

The Ballad of Black or White



18
HANS BALDUNG
GRIEN
Hexensabbat
1510



6
HANS BALDUNG GRIEN
Exlibris mit Wappen der
Familie Baldung
um 1510

THE BALLAD OF BLACK AND WHITE

Words without and with music

melody of
"No milk
today"
Beatles have
stolen enough
in Irland, wy
shouldn't we
steal a little
piece from
them ?

Hey, Mr. Grey
why send you love away ?
Now love has gone away.
As long I could I'd stay.

Somebody talked
too much, so as I walked
in twilight on my morning walk
in silence, no one should have talked.

spoken

But there came a helicopter,
a noisy rattling armyhelikopter
to escort my early silence,
to keep Athlone in silence.

sing

The day after he rattling came
in afternoon. That is a shame:
In twilight I jump out of my nest,
so afternoon I need a rest,

but croaking crows just do their best
to steel silence out of my nest,
as I you clearly say:
I need no army crow,
I need no army show !
To tell me: Go now, go !

spoken

Who told them where's my nest ?
This man was not the best.
I tell you: Tell this one,
this greyish one who told men of gun:
He'd better yesterday gone.

sing

Unless one morning his mirror shows
one or two eyes in glorious glow
of seven or nine rainbows.

So tell him just from me
- in case he can not see -
some people liked me have to stay
till the end of my hollyday.

They'll be so kind to find
the one who tried me go away,
who'd send me beaters, crows to say:
"Go away ! Go away ! Go out of our way !"

Hej, Mr. Grey,
You don't know where You stay,
You think it's all a play.
Oh yeah, it is a play.

spoken

I never mind who wins.
But God sees all your sins.
And old Glenncolumbkille,
in meditation still,
about those pigheaded prayers:
What will God send this liars ?

hard
spoken

While Benbulbin in his darkest rage
will send them to a greyish place.

"They denied my free spirit race,
Their grey breed shall it replace.

Flash and thunder make them dance,
till they loose greyish balance,
in their virtuel steril place !"

softly praying

Only Holy Brigit's pray:
Full of pity she will say:

"Even greyish pigheads may get
a last chance, deep to regret."

sing

Hey, Mr. Grey,
you told me not to stay,
was that your tip
to marc me with a chip ?
Cause I told you I would stay ?
Enough I had to pay,
cause I was in the way
of Custome Barracks in Athlone,
poor Soldiers have to obey,
poor Big Brother all alone
with poor soldiers must fight alone
against one spirit, and they have none.

spoken, a bit
hard

Only one beater, trained grey panther,
only sportsman, well payed hater,
escorting my last morning walk,
only to tell: "EnjoY your walk !
And I will meet you later."

sing

It was not really him who talked,
only his hightech loudspeaker stalked,
from his nose, his pocket or his arch
came the voice of his masters march.

sing

Hej. Mr. Grey,
you told me not to stay,
or I will go to jail.

Was that your tip
to marc me with a chip ?
The minute when I left my house
the helicopter did arose,
the army - crow cried: "Stay at home"
I waved both arms to wave him down:
"You waste your petrol, stay at home,
or slowly come now down."

spoken

Then came a pickup full with scrap,
hard working men to collect scrap,
strange picture on the parking place
with Audi's, Daimler's, but they payed
in cash with threat to stay in house.
midnight I smoked !, they locked me out,
and left before twilight.
Last days there stood on day and night
a van "MATRIX - Bathroom an Heating" in my sight,
parking on the forbidding side.

sing

The boys had watched much videos
for mad ghosts and mad taste,
to show they want to rule Athlone
in their mad way and all alone,
what I not should have seen:
They rule ! With feer and Covid nineteen !

I tried to laugh and played my harp,
payed stout the white ones, milk the dark.
Some times I like to sing.
White didn't like that: "Go to sing sing !"
My friend, just stay in balance,
STOP TALKING: Thats your last chance !"

speak clearly

"Irish wappon is the Harp, but now I do believe
it is only the beast."

speak

After meeting the army-beater-hater
who's loudspeaker said: "See you later!"
I walked to town my shopping to do:
Stout and full white milk,
for Mr. Grey, today he was not red but blue.
But the pure milk I gave him with some writing
did him also not real whitening
not the words from Schillers Tell.
They just tried him to tell
to sanctify his mind like innocent
white milk, in case he want no dark end.

The milk he drank, but peace and poetry
was not his taste, he could not see
his way directly to hell.

sing

He knows nothing about milk, white and pure
to pious a holy mind for sure,
he knew the Way to headquater,
only the way to hell.

Speak clearly

For truth and art he'd too thick skin,
believing nothing counts but to win,
Might and money is only worth to sing.

Short minded people ! If i'm lost
with sixtyfive, but not a ghost,
I gain as Spirit, as poet,
but they are lost in barracks of ruined ghosts
with many mice with too long nose.

We are in the third war, don't mind who seems to win,
today this pigheaded pigs with too Thick skins ?

sing

We only try to do our duty,
as far as possible in beauty,
and at the end beauty will win.

speaking

Some years I played now cat and mouse
with Big Brother, with his too long nose,
each day he plays with his grey mouse
"online", he thinks he has "Full house" on hand:
All games, all spirits, everybody in each land
on h i s earth, in h i s people, ruling a l l
their minds
with fear, untruth, TV, newspapers, mostly online,
but he lives only in ruined barracks of ruinend ghosts,
each cat can bite him in his nose,
each cat that every knows,
about his ugly too long nose.

MY LAST SPEAK TO MY FRIENDS IN THIS BAL-

L A D

speak and sing

Grown up to sixtyfive,
pain and laughter was my life,
it was pretty long enough.

My last illusion: To find peace
on the lake - isle of Innishfree.

Speak clearly

But Benbulbin told me:
Outside is not inside.

W.B. Yeats

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death
Horseman, pass by !

sing

And then you will be free.

I will finish my Irish Diary
for my friends and just for me.
(And especial for Dumbledore's choir,
and the amazing DA, you will see,
if you'll buy it, in my Irish Diary.)

So friends lift now your hats
you allways should respect
the poetry of a wise old cat.

LET'S SING TOGETHER

And now it's our turn.
Put back the hat on your head,
let's get ready with the mice-plague,
get it ready in your head !

Me saying good by to the greyish people:

lazy speaking

To be honest, thursday morning after the meeting
with the grey panther of the Custome Barracks
(Import of spirit untaxed is strictly forbidden)
((also the weather was real getting bad))
I was a little afraid.

I remembered the eye
of poor Richard at meeting point down by the bridge
it looked like an egg, white matter with a orange
point.

I asked him: "What did happen to you?"
But White answered, he had all speak to do:
"He is just talking too much. Richard, don't
you do?"

So what to do ? I had no choice.
I wrote a letter, they should hear my voice,
to say good by to the headquater.
(Bill will be sendd after.)

sing or speak
very boring

In the Postoffice I asked if "Headquater of the Custome Barracks in Athlone " is exactly enough as address. It was not, she addet W.Meath. Irland. I asked, how much an express-letter is ? "10,- Euro." I asked, when it will arrive ? "On tuesday." I asked this on saturday morning. "Well than, please give me back the letter! And I must say, this town is a srange town.A very very strange town!!!" It was really a piti, that there was only one civilian in the postoffice. an very old man, who mihgt not hear any more enough. (That for I tried to speak load enough.)

But i'm not allways a fool. I couldn't believe, that the headquater had lost all interest in my letters. So I did put it in the Postbox bevor the eyes of this policeman in his sundaydress in the box, where, I guess, they had found till today each letter i'd put in, saving 10,- Euro and being sure, they will read it the same day.

Because they had have 10 very hard days, to find out my secret, and they hadn't found it !They had no chance, to find it. Because I had none. I was a very simply human being, an old, not too healthy, not too brave man. And they had never heard about a thing like this, nobody told them that something like this could exist. Poor greyish people in their grey barracks, playing with grey mice, or doing grey things... I hope, they were satisfied by the letter. (Of course they will not be satisfied by the bill which will be sendet afterwards, and even less satisfied by the bill, life will send them. But there are worser things than to plant potatoes...)

only give the
information
of the last
days, like it
should be gi-
ven daily on
TV, Radio, News-
papers, online
and so on ...

My B & B Landlord drove me in early noon
through backgate to the station of Athlone .

In Dublin Houston station I asked the first taximan, who seemed to be free, some times you qickly have to see to whom you can give your confidence, this black man was the rhight one, he w a s free and open mindet, when he asked me "How were your holidays in Irland?" I answerd: "Just like for a jewish tourist in 19333 in Deutschland." And after this sentence he could clearly see my situation, and whats is to be done: He drove me to my hotel and offert to me to take me off next morning to airport, I asked: "At half past six?" He said: "Better at six o clock. But then he came at a quarter to six.

And as my plane left 20 minutes bevor departer time we arrived just in time.

And now I really wish
soon to get rich,

just to aske him if he would like to be engaged
as my driver and bodygard, surely well payed,
for I will need one, also at "home", I'm afraid.

"Back home" I tried to tell my story
to the first policeman at Frankfurt Airport,
just for short: "Give travelwarning online out
for Irland
as fast as possible!" "I 'm sorry, for that i'm
not engaged,
go to the platform of the Innerministerium."
It was the same as in German Consulate,
just like on Sunday calling a beautyshop,
to save my face: "Sorry today thats not my job."

sing or speak
just as you like,
a little bit re-
sIGNED

In my travelagence it was all the same,
full of fear of grey people and paying back money
he nearly was trembling, "Hard times", what a
shame !

That for I wrote also this ballad,
that for now let it circulate,
just for poetry, just for warning people,
just bevore it is too late.

Nobody knows exactly the coming future today, if and how it will come.
How to let it come to us, to let it come into us.

By chance I got known a little bit with this "futur" in Athlone, which
greyish people, let's say: criminals, had planed as "Futur" for us.
Global criminals, yesterday they showed me that they are already every-
where, of course too in Schwäbisch Gmünd, they are global players, and
about me they know a bit more than my adress and my phonenumber, so
anyhow there is no reasonable reason of being extra afraid.

Just like 1933 , just like in Joanne K. Rowling's Harry Potter, Band 7,
"The Sanctuaries of the Death", the assumption, the "Machtergreifung"
already has taken place. (What lazy, notthinking people do believe ?,
real true writers are writing their books for ? To gain money, to be-
come famous, for just a little bit more entertainment ? Not one piece
of poetry, of art in the whole world was made that for. (That for in
this days we have more than enough artbussyness, but almost no art.)

So, what to do first ?

MAGIC WANDS OUT !

Join the Order of the Phenix ?

For sure: Join the DA .

For true. But the best story
is not the actuall reality.

My propose is:

The perfect Shut Down of everything, where assumption, "Machtergrei-
fung" has taken place: TV, Radio, Newspapers, world wide net, politia, and
each office, each bureaucrazy organisation has to be watched very
carefully !

And what will be than left, beside indeed dangrous (and happy) chaos ?
Human being.

The magic wand of your thinking.

The Phenix of simple love.

Their order will be: Work together !

DA means: Courage and pluck.

Of all young people, of all Youth,
some saved it until nintynine.

We need a perfect shut down in all things,
in every possibillity of might and force, which the greyish criminals
can use,
to build up their second "Third Empire".

Sounds strange ?

Sounds impossible ?

Strange times, impossible times
ask for impossible answers.

Today we h a v e to act and at same time to think clearly about it,
what we afterwards could be able to do.

Of course, much better, we had been thinking before,
but n o w we h a v e to do all at once.

For the first has to be locked down all kinds of guns,
of everything that might give might people over people.
Dangerous ? Happy chaos ? I see no other chance.

I guess, we are in something like between the Hitlerputsch 1923 and the "Machtergreifung" 1933, but this time global.

So what to do ?

I, myself, alone, surrounded by this new race of mice, Mafia and Secret Services (the heavy guys from the global network seem to have left town for the moment, but enough local betrayer "live" here), how should I know ?

Might be, this time they can be striked back, throwed back. For some years. (Time has become faster.)

How, I myself, alone, should know it ? Withoat masterdegree...

If not enough people will know it, the 20. century will be simply returned. Grey mice and rats and so on do always almost the same Things, only learning some new tricks, some more hightech.

I do know nothing. But I can aske.

Might be, it will be better to go one ore two steps backwards. Than on one step forwards to hell. But in thinking, in truth, in love, in courage we will better go three steps forwards.

Hearthy greetings to the choir of Professor Dumbledore !

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: To this Heart, bidding it have no Fear

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
Him who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Come over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestic multitude.

(Der versuch einer Überstzung in's Deuteche wie auch eine ausführlichere Würdigung des Chores von Professor Dumbledore wird sich dann in dem zweiten Band von Bölls "Irischem Tagebuch" finden. Vielleicht noch nicht sofort im Buchhandel, man muß halt gucken, wie man dazu kommt.)