

Why is this all in English
Song for her
Idea of the North* (note on the recording)
excerpt from a Conversation with Liv Ullmann
Odes to Sandberg
Austrian sky* (note on the photography)
and I also have
Idea of the North
I talk too much
blank
blank
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a map
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rain

Why is this all in English

Alebo prečo to vlastne píšem všetko po anglicky? Skúsím obhájiť moje pozície. Veľmi jednoducho by som mohol čeliť obvineniu z istého druhu pozérstva. Z istého hľadiska je to ale pravdivé obvinenie.

Identita je autorita v ktorej si ukotvujem svoju pravdu. Začínam veriť, že okrem polovrodenej a prostredím ovplyvnenej identity existuje aj identita konštruovaná, a teda s istým nadhľadom a hlavne slobodnou vôľou určená sebadefinícia. V tejto slobode si sám určujem históriu, a iné parametre, ktoré ovplyvňujú moje budúce správanie. Sám si určujem, a to aj spätne, moje postavenie v spoločnosti, sociálne pomery, ba aj kultúrnu, národnú aj jazykovú identitu. Nie je to prirodzené. Ale čo je prirodzenosť?

Skúšam zrušiť, prestrihnúť isté klišé, ktoré sa týka prirodzenosti, postaviť si identitu z vlastných kociek; experimentálne, hoci neodmietam ani možnosť spätného návratu k opusteným miestam.

[Možno vychádzam z latentného vnútorného konfliktu slovenskosti a maďarskosti. A hrdinovia (vo filmoch?) nikdy nehovoria maďarsky ani slovensky. Takže ďalej len anglicky.]

S úctou

(Jean-Michel Bernard)

If you rescue me,
I'll be your friend forever,
Let me in your bed,
I'll keep you warm in winter,
All the kiddies are playing
and they're having such fun,
I wish that could happen to me,
But if you rescue me,
I'll never have to be alone again.
Oh the cars drive so fast
and the people are mean,
and sometimes it's hard to find food,
let me into your room,
I'll keep you warm and amused,
all the things we can do in the rain
If you rescue me,
I'll be your friend forever,
Let me in your bed,
I'll keep you warm in winter,
Oh someday I know
someone will look into my eyes
and say, "Hello, you're my very special kitten",
So if you rescue me,
I'll never have to be alone again,
I'll never have to be alone again,
I'll never have to be alone again.

The Idea of the North* (note on the recording)

by Glenn Gould

'When I went to the North, I had no intention of writing about or of referring to it even parenthetically in anything that I wrote. And yet, almost despite myself, I began to draw all sorts of metaphorical allusions based on what was really a very limited knowledge of the country and a very casual exposure to it. I found myself writing musical critiques, for instance, in which the - the idea of the North - began to serve as a foil for other ideas and values that seemed to me depressingly urban oriented and spiritually limited thereby.'

'Admittedly, it's a question of attitude, and I'm not sure that my own quasiallegorical attitude towards the North is the proper way to make use of it or even an accurate way in which to define it. Nevertheless, I'm by no means alone in this reaction to the North; there are very few people who make contact with it and emerge entirely unscathed. Something really does happen to most people who go into the North - they become at least aware of the creative opportunity which the physical fact of the country represents and - quite often, I think - come to measure their own work and life against that rather staggering creative possibility: they become, in effect, philosophers.'

excerpt from a Conversation with Liv Ullmann

Can you help me?
I don't know.
But will you help me?

I don't know if I can work it out.
If we find her ... then yes.
I am not a good actor anyway.

I don't know but... why are you smiling, mother?
No I am not, I am only trying to hold back my tears.

Odes to Sandberg

I.
Sandberg spirit escaping
(detectives tale)
(Ode to the spirit of Sandberg)
(dedication: the same)
as re-fold by
András Cséfalvay

wait, we are smarter than this. did he run this way?
you mean all the way up?
yes into the woods
then we take the trail to the east
must have taken it to the cliff
sure
what's that there?

its probably ... wait. is it there?
dont tell, waste of time. come on.
most frustrating. I mean he could have run to the
rocket shield, but to hear this...
I dont think the rocket shield is of any use anymore
since the russians started to move out equipment.
it's a deserted area. you think it is a real threat?
well, if he wanted it...few know what there really is
that way. you see? fresh soil. ah ... just don't run. still
does not make sense, it would have made easier for
him to ... calm down. we are getting near

his prints are just so light. is this guy floating?...
if he got tries to get away through the air, he is
dead. he wont risk that. besides we located him
non-equipped. just have to track patiently and
listen carefully. that does all the trick

nothing

if he is not up to hiding, his intentions might... i
mean do you think he could imagine to escape?
how could he escape the guards? no journey
west my friend. i am going to get him. no matter
what
fair enough, after all what he has done to you
and... i am sorry
i am only doing my job.

good for you. Why am I doing this? Search me. i
guess I am lost. just every day miracles.
See those lines? that must have been a huge
creature... no question. But... silence

...you see them?
borderguards? not looking for him are they?
...
by all the saints! look at that! it is huge! marvelous
you have not see the cross? thats their status. thats
their holiness
those man should not see us. should keep our
head down
silence. he should be coming soon.

are you sure it is safe here? we shouldn't encoun-
ter anything unnatural?
yes
but are you sure ... no but then is it safe...? it
is very rare what is very rare some say when it
snows sharks come
ok and what if you meet a shark? i mean face to
face well. its is about getting back to the mother-

ship as fast as possible.

...
patience. i am falling asleep too

...
you can never be certain. what comfort does it
give you? do you listen to me? i hear your stories.
and as i play the organ of narration woven net. i
play on every instrument. and i am consistent. So if
we get him? mere substitution. but lets keep it. we
both have a secret yearning for peace. i mean who
thinks we can not save them?

there. a moving spot and they pay no attention to
him. walking past them like if he was transparent. he
will find way through the fence.
dont shout. they'd kill us.

Man, you see. they shoot. not matter who or what.

...
and there is a hole

fucking lunatic! they all get away some way. so
why do we bother, if they all get away!
report to the ship

II.
Constant shallowness leads to evil
(explorers tale)
Re-told by
András Cséfalvay

Constant shallowness leads to evil.
Constant shallowness leads to the dark side.
Shallow.
Deep.
Deeper

Deeper (38 x)

III.
Honesty
(fathers tale)
According to the interpretation of
András Cséfalvay

Dad, I mean could you ever conceive an irrational
thought become more powerful, and yet of unfath-
omable depth. That it would not be considered as
mere shallow pseudo-wisdom.

Dad, do you think, I could ever look down the cliff
and yet remain non-pathetic?
I don't mean to defend myself. I am a sentimental

ass. I try to cover myself with something, let's say
poetic.
Please say , I do it legitimately.

Dad, I mean look at the clouds. It's a shame for me
not being able to comprehend at least a bit of the
sky. I would like to.
You know how much I lust for power. Keep wanting
to play the hero. Or play the martyr.
Even better.
Don't you ever yearn for power?
I know you higher than me.

Father, you would often ask what I want to say.
I think I am saying it. There are certain moments
when I state clearly. Does it matter to you? Don't
you know already? You would often ask if I am really
happy. But I know I have a certain noble minded-
ness that super-poses me above happiness or sad-
ness. Never would I have to bear desperation.
Would I?

Father, do you know what my biggest fear is?
Shallowness. Lightheartedness.
You know, I am no fucking hippie.
I am almost primitively conservative.
I actually fear that I could be laughed at. That I
would turn out to be a coward. Or perceive false as
true.
Do you know that I might have actually never loved
anyone? I try to hold my left hand as if I was Dorian
Gray. But it's fake even in its honesty.

Father I should be ironic, but all I can find to be
ironic about is but me.
I know. Constant shallowness leads to evil.

I hate to copy other people but I remember a
beautiful piece. By Pellegrino/Mocellin.
It was I slow video, you haven't seen it Dad.
It said: ... I am too sad to tell you.

**I thought Austrian sky suited the color of my
hair*** (note on the a photography)

And I also have a cap from Sweden

But also a thing like a comic book,
and then a Nils Holgersson book nicely published,
but then I should also mention Drömersan genom Sverige book,
and the Tomten series
I also got some cds. Hoven Droven and Julie et Folkton.
an old flag, that is from my childhood.
And a computer game! With all this travelling.
Two more cds, and a cassette.
And Carl Larssen book, and book with Swedish poetry
When I was young I tried to learn. I got to like the third lesson.

The Idea of the North

I imported something, I called it North. Cut out an idealized essence. And put it on the wall. I do not worship it, neither do I feel bound to it. It is my own utopia, into which I can step whenever I want.

**Then I talk too much and then I feel sorry
and then say sorry sorry,
and by saying it I only talk again,
and then I am sorry for that too and then I
say sorry again and then**

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SONGS FOR HER, A COLLECTION

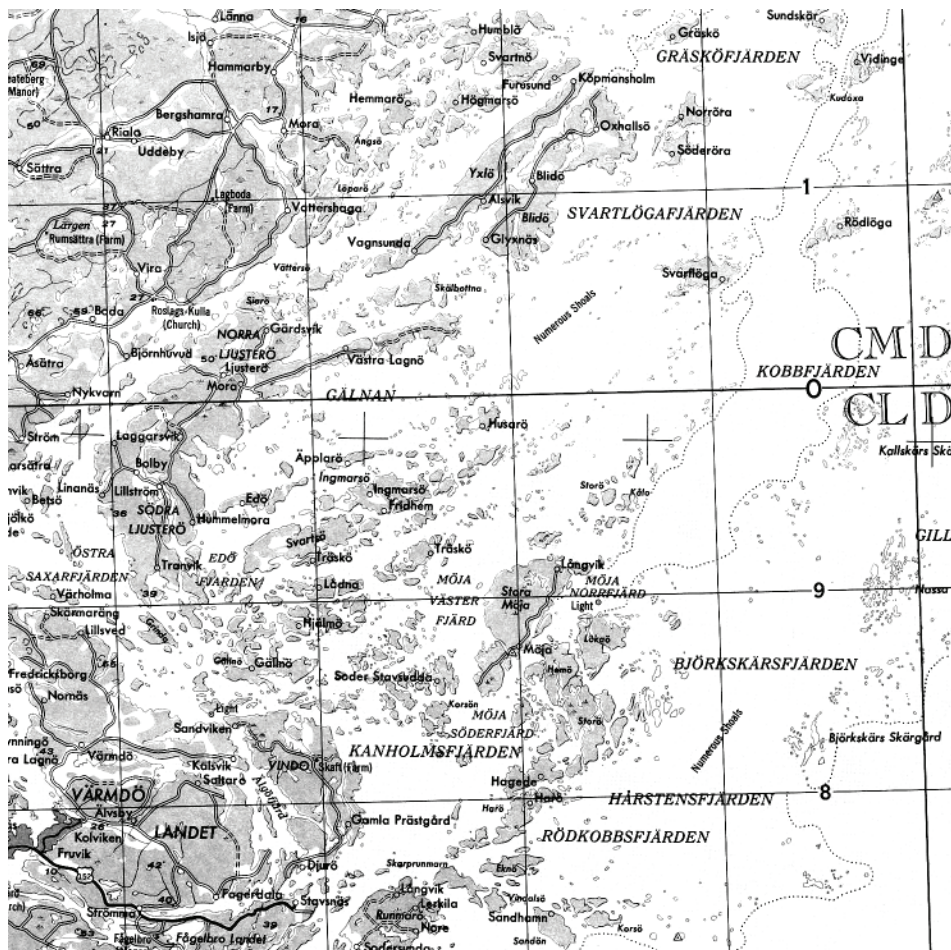
SONGS FOR HER, A COLLECTION

anima nordensis

a term I introduced around 2004, still not very sure what it means, or whether correct

anima nordensis - or northern soul, according to my own mirror translation. But **a.** is not a fixed notion. It has the possibility to be used in a debate about ones identity. **a.** refers to ones inner identification with values that I refer to as northern, germanic with a touch of melancholy, however a certain unbound joy too. I used the term as to describe a identity based on choice and free will, personal preferences but also in case of archetypical characterization. **a.** is also feature present in many northern heroes, thus I refer to it as a common category. If I would draw a graph to illustrate I would begin in the ponds of Astrid Lindgren and Selma Lagerlöff characters, with a hint of Goethe and end in the murky waters of Mahler.

a map



here for more esthetic than other reasons
although, yes, there were times were I was planning my es-
cape on similar maps

excerpt from a Conversation with Death

in Latin:

Why?

What are we to do?

Together? Alone? Shall we stand up?

Shall we cry out? *Good Lord, carest thou not about your sheep?*

Who am I then? Who? So sayeth, you chooses not?

See my tongue!

Which mothers' flesh? Which nation's breed?

Who am I?

death appears and asks in Swedish:

Will you now stop asking questions?

No I will not.

But you will get no answer.

she said, she was raining