

The Wall

Hello. Is there anybody out there? Hello. An echo. Hello! Just nod if you can see me. Ok, those who are too late will be punished by life. The old man always said to me. But it is like that. Listen. I am here instead of another person. I am supposed to tell you. About it. But how do you tell about something that has always been there. Simply is here. Silent. Yet, screamingly raucous. Something that every person knows, always sees, but never notices, and still cannot miss, something to which we lean on and still don't feel anything except coldness. Is it ignorance, idleness or fear? Nobody wants to have anything to do with it. Until, well, until people do something like ... Hanging up. Taking down. Painting. Papering. Plastering. Tearing down. Breaking through. With sound. Or light. Protecting themselves. Pointing out boundaries. Setting them. And then, foolishly forget to remove them. Perhaps due to lack of money. Or deliberately. But always in a hurry. Damn. And to tell everything of what is going on voices are needed, voices that carry weight, but also gentle ones, from people who are genuine and brave, who are a rebellious and kind, from human beings with soul. And they don't exist without pain. Can you show me where it hurts?

Hey you. Don't leave me now. It was once upon a time, after all. There, that particular wall. It has been here for a long time. Close to the border. It is the frontier. A great many of shadows. A shower room. And three shots. Or more. Into the air. Or where to? No organised force, nor a German band. Until the roof was on fire. Exactly here, but not there, it is. This particular wall. It endured a lot. But didn't we all. We could pity ourselves. Take us into your arms! Yet, if it could narrate. Perish the thought! Others will raise their voice for it. Precisely, the persons mentioned above. They are like poets. They paint us pictures in our head. With paper and tiles and directly on it and then again from another perspective, the fourth is broken like in cinema or in a torture chamber, small format, totally big, ephemeral, yet tangible, and in any case, everything is atmospheric and very often political, but typical, however, not necessarily innocuous, as evil also resides in us, unfortunately, it lies anyway in the beholding eye, you know that, but always, and I'll repeat myself in a moment, and it doesn't matter whether on it, in it, or in the middle of the room, there are bricks, always. But to whom am I telling that?

Is there anybody? Out there. A brick. And another brick. And another brick in the wall. All I see are bricks. Hello. Can you hear it? The song. In a strict disco time. No! The screams. From outside. Or in the head. For Vera. And of Marlen. Not pink, and not her who's leaning on a wall. Like Suzanne meant. Isn't Vega also a star? I am talking about a different one. This particular wall is erected. Made of glass. For protection. With a stray dog, a cat and a cow in calf. And suddenly, that person is the only survivor. Shit happens. How lonely. Or soothing. Isolation. Too late anyway for the whisperers in the movie and youth against fascism. Soon they are marching again. The hammers on boots. So, make a run for it, like hell! From whom? From ourselves. Or from the others? The violent ones. No, we are defending us! We won't stand for it! Not again. That other wall is torn down. For freedom. Equality. I'm laughing. Sisterhood is missed. Always. And east has become west and the walls have simply been shifted a little further. To the right. They remained in the heads. It is the end. It was the end of a cold era. And the beginning of what? For a short time, everything was colourful, in neon colours, and dazzling and full of techno and bad taste. In retrospect, we look back nostalgically. I feel comfortably numb. Dazed. Dull. The pain wore off. How are you?

Hello again. Are these not the happiest days of our lives? Watch out, thin ice. We don't need no thought control. The times have become more and more grey again. New walls are built. That's why we put our arms around us. And take our hands. Solidarity. It can also be a wall. But a good one, at least. And now, relax. Just have a close look. Look at it. This wall. And all around. Also in the basement. That is all captivating. So, what else do you want?

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