

Szene 1: (Intro)

Tonband / William Blake

After his journey from London, William Blake arrives at the mineral mine "Lengenbach" in the Binn Valley.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Pooh, end of the journey (pshaw!)

Blake: Aah! Fresh air, holy cows, friendly people. Mr. Fuseli told me:
he wouldn't know a better place to spend some leisurely days ...

Blake: I guess there's some truth in that!

Blake: Basking in the sun with pleasure, far away from the foolish drivel of Voltaire, Rousseau
and Newton!

Blake: Yes, one is definitely inclined to feel that time has stood still in this place!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Wah! How excellently have I dozed! And in my dream I pasted Captain Swedenborg!

Blake: Harharhar!

Blake: I can hardly await to see the Flying Monsters!

Blake: "Active Evil is better than Passive Good" "War is energy Enslavd"

Blake: Strange, all I can see is cow shit.

Blake: Ta – taa – ta –taa! I'm coooming!

Blake: Whoops!

Blake: Mr. Fuseli told me intensely, Meesther Blake: around this mineral mine there are myriads
of corridors and chambers, in which the Flying Monster with its glowing breath keeps playing its
tricks.

Blake: No reason to panic!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: I can only see a pile of rocks, but that was certainly not what Mr. Fuseli meant!

Blake: Aaand jump!

Blake: Should I have been pleased too soon?

Blake: Scoobididoo

Blake: A funny lad, this Mr. Fuseli! It's simply impossible to say no to him... even if you want to! Hehe

Blake: Goodness! That really makes you sweat.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: To drink or not to drink, that is the question here!

Blake: A cold, dark draught beer HiHiHi

Blake Look there: "The Wandering Moon" and when I look into the deep of the universe I see a huge billiard table stood upside down, falling stars crossing each other in perfect geometry as if played by a master billiard player.

Blake: Listen, Listen!

Blake: Psst... psst...psst! (-ssh!)

Blake. That takes the biscuit! What the hell is sounding there?

Blake: Yippee!

Blake: ... something is in motion within my ear!

Blake: Oooops!

Blake: How? What? I must be dreaming!

Blake: Holy smoke! Struth!

Blake: Fabulous! Unbelievable! Phenomenal! I'm enthused beyond belief!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Mr. Fuseli told me: beware, Flying Monsters abound in Lost Paradise!

Blake: Oh my god!

Blake: Yes! And those, who arrive, disappear under mysterious circumstances, was Mr. Fuseli's advice to me.

Blake: MAD OUSE! MAD OUSE! Madness! Madness!

Blake: I heard an Angel singing
When the day was springing,
"Mercy, Pity, Peace
Is the world's release.

Blake: Fear will make you blind ... and I bet there is a lot to discover here, if you only look and listen closely!

Blake: Ouch!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Mr. Fuseli wrote the following on a piece of paper when I embarked on my journey in London, heading for the Binntal: In the mineral mine, dreams of intergalactic spheres will intensify your imagination a great deal more.

Blake: dumb-ass!

Blake: By the way, my wife, (Catherine) told me that skiing in Space is a jamboree.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Dumdidum!

Blake: Oh God! Without Mr. Fuseli's notes I'm completely lost!

Blake: It makes me want to tear my hair out

Blake: This Man (Mr. Fuseli) sticks to me like a piece of chewing gum.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Oh! Oh! Look there! Highty-tighty! Hoity-toity!

Blake: The writing is pretty scrawly!

Mr. Fuseli's note: so that in your eyes the shine of the holy is mirrored, the paths of the Rout of Rebel Angels are covered with yellow mica, and the rebellious angels are mirrored acoustically in the cairngorm. You will feel how your spirit and your body will be shaken thoroughly, your skin will vibrate, everything will fly around!

Blake: Oh, how great to be loved like this! Killingly funny!

the postscript, PS by Mr. Fuseli: Inchworm, beetles, crickets, fireflies, bumble-bees, Apollo butterflies.

The resonance will make you glow!

Blake: Wow! That cuts the mustard! Yippee!

Blake: Hahahihohahaha! Hehehe!

Blake: Poppycock!

Blake: To take us for such a ride!

Blake: That pighead!