

*Discourse for a deejay*



***THE DELIBERATION OF MISTER BREATH***

*A Transdisciplinary Book:*

An operatic performance setup  
A Wind Fragment Installation with a digital counterpart  
A graphic novel with a digital counterpart  
An audible story with an attached visible map

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Concept & Staging: SS DayDream  
Music & Libretto: Sigrid Keunen  
Techno music by DJ: Aschka alias Debbie Lo  
Dramaturgy: Guy Bindels  
Scenography & VJ: Sam Vanoverschelde  
Costume Design: Sophie Paternotte  
Mask Designer: Loïc Nebreda  
Light Design: Michael Janssens  
Visuals & Technological Design: Gertjan E. G. Biasino  
Fragrance Designer: Laurent-David Garnier  
Translation to German: Els Snick  
Production Manager: Clais Lemmens

Mister Breath: sprechstimme, actor of Berliner Ensemble, on stage, on a stool & on the pillow-island  
Miss Breath: sprechstimme, actrice of Berliner Ensemble, in back of the venue, on stage & among the audience  
Both in white salopette & white T-shirt with long sleeves  
24 Choir members from Komische Oper Berlin diffused in 3 groups of 8 (SATB) in back of the venue  
In white dress, white T-shirt with long sleeves with white half mask & headgear  
8 Violists & Wind (English Horn, Bassoon, French Horn, Trombone, Tuba) from Komische Oper Berlin  
Dressed in black *with black half mask (TBC)* & preferably in the orchestra pit  
Presence of a conductor in agreement with musicians, choir & Komische Oper Berlin

### **Global outline:**

**Part 1:** in a sitting position / exploration of the mind / notions about time  
Miss Breath replies in 2 Intermezzi  
Musical atmosphere: Adagissimo in C

**Part 2:** is taking just one step / exploration of situations linked to several wishes and desires  
Dialogue between Miss & Mister Breath  
Musical atmosphere: Amabile in F

**Part 3:** is navigating on a boat / narration of heroic stories  
Miss Breath sits back to back with Mister Breath on the boat  
Musical atmosphere: Andante in G & E

**Part 4:** is navigation in the air (on his pillow-island with live-projection) / an allegorical portrait  
Miss Breath tells, Mister Breath talks under his breath  
Musical atmosphere: Animandosi in B & DJ creates a crescendo in Cis towards Part 5

**Part 5:**  
DJ & VJ set for all spectators in the entrance hall

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PART 1

DJ  
CHOIR  
VIOLAS  
MISTER BREATH  
MISS BREATH

*No music*

MR B:

And what if I don't move?

In the presumption that speaking and moving one or more parts of the body simultaneously is a natural reality; I will not. Not at this moment. I turn my back on that notion and suit myself into a statue. A pose I choose. A position I select and pick a thought that originates well with the situation.

So here I am: sitting on a chair with my both arms up, the elbows slightly curved and approximately one hand long from my head as you can see them at ear level. My upper arms are standing on the elbows like 2 candles on their candlestick. My fingers feel relaxed in their palms and therefore slightly bended.

I'm sitting on a white tabouret, with three chair legs in a quite straightforward design and a white yellowish flowered cushion covers it. Here, as I speak, in my sitting position you barely can see the peonies. Yeah they are hand painted on the white fabric by a friend. It was a gift; at that moment in time she explained peonies stand for wealth, luck and happiness and represent elegance and poise. A special present for a special occasion, just like that. But currently this memory is flying in between all the others. I fart on the cushion. I fart on that keepsake, take a deep breath and fart again. Flatulence. Too much beans lately.

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The sound echoes in the white space. It used to be a gallery and since a week or so the paintings are gone. All sold. Bought by one person. Not sure what his mission was and is with all those art works. Does he have a brand new renovated mansion that has to be decorated and turned into place with a curatorial vision? Or does he have a huge storage annex that has to be filled?

I choose for the last option. And fart again.

And what if I say I'm sitting here naked? Are you surprised? Are you disappointed? Would you agree? Like you wish I can put on an overall, a white one. Yeah looks like I'm a painter, like those ones who come to your house and paint as a temporary worker in a very professional way everything and in the color you wanted. He eats his lunch on the floor and drinks lots of water until it is transformed, your house. And in the end, in the end this decorator conjures you a smile, that smile that you own since childhood. No I can't beam with pleasure now, my legs are straight ahead, in line with my spine. I'm *still* and still that living statue in a just thinking motion.

*DJ plays during the text of*

*MS B (from the back of the venue):*

*2 Corinthians 12:7-9 New International Version (NIV)*

*... 7 or because of these surpassingly great revelations. Therefore, in order to keep me from becoming conceited, I was given a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan, to torment me.*

*8 Three times I pleaded with the Lord to take it away from me.*

*9 But he said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that ...*

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MR B:

The front door is open, the back left ajar. The air flows from one side to the other, from left to right. If I could moisten my index finger and stretch it, it would definitely be dry in no time. This quite strong invisible moving gas mixtures winds. By facing it while I'm holding myself in this immovable position I sustain motionless, somewhat paralyzed and pretty frozen.

My mind touches my brain with an inner remote control and by choosing a random channel it removes its glance into another intermission of existence.

Channel 1: Yeah I wit a journey of a thousand miles begins with one step. However this one, sitting on a tabouret, slips in-between the imagination and its would-be reality hence my written words and sentences compose another trip. A mental one, constructed by thoughts and thinking, shaped by a consideration and its might-be heedlessness, and on the other hand it is perceptibly situated among the dream, the wish and an action. The sum total sound as a gesture of the mind in which I nuzzle, in which I puzzle; I gaze into the juncture and consider it as mine. For the time being, interspaces of this storyboard fly around, almost like the swallows yesterday eve high in the sky, very graceful and all along their announcement of today's good weather.

I widen my legs as in a next comfortable position, my bare feet simply follow and my arms go down, next to my body. They hang just next to my thorax, of my shoulders and down, both arms down as down as possible. No further proportions in this image. Aside from it, I notice those upper joints move unconsciously: up and down, front and backwards. Maybe it is related to the pending thoughts? I stretch them in a relaxed position, time after time, thought after thought. Yet my hands set in a mudra position:

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the Prithvi Mudra. This one is special for relieving fatigue as well as helping heal muscles. That's what they say. That angle remains my ring finger up and let my thumb touching very gentle and softly the top of that upstanding finger.

In this condition as my current sitting position presents, all is well aligned. I check and everything is okay, nevertheless I seem to be drawn into a web of paradoxes, as I feel stuck in being hard-nosed associated with sensitivity. Nothing in my mind echoes accuracy and my hands are not relieving the energy a mudra can awaken.

On the contrary quite funny to notice that a web of animals looks very shipshape made however in the pejorative meaning of the word *web*, by humans a mess can appear. Consequently our brain is living an own way in being tricky and deceptive. Let's face it: a grey mess is leading us to something completely masked; the clutter enters the confusion and the disarray appears in that web of turmoil. I sit, lay back and look at this intricately contrived artifice that is ensnared by the link of its structure.

Let's use the inner remote control and press number 8. What channel will be on?

I feel my pocket watch in my left pocket and I think I can hear it ticking. Since when in fact is time being measured? Since always of course, the antiquity had its sundial, the water bell and the astrolabe. Only since Middle Ages people invented the need to get a shock by hearing bells. Time has to tick and once in a while to be introduced very loud and clear for everyone. No more escape let's fix the composition, a structure was imposed, no more escape. Guess it was a sort of awakening and anyhow we are still sleeping. Guess humans invented time because there is an animated established and ongoing profound search to copy that no-nonsense spirit of animals. But drop it for now and let the twist turn into an object, into my constantly ticking

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pocket watch escorted by a manifest measured time frame. No sound of a bell, I direct myself and willy-nilly *jingle jangle*, nah!

Switch to channel 6: a wandering wink, a twinkle twinkles, a smugly smile. I prefer to feed the inner child and set loose. Promptly I smile back but say nothing.

*VIOLAS play*

MS B:

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you — Nobody — Too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd banish us — you know!

How dreary — to be — Somebody!  
How public — like a Frog —  
To tell your name — the livelong June —  
To an admiring Bog!

*by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)*

*VIOLAS continue*

MR B:

Right hand to my left shoulder and left hand is reaching my right side; there they embrace the upper joint from above.

My legs follow with another embracement: left over right and straightening my back.

My knees are knot obliquely above each other thus my left foot is hanging in the air.

The right leg carries all the weight, the weight of my other leg, my upper body and head included. No way out. The outlook of the living statue continues. And ... pose!

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But when you look carefully you can notice the moving fabric of my overall. Slightly. Faintly. Subtly. And me, as Mister Breath, I'm penetrating into myself and walk around. Slightly. Faintly. Subtly. A look-a-like bear hug, this bunny hug context. In such an airily quietude I squeeze the moment and clasp myself into compassion. My silent comportment and my thinking out loud go here hand in hand. I circumambulate in my comfort. I circulate freely through this posed and closed circumscription, where I admit, overlook the limitation of my inner being. I need a deep breath and by pinching firmly this jiffy it becomes a nonentity. I become present-day. A non-entity reflects -if you wish or not- an existence of the mind. Or is it a question? Of course! Another deep breath. It's not the doubt I see but the wavering being wrapped in this position. The confrontation, the encounter, the battle with my limbs nevertheless it is merely a touch onwards the disharmony of my thoughts.

*VIOLAS stop*

And as I speak nothing else really happens in this white painted gallery with the opposite doors open, so I really go dark for a minute.

Only the sound of the pocket watch is forcing me into an alignment. My eyelids blink and wink on the tempo of my watch. By this move my thoughts stupendously are sliding like an ingredient on a production line, ready to be assembled, packed into an off-the-peg product and installed next to all the others on a wooden pallet in a truck. Fully prepared to take off, a journey to the outside, a new landscape and turning into a new given that finally has to be consumed. Everybody happy?

So by what means do we intermingle our thoughts with reality?



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By which means are thoughts connected to our naked existence?

By what means is our being infected by our impressions, reflections and perhaps ignorance? And at which moment during this contemplation do we become our own thoughts?

Or at which point do our thoughts really belong to us? When the thoughts are sliding in a factory to become a product, obviously thoughts have their own way of existence. Would this process contain a distress that we eventually are able to control? Maybe it's too early to make conclusions. Maybe it's too early to see clearly the meaning of the answer in a question. Maybe I'm turning in circles and suggest I stick on the idea of that production line conception where I insofar can't imagine this line would be constructed as a spiral. The risk of going off the rails would be too problematic for its production and accomplishments.

So that production line? Tell me, can we actually choose ourselves in which factory we slide our thoughts? Let's enhance perception. I'm Mister Breath and I go walking.

*CHOIR: sounds of consonants in Gregorian style*

I feel the cable of my pocket watch. Many tiny silver ovals are knotted into a two hand seized long wire and twisted in my pocket. It was a gift from my great-grandfather. By that time the wire was longer, by considering it now, I guess his imperfect eyesight called for a closer gaze.

He gave it to me on a sunny weekday. At that time, many years ago, daddy-dad had the wonderful age of 98. "Here" and he stretched his hand "here, take this time, sunny-son, it's all yours, no need any more to watch the hours all the time.

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And by the way, have so little appointments left, that my guests don't mind to settle a time by the determination of the sun position. It's freedom. This watch is a compass to freedom. Look carefully!"

Shortly after his 99<sup>th</sup> birthday daddy-dad has passed away. It was a grey and rainy day late September. The Indian summer was suddenly cut off. The millions of raindrops represented my tears. I was emotional cold-blooded and through this motionless. I was cool as a cucumber and just out of it. Due to keeping a stiff upper lip I was solely paralyzed to shift into another facial expression, crying for example. My mom thought I looked like a walking dead body. Therefore, I guess this state of mind was quite unconsciously an efficient practice for this *hic et nunc* performance, this exploration of serenity and this analysis for freedom.

With a smile on his face daddy-dad left his free-ruled kingdom and was letting me an empty space. Only his watch remained me of the uncountable conversations we have had. Now I'm here, here with my inner urge to decompose that conception of the compass. The clock is a convention, that universal proposition that is conforming structure into a forced format of being. And according to what can the concept of a clock fit into the Now? I wish I could stretch my arms high up, jump and touch the sky. Do I really need to become that old to get it? Those days when I feel the drive to answer that freedom issue I take my pocket watch with a shorter wire in my hands, look up to the sun and smile.

There I see air bubbles shining in the blue sky. A childish entertainment I still enjoy fully. I take the stick out of a mini container and blow into that small circle above. I look surprised and with almost every bubble I wonderingly move my mouth angles.

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A full house enchantment fills my body although it is dependent on the quantity of soap in the mini container. Yeah the soap makes the walls thicker.

So I put one liter of light heated water in a bowl. Then I add 50 grams of sugar to the water and stir until all sugar is dissolved, then the soap and finally the Glutofix. I stir carefully but very well. After all I put the bowl with substance in the fridge for an hour. Yep the colder the better, I have read somewhere. And when the bubbles go to the ground too quickly, then “add a little water”, my daddy-dad advised.

*CHOIR stops...*

When I gaze all those coming and going bubbles I have the impression my thinking is following the same flight. The complete action of blowing bubbles inhabits the mini container as my brain, the stick and the circle are representing my body and when I breathe and blow an idea appears. The thoughts are enclosed in the capsule and the clearly the better the liquid or the longer a thought will stay. On top of all those independent bubbles, separated created images are occurring in the train of thoughts. All unattached notions are going ... lush. Perhaps in every bubble is a mark of freedom covered and by its splashing out this point emerges into the Now, into an invisible experience of time. Who knows? The outcome is currently transitory and for a moment tangible. It takes longer to discover, I admit. Maybe in another pose of my living statue I can fish for a more convenient outcome. Anyway I'm pleased that my mindset is suddenly but shortly connected with a dot of authentic perception.

Or is it merely my childlike enthusiasm that once again is popping up?

I never saw a bird flying into my bubbles game.

*Abracadabra: I create what I speak.*

*DJ plays...*

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PART 2

DJ  
CHOIR  
VIOLAS & WIND  
MISTER BREATH  
MISS BREATH

*VIOLA solo, French Horn & MS B:*

*I am there now, as I write; I fancy that I can see the downs,  
the huts, the plain, and the river-bed—that torrent pathway  
of desolation, with its distant roar of waters. Oh, wonderful!  
wonderful! so lonely and so solemn, with the sad grey  
clouds above, and no sound save a lost lamb bleating upon  
the mountain side, as though its little heart were breaking.  
Then there comes some lean and withered old ewe, with  
deep gruff voice and unlovely aspect, trotting back from the  
seductive pasture; now she examines this gully, and now  
that, and now she stands listening with uplifted head, that  
she may hear the distant wailing and obey it. Aha! they see,  
and rush towards each other. Alas! they are both mistaken;  
the ewe is not the lamb's ewe, they are neither kin nor  
kind to one another, and part in coldness. Each must cry  
louder, and wander farther yet; may luck be with them both  
that they may find their own at nightfall.*

*But this is mere dreaming, and I must proceed.*

*-Samuel Butler, Erewhon, Chapter One: Waste Lands-*

*DJ for 2'as intro for CHOIR*

*CHOIR: (a cappella & in Waltz style)*

*You are. I am. I am. You are. There. Here. Now.*

*With a snake. Eating its tail. Like a circle around us.*

*We stare and feel. We feel and stare. We gaze at the gaze.*

*The snake turns into an 8. Eating its tail. Touching its tale.*

*We switch to two circles. And play living statue.*

*There. Here. Now. We are. We exist. We have life. We breathe.*

*VIOLAS + WIND take the Waltz over and slow it down to long chords...*

*MR B: (moves to another position on his pillow-island)*

*Well.*

*Well. Well.*

*Well. Well. Well.*

*Well yes-sss. Well done. Well go. Well stay.*

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And talk. Express-sss oneself. Sss-peak. Give voice. Discoursss-e.

MS B:

Yes. You're welcome. Yeah. Yep. Yep. Yeah. Yeah. Yep. Yes-sss...

MR B: *(takes the sss from MS B)*

Sss-omething like. Something like?

Babble chat chatter. Rattle prattle prate. Say.

Verbalize. Vocalize. Enunciate and articulate. Euh..

MS B: *(takes the euh.. from MR B)*

Euh.. Yay. You are welcome. Yeah.

MR B:

Do we stick to a manual? A user manual?

Do we play? Are we playing? Being a user? Being a user who verbalizes?

A user who claims to be an utiliser?

An utiliser in this playground of ...

MS B:

Chat, chatter, chatting, chattering.

*DJ: comes in while MS B continues...*

Prattling. Prating, gossiping, gibbering, jabbering, babbling, gabbling, rattling on

MR B:

And on and on and on and...

The words, the thoughts and the sentences keep us on track.

The rails of conventions. Grammatical rails for understanding.

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Communication in the direction of point A to point B.

I assume A is me and B is you. So..

In the railway station A buys a ticket to travel to B.

Wait for the engine of love and goes on track. Goes down the road of communication.

The rails of conventions move A through the landscape of a mixed-up alphabet.

While watching out of the window A thinks. A muses. A daydreams.

While playing games with the alphabet. By the way they look like puzzles.

So... A puzzles. A contemplates. A is searching for characters to mix up well.

Well well. There A goes. Making his way through the crossword puzzle.

Along the beaten track. While the road rails with an engine of love.

I assume this is an embodiment of the characters A has in mind.

Unfortunately, A can't speak. A doesn't have a clue.

But do you understand? Do you get it? Does A make sense?

However, and to be honest, there is a part of A that agonizes.

Maybe that's an explanation of his silence behavior.

But do we explore in feelings? Now? I'm not sure.

But. Yeah... As you can guess, Fear is sitting in front of him.

Fear squints to A with suspicious eyes.

Fear's horror Argus-eyed creature doesn't give A much room to move.

So A is quite paralyzed. Frightened stiff even. We can see that A is at a total loss.

Frozen in fear on a lovely day, while a moving journey takes him to a wondrous point B.

How is this possible? On the engine of love? On the road of communication?

Who sold those tickets? Are there more outlets?

More points of sale for the same starting point?

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Can A complain? Can A talk to an ombudsman?

That would be nice. As soon as possible, please!

Would raising his voice be an option? Or better scream for a doctor?

Aaaaah...

MS B:

Aah... Hands up! Take a deep breath. I'm shooting at you with this. A kiss of life.

The action of breathing. No one can take your breath away.

Yes... I heard you. I perceived with my ears the sounds you made.

I perceived with my body the oscillations you have set in motion.

I could follow the characters you have played in that game.

One by one, it became a puzzle to me.

So, I have given the choice to call it the game of wonderful play.

Inhale and exhale on the tempo of love.

Pump it up! Take a deep deep well well-deserved breath!

MR B:

Really?!

MS B:

Really.

What kind of product would you use to color your hair?

I went the market last week but they didn't have what I was looking for.

Then I drove to another store but there they didn't sell my color. And since I'm not ready to change color at all. I went back to my car and looked in the rearview mirror.

At last for 5 minutes.

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*DJ: Change of melody / rhythm at own choice...*

MR B:

What's the size of your feet? How big are your feet?

MS B:

36 and yours?

MR B:

In which language do you speak? I hear a difference of 9.

The international conventions have mixed up conventions.

Where are you? What's suitable? For what kind of shoes, do you go go go for?

From heel to big toe, I count 28.6 in cm. I count 11.25 in Inches.

I ask for a size 45 in the shop. Or a 12. Or an eleven and a half.

Depending on where I am. Depends on which side of the world I'm on.

Depending on the hour of the day. Depends on what kind of event I'm going to.

Depending on my mood... I prefer barefooted.

MS B:

But when I put my feet against yours, I'm always confused about measurements.

Maybe there it is: The rails of conventions.

Grammatical rails for understanding have no feet.

There are no feet to stand on. We just walk. We are ordinary. It's just us. We walk with.

MR B:

Yes, my dear. The rails of conventions seem to be just a path to be followed.

The rails of conventions seem like just a path to follow. We frame our own frame.

We frame our own frame. Did you hear, I changed the verb into a frame?



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MS B:

Yes! There are spoken languages.

Yes! There are living... felt... languages.

Here I am and I am reaching out...

Here I am and I am in...

MR B:

There is some kiss

We want with our whole lives,

The touch of spirit on the body.

Seawater begs the pearl to break its shell.

And the lily, how passionately it needs some wild darling!

At night, I open the window and ask the moon to come and press its face against mine.

Breathe into me. Close the language - door and open the love window.

The moon won't use the door, only the window.

*-Rumi, Some Kiss We Want-*

DJ solo with VIOLA solo accompaniment.

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PART 3

DJ  
CHOIR  
VIOLAS & WIND  
MISTER BREATH  
MISS BREATH

*Change to VIOLAS + WIND Piece with DJ as intro for this Part*

*MS B on the pillow-island back-to-back with MR B.*

*MR B (in silence or without music):*

Let's take a trip. Another journey to the now. To the now in this moment.

An instant at my favorite spot. Surrounded by water.

Floating on the water with a surface.

The boat of my life.

*CHOIR (as a rap music) + DJ + VIOLAS + WIND:*

*Hey, you there! Hey, you here! Welcome to the most mysterious gifts of nature.*

*Welcome to the source of life. Water as a source of food, a rail to something, a ground for cleansing and purification, an element to breath in and an element to breath out...*

*Life lives in all its aspects. Let's embrace it. Let's pump it up!*

*MR B (in silence or without music):*

With wind. The storm. The sun and the shadow.

Yes indeed, I am here and now.

With you at the back of my side. That side I never will see but feel forever.

I guess that's a step onwards being a hero. Not that I want to be a hero.

Can you point this idea out for yourself? Guess others do that for you.

Guess others give that to you.

The gift of being given. The mutuality of being.

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The reciprocity of standing here in the now.

No, I don't have intrinsic aspirations to point whatever for myself, but the idea of being a wondrous master of your own being, rings a bell. Rings wondrous bells.

Rings vibrations to the surface I can talk to. Without restrictions.

Only me. And yeah... you in the back.

You gave me flowers before I left.

"Here some radiance. The peonies exude. May your clean slates be filled with luck, love and a stroke of luck." You whispered in my ears.

No one else could hear it in the harbor.

So many peonies! Yellow in all kind of different shades.

Just like little suns floating on the water, enough to throw out and make your way.

You ended with "Make your own way known".

I can still feel the vibration of your voice on my ear hair.

*DJ + VIOLAS + WIND:*

MR B:

I am thankful to this moment. I am thankful to you here.

I am very thankful to you out there.

But where to start? Here on the water.

That surface of emotions. That periphery of being I see but not sure if I want to feel.

Communication that started on those rails, now go it goes to the waterway.

The fairway of being.

In this all, reciprocity is looking for its own way.

The music takes me as a chameleon on its own floating surface.

There we go go... Stories that came out of nothing...and go to something...

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This history goes back to an old Greek fable of the whistling fisherman.

A fisherman tries to attract fish by playing the flute. It doesn't work, he grabs the net, which makes him more successful. He then says to the fish that are floundering on the beach: "What weird animals you are. When I just whistled you didn't want to dance, now that I've stopped whistling you will."

*DJ + VIOLAS + WIND:*

MR B:

Once I was in the middle in the ocean. On my way to something, maybe on my way to somewhere. I'm not sure. But it didn't matter. I was one with all. And one with the sun. Oh dear, so so hot. Already for days, it looked like the sun wasn't sleeping.

Suddenly a bottle passed and tapped on my boat. A rhythmical pattern, that invited me to look up and down to the water. I saw a green glass bottle filled with something. Colored. It contrasted with the blue blue surface. I took it on board. Shake the bottle. Looked like carnival confetti inside. It contrasted with the tanned skin of my hand. Was I ready for a little party? A little shake on the rhythm of my own inner beat? Ready for a dance party on my own? Shaking the boat? Nobody out there. Just the bottle and me. The now looks colored. Very.

Yeah... there I was, in the middle of nowhere. Staring at the ocean. Staring at the horizon. The line was very thin, water and sky almost in the same color.

I went back to my logbook, sleeping, watching, writing and sleeping.

With this weather, I played the sleeping beauty looking at the mirror of the sea.

And back to the front. Sleeping, writing, watching, sleeping, ...

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Eventually, I ended up deliberating. What do you think of: I engaged myself in a long, almost everlasting, dull but careful consideration?

How does it sound? The-liberty or an inner dance with words. No, no, no thoughts.

Only words. Dancing on their own. It sounds as: the subjugation of -the- liberty.

Or I just say. Stripping freedom in order to gain freedom.

*DJ stops, VIOLAS + WIND continue:*

MR B:

This whole trip, my journey for weeks at the desert of being, felt like a big big exercise in not heating up the mind. So I kept myself down with pep talk. Pep talked to myself. Pep talked to the sky, the horizon, the ocean and the water. Oh yes. I did. No specific well-considered thoughts. Just playing with the alphabet and inventing words for the crossword game, that doesn't exist here on my favorite spot. So I guess, it looks like gaming with the brain and catapulting the results into the water.

The water. Just there for me. The water of 2 meters length right in front of me. About the depth of the water, I wasn't sure. But I did the dance with the word Lemonade.

Sweet sweet lemonade.

I pointed it out. From the third eye spot on my forehead to, into the water. And I moved slightly to the left. With my body. Inclusive the third eye spot. Counter clockwise. I made a circle on the boat and in my head. Little bit weird, but I did.

The lemonade was stirring. Freedom? You nail it. Yes, you can.

Suddenly. Under the tropical sun: Bang!

A very dry big sound sounded over the ocean.

And as sudden as the sound, the deck was strewn with little colored pieces.

Party time was over. The party lay down next to the shards of glass.

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And the dance with words ended too. My mind was still.

Only the waves of the ocean were moving.

Did a piece of glass hit me? Seems okay. Seems ok for now.

Broken Glass is Actually Good Luck!

I take that omen for granted.

And look around. The battlefield of shards with colored confetti.

It looks like the party just had a break. Holus-bolus all the pieces started to dance.

They shake a leg for me. Like sparkles on the deck, jumping back and forth on my retina. They were their own deejay. Yes, they were.

“The heart sees deeper than the eyes”, someone told me once. I looked at him like he was an alien. He was. A stranger straight out of nowhere. With his sentence out of the blue, I was surprised. How can the heart see? For now, I could see what he meant.

There on the deck was a little piece of white paper not dancing. White and flat as my white flat deck. Shuffling through the little glass and colored paper pieces, I look down and see the words: “When life gives you lemons, make lemonade!” Eureka!

*CHOIR (as a rap music) + DJ + VIOLAS + WIND:*

*Hey, you there! Hey, you here!*

*Welcome to the most mysterious gifts of nature.*

*Welcome to the source of life.*

*Water as a source of food, a rail to something,*

*a ground for cleansing and purification,*

*an element to breath in and an element to breath out...*

*Life lives in all its aspect. Let's embrace it. Let's pump it up!*

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PART 4

DJ  
CHOIR  
VIOLAS  
MISTER BREATH  
MISS BREATH

*DJ music start in piano for 3', slow beat, followed by a sudden silence.*

*CHOIR looks straight ahead*

*and takes those 3' to move the head slightly toward MS B.*

*In this silence & MS B. after a silent breath:*

I have a house. Just big enough for myself. When... visitors plan to come, I give them a map on how to get here. When... it's good weather the way will show itself.

When... the weather has not that open sky things go out of sight. When...

the state of the atmosphere at that given time is the subject of

variables such as temperate, moisture, wind velocity, and barometric pressure, things disappear from view.

The path becomes invisible. An invisible path leads to the hill where I live.

Most of the time I live here. Not much of a traveler am I. I travel here in the house by taking great walks. Or just small steps, back and forth, forth and back, back and back, back and forth, ...

*MS B continues her spoken steps but disappears to the surface*

*VIOLAS + WIND come in*

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*MR. B begins to talk under his breath, until the end of the performance and of own choosing says following long drawn-out words:*

*I / am / there / here / now / vessel / duct / tube / channel / pipe-line / passage / conduit / vein / groove / boom / jump / groove / boom / skip / groove / boom / dance / groove / boom / hop ...*

MS B:

I own my house. Step by step, I did. Step by step, I do. Step by step, I move forward.

To the direction of who I am. “Just be”, sounds as a softly pat on the shoulder. Yeah, it can sound that movement, that pat on the shoulder. Even, if you do it yourself.

A pat on your own shoulder. Just depending on your clothes. That sound.

Depending of the surrounding sounding sounds. Depending on your own vibrations.

Depending on the pulse. Tick. Tap. Tick. Tick-y. I got you. Now it’s your turn...

*& starts moving / dancing with her arms / upper body.*

CHOIR:

*Tick. Tap. Tock. Plock. Tick. Tap. Click. Clap.  
Ssss-mile. Sss-miles away. Sss-mile-s a-way*

*DJ: starts after the sung words of the CHOIR in a very gently piano:*

*2 slow beats (heartbeat) in between very small intervals / slowly turning into a composition until the end / with a crescendo but a fast diminuendo in last text of MS B.*

MS B:

*-while moving her arms, like she’s speaking with her arms, her arms speak with her:*

I am my house. My bearable house. My bearable home.

Where... I wear socks. I walk on stocking feet.

No one can hear me coming around the corner.



---

Nobody. Nobody there. Anyway. I move softly. I move slowly through my house.  
Where... I wear gloves. From time to time. To be gentle with my house.  
To switch on the light. To be warmhearted with the walls of my home.  
The walls have no wallpaper. The walls are all painted in white. Neutral. Conductive  
to concentration.  
I wear gloves. To switch on the light. From time to time. Inside out.  
To be gingerly ginger with what happens there, here and now. I switch on the light.  
To see the light shining on "There, here, now..."  
To see that one dot shine on the eternal timelessness. I tell you; it looks like an  
everlasting horizon. There, in that far away line, you can notice nothing and  
everything merge into one. "There, here, now..." or the motility of the moment.  
And it sounds as... euh... "What do you think?" I think... euh... ohm.  
That universal Ohm sound-sss. That always present vibration.  
It looks like a keynote in the -for now- tangible horizon. I take that sound in the palm  
of my hands and listen to it. I hear it even in echo, the echo of being again and again.  
I don't answer. I pass the pace. I walk on.  
My stocking feet. My gloves. From time to time.  
Luckily, the bearable silence has a name now, I breathe in and breathe out.

*CHOIR:*

*& after in line with the rhythm of the DJ-music:  
Ba-doom / ba-doom-tsh / lub-dub / boom-boom / ba-doom / boom-boom / ba-  
doom / ...*

MS B:

Door knock. Knocking. I take a deep breath and open the door.  
It's him. He doesn't need a map. The plan discourses for itself.

---

Weatherproof. Waterproof. Windproof or should I say:

There is... here is... my Gore-Tex made mate. Invisible. Only visible with the heart.

Happily, I have such a heart.

Blissfully my naked Gore-Tex companion becomes perceptible.

I let him enter and in. I let him in and enter. I whisper with my heart: "be welcome".

And take my breath out: "be hey... "

*CHOIR starts together with finger snaps, one by one they stop, ...*

With a big white cup of green flower tea in the hand, I guide him through my house.

From the basement to the attic.

The windows in my house let the sun in. Sunbeams shine on our retina.

A ray of sunshine on our conversation as we talk about small things.

At every place we stop and take a sip. The tour takes some time.

Nevertheless, this journey caresses 'endless'.

And the 'endlessness' colors like wallpaper on my white walls.

Endlessly laughs. Endlessness too. Endless.

We handshake and go go...

*CHOIR... last singer snaps twice alone. End.*