



THE SILENT STORY OF
CONSTANTINE & VINCENT

Sometimes an ocean opens ways into motion, like a potion for change. Each drop is the very essence of living organisms: water, subconscious – a harmony of dreams in the form of waves, interrelated matter, pure, semantic particles, as close to light as they can get, here, now, they. They are two, together with passion, desire, need and dedication, their inner worlds of pure affection. Inflection. Reflection. Observe o Lord, they are married – with love. Then future death – and fear, and memories of the dark, the sorrow, melancholic tears along their sleeping hearts, into faithful expectancy, the sight of the blind. Their arousal is immense. Their cavities resonate. They call it adventure, Technicolor, sometimes even drama, always star-crossed. Liquid. Lucid. Immaculate. Time! The openness of their fragile want made their surrounding suspicious. Some loyal augurs predicted the definite impossibility, formulated the exaggerated non-existence. Yet their will allowed their contact, lured their hearts out of the static, the known. From far away the moment brought them near, made their worlds collide: cheetah and leopard. Intertwined symbols were the bricks that paved their winding road to the real, hyperfictitious intentions of pyramidal encounters that materialized into actual touch, that filled the air with joy and laughter. One could see it was happiness beyond time, the happiness of having found, of facing why, respectfully giving into hope. They had. They were.

The continents between them arranged the face of this planet, defined what was within reach, within the possible, shaped their habitat, their inner maps of both their longing: cheetahs’ grasslands and leopards’ woodlands. The horizon created their tomorrow, underneath the lunar night of their present connection. Fullmoon to get it started. Fullmoon to set the light. In that they joined their drives, their faith, believing in what they feel is right, embracing the momentary breath of life, of, yes, love. Inside only hope left, their last remaining classical virtue, the water of their souls. From dream to dream, from story to story. The real can be more fantastic than the virtual, happier than the end. Some oppose nature with concrete, building levelled ground, de-wave and freeze. The pragmatic forces of the everyday market substitute emotion with work. But as the two are sensitive, they are united in their sound of music. Within and around them only motion, ceaseless, cruel, but sticky and sweet, precious and beautiful. Their pounding wishes formulate lasting prove of their joyful depth. Into the deep the water falls. Make a wish! The Asian cliff guides the versatile into the final openness of trust and eternity. More powerful than their individual fear. No troubles in their parted water. Their rivers are vessels suffusing their earth, flooding their air, spreading their idea, their pyramid – stepping out of Pandora’s box, their hype around their mirrors. Moon. They have. They are.

Silence. Caught in the light the female messenger brings her word, her look. “Just like the others! He too will die.” The echoes still live on, sounding into their future, into their light. They hunt for something to build, they breathe their everlasting rhythm. Up and down. In and out. Through their reflections they form their pyramid, reveal it as an energetic mountain: huge in elements, bombastic in its deeds, the power of strangling and the motion of suffocation, mass and speed, leopard and cheetah, black rosettes and black tear marks. Making no words necessary. Eye in eye. Hand in hand. Mouth in mouth. *I have lost my origin and I don't want to find it again. We're sailing into natures laws. Wanderlust, relentlessly craving, wanderlust, peel off the layers, until you get to the core. Wanderlust, from island to island, wanderlust, united in movement, wonderful, I'm joined with you.* Canst thou imagine what it is to cross an ocean? For weeks, thou seest nothing but the horizon, perfect and empty. Thou livest in the grip of fear. Fear of storms. Fear of sickness on board. Fear of the immensity. So thou hast to drive that fear down deep into thy belly, study thy charts, watch thy compass, pray for fair wind, and hope, pure, naked, fragile hope. At first, it is no more than a haze on the horizon. So thou watchest. Thou watchest. Then it is a smudge, a shadow on the far water. For a day. For another day. The stain slowly spreads along the horizon taking form, until on the third day, thou letst thyself believe. Thou darest to whisper the word. Land. Land.

35 *It's not about words! It was beauty killed the beast. My dark past led me into the importance of the eye, my way from cruel memories, facing a future I don't believe in. I still can't dream nor cry about her, about them. No tears and no voice left to express, to share. Numbness is my wish. I can't be touched by anything, anymore. I am responsible, I am. I sacrifice, because there are people, who depend on me, people I care about. I must not be weak, no way. There once was another me, which I nearly forgot. As a child I knew, that the stars could only get brighter and we would get closer, get closer, leaving this darkness behind. With you now she has visited three of my close ones. Eternal loss, the deep missing. What is love? It's not about words. Cause with you I don't have to tell myself day by day – I feel it all the time! Sometimes a wind blows and you and I float in love and kiss forever, no darkness and the mysteries of love come clear and dance in light, in you, in me and show that we are love. With words unspoken you show me that you will be mine only, but will my heart be broken in the morning light. Don't lie to me. Don't make it up. Don't sneak it up, don't sneak it up my friend. Go stay by me, stay by me. Be true to me, be true to me my love. You and I. Stronger and stronger. I love you too. Hope there's someone, who will take care of me, when I die, will I go? Hope there's someone, who will set my heart free, nice to hold, when I'm tired. Free, naked, only their hands cover their beating hearts, their story. Immense reactions pour the heat through their pelvises. So linked, yet so ambiguous. What's going on: cheetah and leopard unifying in the realms of the mirror? Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed. The dear repose for limbs with travel tired. But then begins a journey in my head, to work my mind when body's work's expired. For then my thoughts, form far where I abide, intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee and keep my drooping eyelids open wide, looking on darkness which the blind do see. Save that my soul's imaginary sight presents thy shadow to my sightless view, which like a jewel hung in ghastly night, makes black night beauteous and her old face new. Lo, thus by day my limbs, by night my mind, for thee and for myself, no quiet find.*

Silent waters. Ok, let's start printed in black and white. A realtime journey of urban storytelling, of post-modern love. Better quicken up! Intense should our moments be. Quicker than a ray of light. This is so trash. Break up sentences, let emotions free. Bridges to togetherness. Awestruck by our frequency. Awestruck by thy openness. In recurrent fantasies our souls collide. Not now, but then. Though now can be anytime. Anywhere. Thou and I touching between the lines. Crossmedia relatedness – still the wish is nigh, the heart is full. Remembering that vast spaces make us feel small. Immense! Glorious union! Oh eternal golden text! Pathos, big emotions, outlines of our story to come. How shall we call ghosts of light, life beyond daily matter? Muses? But Greek is not our only language. Great battles long ago. Here to become fragile, here to fuck. Our frailty is above the language, intermixed, suffused by our passion, driven into life. Beginning moment, birth of possibilities. Daring to relate. Thy tongue around my fingers, wet with love. My fingers underneath thy skin, inside the two of us. Attempt. Inhale – then hold thy breath. The juices of nature fly around our hearts in the shape of our bodies. Allow. Invite. Let's stay a moment or two in this joyful eternity of our connection. Thou and I. Forever felt alive.

Obligations made me leave: work, money. The life I know is made by travelling, being here and there and especially nowhere. We have to see each other again as soon as possible, stop my before and start with you. I want to build, with you. Together. I really want that. You and time with you is all I want. Baby we can make it alright. We can make it better sometime. Baby we could make it happen baby. We could keep trying, but things will never change, so I don't look back. Still I'm dying with every step I take, but I don't look back. Just a little little bit better, good enough to waste some time. Tell me would it make you happy baby. We could keep trying, but things will never change, so I don't look back. Back to back. Front to front. And it hurts with every heartbeat. There's nothing I want more. This is my wish. You gave me back my heart, made me find my smile again. Nothing can be too much now! Did I show you my love enough? Their renaissance colours explode – black and white, yes and no, close and distant, wisdom and chastity. Reflect! Time is on our side. I grieve and dare not show my discontent. I love and yet am forced to seem to hate. I do, yet dare not say I ever meant. I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate. I am and not. I freeze and yet am burned since from myself another self I turned. My care is like my shadow in the sun, follows me flying, flies when I pursue it, stands and lies by me, doth what I have done. His too familiar care doth make me rue it. No means I find to rid him from my breast, till by the end of things it be suppressed. Some gentler passion slide into my mind. For I am soft and made of melting snow or be more cruel, love, and so be kind, let me or float or sink, be high or low, or let me live with some more sweet content, or die and so forget what love ere meant.

75 There they stand, in front of the mirror, the ocean of their embracing senses. Their reflections get them closer, let them formulate their very own relation, their intimacy. They look into their eyes. The light is their touch. Their shimmering caresses their skin, carefully but convinced, around their pyramid. Their bones mutate into sphinxes, posing human riddles of the past. Feeling is their only care. Trust. Their view stays focused on their beating hearts. They hope. Release! They aim to understand, but the further they go, the deeper they fall. Nothing left to hide, nothing left to loose. All in their hands. 80 The sun in their mouths. Their eyes wide shut. They vanish in their chocolate kisses. They breathe their life, their only air. Are they able to fly? Their patterned furs mingle. Climbing and running, leopard and cheetah, hunting for each other. Rooted in the sky. More. On. Silence. *I know what it is you saw. For it is also in my mind. It is what will come to pass if you should fail. Not dark but beautiful and terrible as the dawn! Treacherous as the sea! Stronger than the foundations of the earth! All shall love me and despair.* Wilt thou hold on to me, if I hold thee into the sky, grabbing what is real, for our existence, for our blood, thy wings along my roots, together across our opponents’ inflexibilities? With the fire from the fireworks up above, with a gun for a lover and a shot for the pain, thou runst for cover in the temple of love. I shine like thunder, cry like rain. And the temple grows old and strong, but the wind blows longer cold and long. And the temple of love will fall before this black wind calls my name to thee no more. Art thou ready for a journey – of love? Have love enough to dream. Have courage enough to make it happen. Let this feeling overflow now. Let this feeling take control now. *Don't you want me, don't you want me. Don't you want my love. Don't!*

90 *There are two kinds of people in this world: winners and losers. Inside of you, at the very core of your being, is a winner waiting to be awakened and unleashed upon the world. Life's a bitch, now so am I! Another hero, another mindless crime, behind the curtain, in the pantomime. On and on, does anybody know what we are living for? What ever happens, we leave it all to chance. Another heartache, another failed romance. On and on, does anybody know what we are living for? The show must go on! Outside the dawn is breaking on the stage that holds our final destiny. The show must*

95 on! Inside my heart is breaking, my make-up may be flaking, but my smile still stays on. The show must go on! Nothing. And: don't! In the night wait
 up for thee, even though thou dost not want me to. Go to bed, leave the lights on, what's the use. Fell asleep in front of MTV. God I'm down at the
 bottom. No one's singing songs for me. I can't wait for tomorrow. When thou art gone and the rain starts falling, I just sit here by the phone, don't
 deny me, call me back I'm so alone. Oh, when art thou gonna come home? Oh I just gotta know. When thou gonna come home? I wish the ring
 had never come to me. I wish none of this had ever happened. "So do all who live to see such times, but that is not for them to decide. All they have
 100 to decide is what to do with the time that is given to them." There's only two types of people in the world: the ones that entertain and the ones that
 observe. Well baby, I'm a put-on-a-show kind of guy, don't like the back seat, gotta be first. I feel the adrenaline moving through my veins. Spotlight
 on me and I'm ready to break. I'm like a performer, the dancefloor is my stage. Better be ready, hope that thou feelst the same.

Will they feel the same, or can they look into their eyes without wanting to dive into eternity? Will they confide in their relation or accept their distance?
 Pyramidal fragments of emotion: purring and roaring, cheetah and leopard. *He left no time to regret, kept his dick wet, with his same old safe bet. Me
 105 and my head high and my tears dry get on without my guy. You went back to what you knew, so far removed from all that we went through. And I tread
 a troubled track, my odds are stacked, I'll go back to black.* I love thee, but I gotta stay true. My morals got me on my knees, I'm begging please stop
 playing games. I don't know what this is, cos' thou hast me good, just like thou knewest thou would. I don't know what thou dost, but thou dost it
 well, I'm under thy spell. Thou hast me begging thee for mercy. Why wilt thou not release me? *At this moment, for example, I'm quite convinced I am
 never going to see you again. What? I'm so bored, you see. It's beyond my control. What dost thou mean? Well, after all it's been some months. So, what
 110 I said: it's beyond my control. Dost thou mean thou dost not love me anymore? My love had great difficulty outlasting you. It's beyond my control. I'm
 dying because I wouldn't believe thee. That is why this is most important to me. I cannot explain why I broke with you as I did. But since then, my life
 has been worth nothing. I pushed the blade in deeper. It is lucky for you that I have gone and I'm glad not to have to live without you. Your love was
 the only real happiness that I have ever known.* Thy heart. Thy blood. Enough. Draw the curtains. Thy name. Dear Vincent. To look life in the face,
 always, to look life in the face. And to know it, for what it is, at last to know it, to love it for what it is, and then, to put it away. Vincent, always the
 115 years between us, always the years, always the love, always, the hours. They will have. They will be.

*My oscillations led directly to holiday-inn. Hope, restart. I need you. I broke my life. No solution, only threat. Everywhere insecurity, everywhere bad
 happenings, mean people, expectations. They see me as sexual object. I reject. Are you my baldheaded diamond, my cry of wonder? Holding, kissing
 and playing. Building together. I didn't break your heart, I broke my life. What to do? I can't show you now. I can't give. I can't fight. What to do? I don't
 120 know what I want. Fear again. Nations divided. Worlds apart. Keep me secret. Keep my status. I'm afraid. I don't know! Nothing. Bloodshed. Thou art
 my calm, my breath, my meaning. I'd love to hold thee to thy sleep. Safe in my arms. Just the two of us. What grace is given to me let it pass to him.
 Let him be spared. Save him. "Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, but today is a gift – that is why it is called the present." Are you ready now?
 Then close your eyes: and tap your heels together three times and think to yourself: There's no place like home. There's no place like home. I remember
 you. I remember. You are a true wizard now as you always wished. Does it make you happy? I'm a little afraid to go home. I have been mortal and
 125 some part of me is mortal yet. I'm no longer like the others. I regret. In the world again, no sorrow will live in me as long as that joy. Save one. And I
 thank you for that part too. Can I come over, I need to rest, lay down for a while, disconnect. The night was long, the day even longer. Lay down for a
 while, recollect. Getting a feeling maybe I will dream again. Having that feeling when there's no one awake, no no one awake. We're meant to be one,
 I know we are. If I am the sky then thou art my star. Hey thou dost not have a clue, this party never ended. Not for me and thee, I know thou art just
 pretending. Thou art hiding from thyself, yes thou art, yes thou art, like golden rays of sun in the cloud. Life and the void. Love and death. There's
 130 still hope left. Told thee then and tell thee now: I won't cut out my heart. Everyday I face that it beats on ...*

27 - 28	BJÖRK Wanderlust UNIVERSAL MUSIC 2008	90 - 91	JONATHAN DAYTON Little Miss sunshine TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX 2006
28 - 33	SHEKHAR KAPUR Elizabeth: the golden age UNIVERSAL 2007	91	TIM BURTON Batman returns WARNER BROS. 1992
35	PETER JACKSON King Kong Universal 2005	91 - 94	BAZ LUHRMANN Moulin rouge TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX 2001
38 - 39	HERCULES AND LOVE AFFAIR Blind EMI 2008	94 - 97	RÖYKSOPP The girl and the robot EMI 2009
39	PETER JACKSON King Kong UNIVERSAL 2005	97 - 99	PETER JACKSON Lord of the Rings WARNER BROS. 2001
40 - 41	ANTHONY AND THE JOHNSONS Mysteries of Love INDIGO 2001	99 - 101	BRITNEY SPEARS Circus SONY BMG 2009
43 - 44	HERCULES AND LOVE AFFAIR Time will EMI 2008	104 -106	AMY WINEHOUSE Back to black UNIVERSAL MUSIC 2006
44 - 45	ANTHONY AND THE JOHNSONS Hope there's someone INDIGO 2005	106 - 108	DUFFY Mercy UNIVERSAL MUSIC 2008
47 - 50	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Sonnet 27 1594/95	108 - 113	STEPHEN FREARS Dangerous liaisons WARNER BROS. 1988
53	MADONNA Ray of light WARNER MUSIC 1999	113 - 115	STEPHEN DALDRY The hours MIRAMAX INTERNATIONAL 2002
64 - 66	ROBYN With every heartbeat EDEL 2005	121 - 122	PETER JACKSON Lord of the Rings WARNER BROS. 2001
66 - 67	ROBYN With every heartbeat EDEL 2005	122	JOHN STEVENSON/MARK OSBORNE Kung-fu panda DREAMWORKS 2008
69 - 74	ELIZABETH I On monsieur's departure 1582	122 - 123	VIKTOR FLEMING The wonderful wizard of OZ WARNER BROS. 1939
81 - 83	PETER JACKSON Lord of the Rings WARNER BROS. 2001	123 - 126	ARTHUR RANKIN JR. The last unicorn CONCORDE 1982
84 - 86	SISTERS OF MERCY The temple of love WARNER MUSIC 1983	126 - 127	FEVER RAY Triangle walks UNIVERSAL MUSIC 2009
86 - 88	SIMONE ANGEL Let this feeling UNIVERSAL MUSIC 1993	127 - 129	RÖYKSOPP You don't have a clue EMI 2009
88	FELIX Don't you want me SONY BMG 1992	129 - 130	PETER JACKSON Lord of the Rings WARNER BROS. 2001