

Sixth Chapter

The Female Form

Third Life

Almost taken
Yours

Wasted - Unproductive - Phoney
Mine

I am so tired
I am so lonely

Come As You Are

You mark the beginning
You have opened my mind

It was the first time, that I, while listening to music
Had real tears in the eyes
It was the first time, that I, in the contemplation of art
Had real tears in the eyes
It was the first time, that I, after a very long time
Had real tears in the eyes

Thank you Emilie, for your scapes of sonority

Marburg - Stuttgart

Now I had managed it indeed, after years of further education, to crest the heights of education. I wrote term papers, presented papers, and they were liked! Especially the other students, but had never much contact with them - Elizabeth

But what I discovered especially in Marburg was the theater. I was there only for one semester, but during this time I did not miss one performance, and after all there were three stages. It pleased me very to watch the actors while performing, and of course I dreamed of to be onstage myself – what a strange thought, I onstage depicting something, to express emotions - was that not possible for me already thus. But a deep longing enveloped me every time when I sat there and watched. In one case the actors had took the spectators's seats after the break and the spectators took their seats on the stage - thus I had managed it onstage now! I does not have to say that I always went to the performances alone

Wonderfully beautiful was then still "Photo Marburg" and the faculty library of the art history. I loved to be with the books and the pictures, also mine - Giovanna – can I now look at on the Internet. The collection of replicas never has interested me much – I am not sure why

Then I shifted to Stuttgart - once again Stuttgart: Kolping Kolleg general high-school diploma, vocational school bookseller, job in Zuffenhausen, two jobs downtown - always Stuttgart, and Ludwigsburg is indeed also not far away!

There something strange happened! I had given several lectures in Marburg, and they were liked a lot. In Stuttgart I attended the introductory event for art history, everyone had to give a short lecture, I had chosen "Medieval Book Painting" and was very satisfied with my choice. Well prepared, sure to give an interesting lecture - as always freely on the basis of notes - I stood in front of the large number of students (main auditorium), the light went out, my first slide and then the thoughts began! I do not know why, but I had more and more the feeling that I was awful, that I totally fail, and as the first sweat beads were dropping onto my paper with notes I became almost panicky! Like in a trance I held my lecture and when the light came back I was bathed in sweat!

I went to my place, entirely at the outside - I always sat entirely at the outside - but window side. Sitting on the other side, I would have left the auditorium! But I tried to calm myself down, that soon the light would go out again, then I would either come to rest, or without arousing too much attention, could left the hall! But the light did not go out!

The seminar facilitator lifted his voice, that he still wanted to say something else to my lecture! My heart faltered! Painstaking I tried to wipe the sweat from my forehead, it still ran down my temples, and now! Would I have sat near the door, I would have run out - but so! I only thought that he now could humiliate me completely, wasn't it not embarrassing enough!

And then he began, almost I would say, to rave about how good my lecture had been! Everything concisely summarized, boiled down to an essence, nothing of importance omitted, very good structure and other more: Just so I would like to have the lectures! And I, I sat there, did not understand the world anymore! Beside me sat a student, beside him a female student, she bended forward: Really awesome your lecture - I still tried to deal with the flood of sweat! Later, on the way out, students came to me and congratulated me! The topic I never would have taken, thought that this is totally boring, but your lecture has shown me that this is a very exciting topic - and more!

Today I know what happened to me, I was the pianist who began, while playing, to think about his playing! Actually this is impossible and leads inevitably thereto that the pianist plays the wrong note, but somehow it seems that I succeeded, to continue automatically, and all the notes that I had arranged before, correctly - perfectly? - to play. I learned that I just can do it - to give a lecture! I learned to trust myself, and from then on I just gave lectures - I just knew that I was able thereto.

Till this day I do not understand why I never had a problem to stand in front of other people and tell them about something - already in the main school I could it! Actually, I can not speak with other people a bit - but give a lecture, that I was able to always! And today, with cheerleaders and baseball players on the pictures for the posters. Should I still learn to build up a relationship to other people? But why I have not this trust in me when I am writing this text? Maybe I just lacking a moment as that in Stuttgart - I should find out where I can present my texts to an audience

Velvet Crowbar

As you were found, you were bleeding from the ear
Also I bleed from the ear now and then
I wouldn't have thought that we have that much in common
Too bad that I live in Germany

You Look So Fine

*I want to break your heart
And give you mine
You're taking me over*

*I hear your name
And I'm falling over*

*I'm not like all the other girls
I can't take it like the other girls*

*You look so fine
(Garbage, You Look So Fine)*

ugly – useless

Eva and Pandora

You have presented man the greatest gifts which have ever devoted to them
Is it a coincidence that you are both women?

You gave them enlightenment!
It is always important to acquire enlightenment

You have opened the box!
It is always important to open the box

One must thank you

Mon Chevalier

*You took my soul away with you
The night you went you gave me yours
(Emilie Simon, Mon Chevalier)*

By the time I overcame you, by the time I found you
By the time I sent away you, by the time I greeted you
By the time I banned you, by the time I fetched you

Arose the feeling, I might have one
Not lucid is to me, where I should see her
Not lucid is to me, what she should be
Not lucid is to me, why she should be there

But as otherwise, I should explain me
The things, that I feel now
The things, that I sense now
The things, that I believe now

Excuse-moi, Emilie!

Lethe

I am like someone who goes out of the house, stops – I almost forgot it!
I did not want to remember!
I think my mind has used a lot of energy on it
To hide the memory as deep as possible - just stupid
That the preconscious always knows an open path to the conscious!

I always wanted to create something - a book, a song, a painting, a drawing
Without asking why!

The memory came slowly
I can no longer even remember when for the first time
I was somewhat surprised, but thought no further about it
Then it came more and more often, more and more distinct, more and more aware
And then you-all have - my angels - left me no other choice:

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?

And now? - What should I do now? - Unable as I am?
Not even for that I am capable of!
Or however?

You are so mercilessly - my angels!
Please take me with you:
Dreamland, Aviation, Ride

Give me all of that Ultraviolence!

Mirror

In your mirror I see my past
Who still I am

And in your mirror?
I see in my future?

Whom do I see?

Sacrifice

How beautiful it would be to be able to be the victim

Introverted

My Second Angel

You I could as first, show some of my words
You I could as first, tell something about my feelings
You I could as first, reveal something about my dreams

You have confirmed me therein - to go my way
You have confirmed me therein – to continue my work
You have confirmed me therein - to further open up

Now I will be able also to talk with my first angel

Neckarstrand

More than thirty years ago the last time, has changed, not only the name
At that time I always sat at the window, dry Riesling - now Pinot Grigio
And the sisters – also no longer there

You really want to hook me up with one of the sisters!?

Have previously tried, if I can find your uncle - but no one was there
Just now I want to know how are you
Look later, when I am finished eating, if he is there

I have ordered an aperitif - Martini - my first
When I sip it, you are sitting opposite to me - next time
Now the time has come to do things - no return

When I think of you, I smile - as when I think of my beautiful angels
Then I also have to smile all the time - C.

Again he was not there
I drive in my city of birth – not would like to go home
Passing angels – fallen they say - but are they the ones who are fallen
Why you sing just now: "*Carmen*" - Coney Island Queen
Coney Island - crazy thoughts

I drink a double espresso - will call later - I will find you
I hear jazz, look at the people - today is the evening, now
Balmy Night at the turn of Mai - now it is happened
I need still time - but it will become completed
And I will publish it - today there are so many possibilities

The piano, the drums, the jazz, the rhythm - my heart beats
I am young again! - I will again! - And this time I complete it!
I will be a terrific bitch!
I should already yet again go to the jazz club - but now I have to move on

Now Salsa - cocktail - no alcohol, coconut milk - shall I mix you something
With pleasure
Next door dancing course - also tango, other days - for the first time here
Wanted so many times - learn to dance tango - such beautiful music
Such beautiful dance - wanted - want - will!
But first I have to complete this

The day is almost over - can no longer call him
Questions whether he really is the uncle, that he can tell me
Tomorrow morning I will find time - work
One day still accounts for nothing now - or

Notes - the whole time already
Will I be able to read that later
No matter happened quite often recently
Can read my notes not anymore - do not know any longer what the words mean
Quick thrown down - not thinking - write, write, write

I will find you now – never mind whether happy or sad
And this time I will put my arm around you

Not one or two - maybe one - so much are gone yet
Ahead of me

Do you be up for four?
Love you!

Back home - write - must write - all night
For me – Maybe also for you

Congeniality

I am writing since a month and a half now. Around one hundred pages are filled with text. The structure is fixed. I have finished "Paradise" just now. But much is still missing. I have considered your text, which I copied a few days ago, for the first time properly. I have edited "Ride" for "Paradise". The normal version I have already heard many times. Now I looked more closely and found the extended version. Also your text I found. I copied it. But wanted to concentrate on the normal song and the video firstly. There was already enough to say thereto. I wanted to edit the text later apart. Have glanced over it. The end was interesting. Now I have read it – I am confused!

I have the feeling that I see you now entirely exactly in front of me, that there are now no longer any secrets.

I have the feeling that I would – in long passages, in the decisive passages - read my own text.

I can not think straight – can, just like the weeks before, only now finally and utterly, just only write, write without thinking, just only strike the keys, just only reverberate, just only

Is it stupid to say, that at this moment, right now, April 18th, 2015 – 9:15 pm CEST – myself feels so close to you as I have never felt close to a person before? And that it maybe the sad thing at it is, that this is true!

I always feel like a stranger among the people, but you seem so familiar to me! It's just thus, as if I could tell you everything, just because - what strange thoughts!

Do you allow me - that I take your text - some say it is meant cynical - and to reflect on it, as if it were our text? I'm not sure about what originates thereby, but I would like to do it. And I will ask you whether you allow me, whether I the text, when I - what a ridiculous thought - I feel like Lizzy! So gladly I would see my book on the shelf, so ridiculous the thought seems to me, so absurd. Yet still, Lizzy became Lana - do you think that myself as well could become something?

I would like to take your text now and think about you and me - think about us – oh, ridiculous Old Man becomes thereby something better - of course not - but what else shall I do – sleep, I can not anyway

*I was in the winter of my life, and the men I met along the road were my only summer.
At night I fell asleep with visions of myself, dancing and laughing and crying with them.
Three years down the line of being on an endless world tour, and my memories of them were the only things that sustained me, and my only real happy times.*

Isn't it - funny? I am in the winter of my life! Will I see a next spring, another summer?

And wouldn't it be nice - a female body - Old Man - lonely
You love the night - Dream your dreams - In our dreams
But tonight, I do not dream - only write do I
About my memories - our memories - maybe

I was a singer – not a very popular one.

I would give anything for it, could I say this!
I am – shit, I am nothing, and my angry and stupid tears are all I have!

I once had dreams of becoming a beautiful poet, but upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams dashed and divided like million stars in the night sky that I wished on over and over again, sparkling and broken.

Oh Lizzy, you are such a wonderful poetess! I love you for your poetry!

To whom do you think? Whitman, Ginsberg - others? Do you think your poetry is worth less than theirs? Why? I know it! Many others know it! Not everybody, but also not everybody knows Whitman and Ginsberg!

"Series of events" - do I understand you? I think so! Maybe I am just an idiot! To be an idiot would not be a problem anyway! Not to be an idiot and to think of being one, that would be a problem!

In my life there was only one "event" - that was enough

But I didn't really mind because I knew that it takes getting everything you ever wanted, and then losing it to know what true freedom is.

At this point I have to contradict you! Do you really believe to lose everything that you wanted and got, lets you know what true freedom is? That I already did not understand as a very young man with Janis!

And to decide this – thereto, first of all, you have to get everything you want - otherwise

When the people I used to know found out what I had been doing, how I'd been living, they asked me why – but there's no use in talking to people who have home. They have no idea what it's like to seek safety in other people – for home to be wherever you lay your head.

All my life I moved from one place to another, from one work to another - I loved it! I felt uncomfortable staying in one place for a longer time - and to be honest, to be for a longer time with the same people!

Do we feel the same?

*I was always an unusual girl.
My mother told me I had a chameleon soul, no moral compass pointing due north, no fixed personality; just an inner indecisiveness that was as wide and as wavering as the ocean...
And if I say I didn't plan for it to turn out this way I'd be lying...*

*Because I was born to be the other woman.
Who belonged to no one, who belonged to everyone.
Who had nothing, who wanted everything, with a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk about it, and pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzled and dizzied me.*

Was I an extraordinary man – extraordinary?

Also I had planned it such! To work all my life in one place in one company - that would be hell!

Who belonged to no one, who belonged to everyone - How ridiculous it would be to write this and the following lines from my side! I never said we would be exactly the same!

The only thing I ask for is, to finish one thing only once!
Just once, I would like to reveal my inner!
Just once, I would like to have the sense that I could be an artist!
Old Man - so ridiculous and lonely!

*Every night I used to pray that I'd find my people, and finally I did on the open road.
We had nothing to lose, nothing to gain, nothing we desired anymore, except to make our lives into a work of art.*

I'm losing you - it's hard and painful! You Lizzy, you became Lana!
I've found nothing at all! My life is a joke!
I've altered into nothing at all! I've remained the same always!
I feel the same feelings as decades before – nothing!
During all these decades, I was not able to show, not only for a moment, at least some tenderness!
And don't start with your disgusting tears now - you sicken me - you fucking swine!

Live fast. Die young. Be wild. And have fun.

You bust my balls now - Elizabeth – or?

I am an Old Man - maybe it would have been better, when I would have died young - the possibilities were there - young and very young - but nothing happened

Nothing happened! My whole life nothing has taken place! I ain't died! I didn't create anything! I even wasn't able to, kill myself - what a ridiculous joke this is all is!

I believe in the country America used to be,

I believe in the country Germany used to be - wow, not that other countries wouldn't have their past, but in all honesty said, I would have so my problems with such a sentence

I believe in the person I want to become,

As I already said!
Nothing has happened, nothing happens, nothing will happen - oh, some day I will die! But to be perfectly honest, I meanwhile also have my doubts! Far too many possibilities, and none

I believe in the freedom of the open road.

Slowly it gets tiring!

And my motto is the same as ever:

„I believe in the kindness of strangers. And when I'm at war with myself I ride, I just ride.“

You are Elizabeth, May, Lizzy and Lana!
I'm still the fucking, stupid bastard!
I sit here and the war goes on, and on, and on....

Who are you?

Now our conversation gets an interesting twist!
I've already answered it before!

Are you in touch with all of your darkest fantasies?

Believe me, believe me, about this I'm absolutely sure!

Have you created a life for yourself where you can experience them?

I hope you don't mean in real life!
No, hardly likely!
At least I hope this!
And you know - I'm a German

I have. I am fucking crazy.

But as far as I can see, the point is:
It's very good, that my darkest fantasies are fantasies, and will remain fantasies for all eternity!
It's not good, that my broken mind is buried among many layers, which I've piled up above it over the decades!
Yes, I can remember – I'm getting tired thereof - there were moments, when I had the opportunity to become fucking crazy!
But you know!
Nothing has happened, nothing has happened, nothing has happened – I'm getting sick thereof!

You ask me?
Secretly watching TV as a boy - Heilbronn, Ludwigsburg, Stuttgart, London..... Bunuel, Saura, Kurusawa..... Magritte, de Cirico, Schwitters.... The Doors, Pink Floyd, Jimi Hendrix... Shakespeare, Burroughs, Plath.... and many, many more - so many possibilities!

But I am free.

I hope that you are free, independent and happy!

I! No! But happy!

I am very happy about our conversation!
You helped me a lot!
You showed me, what I've to do!

Just ride, just ride, just ride - just further on, always further on - the trick is to keep breathing!
It's as simple as that!

And you, you are the one who offers me a very special "ride"!
Your "ride" doesn't show me my past!
Your "ride" will lead me into the future!

Your "ride" will free my mind from all the layers that lie on it!
How long have I waited for it!

To be fucking crazy!

Now I'm through! The next day has broken! I am tired, but after a short break, I will continue
- with thinking about my past and about my future!

"Born To Die" must to be begun - sorry, but not everything will please me!

"Tropico" must to be finished!

And then I'm looking forward to, to spend a long time with May and Lizzy - and by the way:
Sparkle Jump Rope Queen?

Second

*I'm ready to dive, start a second life
(Hanne Hukkelberg, The Pirate)*

Thanks!

The Old Man

You laugh reliably at it
But therefore I can speak frankly about it

We are in an awful kitschy room
You sit in a grandmother armchair
I sit on your lap
Dressed like a little girl
With large red ribbon in hair

Gently, you stroke my hair, the beautiful, velvety, the natural black curls
That I had as a young man, and to my sibling was so jealous about, back
You comb my hair with infinite tenderness

We would be already a strange pair – or?

The main thing, you do not sit on my lap, not on the balcony, not at the motel
I do not want that you bend over the handrail

Wish

From the terrace, we have gone to the vineyard. You fall almost, tell me, I shall help you, as you can see almost nothing in the dark – night-blind. Then we sit together on the wooden bench – why I did not hugged you

Oh Say Can You See

When I hear this song
Sink in immeasurable yearning
Then I think I fear
I am able to see it
My future

Or should I
All American way
Believe in the great Hollywood happy ending

Come As You Are
As A Friend
As An Old Memoria

And I Swear

Jan Vermeer van Delft – Girl with a Pearl Earring

A charming picture, a charming film, a charming Scarlett Johansson, who looks so incredibly similar to the personated!

But also his other pictures of women, girls, often with musical instruments - virginal - or with letters, are charming!

Aspirations, be in love, unattainable - another time - another world - Girl with Red Hat - Woman with Red Hat - lost time - lost innocence

Kaninchen Insel

You were an island - gorgeous
But out of sight - not out of mind! - I lost her

Was afraid to search for her - afraid not to find her anymore

Was afraid to find her again - not such gorgeous anymore
Was afraid to find her again - lost in grief
Was afraid to find her again - not in this world anymore

But fear - how paralyzing you are - decades

But to find you again - what a gorgeous gift

To see you like this - even more

Wish

I am at home with you, at your, at your proper home. You open the door quietly and show me your little sister as she sleeps in the bed. When you go to your new home, just a few doors down on the other side of the road, you always go past this house and look if everything is OK. Then he comes, as always in the evening and you say that you now have to stay here for a while, waiting for a while, have to take care of your little sister. I sit down on the sofa and do not know how to behave. I can not deal with the situation – for you it is normality

I go back to where I live now – excuse me

Sibling

What a beautiful word!
What a beautiful thought!
What a beautiful sound!

Fear fills my heart!
You are so tender to me!

The mellow sound of your voice!
The delicate feel of your tangency!
The touching sight of your smile!

Losing you

Kathryn Bigelow – Wild Palms

Why she? One of the few female directors? "*Blue Steel*"? As the first woman, Oscar, Best Directing? "*Wild Palms*"?

"*Blue Steel*" - somehow ambiguous, also with others of her films, at the end she kills him - and up until then? Who would care if she were not a female cop - action cinema!

"*Wild Palms*" - not her series - commissioned work - coincidence that just when her name is called, the series has its climax for me?

I kneel down and hear the tolling, and I wish me to dissolve in the drug

Black Female Jaguar

For
A brief moment
I am allowed to look in your eyes
You grant me the honor
You are requesting me

I
Would like to touch you
To stroke your fur
To feel your breath

Cat People
Sink your claws into my flesh
And tear it from the bones
Become a human again

That I never was

Wish

Once you sat on my lap - I was puzzled - Why I was unable
To comb you in infinite tenderness your beautiful long hair

The Female Voice

The most beautiful, the very most beautiful, the indescribable most beautiful of woman
Her voice!

She can touch you

More delicate as a breath of air
Clearer as the purest well
Deeper as the Sein per se
Harder as a diamond
More permeative as the longest cold
More relentless as a black Jaguar

I want to harken your voices when I go
The most punishment would be to awake again
No longer be able to hear them
The utmost punishment would be to awake again
To lack the memory of them

Peter Paul Rubens – The Straw Hat

He also painted so many beautiful women, in their gorgeous gowns, yearnings, once again - both women, mythology - but it was always one image that charmed me beyond all measure!

The beauty of the young woman, the lovely face, the soft lines, the dark eyes, the slightly pale lips, that pretty eardrops - the beautiful ring! And yes, also the pale skin, the decollete and her round breasts, practically unveiled!

The dress, against the dramatic background even more colorful, even more impressive! The magnificent red!

And the hat! The light feather, on the fedora!

The many small details – it is strange, I can not remember having seen it in the National Gallery – sometimes it is odd with memories

The Female Body

Not Lizzy is to ashame
Not the allure of the female body is to accuse

Those who used Lizzy, are to ashame
If man perverted the allure in his depraved mindset
Thus he should blindfold himself

*This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot
(Walt Whitman, I Sing The Body Electric)*

Wish

We are together, alone in your new home. I sit on the sofa, you on the floor in front of the armchair. Your feet are bare. You are so strange – so somewhere else. I feel unsure, do not know what to do

I go back - there where I just live
Had I only kissed you - Or hugged at least
I would be so happy, if I knew that you are well

Suppression

Suppression is a very important mechanism - I mean it thus!

Suppression, without this one could not "cope" his life?
Suppression helps to forget wounds, helps "to keep going"!

But suppression can also be dishonest!

Suppression is then dishonest, when it is not about your own person, but
About another person!
Suppression is then only the nice and practical mechanism in order not to have to face
Your own deeds!

Suppression degenerates then towards something disgusting, dishonest, outrageous

Valerie Solanas - I Shot Andy Warhol

Andy Warhol - I always found him ridiculous, his "art" arbitrary, that mambo-jumbo around him embarrassing! The "Factory" as a collection of snooty, arrogant bootlicker - around the banal "master"!

Does this justify a murder attempt? Hardly likely! Understanding? Not really!

Perhaps she should have taken a work of the great master, to give the opportunity to passerby on the Time Square to piss on the artwork - what kind of "performance" this would have been - the headlines would have been her!

Valerie Solanas - it saddens me, and if I did not use "Du" right now, than out of esteem and respect - it is not for me to addressing her in this way!

Valerie Solanas – did she had a joint guilt for the occurrences around Warhol – did she had a joint guilt for the occurrences around her father!

Valerie Solanas - 52 years - two more than I - how many of them were sucky, and I do not mean wasted - I mean sucky!

I have never read the manifesto - spare me any interpretation - her life does not need pretentious interpretation - it speaks for itself

If I had ever thought, and I have never done it so far, to visit the tomb of a famous person, then hers - I will visit her tomb once, just because I do not even know where she is buried

Kaninchen Insel

In former times, you were beautiful - my island
In former times, your voice was soft - my island
In former times, your smile was nice - my island
In former times, your eyes were bright - my island
In former times, you were strong - my island

Today, you are gorgeous – Kaninchen Insel
Today, your voice is velvety – Kaninchen Insel
Today, your smile is enchanting – Kaninchen Insel
Today, your eyes are radiating – Kaninchen Insel
Today, you are incredibly strong – Kaninchen Insel

I could go on and on.....but what are words.....insignificant.....deeds

Wish

I want to visit you, in your new home. Along the way, I am stealing a rose from a front yard. You are not there, nobody is there. I lay the rose in front of the door. What would have happened if you had been there? Silly memories

Kafka – Grant

You wait your whole life in front of the gate!
She passes through the gate! Even the Gargoyles can not stop her!
What a fool are you – Kafka!
How strong she is!

Lead me to war with your brilliant direction.

How ridiculous and embarrassing, the Old Man!

Domenico Ghirlandajo - Giovanna Tornabuoni

In my studies, at the very beginning in Marburg, I wrote a paper on this picture. It began with the words: I am in love with the picture!

I have researched the exact historical background - hours in the library of the historians – have logged the pedigrees, the background of her arranged marriage. But this affected me not so much. More her end - died in puerperium, birth of first child, I think she was 22 years old when I have it still right in the head. Nothing special at this time, nor the circumstances of their marriage - Renaissance – so so much better than the Middle Ages – is dying not always the same?

Today her portrait hangs opposite to my bed, along with the frescoes on which she also can be seen. She is the last what I see at night, and the first in the morning. I did not lie when I said that I have fallen in love with her, a love that continues to this day, which is deep and honest. And always the mourning about her death is combined therewith, whom she shares with so many unfortunate women of her time - the men on the battlefield, or in family feuds - the women in puerperium - happy Renaissance

I would like to see one of the mosaics of Ghirlandaio, and I want to consider this picture in the original once - it will be one of the most poignant moments in my life

Best Female Performance Ever

Although Kanye West may not be God, but he had two good moments. The second was the one with the "Best Female Performance" - I can only agree with him! However, I fear that he will not agree with me, what the "Best Female Performance Ever" is for me - or Kanye?

In the first second of the video, it has already happened! You sit, in elegant black entirely, with a wonderful retro hairstyle, in a magnificent armchair, with the plastic chair beside it. You move only your head slightly, the dancer, the guitar, and then you start, just only sitting in the armchair, to sing:

„There's a fire starting....“

No, I will not establish references to the text now, this would seem inappropriate to me! You are something very special to me! I like it, to see you just sitting in the armchair - and to hear your incredible voice - great eyelashes!

I know that you have not done it alone, the wonderful song and of course not the fantastic video, but does this not shows, that it just has to be right sometimes, that one has to find those, with whom one can achieve something, only then, then you have to be prepared - and you were it!

And later, when you sing your songs, than it is always the terrific force in your voice that impresses me! You need nothing! No show - you just start to sing, and everything has come to pass! I can listen to you for hours, will not become tired of listening to the same songs always - what number will be on your next album?

But I admire you also therefor that you have chosen to take care of your child, and especially I admire you for that, that you did not care what for old men call you - that's already pretty Kanye!

So I hear your albums, watch your DVD, and watch videos and footage. In the bookstore - not so retro and elegant - but already there with this, me thus impressing voice - and with Mr. Who!

But again and again I end up with your first "hit"! More precise, with its video, more precise with the singer and her incredible performance - The Best Female Performance Ever!

The Early Work – Lizzy Grant

The Continuation, Lizzy Grant - New York, 2006-2008

It comes to decisive changes in these years. May Jailer turn into Lizzy Grant. At the end of 2006, she took part in a singing contest. She gets in contact with a local label and signs, still at the university, a record deal in 2007. Yet, still not much happens! Demo tapes, small performances, open mic. She evolves activities on ReverbNation, MySpace and, after a collaboration with David Kahne, with “*Kill Kill*” finally appears an official EP in 2008 – but one put it on the back burner! But she writes, as already as May Jailer, further on song after song, the list of unreleased songs will be longer and longer! At the end of this period she is 23 years old!

The releases of this years, all the songs, can be found on the Internet again, many will be included on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*". The releases of this years:

- 1.) "The Money Hunny Recordings (Sessions)" (EP), 2006
- 2.) “No Kung Fu” (EP), 2007
- 3.) “Lizzy Grant & The Phenomena” (Single), 2007
- 4.) “Sparkle Jump Rope Queen” (EP), 2008
- 5.) “Kill Kill” (EP), 2008

On the Internet, an interview with the young singer will be found, witch has taken place before the finale of the "Williamsburg Live Songwriting Completion", in which she moved in. I want to place this in front because I felt it very interesting:

Interview 2006, Williamsburg Live Songwriting Competition

We are at a time as "*Sirens*", as far as can be seen, is ready - at home on the hard drive? - and the young musician participating in a singing contest.

One can see the young, 21 year-old musician. In appearance she is quite May Jailer. Long, curly, light blond hair, chubby cheeks, smiling, somewhat unconfident and embarrassed acting she tells that she is excited because she made it to the final - as name Lizzy Grant appears!

She sings "*Pawn Shop Blues*", the song will be included on "*The Money Hunny Recordings (Sessions)*", and she accompanies herself on the guitar. It sounds to May Jailer not at all! If you close your eyes you can hear Lana del Rey, not even Lizzy Grant! Suddenly, she appears like a experienced songwriter. Later we will see Lizzy Grant at performances, which seem quite differently.

And what does she say? Three points seem worth mentioning:

"*I don't have a back up plan*", it seems at this moment, still in her studies, that she definitely wants to become a singer.

"*I meet one of the judges*", he will lead her on to 5 Points Records and her first recording contract.

"I think we gonna talk and so that should be good to ... so", she smiles self-consciously - doubt, insecurity?

Whom do we see now? We have reached the end of 2006. Externally the singer is quite May Jailer, but in her expression she already seems to be Lizzy Grant, the voice is already Lana del Rey. Although this is somewhat put something together, it does not seem so wrong to me.

When does it comes to the big break, when does the long curls disappear, the girlish white dress? I can not give an exact date, but certainly it seems to me that the change, better break, from May Jailer to Lizzy Grant is much more extreme than the transition, the much-debated change, from Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey! A little it seems to me that the singer is very early Lana del Rey already, even though it will take years to "del Ray" and finally "del Rey"!

1.) The Money Hunny Recordings (Sessions); Lizzy Grant; 2006; Demo (Unreleased)

1. Money Hunny
2. A Star For Nick - Sirens
3. Rehab (For K Part 2) (2nd Demo) – A.K.A.
4. Pawn Shop Blues (Demo) – A.K.A.

This demo I saw ranged in preliminary to "*Sirens*", but actually therefore makes no sense, because then "*For K Part 2*" was recorded before "*For K*". For me the idea makes more sense that this demo arose in the course of Williamsburg. Also the singing suggests that for me, I get round to shortly.

"*A Star for Nick*" is already on "*Sirens*" and would connect this demo with that album. "*Rehab (For K Part 2)*" and "*Pawn Shop Blues*" I have considered on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*". From both I know many different demos - especially "*Pawn Shop Blues*" - but they are all undated. They range from simple guitar to recordings with additional instrumentation. Still remains of this demo "*Money Hunny*".

Money Hunny

Straight away, this song makes a completely different impression compared with the very early songs. The guitar is better, the recording itself, but especially her voice! She is more stable, precise and much deeper in the expression - she starts to use and expand her intonation and coloratura. Suddenly, everything sounds much more mature and "older". Also for this reason I can not see this demo previous to "*Sirens*". A distinct vocal transition has occurred. But I know from this time only the interview in Williamsburg, where she is outwardly still quite May Jailer. There is a record cover for this demo, as well as to all the others, that shows a Lana del Rey with shoulder-length hair, therefore neither corresponds to May Jailer nor Lizzy Grant - fan made? But now the song.

The text? Completely surprising! A ballad! Beautifully performed! The artist amaze me time and time again. The "naivety" that "nonchalance" of the very early songs is gone, on the one hand a pity, on the other hand she appears now quite as songwriter! I can think of some names that could sing this song and who would get paid their tribute! - Simply make an album with your early songs, just with acoustic guitar!

What remains for me?

*Have you ever seen an old man?
An old man living all alone
Have you ever heard an old man?
An old man hear the way he moans?
Because he's so tired*

The Old Man, so tired about his pointless life, hears it and silences!
What should he say, except maybe

*Have you ever seen a broke man
Seen a broke man begging for his life?*

For this I beg no more for a long time

Have you ever seen a dead man?

Every day in the mirror

2.) No Kung Fu; Lizzy Grant; 2007; Demo (unreleased)

1. Brite Lites – A.K.A
2. Get Drunk
3. Jimmy Gnecco
4. Jump – A.K.A.
5. Put Me In A Movie – A.K.A.
6. Yayo – A.K.A.

This demo could be fan made. At least I know this information and also different arrangements of the titles. Almost all tracks are included on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* " and I will write about them there. The remaining two tracks:

Get Drunk

"*Brite Lites*"! These songs she might means when she wrote in a later song about herself and her boyfriend - he plays the guitar, I sing Lou Reed, with feathers in hair and high from weed! And so this song it's about to be drunk but also about cigarettes and narcotics:

Cigarettes and robitussin, will I ever get to heaven?

How seriously should we take this. Not so serious, at least I, as I take an earlier song like "*Bad Disease*". It seems to me to be too "artificially", perhaps it is also just to the way of performing - what never bothered me that much at "*Brite Lites*".

Jimmy Gnecco

This title is also often given as "Jimmy Necco", but what's wrong. Jimmy Gnecco, musician, who has obviously made a great impression on the artist. The song is very fast and rhythmic. A very untypical song, but very nice to hear.

And since I do not know his music, I can not say whether he could help me also:

Do you wanna help me let go of my mind

But one can still fetch later.

And then I would like to go into something at this point:

J., Jim, Jimmy, Jim Morrison, Jimmy Gnecco - you find all these names in her songs - pretty baby, bad baby! That many songs refer on each other, that groups can be formed, is evidently. Then there is also Bill, that one with the pick-up truck, and K. who is sentenced to death, a keyboard player who is called Kevin, the gentleman with the beautiful woman and the beautiful house - and so much more! Also I'm talking repeatedly about references, partly they are probably just obvious, but also partly speculative, and then one should not forget that, just because a group of songs revolves around a theme, this immediately must have a reverence to that effect to her life as it describes something on a real level. Even fiction, even thoughts about something, or dreams about something, are real for the artist to that effect, as they are a part of her! And she has thus, also in the sense of autobiographical and authentic, every right to sing about it, without to say any time: Attention fictional! And actually, who says that Jimmy can't be Jimmy Hendrix? Purple Haze!

It's just fun, to think one's way into the work of an artist, but you should always be aware of where the limits are! And above all, one should not forget:

To talk about art means to talk about yourself!

3.) Lizzy Grant & The Phenomena; Lizzy Grant; 2007; ReverbNation

1. For K Part 2 (Demo) –A.K.A.
2. Disco

Now, we are in 2007, Grant has a record deal, lives in a trailer park and working together with David Kahne. With him she records various songs, two of them she releases on "ReverbNation" as "*Lizzy Grant & The Phenomena*".

Disco

This song reminds of "*Get Drunk*", but is not as extreme. Further instruments occur to the guitar. And then lines like this:

*I am my only god I am my only god
I am my only god
now*

Icon young star heroin fiend

All this seems totally put-on! No more of May, who I believe her lyrics instantly! Everything sounds obsessive artistic – *Nur der Schein ist wirklich rein!*

I have the feeling with David Kahne she drifts in a completely wrong direction – no longer I buy these songs from her! It seems to me, as with the videos for "*Born To Die*" and "*Blue Jeans*" - someone comes, who knows exactly how to do it, and the artist does what she is told - ?

Anyway, somehow the whole thing gets a very different direction then!

4.) Sparkle Jump Rope Queen; Lizzy Grant; 2008; MySpace

1. Elvis
2. Axl Rose Husband
3. Blue Ribbon (Gramma) - A.K.A.

Now we have reached the year of 2008. This year, this demo appears on MySpace, "*Kill Kill*" (EP) is produced and placed on hold, and as I see it also "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*" is produced this year, and also not published!

Both songs that I want to consider seem to lead back – of David Kahne is nothing more to be found! Does it seem only in such a way - maybe she wants to upload something on MySpace, while "*Kill Kill*" is not ready yet? And "*Sparkle Jump Rope Queen*"? Generally it is said that she has also performed under this name. The only thing I previously can connect with this name is this EP. Only a name for an EP? Let's have a look at the two songs:

Elvis

For this song for the first time a self-made video appears. The film snippets that were used here, appear later in other videos and appear to have been used here quite arbitrarily. I would not go into it therefore. In the next part more about the early videos.

Musically the song is probably very early to classify. Guitar and vocals, the text does not seem to be very meaningful - since May Jailer has made other lyrics. Worth mentioning seems to me to be only the consideration of the Chateau Marmont, on which she later refers often and in which she will have this wonderful performance. Otherwise, I have no real use for this song.

Axl Rose Husband

To this song actually applies the same as for the previous - the accompanying voices? A me very irritating song. Much of what will later show up again: Ivy - Poison Ivy; Garden of Eden; the colors of the American flag, Florida Keys - the young Elizabeth with her parents in Miami in summer vacation, that what I have written at the very beginning about "Florida Kilos"? Summer flirtation?

From very different characteristics, "*Blue Ribbon/Gramma*"! See thereto: "*Lana Del Ray a.k.a. Lizzy Grant* "!

5.) Kill Kill; Lizzy Grant; 2008; Studio EP (shelved)

- 1.) Kill Kill (The Ocean) - AKA
- 2.) Yayo - AKA
- 3.) Gramma (Blue Ribbon Sparkler Trailer Heaven) - AKA

All songs are included on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*" and were considered there. So irritating I find this part, so torn and confused, this EP would have been fantastic! Once again so many different opinions, statements, why this great EP was not released - for whatever reason, I find it almost tragic!

Musically she makes a great leap. Songs like "*Get Drunk*" seem to be forgotten and almost suddenly a whole new sound appears. Also the first self-made videos and live performances appear. Two videos of "*Diet Mountain Dew*" date back to 2007 and 2008. The first videos of performances to 2008 and 2009. An undated performance shows Lizzy Grant as she sings "*Diet Mountain Dew*" for the first time live. She still appears partly with long hair, 2007/08, the shorter hair seems to come a little later, in 2008/09, then she is finally Lizzy Grant – or already on the way to Lana del Rey? However that may be, the changes in these years, 2006-08, are extreme. Everybody is talking about it, about the transition towards Lana del Rey, but I think there was only one big break - May Jailer becomes Lizzy Grant. The transition of Lizzy Grant to Lana del Rey seems to be a process, and a not so drastic at that. The transition to Lizzy Grant, however, seems to me extremely, nothing is there anymore about the young songwriter, of the melodies, the voice, the lyrics - it almost seems to me to be more like, that Lana del Rey is only a final version of Lizzy Grant, the vital break was before. How did it come? Won competition, record company, producer and more? It seems so!

And? The words that I write hurt me! I close my eyes and see myself. How much I have changed in the last three months! Nearly 200 pages now, a number of things from the beginning deleted, revised, everything from the beginning needs to be revised again. Just the last few days, the trip to Stuttgart - I think I will still write two to three months - and then? - who will I be? - how will the manuscript look like then?

I believe in this years you have lost your innocence, Elizabeth Grant! I have nothing to lose, only to win, either way, my journey continues and comes to an interesting point. Some of your most beautiful songs are waiting for me now! But before we make a stopover!

There are self-made videos and videos of performances from this time of songs which are not found on "*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant* " or "*Born To Die*". These I want to consider at this point:

Boarding School

From this song there is a video that shows a performance. At first you might think she sings this song, but this is not so, it is obviously a fan made video. Why I mention it here has two

reasons. For one thing I want to write something about the text of *"Boarding School"*, for another thing the performance is extremely interesting.

The performance:

We see the singer with a small backing band. The long, bright, blonde hair totally B52! But the interesting thing is that one of her videos is screened in the background! Did she make them above all therefore, to, at least when possible, anyway not just in a mall, but in a club, to screen them? An interesting thought! *"Video Games"*?

The music:

Cool! Maybe I'm not cool now, but I have to think of surfing, the bass - great! Incredibly, if you think of *"Get Drunk"*! Just the music is simply great!

The text:

Now it becomes a bit weird! The boarding school is the place where she as fifteen-year-old from a twenty-two-year-old teacher, with whom she spends weekends there - the students must stay in school, teachers for supervision as well, but they are allowed to spend the time together - the world of art gets shown - whose name she mentions in interviews.

*Let's do drugs,
Make love with our teachers,*

Well, you do not have to take anything seriously, but if someone would do, she could make considerable problems for her former teacher! Am I too picky now? I do not know, but when I think: *Oh Captain, my Captain!* - Do I take you too seriously?

Well, it's a cool, casual song and I just not bring it on the number! *"Get Drunk"*, *"Disco"* - but also *"Yayo"* and now this? 'Tis like *"Florida Kilos"* on *"Ultraviolence"*! And I decide precisely, everything, what else I find on the Internet from you, listen to, to find at least another such a song! And if I should ever meet you, then I want to know when you wrote these songs! And then I close my eyes, imagine a concert and you sing *"Boarding School"* after *"God & Monsters"* or *"Born To Die"*! That would be cool!

To put it bluntly, I go for this song exactly as for *"Florida Kilos"* and I will always, always, always listen to it! You will always

Happiest Girl In The USA

There is a video of a performance from March 2nd, 2009 at Arlene's Grocery. She is accompanied by a keyboard. Interesting seems to me that at that time *"Kill Kill"* and *"Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant"* are already shelved!

The text! The melody! Her appearance and her singing style! Unbelievable that she has already recorded songs like *"Kill Kill"* or *"Gramma"* - of *"Yayo"* I will not speak! For me again one of the riddles, all seems to be a big mess of styles, performances and recordings.

Now I must confess that I have seen only now, and that's why I do not rewrite the text, that

this is a song by Donna Fargo. I'm sorry, my feelings about America I have expressed, but that's just a little too simplistic to me! So no text of Grant, would have shaken me! Does one have to sing such songs when one performs in Arlene's Grocery? I smile and imagine she had sung "*Cola*" or "*Gods & Monsters*"

Hundred Dollar Bill

There is a video of a performance of 2009 along with "*Yayo*". She is accompanied by a keyboard again and performs in normal street-wear. She introduces the keyboarder, the family name I do not understand, his first name is Kevin - K. - probably coincidence - or? She appears quite easy, makes a little joke and sings much better than by the previous song - I like it very much!

There is a self-made video for this song again. Grant in shirt with base-cap, in a black mini-dress with bleached hair and later with the American flag and thereto Jimmy(!) Hoffa. I will come back to in later videos. The text!

In those early songs, many elements are present, which will appear later repeatedly. The most interesting thing in this song:

I like your ultra-violent swing

Long before "*Ultraviolence*"! And then there is the image of the "*trailer park darling*". In the video we see her briefly in the trailer park. It is an excerpt from an interview which she gave to the "Index Magazine" in 2008.

Finally, I still know a demo, but of which I know no date of origin. Bass and fast rhythm, very good recording quality! So the song could be on every album! So the song reminds of "*Word Up*" by Cameo! Yes, simply a cool song! And I think I listen to just for the seventh or eighth time

Kinda Outta Luck

Wow, Hawaiian shirt and surfboard - fast, fantastic rhythm and a simply cool vocal range! Nothing profound – do I not see it? The homemade video: "*The one last word of a dying man...*", I can not remember the movie title just now, but I can definitely say that it is a great video.

The film clips are wonderful and Grant with Jim Beam bottle too! How was that: dry since! And Roger Rabbit do his part thereto - or rather his wife! What I also really like, that Grant is not simply only to see here, but she comments the lyrics with her facial expressions and gestures. I like the video very well - what for another musician can be found in such songs. And to follow the text does not hurt:

*I was born bad
But then I met you
You made me nice for a while
But my dark side's true.*

Pin Up Galore

There is a video of a performance from December 2008, at least from the second part of the song. I have some problems with the text of the live version, which differs from the original text.

*Baby, I have become,
Baby, I have become someone,
A monster, hey, yeah, yeah,
A monster, hey, yeah, yeah.
I want to die, I want to die.
I want to die, I want to die.*

This totally does not match the last songs - or? Shall I take you seriously?

*Dance at night back in Alabama.
Christmas lights on my teal green trailer.
American flags; blue, blue streamers,
All the men are watching, the crowd is screaming.*

The end of 2008, that would be the time of "Kill Kill" and "Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant ". Where is now the version as that first "Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant " was recorded, and then "Kill Kill "(EP) was intended as a preparation for the album. Anyway, surprised me especially the change of "not of this world" in "a monster, hey, yeah, yeah"! To make matters worse, also the original text is about Christmas and the trailer park! Despair of a young artist? Despair - mine definitely!

Two or three weeks ago I still simply would have written "I'm a monster to, let me die with you" underneath! And today?

A monster I have inside me
Feel - it will not die
Belief - it will survive
Forever it will be
Perhaps calm and quiet
Who knows what the future brings

To die I will – not I want
Feel - soon it will be
In which manner?
1, 2, 3 or 4
Still no children's game!

Did the old man take your too seriously now? Himself he can not take seriously enough today.

The End Of The World

Another video of a performance from December 2008, where she was probably very active - preparation of the release of "Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant " and/or " Kill Kill "?

A sad love song, one time she has vocal difficulties, I like it a lot. From the same performance follows "*Trash*" still afterwards. Always listen again and again and just dream – does she wipes away a tear herself at the end - in any case she is very relaxed, has a lot of fun at this performance.

At the beginning of the video we see a overlay of 5 Points Records. There she is called as Lizzy Grant. More interesting, the end of the video. It is advertised there for the Lizzy Grant EP "*Kill Kill*", witch is "now" on iTunes "available". Probably however:

"*Lana Del Ray A.K.A. Lizzy Grant*" is at least as far completed that 13 tracks are recorded. "*Kill Kill*" (EP) is after all intended for iTunes as promo and available. And then what is going wrong? Thereto, many people have many opinions: In any case probably some goes wrong in late 2008/early 2009!

Trash (Trash Magic; Miss America)

Same performance as just before and a video that I found very early, in witch I immediately fell in love! What a melody, rhythm, voice, singing, just "cute":

"Don't ya wanna come to my motel honey?"

Then the text becomes very interesting: "*He said: Lana-Ray, will you serve me lemonade?*"

Lana-Ray!?! "*He*" is Bill whom we meet frequently in songs at this time, but Lana-Ray! Thus there is no later than the end of 2008 a Lana-Ray in a trailer park. And Lana del Rey? Anyway, a great song, great singing, and: Sure I want!

And one small note. The text is actually: "*I left you*", otherwise makes "*come back*" not any sense. But at the performance she sings "*I meet you*", which leads to reactions in the audience.

Trash Magic (Demo?)

Now I want to make an exception to the previous system. As I said there are videos for all considered songs. From this not, at least to me is none known. Is it a different song? Now it is a bit complicated again: There is a song that has been considered above, witch can be found under the mentioned titles on the web. But then there is also this "*Trash Magic*", the text of which is clearly different from the above, and is sometimes referred to as a demo. Both share a in the text similar and in the vocal completely equal chorus. But other than that, there are significant differences:

*All that's real to me is Marilyn and Jesus,
Jumping off of bridges,
Sparklers and streamers honey,
I wanna fly,
I wanna fly,
I wanna fly.*

Everything was just "cute" and nice, so we are now suddenly back at "*Pin Up Galore*"? What makes one totally confused – and this in the confusion, that already exists anyway - is that there are two completely different songs that are mixed here! The with "*Trash*" very identical chorus is, as already said, sung the same way. If you do not listen to the words, it would be the same. The other parts are so different that it seems as if someone just has cut two songs together here! The text, the mood, the recording quality, the vocal range, the rhythm - nothing have these parts in common with the chorus! Finally, they have a very different instrumentation! And the text, "*Summertime Sadness*" comes into my mind - bridge! "Fly" - she does in "*Summertime Sadness*" and then plunging into the depths - Marilyn and Jesus and we are at "*Tropico*"? And the rest of the text - listen to and

And the song as such? Fantastic! Should it actually be parts of a song, I want necessarily to hear it completely! I know of nothing like by Grant - God, the guitar partly sounds like Frusciante! I once wrote, I would like to hear her in the direction of a jazz and swing singer - wow, now more than ever, and crossover and alternative and - that sounds so, so, so fantastic – I will, when I'm done with all, everything, really everything of her listen to - everything! Listen to!

>> „*The Man I Love*“!

So this part is finished. What a finale! Almost too good to be true - or! Among the criteria could drop even "*You Can Be The Boss*", but since it probably originated or was produced in 2010 I omit it. The video is arranged much like the other self-made videos. I will consider it in the last part.

Sibling

You had a weak moment, in your life
Please tell me, that it was not because of me

Stolen Songs – Part 1

Yesterday I finished the actual text. Before I begin the revision, I cannot help as return to Elizabeth Grant again. The first three months I have worked at her oeuvre, the following two months at the oeuvre of the other female artists. Of course also other texts were originated in the first three months, also about the other female artists. The last month belonged to the other arts. During the last months, I have listened to nearly 100(!) further songs by Elizabeth Grant, at least 2 or 3 times, and came across many a surprise – quite a number of songs have cast a spell over me. But still new songs come to light at the Internet, and the list with titles, who still are to exist, but which are not on the net yet, is dismaying long - and I can still not figure out who can create such a list!

The following first nine songs are pieces which astonished me, where to me immediately something come to mind, me the style, the music, the instrumentation has astonished. I have added a keyword to the titles, which should illustrate this. And yet are the selected nine pieces not by far all which could be mentioned here, but I do not want to exaggerate it, so I have limited myself to these nine titles. I would like to start with a song, entirely May Jailer!

So Legit – May Jailer

To say it immediately, I do not think that this song was written around the time of the titles of "Sirens", it might has quite obviously originated far later, but the whole impression is May Jailer. Among the 100 songs were unfortunately only three to four pieces which probably actually fall into the May Jailer time. In particular "1949" - a date that also appears in other songs at least two or three times. Nevertheless, "*So Legit*" touched me immediately.

The text: Wow, about this I really would like to talk about her sometime!

*What happened to Brooklyn,
What happened to New York?
What happened to my scene,
What happened to punk rock, rock?
Tell me was it 'cause I wasn't platinum and jewels?
That perhaps you thought I was a little bit even uncool.
Kid, was that it?*

*Stefani, you suck, I know you're selling twenty million.
Wish they could have seen you when we booted you off in Williamsburg.
You're hurt, I know my words don't hurt, yeah.*

First of all, I asked myself what she means with "*punk rock*" - real punk - Sex Pistols and suchlike, or more the softened groups? This is not meant offensive, it is difficult for me only to connect Lizzy Grant in New York with hard punk rock.

The second part refers to the third - "*platinum and jewels*", therefore to Stefani. At first I thought of Gwen Stefani, but then "*Gaga crazy*" - so probably Lady Gaga. Williamsburg - the place where Elizabeth Grant participated in a competition, she her first record contract got!

Her comment on American pop music and industry? And who has replaced her - a man, or perhaps more abstractly meant - Brooklyn? And is it today a problem that both, Grant and Gaga, are at the same record company?

Anyway, for me a beautiful song, with the same text - and, hopefully she means Lady Gaga – I always had no use for her even if I always have to think about "*Poker Face*" on such occasions, that was played always in Augsburg in the Internet cafe at the station

Queen Of Disaster – Pop Song

When I heard the song for the first time, I thought I would have been wrong - Elizabeth Grant! A pop song! In fact from the first second on, the rhythm, her intonation, the chorus - I could go on like this! For God's sake! Cut the song on a CD! Please, please, please sing it on the stage!

Not that I think she should imitate Stefani - it's the contrast! Such a song in itself - one thing - besides songs like for example from "*Tropico*" something completely different! She can do just as much, and that is what the nine songs of the first part shall show - she has no pigeonhole, only that I sometimes have the feeling that either she herself or others pigeonhole her - anyway, I regret this profoundly!

The refrain is just wonderful - ballerina!

*Ladies and gentlemen,
For the very first time!*

And for sure she is more than a party girl - St. Tropez!

Damn You – Hit-Potential

Also this song, from which is said that it was scheduled for "*Born To Die*" - I do not want to say that I think the song is her best, they come in the second part, it's just - see above!

*Every once in a lifetime
Dreams can come true*

Her voice, her vocal range, her intonation - so unusual - so beautiful - as said, the contrast! And shall we now still ask what she says at the end of the recording?

Listen and pass away!

Jealous Girl – Garbage

"*Bring It On*" - cheerleader – "*Salt Crystals*" - again such a simply incredible song - Elizabeth Grant in cheerleader uniform – makes a change from hot pants and heart shaped glasses!

Already at the first listening when it starts: *Baby, I'm a gangsta too and it takes two to tango*

And then: *I'm a jealous, jealous, jealous girl*

Finally:

*BE AGGRESSIVE
B-E AGGRESSIVE
I said, BE AGGRESSIVE
B-E AGGRESSIVE
B-E A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E*

The name Shirley Manson and thus Garbage simply forces itself on me - wow, just wow!
Both in a duet - record companies simply have no imagination - or what's going on?

Or leave the song to Garbage at least – to hear Shirley singing: "... *dance with me*" - I would
For me the anthem of every cheerleader team!

She's Not Me - Kaylie Minogue

The beginning is a revelation - and then the break!

Kaylie Minogue - that was the only thought I still had - "*ghost in your machine*"!

I do not want to create her a pop star, but I think it's just incredible what can be found and,
and that's the important thing, the song works, should mean, Kaylie Minogue sings the song –
voilà a chartbuster - well, "*bitch*" or "*bare ass*" has Minogue never sung I think – or?

I like the many allusions, and honestly the aggressiveness of the song - I find it perfect, at
least as perfect as Man Ray Kiki de Montparnasse - *Nu couché à la toile de Jouy*?

I'm your real life suicide blonde.

Velvet Crowbar – Guns N' Roses

From the first second - the first tone - guitar - Guns N' Roses! - Axel Rose Husband! -
Guns&Roses! - What else one can still say!

I imagine, Slash plays the guitar and Axel Rose sings the text - voilà - the next hit!

And I do not want to say with that, that the song does not work with her, quite the opposite!
It's incredible how she works herself up into the song! And at the end, I just want to bray it
out:

Damn, sing this fucking song in one of your concerts !!!!!

It can not be that you have such songs, and you only know them because someone has leaked
them - that can't really be meant seriously - or is the whole thing just a stupid joke?!

*Life is a velvet crowbar
Hitting you over the head
You're bleeding syrup amour
Bleeding to death*

*You're like crack to me I don't want to leave
I'm watching you sleep, pray you'll start breathing*

Meet Me In The Pale Moon Light – Funky

Well, after I have calmed down a bit again, it goes on slightly different now - funky baby!

The text - full of references! Waitress, therewith we would have the timeframe and then, then Elizabeth Grant opens again her universe of references:

*Hello you are looking so fine, so fine
Fantasy about you's like a goldmine, goldmine*

Tired Of Singing The Blues – Blues

Again an incredible opening! The first stanza! The text!

And then the song, the singer, improves from stanza to stanza, and I do not even want to tell, who now come to my mind - Grant in Woodstock!

The text – pages one would have to write about - I bow - seriously, I am impressed and would wish for to be able to write something so intense, not to mention the music and the singing - I am speechless:

*A double life, a sordid past, and I am drinking now
I want to be bad
You say you were glad to see me, shut up
I don't want to know another
Thing you think you know about me
I'm not who you think I am
Smiling, but I ain't happy*

Ah shucks, Joni Mitchell, and Janis Joplin of course - and to whom else I think, honestly, why, why, why – I would like to meet her once, only once, and only ask this question:

Why?

And the text slays me, after the for all I know how many times listening to, I just will not grow tired of listening to her when she sings the blues:

*Oh, my soul forgot,
I can't turn off my mind,
It's like a ticking time bomb*

*Trying to kill me from inside
Haunting me day and night
Is there no remedy for memory?*

You And Me – Symphonic

According to her statement, she wants to become more symphonic on "*Honeymoon*" - voilà – not to wait you have, here it is - violins, and so implemented they are simply beautiful, with the continuous drums - just gorgeous!

*Give heaven a try, be young and be wild
Be free and alive
Give heaven a try, be young and be wild
Just feel alive,*

Very sad she makes me at the close of this day, very sad, the Old Man, who is no longer young - and wild - was I ever wild, with pendants in the ear and colorful bolero jacket?

"Just feel alive" - more and more – unreal, when the days are counted more and more - almost surreal - almost ridiculous - but only almost!

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

Come on baby, light my fire!

Now the first part of the last journey is finished - how different the songs were, yet still one connects them all - a wonderful female artist! How I admire and envy her!

Ys

Emily

*And Emily – I saw you last night by the river
I dreamed you were skipping little stones across the surface of the water
Anyhow – I sat by your side, by the water
You taught me the names of the stars overhead that I wrote down in my ledger*

*Frowning at the angle where they lost, and slipped under forever
I promise you I'd set them to verse so I'd always remember*

*Emily, they'll follow your lead by the letter
And I make this claim, and I'm not ashamed to say I know you better
Just asterisms in the stars' set order*

*The ties that bind, they are barbed and spined and hold us close forever
In bodies that don't keep
Dumbstuck with the sweetness of being
Told; take this
Eat this*

*And the meteor's how it's perceived
And the meteoroid's a bone thrown from the void that lies quiet in offering to thee*

Monkey And Bear

*Oh darling
C'mon, will you dance, my darling*

*Darling, there's a place for us
Can we go before I turn to dust?*

*Until we reach the open country
A-steeped in milk and honey*

Sooner or later you'll bury your teeth

Sawdust and Diamonds

*Drop a bell off of the dock
Blot it out in the sea
There's a bell in my ears*

And I shouldn't say so, but I know it was then, or never

*'Hold me close', cooed the dove
Who was stuffed, now, with sawdust and diamonds
Praying: please, please, please
- why the long face
In the face of the daughter of the daughter of my daughter*

*We deserve to know light
Through the rest of my life*

Only Skin

*And there was a booming above you
My sleeping heart woke, and my waking heart spoke
Mean, run, sing
To where I'm unfresh, undressed and yawning
It was a dark dream, darlin', it's over*

*Press on me, we are restless things
Scrape your knee: it is only skin
When you cut my hair
I am the happiest woman among all women*

*Water
Until the night is over
Horses*

*Gone now, dead and done
Be a woman, be a woman*

*Spray of the waves
Awful atoll
Sibyl sea-cow*

*Lay it down! Nice and slow!
Then down, and down, and deeper
You endless sleeper
Thought fire below, and fire above, and fire within*

*Suck all day on a cherry stone
Till you grow a fine young cherry tree
Think of your woman
I love you truly, or I love no-one*

*Fire moves away, son
Right by you*

Cosima

*And all those lonely nights down by the river
Wild Cosmia, what have you seen
Well, if you've seen true light, then this is my prayer*

The Old Man and The Ocean

I felt, like I would, since an endless time, lonely, alone, sail over The Endless Ocean. Silent, only by the wind carried, and yet I sat only in the soft sand, watching the tongues like they bedew the grains of the beach. I thought about swimming out, a long way, a great way - but I still could do that tomorrow, or the tomorrow thereafter, or on any morning whatsoever - there was no reason to hurry anymore, now, that I had reached her. I watched the setting of the sun, like she plunged into The Endless Ocean - crimson, saw the green glow and thought of Eric - whether he was still alive - and the nice girls, now surely all older already, but no less elegant ladies, their names I had almost all forgot - Claire! Claire of course I had not forgotten, who would forget her knee ever again, when she, with her short skirt, stood on the ladder.

So I thought about this and that while it became always darker, and more and more stars began to shine. From here one could see more southerly ones than I was used to from my home. Also I did not live on a coast, but rather deep in the interior of the country, so that I was not really familiar with the creatures of the sea, which is why I had not noticed at first that a sea cow had consorted with me. And to my shame I must confess that I first, in my first amazement, thought that she might be a mermaid. To my defense it should be pointed out again that it was already night and the moon had not consorted with the stars. Only the bright Venus shined out, outshined all the other lights, even the also fairly bright Jupiter, which not far away. But of course also her light was not enough to lighten up the scenery.

However, the sea cow was displeased because of my confusion, and it seemed to be so as that she wanted to leave me again because of that, what would had disappointed me really, even it would be understandable since such mistakes of identity might not be all too seldom, and the somewhat more unshapely sea cow probably certainly suffered under it. Not, that she not pleased me, on the one hand admittedly a bit clumsy, on the other hand also very beautiful, and to be honest, yet also very appealing in her abundance. Not, that a mermaid not would

had pleased me, after all they were very graceful creatures, but occasionally they partake too much of the city of love, forgot time and again things and play-act yet all too much! In that respect I liked the sea cow much more, an honest soul – and finally she decided also indeed to stay and we started a conversation:

"What brings you to the beach?", the sea cow asked, looking at me with her big eyes.

"I live here now", I replied. "Right up there", pointed to the small but very beautiful house that stood at the top of the embankment.

"Where are they who lived there before?", the sea cow wanted to know, but I could not give her an answer because I had never seen the previous owners. I only had contact with the realtor and he told me that the previous owners had moved away, with a heavy heart of course, due to the beautiful location of the beautiful house. This seemed to disappoint the sea cow something and I was already afraid she would possibly go now, wherefore I quickly said something:

"Are you often here, I mean on the beach", she looked at me, puzzled!

"Excuse me, on the one hand sea cows get addressed as "Du", on the other hand is this my beach!"

Now I sat there a bit helpless, because I had bought this part of the beach, on which we sat along, with the house. It was however, without any question, obvious how she would react thereupon, would I tell her this. And then it could also be that she only wanted to tell me that she had something like a unwritten law to use the beach whenever she wanted to, against what I certainly would have no objections, would that yet mean that I would see her at least from time to time. So I left this topic better aside and tried to direct the conversation to something else.

"How is it, the life in the sea - I envision it as something very beautiful."

"Beautiful! Have you ever tried to catch a fish in the open sea? This not only can escape leftwards and rightwards, but also downwards and upwards!" Now her eyes were at least twice as big as before! And so I kept the birds out of it, especially since I am also none.

"That I had not considered"

"Of course not, no more than the sharks, and the killer whales, and who else also seek your life!" Now suddenly she seemed to me to be in a quite different mood and I must admit that I was not mindful of this. Too much I always had idealized The Endless Ocean, always regarded her as an abstraction! But she was real, I sat in front of her, and she was full of creatures who led a daily life.

"Sorry about that, I not wanted to insult you. It's only, oh well, I am so happy now finally to be here, to be able to look at her thus!"

Tears run down my cheeks and the sea-cow bends towards me.

"You're very sad, aren't you."

"Actually, I'm very happy at the moment", I say and wipe away the tears.

"Let them run," she says and strokes over my hair with her fin.

"If you weep under water, will this be noticeable then?" I ask her, self-amazed at my question.

"What do you think of where the water of the ocean stems from... it are all the tears of the creatures of the sea." Then she turns and slides back into the sea. I can shout nothing after her. So I get up and The Endless Ocean already wets my feet as I suddenly see her head again.

"Don't do it," she says in a calm tone. "That's the difference between us sea cows and the mermaids! Such a one would have taken you along! "

Then her head had disappeared again.

I stood yet for a long time on the shore and looked out, listening to the reassuring sound of the waves, watching the stars whose light was reflected in the water, Venus and Jupiter were sunken in the sea.

I knew that I will follow her one day and I knew that I than would see her again, and I knew that The Endless Ocean than would be a little richer in water, and I knew that I then will hear the most beautiful songs that I would ever have heard, and I knew that I then will see the most beautiful horses that I would ever have seen, and I knew, and who laughs at me now reveals only that he knows nothing about the sea and her creatures, I knew that I than will see the most magnificent Kaninchen with a very small at her side that I would ever have seen.

But the sea cow was right, not now, later someday, perhaps a lot later!

And what else shall I still say, I lived for many, many years in my small but beautiful house beside the sea, could see The Endless Ocean every day, knew that she would always be there for me if I would need her. And from time to time the sea cow visited me, and then we sat together - on her beach - and told us stories about us, the life on land and in the sea and became good friends. One day she didn't come anymore.

And also I didn't stand up one day anymore, made me a tea, and looked at, as I drank it, on her tender waves. Now I wasn't followed her yet! But at the time when my ashes touches her tender waves, we came together again and stayed such till this day.

Thank you Joanna!

Honeymoon

After I have written the first part of "Stolen Songs" yesterday, I would like to start today with "Honeymoon", to then go on with the second part of "Stolen Songs" - to be able to end with "Last Girl On Earth".

Since two titles from her upcoming album "Honeymoon" have been released now, I would like to consider both here.

Honeymoon

The video:

The artist is lying in the grass, later sitting, above a highway – the shooting looks amateurish - like with an old camera shot, then only image noise - time jump!

Nature, trees, light and empty scrivener and unexpected Lizzy Grant - as in one of her early, self-made videos! Then a ride on the road, blurred, looking for a point - Lana del Rey!

These pictures alternate, volleyball on the beach in slow-motion, again and again Lizzy - cheerful and exuberant - Lana - introverted, absent-minded!

Trees and light, empty streets, police - the contrast - painful!

And then the beach, people, the ocean, vast waves, surfers - and again and again Lizzy and Lana – and meanwhile also Lizzy is not always as cheerful as at the beginning!

Rainbow and beach, ocean and huge waves, a plane in the sky, two houses on the roadside, black smoke rises!

Once again the surfer - then we see again Lana del Rey lying in the grass on a blanket, we returned to the beginning of the video again! She is just as introverted as the Lana we have seen before!

She closes her eyes, the camera pans over her body, to the dirty feet - as at the beginning of the video - the video is over!

It is the first time that I watch the video entirely - a trip back in time, as she has announced - memories of Lizzy, the time of the own videos, before she came to fame - innocence, naivete - enchanting - May Jailer is missing – I certainly will watch it again and again in the next days. And then also the early videos, I am not sure about all the sequences, to which early video they belong.

And now I will listen to the lyrics for the first time properly!

The text, the music:

Wow, after "Ultraviolence" almost a shock! Text and music! Most heavily, the last line:

Dreaming away your life

Depending on how I understand this, the entire frame of reference of the song changes! Does she mean "him", does she mean "herself" or is everything much more abstract? The streets - LA of course! - the car - I do not want to search the Internet now, if something can be found - I am a bit slayed – positively!

The violins - finally fitting - much better than on "*Born To Die*"! Overall, much, much, extremely much atmosphere - as I said, I always need a bit to listen into music - K? - Jim? - oh, the flood of images breaks loose

High By The Beach

This song I have never listened to before, after "*Honeymoon*", what shall still surprise now!

In the first moment I am stunned, it seems to me as if I know the song, the melody, so familiar - ? - I have heard it countless times - am I now totally confused? The text - The Pierces?!? I think I should yet again, after six months with this music, listen to something else - Deep Purple?

After much confusion - get high - I am definitely - I am now at: "*Lights, camera, action*"! - incredible!

And then again the end:

*Everyone can start again
Not through love but through revenge
Through the fire, we're born again
Peace by vengeance
Brings the end*

Well, that was the first time! The music, the voice - yes, alienated - but the rhythm changes, the chorus - I simply go into raptures! As she said that it should go again in the direction of "*Born To Die*" and violins, I had some fears - but now, I am only looking forward to January, when the album should be released - January! Come on, this is a joke, today is August 11th!

Something to the cover - Oh what the hell, new house in Malibu, photography on the balcony - sibling. Oh, Ms. Grant - the background

When it goes to the final end once again back in time, maybe

Virginia Woolf - Orlando

Only the film I know, I confess it - nothing I have read from her - but the film slew me! - One image!

Orlando - as a woman - wrapped in one of the dresses which I love so much - enters the salon where the smart gentlemen indulge in the conversation and takes with her gorgeous, wide, blue, with pretty flowers dotted gown on a piece of furniture, gorgeous ornamented, a seat that would have offered a sitting accommodation to at least three men, but by her becomes occupied in its entirety - what a sight to see Orlando sitting there - how immeasurable her elegance, grace and beauty!

And later, sitting with the three gentlemen - how ridiculous they are - how smart Orlando - how ridiculous we are today - how smart she on the contrary!

Am I also Orlando? Could I be Orlando? Would it be allowed to me to be Orlando? Would I be able to be Orlando? How beautiful it would be to be Orlando!

Never have I – to my sorrow – discovered, that also I am, in actual fact, a woman. Like filigree jewelry, like to wear it - am I now "feminine"? My world of emotions is a mayhem, constantly wavering, constantly atilt, constantly in the danger of plunging finally, plunging into the fathomless abyss - am I therefore "feminine"?

Humanly I would like to be - not man or woman – Orlando I wish I were

Just Orlando

Stolen Songs - Part 2

After a short trip into the future – whose?
Now once again into the past – whose?

The first nine songs had impressed me above all because of their outlandishness with regard to Elizabeth Grant. These songs are again more, "as you know it" – should say, they will move me once again deep, very deep - like "*Gramma*", "*Yayo*", "*The Ocean*" and many more!

And of course, there would have given more than nine songs also here, but

Serial Killer

I like the song! I like the references, the music, her singing - it stands for quite a number of songs that could be mentioned here!

And then:

*I'm so hot, I ignite,
Dancing in the dark and I shine.
Like a light I'm
Luring you.*

*Sneak up on you, really quiet,
Whisper "Am I what your heart desires?"
I could be your
Ingenué.*

*Keep you safe and inspired,
Baby, let your fantasies unwind.
We can do what you
Want to do, ooh, ooh.*

I better let this pass without comment - oh Old Man: "*Dreaming away your life*"

ABC - "*The Night You Murdered Love*"

Never Let Me Go

Shall we now argue about the text, because of the: "*die young*"? Have already said that I reckon it as somewhat hackneyed - well, with fifty it would really be a joke!

But CBGB – after all punk rock! - perhaps a new, not yet seen side of Elizabeth Grant?

And then! Nancy and Sid!

Lana del Rey and Punk Rock - even after so many songs, time and again surprises!

"Sex Pistols"! - I have heard "The Stranglers" – mind you heard! And Grant - with feathers in

hair?!? - oh, less and less I understand it, always more beautiful I feel it - like this beautiful song, because with all that thoughts around the lyrics, it is simply also a wonderful song, and the old man becomes wistful again: "*If you love me hardcore*" - him it would have been already enough, simply to love once, simply to be beloved once - Nancy, Betsy - why am I so broken inside - did you kill her, Sid?

we're in a world war

Children Of The Bad Revolution

OK, this song shoots everything off - I mean it so! When I listened to it for the first time, slack-jawed - and again and again: Damn, sing these songs! This is simply just a joke!

*And it's so pornographic then it's tragic
Nothing magic makes us free
To be what we wanna be, wanna be*

Well, so easy this generation is to describe - Lady Gaga greets! And the refrain again gives a kick, as if - should I try it for once after all, acid and her friends, perhaps I will then reconcile with you again, Burroughs - who knows? Maybe I will become yet still a famous author after all - oh so, I'm already one indeed, today it will be finished up, and then, then I just have to be discovered, and if not - LA - acid - The Ocean - Oh Lord, the chorus shoots me royally off!!!

And is it not right: *pornographic*

This fucking world is pornographic, it has always been, it will always be - and when I have fun thereon, I still have a look at afterwards, how a young girl is being fucked - not Ellis? - then I also do not need to shut the door behind me any longer!

And who consider this a piece of shit - bite me - read your newspaper - watch your news - be affected! Oh yes, poor girls who are enslaved by the IS, forced marriage, how beautiful they could have it, fucked by a soldier, come for liberation, and after liberation the horny tourists already line up - Thailand or the Philippines are also no longer what they were - India prospers, enough losers who have to sell themselves, open up new markets!

I do just feel like shit, or am I shit? And now I really regret it, not to be an American with his five gats in the drawer, now I would like to have one, now even the dirtiness would be of no relevance to me, now I would find it cool - "*One gun on the table*" - shot off, six songs before he finished with the manuscript! What an exit, then the thing have to become a bestseller - and I?

Dead heroes and dead artists - let us pay homage to them, let us worship them!

Shit, I mean the shit also still serious - and you, you shoot me off again with the chorus - I think I should go under the shower, stop writing - just stop it, to sing about the revolution - your revolution is at least real - *Posers!* - *Bad Revolution!* - how cool it would be now to have a gat! - I grin and

Fucking crazy!

Us Against The World

This song does really good now! I dissolve so totally in her voice and the lines that I forget everything else - does really good! And she puts the words into my mouth:

If you want some dirty lies, I can do that for you.

Did we not already had that with the whore? Sure! You say what you want, and I name the price - and if you can pay - have fun! If I were beautiful – already long ago I would stand on the street:

If you want it double fries, I can do that for you.

And if it goes well I would become a porn star – me, everybody would be allowed to kick in the stomach - not sick and perverse enough could be the shit - the cabbage has to add up - love to think about it, to the ones, who I make happy, when they smack their salamies:

Tell you everything's alright, I can do that for you.

Everything is good, we are happy, I am happy! - America is waiting for me! - LA is waiting for me! - The American Dream! - Die Young! - Oh, shit happens, missed probably some exit! Last Exit - oh, Brooklyn! - LA, maybe yet the wrong city, NY not LA? - Brooklyn? - Hudson? - Brooklyn Bridge? - maybe I have done something wrong all my life - Brooklyn Baby!?!:

*And if you want the Queen Of New York
Then you better call me, call me.*

She likes to jump off bridges – comes afterwards! - shouldn't have I always try to drown? - It never worked! - Dover, the key? - Has fate shown to the 18-year-old who has messed it up some years before and who had his bad call in between how it goes better! And you idiot did not understand it!

NY - Brooklyn Bridge - LA - The Ocean
What an assortment!

*Quit your job let's make a ride for it,
It's us against the world.*

She is allowed to do that, make fun of me - Lie to me! - that means now nothing else like: I lie to myself! Does anyone prevent me from plunk down the job, of buying a ticket to LA or NY - what does it make for a difference - and to bring it to an end? - so?

*If you want a cola
I can make it colder*

Backfire

Again, the refrain simply lets me dissolve, in her voice, in her song - yes, again the old theme - and Nancy and Sid - what a song - what yearnings come up high in me - and I begin to cry when I think of me

*I've been waiting on your love
Baby, for too long now, too long now
I thought that I could change you like the others
But I don't know how, don't know how*

How long have I been waiting - and altered? - this crappy fear comes up high – yet still, the answer is lucid, everything is lucid, can lean back and see - American Dream, or the screeching grimace of reality – whatever, the way is lucid, the aim anyway. And why I have the feeling to be kindred spirits with her, why I have the feeling that she writes her songs for me, excuse the arrogance - for us:

I am ready, I am willing to drown

What else should I say thereto?

Afraid

What a song - sentimental? - I do not know - I just feel it beautiful - it touches me! I would like to talk to her about it – it comes in so plain – yet still, I have the feeling that there is so much in it, so much, of her

It are the "small" words:

*I don't wanna stay
But I'm so afraid*

Anxiety - how much anxiety is in me! But I would like to stay no longer, remain who I was, still am. Everything runs towards one point - "Vanishing Point"!

*I'm done being afraid
I'm done being afraid*

That's the way things are - *I'm done*, like "The Pirate" - whether I smile also, when I have reached my point - *I'm America's sweetheart tryin' to get away* - how gladly I would be *America's sweetheart* with *Bambi eyes*!

Hollywood's Dead

I had listened to it just because of the title once, and I was captured by the first second - no chance! Thereupon it was obvious that I had to listen to these songs, these stolen songs - what else could there be to discover - and what else was there to discover!

Of course, an artist can do what she wants with her work, but at these songs I find it almost absurd that they had to come to light to the public in such a way - at home on the hard drive - incredibly shameful!

And this song - one of the most beautiful songs that I know of her - without any doubt - the beginning - what emotions - indescribable! - yes, her theme! - Yet still:

Hollywood's dead

*Elvis is crying
Vicious in flames
Roland is dying*

Roland – Gilbert Roland?

*Elvis is crying
Marilyn's sad
Hendrix is lying there*

Hendrix – I don't understand!

*Elvis is crying
Lennon wake up
Cobain stop lying there*

Cobain – I don't understand!

Sad? Somehow I would like to know, as she means this, on the other side – Hendrix, I haven't listen to since a long time - too long - and Cobain

What a wonder, wonderful song - *cut!*

The Man I Love

So this is it - Trash Magic (Demo) - the song that has enchanted me so, the one I absolutely wanted to find - here it is and it is drop-dead gorgeous!

Indescribable yearning and melancholy - it is, as if it would tears me apart, it tears me apart, I believe will tears me apart!

Why?

*All that's real to me, is Marilyn and Jesus.
Jumping off' of bridges,
Sparklers and streamers, Honey,*

I wanna fly, I wanna fly, I wanna fly.

She likes to jump from bridges - she likes to fly - loves to aviate - *fan of flying* - I prefer to swim – prefer to go down - to sink - am surrounded by water - does it hurts when you hit

It is so easy, swimming, and then - no longer swimming, simply do nothing more - go there, where you come from - to return to – reunified, in The Endless Ocean, to be a part, to belong to her, to feel her tender waves, to be a part of her tender waves - what a beautiful thought - tender thought

I feel it more than ever, that The Endless Ocean a part of me bears in herself, and it is only natural, to reunify both parts

Never again breathing - like when I hold my head under the water in the public swimming pool - once a week, after an hour of swimming - draw a deep breath - a nice feeling, it is after a short time like, as, I never have to breathe again, an intoxication sets in, surrounded by water completely – only water, warmth and the beating of the heart, the tolling of the bells, the crying of the humans - endless silence, endless tenderness - and then, after an always longer time - oxygen deficiency! - the instinct to delay it, as long as possible - a new intoxication sets in - the body rebels against it - beat the body! - he wants to breathe - more and more - not allow him! - and then comes the moment – it is no longer to block!

I am at the public swimming pool! - even I would, not lift the head – would swallow water - nothing would happen - other bathers – swimming pool supervisor – banal!

But it is beautiful, an addiction - how might it be in The Endless Ocean, all alone - how loud would the beating of the heart become, how loud the tolling, how loud the cries - how massive the intoxication – endless, endless and final - and I am reunified - what a thought!

And then she sings as if it were not already enough:

*I can't be with the man I love,
I can't be if he treats me rough.
I can't see him, I can't call him up.*

I can understand you, it is the same with me - I can't be with him - although I love him so much - really, quite honestly – with pleasure I would be tender towards him, but he, he is always so rough - happens this to all the girls, Carmen, is it that, *what makes us girls*, that we always love those who treat us disdainfully and rough - not those, who would comb our hair in endless tenderness, not those, who would stoke our hair aside in endless tenderness, would kiss us the shoulder endlessly tenderly - when we bend over the flipper?

I can understand you, it is the same with me – I can't be without him - even when the humiliation can't be big enough, the rejection, the disdain - I am addicted to him - how stupid we girls yet are - why do we do this - why do we love them, shouldn't we kill them better! Oh, if it was that simple - young and beautiful - old and ugly – should Nancy have killed Sid – has Courtney killed Kurt – should Pamela have killed Jim – should Joan have shot you - why not? - Your life is not more worth than hers!

The question still arises, what is real to me - Jesus in no case - and also otherwise it looks bad - senselessness, lethargy, inability - endlessly the list!

To go down, I want
Sinking – Drowning
Disappearing
Never existing

So, it was planned
So, it should be
Several times tried

But always remained
Nothing, would be missing
Nothing, would have happened

Last Girl On Earth

The last song, the last piece, the last hours - how sad I would be if it were not such a moving song - the tones of the piano, the coming in of her voice - I dissolve therein and for a short time I forget everything around me - in me - the world, the palm trees and the church - for a moment she bestows me peace – why could this song not be eternal - why?

*No one lives forever,
But that's no reason to give up
Don't you wanna fall in love?
No such thing as heaven
And I'm the last girl on earth
So, baby, let's get it on*

Says the woman, who likes to jump from bridges – sure, this is no reason, to give up – and all of you to love, I do – more, I do not have - heaven, oh well, to whom do you say this - am I the last man?

*I stay up late at night, try not to think about it
Pretend I'm happy, willing all the world without love.
I get so tired being on display somehow
Sometimes I get lonely, but millions all know me now.*

Nobody knows me, nobody will ever know me - also not you – not all of your - nobody - if this is no reason to give up – to give up - is it not much more noble to admit to oneself one's own failure and to bear the consequences – stupid drivel of a lonely broken Old Man

I have a picture in my head since I listened to the song for the first time. She is the last woman on earth in California, I am the last man here in Baden-Württemberg - California and Baden Württemberg in one sentence, already has something, something ridiculous!

Every one of us thinks that he is the last human, because we do not know from each other, never will know - and because I am already an old man, I die before her, and then she is indeed the *last girl on earth* - never known, that a little time, it gave me - we could have met theoretically, could have talked – stupid Old Man - stop it

And then yet a request, take these 18 songs and make an album of them - 20 million you sell also - promised! Seriously, do I listen to these 18 songs, and think it would be an album - I get goosebumps! One of the best and most diversified albums which I would have ever listened to! Release some singles - at least Top 10 - about the rest I keep silence! And then, please name it "*For You*" - and with this all your fans are meant - I am one of them

Now it has happened – August 11th, 8:16 pm CEST - and now? I do not want to end like Cole - I want to see the ocean – I yearning for her so much! I envy her for her work, now I envy her also for her new house - Malibu - her balcony - The Endless Ocean in the background - every day she is there, her tender waves

Every day she is waiting whether you come, she is always there for you - what a beautiful thought - how ridiculous

But some day, I will fly to LA, I will hire a red-white Corvette, drive by Elizabeth to say goodbye, sad, never to have met her, sad, never to have talked with her, I would have been so curious, was "*Video Games*" a fake? Nah, fuck it - honestly - I hope it was a fake – I would find it simply cool!

Then Strip - palm trees and church, if I find her, since I do not know exactly where she is! And then, then to the beach - The Ocean in my ear - naked - until I can't anymore - and then for the first time in my life I will be really happy – will love really - will be loved really - water, warmth, heartbeat - what for a beautiful metaphor! - home again, reunified - finally doing that, what already should long ago have been – was it really necessary, that it lasted so long

Bad Friedrichshall, August 11th, 2015

Death and Regeneration

Death:

- 1.) Naturally: But when?
- 2.) Daunting: I just can not believe that you are happy, Sam Lowry!
- 3.) By one's own hand: Those, that I did hurt - Your love!
- 4.) Symbolic: Am I be capable of thereto?

I need somebody
Who supports me, who teaches me
Who shows me, who guides me
Who instructs me

Who leads me to war!

Regeneration

The Early Work – Elizabeth Woolridge Grant and May Jailer

So now, the time has come, the last act. The last time I will be occupied with your oeuvre - after „*Ultraviolence*“, „*Paradise*“, „*Born To Die*“ - always accompanied with „*Tropico*“ and the early work up to this point. But what for a conclusion it will be! How beautifully, your songs! Here to, there are further songs to find on the Internet - I not will pay attention, at least now. And still applies at the end: Would it not be nice to own an album like „*From The End*“, „*Young Like Me*“ not to mention „*Sirens*“ - all the wonderful songs!

Let us start with the very early songs, which reveal a charming female singer, whose voice at least I – and by no means only I, as many comments on the Internet show – love in all its depth and no longer want to miss! How beautiful it would be to hear you only for one time, gladly as an encore at a concert, if you sing „*Aviation*“, with your naturally high voice, much like May Jailer!

Now, I will confine myself to the songs located on the three demos and I am pleased to know them! The three demos:

- 1.) Young Like Me; Elizabeth Grant; 2005
- 2.) From The End; Elizabeth Grant; 2005
- 3.) Sirens; May Jailer; 2006

The Beginnings, Elizabeth Grant and May Jailer – Long Island, New York 2004-2006

Elizabeth Woolridge Grant is 18 years old when her uncle teaches her to play the guitar. It is her gap year after the three years at boarding school, on that she was send by her parents because of her alcohol addiction. As she says, she had, at the age of 11 years, a short period in which she wrote songs. But she also says, that this was nothing to taken seriously. Now, after the boarding school, after she discovered literature, art and music with the help of a young teacher for herself, she decides not to go to a university immediately, but want to reflect about herself. She lives with her aunt and uncle on Long Island, works as a waitress and her uncle teaches her, as already said, to play the guitar. And now something seems to happen! Elizabeth Grant herself says, it had become clear to her at once, that she could write a million songs with six chords only!

It must be remembered, that Elizabeth Grant is already 18 years old at this time. Considering that artists like Emilie Simon or Adele, to mention only these, already won important competitions in this age, and were just before the release of their first album, you can see how late even the beginnings of Elizabeth Grant are – quite apart from following development! After all, she will be 27 years old - nine years will pass - until her album "Born To Die" will be released! At this age, other artists have already finished their career – only then, that of Elizabeth Woolridge Grant will begin!

2004 is the year in which she learns to play the guitar. About a year later, she begins with a study of philosophy (subject metaphysics) at Fordham University in New York. 2006 she takes part in a singing contest at Williamsburg and get in touch with a label in New York. She is now about twenty years old! And yet, in this period, 2004-2006, something special happens!

Already in 2005 (April) an EP with seven titles was registered. Title: „*Young Like Me*“. Artist: Elizabeth Woolridge Grant! And a further demo album with ten titles „*From The End*“ will be known. Finally, the demo album „*Sirens*“ (probably 2006) under the name May Jailer, which includes partly tracks from the two previous demos. As she says: One million songs, and this seems to be serious.

In a short time, song after song seems to arise! Common to all, a female singer with an extremely high voice, fragile, accompany herself with the guitar. Later she sings that she feels like a beat poet on drugs. And like them, she begin to write, to write and compose, and starts to become the poetess, of her to be, she has dreamed at the boarding school.

The three demos and their songs can be all found on the Internet, on video platforms. According to Elizabeth Grant 211(!) songs were stolen her, as her hard drive was hacked! Therefore all tracks from “*Young Like Me*” are known to me except “*Move*”. From “*From The End*” everything except “*For You*”. In regard to “*Sirens*” it seems to be different. The album was leaked in May 2012 on YouTube. The title “*Pretty Baby*” was blocked, it can, however, also be found now. Whether this may be done from the surrounding of Elizabeth Grant, by Elizabeth Grant herself, or....is not quite clear. For sure is, that there are other songs on the Internet, by the singer with the guitar and the high voice. Even worse! There is a long list of other songs that also should exist, but which are not popped up on the Internet yet - who can create such a list, with which knowledge? And again and again a song from this list emerges! All very unclear unquestionably annoying for the artist. And for the interested audience? What would Lana del Rey be without the knowledge of the early versions, without May Jailer and Lizzy Grant without....so, everything is controlled and.....

1.) Young Like Me (Quiet Now, Rock Me Stable(?)); Elizabeth Woolridge Grant; (April) 2005; Demo Album (Unpublished)

1. Blizzard
2. You, Mister
3. Junky Pride (Pride) - Sirens
4. Move - unknown
5. There's Nothing To Be Sorry About
6. More Mountains
7. In Wendy

About “*(Junky) Pride*” I am going to write in the context of “*Sirens*”. Of course, I can not write anything about the to me unknown “*Move*”. So let us begin with the other songs.

Blizzard

A young female songwriter, a narration without any chorus which will be recited without interruption. Always recurring and conclusion this lines:

*I feel like I 'm in high school again
Never knew how much I missed them till then
And I'm happy for this day
No matter what you say
I don't have to be sad like you*

The rest of the lyrics - listen! The song enchants me: „.....*I am just feeling blue....*“

You Mister

This song has a very different mood than the previous one. I am not quite sure if it is (also) due to the admission standards. It sounds fuller, the chant of Elizabeth Grant is lower and “better”, it does not sound so “fragile” as before? Somehow “mature”?

Some non-contiguous lines:

*I'm doin' alright, most of the time
And I had a strange dream in night
To close my eyes and visualize my troubles away
Had you on my mind*

How gladly I would have listened Elizabeth Grant once, when she sang this song!

There's Nothing To Be Sorry About

This song confuses me very much! About whom she sings: „*Remember me the way I was six month ago*“. And than: „*I get a little scared some times when everyone I meet I find has a friend*“. Is it simply: „*Little boy living without you won't be easy to do*“ - a love song? But than this passage that completely drops out of the song:

*Oh,
Lord, watch over my love
Lord, watch over my love
I'll do anything for you, or for him, or whoever else needs some help out there
I swear, I swear
Lord, watch over my love
Lord, watch over my love
Always*

I have the feeling that there is a subtext. I hold myself back, to write something, but I have the feeling that there is “more”. Even before she sang about, among other things, that she would pray. A song I have not listened for the last time!

More Mountains

It is really the first time that I hear that song! I am spellbound Miss Grant! Although the moment, I have understood the text only about one-half, because I have so listened to the voice and the melody, but I am delighted! Why, really why, is this album, was registered for that, existed, and probably still is, never released! And why it is not released now – why Miss Grant?

*There is no solution
Live is without resolution*

*You must ask yourself
What you really want in live*

*You must trust in me
When I tell you it's alright
It's alright tonight*

Even then you have written songs for me! So simple, but so grave! And I have already written in "Trust": I trust you!

And sure it's alright tonight!

Each breath is send from angels

Now I know why I always call you Angels!

In Wendy

For me the most inaccessible song of this album, the most profound, the most beautiful!

*Will you think of me when I am gone?
Will you comfort me when I am wrong?
I have a lost a lot but I'm feeling fine cause I
Finally found out nothing's mine and I'm
Only human, I'm so human
I am nothing else*

For me, vocally the most beautiful song! A wonderful conclusion! I will listen to the songs again and again. And now, I have to be grateful, that these songs were.....or should you get to hear them sometime?

2.) From The End; Elizabeth Woolridge Grant; 2005; Demo Album (Unpublished)

1. Out With A Bang - Sirens
2. Peace (All You Need) - Sirens
3. Bad Disease - Sirens
4. For You - unknown
5. Wait
6. How Do You Know Me So Well (I'm Indebited To You) - Sirens
7. Try Tonight - Sirens
8. Dear Elliot (Westbound) - Sirens
9. Drive By (For K) - Sirens
10. Aviation - Sirens

Since almost all of this songs are included on „Sirens“ and „For You“ is unknown to me, here I will just write something about „Wait“.

Wait

Immediately, this song sounds like a very early one. The voice quite fragile - her whole intonation. And the chords you already know from other songs. And the lyrics?

If you were to tell me that this song has written a 15 year old, I would believe it - but I do not mean this to hurt or negative! I just have the feeling that this is really one of the first songs that Elizabeth Grant has written and recorded! Maybe I am wrong, but this song touches me somehow very deeply, my eyes are wet, and I fear that I will become quite sentimental – what the hell: It is just a wonderful song, the right attunement for what comes now – "*Sirens*"!

3.) *Sirens*; May Jailer; 2006; Demo Album (Leaked 2012)

1. For K
2. Next To Me
3. A Star For Nick
4. My Momma
5. Bad Disease
6. Out With A Bang
7. Westbound
8. Try Tonight
9. All You Need
10. I'm Indebited To You
11. Pretty Baby
12. Aviation
13. Find My Own Way
14. Pride
15. Birds Of A Feather

As so often, again, it is a bit confusing with the work of Elizabeth Grant. The 2012 leaked version, in one audio file, in which „*Pretty Baby*“ is blocked, sounds very different than the version which can be found as individual files on the Internet now. Furthermore, the arrangement of the songs in the original file is different to listings which can be found on the Internet. The voice of the individual files is much clearer, plainer. The original file appears to me much softer, to be „younger“. Is it due to the file size – earlier and later recordings? I would love to talk with Elizabeth Grant, at least once. I would have so many questions about her work – why, when, how, wherefore

So what to do? The original file and its arrangement? If it would come from Grant herself or her environment, probably the better choice - the blocked "*Pretty Baby*" interpreted as an indication? If not, I feel the arrangement from the Internet for kinda better - just a feeling. The individual files are "more beautiful" to listen to, what to do?

Prior to this more precise occupation with „*Sirens*“, „*Aviation*“ is my definite favorite song! And I am sure that this will remain so! I like the vocal version of the individual file better. Therefore, the sequence of the songs from the Internet and the individual files!

Should I say something about the cover now? Actually, I have quite made this at the beginning, therefore the songs.

For K (Drive-By)

With this song Elizabeth Grant shifts me in astonishment. The song would have been on "From The End" - and the album title would have fit. A song from a "friend of mine" - "K" who commits a crime, "Drive-By", as the original title was, and sent to prison for 30 years. And Grant:

„Is this what you wished to leaf me behind“

But the story is not over yet - „double homicide“ - „death row“!

„Is this what you wished did you wanna die?“

And then the ending, vocally it is gorgeous! And finally:

*Funny I don't feel free
Even though it's not me*

I am helpless, confused – touched - „For K Part 2“!

Next To Me

Quite in contrast to the previous song, witch appears very „mature“, this seems to me to be one of her very early songs. There again is the 15-year-old, which envisions something in her imagination - „Florida Kilos“ - or is it more? The Man, who has a nice life, who has a nice house, who has a great wife – who is tiered. The song enchanted me!

would you like sit next to me

What a wonderful thought!

A Star For Nick

„You know it and I know it I'm gonna be a star“

Wow, what a song. First thought - "Cruel World"; again "Ultraviolence"! The song is so different from all previously heard. It is the last song in the single file. It sounds there, like the outlook for the coming, as, if this song would no longer belong to this album, as, if it had been intended for something much later, that should never come in this manner.

You? Nick? It comes to mind that I rack my brains over whom she means! I'm searching for names of musicians, but none poets, none literati, none? The guitar, the voice - I see wads of smoke passing by, the head becomes massy to me, the letters on the keys become indistinct - Uschi Obermaier and "Five Miles High" throng into my head - and if I ever thought of to smoke a joint, then now!

"Oh my soul rise up and go beyond, beyond to what you know"

This song is the only one from this time that can be found on the later demo, "The Money Hunny Recordings (Sessions)".

My Momma

Back to the very early songwriter?

"Me and my momma don't get along"

The so often told story of the friend who is not quite equal to the one which the mother imagined for her daughter? But words like: *"I'm crazy you're addicted we are all of a sudden - don't let my momma hear your pretty song"*. Is there already a lot to hear of the later artist? Less than 40 years old! - *"Cola"*? Is there an overlap with *"For K"*?

But you're making money and you're working hard so (My Momma)

Making money's hard to do right (For K)

Or *"Next To Me"*? Or is it simply over-interpreted?

The vocals - at the very end - I love this song, and not only this.

Bad Disease

Also this song would have been included on *"From The End"* and gives the impression of a very, very early song. The vocals appear casual, light and unconcerned. It almost seems to be enthusiasms, but then! Some non-contiguous lines:

*Well, there is something about watching a crime
There's something about seeing him die
There's some reason why I can't sit still
There's a fear I have, a feeling real bad
Oh, they got me thinking, I'd be happier just drinking
It's not true*

And then:

*And I got a bad disease
I got a bad disease
It's got me down
On my knees
Oh, no
I got a bad disease
Will no one help me please?
Not even you?*

I see you more and more with different eyes, Miss Grant - or how I should call you? Does the entirety stands to reason now? "*My Momma*", "*For K*", later "*Try Tonight*" - your addiction - tears in my eyes – now, I really see you differently.

Out With A Bang

What a beautiful song! I just wanted to listen briefly before I end today - now I can not stop - it is just gorgeous and I begin more and more, finally, to dissolve in that voice! "*From The End*" began with this song - what for a beginning this would have been! Please tell me that you wrote these songs just for me – please!

*Meet me in the morning, wrap your arms around me
Tell me that it's over, now that you have found me
Walk me to the river, see the willow bowing
Carry me into the water, now we're drowning*

*We're going out with a bang
We're going out with a bang
We're going out with a bang*

We're going to go home again

I have to listen to it again and again, again and again, again and again

So gladly, I would embrace you – just as I was finally able to embrace Kaninchen Insel! To have found you, right now, with this song, and all the others – now it begins, will never stop! You guided me to the river, where I see the boy, where he plays, where he is no more! Your music is the endless ocean, carry me into the water, in you I am drowning - and this time, it will be final! Is it not strange, weeks ago I wrote: You drown me in your music – to give me life. Please tell me that you are back home – I will be soon!

Westbound (Dear Elliot)

After these touching songs this leaves me clueless. Farewell - *bad, bad boy* - bye to her friend with the long hair? - "*My Momma*"? - Elliot – K.?

I'm sorry, if I'm talking nonsense, but I have the feeling to hear Elizabeth Grant as thirteen-year-old, or eleven-year-old than when she briefly wrote songs. I do not see it? I am totally confused.

*You got me struggling as a musician
Why must I come to this?
They're trying to teach me about new ways of living
They're trying to teach me about ways of forgiving*

Try Tonight

Also this song leaves me clueless. "My momma," "Westbound" – K.!?! Does each of these songs tell a part of one story, a very sad one?

*I'm willing to try another way
That is, if I get by another day
Back and forth, I don't get anywhere
And I've been searching everywhere*

*He'll try tonight
Tonight get higher
He'll try tonight
Tonight I'll get high
But he will, he will, he will, yes, he will*

All You Need (Peace)

This would have been the second song on "From The End" after "Out With A Bang" and in my opinion it belongs there! Beautiful, also you have to listen to this song again and again!

*You have a right
To live your life*

*If you have visions
Come on and live them out*

*With pleasure I would live my life
With pleasure I would live out my visions*

*I had a dream when I was young
I dreamt our lives where going to be found*

*I do not know if I destroy it just finally
Or if I finally establish it and found it*

*All you need
Is some peace while you are here
Just let go*

*Till you are home, dear
I'll be it all, dear
Don't say no, dear*

*This is life
The still night
Peace in the quiet
Happiness
Is the sky*

I pass away in your words which mean so much to me!
And only I can, again and again, hear your songs
Again and again!

*You have a choice
To hear the noise
Or hear the sweet sound
Of your sweet voice*

*I know I've heard it
I heard it in my sleep*

Do I have a beautiful voice
I hear only the noise

In my sleep
In my sleep I hear, I hear!

I'm Indebted To You (How Do You Know Me So Well)

In all lists and files one will find "indebted" in the title of the song. But she sings clearly "indebted". Whether this is a transcription error, or deliberately meant to be, I can not say.

And again the very young Elizabeth Grant? Lost love - some passages vocally more than endeavor?

After only one night

First night - my imagination runs wild! Too many images and references that give a mesh, so logical, so elusive - or maybe not?

Either I know everything or nothing! The original title of the song:

How Do You Know Me So Well

You know me completely, nothing is hidden from you! - I just feel like to know absolute nothing - from you!

Pretty Baby

This song was blocked on the first on YouTube surfaced file!

Straight away the first words, the sound of her voice - Lizzy! Not quite, but quite in this direction! A transition? "Mean daddy" - "bad baby" - that's Lizzy!

*Aren't you going to miss me?
Honey, I'll miss you
I just want to kiss you
Tonight*

"I'm Indebted To You"? Does this songs belong together? Why blocked? Just because: "the way that I touch you?"

These songs are confusing me more and more – K.?

Aviation

The very first time, when I listen to the songs only briefly, this song captivates me! It's the text that immediately struck me - so often she will sing of it: "*I just ride, just ride*"

The text hit me very directly:

I have no big degree in philosophy
But now I know what I want to be

Therefore, I can go into aviation now, yeah, mom
I can go into aviation now, yeah, dad

But then? "*Sirens*" is dated to 2006! At that time she did not have a degree in philosophy! She made in 2008 or 2009. And means "*do it for the nation*" the time when she helped in "*an Indian reservation - across the country*" (Grant)? That was after graduation - again in 2008/09! But there she was Lizzy Grant for a long time, there already was 5 Points Records and more? Granted, the style of singing and the guitar did absolutely not suit Lizzy Grant! But just, she sings that she has a degree in philosophy, and that's for sure, she had not yet in 2006!

*I feel high as I might tonight
So lean back and enjoy the flight*

Pensacola - fighter jets - all this makes so much sense - not only in 2006!

If I should ever meet Elizabeth Grant, I'm not sure if I wanted to ask her - or is there a very banal answer? I do not know it!

*Think New York is great, I really like the state
But it's time to be on my way*

Not in 2006!

Find Your Own Way

There she is again, the very young singer? The song matches beautifully to the other melancholic songs before.

*I don't need anybody when I'm down
When will I learn that there ain't nothing I can do*

*Jesus was a dying man
If he can't do it, no one can*

When will you learn that we ain't nothing without you

We don't need anybody when we're down

There it's again, the young singer – religion and metaphysics that what she will be studying – does it makes sense now

Pride (Junkie Pride)

Many songs on "Sirens" are already found on "From The End", this song is the only one on "Sirens" which is already to be found on "Young Like Me".

To me "Black Beauty" comes to mind! A few times she has sung of her boyfriend on "Sirens", she can not introduce to her mother - addicted, delirious

It is a wonderfully melancholic song, I really like the beginning in particular - and the end. Outlook, hope?

*The way I'm feeling in this moment, it can't last my whole life
My dreams are bigger than your junkie pride*

Needless to be questioned what dream she means!

Birds Of A Feather

The last song - a pity!

It only makes the impression, or does this song has an entirely different mood as the mood in the presiding songs? And it sounds like a very young Elizabeth Grant! And what a text!

I did not know the expression "birds of a feather" - feel it beautiful - beautiful thoughts

Now, I am completely caught in a story

*So many people think that you have it together
But they don't see you crying in the shower
Bet I can make you better
'Cause you make me better
Yeah, you make me better
Yeah, you make me better*

Summary:

At 15, Elizabeth Woolridge Grant is an alcoholic, and it seems that she actually not only drinks a little too much. There are comments about a government program, that she has run through the whole program, that she has been registered as "dry". And why does she drink?

How should one understand Elliot and K.? The songs from her friend - or two - probably already? An open secret, only fantasies of a young singer, only fantasies of an Old Man?

Some stories seem to be almost too good - some are just good - or even

Young girl, born in Manhattan, moved with her parents to the countryside, unhappy in the strict parental home, at school, met a man who fascinates her, under 40, tired, with blue and long hair, who takes drugs, whom she can not introduce to her mother, who commits a crime, gets 30 years, then double homicide and the death penalty, letting her back in the small town hell, she consoles herself with alcohol - what a story!

True, imagination, and if so, whose? Never mind! How beautiful these songs simply are! And then there is, that she sings so much about drugs later on, but has more probably never taken cocaine or something like, makes such a song and video about Chet Baker, songs like "*Born To Die*", but especially "*Yayo*", "*The Ocean*" or "*Florida Kilos*", and the whole bad boys

At the end I confess, I know nothing about you or anything, who knows it already, but I know, that about me I

And then I would have the last question:

May I call you Lizzy, Elizabeth?

The very last word has: "*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*

Silent Angel

When I listen to you something special happens. It is, as if the hammers of the piano would be in my brain, more precisely in the fore brain. If you hit a key, the hammer strikes not a string, but some of my brain cells! It is a strange feeling, especially when you play fast. An extreme piece is "*Desire*" with bass and drums.

The hammers put my neurons in vibrations, and my head is spinning due to the speed! Right, left - up, down – everywhere the hammers impinge on, but only in the fore brain - otherwise nothing happens, with regards to the piano.

The bass and the drums take their effect behind it. It is hard to say it for me, but once the bass appears to be on the right, but then also again on the left. With the drums the same, but always bass and drums are separated. In the rear area of the brain, nothing happens! Not even in the central regions, the effect unfolds in the cerebral cortex.

So I sit and have closed my eyes and the music unfolds its effect very directly, as a result of to put my cells in vibration - in the brain - a wonderful feeling, especially in passages where all instruments are playing together, to than change over to a solo.

And the keyboard I can locate nowhere - it seems to be everywhere and nowhere?

And then you-all begin with your “runs” again, all together, and in my brain a hurricane of emotions accrues, to break off in a calm stage to burst out just only much more vehement - infinite loop

(Hiromi Uehara)

Leonardo da Vinci – Lady with an Ermine

I felt her always much more beautiful, and also more appealing as the Mona Lisa, who just probably has the luck to be in Paris.

Again such a young, beautiful, appealing woman in my early youth, in a magnificent robe - aspirations, they not let me go. The ermine, her role, engaged with ten years, mistress also she, educated - happy - a better life than the ordinary woman – or?

Where does she looks, the young lady and her ermine, her long fingers, he the paw lifted - not me at least she looks at – I her awfully well. Would I have been the ermine with pleasure, the one, the one she fondles, who, who took her as mistress to bed?

Da Vinci, he probably loved his youngling more, the one he presents very appealing - I seek more for the represented, who eludes me

Differences - Similarities

Burroughs

Old Man

Wife

Sister

Drunk

Affective

Wish

We are lying in my bed together, where I live now. You put your head on my chest and say the most beautiful thing anyone ever said to me: I hear your heart beat - at that moment it was pure and innocent.

We are lying in my bed together, where I live now. You sleep now - or do you just pretending so? I stroke your hair sideways and kiss your shoulder tenderly - at that moment I was pure and tender.

We are lying in my bed together, where I live now. You sleep now - or do you just pretending so? I touch you, no more tenderly - at that moment I am

The next day, where I live now and work, the first question is:
Well, you fucked her?

I love you so
After all this years
When I think of you
Tears fill my eyes

Wish you where here – C.

Kleine Kaninchen Insel

Your smile is so beautiful - on the wall
Your house is so colorful - on the wall
Your hands are so small and yellow - on the wall

Your photo is so charming - on the wall

Frida Kahlo – Self-Portraits

"Naturaleza Viva" - one of the few films about artists that are worth looking at - Frida Kahlo!

I would not suggest that I understood her, the revolutionary force, in her life and her pictures, she was strange to me, I was enamored, fascinated!

Her pictures which she painted of herself - odd - strange - attractive - different - not a classic beauty - so indescribably beautiful - so strong - indescribably strong – or?

Her strokes of fate, accident, suffering - Rivera - her “bad boy” from whom she could not drop!

Their lives were so full of occurrences, acted out emotions - mine so bland, uneventful - even if the worst could have happened - three times - never something happened - not with me, not with her!

How I yearned for a life like this, ridiculous, just to get up I should have, only to go just one step - back then, not now - now it is still only a farce, arrogant alibi, dishonest doing!

Frida Kahlo - I admire her pictures, as she pictures herself, presents – does a lot of courage belongs to it?

The highest heights - The deepest depths

Up – to precipitate
Below – to drown

Is drowning not the same as precipitating?

The starting point is different
The falling is diverse
The result is the same

Both have their charm
Each has its beauty

Madame rose hybride de thé

C.

The next day we were all together, went to a celebration. You hardly notice me. I knew why, believed to know it - would I have kissed you only the shoulder, only once said something nice to you, it would have hurt me.

The Female Body

Naturally beautiful!
Not so the male body!

Surprised - as a man
Of woman, who is interested in the man!

If I were a woman - only women would find my interest!
Women - as nice as I!
Not boring as the man!

How obliged the man must be
Of woman, who stoop
to regard
to desire, even
to love
him!

*This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot
(Walt Whitman, I Sing The Body Electric)*

Artemesia Gentileshi - Judith

His Judith – Her Judith

She shows how it really is, a head to detach - not as easy as one might think. Even with a dead animal not easy. You have to cut between the cervical vertebrae, the vertebra itself one can not sever, at the uttermost with an executioner's ax. But easily tilts the blade, cuts still into the bone, gets stuck therein. As I said, already not easy with a dead animal - often made it, in the case of a, although drunken, but still living, thereto quite handsome man, without any question, no simple endeavor.

Thus the artist shows a, of her work concentrating, Judith, for the viewer no view remains. She searches the gap between the vertebrae, but cuts the throat and the vein first - at the bottom, not upwards it squirts, the bed sheet dyes the blood, a puddle forms it. The sword she has firmly encompassed, the head squeezed downwards, so that she sees what to do. But even now the to beheading defends itself, drunken he still unleashes resistance. So the maid not only stands there, but kneels on the bed and probably also on him, with two hands she is just able to push down one arm, the other arm tries to grasp her. So the arms are engaged with the maid, not against Judith they can be, she can do her work.

She looks beautiful, as she kills, murders, takes life! Her blue dress, gorgeous the coloring, delightfully the bulging chest, also the maid, in her red dress - what a beautiful couple!

And Holofernes – does she not had given herself to you several times, did you not had your joy with her - satisfied your passion – made her to your whore!

Is there a difference - Holofernes beheaded, Warhol shot?

And Artemesia – was she allowed to lead her life, was she allowed to paint Holy Women by day to fuck them by night, was she allowed, of course not! And yet, perhaps a little she was like Judith, to be desired it is her - her wives, so beautiful they are, so beautiful heir dresses, so confident they seem, so self-determined – as, if she shows herself as a painter, the view, the hair - not covet - only respect for a female artist, the desire to be able to stay a little in order to watch her by her doing, the creation - in humility and worship

I love the movie

Your Music

First
Sonority of the tones
Music

Then
Sonotity of the voice
Words

Then
Meaning of the words
Sense

After all
Unity of music, words and sense

Thereby
Jag – Drug

When I hear Emilie, there is only Emilie
When I hear Joanna, there is only Joanna
When I hear The Unthanks, there is only The Unthanks
When I hear The Pierces, there is only The Pierces
When I hear Skye, there is only Skye

When I hear Beth, there is only Beth

When I hear Elizabeth, there is only Elizabeth

When I hear Elizabeth, I lose myself in a labyrinth with no exit
And only very, very quietly I can force myself with difficulty
To remember, that something else still

As I said - Your drugs are the sweetest

C.

How gladly I would touch you again
Like the rose that I stole for you
You asked if she was of mine - I told you?
After all the years I forgot it

How gladly I would kiss your shoulder again
Or at least another
Although I never will be able to kiss these so tenderly
As I kissed yours

Black Female Jaguar

Today I wanted to visit you

You're no longer!
Everything tumbles down! - Everything elapses!

Silvia Plath - Ariel

Horses – Her Horse, Your Horse – Also I

She knew that she has created impressive works - had children - had a man - can you blame him?

Why?

Far from everything I have read, what I know – not any more I want to know, especially not the diaries - Joanna - Tori

Do I feel like she - like you-all - not to know I want, what I feel

The Endless Ocean - Elizabeth – not to stand in front of her should I, not get to know you - the last would be probably, a disappointment would be probably – fear

Elizabeth said, that she has terrible fear of dying, but, that she gladly would be dead - 32 - why? - why, I can understand you so well - overcome fear - overcome my fear

She is the key for me - why? - as, if I would not know this

If I would stand in front of The Endless Ocean now, I would think about her – about the nonexistent place, where she is now – at this I will be someday, thus we all will be at it someday - will I be able to resist - I'm not sure - the tolling of the church, all the cries that I hear in me, will they fall silent then – fall silent they will, but at what cost – was her price too high? - when I imagine that I can no longer hear the songs, can no longer see the pictures, can no longer read the books, can no longer watch the films - most of all the songs! - then this awful, panicked fear returns – solace therein, that this is the price therefor, for being able to do it at all? - how awful this price is

Toss

affective – that makes it better
nothing had happened - how happy

I vacillate between the one and the other
nothing makes me happy or glad
close my eyes and my ears

don't want smell anything
don't want feel anything
only would like to sleep
only would like to dream

listen endlessly
the eternal sonority

Your Songs

C.

You were telling me about your cousin – You probably wanted to bring us together

Her I brought a huge bouquet - With a card

Wish You Were Here

Through the whole village I walked therewith - Laughed about me

A letter I wrote to her

She played guitar, with her sister – Performed even once on television

To teach me, I requested her

Too old was I, she said

Younger was I than Elizabeth when she learned it from her uncle

Would six chords have change me

Angel

Do they exist? In the actuality?

I do not say in reality, this no one knows!

Today I learned that at least one angel exists - in the actuality

In my actuality!

It is a quite small angel - Can angels be quite small?

She has quite small hands - Do angels have quite small hands?

It is a gorgeous angel - All angels are gorgeous!

She has an angel to mother - then there are two angels yet!

Francois Boucher – Portrait of Marie-Louise O'Murhpy

It disgusts me, to stand in front of the picture - it disgusts me, to read that it is an enchanting nude painting - it disgusts me, to see it on the cover of a novel - the publisher disgusts me, the author disgusts me - I would like to tear it from the wall, destroy it - it disgusts me

Should I depict a 14-year-old girl in the same way - child pornography - great art - Alte Pinakothek - like additional "masterpieces" of the artist - Brooke Shields - also art - even if the depicted no longer wants it, later, when she is able to decide self-determined - art - justified to do everything - when it finds the benevolence - different time - reasons this everything – ascended to the king's mistress - justifies this everything - made a career – what

The 14-year-old whore in Thailand or on the Philippines - however better, than to live on the streets, and have to beg, says the German or American "guest" while he fucks her – and, does he have injustice? - or, is it true in the end?

Should later generations look back at this time, then hopefully with horror, if they realize the horror of this time, perhaps they have overcome it - how naive!

I see the woman, completely veiled, only her eyes, beautiful eyes I see – wouldn't one have to veil them also, thus as it is done sometimes. Next to her a child in a wheelchair.

I would love to ask her, I would love to see her countenance.

How perverse the male imagination, how weak the man, who is not able to control his instincts, all failure shifts off on the woman - makes her to the scapegoat for his ridiculousness!

If I were a strong woman - if I were a woman - so I am only a weak, dying Old Man who dreams about that a woman would give him the consolation, whom he in his weakness can not donate to himself – we men shift off everything on the women!

How wonderful the human race could be, how pathetic, what he makes from his possibilities - and when, he drivels something about the Übermensch! - become a human first of all, human! - forget the Übermensch – Geetings to you, "Mein Führer" - Oh, "God's Own Country"!

I am at the end of my voyage: August 09th, 2015 – 9:27 pm CEST

Still I will write about some songs of Elizabeth Grant. Did I find an answer now? Me altered?

Sad I am, empty I feel - almost exactly six months, every day – dejected I am - no good end it will have - with the humans, and with me - can muster up no optimism – destroy ourselves, and our planet - destroy each other, our hopes, wishes and dreams - our life - our love

Nothing has become better - with the humans, with me – Middle Ages as synonym - oh so dark, so gloriously enlightened our time - stand before a young girl, the legs nicely spread, her glance? - how appealing she is, how endless the lechery – endless like The Endless Ocean

Bad Friedrichshall, August 09th, 2015

Brotherhood Of Immortals

Four friends

One, will be killed by the others

One, will kill himself

One, will renounce

One, becomes immortal

Once, I have almost killed

Once, I have almost killed me

Once, I have renounced for decades

Can I become for that, at least, somewhat immortal

(Robert Silverberg)

C.

I would like to find out how you are doing. It would not be so terribly difficult, I think. But I am scared! Should you have become happy in fact, after all. I wish it so much and am so afraid about - to know you unhappy, would kill me.

The Old Man

In the mirror, I see the Old Man

Fat he is - as a boy he was actually really cute
And old he is
And empty he is
And dead he is
So dead

However, in his eyes is still one last glimmer concealed, flickers a pale light
Only slightly
Less and less often
A wisp of wind would suffice
If it is not too late anyway

Angels would have to come to light the fire again
That, which it gave once
But it would not know for what it should burn
But it had suppressed for what it burned once

But in angels he does not believe anyway
Or someone should show him once
That there are angels
Whether he would see an angel ever

Not like Travis
Otherwise he would have to murder also - and he knows whereto he was capable
The taxi, no longer from the outside
On the back seat
His eyes, in the rearview mirror
Who will see them
The eyes, when I look in the mirror

Maybe, I should not think about, angels to wanna see
After all, they are not of this world
Maybe, I see none because you can't see them - at least not I
Maybe, I have to look for another way
Doesn't one say they would have angelic voices

But what would that be an agony, only to be able to listen to them
Not to be able to see their angelic countenance
And forgive me, their angelic bodies
How could I bear this
Is it not a fundamental need, a desire of the child
Entirely pure and unburdened, to be able to be entirely human
Everything to touch

How gladly I would touch an angel once
What an old sonofabitch you yet are!
You know what your ineffable mind would make with the angel

You disgust me!
And finally, your own fault it is
No agony can be big enough, to atone your deeds!

Once, you could have kissed an angel - entirely gently
She was so awful vulnerable at this moment
But you closed the door behind you
And as she lay next to you
There, you were only clumsy and stupid

Why no one had ever told me, that angels exist?
Why I don't trust in my feelings?
Why I believed those, who labeled you as a hoe?
Why I believed those, who said you would with anybody!

Old man! Wake up!

Why this angel should have reveal herself to you!

She has given you several opportunities
Which you all have allowed to elapse
Now, when she lies next to you, now it's too late

You can grope the angel only
And do not make a fool of yourself to say
When you stroke her hair aside and try her shoulder
To kiss tenderly

The angel sleeps - You know, that it is not so
But you aren't able to approach the angel
Let alone to embrace her, to solace her, to stand by her side
Her, in infinite tenderness, to comb the hair

And you know exactly why this is so!
You sicken me, Old Man!
And you know exactly why you aren't able to talk with the angel!
As you aren't able to talk to anyone!
About your feelings and sentiments!

You know only too well, about which feelings and sentiments you would have to talk!

What kind of feeling is it
Previously almost – and don't explain it away yourself: almost
To have done something so ineffably to another angel
What do you expect from the other angels
In the case of what you did to one of their sisters
She has given you so many opportunities
Oh Old man, what you complain yourself now

Once was an angel
This, you almost would have done ineffable grief

And you have to give thanks to the coincidence
That it didn't occur

A fair punishment, Old man, a fair!

The next angel you have not recognized
Be honest: Would it have pleased you
To be able as the others to say: I have fucked her!
In order to lie
As the others lied
And you lied for decades

My angels, I lost all of you, it was my own fault, I was so stupid

Why I did not recognize
That again an angel was sent to me
I would have been able to find redemption
I only had to do it

I should have kissed you tenderly, just once
Should have given you a cuddle, just once
Should have shown my feelings, just once
Should have wept cause of emotion, just once
When I saw your little sister sleeping
She was so placid and innocent in sleep
And your love towards her
Was so deep and honest

Would I have at least started a dispute with him
He would have battered me, even in this condition
He would have thrown me out - I would have shown my feelings, at least once
I went - let you alone
You cowardly bastard!

And then, as you were lying next to me
You have done the proper thing for a moment
For a moment you have adhered to your feelings
To foul it up then so much the worse
Why oh why you did it

I say this to you both!

And now, what I expect now
I stupid Old Man
I look in the mirror
Now it's too late
Just waiting until it is over
Or finalize it yourself

As a young, handsome man I thought
At the turn of the millennium, in which farther distance

Today once again are almost one and a half decades bygone

I always wondered:
How I have to feel
25 - 30 - 35 - 40 - 45

And now
I discern no alternation - time stands still
Feel me deep inside
Like the young, handsome man
But in the mirror
He is no longer there

Is that the gift, that you my angels, make me?
May I come to know at least one of you once again?
Have you-all the infinite benevolence not to leave me alone?
I yet would have deserved it so much, like all the decades!

May I be the young handsome man once again
This one, who yet everything has done wrong?

Do you think that deep inside me
Still the little boy is
Who soaked it all in, infinitely curious
Who in the evening the hunter and his dogs
With marveling eyes followed on their way
Who so much could have created
Who so tenderly could have been

If once again an angel
The Old Man would be so grateful
He would endeavor
So good as he just is able to

Oh Beth, oh Lizzy, I feel so young again!
The stream of thought does not come to an end!
Becomes more and more stronger, the flood begins!

No!
It will not wash away everything!
No, Travis!
The flood is to this end to wash away the garbage
To lay bare what is hidden beneath the garbage!
Beneath the garbage, the seemingly bad
The real bad is hidden!

I love you my angels, I love you so much!
I weep very often now and it does so good!
I hope I will not disappoint you!

Can I disappoint you?

Beating Of The Heart

A woman on the phone - Your aunt! - Your name is different now, no longer C.

Now C. - does not make sense - why?

She tells me where you live - In which city - In which street

Telephone information - Get a number - A man lives there

Close the office door - am excited - like a little boy

Dial the number - a tender female voice

Are you C.? I may say you?

You are C.! I have tears in my eyes!

Talk of a book - that you appear therein

I want to ask you if it's okay what I write

I am not saying that I would see you so gladly again

I still have to hug you

In the background a child - You always wanted a family

How is your sister - so innocent deep in sleep

It is so beautiful to talk with you!

We meet - three days – I am so excited

Like a little boy - my heart beats - my dark heart beats

Such a long time not anymore!

Only to have heard you - what this means to me!

C. - I am so delighted

Thursday four a'clock

To Touch

You have touched my dark heart

The hours with you - so gorgeous

The hours with you - so moving

The hours with you - so shameful

The hours with you - how insignificant my words

The hours with you - how small my deeds

The hours with you - how ridiculous my worries

I had touched you - so miserable at that time, here and now

You have touched me – deep, very deep in my dark heart

You have touched me - name it soul, name it spirit, name it differently

You have touched me – you have changed me – you have showed me

You have embraced me - you have made me happy

The Old Man

Variants

Are there occurrences that can change a life fundamentally - of course - banal!

Sometimes the occurrences are gorgeous, sometimes awful - banal!

Sometimes oneself is the originator, sometimes not - banal!

Sometimes the occurrence concerns oneself, sometimes someone else - banal!

Less banal might be the variants!

		gorgeous	awful
originator - myself	against oneself	gorgeous	own fault!
originator - another	against myself	gorgeous	awful
originator - myself	against another	gorgeous	how to live therewith?

However, a very strange variant seems to be to me:

Originator- myself; against another; awful; but does not eventuates in the end!

What, when I do something, towards another human being, what might have the most awful possible consequences, including all conceivable gradations, but nothing, not even the smallest possible gradation - nothing happens

Nothing?
Outwardly, at least!
Thus?

It's business as usual, nothing happened, nothing at all, it seems so, as if the happened was not even!

But it was

Perpetrator

“ _ ”

15th of July

Yesterday - Heidelberg - Reading
Was it a success?

I sat in front of an audience
And had read 15 minutes from this manuscript
I am not capable
To say something about my feelings to a person close to me

So much I have revealed them!
I never would have thought
That I am capable of this!

Now, also the rest should be no longer a problem!

Anxiety

I'm not afraid of what was - not afraid of what is coming
Of course, this is a lie - but compared to the other, also again none

Sometimes, when I at night alone awake lie
It starts to claw in my neck
Then I feel the panic as it slowly creeps out
How it overwhelms me!

Then I feel the endless emptiness of the approaching death
How he gets closer with every second

How near he could be already?
To feel I can him in any case very much!

It's not, that I'm than not anymore
Long ago, I have left my marks - mpr
It is only

How I will miss them, the stars their sparkling
How I will miss them, the flowers their scenting
How I will miss them, the birds their singing
How I will miss them, the snowflakes their falling
How I will miss her, the sun her shining - so tender

Endless could be the list!

But the tears flooding my eyes
Have I to think of it, not hearing your songs anymore
But the tears flooding my eyes
Have I to think of it, not at least something of all, to have brought to an end
But the tears flooding my eyes
Have I to think of it, never to have loved a person truly
Simply so, just because of the crazy, stupid and innocent love

I am so alone, that I not even be able to ask for
To give me at least so much time
To present me at least one moment of joy
To give me at least once the opportunity
To make at least once a truly happy person out of me

So that I have done at least once in my life something
With that I can ask to be forgiven
For something
That doesn't tolerate forgiveness

Soft As Chalk

*Tell me, Darlin, did I pass your test?
I lay, as still as death, until the dawn*

*But I wait for the sound of the bell
Time alone will only tell
The morning doves
(Joanna Newsom, Soft As Chalk)*

Did I pass the test, yours, that of Elizabeth, that of all of you?
Or have I failed again thus as when she lay beside me
still as death

The sound of the bell
Will accompany me forever
And the time will pass and show

The dove and the sun welcome me in the morning
Both so beautiful and delicate
They will render their judgment
And I will bow to

Old memories and new hopes
New hopes soon only old memories
And then
And then the verdict is pronounced

Soft As Chalk

Dreamland

*When the dream will be over
Just try to remember the time you shared with me
(Emilie Simon, Dreamland)*

I will you all, for all days that remain to me, deep in my memory, contain within myself

The Trick Is To Keep Breathing

*And lately I'm not the only one
I say never trust anyone*

*Always the one who has to drag her down
Maybe you'll get what you want this time around*

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

really

No one lives forever

But that's no reason to give up

I've given up

Only A Line

Sometimes it is only a line, sometimes only a word

*Who am I, what and why?
(Portishead, Sour Times)*

*„It's not a trail,“ „It's not even a lesson. It's just what it is.“
(Robert Coover; The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prob.)*

*„But even after admitting this – and I have, countless times, in just every act I've committed –
and coming face-to-face with these truths, there is no catharsis. I gain no deeper knowledge
about myself,....“
(Bret Easton Ellis; American Psycho)*

But that isn't it, that not

*„I close the door behind me.“
(Bret Easton Ellis; Less Than Zero)*