Garbage" led to you. Should I hope now or despair? Who should answer me now? Shirley?

*The trick is to keep breathing*

### **Waterfall**

You are sitting with your teacher beside the waterfall  
He tells you about Whitman and all the other delightful topics

*O Captain! My Captain!*

If only I had such a captain!  
How gladly I would sit with you at the waterfall!

Without captain I lost myself on the boundless ocean  
Always seeing some, but never reaching an isle!

Tell me Franz: How do I get into the castle! You have to know it!

Say: "Yes!"

### **Cast Anchor**

*I will cast anchor a place where it's calm  
And stay for a while  
Sit back and wonder how things are down under and smile  
(Hanne Hukkelberg, Cast Anchor)*

It's time for me to find an anchor

## Martin Scorsese

### Attracting Worlds

Who are you Martin Scorsese? When I see you, I see a friend, buddy, father - you were a father figure to me - from you I learned the things that a son learns from his father - and so we have increasingly alienated us - 1983 the break - 1983 I was 18 years old

The movies of Martin Scorsese always had something "American" in itself! They shaped in a sort way my image, the image, of America - NY - the city was America to me, and Little Italy the city! I looked at his protagonist, unaware that I would become like him some day, still developing towards him

"*Mean Streets*" and "*Raging Bull*" grandiose films, legends for me both! "*New York, New York*" and "*The King of Comedy*", the city - "*Broadway Danny Rose*" - Woody Allen! And also "*The Last Temptation of Christ*," "*Cape Fear*," "*Casino*" and "*Aviator*" - films that impressed me! But!

„*Taxi Driver*“

1976 I was 11 years old – probably still innocent - or yet already no longer

Gave it ever a film that attracted and repelled me, cast a spell over me, in which I was drowned, which should never let me go - then this!

How often, how many hours, I walked through cities at night, aimless, not being able to sleep - empty, numb, lonely - but I have never seen an angel - or I just never recognized her - Travis was able to!

Sitting in the porn movie theater, bored, drunks at the station, no scum, I felt bad for them.

I had no mission, only empty thoughts, of what could be, what might be possible, what I could do, would love to do – could, would, would be

I was Travis, that was clear to me, at the latest when I looked him, at the end of the film, sitting at the back in the taxi, in his eyes in the rearview mirror - when I saw my eyes in the mirror

For a moment I thought to have found Iris - how ridiculous, how incapable

The city, in which I should always return, where I was for the first time, she was not NY, and I not Travis

I interpreted the film as a rejection of the catharsis by violence, Travis had not changed - or Bret Easton Ellis - no self-awareness - no matter how massive and extensive the violence

How much violence I would have to commit against me?

Outwardly I change from day to day, so fast that it hurts, so fast that it only takes weeks that I have to stop it! And then, am I then the person I formerly was? When formerly – when!

Who was Travis formerly? When formerly? Does that matter? Travis you hero!

Could I also be a hero? What act of heroism? When I yet have to kill somebody to become a hero, then

I kill my body - should I kill my mind - just as he kills his sentiences - sentiences that I do not have to kill - not because I have none - because they are caught and never will appear - can save me the killing

I have always wondered, who are the good guys in this film. I have not found anyone – also not, and much less, the parents of Iris! It seems to me only one choice to be left: Sport or Betsy! And Iris?

Iris throws away her life - drops out!

Sport? Does he lies to Iris or ..... what a blasphemous question - or? - drops out!

Betsy, when she indeed gets involved with Travis, not generally rejects him? When she swans in her white dress across the zebra crossing?

Betsy is an angel - angels are always good – or!

I sit in a cafe and look at Betsy as she passes - like an angel

'81

*The unending amends you've made  
Are enough for one life  
Be done  
I believe in innocence, little darling  
Start again  
(Joanna Newsom, '81)*

You are the last of the musicians whose songs I want to consider  
What a great beginning you do with this song  
You call me "*little darling*", believe it is enough for one life  
Believe in the innocence, think I should start again

Emilie gave me the key and brought me back my soul  
You accomplish it

The Garden of Evil becomes the Garden of Eden  
How gladly I would have a small piece of it too  
How gladly I would celebrate with you

How confusing this time is, how sad the farewell to you-all  
But I have to turn to other things now  
And then, then I have to finish it finally

I hear you all with very different ears now, now your songs are so strange to me  
Almost I am afraid for losing them, but that will not happen  
Only as angels I can see you all not any more, only as female artists

When I close my eyes now and hear the play of your harp  
Your still wonderful high voice, that sounds right now so childish  
Yet still forms such entwined and enchanted words

Then a deep grief fulfills my body and tears trickle over my cheeks  
*one part of you is dying* - but it hurts so indescribably  
And you are simply not in the right - I do not think you want to lie

innocence lost - now - in this moment - too much - pirate

lie to me

### **Why – Wherefore – Forwhy**

What makes the human to this what he is if not his actions, that what he does and accomplishes. Not his words, his gestures, but his deeds are it.

But why is an action done or not? Self-reflection and self-awareness?

Even if one would assume this, and there are enough reasons of heavy weight not to assume this, a very different problem appears. Can I, if I decide to do something or not, even if it is a conscious action, after self-reflection and in self-awareness executed, be aware of their momentousness? To affirm this would border on insanity already!

But if I execute an action not on the basis of self-reflection and self-awareness - whereby we have seen above that this actually has no pertinence - and cannot gauge their consequence, what than still remains that to deduce, that my actions generally a arbitrariness indwell, and I never can be aware of their motives and their momentousness.

Who or what decides than on what I do, and who or what is than responsible for it?

God, Devil, Fate, Coincidence, Others, Living Conditions, Subconsciousness - superego - I

### **Occident**

*(Joanna Newsom, Occident)*

No words  
Only my admiration I want to express

The Ocean

## Sam Peckinpah

### American Dream

Who are you Sam Peckinpah? You showed me America, in all its senselessness, ridiculous greed for money, and the greed for violence – also today again July 31<sup>th</sup>, shot in the head – did you show the real outlaws, murderers, of the country where I would like to live today – that they let you, after your best movie, only to shoot trivial -1974 I was 9 years old

The movies of Sam Peckinpah always had something disturbing, ecstatic in itself! Only one time endless tenderness and indescribable failure lay so close together

The early films: Partly seen very late for the first time, partly they have not hit me thus!

Sam Peckinpah!

Toots Thielemans! When at the end the pickup truck is getting smaller and smaller! Ali MacCraw not only nice accessory to the main actor - the altercation at the railway station! What she did! And then the scene in the hotel - one of the most tender moments that I have ever experienced - just before the violence came back all the more brutal - "*Hana-bi*" - the infinite silence, the infinite violence - the view of the ocean - the inevitable end - when she, with the wet transparent blouse, beside him on the bed sits, both in silence, you see her back, she takes his hand, if he still needs time - time, I would still need so much time

Knockin' on Heaven's Door - Billy the Kid, cattle barons - America - arms and violence – indifferent, inconsequential, dwelled - the law of the jungle, the stronger is in the right - shot from behind, sentenced, revenged - none without guilt - important only for those who victims - the perpetrators know no guilt, the perpetrators determine the history - it's time to do something – to turn into a perpetrator

His last impressive film, his best film! The senseless inescapability of violence, triggered by the misanthropic desire of a powerful person, which others lets become to arbitrary figures in a vortex of events - I feel pains, hate rises in me! The final scene, in senselessness hard yet to beat  
When the head lies on the desk, he should simply trash it, yet again people have died, the daughter shouts, he may him - her father - to kill as well, when he than does it, than the nightmare has become reality – why Bennie has to die as well? Couldn't he have do it like Altmann? Hardly likely – not without to deceive himself - Lie to me!

Sam Peckinpah - perhaps the greatest

## Kingfisher

*but he loved me just like a little child;  
like a little child love a little lamb.*

*Trying to serve,  
with the heart of a child;  
Kingfisher, lie with the lion.  
(Joanna Newsom, Kingfisher)*

Is he not beautiful to see, at the embankment of the river  
Gently she falls towards the water, shallow she flows  
Shallow and gently until suddenly deep and ripping

If you silent and quiet, he will stay  
And delights you with his splendor  
Red, white and blue - how iridescent his colors  
Oh little bird, how big the fish in your beak

How elegant you dive into the water, catch the fish  
And escape from the water with elegant beat of wing  
Sit on the thin branch, bending under the weight  
And gobble, the still wriggling fish

How beautiful you are, what a deadly predator  
Who would think that you take life daily  
To feed you, certainly, consuming the fish alive  
Does he still thrash around in your small stomach?

What would be, if you big as a lion  
What a awful animal you were  
Long ago we had exterminated you  
So we rejoice in your smallness

Why you fly away - you punish me for my words  
Or disturbs you, the shouting and screaming at the river  
The woman who shouts and screams for the man  
I look at them, do not see the reason, not the man

See her again, perched in front of a child whose back I only see  
And the man's back, standing behind the child

How strange, tender the scene is - full of confusing beauty  
As if angels waging war with themselves - or sing awful words

## Ocean

I would like to live near the endless ocean  
Maybe LA  
To hear her tender waves every day

Then  
*Witch Hazel, Witch Hazel - Betrayal, betrayal*  
Not on the table I have to put the weapon anymore

You  
I see laying - every day

**and that's where the beginning of the end begun**

thank you  
you all

whatever will happen

## Francis Ford Coppola

### Visions

Who are you Francis Ford Coppola? You were a visionary - for me a counterdraft to Scorsese! He always seemed to me like the sober director, you as the crazy, freaked out movie maker – Wenders and Truffaut on the one hand, Fassbinder and Cimino on the other hand! Your failure fascinated me, will my own failure fascinate me also - the last movie that touched me you made 1983 - 1983 I was 18 years old

The movies of Francis Ford Coppola always had something overpowering, megalomaniac in itself - I always wondered how it was possible to realize such movies - I could not vision it

He has made major movies, monuments, like Wells! But it were rather the "small" movies that touched me - *"The Conversation," "One from the Heart," "The Outsiders" and "Rumble Fish"*! Especially *"One from the Heart"* - I liked the light, the artificiality, the girl! And *"Rumble Fish"* - I wanted to belong to - I wanted to be him! But even here there is a movie that all the others

*"Apocalypse Now"*

Kurtz – to me, the movie is insignificant, whether war movie, anti-war movie, whether in Vietnam or any other war, everything does not matter – Kurtz!

Kurtz - he is the key - like Travis – still a lot more! Travis is close to me - Kurtz fascinates! Does it make a difference whether machete or claws? Is it still a question anyway, what I would have done - 75 years ago! Born too late - or in the wrong country – Kurtz!

What would I do, could I do everything - what would I do, knocked the devil at my door, and would give me the opportunity, power, everything to do, whatever I wanted? I close the eyes - Reveal: Never completely

Is it that, just to be thankful, at this time, at this place to be born - it is so simple and easy: *A Stroke Of Luck or A Gift From God?*

*A Gift From God* – how would this disgust me! How would I hate a God, who would endow me, but others inflicts so terrible agonies! Could anyone prove that it gives this God – madness would be the only opportunity that I could still see! It would drive me to insanity to imagine to face him – to kill him would be my only thought - to kill a god! What a gift it would be than by contrast to act the devil as victim!

*A Stroke Of Luck* – must I be grateful now – to whom? Do I have to torture myself now due to the things I could do, would do, would have done almost? What would this mean? Yet again madness? Only that it gives no longer a devil? That we self are the devils? Gave it thereon a doubt ever?

I would like to kiss your shoulder, after I have your beautiful, long hair stroked aside, I would like to comb your beautiful, long hair while you sit on my lap - but everything I do

Perhaps it would be best like Kurtz in twilight to wait, till he comes, till he redeems me, after I have talked big philosophically

I have such awful fright of death and long for him so - it is not the most dignified what a human can do, not to wait, in semi-conscious state, but to decide self when and how it happens? Considered matter-of-fact: Yes! But is it not also a senseless act, to do that what will happen anyway?

How ridiculous these thoughts! How outrageous the deed, to do it to another! Why Kurtz - why not just drown him in the river – why even waste just one thought on him

Why not look at all the dead, the nameless? Why not hear their squalls, why not the tolling? Why not narrate their story - because I am not this - I hear their squalls, their squalls I hear, because I am the cause

Well Beth, why does it feel so wrong – I have said it before, because it was wrong! And now? And now I am so perplexed, would like to stray aimlessly through the city, would like to drown

Is there anyone who me - I laugh! - could love - someone - I laugh even more! - I could love - whom did Kurtz love - whom Travis

*Oh Say Can You See* - I can see it, can hear it - *but even after admitting this – and I have, countless times, in just about every act I've committed – and coming face-to-face with these truths – did I* coming face-to-face with these truths - Ellis, before I end so, I will stop it myself – why these sick figures always have to kill as many as possible before they kill themselves – would they do it straight away, the world would be spared much - why this narcissistic figures have to fill their emptiness always therewith, that they oppress others, exploit, empires building up, which are still only short-lived - often not even outlast themselves - would they see the senselessness - I am so terribly tired - let me pay homage to the successful - I am not Kurtz - confess to me that I would like to - and consider myself satisfied with the character of Hopper - This Is The End - My Only Friend - The End

### **River**

The small river took away a part of me

The small river flowed into a larger river  
The larger river flowed into an even larger river  
The even larger river flowed into a much larger river  
The much larger river flowed into a small sea

The small sea was part of a larger sea  
The larger sea was part of a small ocean  
The small ocean was part of a larger ocean  
The larger ocean was the endless ocean

One day I will be reunified  
Through the body or the ashes

### **To Drown**

You drown me in your music to bestow me my life

## **Ballad Of The Big Machine**

*Baby please let me in  
I can swear my hands are clean  
You can fight but you can't win  
Cause you belong to the big machine  
(Emilie Simon, Ballad Of The Big Machine)*

Yes, I belong to the big machine, and I will not win  
But despite everything, it is an indescribably beautiful feeling, to be a part of her  
And what else remains than to belong to her  
And finally, you will catch me again and again

Your hands are clean, and who I am, not let you in  
And, would it not be stupid, not let you in  
Otherwise, with whom I should dance  
Otherwise, who should lead me  
Lead me through the Big Machine

## **Beginning and End**

Emilie and Joanna

### **Joanna**

Joanna  
Or is it Emily

Joanna  
Or is it the horse

Joanna  
Or

You are the little girl, taking me by the hand  
You are the little girl, that leads me to a place  
Where I really do not want to be

## Abuse

*A late April day and it's sunny outside  
And a red little girl is at the top of a slide  
And an orange old man at the bottom  
Wants to take her for a ride  
As she slips and she tumbles the orange man mumbles  
Pennies fall out of the sky  
And he tells her he'll take her away where it's safe  
And of course it is a lie  
She's a third the way down and her skirts are yanked up  
And her little girl cheeks start to wrinkle  
But her smile is wide and her legs are spread wider  
Her hair growing long and her hips getting larger  
Past getting brighter  
Light growing weaker  
She is halfway down now but the man is impatient  
Shakes change in his pocket he might have to wait but she's coming...  
She's coming...  
She's coming...*

*Who are you blaming?  
They're just playing!  
That's a good one...  
Who left the playground  
A good decade before the bell rang?*

*As she starts to draw nearer the view becomes clearer  
The splinters are painful but she doesn't feel it  
The pennies were loaded and as they exploded  
She starts to spin out of control...  
Her eyes are now closing her sleeves are unrolling  
Up past her head and her veins are all showing  
Not that she noticed she's thoroughly focused on  
One old man who's laughing...  
Who's laughing....  
Who's laughing...*

*Don't worry  
I've got you  
Don't worry  
I've got you  
Don't worry  
I've got you  
Don't worry  
I've got you*

*The orangeman got you.....*

*A late April day and it's sunny outside  
And a red little girl is at the top of a slide  
And an an orange old man at the bottom  
Wants to take her for a ride.  
(The Dresden Dolls, Slide)*