

POINT NEMO

Then I travelled on and on
Like a dedicated dreamer
Till, besieged by shoreless waves
I got flagged down at Point Nemo

What's a shiny compass good for?
Spinning pointer so misleading
What's the use of golden rings
When your promise is receding?

Loneliness was never so embracing
Equal to the dangers you are facing
20.000 leagues below the surface
of the seas, the seas

I could leave this afternoon
Be the first girl on the moon
Cross the Disappointment Lake
But compared to this
that's just a piece of cake

Flying fish and swimming birds
Inconceivable, unheard of
Here, so far away from you
In a water desert crystal-clear and blue

Why the friendly fire?
Some time soon now
These maps of changing colours
will be burned
Meet me halfway, try to somehow
Make up your tripping mind when I return

When I travelled on and on
I got flagged down at Point Nemo

Perfect isolation
I might as well be stationed
20.000 leagues below the endless seas

Flying fish and swimming birds
Inconceivable, unheard of
Here, so far away from you
In a water desert crystal-clear and blue

It was tough to keep afloat
But you can't abandon hope
Nonetheless I know the ropes
On this waterplane I'll reach a bigger boat

blue 2

THE MAGIC LAND AT THE END OF THE ROAD

Travelling southbound in a rattling sedan
They crisscrossed the map with bashful Stan

Magical land found at the end of the road
Imagined or real, the landscape for sure showed it

Dashing off after wild holy Denver nights
It receded fast like the city of misty salt
Entering a brand-new unknown phase of things
Leaving everything far behind, all the fails and faults
Instantly they were red-eyed from mistral-winds

Driving on the route of outlaws
Border crossing, cool and slow
"It's not hard to have a good time
Here in Mehico"

Met a local cat called Victor
Rolling big cigars of tea
Frantic mambo dancing hookers
Drinking heavily

Travelling southbound in a rattling sedan
They crisscrossed the map with bashful Stan

Magical land found at the end of the road
Imagined or real, the landscape for sure showed it

Still they were high on women and conga beats
In the trees above
countless millions of insects roared
Jungleland takes you over, you merge with it
To the dizzy heights on the roof
of the world they soared
Sal and Dean got their kicks down in Mexico

blue 3

DISSOLVING

Don't ever think of me when I'm gone
My restless soul has grown so weary
I was forgotten, left far behind
Thank God no God is interfering
Even this age-old world can't stay on
There's no way back, I'm disappearing

Most of this life felt like a coma
Opened my eyes, it made no sense
Put out the fire that hardly glimmers
Sparing no trace of my existence

Body decomposed
Photographs decayed
Letters are destroyed
Diaries all fade
Hard disks are erased
Memories unmade

Don't ever think of me when I'm gone
My restless soul has grown so weary
Even this age-old world can't stay on
There's no way back, I'm disappearing

Still the curse of consciousness bullies me
Nothing's done or needs to be said or done
I'll dissolve and evaporate
I'll dissolve and evaporate
Into the void, cold endless void

blue 4

BYZANTINE SPICE



MAGIC BLANKET RIDE

Mona, you've been called a chameleon
I've enjoyed from a distance
All the colours you produce without restraint
Mona, take a ride in my vehicle
It's a funny old rickshaw
Got no motor but a dazzling coat of paint

Redwood Park keeps calling me
Such a wonderland
It's the place I first saw you
All the squirrels think you're cool
So why shouldn't I?
Look, I brought some walnuts, too

Mona, will you ride on my bicycle?
When you're feeling quite dizzy
There are training wheels to keep it stabilized
Mona, take a seat in my pedal boat
It's an oldie but goodie
Keeping pace with somewhat lazy butterflies

See my hideaway, it looks out on a lake
All the windows here are shaped like animals
Play your ukulele by the eucalyptus tree
Feel the pleasant temperature
There's a swinging hammock and a belly button door
Also some pet-friendly furniture

Mona, take a seat in my pedal boat
It's an oldie but goodie
Not unlike myself - that's why you're teasing me
Mona, as to female anatomy
I've got several questions
I assume you could throw light on easily

All the squirrels think you're cool
So why shouldn't I?
Look, I brought some walnuts, too

I was once a boobam player in a trendy cocktail bar
Then became a better loser with a hollow jazz guitar
Took a Greyhound to the West Coast when the city felt too strange
And I wandered through the forest with a pocket full of change
When I'm tired and downhearted sprightly squirrels give support
Two more benefits of summer: days are long and skirts are short

See my hideaway, it looks out on a lake ...

Mona, will you sit down so close to me
On my magical blanket
Not a carpet but I swear that it can fly
Mona, now we'll glide to the ice cream van
Buy a bag of pistachios
Give an apple to a hedgehog dropping by

Redwood Park keeps calling me
Such a wonderland
It's the place I first saw you

blue 6

GROOVY OLDSMOBILES

First you cross the brook, then a light miniature forest
Don't follow that sign to the right!

Move up to the back of a wild overgrown garden

Move to the back of an overgrown garden

Gates will not be locked until night

Gates will be locked only late at night

Built with my own hands from two strong shipping containers

Built with his hands from two sturdy containers

That cabin is such a delight

That cabin gives me so much delight

Throw away your mask, let me see your face

"No show today, come back yesterday"

That's all we heard for miserable two years

Let's celebrate, now and always

Casual dress, but smart, dyed our white hair grey

To look so sharp, eyesight of a mole

Late bloomers got new titanium hips

Drink Chardonnay out of mustard bowls

Cheers to my tiny house!

Cosy, convenient

The sofa on the front porch, solar panels on the rooftop

Artful technology

Praiseworthy anyway

A place for contemplation where you marvel at a dewdrop

Why didn't I kiss her much more back in the old days?

Didn't I kiss him enough in the old days?

I still want this retired beauty queen

He used to call me his beauty queen

We'll get so damn old that you kids will give up counting

We'll get so old that you kids give up counting

Stay right on the scene, evergreens

Stay on the scene, like forevergreens

Casual dress, but smart, dyed our white hair grey

To look so sharp, whistling swinging tunes

More friends arrive: groovy oldsmobiles

We'll have a nice love-in afternoon

POINT NEMO recorded at Slander Drone III

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see Jean's original art:

www.jeanschlieber.de

download Roland's music for free:

www.songs-and-stories.de



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Richard Bellinghausen

lyrics
vocals
design

Claudia Theisen

vocals

Sony Lichtenberg

vocals

Jean Schließer

drawings

yellow 1

WE WON'T RETREAT

We won't retreat, not till truth is at last revealed
Never give in, finding answers that were concealed
Showing proof that's correct
All the evidence checked
We're reporters and won't back down

You've seen it in print, in papers and magazines
Live stream on the web or broadcast on TV screens
You picked up the news by turning a radio's dial
Don't say it's not true - the documents are on file

We must stay independent
Free to investigate
So lies and propaganda
Will mostly dissipate

We won't back down, not till every witness speaks
Never give in, authenticity's what we seek
All the facts must be cleared
It may take a few years
We are watchdogs and won't retreat

It's a school of journalism based on honesty
Safeguards freedom of expression and transparency
Getting valid information - basis for debate
Statements on Guantanamo, Chernobyl, Watergate

Trying hard to be objective
Keeping issues in perspective
And the prize, it's such an honour, so thank you

We look at regimes that violate human rights
Guns, missiles and bombs go off when we're watching fights
Drug barons go mad and threaten our families
More colleagues are killed defending democracy

We must stay independent
Free to investigate
So lies and propaganda
Will mostly dissipate

We won't back down, not till every witness speaks
Never give in, authenticity's what we seek
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OLEANDER

Look, Oleander
We both know impostor is your trade
You dive for coins in the fountain
Travel widely even in your sleep
Your pretty face on the silken pillow
Draped on a bed of ruins
Stuck in this bleak hotel room
Unsure of what you're doing
Half-light instead of limelight
I'm no professor Higgins
Never taught a girl how to fly

Look, Oleander
Pure coincidence you saw me shine
Dressed up to kill at the MoMA
When your eyes eventually met mine
Among the most influential people
You sought to meet svengalis
With all the top connections
Picked up the wrong contender
Though from the right collection
How could I have resisted?
Let's just kiss once more, say goodbye

Light-handedly exposed
When you entwined my grateful body
Just like a rambler rose
Drawing on several years of studies

Firstly a dose of you
Proves to be very stimulating
Later it all becomes
Toxic and less intoxicating
You're as lethal as the Spanish flu
I'm moving out of here before I get hurt

You're just like a neighbour to the moon
Always follow where the in-crowd goes
Up all night, you sleep till afternoon
Disappear on tippy-toes

Checking my two-hundred dollar shoes
Stylish tie, exclusive tailored suit
Saw me mingling with the well-to-do
I'm a con artist like you

Look, Oleander
Lately the sweet odour of success
Was not around where you gambled
Rubbing shoulders with the merciless
So desperate for some financial backing
Draped on a bed of ruins
Stuck in this bleak hotel room
Unsure of what you're doing
Thrilled by the arts, by beauty
How could I have resisted?
Let's just kiss once more, say goodbye

yellow 3

AS WONDERFUL AS SALLY HAWKINS

Can't seem to take my eyes off her
When she strolls along
Her small transistor radio
Breaking into song
This woman from my neighbourhood
Always steals the scene
The way that Sally Hawkins does
On the silver screen

I'd rather not be placed on a pedestal
Gather patina in the rain
Nothing much to blame if you like my style
 Nothing much to blame if you like me
Just appreciate there's a brain

She's probably too good for me
Eloquent and lush
And every inch as wonderful
As my favourite crush
A dancer in her younger days
Every agent called
I'd like to see her photograph
On my bedroom wall

No need to hide behind your old camera
 No need to hide behind your old Leica
Even if you feel insecure

Why not ask me out to the cinema?
 Why not ask me out to the movies?
'Happy Ever Afters' for sure

And though she is on all accounts
Pushing forty-nine
No complicated make-up tricks
Keep her so divine
By riding in the open air
On her purple bike
She redefines what getting older
Nowadays looks like

Once she lived in Italy
To study there for some degree
Rumours say the faculty
Was neuroscience
Sings a little melody
We'd harmonize quite easily
Picturing so vividly
Our new alliance

yellow 4

ALAN SMITHEE'S GARDEN PARTY

She liked to call herself 'Benevolence'
But in her papers it was Anne-Marie
She felt her purpose was to entertain
Had played a bit part in a comedy

The invitation caught her by surprise
The wrong address, an unfamiliar name
It was designed for an exclusive club
She took a cab to get there all the same

Arriving late at 911 Copperfield Avenue
No-one answered the bell's ring at all
The entrance door was a deceit, painted on navy blue
But she slipped through a crack in the wall

At Alan Smithee's garden party
Nothing was just what it seemed
Poor Anne-Marie walked through a nightmare
Far removed from all her dreams

The waiters whizzed around with crazy speed
Too fast for anyone to grab a drink
And all night long no bit of food was served
But dishes piled up in the kitchen sink

In a parlour really everything was in black and white
Spread out on the bed a Jean Harlow type in a low-cut gown
But the images and her monologue were not synchronized
In another room the same scene again fully colourized
A string of green beads dangling from her neck switched to copper brown
And her wristband shifted several times between left and right

The band played nothing else but 'Frankenstein'
In every style though that a human could
A flock of starlets all kept nibbling at
A chocolate statue of the late Ed Wood

Some actor drove his Rolls into the pool
Slow motion dancing by the Razzie guys
And 'Mondo Topless' was projected on
An Orson Welles poster, ten feet high

Then Anne-Marie rushed to the exit
Just about to lose her mind
Took up a job in dental hygiene
Leaving Hollywood behind

At Alan Smithee's garden party
Nothing was just what it seemed
Poor Anne-Marie walked through a nightmare
Far removed from all her dreams

yellow 5

VALERIE AT THE WINDOW

"It's just as good as Coronation Street"

Lonely Valerie was mumbling in her darkened room
A comfy armchair and a cup of tea
On the window sill the orchid which refused to bloom

Eight large windows like a split screen to watch
Four great programmes of soap - truth or treason
All the drama and the troubles of life
On the "Tenement Show", end of season

Twenty-somethings with their honeymoon spent
Heated arguments, moaning and whining
Elder lady still rehearsing at night
Handel's cello concerto, G minor

Highbrow senior filling shelf after shelf
With more books he could manage to read in
To this couple, students Adam and Steve
It was just like the Garden of Eden

Her life so pleasant at sixty-nine
When good old Frank was still around
They'd entertained a whole bunch of friends
And frequently got out of town

The frown displayed on the doctor's face
Had sent a cold chill down her spine

Now, three years after the funeral
She'd found no use for song and wine
And when the curtains were tightly shut
Invented her own storylines

Warfare and peace caught in a nutshell
Cliffhangers barely understood
Some days it was a penny dreadful
Some days it was pure Hollywood

Why be afraid of numbers when you're not even afraid of death?
Said Valerie, now seventy-two and took a deeper breath
Well, I'm not even afraid of death!

Once a movie buff, an avid reader, too
She made an urgent mental note not to tell "no" again
To that grey-haired gent at Peckham library
Who'd asked her out for coffee twice, more mindful than most men

Rising from her chair she switched the lighting on
And, as the light gave her away, waved to the newly-weds
Baffled, they waved back and kissed for her to see
A glass of sherry, maybe two now seemed appropriate

And meanwhile on the window sill it vied for her attention:
A tiny ivory blossom was beginning its ascension

yellow 6

DANCE OF THE LEPRECHAUNS

