

'150 000 megahertz'

(Poem)

In lieu of an Introduction

Instruction No.16 - What does poetry mean for me today?

1. Poetry for me today is probably the sum total of all those important signs and concepts which have been spared the pressures of the verbal universe, that is, the so-called dictatorship of the word, which are the primary source of political and other types of dictatorship.
2. When you go into an old library, enter the book stacks, or if you simply open a bookcase from an earlier century, you will encounter the pleasant fragrance exuded by familiar and unfamiliar books. When you leaf through one of the yellowish books, you will, if you are lucky, suddenly discover a brown beetle nestled there. And if you are lucky, you may come across a whole colony of such insects. It's not simply that they live between the thick covers of the volume but, both directly and indirectly, their existence depends on the very material of this book. They know the taste of each letter and word very well, but they have never tried real literature. They are tireless workers, they are the laboratory assistants of the word. To put it another way, I call them insects of words. These strange creatures sometimes remind me of characters in the works of France Kafka. Once, I even became a friend of some of them until, finally, they turned into the busy, brown hostages of the text.
3. And yet, what is poetry, or more precisely, that alternative poesis which we are talking about? First of all, there is a voice, an energy, an idea free from linguistic abuse, dramaturgical frames and accidental noise, which neither has, nor has had any direct connection with verbal signs and a culture artificially concocted from such signs. That which most colleagues from the

literati usually call poetry is, in my opinion, nothing more than an attempt to start a conversation about poetry and this is likely to remain simply an attempt, if we don't continue our soul-searching on this topic.

4. Alternative poetry does not have a static nature - like any element or phenomenon in the present universe, it is full of real, not imaginary fire. It is full of invisible barricades built out of jabbering voices and the elusive aesthetics of rebellion constructed from the spontaneously smashed up cobblestone streets of the city.
5. Poesis is born out of the permanently changing chaos of existence - the breathing-in of progressive ideas and turbulence. It attributes aristocratic signs and special sensations to revolutions without which any polemic or struggle which has set out in the direction of renewal, loses its meaning ...
6. I will try to say something about conceptual nuances in modern poetry, which not only make a new poetic language important for me, but also separate it from literary texts in other genres. By way of illustration, I want to present you with my new poem, the title of which is '150 000 megahertz' and which comprises a kind of outcome of my observation of verbal consciousness over many years. Most of the text is consciously laid out in a conventional form. It gives me the opportunity as a poet and performer to convey my conceptual ideas and some reflections on the above theme in a more convenient and straightforward way...

'150 000 megahertz'

You, provider of charmers,
in this peaceful atmosphere,
can you hear the worn-out words
smelted in the old noise?
As the days increase,
and the night decrease,
I silently drink
a traditional toast to poetry
in violet ink ...

...

The word has evaporated on the lips
of a virgin who's never been kissed
as if a pioneer worker of poetry
in a fit of passion, is hanging the torched remains
of theatre curtains
over her eyes ...

...

The sun has approached the threshold
with the gaze of an invisible
traveller.
It will turn the beating of my heart
into a sonic wave.
There's somebody holding on to their belief in these words,
whereas I prefer silence,
putting it more precisely,
defending whatever it is
I have to say.

...

The word-worker
was hanging a theatre curtain of singed velvet
tightly over his tongue,
as if he were dressing a stage...
The furnace-blasted voice is pressed
bit by bit
into the strong neck of a funnel -
each letter,
each line,

each stanza,
sucked up voraciously by the ear.
If this eternal sound doesn't ignite a bonfire in the head,
it will incinerate the insides
and will demolish the shelves of thoughts.
This word-insect has something to say,
it tries to tell me,
but it can't get to me with bookcases all around ...

...
You won't find a butterfly's nest in the old wardrobe.
Here,
traditional robes are hanging
with moths tidily brushing
the panels and hems.
Here,
a skilled sculptor
stirs up a fragrant essence in the noise -
he's a word welder,
steadfastly amassing
bullets of silence
in a narrow pile,
so he can shoot the penetrating sound with a word silencer.
There's nothing to be said when a bullet is like a word,
the fortune teller of the text
shoots each verb bang in the bullseye ...

...
An onion has many layers, so says a mouth seeking another one.
When you peel off the clothes,
the shape appears.
The colour and taste of an endlessly peeled onion
transform an insignificant phrase into a thesis,
and throw an onion

down the throat.

Comrade, an onion has many layers,
aromas and flavours.

I prepare a reply with a knife on a chopping board,

I slice the silent letter

pitilessly,

layer by layer

in order to create a sound

while listening to confession.

...

Every morning, I come out of the house to the road

where I follow a tornado of words with my eyes and ears.

I don't chase the empty phrases hoisted in a peaceful sky,

I simply search for a precise answer in this noise.

For example, a rifle is only a word without a thought

and a bullet is a word walled up in a small bandolier.

Can you see the bottomless firebox torn apart by steel?

This spark will instantaneously ignite a conflagration

when you press your finger on the rifle's trigger

at the end of your thought.

...

Each finger branching on a hand

will take its turn.

Eloquence is born

out of the speed of sound.

Something that once was a hand

suddenly became a plank from a tree trunk

and the plank became a long road

where a finger

indicates which way to go,

from the bottom to the top,

like a mast

raised up towards the sky!

...

Both men and women are words,
the space between them
filled with silence
in a land-mined circle of desires.

And when they manage to get things done in reality,
that makes sense of the terms, 'man' and 'woman'.
Whatever it is that makes a man a man
also removes the clothes of words from the woman ...

...

The one who has the power to differentiate
the characteristics of a sound
which fill a word like honey fills a honeycomb...
It is not a word if it can't be fired like a cannon.
It is not a word if it's incapable of beheading silence!...

...

I, a servant of words
and the oppressor of the fire with fire,
I put out a kiss from a bonfire on the lip
like I put out a bonfire with a kiss.
I respond to excited fiery kisses
without a fire,
without a sound.
When I say that,
poets go in procession
beating the drum of the sun.
They prune its hot rays with sounds
like the vines are pruned.
The insects invaded

the poetry garden
which is strewn with dead words
like the vineyards are with weeds.

...

The sounds which weren't taken hostage
as they went from lip to lip,
ignite the firrre!

You can't silence a voice with a word,
just as you can't put out a fire with
firrre.

You can't silence a voice with a word
just as you can't put out a fire with
firrre.

You can't silence a voice with a word.
You can't put out a fire with fiiirre...

When words with bright red bonfires
cause
a firrre
on the lips,
don't put out the fire with
firrre!
Don't put out the fire with
firrre!
Don't put out the fire with
firrre!

From the bonfire to the kiss,
like a hot bonfire with a kiss,
I put out the bonfire
with the kiss on the lip.

...

You oppressor of love with love,
take back your fairy tale.
Let it be your passion
and allow me to exercise my will
to love everyone without exception,
not according to their achievements nor their wealth,
nor their colour nor weight,
breeding nor traditions,
so that I blend water and soil
into each other,
so that I mix water and soil
with wine and fire...
You oppressor of love with love,
take back your song,
let it be your passion,
and allow me to exercise my will,
a sound and a word...

Part 2

I was transcribing your sounds
onto papyrus.
I was transcribing them onto a clay tablet.
I was transcribing them onto an X-ray film,
those prohibited sounds
of yours,
when I was passing
from one sound track to another
with a hot steel needle,
it was like deserting soldiers in leather boots,
filthy with noise, marching
over warm corpses stabbed by bayonets...

And, as for the earth, it went round the spindle of a gramophone.
It spun slowly around the stereophones
like a bronze cog with stretched springs
rotates in the case
of an old clock,
of a clock on the wall ...

...

Don't you remember
how I transmitted your wishes
onto vinyl plates?
How I was extracting
your loud day dreams
with a bee sting made of diamonds and steel,
pure
sounds
which
I peeled
from the words
as a butcher peels fresh meat
from the bones of calves?
I was removing a hot sound
from each verse,
from each line,
from each couplet,
from each letter.
I pitilessly probed your hearing with a bee sting of diamonds.
I was changing your breath
as if I were changing a bandage on a casualty.
That's how I removed the cataracts of ignorance
from your eyes...

...

My friend,
I am not simply a recording studio but rather
a hammock stretched between galaxies,
one that draws endless trajectories
between invisible longitudes and latitudes,
gathering hot stars like flowers
as it goes
and swinging young planets around its waist
like a hula hoop...

...

This sun is rising,
more precisely,
the sun in tandem with the deity, Ra.
Their two beginnings are suddenly melded
in their single gaze.
I walk like an apostle in a foreign country.
I scatter sheets of paper
covered in sounds ...

...

It sounds trite when we say:
'Horses are rushing towards the sun!'
but when the sun is at the point of rising
in Ra, that means, my friend,
that their gaze, which stretches from Heliopolis to Tbilisi
swings from side to side in high-speed ethereal bodies
at the frontier of today's dreams and those of yesterday,
the orbit of the downswing equals that of the sun setting,
and in the upswing the sun rises in their gaze.

...

What is this sun if you are able to walk along the road
in the direction determined by your heart and mind ...
I will take you with me to walk across many plains,
I will swing you to and fro over the heads of the words
on the swing
if you can bear to see these places transformed into words ...

...

That which makes a phrase sway to and fro with kissing
still hangs on the edge of the sky
as if it is swinging
in an abandoned children's playground.
When swinging one way gives us
two corpses, conjoined
like day and night,
the ruthless, joyful gallows
say what they want to say
wordlessly
in the creaking of the swing
as it goes up and down.

...

In order to redeem poetry from a relentless routine,
I open wide my mouth.
I gape idly, my mouth a mine of sounds.
The guillotine will sever the heads of heavy words in no time.
It will stain the white bed with the colour of ink ...

...

If you give me a reason,
I will hammer the stars back onto the sky again.
A master craftsman has no need
of a fireman's ladder.
I threw the key far away from the swing,
that key which can undo the lock of any door...

...

And the wind, the shepherd of sounds, is howling
through the key hooole.
Hoooooowling
as if it's in a furnace, it hoooooowls.
It breathes heavily
like a mouth
into a mouth,
breeeathes
mouth onto a mouth.
It breeeathes like
the wind in many voices.
It breeeathes in the chimney of the pink fireplace, fanned by flames,
as if a bull breeeathes,
a mouth into a mouth,
as if God
shushesss...

Some Explanatory Notes To The Poem

1. მრჩილავი- a welder of small metal goods, a designer and master of jewellery
2. მწიბავი- a fortune teller, sometimes a quack doctor...

3. Discs cut from X-rays -
A prohibited subject will always seem erotic. In addition, the process of undressing a secret subject is interesting when you try to read the fragmented rhythms of rock and roll, from the naked body to the skeletal body, in a fractured skull or stuck between cracked ribs, using the sharp needle of cognition.
Or, when you roll over a collarbone and a pelvis that's been smashed a thousand times, like a tank, in order to listen to the ritual voices of jazz and rock martyrs
which have been run over with a diamond needle...
That's how courageous people recorded prohibited music underground. They recorded it on a very unusual material, that is on used, developed X-ray films and distributed them to the curious Soviet people who had gramophones and stereophones...
4. Ra - the Sun God of ancient Egypt
5. Heliopolis a town in ancient Egypt, the centre of the cult of the Sun God, Ra. According to Diodorus, Heliopolis was founded by one of the sons of the Sun God - Helios.
6. Tbilisi – no one knows exactly how old Tbilisi is. It has been the capital of Georgia more than 1500 years.
Character- disobedient, a genuine rebellious aristocrat ...
For several centuries it was an independent city-state.
In the early middle ages, Tbilisi was ruled by a council of elders.
This warm and freedom-loving city definitely deserves to have a special status once again, as well as to have a worthy Mayor elected by free citizens ...

Cherub

1.

I am forever ready,
Scheherazade,

to measure your body with my adulterous gaze

like a teenager ...

Can you see how my muse
is shining even without a helmet?
I've turned the poetry mausoleum
into ashes.

This month,

I want to be more
like honey rather than a gun.

Out of a thousand tales, I remember the tale
of only one night -

I lay like a defenceless infant
in your white lap.

I couldn't find a way out
from this fairy tale.

I am a villain, Scheherazade,
and

I know for sure
that not even Zarathustra could bear
your treacherous gaze

and

there's no end to the fierce list
of reasons

for me

to try your body on for size

as protection on my hot helmet ...

2

The master of the word
threw an egg
over a sky that was the colour of jeans.

I look at the sky
as if at the
numbers
on a quartz clock.

I transfer to the voice

what

I couldn't say
in the noisiness of stanzas.

I leave worn-out words
unchanged in my vocabulary.

3

The genie
is wreathed in tobacco smoke
and is pacing
on the cold bottom of the bottle.

Step by step
he's measuring the thick glass.

Corporation billboards
burst with a groaning

craaashsh!
Sound after sound
like an exploding shell
accurately hitting its target!

These lines
hyphen-by-hyphen
are leaving the paper.

The dust that accrued from sitting in bliss
has blown off the old Avatar.

Craaashsh! This exploding bottle
smashes down
on a predestined town.

Craaashsh! This exploding bottle commits
an act of terror in defiance
of the customs of the ciiii-tiiiiies ...

4

You nearly
hit your head on it.
This new sky
is so close
that I will try on for size
clouds the colour of jeans
with pleasure.

In the roaring of the bull
the main thing is

the quality of the thrusting.
The quality of the aim is measured
by the speed of sound.

At first glance I look like
a sleeping Brahma
who frightens poets at dawn
with his lazy yawning
and a word...
A word!
The word became a harem where nothing is hidden
and
my tongue stands guard near my lips
like a sultan.

From Below to Above

(A Poetic Screenplay)

Scene No... (The students have constructed barricades in front of the old university. On the opposite side, officials are standing: workers from the Ministry of Education

and

police wearing special helmets brought in ready for action)

First Student: We constructed unassailable barricades from our own voices and we filled

our pens with rebellion.

Our aim is a starless sky.

Look straight at the spears of our voices sharpened

in the rays of the sun!

Second Student: It is time for us to throw fiery words from the loud barricades erected from our voices!

(**A voice behind the scenes:** Before the reactionaries break through the barricades, before the policemen lift their truncheons to the sky, remove the seat belts that are fitted tightly across the passengers' chests!)

Cameraman Angel: It's in the bag! A wonderful shot, I'm sure a second take won't be needed.

Director: I'll take your word for it, I sincerely hope that we won't have to reshoot these scenes ...

And now, pay attention to that rooky policeman without a helmet, the one who's standing alone near the bannisters, take a close-up shot with a bifurcated point of view which, at all costs, has to be shot from below to above ...

Cameraman Angel: Got it, maestro...

Scene No... Lighting Angel - to the Director:

Correctly chosen lighting is very important in our business. However, light taken out of context means nothing to the universe.

This is simply a sharp light from the projector and some of the light filters are more or less opaque ...

They will never be able to tell you a concrete story, not even a primitive half-a-page-long fairy tale or a short fable,

Here, it's important where you direct the beam of light from the projector...

Whether you will illuminate naked bodies, or the fleeting insincere smile of a tyrant.

The same scene, Take No 7

Voice Angel: Well really, if we say it like that, what does the voice mean then?...

Director: Nothing specific, it's just noise, whether it's muffled or distinct. In similar situations, a voice is also noise. It is either behind the scene or right in the shot...

Lighting Angel to Director: What would you say about the sun which carelessly scatters its rays? It isn't bothered by schedules nor questions of profit. It doesn't care about its own location, whom it warms up or shows the way to the city...

Director: It means the sun is shining its rays nowhere in particular without even asking the Almighty.

Impudently, carelessly, thoughtlessly, the sun scatters its rays.

Infinitely ...

Scene No... (film set, Gabriel D'Annunzio dressed in a military uniform comes onto the wide balcony of the palace in the middle of the town and addresses the rebellious citizens of Fiume)

Assistant Angel: Maestro, this is actually the final scene?!...

Director: That doesn't matter at all for now. Everything will be finally decided in the editing suite, so it makes no difference whether we begin shooting from the end or from the beginning. It won't change the lay of the land, especially because today the weather is suitable for this scene, and moreover, tomorrow it may get worse or the actor won't be in such good shape as he is today...

Assistant Angel: Is D'Annunzio your favourite character?

Director: Yes, I like characters who are famous and dead. (He smiles into his moustache)

Assistant Angel: Can you tell me your reasons for that?

Director: It's easy to work with dead people. They never argue with you, it is easy to negotiate with them

You can make the dead say what you want

when you want...

Scene No...(**Director** and **Screenwriter** are standing in the street near the palace of McDonald's and are frantically talking about something. The **Screenwriter** is looking at the billboard nearby from which Santa Claus, dressed in Coca Cola colours, smiles wearing an unnatural expression)

Screenwriter: Who would have imagined that St Nicholas would agree to collaborate with that corporation.

(The **Director** casts a glance at the **Screenwriter** with an enigmatic smile.)

Director: It reminds me of an old poem of mine on that theme...

Screenwriter: I didn't know, maestro, that you also wrote poems?!

Director: Pier Paolo Pasolini wrote poems, and I ...

Here, listen: When the careful mind walks through

the mine of dreams,

it is sure to find three fruits:

an apple,

a pear,

an orange,

all fruits that are visible

and

not fruits

and

Santa Claus, pissed on Coca Cola,

will decorate the sledges with Christmas metaphors...

Screenwriter: And so, do you think in this case, Santa Claus is St Nicholas's alter ego?

Director: That's for you to decide: you're the screenplay writer. When I've familiarised myself with the final version of the text, I'll give you my opinion...

Scene No ... (a sexy-looking young actress who came for a casting call is displaying her half-naked bottom alluringly in front of the **Director**)

Director: Dear colleague, I'm asking you kindly to stop this sacrificial ritual. Believe me, no one wants it here. I'll tell you something else, I can't stand people who suck up to the director. They make me feel an antipathy towards them, similar to those kamikaze who blow themselves up in the name of God ...

Believe me, it really isn't necessary to offer such a sacrifice in order to gain entry to the paradise of cinematography ...

Actress: I'm sorry, but I was told that you were sexist. They say you look at everyone from top to toe, especially young actresses ...

(The **Director** can hardly keep himself from laughing, as he examines the actress from the bottom to the top.)

Director: No, I'm not sexist, no. I'm a futurist, more precisely, an anarcho-futurist and my gaze is always directed from below to above.

And not the other way round and that's why your expectation that I would humiliate you is completely without foundation ...

(The **Assistant Angel** runs to the **Cameraman Angel**)

Assistant Angel: That's enough, the second take is quite satisfactory, so we won't need the third one!

(The **Director** together with the actors and film crew leave the set in the direction of the tent where the actors rest.)

Scene No ... (Suddenly strange people carrying placards appear on the horizon. They are marching quickly towards the film set. In front of the trenches, military equipment is scattered in a disorderly fashion: a couple of tanks and a heavy machine-gun, the tower of one of the tanks is on fire and black smoke is drifting out of it. An outraged

Cameraman Angel is furious and he stops shooting. The **Lighting Angel** is astonished and shakes his wings, averting his eyes from the outraged **Cameraman**. The **Director**, no less astonished than the others, stands there too, with his arms akimbo.)

Demonstrators: We are fighting for peace! We condemn war and any kind of propaganda that promotes violence.

(The **Demonstrators** are joined by the leaders of various religious faiths.)

Director: (addressing the **Demonstrators**) Friends, just show me the man who enjoys war and violence, even though he has no reason to ...

Aggressors obtain their sense of personal peace and calm by means of war. They reinforce their own security and state of material wellbeing by means of war...

And you, who plan the demonstrations planned in the name of peace, will obviate the likely lack of money in your own pockets. Imagine, for at least one minute, that God, who is sick and tired of this endless game, changes the direction of his glance, and He looks at you from below to above and tells you calmly that both war and peace are completely illusory phenomena, which you, like a drowning person, are grabbing at in this endless chaos of verbal signs ...

Scene No ... (A virtually invisible God is looking through the **Cameraman Angel's** wide-angled lens from below to above. Billions of feet wearing different shapes and colours of shoes of differing degrees of tightness, move unevenly on the brown polished granite slabs in front of a fashionable fast food palace. The cult food workers are getting ready for a ritual on the top of the chapel:

'Dance our dance, heroes of everyday consumerism!' the rosy-cheeked preachers and promoters of the fast food confessional shout from the tall chapel of MacDonald's and Burger King.

(The **Cameraman** is frantically explaining something to the **Lighting Angel**)

"Get the shot! Shoot the faces of those fast food promoters immediately! the agitated **Director** is shouting at the **Cameraman**)

Shoot it in one breath, in one take!

Shoot with your heart and shoot it with your eyes, shoot it between one inhalation and one exhalation!

Until the image gets cold.

Until the crystals in the pupils of your eye wear out.

Until the last supper turns into gastronomic revelries, shoot it!

Shoot it from your own wide platter of desires!

Shoot it until the next planned explosion smashes the glass facades of dead theatres and libraries!

Until the Saviour kicks out the busy prostitutes who settled in the centres of world trade, shoot it!

Until a terrorist full of rotten meat pies rushes to number 60, Wall Street, shoot it! ...

Scene No ... (A massive cult worker, red-cheeked and panting, is staggering from the cathedral altar, then in slow motion, he hangs a heavy gold cross around his neck and casts a ferocious, thoughtless glance towards a pretty girl wearing a short dress and no headscarf who has just arrived in the cathedral.)

Actress: I wonder what kind of look the Almighty would cast on me if He were that worker?

Director: Cut! Cut! Cut!

Get ready for the next take!

Actress: What's the matter?

Director: You made a mistake in your lines...

Actress: (surprised) What mistake?

Director:(in a slightly irritated tone)

You were supposed to say: "I wonder what kind of look from below to above the Almighty would cast on me if He were that worker'...

and how did you say it? What did you say?! ...

Such a nuance has a profound significance in this script...

Scene No ... (Out of shot, there is the loud sound of rainfall. The actors and technical crew are rapidly leaving the film set and taking shelter in the tent pitched in the middle of the field. In the tent, the rest of the film crew are sitting around a long wooden table helping themselves to hot coffee.)

Director: Basta! Today's shooting was no good ...

It seems today's torrential rain won't stop until the end of the day...

Cameraman Angel: I wonder what God's telling us by it, maestro?

Director: Whatever it is God wants, everything is alright, but everything is not alright simply because God wants it like that...

Cameraman Angel: It's amazing, you could say they are rather strange words from Matthew's Gospel...

Director: Don't assume that I'm saying that because I don't believe in God, it's simply that I don't know whether God himself has a faith. I want to know for sure where to draw the line between God's faith and lack of faith. I want to know who He believes in, what He believes in and what it is that the main architect of our galaxy believes Himself ...

Cameraman Angel: In any case we are all simply his extras ...

Director: First and foremost, his annoying customers...

Cameraman Angel: I wonder which cameraman he trusts?

Director: He's probably the loneliest creature in this dark cosmos, where only distant stars twinkle like low voltage electric bulbs ...

(The **Cameraman Angel** does not lose hope and looks from below to above at an overcast sky through the wide-angle lens of his own camera.)

Scene No ... Assistant Angel to Director: It is an extraordinarily beautiful morning for filming ...

Director: I agree, although any Zen master would say the same phrase in the following way:

Every morning is beautiful and resurrection is the heart of the matter and not a one-off occasion to be celebrated by flustered people ...

That's how our soul wakes up and with it our flesh rises every morning ...

Under the dome of this cathedral our voices sound loud and clear ...

They don't read pretentious prayers here.

Here, all the frescoes remind us of the faces of our beloved people, where all known and unknown creatures come in with their own prayers on the morning of the resurrection ...

Scene No ... (The town centre, midday, a pensive poet is coming out of the doorway of an old Art Nouveau-style house)

Poet: I knew that it would be here, precisely at the final part of the text that I would omit the key words. I spent the whole long night in vain, looking through the narrow window of Google. I couldn't sleep, not even for five minutes on this awkward site. I couldn't find even a single suitable link so that I could lower my head with relief...

At first there was a word and the word was the first

and the first poet stole the first word ...

Who remembers his name today?

Who knows what the first poet looked like?...

When the first prayer sounded in the first cathedral,

when the first king entered the first palace,

when the first poet was incarcerated in the first prison,

when the first severed head was bought by the first minted coin,

the first word was devalued and it became the last word ...

(The **Director** is carefully observing the poet's actions from the balcony of the opposite house. The **Cameraman** next to him is trying to shoot precisely this current scene.)

Director: I think this poet has stepped rather a long way beyond the framework of our script. It's true I gave him the possibility of improvising a bit, but even so ...

Cameraman Angel: Don't forget, maestro, that first of all he's a poet and after that, an actor, and they say the poet's way is unknown because his muse is hidden from our eyes

...

(The **Poet** walks slowly towards the house opposite, where the film crew is settled on the balcony.)

Cameraman Angel: I know exactly where the poet is going now...

Director: Where?

Cameraman Angel: He'll now go to the second hand wholesale market, where guards from the printing house sell stolen words to the dealers by weight. Then he will walk up and down among the long stalls and choose about ten dilapidated, dusty phrases for your script.....

Scene No... (Cherubs dressed in white overalls are tidying up a skating rink, very thoroughly, and the **Director** is addressing the **Cameraman Angel**.)

Director: Have a good look at Lighting Angel through your wide-angle lens. Can you see?

Cameraman Angel: There's a dark blue cloud partly obscuring the view from the left...

Director: Look, look! How unevenly he moves on the ice, as if he's trying to scratch a poem on its polished chest with his sharp skates.

A little longer and he will slip.

One wrong somersault and he will fall in the middle of the rink as if cut down by a scythe.

Cameraman Angel: (unable to hide his agitation) Yes, he will fall, he'll definitely fall!...

Director: It would be a shame if he falls. Where will we be able to find such a high quality lighting director...(?)

Cameraman Angel: Yes, but if he falls, we can offer him a hand and help him to get up?...

Director: Yes, if he were a man, I would be able to sort it out in a second, but he is an angel (?)

How do you think we'd be able to carry on working with a fallen angel?! ...

Cameraman Angel: If he falls, only for the poetry, he will fall only on behalf of the poetry. So the main thing is that he shouldn't have any doubt about his own dance, apart from us thousands of extras, who follow his dance...

Director: You're right, if he retains the qualities of a human being after falling, it might be more interesting to work with him. The faces and objects that are lit by him will acquire a more truthful and natural appearance.

Cameraman Angel: It depends, maestro, what we mean when we say natural colours, because all shapes and colours are the results of optical illusions ...

Director: You're right, colleague. Unfortunately colour is also a word and one of the main qualities of false poetry is that, in reality, every person perceives it in a different way...

You will find that poetry which we serve in a dance, in a voice, in a word liberated in an image in a film ...

Scene No... (In an aeroplane cabin, the **Director** and his **Assistant Angel** are sitting next to each other. They are going to Berlin where they have to shoot several very important scenes for their film.)

Director: We will shoot the scene which will, in a few seconds, completely transform the absent-minded gawping of these curious people. To put it more precisely, the scene will change the direction of billions of gazing eyes from below to above. Now I'm sitting in a silver Boeing which is languidly sailing through the mists of the stratosphere...

Now I am sitting on the soft aeroplane seat with my weightless body and I observe landscapes that are boundless and woven like oriental rugs where, in the distance, three thousand metres below, small and big towns are growing, towns who are looking upwards at my weightless body settled in the aeroplane seat...

They watch like buyers, like chief inspectors with evaluating and suspicious eyes. In order to protect their eyes from the rays of the sun, they adapted cathedrals, temples, pagodas, mosques, ashrams to themselves ...

They are watching from below, carefully and mercilessly looking upwards, from business centres and commercial offices located in glass skyscrapers ...

People equipped with monocles, binoculars and telescopes are discussing the possibility and impossibility of my practical employment in a business-like way...

(An office located in one of the glass skyscrapers is visible through the camera lens.

Three businessmen sit at a round table and are agitatedly discussing some issue, one of them attentively looking through a telescope at a Boeing which is flying over the skyscraper. The **Director** is trying to follow the business meeting in the office through the aeroplane window. He can hear clearly what the unknown men are talking about.)

- It's not only Gods up in the sky, you can't make a dignified poet work against their will either, (says one).
- It depends on the commissions, (the second one concludes).
- I want to warn you (the third one becomes active). If by commissions you mean only dollar signs, that won't be enough to win his heart...
- A poet doesn't live by bread alone but on every word from the mouth of God! (the first one shouted). The main thing is to wrap out-of-date words up well and trick him into

entering a hall full of agitated people where he will be deafened instantly by the machine-gun-like endless applause and loud shouts ...

- In that way, we will show them their place, not only the deafened poets but the Gods too, the Gods who now are out of our reach (the second one got involved in the conversation). We will construct temples for them that will be much taller than skyscrapers, which we'll soundproof with fire resistant glass, and we'll hire appropriate guards for them and millions of ardent cult workers...

(Suddenly the Boeing fell into an air pocket. The frightened passengers look at each other. The **Assistant Angel** looks calmly at the **Director** who continues his observation from above downwards from the round aeroplane window.)

Assistant Angel: What can an angel like me do to make aeroplane passengers more adventurous?

Director: First of all, you have to take their seat belts from them...

Assistant Angel: Belts?

Director: Yes, belts, or if you prefer, straps ...

Assistant Angel: You personally, have you seen many passengers with their straps completely undone?

Director: Not that often, only on one or two occasions...

Assistant Angel: But doesn't it happen on a massive scale during revolutions?

Director: Revolution only creates an illusion of it happening. In reality it weakens the straps temporarily so that in case it's necessary, they can be turned into collars.

Assistant Angel: But then who will destroy the system if we don't remove the seat belts from the passengers?

Director: You can't change a violent system simply by taking the seat belts off sleeping passengers...

Assistant Angel: So does that mean the requirement to take seatbelts off is still in force?

Director: It certainly does remain in force, but perhaps our involvement won't be necessary any more...

Assistant Angel: But is that kind of script possible?

Director: It's absolutely possible. If the passengers suddenly wake up, then they will undo the tight seatbelts over their chests themselves without any help from us ...

(The silver Boeing is slowly coming into land in Berlin, at Schonefeld Airport. The drowsy passengers are coming slowly down the aeroplane steps. The **Director** and **Assistant Angel** are following them. The **Cameraman Angel** is waving cheerfully to his colleagues from below.)

Cameraman Angel: Maestro! This scene's been shot from the beginning to the end. I don't think we need to do another take...

Director: Oh, that's a pity, I was on the point of making a change in the script, but on the other hand, I can't be sure our passengers are ready for unexpected changes...

Some scenes which, for reasons beyond my control, were not included in the 'Poetic Screenplay':

Scene No ...(The **Lighting Angel** is pacing impatiently up and down the film set, looking at his watch from time to time and at the **Director**, who is sitting comfortably in a cane chair.)

Director: What's happened, colleague? Why can't you keep still in one spot? Tell me, what can I do for you?

Lighting Angel: I've had a bad premonition that I will end up without any supper today, just like last week. The main reason for that is your assistant who, just like last time, has forgotten to make a reservation at the Vietnamese restaurant...

Director: My dear, what supper are you talking about? Today we are going to shoot such a successful scene that I'm prepared to not touch food for a week. (He laughs.) Did you know that St Francis of Assisi made do with only a piece of bread and a glass of water during Lent?

Lighting Angel: Yes, I know, and I also know that Miloš Forman for reasons of principle refused to shoot any of the scripts offered to him by Hollywood for almost four years and as a result he couldn't afford to buy anything more than a Coca Cola and a hamburger...

Director: I am not interested in people's caprices and unclear principles, so you will have to put up with no supper today...

But Miloš Forman knew his arduous fast was worth it to make just the one film, 'Amadeus' ...

In fact, he was really bargaining with me and not with the Hollywood producers, and by going hungry, he paid for those pure muses who spent their first wedding night with me...

Scene No...(**Lighting Angel** and **Sound Angel** are smoking in the make-up room.)

Lighting Angel: Who do you think the director could be - God or a military general?

Which role is most compatible with his nature?

Sound Angel: Probably both. On a film set, the director is God, or at least the second man after God...

(The door opens and the **Director** enters the make-up room. He tries to distinguish the angels' faces through the thick cigarette smoke.)

Fighting Angel: Maestro, can you explain to us what the difference is between a director and a military general?

Director: When I give a command, one hundred film extras will run one hundred times and stop one hundred times exactly at the spot I tell them to.

When I give a command, one hundred extras out of one thousand people will fall down one hundred times and get up one hundred times in one and the same battle scene...

When I give a command, one and the same lover will kiss one another on the same mouth one hundred times and on the same train platform, during one parting, so that out of one hundred kisses I will use only one on the tape...

Any military general would give commands just like me. He, also like me, has a script for the battle.

He wins battles like a heart throb wins the hearts of other men's wives, but he would abandon the lifeless body of his own soldier shot in the heart near the trenches, like an empty dream, for he would never resurrect someone whose soul obeys the orders of another now...

Scene No... (The **Director** drinks coffee and smokes a cigarette on the hotel balcony.

The Sound Angel silently approaches him, also carrying a cup of coffee.)

Sound Angel: You are lucky with your Assistant, Almighty Director, because without any hesitation, he left a well-paid job in the Inland Revenue and followed you to make low budget films miles away at the crossroads of nine mountains and nine seas near Potsdam...

(The **Director** shakes his head, smiles weakly and stubs out a cigarette.)

Director: All creatures with souls, including angels have the right to freedom of choice...

Cameraman Angel: It's a wrap, maestro!

Roles in the 'Poetic Screenplay'

1. Director
2. Director's Assistant Angel
3. Sound Angel
4. Lighting Angel
5. Cameraman Angel
6. Poet
7. Actress
8. Cult worker
9. Promoters of fast food faith
10. Freedom activists
11. The first businessman

12. The second businessman
13. The third businessman
14. Screenplay writer
15. Cherubs
16. Rebellious students
17. A policeman without a helmet
18. Santa Claus
19. Guards of the printing house
20. Passengers tied to their seats with seatbelts
21. Creator of the original idea

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