

FREDRIK (Ingrid)

Once upon a time, in between the big rocks of a stone fence that ran all across a huge field, there was a family of mice living. They were a hard working tribe of mice. Their feet were superfast because they were extremely busy – and probably just as stressed as they were busy –for it was the time of the year when winter was approaching, and the work load of gathering straws and wheat and leaves and nuts and corn for the winter was massive. Day and night they worked and struggled to manage the stock up. The whole tribe was helping,

...Except for Fredrik. He was not.... Helping out... He was sitting a bit aside from where the others were working, completely still, without moving.

But when the other mice happened to pass the spot where Fredrik was sitting they asked him “Fredrik, why are you not helping us gather necessities for the winter?” And Fredrik replied, “I am helping. I am gathering sun beams.” When the other mice heard his responds they laughed at him and shook their heads before they had to rush off to catch up with the others.

But soon again, they rushed past Fredrik, and he was sitting in the exact same position, he hadn’t moved an inch. He was still sitting perfectly quiet, and his eyes were... absent minded... kind of ... staring out... into...another space...

And they had to make an effort in order to catch his attention – and they said to him again; “Fredrik, how come you are not working for the winter stock-up, like the rest of us?” And again Fredrik answered, “I am working too. I am collecting colours.” They didn’t really have time to dwell with his answer, so they ran off to continue their work, with or without him.

But later on, when they happened to pass the location where Fredrik had been sitting they saw that he was not there anymore. And when they did find him, he was lying down, on his side, quite comfortably on a stone – and he even had his eyes closed, as if he was resting.

And as they came close to him they confronted him with his laziness and said, “Fredrik, you can sleep the entire winter, but now we need every mouse we can get to find food!” And Fredrik answered like before “ I am not sleeping. I am finding words.”

Winter slowly appeared, and the mice could hear the cold wind howling far away outside the stone fence. Inside, they were nice and warm, enjoying the goods of their hard work. They were eating nuts and cranberries, they were telling each other stories about the stupid fox and the nervous cat, and they were laughing at jokes and having a really nice time together.

But after a while, things changed. They started to feel the cold wind through the cracks in the stone fence. They felt cold. And they could see the storage of food decreasing, and they realised they had to start saving. They became worried, they ran out of stories to share, and the jokes weren’t funny anymore. Nobody wanted to chat.

And in that moment they remembered Fredrik’s weird behaviour when the rest of them had been working hard. So they said to him: “So Fredrik, where can we see the results of what you have been doing?”

And Fredrik stood up. He said, “Close your eyes”. He climbed up on a little rock, slightly higher than the rest of his family, and when he was sure they were all ready, he started to speak.

He told them about how the different positions of the sun change the nuances of green in the field at different times of the day. He described the sensation of running bare feet very quickly over the stone fence, warmed by the summer sun. And he reminded them of stories of the cat and the fox which they had already forgotten. The words ran out of his mouth like little drops of water. And he finished off with a poem, which he had made himself, that made the little mouse-hearts so warm inside that their fur puffed up slightly.

When he had finished speaking, they one by one opened their eyes and looked at Fredrik in astonishment. And they said; “But Fredrik, why didn’t you tell us before? You are an artist!”

And Fredrik looked down, he blushed a little bit and he said; “Yes... I know.”

WASTE (Katja)

It's a waste, such a waste
stuff gets wasted all the time
and I am struggling to.... this wasting of.... that i cannot get out of my head...
I want to go on , but I can't
This problem of wasting time
It's a waste not to be able to feel something more - to be able to express some kind of feeling of life
I am here and you are there - in time
time passes so quickly, and I can't seem to...
Maybe it's a waste of everyone's time

EVERYTIME... (Loup)

Every time I hear my own voice, I feel stupid, this is why I have decided that from now on I will never speak again. But before I do that, I would like to add a few....

I ENTER (Irena, txt - Mady Schutzman)

I enter and I sit beside myself, I disagree with everything I do
I do the opposite of everything I say
Every time I win I mourn my loses, Every time I loose I celebrate my victory

FAMILY STORY + MY NAME IS (Irena + Ingrid)

Once upon a time in the nice and quiet neighbourhood there lived a sweet little girl. She had a family: a father, a mother and a sister, half sister. Her family was a family she didn't feel familiar with.

My name is Ingrid. That is the only name that I have... was given by my parents.
Apart from my two surnames of course, none of them are "Ingrid", so...

She always wanted to be somebody else. Her family found it's peace in tidiness, in order, in clean space, where everything should be on it's own place – because nothing was on it's own place. Nothing was in any place.

And that is the name that my parents chose to give... or they decided for me to have because... they... ended up with ...that. Ingrid.

Her family was a gaze in the neighbor's eyes: "is everything all right? Should we call somebody?"
Her family was the gaze of her father. It was already his father, who would be continuously beating up his mother and all of the children, and when children had children, they were beating them also, so when her father had children, he would beat them also.

So that's why... or... because I used to have a great grandmother, and her name was also Ingrid.

Her family were mother's big black sunglasses, which would cover her bruised eyes. When she would be able to uncover them, she would all the time reveal a happy, kind and smiling face.

So that was the same, as mine. We shared that So we were called the same thing. Ingrid.

With the big amount of happiness and kindness she could balance and hold on the vast abyss of fear and horror – somewhere behind the walls of a house not big enough for everybody to hide. And walls were sometimes just too thin to make the screams shut down.

Was her name. Which was the same as mine.

Her family was the gaze of her bruised sister, of her half sister, telling her: “we do not belong together!” Her family was the constant sway between silence and between furious carnival. They started to breath when he was not around.

And that’s the reason why my name is...

He was furious, but they were silent, he was furious, but they could not understand him, he was furious, but they did not want to understand him, so he was furious even more.

or that my parents chose to give me that name, because of what she was called, or

She – she was waiting, always just waiting. Maybe was her half sister who once asked her:

because of her name was Ingrid and...

“who do you love more: mommy or daddy? Her father still hangs somewhere in between – maybe he left because she didn’t answer correctly. And when he left, she should not be – but she was: she was very happy that he finally left, though in such a mysterious way.

So if her name would have been... let’s say... I don’t know... something else... than Ingrid, then my name would also have been something else... like if she would have been not Ingrid, then I would also not have been... I would have been not Ingrid also.

But after a while the sweet little girl became angry and furious. If she could, she would find the evil father and she would kill him with her bare hands. So now it was her -

You know. And also, I used to have a grandmother, and her name was not Ingrid, but pretty close because it started with “Ing”,

raging behind the walls of her own smiling face, being kind and sweet. And people would never ever have questions in their eyes again.

but after that it went wrong, so... that’s not really “Ingrid”, really.

IMAGE OF MYSELF (Irena - txt Mady Schutzman)

I am plagued by an image of myself from another time.

WHY (Katja)

Why is that
gravitation has to ruin my world
I am communicating only what you are understanding

there aren't rabbits in all the hats of the world

ISNT'T IT (Loup)

I

"With my intellectual demands, and the answers given by the Christian religion, I find myself in the situation of two hands which would like to join, but the fingers collide instead."

L

We are all equal, aren't we?

I

"Dogmas developed and a big church was built around each teacher or profet, and the teachings became more and more mystified until no one could understand them anymore. And worship replaced understanding."

L

Education is the key for emancipation, isn't it?

One should not be afraid of being free. Freedom is a gift, isn't it?

I

"Those who can embrace all conflicting ideas and synthesize all antagonistic factors into one harmonious whole will be the ones to lead humanity through the crisis".

L

There is no heterosexual nor homosexual, we are little bit of everything at the same time, isn't it?

One should accept to be multiple, and one should be in peace with his others, isn't it?

People should talk/communicate more to one another, isn't it?

Everyone should be doing art, and art should no longer be called art, isn't it?

In order to feel better when feeling tired, one shouldn't say: I feel so tired. Instead one should say: I feel so sexy, isn't it?

Now that the economy has crashed, we should take this opportunity to start from a scratch and built a much better world, isn't it?

Spectacles should happen spontaneously, people would gather as if by chance. One would start singing, another one dancing, yet another one would tell the most amazing stories, isn't it?

People should plant fruit trees, cereals, vegetables and raise chicken and goats and lambs everywhere, and no one would no longer need to buy food, isn't it?

We should abolish Christian heritage, people should go wherever, whenever they want with whoever they want having sex and children and father and mother should be everyone, we should feel responsible for every kid in the planet, perhaps hunger would disappear, isn't it?

If Nature is violent that doesn't give us the right to be violent against Nature, isn't it?

Wars should only be allowed to people who have suicidal tendencies, this would clear much of the regrets, isn't it?

Euthanasia is the key to a responsible humanity, isn't it?

Emancipation is our main goal, with a little bit of good will, we should all come there, isn't it?

We all feel part of the 99%, that means that there is only 1% left to convince, isn't it?

Waiting (Katja)

I'm waiting ... Waiting for something to ... for the right time to...
I'm waiting to be moved ... for something to move me
I want to be moved

TV NEWS (Loup)

An American scientific study proved that the brain of a depressed persons spends more than twice as much energy than a not depressed person.

Slowly comes the crucial question?
Do I change?

Yesterday, I was this cute and quiet little child; today I am pessimist judgmental paranoiac lame fucker hiding myself in despair and uncertainty.

Yesterday, I thought dance was a way for me to live the closest to political beliefs; today, all my principles are flexible.

In other words, yesterday I was much involved in dreaming; today, I take reality as an illusion one should question on a daily basis.

Yesterday, I believed memory was a prison one had to escape; today I believe memory is the thing one cannot escape except... except if holy Alzheimer strikes you... lucky you...

Where am I?

In other words, yesterday I was able to blame everyone and everything; today, I feel shameful, guilty and I don't even understand of what.

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away; and today I will take some sleeping pills and hope to never wake up.

Yesterday, I longed to be really old, totally oblivious, with no boundaries; today, I long for forgetfulness.

Today, I no longer know whether I would rather be loved or despised, young or old, erotic or

neurotic.

Like in the song: there is a light that never goes out
TO DIE BY YOUR SIDE IS THE MOST HEVEANLY WAY TO DIE

Yesterday a relativity was a scientific theory and today relativism is a political principle.

To be trust worthy is no simple matter

I am willing to take full responsibility for your misunderstanding, confusion, boredom, disillusion, delusion, despair

TRUST ME BELIEVE ME LEAVE ME

Yesterday egg-mology promised a better future and today who gives a fuck about the future.

Yesterday space and time was the thing people were willing to fight for, today love is not an answer.

Yesterday, I thought that if I wouldn't dance, I would probably end up in a mental institution; today nothing can surprise us anymore.