

Wesley Willis

Mense Reents

Von den Dämonen des Wesley Willis

Hier kommt ein Hellride, du arschloch
Für lebenslang, du Hurensohn
Wir werden niemals mehr weichen
Aus deinem Kopf, wir sind dein Gratislohn
Wir senden nonstop Bilder und labern auf dich ein
Und erfreuen uns an deinem Angstschweiß

Demons are a mad mans, mad mans worst friends
Demons are a mad mans, mad mans best friends
Stay of the hellbus, sad man, mad friend
Demons are a mad mans worst friends

Du sagst, du würdest Rockmusik machen
Andere gingen in den Knast
Wie dein Cousin damals und dein Stiefvater, den du hasst
Seit er die Knarre dir an die Schläfe hielt
Und dich wimmern ließ, fühlen wir uns wohl bei dir
Denn du nährst uns gut mit deinem Angstschweiß

Demons are a mad mans, mad mans worst friends
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Aber manchmal gelang es ihm diesen Teufeln ein
Schweigen abzurufen, und manchmal sprach durch ihn:
Fernöstliche Weisheit
Das gute kindliche Amerika
Die Angst vorm Fegefeuer und Elvis Presley
Die Chicago Police und die CIA
Automobilwerbungen und die Lust an der Sünde
Das alte Testament und Terminator I
Badman und Sigmund Freud

Demons are a mad mans, black man's worst friends
Demons are a mad mans, fat man's bad friends
Von wegen "Rock over London"
Du hast uns an den Hacken
Demons are a mad mans

Demons are a mad mans a mad mans worst friends
Demons are...

Wesley Willis is sitting on his tour bus with six older German punks, listening to Rush, the Beatles and the Carpenters. He has his headphones on pretty much all day. His demons are there, but today they don't take hold. Eleanor Rigby pushes him close to the limit, but then works out. No hellride today. Fuck you, demon!

We're sitting at the front of the nightliner staring at the road in the Nevada desert.

It's snowing. For real. This is a novelty even for the driver, who's been driving around underground bands between Toronto and El Paso for 20 years.

Wesley sometimes looks over to me: smiling, a bit drowsy, with a certain crazed look, almost like Thelonious Monk in the airplane scene in *Straight, No Chaser*. Jerry's Pizza Hall is a basement without pizza. Wesley greets each guest individually; he bends down, holds the other person by the nape of their neck, and presses his forehead—which is marked from all the head bumps—against the forehead of the young white man, while lovingly looking into his eyes.

Today I got a sneaker thrown at my head. If I were a sneaker, I'd have shot right back, but that's probably just my heroic thinking. I'm actually way too scared and my tinnitus is haunting me.

Rock over London, rock over Chicago! Due to the age restriction, the room is divided in two by a net of chicken-wire.

Wesley sits alone on stage with his keyboard and the auto-accompaniment churns out moronic, standard rock songs. The audience cracks up. Wesley is the hero of the evening and enjoys mingling with the crowd. I think Wesley is very aware of his appearance and the effect he has on people.

In the Berlin club SchwuZ, it's unbearably hot. The audience is right up at the front of the stage. Wesley is our support act. It all goes wrong. Several women take offense at his choice of words. He leaves the stage cursing and panic-stricken.

Wesley can't take it anymore. At the Fürstenhof hotel in Vienna, he lays his head on the reception desk, crying like Obeelix. The man on reception duty doesn't know how to cope.

The restaurant where we eat is just a few hundred meters away. Sweating and cursing, Wesley follows us at his own slow pace.

(From the album *Lenin* by Die Goldenen Zitronen; text: Ted Geier)