Production: hr/BBC/NDR/rbb/SWR 2016
Music: Dom Bouffard, Hal Willner
Co-director: Tillmann Hecker
Conceptual Collaborator: Mareike Maage
Dramatic Adviser & Editing: Ursula Ruppel

Robert Wilson
Tower of Babel

55 minutes – BBC – english
Robert Wilson: Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed

Fiona Shaw: Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed: howl for her; take balm for her pain, if so be she may be healed.

61 And Jeremiah said to Seraiah, When thou comest to Babylon, and shalt see, and shalt read all these words;

63 And it shall be, when thou hast made an and of reading this book, that thou shalt bind a stone to it, and cast it into the midst of Euphrates:

64 And thou shalt say, Thus shall Babylon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her: and they shall be weary. Thus far are the words of Jeremiah.

Inge Keller: (GERMAN) Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and required of us mirth, saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!"

How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, "Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof!" O daughter of Babylon who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones!
Edith Clever: (GERMAN)
TIN.TIR I, Lines 1 – 17,
Beginning of text with glorification of the 51 names of Babylon:

TIN.TIR
"Babylon, on whom glory and jubilation were bestowed"
TIN.TIR "Babylon, the seat of prosperity "
TIN.TIR "Babylon, the seat of life "
Schuanna "Babylon, the power of heaven"
Si-anna "Babylon, the light of heaven"
Sa-anna "Babylon, the band of heaven"
Uru-sigbi-dubsag "Babylon, the city with the ancient brickworks"
Uru-silla "Babylon, the city of jubilations"
Uru-mebi-kalla "Babylon, the city of valuable edicts"
Uru-billudabi-suhsuh "Babylon, the city of chosen rites"
Uru-lugal-dingirrene "Babylon, the city of the King of Gods"

TIN.TIR V, Lines 59 – 61, the waterways:

River: Arachtu (river) of overabundance (this arm of the Euphrates divides Babylon)
River: Hu-du-uk(…)
River: Libil-hegalla,
the eastern canal: "May it bring abundance!"

TIN.TIR V Lines 62 – 64, the streets:

Street "He hears his own who was seeking him":
the broad street
Street "Bow down, oh arrogant one!":
the narrow street
street Aj-ibur-schabu:
the street of Babylon
"That the arrogant one shall not pass through”
(the procession route of Marduk)
"Babylon, the place of the creation of the great gods, Eridu, therein Esagila (…)!"
TIN.TIR V, Lines 89 – 104, Babylon's districts:

From the Market Gate to the Great Gate, (the name is) Eridu
From the Market Gate to the Gate of Urash, the name is Shuanna
From the Great Gate to the Ishtar Gate, the name is Ka-dingirra
From the Ishtar Gate to the Temple of Belet-Eanna
Bank of the canal, (the name is) New City

(CRY)

From the Temple of Belet-Eanna on the bank of the canal to the Marduk Gate, the name is Kullab
From the Zababa Gate to the Podium, "The gods listen to Marduk", (the name is) TE. E.ki

Collage Christopher Knowles

(KOREAN) My name is Ae Cha and this is my number: 0038964557. Please call me any time.

Music

Fiona Shaw Shakespeare: RICHARD II

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd

With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Christopher Nell:
Shakespeare: HAMLET

(GERMAN)
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann’d,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in’s aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suit
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

Fiona Shaw:
Shakespeare: RICHARD II

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune’s slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find an kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;

Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king’d again: and by and by
Think that I am unking’d by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate’er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing. Music do I hear?

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men’s lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder’d string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;

Christopher
Nell:
(GERMAN)
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i’ the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
‘Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver’d and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave’s offal: bloody, bawdy villain!

Fiona Shaw
Shakespeare:
RICHARD II
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Where to my finger, like a dial’s point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke’s proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o’the clock.
This music makes me mad. This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For ’tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Daniel
Liebeskind
This is an amazing, wondrous place. And I start with my favourite muse, Emily Dickinson, who said that wonder is not knowledge neither is it ignorance. It’s something which is suspended between what we believe we can be and a tradition we may have forgotten. And I think when I listen to these incredible
people here I've been so inspired, so many incredible ideas, so many visions. 
And yet, when I look at the environment outside, you see how resistant architecture is to change. You see how resistant it is to those very ideas. We can think them out with increasing incredible things and yet at the end it's so hard to change the world. We applaud the well-mannered box, but to create a space that never existed is what interested me. To create something that has never been, a space that we've never entered except in our minds and our spirits. And I think that's really what architecture is based on. Architecture is not based on concrete and steel and elements of the soil. It's based on wonder and that wonder is really what it created. The greatest cities, the greatest spaces that we have had. And I think that's indeed what architecture is. It is a story. By the way, it's a story that is told through its hard materials but it's a story of an effort, a struggle against improbability. If you think of the great buildings, of the cathedrals, of the temples, of the pyramids, of pagodas, of cities in India and beyond, you think of how incredible it is that this was realised not by some abstract idea, but by people. So...so...so, architecture is that complete ecstasy that the future can be better and it's that belief that, I think, drives society. Today we have a kind of evangelical pessimism all round us. And yet it is in times like this that I think architecture can thrive. With big ideas, ideas that are not small. Think of the great cities. Think of the Empire State Building, the Rockefeller Centre. They were built in times that were not really the best of times, , in a certain way, and yet that energy and power of architecture has driven an entire social and political space that these buildings occupy. So again so again so ......
Ilie Gheorghe (ROMANIAN)
Ionesco: Mr. Smith
The Bald Prima Donna

The Bald Prima Donna by Eugene Ionesco
the Characters:
Mr. Smith
Mrs. Smith
Mr Martin
Mrs Martin
Mary, the maid
Captain of the Fire Brigade

Scene:
A middle-class English interior, with English armchairs. An English evening. Mr Smith, an Englishman, is sitting in his English armchair and wearing English slippers, smoking his English pipe and reading an English newspaper, beside an English fire. He is wearing English spectacles and has a small grey English moustache.

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Ionesco: There, it's nine o'clock. We've drunk soup, and eaten fish, potatoes with bacon and English salad. The children have drunk English water. We've eaten well this evening because we live in the suburbs of London and because our name is Smith. It's nothing to me.

Ilie Gheorghe: (Romanian in between)

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
It's nothing to me

Ilie Gheorghe: (Romanian in between)

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
It's nothing to me

Ilie Gheorghe: (Romanian in between)
Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mr Smith also stands up and approaches his wife tenderly: Oh!

Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Ionesco: Mary enters: I'm the maid. I've just had a very pleasant afternoon. I was at the cinema with my husband and we saw a film with women. After the film we drank brandy and milk, then we read the newspaper.

Ilie Gheorghe: (Romanian in between)

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mr Smith: And the newspaper

Ilie Gheorghe: (ROMANIAN)
Mrs Smith: And the newspaper

Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Mary: And the newspaper

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mr. Smith: And the newspaper

Ilie Gheorghe: (ROMANIAN)
Mrs Smith: And the newspaper

Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Mary: And the newspaper

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mr. Smith: And the newspaper

Ilie Gheorghe: (ROMANIAN)
Mrs Smith: And the newspaper
Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Mary: And the newspaper.
Mary: Mr. and Mrs. Martin, your guests are at the door. They were waiting for me because they didn't dare to come in by themselves. They were meant to have dinner with you.

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mrs Smith: Oh yes! We were expecting them. And we were hungry. Since they didn't arrive we were going to start dinner without them. Mary, you shouldn't have gone out!

Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Mary: But it was you who gave me permission.

Ilie Gheorghe: (ROMANIAN)

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mrs Smith: We didn't do it on purpose.

Traute Hoess: Mary: We didn't do it on purpose.

Ilie Gheorghe: (ROMANIAN)

Christopher Nell: (GERMAN)
Mrs Smith: We didn't do it on purpose.

Traute Hoess: (GERMAN)
Mary: We didn't do it on purpose.

Music
SCHERZO OF SOUND

Daniel Hope

Stefan Kurt: (GERMAN)
Ionesco: Mr. Smith Mrs. Smith
The Bald Prima Mr. Martin
Donna Mrs. Martin
Mary, the maid
Captain of the Fire Brigade

Scene:
A middle-class English interior with English armchairs

Jürgen Holz: armchairs

Stefan Kurt: armchairs

Jürgen Holz: armchairs

Stefan Kurt: armchairs

Jürgen Holz: armchair

Stefan Kurt: (GERMAN)
An English evening
Mr. Smith, an Englishman, wearing English slippers, is sitting in an English armchair,

Jürgen Holz: armchair

Stefan Kurt: (GERMAN)
smoking an English pipe and reading an English newspaper near an English fire. He is wearing English spectacles and has a small grey English moustache – Beside him, in another English armchair, his wife, Mrs. Smith.
Jürgen Holz: (GERMAN)
There, it's nine o'clock. We've drunk soup, and eaten fish, potatoes with bacon and English salad. The children have drunk English water. We've eaten well this evening because we live in the suburbs of London and because our name is Smith.

Stefan Kurt + Jürgen Holz: (GERMAN)
All doctors are quacks. And all patients too. Only the Royal Navy is honest in England.

But not sailors
Naturally. … a pause
It doesn't make sense

Both cry out several times: (GERMAN)
It doesn't make sense.
I never thought of that.

Stefan Kurt: (GERMAN)
Another moment of silence

Lisa Genze: Have you been here before

Traute Hoess: No, this is the first time

Christina Drechsler Jim, Jim Jiiim

Lisa Genze I'm sorry Rose

Christina Drechsler You killed him! You killed my brother

Lisa Genze I'm sorry Rose

Christina You killed my brother and what's between. I hate you
Drechsler

Lisa Genze: I'm sorry Rose

Christina Drechslser: I forgive my son – He does not know what he has done

Lisa Genze: Good I'll drink to that

Christina Drechslser: Welcome home, Ben

Lisa Genze: I'm sorry Rose

Christina Drechslser: No I don't believe that, John

Lisa Genze: It doesn't mean

Christina Drechslser: I guess time doesn't need you to protect it

Lisa Genze: No yankee is going to be a neighbour of mine

Christina Drechslser: This town needs you

Lisa Genze: I'm sorry Rose

Christina Drechslser: They're fixing it up. They're taking away the vegetation. They're fixing it up

Lisa Genze: I'm sorry Rose

Christina Drechslser: When they eventually abandon the area it just gets all solid
Lisa Genze: I met this guy who was working for his wife

Christina Drechselser: BAM! WOW! The British are very conservative

Jonathan Messe: (GERMAN) When the leader of the Nazi Youth calls himself Baldur, how can you possibly stay there? In 1944 I can still find in a Dresden newspaper among nine notices of birth six with decidedly Germanic names: Dieter, Detlev, Uwe, Margit, Ingrid, Uta. Double-barrelled names, linked by hyphens, are extremely popular in their resonance, their dual declaration of allegiance, in their rhetorical character (and hence in their affiliation to LTI): Bernd-Dietmar, Bernd-Walter, Dietmar-Gerhard. Also characteristic of LTI is the frequent display format: Klein-Karin, Klein-Harald; the heroic character of the ballad name is mixed with a slight sweet sentiment, and that produces a magnificent allure.

Lisa Genze: Have you been here before

Traute Hoess: No, this is the first time

Cécile Brune: (FRENCH) My wound is not so recent. Scarcely had I been bound to Theseus by the marriage yoke, and happiness and peace seem'd well secured, when Athens show'd me my proud enemy. I look'd, alternately turn'd pale and blush'd to see him, and my soul grew all distraught; a mist obscured my vision, and my voice falter'd, my blood ran cold, then burn'd like fire; Venus I felt in all my fever'd frame, whose fury had so many of my race pursued. With fervent vows I sought to shun her torments, built and deck'd for her a shrine,
And there, 'mid countless victims did I seek
The reason I had lost; but all for naught,
No remedy could cure the wounds of love!
In vain I offer'd incense on her altars;
When I invoked her name my heart adored
Hippolytus, before me constantly;
And when I made her altars smoke with victims,
'Twas for a god whose name I dared not utter.
I fled his presence everywhere, but found him--
O crowning horror!--in his father's features.
Against myself, at last, I raised revolt,
And stirr'd my courage up to persecute
The enemy I loved. To banish him
I wore a step--dame's harsh and jealous carriage,
With ceaseless cries I clamour'd for his exile,
Till I had torn him from his father's arms.
I breathed once more, Oenone; in his absence
My days flow'd on less troubled than before,
And innocent. Submissive to my husband,
I hid my grief, and of our fatal marriage
Cherish'd the fruits. Vain caution! Cruel Fate!
Brought hither by my spouse himself, I saw
Again the enemy whom I had banish'd,
And the old wound too quickly bled afresh.
No longer is it love hid in my heart,
But Venus in her might seizing her prey.
I have conceived just terror for my crime;
I hate my life, and hold my love in horror.
Dying I wish'd to keep my fame unsullied,
And bury in the grave a guilty passion;
But I have been unable to withstand
Tears and entreaties, I have told you all;
Content, if only, as my end draws near,
You do not vex me with unjust reproaches,
Nor with vain efforts seek to snatch from death
The last faint lingering sparks of vital breath.

Jürgen Holz:
Genesis,
11, 1 –9

(GERMAN)
And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.
And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east,
that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.
And they said one to another, Go to, let us make
brick, and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

**Stefan Kurt:** (GERMAN)
And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.

**Jürgen Holz:** (GERMAN)
And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do.

**Lydia Koniordiou** (sings the Bible verses in Greek)

**Jürgen Holz:** (GERMAN)
So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.

**Stefan Kurt:** (GERMAN)
Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.

**Jürgen Holz:** (GERMAN)
And from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.

*(Music: Lou Reed – Balloon)*

**Edith Clever:** (GERMAN)
Aeschylus: Before this moment I said many things to suit my purposes.
The Oresteia Clytemnestra I’m not ashamed to contradict them now.
How else could I act on my hate for
such a hateful man, who feigned his love, how else prepare my nets of agony so high no one could jump them? I’ve brooded on this struggle many years, the old blood feud. My moment’s come at last, though long delayed. I stand now where I struck, where I achieved what I set out to do. I did all this. I won’t deny the fact. Round this man I cast my all-embracing net, rich robes of evil, as if catching fish—he had no way out, no eluding fate. I stabbed him twice. He gave out two groans. Then as his limbs went limp.

I hit again, a third blow, my prayerful dedication to Zeus, underground protector of the dead. He collapsed, snorting his life away, spitting great gobs of blood all over me, drenching me in showers of his dark blood. And I rejoiced—just as the fecund earth rejoices when the heavens send spring rains, and new-born flower buds burst into bloom.

That’s how matters stand. So now you’d sentence me to banishment, send me from the city a thing accursed? Back then you made no accusation against this man lying here. He sacrificed his own child, that dear girl I bore in pain, to charm the winds from Thrace—and didn’t care. To him she was a beast for slaughter. He had flocks of them—his farms were full.

Shouldn’t you have banished him from
Argos in punishment for that polluting crime?
You're strict enough when you pass judgment on what I've done.

Here he lies, the man who abused his wife, seduced by every captive girl at Ilion— and here she lies, his concubine, his spear prize, the faithful prophetess who shared his bed.
She also knew the rowing benches where sailors sweat. They get what they deserve.
He’s dead. She, like a swan, sang her last song, then died.
Now she lies there, his sweetheart.
She’ll bring new thrills, fresh pleasures to my bed.

Collage
Christopher Knowles (GERMAN)
Hallo, my name is Anna Tilling and this is my number: 0160 45384587. Call me, hallo..

Fiona Shaw: Shakespeare: RICHARD II
Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign’d? I hardly yet have learn’d
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
God save the kind! although I be not he;

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin:
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, while I will undo myself;
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny;
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unking’d Richard says,
And give him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

Collage
Christopher Knowles

(ITALIAN)
Ciao, I’m Alessandra Armenice and my number is 333 646 951. Call me whenever you want.

music / radiocollage
(numbers)

Lisa Genze:
Peter Pan

(GERMAN)
Have you ever heard a whistling, just before the day breaks, when the night is at its most silent,
(laughs)
The day chases the night
A whistling cold and pure, which cuts through the window, penetrates your breast,
like an arrow does an apple
(laughs)
Not like a bird's cry
In the deep forest by the sea
Have you ever heard a whistling …

(laughs)
Coming from strange worlds
A dark angel it may be …
Coming from strange worlds
Coming from strange worlds

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stefan Kurt: (GERMAN)</th>
<th>Franz Kafka: The Zürau Aphorisms</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The true path is along a rope which is not strung high in the air, but just above the ground. It seems to be intended more to trip someone up than to be walked along. 2</td>
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<th>Jürgen Holz: (GERMAN)</th>
<th>D.H. Lawrence: Apocalypse</th>
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<tr>
<td>It is very difficult for us to understand the pagan mind. When we are given translations of stories from the ancient Egyptian, the stories are almost entirely unintelligible. It may be the translations' fault: who can pretend really to read hieroglyph script! But when we are given translations from Bushman folk-lore, we find ourselves in almost the same puzzled state. The words may be intelligible, but the connection between them is impossible to follow.</td>
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<th>Edith Clever: (GERMAN)</th>
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<tr>
<td>The words may be intelligible, but the connection between them is impossible to follow. Even if we read translations of Hesiod or even of Plato, we feel that a meaning has been arbitrarily given to the movement that is wrong, the inner connection. Flatter ourselves as we may, the gulf between Professor Jowett's mentality and Plato's mentality is, in the end, just Professor Jowett, with hardly a breath of the living Plato. Plato divorced from his great pagan background is really only another Victorian statue in a toga – or a chlamys.</td>
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</table>
Jürgen Holz: (GERMAN)  
in a toga – or a chlamys.

Edith Clever: (GERMAN)  
To get at the Apocalypse we have to appreciate the mental working of the pagan thinker or poet – pagan thinkers were necessarily poets -, who starts with an image, sets the image in motion, allows it to achieve a certain course or circuit of its own, and then takes up another image. The old Greeks were very fine image-thinkers, as the myths prove. Their images were wonderfully natural and harmonious.

Jürgen Holz + Edith Clever: (GERMAN)  
They followed the logic of action rather than of reason, and they had no moral axe to grind.

Jürgen Holz: (GERMAN)  
But still they are nearer to us than the orientals, whose image-thinking often followed no plan whatsoever, not even the sequence of action. We can see it in some of the Psalms, the flitting from image to image with no essential connection at all, but just the curious image association. The oriental loved that.

Jonathan Meese’s Mother:  
I think you never read in public yet. Have you? Jonny?

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN)  
What was the most powerful propaganda tool in the Hitlerian armoury? Was it Hitler’s and Goebbels’ individual speeches, their remarks on this or that object, their railing against the Jews or against bolshevism?

Unquestionably not since a lot was not understood by the masses or the constant repetitions bored them.

No, the greatest impact was not made by individual
speeches, and also not by articles or leaflets, by posters or flags. It was achieved by nothing which one had to take in by conscious thought or

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough

**Jonathan Meese:** (GERMAN) conscious feeling. But Nazism slid

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough

**Jonathan Meese:** (GERMAN) into the flesh and blood of the mass of people through

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough

**Jonathan Meese:** (GERMAN) the single words, the turns of phrase, the forms of sentence which it forced on them in millions of repetitions, and which were mechanically and unconsciously taken on board

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough

**Jonathan Meese:** mechanically and unconsciously taken on board

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough

**Jonathan Meese:** (GERMAN) They cultivated the Schillerian couplet from cultured language, which

**Mother:** Jonathan that’s enough
Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) cultured language

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) which composes for you

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) and thinks for you.

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) Graspable purely aesthetically and so to speak harmlessly.

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) (But the language) not only composes and thinks for me, it guides

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) it guides

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) my whole

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough
Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) spiritual being

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) the more self-evidently

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) the more unconsciously

Mother: Jonny

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) the more unconsciously I submit to it

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) and if

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) (if) cultivated language is now formed from toxic elements and has become the bearer of toxins?

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) has become (the bearer of toxins)

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough
Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) Words can be swallowed like tiny doses of arsenic

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) unnoticed they are

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Jonathan Meese: (GERMAN) unnoticed

Mother: Jonathan that’s enough

Mother + Jonathan: they are swallowed, they seem to have no effect and after some time the toxic effect takes hold. If you use 'fanatical' to mean heroic and virtuous long enough, you will eventually believe that a fanatic is a virtuous hero and that you cannot be a hero without fanaticism. The word fanatic was not invented by the Third Reich, it only changed its value and used it more often in one day than other ages do in years!

Cécile Brune: (FRENCH) Moments to me are precious; hear me, Theseus. Phèdre ‘Twas I who cast an eye of lawless passion On chaste and dutiful Hippolytus. Heav’n in my bosom kindled baleful fire, And vile Oenone’s cunning did the rest. She fear’d Hippolytus, knowing my madness, Would make that passion known which he regarded With horror; so advantage of my weakness
She took, and hasten'd to accuse him first.
For that she has been punish'd, tho' too mildly;
Seeking to shun my wrath she cast herself
Beneath the waves. The sword ere now had cut
My thread of life, but slander'd innocence
Made its cry heard, and I resolved to die
In a more lingering way, confessing first
My penitence to you. A poison, brought
To Athens by Medea, runs thro' my veins.
Already in my heart the venom works,
Infusing there a strange and fatal chill;
Already as thro' thickening mists I see
The spouse to whom my presence is an outrage;
Death, from mine eyes veiling the light of heav'n,
Restores its purity that they defiled.

Fiona Shaw:  Jeremiah 30 The mighty men of Babylon have forborn
to fight, they have remained in their holds: their might
hath failed; they became as women: they have
burned their dwelling places; her bars are broken.

32 And that the passages are stopped, and the reeds
they have burned with fire, and the men of war are
affrighted.

Lydia Koniordiou: (Bible verses in Greek)

Fiona Shaw: 31 One post shall run to meet another, and one
messenger to meet another, to show the king of
Babylon that his city is taken at one end.

Lydia Koniordiou: (Greek)

Fiona Shaw: Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed.

Alan Cumming: Brute force crushes many plants. Yet the plants rise
D.H. Lawrence: Apocalypse

again. The Pyramids will not last a moment compared to the daisy. And before Buddha or Jesus spoke, the nightingale sang, and long after the words of Jesus or Buddha are gone into oblivion, the nightingale still will sing. Because it is neither preaching nor teaching nor commanding nor urging. It is just singing. And in the beginning was not a Word, but a chirrup.