

MANA



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A SPECIAL ISSUE ON 'FIRE & WATER'

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**The Criminals of
Ms A. Cycle of
Songs**

I. Fire

The triangle between the patient Ms A. (the art therapist, not the doctor, mind you) and the patient's „work of art“ is a relationship (of projection) that provides information on all three of them as well as on us ourselves, therefore on the role of art in itself. In the first song the patient's perspective prevails, in the second there is a stronger back and forth between the patient and Ms A., in the third Ms A.'s view is predominant.

1. Who asked Isaac? (The stone thrower)

Who asked Isaac?
In the name of the Lord

(inarticulated sounds from material) en saak Ang el

With you I feel
like a human being
He looks like you
has a tender face
Don't look so stern!
Isn't the angel beautiful?

Aah aah Isaac!

It was a hot
summer's day
the eighteenth in a row
a lot of hot days without sense
on the motorway on the motorway
father mother child father mother child
I see the faces behind the window panes
how they are laughing and enjoying themselves

To fly like an angel
that will be Judgement Day

(as to Ms A.) They will punish me
(listens, as if he heard Ms A.'s words)
no, no, I'd like to be with you as well

The car fully packed
a rubber dinghy on the roof
the bikes on the back
father mother child
Who asked Isaac?
How easily our fortune
breaks
someone has to warn them
someone has to bite the dust

Abraham is willing
to sacrifice his son, Isaa-aac
the stone is heavy
I am strong
nineteen days so hot and senseless
What about a piece of cake?
What about a sip of tea?
Who asked Isaac?

Then the angel appeared out of
the thorn bush, the bush
was burning without burning
But who asked Isaac?
father mother child
so that others can understand
how easily our fortune breaks
our Lord is mighty, our God

he takes and he gives
and my soul is

Jehova

(voice flits about on its own, maybe without percussion)
father, father, no!
But I feel nothing
father, father, what is man
No. I feel nothing!
How they are laughing
and enjoying themselves
(without words: motif father mother child: then:) Where is the angel?
(building up into a crescendo, the moment before the throw)
I am Isaac
father, no
(slaps his face three times/ the singer for real or the drums musically)
I am Isaac I am guilty
you never asked me
master over life and death
(either very loud or whispered) father mother child
(only musically possible as well) I throw the stone!

(lonesome moment of the drums, into it): Jehova!

(calmly as if he is showing his picture to Ms A.) Here is the angel
the flames are flickering, look how beautiful
he who appeared in the name of the Lord
(childlike) he never asked Isaac

They will punish me
I will ask you for it
the angel is eaten by the flames
I am guilty

I am Isaac
it had to happen though

2. Firehead (a conversation)

Relationship is mutuality
Martin Buber, *I and Thou*

The following piece could be sung by two persons. Ms A. (left) and the patient (right) who are now played by a singer. It is conceivable that the cello player speaks some words or with certain words stands in the foreground (middle), while the words of the singer are sung or spoken as by a third person. In the rage the longing for love (and its impossibility) should resonate as well as the affection of Ms A.

Ms A.

Patient

I love the fire
when it burns
when it crackles,
glows and smoulders

But the fire is a thief

The flames jump over the roof
the crowd runs closer

when the blaze jumps higher

the flames are blazing
It must be a great fire!!

A thief
who howls and
goes from house to house

without neighbours
and
whole in himself*

blazing burning

(joyful)
now the beams are bursting
the roof, it breaks
it is pure fury

Fire is no thing
that speaks!

forbidden I am so hot

oh how big
my lust is growing
oh how hot
it is forbidden

hot
hot
hot

he is really
quite a handsome guy

hot

hot

And the child?
And the tree?
without roots
you have painted it
without roots

child is dead
hahaha

how I crave for you
hahaha
that is the flower of the fire
red orange and in the middle
blue, gloriously clear and cold

red orange and in the middle
blue, gloriously clear and cold
an icy sapphire

the flower of the fire

*(by singer with love and defiance
depersonalized at the same time)*

kindling
kindling
smouldering
flickering
laughing

glowing

how I crave for you
crave for you

isn't he
a handsome guy

how it consumes me
you can't put it out
can't put it out
this blazing light

torched five shacks
a supermarket
lashes out
if you come nearer
they all are nothing

in the middle, the flame
a clear straight blue

a child

fire destroys

fire and the wind are brothers

(whistles like the wind) ffffsst

and when it abates?

and when it abates?

I am to
paint like a child

a child

the coloured match box
Mother gave the sticks to me
the tiny heads so pretty
when you
light them

her lips were red
what a tiny head
when it burns

(as in thought, casually)
fire brings new things

she never embraced

never

I start anew

I start anew

*This is a quote from Martin Buber: "If I face a human being as my 'Thou, and say the primary word I-Thou to him, he is not a thing among things, and does not consist of things. This human being is not He or She, bounded from every other He and She, a specific point in space and time within the net of the world ; nor is he a nature able to be experienced and described, a loose bundle of named qualities. But with no neighbour, and whole in himself, he is 'Thou and fills the heavens."
(taken from Ronald Gregor Smith' translation, I and Thou)

3. Ballad of the Tiger Man

In the third piece the piano becomes a partner, the Tiger man

Unstable, restless and brutal
fuzzy, soft and disastrous

You wrap me round your finger
at night you sit by my bedside
whisper voodoo and then

Come on Ms A.
When are we catching fire?

You paint yourself as a tiger
the stripes bilious green
Voodoo
sired in violence
I see you roam
through voodoo

you can talk
a proper charmer
but if you want to
you become another
unstable, restless and brutal

your glossary of love
knows killing only
when you burst out of darkness
the jump
of love

I see you light blue, yellow shades
of dazzling beauty, ever so sophisticated
I hold your mouth so tenderly
as long as a deep dream
your eyes so shining dark

What you cannot explain,
makes man a man

your voice is gentle
you move lightly
voodoo

it was in the street
she came very near you
a knife in your hand

you have loved her

and now she is dead and gone

instable, fuzzy and disastrous

Tanja Langer, born in 1962 Wiesbaden, is a writer from Berlin. Among narratives and several novels, such as „*Der Tag ist hell, ich schreibe dir*“ (2012) or on painter Edvard Munch, “*Der Maler Munch*” (2013), she published the novella “*Wir sehn uns wieder in der Ewigkeit: Die letzte Nacht von Henriette Vogel und Heinrich von Kleist.*”

She also writes for artists and composers, such as the opera libretto, *Kleist*, music by Rainer Rubbert (2008). In 2016, she founded the multilingual publishing house , Bübül Verlag Berlin.

Her latest novel is set during the British occupation of Germany after WWII and in the world of the cinema “*Meine kleine Großmutter & Mr. Thursday oder Die Erfindung der Erinnerung*” (mdv, 2019).