

HELLO &

This would depend on how much time you have. And these days there is never any time. But then again.

Right. Then. Right. Right. So...Im not sure if I have told you this before. Not sure if I have told you any of it. But then. Right. So.

It was just when I had arrived. And Yeah. It was February. And cold. Super fucking cold. And you know we were at that bar. It was late. You know. The bar by the hotel. The one with the, right, rock star, living on the roof. And we were at that bar. And it was late. And so. Yeah. We are drunk. Real fucking blackout. It's the bar with that lady. The plastic one. She doesn't talk and she is kind of hot. She is kind of plastic, kind of dollish, kind of polish, or kind of russian, kind of slavic, kind of porn. She doesn't talk and, right, we were at that bar. And we were drunk. And we had kept coming back there, to that bar, since the first night that we were in town, and on this night, it had been snowing and me and him (Evan right), we had left the school real late, and we were right back at the bar, looking for her. We were really so into this quiet plastic woman. Yeah the one who looked like a rich fucking hooker. The bar was, I mean, right by that hotel.

So we had come back to see if this woman ever talked. Vicodin right. Or some serious insomnia. Ok. So the plan was to trip up. I mean when we got there. To fall over or to just kind spill a beer on her, right, to see if she could speak. The first thing that we did when we got there was smoke and order drinks. Manically. And. Then try to find her.

NO FUCKING LUCK. First time all week. No sign. No goddamn sign at all.

I was repeating, „She has got to be here. She has got to be here. She has got to be there. She has got to be here.“

I mean thinking on it now, right, Evan was basically crying. Crying. Right. Cause she wasn't there.

I mean, I would never have said this at the time- maybe I would have. I think, yeah I would have, but then at that time it seemed like the right thing to do was to be polite, like English polite. So at this time, I didn't say this. But I saying it to you now. Why were we so into her? We were wasted all week. And I mean you know that there is nothing like that kind of forlorn rich look to get a bunch of faggots like really on the case.

But when I am thinking on this today. I mean now. Right now. So I couldn't have said this then when I had first arrived.

You know we had been joking all week long, about how he (yeah Evan, right) was the more Nazi looking one. And how I was totally, yeah, the Jewish looking one. And I mean who wants to arrive in Germany and be the more jewish looking one. But right, I mean we were drunk. But thinking about it now, you know, she was, the quiet women, yes her, she was so that kind of like really really Night Porter nurse thing. Really kind of Calvani S and M Nazi machine kind of butcher kind of thing that we, or maybe just me, ok, had been hoping to find since we had arrived but just hadn't. And right then she was just not there and earlier that week we had gotten up so early to get the Ryanair flight. I guess the thing is, you know, that when you come, you are kind of hoping that as soon as you touch down there will be all these really massive blond guys that will just want to slap the shit out of you when you are fucking. Thinking about this now. I mean right now. Keeping that kind of violent fuck in mind. Maybe looking like the more kind of essentially jewish looking one wasn't so bad.

But then, we just get here in full on Isherwood and Auden drag-like continually-like really matching outfit style. And its like the total opposite. Right. Rich. Rich as shit. Everything is working. You know everyone is studying almost for free and you are here and you are like they are just totally the best. And you think well maybe I just couldn't now think about the past cause I mean this country is working. Working. And England wasn't even that bad then. Here there are actually like factories and you know everyone is an engineer and making actual stuff and people get money from the government to do stuff. Still pretty. Still tall. And you think then. like well right, why go home? I mean this is what we were talking about at the bar.

„You know she has just got to come in.“

„I mean...WHAT ELSE?“,

„Yeah. I mean what else can someone like that do, but come in here.“

„Yeah. Come in every night. Aren't your lips killing you?“

„Right...“

„What time is it?“

„The time?“

„Yeah...“

„Its late.“

„I mean. We should wait. Right?“

„do you think she sings?“

„She has got to sing...“

„I know right.“

„Or at least play the piano really fucking well.“

„Yeah. That would be better.“

„Yeah... piano.“

„That would be hot.“

„She was at one time a piano prodigy.“

„For sure.“

„SHE WAS YOU KNOW SOME KIND OF PIANO PRODIGY!“

„Down South.“

„Munich.“

„Yeah...thats where she studied.“

„But. Then she found out.“

„And then she left.“

„Yeah. She found out something.“

„Yeah. Something totally totally awful and thats when she started getting all the surgery.“

„Trying not to be recognised...“

„And thats why she came up here.“

„North.“

„HIDE IN THE NORTH!“

„Did she bring the piano?“

„No. Fucking. Way.“

„Yes. The piano is totally far behind.“

„Right...“

„Blood money...“

„I can't believe she doesn't have the piano.“

„And she now she is here.“

„Right. And now she doesn't sleep cause she is so just here waiting.“

„Yes...“

„She is waiting by the lake that they have here, and she is so thinking, time heals all wound.“

„Stupid bitch...“

„And you know... nobody recognizes her as this like massive child prodigy.“

„Right. It is really late.“

We were just sitting at this bar and it was freezing. So fucking cold.

Talking and talking about this woman that we like hadn't met and I was just watching the clock and thinking, „Please let her come in. Please let here come in.“

You know, we were really almost running out of time. There was a meeting in the morning. So super rough. You know the week right was almost up and we hadn't really gotten up to much of anything that we has set out to do and you know we would have to get right back on that plane and worse we hadn't found the right rent boy and who was going to play the piano. Thinking on it now. Yeah. Right now... I mean what kind of rent boy did we think we would even find? A kind of turkish one. That situation had seemed a little bit more, ah, do-able on the ground. Yeah. A kind of pliable guest worker kind of thing.

Yeag, you know that kind of thing of the afghan guy at the internet cafe who doesn't mind if you suck him off, as long as it was quick.

„That would be so Goodbye Berlin. Right?“

You know, we had been thinking right we are going to pretend Hamburg is Berlin. Yeah. The whole time that like we were going to be here. But then we didn't. And I am still not sure why. Its Berlin. Its Berlin. Say BERLIN. But we were running around trying to find this blond plastic lady and she wasn't in the bar and everything was feeling...kind of wrong.

„Why is everything here so happy? Like where is the shell shock?“

„She is shell shocked.“

„Yeah...“

And we were for sure drunk and I was really thinking all the time I need to find a german guy cause everything you know right now is moving real fast and I just need someone to be you know real hard and kind of military cause then I can just think about about doing what they say in a really successful way. Like this right-

Open your mouth.

Of course. I am just then thinking...open your mouth.

It's Berlin. Open your mouth real wide. Open your Goddamn mouth. Of course. I am not thinking about tomorrow and the best way to make it through the next couple of months I am just thinking open your mouth. Then Evan was just like, „She isn't coming.“

And I was just then like, „Right, she is going to come in. I know it. I know this.“

This was now so super intense.

Evan, I mean, he was almost crying. „I cannot believe that she isn't coming. THIS BAR IS GODAMN FUCKING GODAMN GODAMN SHITHOLE.“

“...she did really so make the whole place.“

„Of course she made the whole place. WHAT ELSE? She was the only thing with any kind of sense of, AH, you know... Weight... and you know that bitch is supposed to be really hardcore- the one in the morning. We are screwed. AH. Where is she?“

„The plastics lady is coming in. Right. I just know it.“

„Plastics?“

So right. The part I was getting to. The part of all of this that I am not sure if I have told you before. I'm losing track. It cause, right, I have got to use all these hours, all the time now. All the hours I have got. And I don't really talk a lot to the same people anymore and although you know it has been that long, right, things have really, really sped up. Fast. And I can't remember who I told what about that time, the time when we first arrived.

So this older guy, he comes up to us at the bar, and says,

„Plastics-did I hear you boys say something about plastics?“

This guy, yeah this one at the bar, had that kind of fat muscle thing that you know that business guys who have made some cash but still go to the company gym have. Sometimes that can be hot. Right? I didn't used to think this but then

I got a bit older and began to see it really clearly which is strange. My boyfriend, you know, he has these stories about when he was young, like fifteen, and really fucking around. Older guys. older guys with credit cards, Yeah Fakes. Ones from the bank they worked at. Bad penthouse daddies. That thing. And he always said that at that time this kind of fat muscle thing really got him off. That and then seeing these guys broad hands on his body cause these hands kind of showed you that these guys had jobs and he was really hairless then. It was a kind of contrast fucking. There was even a time, when his mom's boss had pretended to walk into his bedroom on accident, when you know this boss guy was looking for the bathroom at a christmas party and then you know he had sucked him off on the couch in his bedroom room. Yeah he sucked off his moms boss. The main boss. And you know, after that, he told me that thats what he thought would be the kind of thing that would really always do it for him. These business guys. Even though they were married and kind of well, fat. Well. So... this guy that was into plastics-this was the kind of attraction that he had. Sort of wide.

„Plastics. We always talk about plastic. Plastic is the best. Buy us some beers.“

And then I was thinking is this kind of guy that fucks his workers teenagers?

„I am in the plastics game. I am plastics. What about you two?“

„Artists. Beer please.“

„The company. The plastics company. My company, we love artists.“

„Really?? That is so wonderful...“

„Great. Artists are great for companies. Its in Dusseldorf.“

The Company. In Dusseldorf, every year there is a giant fair.

„Fair?“

„Fair... what?“

„Fair of plastics.“

„A plastics Fair?“

„Did you get those drinks? Beer?“

„A plastics fair?“

„Of course. The world expo of plastics. Its happens every year.“

„Injection moulding. For that kind of smooth line.“

„Injection moulding is real fucking chic.“

„Come to Dusseldorf. We have the largest injection moulding facility in Germany. Injection mold all day long in Dusseldorf.“

„Woah...“

„I have this thing for plastic. Plastic for hats.“

I was almost passing out now. It was running. Right, the time. No. It was really super late, so I said: „Do you come here often? Do you come here a lot? Its seems like people they really come here a lot...“

I know this part of what I am saying is dull. Its a really boring thing to tell you, that I asked the twink-fucker this kind of question but the thing was that my brain was starting to do all these weird leaps. Total jumps. Up. Around. And I was then at that moment leaping almost out of my chair at the bar. Between this plastics guy and the plastics

nurse lady who had been in the bar every night but not this night, I was starting to think that this bar was you know really phenomenal. So, I wanted to see if he was at the bar a lot he might know the nurse, the one with the paino. So I said to him there at the bar, „Do you come here a lot?“

„Yes. I do. I rent a floor at the hotel around the corner every time I come here for work.“

Right. Right so then Evan falls out of his chair.

„Shit. Its late.“

„Its always late here. I am Swegler.“

Evan got up then, staggered and the swivelled towards the door.

„Look. I gotta go. The trains will be running now. Ill se you you know then. You know in the morning. I really really have got to go. Its fucking late. So. Im off. Don't worry Im going to do the cabaret wave when I leave. This is starting to really feel like berlin now. Where is the door. It is where?“

Right, so then evan left. And right at the door he did as he said would do all week every time he said goodbye. He did the complete good bye to berlin wave. The one that Liza does at the train station when she clenches here fist at the end and he goes back to england and she , well, did she really get butchered or chopped in two. It was something like that.

The plastics guy. Swegler. He was looking pretty fucked up as well now. . He got more drinks and I said to him,

„Right. Sorry about my friend. We have only been here a couple of days and you know we have been here totally rushing around off our feet trying to find a damn piano and

nire german Plastics industry to the international markets, the world bank.“

„No wonder you’re dead.“

Thats what, right, I said to him. And then his smiled and finished his beer.

„You are both artists then.“

„Yeah. Well-students really. Final year. Our time is up.“

„We like artists. The company does I mean. My father he was a big collector. Of Everything. People. Things. Artists. Birds even.“

„Oh yeah? Cool.“

This guy. Swegler Spengler right. Then he puts his hand on my leg and I can see he is kind of wrinkling his scarf in his other hand.

„There is not much left go the night. No? Its still so cold. If you like, I can show you the pictures in my hotel suite. Its only about a fourth. But its another drink and the sun will look wonderful as it comes up over the ice.“

And then I was exhausted. But it was cold.

„Yeah.Cool. Hotels are fucking chic. Real Chic.“

We left together. Right. And walked down along the small road the brought us to the lake that had been frozen for days. Frozen. Totally. It was then. One of those times right when all the people in the city descend on mass to the lakeshore. Brueghal overdrive. Right. Fucks. All of them. Remember. It was then. It was fucking freezing. So we were walking. Right this is what I wanted to say. The nurse. The Blond woman. She was standing out on a dock over the frozen lake. The docks that people have drinks on when its not so fucking cold. She was there and she was talking on her iPhone. She speaks. She speaks right.

„Im sorry we have got to stop for a second.“

„Its cold. Come one.“

„See. I have been looking for her all night Totally fascinating.“

She was talking on her phone so super fast.

„She must have been a pianist at some point. I am totally sure. A prodigy. She is prodigy that has gotten totally fucked up. Pianist maybe she is talking about how cold it is?“

„No. She is talking about a ship. A ship from singapore. Its taking a long time. Too long. The cargo. There is lots of it. Everything is slowing down. Its so heavy. She is angry and thats it.“

„Wow…“

Right. Then so. We ended up in the elevator of the hotel. And his face was really red front he cold. Everything was red and, right, a bit raw.

„It really began in the 60s. With furniture. The money for the collection. Its when the factory went into overtime.“

„ Oh. Yeah. Really…“

„And then the artists who where coming to the museum. They needed new processes. This was at the same time. They were coming to my fathers office. The people from the museum. It was on the 12th floor. And he was then on the board and they wanted to use the factory to produce some sculptures for the newest exhibition. And then at that point they made an agreement. He would cover the costs of the production and then donate them to the museum if the objects were produced twice-the other model he would keep for himself thats how it began. It began like that. First with injection moulding. Closed circles. And. Yes. It has stayed this way now for a long long time.“

The elevator opened right on to his floor. The strange thing was that even though the hotel was kind of spa town. Baden-Baden right? The suite was totally loft. Totally. Polished concrete floor

„This...is different.“

„All my hotel residences look the same. I like for things to be simple. Simple and clean.“

„ Yeah... looks that way.“

There was a long rectangular cream couch.

„Shall we have that last drink? Please sit down.“

„So...“

„So...“

Right then he said something like this. So. This is what he was saying and I was still sitting on the the cream leather couch staring at some kind of box sculpture that was connected to the ceiling. Couch Right. No couch is wrong. It was more a bench. Yeah. It was cream leather bench. Totally a bench. And so right at this point I was moving this tumbler of Vodka from his hand and right at that point my knuckles grazed the leather on this bench and I realised it was ostrich. He has got fucking Ostrich leather bench. This is what was happening.

„So...“

This is what he said.

„There is really so much to show you before the sun comes up. The clock is ticking till our hango-vers...“

„Your place is huge really...“

„Yes...“

„And its just you?“

„Yes. When I am here. When I am here its usually just me. My wife stays in Colonge. She is never here and i never cook so I had the kitchen taken out.“

„Oh.“

„So the kitchen was removed and i put, well the hotel, they put in a guest suite. But, then, I do not really have guests.“

„Its kind of big for one?“

And then he stretches out across the bench. He was really lying down. He was wide. All across. Right then, I kept looking at his loafers . They were almost touching my jeans. I was wearing jeans then. Thats when it was. It was winter. This is what I was wearing those days when it was cold. Dior jeans. That were small in the thigh. He was really fucking wide. And I was looking down at his loafers.

„The ceiling was lowered. After the last time I was here. It was too tall. Can you tell?“

„Ah...“

I was then totally at that point kind of speechless. It was that point in the drunk. With Vodka.

„Ahh...“

And he was still staring at the ceiling right. Straight up to it.

„I put all the pictures that make me feel like I am dying in the guest suite. I don’t have guests usually. So those pictures go in there what used to be the kitchen. I have no guests so they are not afraid and they are not hungry. And when I am here, I just never go into that room. so I never then have bad thoughts.“

„Ahhh...“

I was drinking the Vodka real fast out of the tumbler that was full of crushed ice. And right. I looked down at his loafers again and I realised that the bottoms were unmarked. Are these his house loafers. This is the question I was asking myself right. and this kind of woke me up a bit‘

„Ahhh. Yeah...this is a really good plan‘

„Yes. It’s helped.“

„Which pictures are they?“

„Sorry?“

„Which pictures want you to be dead? Ahhhh. You know which pictures want you to die?“

„Oh the Palermo’s mostly“

„Yeah...I am sure.“

„Palermo’s are deathly“

Then he just rolled off the bench. Real fast and was crouching in this ball holding his knees. There was a set of gridded lithographs behind him

on a long white wall that struck diagonally across the room but didn't touch the ceiling.

„The wall. The wall with prints. It doesn't touch the ceiling.“

„It was lowered when the ceiling was lowered. My desk is on the other side.“

„Oh. Yeah. I see. Makes sense. Ah... Could I have another drink?“

„Of course. Excuse me“

He stood up. He was real tall. I was still on the bench.

„He was a friend of my fathers. They met in Scotland. My father was a time in Scotland.“

I stood up.

„Please...“

He handed me another tumbler—

„Yeah. They were in Scotland?“

„The desk you should see. That is injection moulded. All in one piece.“

„Really...“

„Yes. No but it was your friend. He was the one who was interested in this process. Correct?“

„My friend. Oh. Both of us really. He is making a lighthouse right.“

He paused.

„Ah...“

He drank the rest of his vodka.

„Yes. You can see it form the window,“

„Oh I see.“

„No you can see it front the window.“

„Oh. Ok. I see. Shall we?“

We moved around the half wall. Yeah right. The one with gridded prints. Then I saw the injection moulded desk. Kind of grey green. Kind of sixties. Kidney been. This is what it was like.

„The desk was first my fathers. The factory produced it for him as a surprise gift to celebrate his 25 years on the board of the museum. They presented it to him on a boat. Actually. A boat that floated down the river.“

„Like on a barge?“

„Sorry...“

„A barge is a kind of boat.“

„A boat was hired. Correct. It was big party.“

„Cool. Parties.“

„It might snow again. The sun is rising. Its the best part of the morning over the ice. SSS. That is my boat.“

His boat was on a long dock that jutted out into the lake. This was the dock that we had walked past. Right the dock that the nurse was standing on. In the cold. Standing and talking on the phone. This is really what I wanted to tell you. His boat was on the same dock that she was actually standing on.“

„That is the dock we walked past right?“

„Yes. I keep it there so I can see it.“

„Is it your dock.“

„I'm sorry...“

„Is that dock your dock?“

„No. I rent part of it so I can see the boat when i am here. So I can see the boat form my desk. The captain of the boat. He was fired yesterday. This is why I am here so long. He was drunk and left the boat in the water while the lake froze.“

„Oh. Is it totally stuck?“

„I must wait here to see how badly the hull is damaged.“

„Till things warm up...“

„It will be a long while.“

He turned around.

Right. He rents the dock where she was talking. This is pumping through my head. It was where his yacht was stuck in the water. Really stuck right. Jammed in the ice. SShe was just standing out there in the cold next to his boat. That is what i was thinking. I have got to remember. Forget everything else but just remember this. Just remember. This is the series of events. Its the most important part of this whole trip. So I was counting this back in my head. This is what I do to remember. So I would remember that the plastic nurse lady was there-this I had to tell Evan. You know that she spoke right. Right.

„The wall has been treated. The glass has a special polymer coating to protect the works.“

I touched the glass.

„She was right fucking there...“

„I'm sorry...“

„The nurse. She was right there on your dock.“

„The nurse...“

„The rich woman on the dock.“

„Yes.“

„Why didn't you say it was your dock?“

„It is not my dock. It is my boat.“

„But she was looking at the boat.“

„Was she?“

Pumping. Everything was pumping. This is what I was now thinking. It was really in my mind then as I was looking out the window toward the boat. I was thinking about the way that she was looking at the boat.I was looking out the window. And he was behind me and I was thinking the desk is behind him and then the lowered wall and then the gridded prints and the then the guest room that was a kitchen that is always empty with Palermo's on the wall. The ones that he won't look at. So he is looking at his boat. He reached over my shoulder and laid his palm on the glass wall next to mine-I can see it your fucking eyes-this is where his hand was right. Totally right there on the wall and he was saying. „The glass had been coated with a special polymer to protect the paintings.“

Right so. Right when his hand touched the glass. At that moment. I dropped the black tumbler of vodka. Right then all over the floor. The glass skidded along the micro concrete. Along the edge of the glass wall. And the really strange thing is that he didn't move at all. Nothing. When I lunged down to try and grab it. The tumbler. He just stayed right there with his palm against the glass and his arm at this

right angle so I was just stuck between the wall and his loafers staring at the vodka puddled on the floor.

„That boat was perfect. Perfect.“

He was just staring at his boat.

„It was perfect. I am in some kind of strange shock.“

He slammed his palm against the glass three or four times.

„So...“

Right. On the floor. Still with his shoes.

„He was always so fucking drunk.“

And then he turned back toward the desk. But like I was so not there. So right at that moment his legs slammed into me as he turned and I slammed into the window. Cheek to glass right. Right up against it. And this sound made him look down. He looked down right then and pulled me up by the collar of my shirt.

„This is why. This is why.“

His breath was real fucking hot.

„This is why I was at that bar. He was always there. In the back“

„Who...“

I was really nauseous now.

„The Captain.“

„The Captain?“

„Yes of my boat.“

„Right. The boat.“

„HE WAS FUCKING THERE AND DRUNK AND SO DRUNK WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TAKING THE BOAT OUT OF THE LAKE BEFORE IT FROZE.“
He Let me go.

„Well. Excuse me. I am rather tired.“

I was really nauseous.

The sky was now mauve. It was so that point. It was that late and he was walking towards the desk and I turned my head to follow him.

„This painting...“

The lowered wall was on this side covered with a large canvas.

„This painting is protected from the sun by a polymer coating on the glass. I keep this desk in front of this painting as this desk was always in front of this painting. This is what she has always said.“

Right. He said, „This is what she always said.“

I was looking at his back.

The painting was a series of vertical strips of different widths. It was yellow.

„You know her don't you? You know the fucking woman at the dock that we have been wanting to talk to? The one who was alone. She was on the dock but she wasn't cold.“

„It was my fathers favourite painting. It was always in his office so I keep it in my office.“
I walked towards him and put my hand on his shoulder.

„Right. Thats really great. Real great. Its really fucking late and you know that woman and you didn't say. I am out of here. The sun is up.“

He reeled around and grabbed me by the collar again. This was real fast. It was real fucking late and the light was bright on the ice.

„Put me the fuck down. PUT ME FUCKING DOWN RIGHT FUCKING NOW RIGHT NOW NOW NOW. OHMYFUCKING OH FUCK YOU YOU FAT FUCKING CUNT.“

I was really screaming. Real loud. So right. He puts his hand over my mouth and rushes me up against the glass wall. He is walking forward and taking me with him. Really fast and then suddenly I can feel the glass on my back. So right I am against it. That Febraury was cold. The whole month. We had early flights. So when my back hit the wall it was cold and a bit of ice cracked and slipped against the awning outside. It feel gently and then shattered. His hand was still over my mouth and he was pressing all his weight against me. He was pressing his chin into my shoulder and there was condensation on the glass. Right. Like a thin foam of it.

„Look at the paint. Look at the fucking painting.“

„I am looking at the painting.“

„This was my fathers painting.“

„This was your fathers painting.“

He pushed his hand that was over my mouth against my hip. I was totally straight against the polymer and the glass. Then he kissed me in this really bad way. He was so like licking an ice cream cone. All I could feel was the glass against my neck right. He was wide. Total wide on. He stopped kissing me but kept right up against the glass.

„Tell me what you would do if you had this much space.“

And then he would push me even harder against the glass wall.

„Tell me what you would do if you had this much space.“

And then another push.

And now I was feeling like I almost couldn't breathe right and that almost like the window would shatter.

„What would you do if you had this much space?? Huh. This fucking much.“

I was stuck. So. Right. Then I kissed him. Just kissed him back slowly. Kissed his big wide tounge and put his hands against my face. I was starting to move and then he was growling and thence turned me around and pulled my t-shirt up over my head. My stomach was against the glass but I could stillsee the sun through the fabric. Yeah it was reality up. And this was how we fucked but he didn't finish. It was the polymer and then the glass. No the glass then the polymer and then my stomach and then him and the desk and the wall and the guest room. This was all in the hotel. It was these layers all really tightly together. And I was thinking. Space is not the problem here. I mean it was tight. He was real wide. And so the glass was strong. There was a thump every time my stomach hit the glass. Its not space. Its more an issue of the clock. It was day right. I was late. Evan was probably the-re. Already there. . So maybe they were talking about the possibilities of arrangements, of strange fakes, and the glass was then warming up against my stomach and sort of slick with sweat. He was panting and I peeled myself of the glass and right then looked past his boat stuck in the lake to the other side of the shore. I was running real late. Now. I mean you know this. I am always now running. And this is how I said goodbye to him. Running toward the elevator.

That was it right. Right so. This is what was then here.

In the cold, when we first arrived.