

„I say: I am not a clown, but mosquito yes :P“ (quoting my friend)
„Und ich beobachte gerne stundenlang die Ameisen“ (Zitat einer Freundin)

„Quote me“ (quoting my friend)

„This is what I came to do
I leave it up to a higher mood, uh
I cherish what I have
The lines on hands help me to keep it true, see“
(song „Bodymovement“ by Y'akoto)

„Do you mean to be free from or to be free to?“
(quoting my friend)

„I want to be your friend“ (quote by a friend)

Thanks to all my friends, lovers and teachers. Thanks to my dear friend Noé. Thanks to my parents and my brother. Thanks to my godmother Elise. Thanks to my cousin. Thanks to my grannys. Thanks to my aunts/uncles. Thanks to Francesca Mimosa Furiosa. Thanks to my amazing roommates. Thanks to my bosses. Thanks to my colleagues. Thank you all for inspiring me and fulfilling my life (äh, bar). You are my dearest moskitos. And my volcano. „I think this is more about orgasms“ quoting my friend. Thanks to my dear two ladies with whom I was able to 'endure' the first quarantene. These pages are dedicated to all of you. And especially to my dear Carlos, in loving memory. You all are my vitamin Dea(r) and this text is absorbing your quotes and loves.

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..... where is my beer? (quoting my friend)*

The Clown and the Bar

„Every night at half-past twelve, when the telly's over I lay on my bed and picture to myself how it would be if I weren't who I am but chancellor, kaiser, *king or queen* I think what Kohl can do, I can do just as well I'd listen to Vivaldi day in, day out if I really got round to¹ it, I would go to the USA² Bite Ronnie in the leg like Waldi All that and much more I'd do if I were king of Germany“ „You little Bonaparte“ (quoting my friend)

„No, seriously?“ (quoting my friend³)

Someday*, „Amsterdam“ (quote), West-Oost

„Oh, really?“ (quoting my friend)

I think** I have to read the newspapers. It's not busy today „and it's with a sense of excitement“ („In a Strange Room“ by Damon Galgut, p. 122) that I sit⁴ down behind the barcounter and start reading something about bersonalo or barsonelo or so. Somebody told me „this figure“ (quoting my friend) was a politician⁵. I try to remember, but I really don't know who said that. There comes my friend⁶ and starts telling me „a funny story“. Uff, I think. I want to read the news and you just think about nonsense. „*The King and Queen of Holland tried to leave the Netherlands⁷ in their royal plane to go on holidays*“ you say. „*I just read it in the news.*“. Fine, I think. Should I pretend being amused? „*Well, somebody spotted them, so they did a d-tour and flew back⁸. They were on their way to Greece.*“ Aha! I think. So, that was their attempt of a 'joyful escape'. Joyful escapes are a kind of freedom („Reflecting Rogue – Inside the Mind of a Feminist“ by Pumla Dineo Gqola, p. 2). „*The primeminister kept quiet about the incident*“ my friend continues, „*the royal family decided to be a good example and to stay in the 'Corona-Hotspot'⁹ in the Netherlands.*“ Okay, I got it, may I now go on reading about serious things? I'm serious, I really dislike this balsoneiro's face on the foto in the journal, his facial expression creates „a sensation of disgust“ in my tommy, dunno why. It says he's brazilian. He doesn't look very healthy. Maybe „he just has a cold“. Or maybe the virus?¹⁰ My friend wants to tell some more, but I tell him: „Enough is enough! You go and build your bar! Your head might turn into a bar soon, you barhead! Since bars are apparently all you like to deal with. I know you've built one from an old *shipwreck* for a festival. 'I'm curious what you will come up with next?' (quoting my teacher)“ I sigh, as he finally goes. I am grateful for the silence. Why do I have to live among all those „Clowns“¹¹ (quote) here on earth?

„Waar is het clowntje?“ (quoting my friend)

„I am definately not a clown!“ (quoting my friend)

„Socks and cars would no longer stink every morning I'd first have a glass of champers¹² I'd be smarter than Schmidt and fatter than Strauß¹³ and my records would make it big Reinhard Mey would be the king's bard Paola and Kurt Felix would be the Swiss Guard¹⁴ beforehand I would like to know if they understand a joke¹⁵ they'd have to watch their show for 48 hours. All that and much more I'd to if I were king of Germany¹⁶ I'd be Rio¹⁷ the First, Sisi the Second. 'You can call me Sissy¹⁸!' (quoting my granny¹⁹)“ (song „King of Germany“ by Rio Reiser)

„I can't comment on that now.“²⁰ (quoting my friend)

1 The other night, late at the bar called Shipwreck

2 ...

3 I was having some drinks with a saint

4 He was sitting on the stool next to me

5 Taking communion with whiskey and water

6 I asked him „What are you doing here old man?“

7 „This is no place for a saint to be“

8 He said „my child, you make a huge mistake“

9 „because this is where you find people's fears and passions“

10 He looked around him at the sober and the drunk

11 And said „I love these infernal people“

12 „if you want to be a saint, you have to sin first“

13 „and hey, if you have time, repent.“

14 The other night, late at the bar called Shipwreck

15 I was having some drinks with a saint

16 He was sitting on the stool next to me

17 Taking communion with whiskey and water

18 He was sitting on the stool next to me

19 At the end of the night he even payed the bill

20 (song „A Bar called Shipwreck“ by Arleta - „μπαρ το ναυάγιο“ apo tin Arlétta)

*song by A Milli Vanilli Experience

**“this is just a thought“

(quoting my teacher)

zur biene sprach die eintagsfliege*wenn ich etwas honig kriege*übernehm' ich deine sorgen*ich-
äh...zahle morgen

to the bee the mayfly said*if you give me some honey for my bread*I'll take care of all your
sorrow*I'll-er...pay you tomorrow

de eendagsvlieg sprak met de bij*als ik wat honing krijg*zorg ik voor je zorgen*ik zal-eh...morgen
betalen

disse para a abelha a efemérida um dia*se você me der mum pouco de mel, boa tia*suas
preocupações farei desaparecer*pagarei-eh-ao amanhecer

η μύγα μιλούσε στη μέλισσα*αν πάρω λίγο μέλι*Θα φροντίσω τις ανησυχίες σου*εγώ-ε...πληρώνω
αύριο

un änem hiäschen Ovend sprächt zär Booj dä Ihndoochesmäck*mäng Mädchen, hiär mich mol
un*wun ich nea vun dir a weänich Hionch bekun*dron iverninn ich allen däng Sorjen*ich-äh-
zuahlen um Morjen

a mayfly szólt a méhhez*ha kapok egy kis mézet*gondoskodom a gondjairól* holnap...fizetni fogok
holnap

поденка заговорила с пчелой*если я принесу мед*я позабочусь о твоих заботах*я...э-
э...заплачу завтра

zou dära Biena kummd däi Aandoochsmuggn douhär:*du horch, wenn iich mir von dir an Honich
borch*un den eddz gräicherd, nou übbäneehmi fei dei Sorng*zohlln-äääh-doi i morng

하루살이가 벌에게 말을 걸었다*벌꿀을 먹으면*걱정은 내가 처리해 줄게*난-어...내일 지불

L'effimera le disse all'ape:ciao bella*se mi dai un po'di miele, cara sorella*mi prenderò cura dei
tuoi affanni*ti-eh-pagherò domani

Efemera cu albina vorbește și spune*dacă-mi dai ceva miere, minune*mă voi ocupa de grijele tale
în această viață*voi plăti-uh-mâine dimineață

მეფლაიმი ფუტკარს გაესაუბრა*თუ თავლს მივიღებ*შენს საზრუნავს მივხედავ*მე-
უჭ...ხვალ გადავიხდი

jepica hovorila s včelou*ak dostanem trochu medu*postarám sa o tvoje starosti*ja...uh...zajtra
zaplat

A l'abeille dit l'éphémère*si tu me donnes du miel, mon frère*de tes soucis je prendrai soin*je-
euh...paierai demain

մայֆլան խոսեց մեղվի հետ*եթե մի քիչ մեղր ստանամ*ես հոգ կտանեմ քո հոգսերի մասին*ես-ըհը...վաղը վճարեմ

un día la efímera le habló a la abeja*si me das un poco de miel, mi vieja*tus preocupaciones haré
desaparecer*te pago-íhum!-al amanecer

メイフライが蜂に話しかけた*蜂蜜をもらったら*あなたの心配事は私が世話をします*私は-ええと...明日支払います

jepice promluvila k včelě*pokud dostanu trochu medu*postarám se o tvé starosti*já...uh...zítra zaplat'

mayfly snakket med bien*hvis jeg får noget skat*Jeg tager mig af dine bekymringer*Jeg-uh...betal i morgen

ad apem dixit Ephemera*si des mihi paulo mel, amica vera*suscipiam tuam curam*solvam-uh-cras

(poem by Uwe Stiller)

übrigens, papi, darf ich ein gedicht von dir zitieren in meiner Thesis? Hab sie fast fertig geschrieben.. und würde gerne ganz am anfang dieses gedicht reinschreiben: ...

Klar, Süße Es heißt aber:

Zur Biene sprach die Eintagsfliege

Wenn ich etwas Honig kriege

Übernehm' ich Deine Sorgen

Ich -äh...zahle...morgen

(Wegen Rhythmus)

Busserl

okay!!! danke!! dann kommt das so mit rein!!

Jeder Vers beginnt mit Großschreibung.

Viel Spaß

Morgen kommt Rune.

Grüßerl aus San Rocco

HA!!!! schön!!!

ich hoffe ihr habt ne gute Zeit, viele bussis an Runchen!!

Oder noch besser:

du schreibst alles klein:

so ist es original als sms gedicht gedacht (**2000**)

Busserl Papa

hahahaha papiii du bist soooo suess!!!! dann schreib ichs klein alles!

bussis

Mit * nach jeder Zeile, also:

zur biene sprach die eintagsfliege*wenn ich etwas honig kriege*übernehm ich deine sorgen*ich - äh...zahle morgen

hahaha perfekt!!!! so wird's gemacht!! mit sternchen. bist du aufgeregt dass dein gedicht "veroeffentlicht" wird??

Nein, meine Süße, es ist mir eine Ehre! ♡

„Sophie.“ (quote by my friend). The word bar - in English also „pub“- has its origins in the word „public“ (quoting my friend). The bar is a public place, a worldly place, a cosmic place? Valuska, the character from the „family of the holy fools“ from László Krasznahorkai's novel „The Melancholy of Resistance“ knows how to create connections to the cosmic world inside a bar. All the world enters the bar, from time to time. „You have to use serious sources!“ (quoting my father)

„Fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Both of their futures so full of dread
You don't show one

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon

Oh, Jokerman“ „But the film is a saddening bore, for she's lived it ten times or more. She could spit in the eyes of fools“
(song „Jokerman“ by Bob Dylan) (song „Life on Mars“ by David Bowie)

I look around at the guests who are holding on to their glasses of beer in the same way they hold on to their hope. I catch myself thinking that those people are my real heroes. If the beer that I serve means hope for them, then the gesture of serving the alcohol could actually be seen as a caring act. The bar is my body, the beer is the blood pumping through my veins. I am selling my *heartblood*. Now, during these times, everything goes slower, the pumping, my heartbeat. I think that writing about the bar in such a way is just a stupid and useless idea that came from my own mind. But still I can feel that, no matter where, there will always be bars with the beer that is being pumped, consumed and payed (or not) in there. „Who knows“ (quoting my teacher) if that is stupid or not.

If the beer is honey in the lives of some, then I want to be the one who serves this sweet thing. And if my smile can give a little extra, I will be happy to serve that, too. For this is what matters in the bar, that moment, the beer and the smile. I am not a saviour, I am an artist, a barkeeper. I just want to hand out some beer, or tea, and some love. „Ahm, could I have a beer?“ (quoting my friend)

The Rumanian writer Norman Manea, who is sitting in the right corner of the bar drinking his beer speaks up telling about his book „Captives“, where his main characters embody „the defeated people, not the victorious. The vulnerable, almost invisible, the marginal people... and this meant to go through a process of a lot of complications and confusions that were the realm of their lives in that place and time. I had in mind what W. Faulkner used to say: that the writer or artist should be judged by the risk he takes and even by the dimension of his failure, so if it is a failure, I hope it is a great failure with a great risk and it shows the way I saw, in that time and in that condition, the meaning of being a writer in tough times.“ „*Art and Security!*“ (quoting Borgo Ensemble Nürnberg)

(interview „25 years in translation“ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=es3HUvuzcbk>).

These are tough times for a barkeeper, too. The times when it was possible to hang out in bars until late in the night seem to be over. We have to drink our beer outside, we have to leave at 10pm, we cannot approach each other physically, we have to lift the facial masks a bit in order to take a sip of beer. It has never been so hard to serve and to drink. But still, we continue serving and we continue drinking.. not only at home, but in the community of bars, because it is more satisfying to drink in that both public and private space of a bar, among others, with possibilities of giving and receiving smiles. Behind the masks. The virus makes us fearful toward each other, we become more divided than we already were before. There are always choices to make between the more social, more human behaviour or the safer one. It is a 360 degree turn, since the safer one in the end seems to be the more social one, because it means taking responsibility for not spreading the virus and like that caring for those among us who have a vulnerable health. So, to be „social“ means, to keep a distance, and searching for physical contact and touch means to be irresponsible. I think that some things are turning upside-down, a 180 degree turn. „So good to see you!“ (quoting my friend)

Still, we can touch our beer bottle or glass or teacup. Let's have another beer.

„It is nice to hold something so breakable“ (quoting my friend's quote)

„In my solitude

You haunt me

With dreadful eras

Of days gone by“ (song „Solitude“ by Billie Holiday)

(song „Crazy Winterheart“ by Tunes 'n Tales)

„We zijn toch beste piraten?!“ (quoting my friend)

This song was written by a group of old men from my hometown in Nürnberg. I know them since I am a child, because my father took me and my brother to his favourite bars every Sunday, where they all used to hang out. My father's bar companions, workers, musicians or artists who have a second job, to drink beer. Those beerdrinkers, they were some sort of family for me. There was a kind of understanding between us and I always felt well among them, drinking my lemonade and listening to their joking or to their silence. I think it happened back then, I gave my heart to those „beer tankards“ (first scene in „Werckmeister's Harmonies“ by Tarr Béla), because they were warm

„All my friends down at the bar
&&&& laugh sadness all away
&&&& but I can't find a smile
&&& night drains above my day.
&&&& Crazy winterheart.“

and welcoming with me. The atmosphere in those bars felt more homy to me than our living room, at times. Somehow all of us, we were losers and heroes at the same time and it was totally okay. Because here it didn't matter. They were forced to go to work and I was forced to go to school: It all sucked. They took me seriously, we were equally fragile and lost. We had this kind of understanding. We dreamt together and our dreams were circling around themselves, here in the bar, in eternity, amen.

„God, let your salvation make us see
and trust in nothing ephemeral
nor vanity make us happy;
help us let go and be simple-minded
and under your gaze here
be pious and happy like children!“

„Wuff, wuff, wuff!“
(quoting my friend)

„This is why I don't like saving money!“
(german lullaby „The moon has risen“ by Matthias Claudius, 1790) (quoting my friend)

We are inside the bar. The door opens and the hungarian writer Laszlo Krasznahorkai enters. He orders a beer, sits down by the counter and says: „I am in fact trying to give hope (...) As for the inner world of the heroes: They are also at the mercy of their hope - and at the mercy of everything that they use to avoid facing reality, or even facing up to the comedy that a human audience expects. Instead, I have the obligation to portray that person who simply doesn't exist without hope. So... to deprive a person of the hope that 'tomorrow the sun will rise' - that isn't the purpose of art.“ (Laszlo Krasznahorkai in interview <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XIyz4x17hRo>)

We are all hanging in the bar. I have my head on the bar counter. My amazing polish colleague is doing the bar shift today. We listen to a playlist which includes songs from the russian band „кино“ and others. You look beautiful today, you always are, you are the most charming barkeeper. When you appear it is like „the sun“ rises and „explodes“ (movie „Before the End“ by Damien Jibert), when you do the bar it is a feast. I tell you I could fall in love with you. „Maybe you already are“ is the response. „This portrait is enchantingly beautiful, such as no eye has ever yet seen.“

„Haha, is this a cat?“ (quoting my friend)

*I feel the way this divine image
fills my heart with new emotion.
Though I cannot name what this is,
yet I feel it's burning here like fire.
Might this sensation be love? “*

(Tamino sings this aria for Pamina in „the magic flute“ by W.A. Mozart) „Schön!“ (quoting my friend)

When I look around there are more people who have their heads laying on their tables. The thing is, i don't really know if they are exhausted because of drinking or because they are sick. Nor does it matter anymore. Now we all have the virus, we walk around and stare at each other with feverish eyes. The streets are full with thrown masks and plastic gloves. It rains on them and they become really dirty: „I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping“ (song „While my Guitar gently weeps by George Harrison). They lay on the ground like light-blue autumn leaves made from plastic. Summers gone. I think that you, barkeeper, you are like a beekeeper. We are the bees. The beer is our honey. You are the queen of bees, you, beauty, queen of colors and sweetness. You keep on feeding us with beer, music and with words, with your fabulous existence behind the bar. You are loving and strict at the same time, the way you guide us. The way you guide our feelings while we are „slightly getting drunk“ („In a Strange Room“ by Damon Galgut). You are strict with us in our feverish mode. We are drunk, we have a fever.

„Yes, Adolf Hitler wanted to keep us all dumb!“
(quote by my dear godmother)

„keep it drunk, girl“ (quoting my friend)

----- „I'm not the kind of sick that you can fix
----- Don't you worry about me baby
----- I've got no enemies and i've got no time
----- The song, we carry on
----- Even though you pushed us down
----- We carry on“
----- (song „Sick“ by Chelsea Wolfe)

We the bees, we need care. „Caresses are nice“ (from movie „Motherland“ by Giorgos Efthimiou). I love your hands that hand me out the beer. My hands hold on to the bottle like holding on to hope. The bottle has the perfect size for my small hands, I press it a lot and it feels cold in my hands.

Later, the more it turns empty, the warmer the bottle gets. I drank out hope and now I have nothing left to lose. This is a good feeling and I can finally relax and fall asleep, my head on the barcounter.

„I want to heal, I want to feel,
What I thought was never real
I want to let go of the pain I've held so long“

„Scheisse.“ (quoting my friend)

(erase all the pain 'till it's gone)

„You have to be more social!“ (quoting my uncle)

I want to heal, I want to feel

Like I'm close to something real

I want to find something I've wanted all along

Somewhere I belong“

(song „Somewhere I belong“ by Linkinpark)

„Off topic!“ (quoting somebody)

I think we are dealing with a world that is becoming sicker each day, sicker in many aspects. The world has a fever. The earth is heating up because of us humans and, we are heating up too. „The world is brewing a fever, intensity reaches down and infects us to our core. Into the very essence of what defines us as who we are“ (quoting my old classmate and friend). The fever measures rise beyond the normal. There are wars happening, out there, but here in the netherlands or in germany we cannot hear them or see them. But the smoke of burning refugee camps set on fire or being pelted with hand granates by german nationalists should be visible from my window. „I wanna say now somebody stop that war“ (Jimmy Cliff song „Vietnam“). I think if people would hang out more in bars they would not make so much war, but just peacefully absorb their beer, their honey, this vitamine bee®. Then they could dream about being great and powerful instead of trying it out for real, imposing their violent actions on the world, on innocent people. „Justice has become the big lie of these days“ (anti-war song: 9 years of war in Syria). If we, european colonizers and exploiters, would just sit more in bars, swallowing our honey, we had less time to rush around in order to create chaos and destruction, being sinfully ambitious in our daily lives. „With our toxic sting we're poisoning the globe and killing ourselves“ (quoting my friend). During the first worldwide lockdown in april 2020 the world started breathing again, because many humans finally stood still, we were forced not to move. A lack of human action is a relief to the world and to the nature. Still people „end up drowned into the Mediterranean sea or sparking more emotion when they are lost than when they could be saved, provided with the means to strive after surviving death itself.“ (Nacira Guénif-Soul Amas in „Rediscovered Faces in Photography“, p. 237)

War in Ukraine 2022.

„Babies are being born in a dark world“ (song from Aleppo)

„Us, proud human beings....

“Solitary bees don't produce honey!”

„Did you practice?“

we are very poor sinners.....

-, „Yes that's true!“

and don't know much at all;....

(quote by my teacher)

we spin webs of air.....

(quote by my friend)

and seek many arts.....

and get further from the goal” (lullaby „the moon has risen“)

Sitting in quarantene in germany for someone like me means isolated luxury, it is like a bee in its bee cell, with all honey needed always available, feeling warm and cosy. We can sit on our sofas and keep asking us questions. „Do you have the answer?“ „To what question?“ „The question is whats the question?“ „What's the answer?“ „Is that a question?“ „No, that's the answer“ „I have a question, why do you keep filming me?“ (from the french animation movie „Before The End“ series of 5 episodes by Damien Jibert). This dialogue happens on a sofa, where the protagonist, a youngster, is sitting. The conversation happens between two creatures of his unconscious. One of them has the shape of an alien-princess called Miranda. She is constantly smoking. He himself does not contribute to the conversation, he doesnt aks nor does he give answers, the only thing he always says is „ok“ „„Asking life, living the questions“ (quoting my mother)

„Ok!!“ (quoting my friend)

„Despair came knocking

At my door.....

And I let her in.....

For a while.....

She sat on the couch.....

And began smoking.....

She said nothing.....

„I'm just trying to survive those days that feel more chaotic than yesterday.“ (quoting my friend)

Suddenly I felt tired.....

(song „Despair came knocking“ by Daniel Johnston)

I began to feel tired.....“

In the same movie there is a scene where a man with a very formal office outfit enters a pub, goes to the barkeeper and orders a fried egg. The barkeeper tells him to sit down. As he is doubting she tells him again: „you sit down“. It turns out they don't have eggs in the bar and so the guest is waiting forever for his egg. „I am waiting for the waitress, I've ordered the moon“ (quote by my friend). An egg is like a moon, it is a symbol for transformation. „What was there first, the egg or the hen“? What is the question to the answer? Egg and moon have a new life inside of them and we can wait for it inside a bar. It is also a symbol for isolation but inside of an egg it must be cosy and dark. Maybe the bar is the egg and when we are sitting in there we feel cosy and warm like in the

mother womb, like in a real shelter. But we are also the eggs ourselves, we are fragile and we have warm life inside of us. „Because the shell is hard, it breaks easily. Why is the egg hard outside and soft inside? “ (quoting my friend) So maybe the bar is the hen that gives us warmth and helps us to brood life? But we are also the hens, brooding over our beer glasses, brooding our circulating thoughts, hatching things. „The world isn't round, it is slightly flattened!“ (quoting my friend).

„Do you see the moon up there?

It's only half visible

and yet it's round and beautiful!

„Oh ja.“ (quoting my friend)

So are some things

that we confidently laugh at

because our eyes do not see them.“

(lullaby „the moon has risen“)

„Sleep with me.“ (quoting my friend)

My father used to sing this lullaby for us when we were little. I also remember one day when my teacher from the Rietveld academy asked me if I believed there exists something more than this material reality, another realm that manifests itself in dreams, for instance. I said that at least I don't want to exclude the possibility. I appreciated that question very, very much.

„I'll play your name so I can talk about love“ „How he laughs, his mouth is so wide and red (song „Sina“ by Djavan)

and his eyes shine like diamonds

oh my Papa was a wonderful clown

oh my Papa was a lovely man

a handsome man...

a handsome man“

„Prost!“ (quoting my friend) (chanson „Oh mein Papa“ by Paul Burkhardt)

I wonder if all the guests whom I served with beer throughout my career as a bartender were my father. Maybe there is this one person I am searching within all those beer drinkers, whom I am trying to reach with my love. My father is an opera singer, he used to sing and buzz in the opera choir of an opera house. A bar is like an opera house, it is here that the „opera buffa“ („To die from laughing“ by Alessandro Baricco, 2005, Regensburg) takes place. It is no ivory tower, it is a bee nest, it's about fiery desires. The bartender is the conductor who rhythmically hands out the beer and the liquid is rhythmically and disrhythmically being drunk. So it becomes some sort of beer-drinking-orchestra and every night there is a different melody evolving. The bartender, besides being the hive, is at the same time the most popular opera diva themselves, who charms the guests and entertains them. Tonight I can be everyone you want me to be, I can be shy or wild. „I'm not avoiding anything“ (quoting my friend). But don't you dare invading my private space behind the bar counter. This area is my shelter and my stage.

„Amoree!!“ (quoting my boss)

„Oh my Papa was a wonderful clown

.....oh my Papa was a great artist.....

up on the rope, how wonderful it was to look at him

.....oh my Papa was a lovely man.“

„Mama?!“ (quoting my friend)

(chanson „Oh mein Papa“ by Paul Burkhardt)

„Oh, mio babbino caro.“ (quoting my granny)

Jessye Norman (born 1945 in Augusta, Georgia. She left us last year, on the 30th September 2019) was one of the greatest opera singers who ever lived on this planet. Both my opera-father and my opera-mother confirmed it. I still have to ask my opera-granny, though. When she was in her early 20's, she was invited by a director of the operahouse in Berlin to travel from the USA to Germany and to sing one of the main roles of an opera. Like this, her career started. I think she manages to transform every word she sings into pure feeling and every note she sings is the color of a painting. **She truly is the Sun** and the moon. She is the queen of sweet melodies and we the bees in the audience admire and follow her wherever she takes us, in awe.

„This was the hardest job of my life!“

„Awed by her splendor“ *“I feel like a Queen today“* (quoting my friend)

(quoting my colleague)

stars near the lovely *„She is a princess.“* (quoting my friend)

moon cover their own *„Ze is echt een majesteit!“* (quoting my teacher)

bright faces

when she

is roundest and lights

earth with her silver“

“My Princess, nature's art-nouveau, everything else: Pure beauty, jazz“ (song „Sina“ by Djavan)

(poem „Awed by her splendor“ by Sappho)

„You are a lioness!“ (quoting my friend)

Like her, my mother crossed the atlantic ocean in her early twenties, in order to become an opera singer. She told me that Jessye Norman gave her inspiration and confidence to go. She flew from Rio de Janeiro to switzerland and then to Nürnberg in germany. Where she met my father. In a bar. Before that happened, my father was singing in Berlin and he stood on the same stage with Jessye

Norman. He was singing in the opera choir of bees that sang with and for the queen Jessye.

„Papa like an arrow jumped up on the rope---- „ô cirandeiro cirandeiro ô
Eh la hopp, eh la hopp, eh la hopp----- a pedra do seu anel
he spread his legs wide apart----- brilha mais doque o sol“
jumped high in the air and stood on the hand- (quoting my friend)
Eh la hopp, eh la hopp, eh la hopp-----“

(chanson „Oh mein Papa“ by Paul Burkhardt)

„Voce é minha filha.“ (citacao de Socorro)

„When listening to „Porgi Amor“ (from „la nozze di figaro“ by W.A.Mozart) it is as if we remembered with a stiching pain the moment in which something within us ripped apart which threw us into the embarressement of having to speak.“ („To die from laughing“ by Alessandro Baricco, p. 20). When Jessye Norman sings „Porgi Amor“ she naturally transmits the feelings of the person who is being cheated by her husband as he falls in love with a younger woman. In the middle of the piece she sings „o milascia almen morir“, her wish to die „oh, let me die“. She repeats it three times. The whole piece lives from the repetitions of melodies and of words, that form a rather simple and short song (source <https://opera-inside.com/porgi-amor-eine-arie-aus-der-oper-le-nozze-di-figaro/?lang=de>). „As always with Mozart, the most simple things are the most difficult ones“, to my mother, my dog and clowns. (song „Is there life on Mars?“ by David Bowie) Repetition is our heartbeat, constantly pumping life, building up and maintaining it. Repetition is the act of lifting the glass to the lips and swallowing the liquid. Repetition is our entering and leaving the bar, its door is the heart valve, my space behind the counter the heart chamber from where I gaze into the worlds in the faces of the guests. Sometimes, often the guests would tell me about their universes. One day a guest showed me an Ufo outside, infront of the bar.

„I'll be you, you'll be me (I'll be me, you'll be you)“ „How the world is so quiet (song by Jimmy Cliff: „We all are One“)
.....and underneath the cover of twilight
so intimate and so lovely.
as a silent chamber.....
.....where you shall oversleep and forget

„what a pity, I would have loved to go for a walk..“ the woes of the day“.....

(quoting my friend)

.....(lullaby „the moon has risen“)

„You annoy!“ (quoting my friend)

There's a fire in my heart. Can you feel it too? As I hand out the drink to you, I look you in the eyes. Today you ordered absint, the green spirit with 89% alcohol. You receive some water and ice as well. The way you like it, I know how you like it. „Pythagoras and Hippocrates wrote of its (absint's) healing properties, its aphrodisiac effect and the increase in creativity they experienced upon drinking it...(http://absinthe.at/green_fairy_en.htm). Painters worshipped **the green fairy** like a lover“. It is made from various extracts, such as: wormwood, sage, liquorice, violet root, nutmeg, camomile, cinnamon and several secret ingredients. „There are no secrets in big cities“ (quote by my friend). I want to be your green fairy, let me be your green fire. I want to touch your lips, go further, touch your tongue and be swallowed down into your body. There, I will light you up and burn you and keep you very warm. Your red blood will turn green as will your bones, your muscles and your skin. You will be totally filled with me. „Ja,ja.“ (quote by my friend).

„Can you feel it too?

I do I do I do

Can you feel it too?

I do I do I do

Can you feel it too?

I do I do I do

Can you feel it deep inside? „Wil je dat ik daar binnen stap?“ (quoting my friend)

Come on over have a ride „Nee, nee, nee! Wel, wel, wel! Niet, niet, niet!“ (quoting my friend)

If I love you will you stay?“

(song „Can you feel it too?“ by The Shivas)

„We could have been lovers.“ (quoting my friend)

The other day, it must have been some years ago, I entered the bar and there you were. Among many people, it was back in time when we didn't care about crowded places and didn't mind touching each other. I saw you and called your name with joy. You asked me what I wanted from you, „are we a couple or what?“ (quoting a guest). I turned silent. I think in the end there was not much more between us than to serve and to pay the absint. Although in my imagination we had gone much further in giving and receiving. How could I give and how could you receive something that burns a lot inside and we behave as if nothing happened? Now here I stand, naked, infront of you.

„And in the evenings I stand underneath your window

.....You water the flowers, water the flowers.

And I stand there until dawn and burn with fire

These horses they pull me
These horses they pull me
These tires they pull me
These winds they push me
These wires they pull me
These wires they pull me
To you

„Möse“ (quoting my friend)

*„You are a woman just as you are a man“
(song „Seekers who are Lovers“ by Cocteau Twins)

These horses they pull me
These horses they pull me
These tires they pull me
On the unforgiving roads that lead to you
These winds these winds they push me
These wires these wires they pull me
These wires these wires they pull me
To you
And nobody can stop me now“
(song „Reins“ by Chelsea Wolfe)

„I wanna share your tomorrow. So I must beg you today.“ (song „let me in your life“ by Bill Withers)

„I endure the fire alone“

I can remember when you brought me the rose. I was standing behind the bar counter and there you came. You were very shy and „looked at me in a different way than before“ (song „Valsinha“ de Chico Buarque). „You are almost as big as a tree“ but in that moment I was looking down to you, little trembling person at the other side of the counter. The rose was trembling, too. It's not that I am fond of roses but this one I liked. It was the first and only time I received a rose from somebody in love*. This one was pink and had white sparkles, looked very strange and I liked it. I also liked your helplessness, „we are all clumsy in our own ways“ (quote by my friend). I could see in your face that you were terrified. I didn't expect this to happen, not at all, after what had happened between us the other night at your place.

„No mercy! I endure the fire alone.“

„Ah! Respond

Respond to my tenderness

Pour out to me

Pour out to me the drunkenness!

Respond to my tenderness!

Respond to my tenderness!

Ah! Pour out to me the drunkenness!“

(song „Samson and Delilah“ by Camille Saint-Saëns)

You know, I am a little girl and you are very old. I like you but don't quite understand my feelings and my body yet. You said it felt strange to be inside of me. I found that funny, as I find everything funny when it comes to this thing. You were confused about my laughter. I have to laugh because I realize that you remind me of my father and of my mother in some ways. Maybe I am trying to approach them and that is why I want to be close to you. Maybe I want to become them myself, I want to turn into my mother and my father. Well, I have them inside of me anyways. My father used to tell me: „You are just like your mother!“ when I was annoying him. My mother used to say: „You are becoming like your father!“, if I would cause her troubles. That's the prove! But you, I like it when you call me „Mädchen“ (girl). I also liked it when you told me that I was a bomb. But that one I actually didn't quite understand and you could not really explain it either. I'm a little girl.

„Ave Maria!“ (quoting my granny) „Well, she's walking through the clouds „I want to eat.“ (quoting my cousin)

With a circus mind

That's running wild

„Jij bent een neushoorn!“

Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams

„well!“ (quoting my friend)

And fairly tales

That's all she ever thinks about

*except for a rose made from clay!

Riding the wind“

“You have to drink garlic...”

(song „Little Wing“ by Jimmy Hendrix)

„...it will help.“ (quoting my aunt)

You touched me as you came behind the bar counter. I froze. It is very narrow here, behind the counter. This is my space, you invaded my space. You are a colleague, so I cannot send you away. You softly touch my arms as you have to press past me. Somehow you make me feel very confused and I know that you see it because you have to laugh. I want to throw this bottle of beer onto your head. Your grinning looks so self confident and self satisfied. Why do I have to see you every week at work? I just want to give out my beer in peace and there is no honey that I would sell to you. What is even worse: You are wearing your red shoes, they are so extremely red. You walk around like a queen or a king in those shoes. I blush, red covers my face, too. Sorry, I have to tell the guest who wants to buy a beer, a „Minnesänger-Pils“ and whom I didn't see entering. Today is not my day. There is another red thing involved, I have my periode and I can feel that it overflows between my legs, I forgot to put a tampon. That was the only thing that was still missing, I want to cry.

„wow wow wow fuuuck off!“ (quoting my friend)

„When I'm sad, she comes to me

„Mama, they are teasing me!“ (quoting my brother)

With a thousand smiles

She gives to me free

It's alright, she says

It's alright

Take anything you want from me

Anything

Fly on, little wing“

„Banana-boat ride“ (Book Of Saturday by King Crimson)

„...of red wine of blood.“ (song by Chico Buarque „Cálise“)

„Or: a banana-sofa.“ (quoting my friend)

(song „Little Wing“ by Jimmy Hendrix)

You say you don't want to make love inside of the Bar. Because then you would be reminded of that every day at work. So, instead, we play the piano. Yes, there is a grand piano standing right in front of the bar counter. I don't know how to play music, I tell you. You invite me to sit close to you and to try playing with you. I am very shy and nervous. You ask me what kind of song I like. I say that I don't know. I don't know what kind of melody I would like and what would be the right tone that would deeply move me. I ask you about how it was when you played with others, how would they find out what was the right thing to do? You say that it always depends, every person needs a different melody, different notes. You have to press different keys in order to find the right tune. So you take my hands and we try out tuning together. You put my fingers in different positions on different piano keys, so fast that I can't follow what is happening. Suddenly my fingers are playing the piano. I didn't know little bees could play like that. „Little red hiding hood and the bad wolfe“, let's

rock! „I put on my red dress

„de clownsneus!“ (citaat van mijn vriendje)

I'm ready for body movement

I put on my red dress

I'm ready for natural appreciation

I put on my blue dress

So let me go ride on your floor

I dive in my blue dress

Yeah, yeah...“

(song „Bodymovement“ by Y'akoto)

„Crocodiles and Flowers“ (quoting my friend)

After that you bring me some chocolate cookies that you had in your pocket. At that moment I am laying on the sofa in the bar, the one that is covered with green leather. I am wearing a red dress. I feel beautiful and I feel exhausted in a good way, like when you are slightly drunk. You come and sit next to me and offer me a cookie, while you already have your mouth full with them. I have never seen cookies like that, I wonder where you bought them. But now I am too tired to ask, so I just accept the fact that they are here and that they are funny and I try one. My grandmother would have offered me cookies like that, I think. You are sweet and caring like my granny. I find you very sweet. I see your hands that hold the box with old-fashioned cookies and I realize that I like your hands. I want them to touch me and to caress me. This all tastes so sweet! I catch myself thinking that your cookies are sweeter than honey. „Pandorra's box was not a box. It was a Vase!“ (quoting my friend)





.....This is a music without tones.....

.....my name is Sophie.....



*

Quarto de não dormir.....not
sleeping room	
Sala de não estar.....not
living room	
Porta de não abrir.....not
opening door	
Pátio de sufocar.....
.....suffocating yard	
Carta no corredor.....letter in
the hallway	
Eu não vou nem pegar.....I
won't even take it	
A voz no gravador.....the voice
on the recorder	
Não quero escutar.....I don't
want to hear it	
A lua é um farol.....the moon
is a headlight	
O vento, um assobio.....the
wind a whistle	
A foto é um out-door.....the foto
is a billboard	
Teu rosto em três por quatro mostra que....your face in
three by four shows that	
Tudo.....everything
.....everything	
Na madrugada insiste em ficar.....at dawn
insist on staying	
Já que existe tanto espaço em mim.....since there is so
much space in me	
Juro!.....I
swear!	
Na luz do dia.....in
the daylight	
Todas as coisas vão me perder.....all
things will lose me	
Como eu te perdi.....like
I lost you	
(song „Espaco“ by Cássia Eller)	

Se eu quiser falar com Deus
Tenho que ficar a sós
Tenho que apagar a luz
Tenho que calar a voz
Tenho que encontrar a paz
Tenho que folgar os nós
Dos sapatos, da gravata
Dos desejos, dos receios
Tenho que esquecer a data
Tenho que perder a conta
Tenho que ter mãos vazias
Ter a alma e o corpo nus
Se eu quiser falar com Deus
Tenho que aceitar a dor

Tenho que comer o pão
Que o diabo amassou
Tenho que virar um cão
Tenho que lambar o chão
Dos palácios, dos castelos
Suntuosos do meu sonho
Tenho que me ver tristonho
Tenho que me achar medonho
E apesar de um mal tamanho
Alegrar meu coração
Se eu quiser falar com Deus
Tenho que me aventurar
Tenho que subir aos céus
Sem cordas pra segurar
Tenho que dizer adeus
Dar as costas, caminhar
Decidido, pela estrada
Que ao findar, vai dar em nada
Nada, nada, nada, nada
Nada, nada, nada, nada
Nada, nada, nada, nada
Do que eu pensava encontrar

(música „Se eu quiser falar com deus“ de Gilberto Gil)

Die Wolken ziehn
Von West nach Ost
Ich lieg im Bett
Und denk an dich
Und wie es früher war
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Irgendwo
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Lichterloh
Der Himmel glüht
Wie heißes Eisen
Ein kleiner Vogel
Singt ganz leise
Unser Lied - sieh da
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Irgendwo
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Lichterloh
Das Traumtier geht
Auf weite Reise
Und grauer Regen
Löscht die Feuer
Ach, küss mich noch einmal
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Irgendwo
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Lichterloh
Zauberland ist abgebrannt
Und brennt noch
Irgendwo

(song „Zauberland“ von Rio Reiser)

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time
It has for so long known nothing of me
It may well believe that I am dead
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think I am dead
Nor can I deny it
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven
In my love, in my song!

(song „Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen“ by Gustav Mahler/Friedrich Rückert)

The clown. The circus. Francesca Mimosa Furiosa. „I saw you. Fire snow rain sun. Storm
lightening thunder. I want to show me. To open myself widestly. No fear, just sing. Still looking
away, running away. Searching for loneliness and human heat. Away away away. Here. Confront.
Just fooling around playing around, with a feeling of love. But not holy but free.

And you are so beautiful.“

(poem by Sophie, written for my friend)

„Ich will Gedichterin werden!“ *

(quoting my friend. This is not translateable,
it is a revolutionary improvement of
the german language)

“In fact you might have knocked me out a bit with your talking” (quoting my friend)
“Well, I pay you for listening to me” (quoting my boss)

* „*The clown is an acting poet. She/he is their own poem.*“
(Henry Miller in „*The smile at the Foot of the Ladder*)

Sunday is gloomy
My hours are slumberless
Dearest the shadows
I live with are numberless
Little white flowers
Will never awaken you
Not where the black coach
Of sorrow has taken you
Angels have no thoughts
Of ever returning you
Would they be angry
If I thought of joining you
Gloomy Sunday

(song „Gloomy Sunday“ by Billie Holiday)

„You should get over it. Grieving is normal, but not like that. Life goes on.“ (quote by anybody)

„I walk so closely to the skin that my skin has the fire of doomsday“ (song „Flor da Pele“ by Zeca Baleiro)

„the Devil has many names“ (quote by somebody, I forgot who said that)

„the more we love, the more we suffer.“ (quoting my boss)

„Father, move this 'shut up' away from me

of red wine of blood

how to drink this bitter beverage

swallow the pain, swallow the toil

even silent the night, there's the chest

silence in the city is not heard

what's worth to me to be the son of the saint

I'd do better to be the son of the other

other reality less dead

so many lies, so much brute strength“ „humanity at its worst.“ (quoting my friend)

(song „Cálice“ by Chico Buarque) „levántate, anda!“ (song „Somos Agua“ by Ibiza Pareo)

Dear Virus, come to me. This virus is round and green and has red dots all around, like the halo effect of the moon, wreath, crown. We can play cricket with the Covid-19 Corona - Virus, send it back and forth, to you and me. Smash it. You come into my body, integrate into my blood. You come now. I let you enter my body, I can eat you. I can kiss you, virus and invite you into my body. Sweet virus, oh, I hate you virus. What do you have to say? Have some rest above my spleen, that is a place close to my heart. Haha, you are cute, though. Am I even worth having you? Will you reject me again, virus? Honeybaby, you're my goddess. „How does it feel to treat me like you do? When you've laid your hands upon me and told me who you are? I thought I was mistaken, I thought I heard your words. Tell me, how do I feel? And I still find it so hard to say what I need to say. But I'm quite sure that you'll tell me just how I should feel today.“ (song „Blue Monday“ by New Order)
“The work that I'm doing is not separated from my life,” said Galas, who performs at the Palace

Gloomy is Sunday
With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles
And prayers that are said I know
Let them not weep
Let them know that I'm glad to go
Death is no dream
For in death I'm caressin' you
With the last breath of my soul
I'll be blessin' you
Gloomy Sunday

„I come back, come back

You see my return

My returning face is smiling

Smile of a waiting man ...

I be home soon soon soon

Soon cry on your shoulder

Your shoulder against my burning tears

Tears of a waiting man ...“

(song „Red“ by King Crimson)

„The devil thought he had the keys,

the devil thought he had the keys...

They put nails on his arms.....

For you and I.....

Mama, stay bold.....

Single dammy dark occasion.....

Good lord is just drugs narcophilia.

Gotta be your daddy's girl.....

No place safer than Harlem.....

Kneeling in front of him.....

Kneeling in front of him.....

Blowjob's songs of death.....

The devil thought he had the keys..

Oh, blood terror.....“

(song „Mama“ by Mary and The Boy)

tonight. "If I'm talking about extreme isolation . . . states of extraordinary depression, it's because I know this for myself. . . . I'm lucky to have this work. That music has kept me going in the face of a lot of craziness." (interview with Diamanda Galas in Los Angeles Times, April 17, 1992 12 AM).
Play that song for me!.....

Dead souls rising	Red green yellow black	Were you a witness?
Hear our crying	rusty red deadly red	And on that holy day
Join the Paradise of Torture	coal-raven black is gaily-coloured	And on that bloody day
(song „Judgement Day“ by Diamanda Galas)	I have lost my vocabulary notebook	Were you a witness?
And I wanted that heat so bad	“I'm leaving now”	And on his dying bed he told me
I could taste the fire on your breath	by Einstürzende Neubauten	But to all the cowards and voyeurs:
And I wanted in your storm so bad		There are no more tickets to the funeral
I could taste the lightning on your breath		There are no more tickets to the funeral
I watched you hold the sun in your arms		Were you a witness?
While it bled to death		And on that holy day
It grew so pale next to you		And on that bloody day
The world is so pale next to you		There are no more tickets to the funeral
Your hair is coxcomb red		The funeral crowded!
Your eyes are viper black		Were you there when they crucified my Lord
Your hair is coxcomb red		Were you there when they nailed him to the cross
Your eyes are viper black		Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
You said every road is a good road		Were you there when they crucified my Lord
Between the next road and your last road		"Were you there when they dragged him to the grave"
Every love is your best love		Sometimes it causes me to wonder, wonder, wonder
And every love is your last love		SWING SWING
And every kiss is a goodbye		A band of Angels coming after me
And every kiss is a goodbye		Coming for to carry me home
I watched you hold the son in your arms		Swing swing
While he bled to death		A band of Devils coming after me
He grew so pale next to you		For to drag me to the grave.
The world is so pale next to you	„Sophie, love is not a joke“ (quoting my friend)	Swing swing
Your hair is coxcomb red		But I will not go
Your eyes are viper black		I will wake up
Your hair is coxcomb red		And I shall walk from this room into the sun
Your eyes are viper black		Where the dirty angel doesn't run
Your hair is coxcomb red		Where the dirty angel cannot go
Your eyes are viper black		And brothers in this time of pestilence
Your hair is coxcomb red		Do know that we meet we hear another sick man sigh
Your eyes are viper black		Each time that we meet we hear another has died
Your hair is coxcomb red		And I see angels angels angels devils
Your eyes are viper black		Angels angels devils
(song “Coxcomb Red” by Songs:Ohia)		Angels angels devils

Angels angels devils

Among the blues and gospel songs that Diamanda Galas turns inside out on her new album is **Coming for to drag me to the grave**
Willie Dixon's "Insane Asylum". Her first vocal performances, in the mid 70's, were given in mental institutions and she **Angels!**
later spent a little time inside one herself. **Mr. Sandman makes a filthy bed for me**

But I will not rest

Galas describes her vocal approach as "unmatrixed", and on the new "The Singer" **As a man who has been blinded by the storm**
album - which like all her work since 1984 addresses HIV – she takes american blues and spirituals **And waits for angels by the road**
and puts them through the wringer. **While the devil waits for me at night**

With knives and lies and smiles

"My reappropriation of this music takes it back into its original roots, which is a military **And sings the "swing low sweet chariot"**
music," said Galas. "Gospel music is a fighter's music. It's music sung to stay alive in the face of the bloodhounds." **Of death knells**

One by one

Her first album, "The Litanies of Satan", came out in 1982, and two years later she began what she **Like a sentence of the damned**
simply calls "the work" - "Plague Mass (Masque of the Red Death)", a trilogy dedicated to people who are HIV-positive. **And one by one**

Of my brothers die

"A person who has this disease really has to think very aggressively, very much like a fighter, and that's **Unloved, unsung, unwanted**
the same way you have to think when you've gone through situations like mental illness," said Galas **Die, and faster please,**

(Her brother, playwright-actor Philip-Dimitri Galas, died of HIV in 1986)

We've got no money for extended visits

Says the sandman

But we who have gone before

"The way I sing the songs goes back to a much earlier level. The original place is in possession and in rituals,
rituals to stay alive, that create ecstasy and profound energy."

Do not rest in peace

Remember

(Diamanda Galas in Interview, Los Angeles Times, April 17, 1992 12 AM)

Unburied

I am screaming in the bloody furnaces of Hell

(song „There Are No More Tickets To The Funeral“ by Diamanda Galas)

The bar at night. I broke in. I don't have the keys anymore since I quitted my job as a barkeeper. I
broke in and stole a beer. I don't care if what I am doing is wrong or right since I am no longer
„afraid of the devil“ (song by Mary and The Boy). „Yes, he is really a disaster, this guy!“ (quoting
my teacher). My stomach, my lungs and „my liver“ can tell that I don't care. My body „smells
funny, smells like death“ (song „afraid of the devil“). It must have been weeks that I don't shower.
Although taking showers is practical, because then nobody can tell my tears from the water. „Maar,
Sophie houdt niet van douche!“ (citaat van mijn vriendje) Now I can only cry when it rains. For that
reason it is easier to cry in Amsterdam than in Nürnberg. There I can cry about 4 times a week. In
Germany I have to reduce it to once in two weeks. „Can you find peace on earth?“ (song „afraid of
the devil“) I ask myself. Maybe I can „find freedom inside the devil's heel. I'm so drepressed, trying
to speak. But 'in love there are no questions' (quoting my dear teacher). I'm getting out to the street.“
(song „afraid of the devil“). A boat without a port, without a direction, without a sail. (song „Flor da
Pele“ by Zeca Baleiro) „I'm walking through the familiar streets where some people live. I just want to
walk. Towards you. To be with you. I love only you. I look up: a play of black clouds. Many
thoughts, I hit my head. I have to walk. There is nothing but fire. No mercy, I endure the fire alone.
I'm inside the room. I look up: I have to move. What else can I do in order to live. I see you standing

outside and I wait for boats that bring me to you. But nobody can reach it.“ (track „haute dance“ by Kirill Shapovalov),„One two three four one two three... I wait every moment, I wait, wait for my chance. I wait for my friend to say hello you waiting man. And so I wait so I wait so I wait so I wait.“ („Red“ by Kind Crimson)

Ground Control to Major Tom (ten, nine, eight, seven, six) „Space Oddity“

„And the mother of God is a baby killer.

Commencing countdown, engines on (five, four, three) by David Bowie

I know the truth is dying with me.

Check ignition and may God's love be with you (two, one, **liftoff**)

And the mother of God doesn't know she's famous.

I know the truth is dying with me.

I was livin' in a devil town, didn't know it was a devil town,

And the mother of God is getting wet when it rains.

oh lord it really brings me down about the devil town. And all my friends were vampires

I know the truth is dying with me.

Didn't know they were vampires. Turns out I was a vampire myself

And the mother of God told me I should stop

In the devil town (song „Devil Town“ by Daniel Johnston)

To travel for fun with my timemachine.

I need some shots, otherwise I will stop moving (song „Moving“ by Y'akoto)

And the mother of God is a song of Bob Dylan.

I know the truth is dying with me.

„Adam, do you want an apple?“

And the mother of God is a freak of the nature.

(quoting my teacher talking to my teacher)

I know the truth is dying with me.

-„Somehow this looks very sensual to me“

And the mother of God is a story for children.

I know the truth is dying with me.

You'll know, when's time to go on. You'll really want to grow

And the mother of God told me I should stop

and grow till tall. They all, in the end, will fall. (song „Grow Till Tall“ by Jonsi)

To travel for fun with my time machine.“

(song „Timemachine“ by Mary and The Boy)

„It began to seem to Maria that the world was too large, that love was something very dangerous and that the Virgin was a saint who inhabited a distant heaven and didn't listen to the prayers of children.“ („Eleven Minutes“ by Paolo Coelho)

It strikes me again. No mercy. *Your heart chamber filled with blood, the blood reached your lungs and drowned you.* I am suffocating under the eternally increasing weight of my feelings, can't breathe. *You died on the surgery table, chest widely open. Cut open.* I fell for you to keep falling. To cut myself open in order to release heartblood, this fever. *Your heart couldn't do the work anymore, they connected it to an ECG amplifier.* I'm waiting for the last ecstasy, a death-stroke. *You died at night,* I was awake. I'm choking on my heart's blood and your life blood makes me suffer. I held my breath all night, it was too quiet to pray. Held your heart all night in my feverish mind and I couldn't let you go, was calling you. To embrace its physical warmth one last time, your blood, your blood. Later on my lips turned cold as they kissed your marble skin. Your hand, so familiar, so dear, so cold. Both near and far, you stay but you go away. Sweet fever of love tears me with force. To love is violence for me. It consumes me, it's too powerful.

Ready Or Not, Here I Come „First, implode and then explode, I am combustible“ (song „Dysfunctional“ by Tech N9ne)

You Can't Hide

Gonna Find You

„Heart“

And Take it Slowly

Ready or not, here I come

You can't hide

Gonna find you

elephant if Jafar hadn't transformed him back to a monkey? Simsalabim, then the gate to the cave of wonders closes forever. The coffin will burn to ashes like phoenix and the memory of you is imprinted in my body like ceramics that became eternal after a journey of more than thousand degrees. Others, most notably the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, had more serious objections, both to the portrayals of many of the minor characters in the film, and to the lyrics in the opening song. In response, Disney altered the lyrics in the first song from "Where they cut off your ear if they don't like your face" to "Where it's flat and immense and the heat is intense". What would Pocahontas say? I ask myself. (<https://www.tor.com/2016/01/28/i-could-show-you-the-world-but-i-wont-disneys-aladdin/>)

Like its heartbeat I keep moving my body of clay through the fires of this life, or swimming like Ariel. „Swim well in your dream“, (quoting my friend) “that's the only thing we should do in the swimmingpool“. „The colorful veil of soul falls and it becomes quiet in front of the viewer“ (quoting the pastor or priest). Will carry you with me until I die and then I will join you and like phoenix we will arise from the ashes -you the beauty and me the beast- and will fly to Italy -,the resource of shining trees“ (quoting my friend)- on a voiceless magic carpet to see the oak trees that you planted there. When we drive back home the sun is shining very brightly and the priest or pastor starts talking about birds. He is passionately reading about them. „He's a strange bird himself“, says my friend. „Blue-faced honeyeater, what a strange and funny name. We were always joking about this bird“ (quoting my friend). I look back and see the crematorium's huge chimney.

„Are you a cat-person or a dog-person?“ (quoting my teacher)

„Let the questions remain unanswered.“ (song „The Woman I am longing to be“ by Macha Gharibian)

„Je bent een neushoorn en je wilt een bier drinken!“ (quoting my friend)

„So you think paradoxes are a human invention? I sometimes think they are a twinkle of the cosmos.“

In Nagorny Karabach. Nagorny Karabach. Song „Nagorny Karabach“ by Einstürzende Neubauten

„The rain as the force of life and fertility“ (quoting my friend)

„I am a flower in a greenhouse“ (quoting my friend)

I am waiting

„There is a place that I can't hardly gaze at. This place is glowing so brightly. I'm learning to tame it, so softly“

For the landing in confidence

(song „The Woman I am longing to Be“ by Macha Gharibian)

On the once towering peak

„But it doesn't matter, I am going up and up, musing about the wonderful scenes in the book you gave me...“

The new island

„...There is a terrace where my gaze opens to a wide view; a waterfall, a scene flooded with sunlight...“

The only strand

„...a huge gathering, with rich and delicious food, and a wide room with comfortable couches...“

I am waiting

„...I want to invite my family and all of my friends...“

Ararat! „Nagorny Karabach!“

„...laughing, enchanting - since such a long time. I did not even know this feeling anymore until now...“

What the rare bird after its return carries in its beak:

„...I had really forgotten that it existed...“

The new song!

„...It is really a book that speaks to my heart.“ (quoting my friend)

The new song!

It lies on the tongue and burns! On the tip of the tongue

What a rare bird

It sings softly

Feathers without colors

What a rare bird

What a rare bird

Beak in the heavens

What a rare bird

Flies alone to the towering peak

Of Mount Ararat

Now it finally starts to rain

And it won't stop at all

burning to be sung!

(song „Ein seltener Vogel“ by Einstürzende Neubauten)

„And me, I was dancing like a witch!“ (quoting my friend quoting me)

“женщины” (quoting my friend)

When I was a little sperm in my mother's ovary my father painted us three into a tryptichon. He presented himself as a clown, my mother as a beauty and me as a sperm, a bee puppet inside of my mother's cell: This is why I am writing this story: Because the human species always needs a bar and a church. The bar is a priestess and the church is a clown. My mother's ovary is an altar and cathedrale. All of them are a house (and a circus) and an egg. We need all of this (and a beer). So, now there is this forgotten tampon inside of my genital. In the end, why did I crawl out of my mother's opening as a bee pupa and transformed into this physical human body. What is this, my body, supposed to mean? It is neither male, nor female, although it came from a sperm and an ovary. It is almost a boy-bee-body and almost not a girl-bee. But the queen of beauty are you. I'm done with this lost tampon in the depths of my vagina. Lost, like when feeling lost in the supermarket. When you're feeling like a lover nothing really matters anymore. I saw you standing there in the supermarket, with your red dress falling (song „I need you“ by Nick Cave). This bloody tampon doesn't seem to ever come out, it wants to stay there, somewhere all the way up, close to my ovary. Is this tampon a personification of my desires? „How much more she desires“ (quoting my friend). It is stuck inside of me like a dead bee. So strange that I know it is there, but I can't feel it, can't spot it. Something's wrong with this. „I also don't feel good with my body and my face, not really as a woman or a man, everything is so strange, everything is so tight, but the tampon and us, we have to get out“ into the sun (quoting my friend). „The glass ain't full nor empty: I'll just throw it away!“ I lay down on the ground and I pray for you to hear me, a praying bee. For you I pray, the dragon-fly. All my honey my blood for you for you. And now you lay there, next to me, but not dead but sleeping. Your wings unfold like butterflies, tears come to eyes. My queen, around you there's a light. I don't dare to approach you and to bury my face in your innards. But in my heart I do. So devotedly I pray for you. I want to die from your toxic sting.

Please, do not die

„I heard your prayers“ (quoting my friend)

Or I will have to as well

You'll go straight to heaven, of course

But I don't think I will

Do you want some sweet oranges?

Do you want to hear long stories?

Do you want that I blow up the stars

„...as u were just begging to feel it“ (quoting my friend)

That disturb our sleep?

Do you want me to give away all my songs

All my songs about you?

(song „ Хочешь“-„do you want?“ by Zemfira)

„Please don't quote me anymore“ (quote)

„She also noticed that, as had happened with the first (bee), she associated love more with the person's absence than with their presence“ („Eleven minutes“ by Paolo Coelho) But I do want to see you. I would like to see you. But if I could see you I might die from love. Both is unbearable: To see you and to not see you. „You, you're just like a dream, just like in albums where I was painting you with goache“. You completely disappeared. Don't dare to search for you either, cause you are a fairy who doesn't want to be found. „I was looking for you during long long years, during dark dark nights.“(song „Iskala“ by Zemfira) “It seems so, such a day: gotta get high; But to get so fucked up I waited till the night” (a friend's quote), and, „dark was the night“ (album by Sulfjan Stevens), and I'm floating in a most peculiar way and the stars look very different today. („Space Oddity“ by David Bowie) But I have you here in my blood, in my bones and in my DNA. And if I am right, if I can be constant and faithful you'll find me in my devotion. („Devotion“ by Tracy Chapman) You are the light that flashed through my fingers as I was writing, you are the world and the universe. You are Солнце, the center of the universe. You are Venus. You are red as Mars and a tender Jupiter. You are the lunar cycle. You are Mercury, closest to the Sun and you are racing at the speed of light. You are Saturn, you have eighty-two moons around you. You are Uranus, an ice giant and a greek goddess. You are Neptune, the sea god's weapon. You are Triton, an icy Moon and the eighth Moon of Neptune. You are Pluto, the god of the underworld and the ninth planet of the Sun. And you are everyone. Everywhere. Everytime. Every hour. Every minute. Second. You are me. You are you.

You You You You You You You You

Oh man, wonder if he'll ever know

You are the blood flowing through my fingers

He's in the best selling show

What if you find a fault between my purpose and my deeds

All through the soil and up in those trees

Is there life on Mars?

And deem me beyond salvation, judge me to be unworthy

You are electricity and you're light

(song „Life on Mars“ by David Bowie)

Of your devotion („Devotion“ by Tracy Chapman)

You are sound itself and you are flight

You are the blood that I may see you, that I may see you

But her friend is nowhere to be seen, now she walks through her sunken dream

You are the blood in me

To the seat with the clearest view and she's hooked to the silver screen“

You are the earth on which I travel, on which I travel

(song „Life on Mars“ by David Bowie)

You are the earth under my feet

„Софужка“ (Цитата друга мой очень милая)

That I may travel, that I may travel with you

You are the earth on which I write the circumstances

„You are the sunshine shining me“ (quoting my friend)

You say what you want from me

You are the solitude that goes against me, that goes against me

If this be obsession deliver me, a passing infatuation deliver me, a feeling lacking in purity deliver me, a test of fidelity deliver me

You are the choir in which I dream

(song „Devotion“ by Tracy Chapman)

In which I sleep, in which I wander

„Strange story.“ (странная сказка) by Viktor Tsoi

(song „You are the Blood“ by Sulfjan Stevens)

It is late in the evening. László Krasznahorkai is still sitting in the bar called „камчатка“ (song by Viktor Tsoi). Late. It's too late to think about something. I can smell it — you need air. I'm lying in such a huge puddle. Forgive me, my love. (song „Прости меня моя любовь“ by Zemfira) Krasznahorkai's artist friend Béla Tárr has joined him years ago. They are sitting at the bar counter, talking and drinking many beers. They both like long stories, so Tárr has decided to put Krasznahorkai's first novel into an eight hours movie. The movie shall be called after the book: „Satantango“. At this moment they are talking about „death“ (song by Mary and The Boy). They are

sitting together and giggling like „eight grade girls“ (song by Viktor Tsoi), hugging each other in between, patting on their backs. Krasznahorkai says: „the end of things, disaster, death - this is due to the fact that at the end of human life and nature there is always the death of the individual. Without that you can't tell a story about a situation, especially not about the state of a world. It's simply part of it“ (Krasznahorkai in interview). Tárr reflects for a moment, then he says: „I agree. And I want to get a couple of things off my chest (quoting my friend). First of all, being sad is not a crime (song by Soko). Second, mourning is also a way of celebrating the love for the deceased person (quoting my dear friend). And finally, our laughter at ourselves is born from tears.“ (Henry Miller about the Clown in „The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder“) They sit quietly for some minutes. Suddenly Krasznahorkai jumps from his chair, bows and asks Tárr: „Do you give me a tango?“ „Dance is my weakness“ Tárr replies (quote from „Satantango's“ barscene). So they start dancing between the tables and chairs in the middle of the bar. They stamp with their feet and they sing:

„Tango is my life... tango, tango, tango...

„Bailemos juntas..“ (song by Ibiza Pareo)

my mother's the sea...

„Ya no quiero guardarme de su último calor“ (song „En Una Cita“ by Ibiza Pareo)

my father's the earth...

my name is tango... tango... tango...

„Get out, mosquito!!“ (quoting my friend)

my father's the sea.

Is my life...

„You keep me moving in – and out of myself

the tango... the tango.

moving, left and right, moving

My father's the sea

forward and backward, love“

my mother's the earth

(song „Moving“ by Y'akoto)

nevermind

is my life... tango...

tango... tango...

is my life!

The tango

my mother's the sea

my father's the earth.

No sea, no earth either...

Shit.

„So, what's the problem?“ (quoting my teacher)

What have you done to the sea,

to the earth?

„Keep on dancing!“ (quoting my teacher)

My life is tango... tango... tango...

“Shake it, shake, shake it, shake it, shake it!” (song “Hey Ya!” by OutKast)

my mother's the sea...“

„Movement is possible, if you know where you have been.“

(Bar scene in movie „Satantango“ by Tárr Béla)

(song „Bodymovement“ by Y'akoto)

Slowly those guests in the bar who are still able to get up start dancing, too. The bar turns into a dance floor. Even the bartender who is the audience behind the bar counter watching the dancing stage on the other side, starts wipping. First with her eyes, then with her ears and head. Slowly her shoulders start moving too, and then her arms. Legs follow until the whole body is moving and shaking from tears and laughter, behind the counter.

„wat ga je doen?“ (citaat van mijn beste vriendje)

I am sitting in one corner of the bar, observing the scene with my beer. „What a strange place

While I am dancing I can feel the blood running through my veins. I dance, I'm alive.

Heart, desire and faith Brush by gracefully
Everything else, pure routine, jazz A love as big as a risk
I'll play your name so i can talk about love Fills you up
(„Sina“ by Djavan) And you can't look on

The breath of god in my mouth
A love you can taste

God get some paste
He and I, breath to breath

Clothed in saliva
Healing thru your arm
I cant stop hungering for otherness.

Look at the children, they're having fun with no regards to why
They all look different but deep inside My head fall out the sky

Their feelings of love they don't hide And crashed into my palms
They don't hide, they don't hide, they don't hide Jesus God valentine

(song by Jimmy Cliff „We all are One“ Love

On the tip of it

The old rivers lack of other sweet scents
So sweet
You are a woman just as you are a man

„pero yo no soy tu dios, yo también sufro por vos, de un beso de amor“ (Ibiza Pareo “Beso de Amor“)

Creeping on the Gas
Quiet, Is a magic love, like,
I can't hear a clock or seagulls Like a Flights, clouded peak
We obediently turn off our hearts I was choking on the blood
And You're in sand like in bronze Whose camouflages, lack of soul
Forgive me, my love Whose misty fire, muses soul

(песня земфиры „Прости меня моя любовь“)

Ik ben twee winden
jij bent de berg die ik befluister
ik bezing de afgrond
jij bent het verleden waarin ik adem
en ik raas in de toekomst.

Kneeling by the harm
Which is promising the way
His poor essence, under the truth
love and heart polish itself
I slid my heels but slowly ran
So send Lucifer into hell.

„Most important to me is the dignity of the people.“ (Tárr Béla, interview in het Eye-Museum Amsterdam)

Meanwhile most of the guests have left the bar. Only Béla Tárr and László Krasznahorkai are still dancing. They are hugging each other, slowly swaying back and forth. Like the sea when it's calm. Like the late night 'barpeople' in Tárr's movie „Damnation“, which is based on Krasznahorkai's novel, too. They fused and became one, Tárr László and Krasznahorkai Béla. The moonlight, sea, star, the sun and the gift. Perhaps, one day, this front's fury will come lapidate the dream until it generates a sound. Like wanting to 'caetanear'* the good things (song „Sina“ by Djavan). If the night invents the darkness, the light invents the moonlight. The eye of life invents vision. Sweet flash over the sea (song „A Gente Precisa Ver o Luar“ by Gilberto Gil). I am sixty years old, but still a school kid. I love those two beer tankards who became now one single one. They are my crew, family: us, extraterrestrial & solitary bees from outta space. „Feierabend!“ (quote) says the barkeeper. Then she puts us on the street, locks the door and we stroll home. It is softly raining and we are slightly drunk...

*Djavan is referring to his artist friend, *Caetano* Veloso. They sing this song together live on stage, see in 1983 and in 2012

*„But this everyday world, which we think we know all too well, it is the same, the only world,
a world full of magic, full of inexhaustible charm“
(Henry Miller about the Clown in „The smile at the foot of the ladder“)*

„Joy is like a river: It flows on without ceasing.“
(Henry Miller about the Clown in „The smile at the foot of the ladder“)

„I can see your whole heartblood is in it“ (quoting my friend)

„Actually I menstruated this text“ (quoting myself)

„Yes, she is not yet aware of social issues but she has a lot of strength“ (quoting Carlos who told me a dear friend said that)