

THE NIGHT AND THE KID

Texts by Lamine Bachar, Zoheir Mefti, David Yon

*On a full-moon night
I sang to the pale light of the moon
Until I got tired of being awake
Everytime I think
I am overwhelmed with my passions
And then I only see a past without a future
I escape via my rhymes
to heal the wounds of the past
Barely whispering,
I want to live in silence
I am frozen
I put together broken parts of thought
I am in front of you now*

THE NIGHT AND THE KID

Aness! You see?
It's going to die.
Why?
Because it has no roses.
It needs flowers.
Wait, I'll take care of it.

One day...
a windy day,
rainy and stormy.
We were playing at night
with a close friend.
He surprised some terrorists
who were drinking from the pond.
They killed him and took his goats.
They poisoned the spring.
May he rest in peace.
He died near the "white pond".
And we... fled.
Everyone has fled this area.
Are they still here?

Lamine!
Lamine!
Where are you hiding?
Get out!
Lamine!

Where are they?
Look for them!
Look for them, there!

*We live under the rays
of an extinguished sun.
If that were to happen,
humanity would perish.
Nothing would grow on Earth.
Oxygen would be scarce.
Blood would thicken.
Plants would dry up.
Animals would transform.
All activity would cease.
We'd be plunged
into utter darkness.
Each man would have to be
his own lamp.*

Lamine...
why do you flee the city?
You're still young, Aness.
Where are we?
At the pond. Don't be afraid.
I'm afraid. I don't know this area.
Don't worry, I know it by heart.
Aness! You must protect me!
I'll protect you.
Let's go.

Let me carry you.
You are trembling, you are tired.
Relax and hold on to me.

I want to see the sun!
Let's go see the sun!
We must wait.
Wait for what?
For the fear to pass,
so the sun can rise.
And when will it rise?
I don't know..
but the stars are here
to console you.
Then I'll count the stars!
1, 2, 3, 4, 5...

...121, 122.
I'm tired.
Worn yourself out?
You're tired of counting
and I'm tired of carrying you.
We're nearing the pond.
The sound's coming from there.
We're lost!
Where now? Right? Left?
Up? Down? Turn back?
Straight ahead!
This road scares me.
Why?
There are things that scare me.
Listen.
The river is over there.
Let's walk to the river.

Tell me: Does it taste like quail?
No?
What?
Does it taste like quail?
Only one taste.

We lived here in peace.
We raised a horse.
I was...
I sensed I could do something big.
But the day terrorism arrived...
This accursed dark decade
changed everything.
We lived simply,
no quarrels, no humiliations.
Our whole family
shared the same blanket.
Father, Mother, me,
the adults, the kids, all in a line.
We all slept together.
Between us, there was tenderness.
At that time
there was unity in brotherhood.
Today we never see each other!
Our time is cold!
There is no kindness anymore.
We threw time off track.

Adel.

Rose.

Mounir.

Aitich.

Adnane.

Fethi.

Love.

*When my boat will be done,
the sea will be dry.*

At the gates of the capital

The seat of fire

The seat of power

The seat of fratricide

The seat of mutilation

At each person's door

In each one,

a desert of ashes...

Casemates, today empty

and without echoes

No one remembers

their occupants anymore.

The sun is gone!
Perhaps this is a waking dream...
Time has changed.
Everything has gone off track.
We live in a time
which is not our own.

Perhaps the Earth's rotation
has already stopped...
or changed direction?
Imagine a rolled-up measuring tape.
Unroll it,
and at a certain point you reach the limit.
After that, you can only roll it back up.
In fact, you go backwards.
This movement is the same
for the Earth as in life.
But if the Earth stops,
will gravity disappear?
And me?
Will the full moon change me?
It affects all animals and their psyches.
Like all liquid on Earth.

Water!
Don't drink! Don't drink!
Why's it dead?
It drank the water, poor thing.

Is the road still far?
Is the road still far?
Yes!
Yes, it seems still far away!

Where are you hiding?
Get out!

What is your name?
Human.
What is your name?
Forgetfulness.

This way you can hide from men.
I'm afraid.
Don't worry.
Now you're at the river.
I'll leave and I'll be back.
You're near the river.
It's a safe place.
Our make-up will help hide us.
No man can recognize you.
As kids,
we'd play cops and robbers.
We'd darken our faces with charcoal.
We'd burn branches
and rub it on our faces.
Like this...
And we'd run through the streets...
But this is different...
It's the moment of truth.

Boss! Nobody's here!
Come back here.

Walk!
All the way to the pond!
Turn just a bit!
Get down!
Aim the camera!
The camera! Aim!
Your light is showing.
Hide it.
You're still far away.
Shout a word.
Where are you hiding?
Come out.
Come out!
An now...
Go in quickly.
Get out quickly!

Yes.
I am Lamine.
Lamine Bachar.
Bachar Lamine.
It's the same thing
but
before and now
aren't the same thing,
yesterday and today
aren't the same thing,
he
and I aren't the same man.
It's true that it's me
but we're not the same
because he has ambition
but I, I don't know.
Who am I?
How? Why?
I don't know.
Perhaps I have a past?
Did I hurt people?
Did they hurt me?
Did they change my life?
I don't know.
I hope one day
I'll wake up from this nightmare
and be back in my childhood.
I'll be 6 or 7 years old.
I'll grab my satchel
and go to school.
I still keep that part of childhood
or at least
a certain youth
but not the one I live today.
A certain youth...

Are you with me?
Yes, I'm here.
When you talk, it gives light.
Follow the stars.
The sun will appear.
What do you hear?
A cricket.
Barking.
The wind.
The trees.
Nature's voice.

She gathers flower pollen
to make wild honey.
Don't bother her
and she won't bother you.
She's down there.
Where?
That's where the honey is.
One exited.
She's looking for flowers.
If we were down there,
we'd hear an incredible buzzing.
My head is spinning,
let's walk.
So is mine.
The sun is beating down.

Now where do we go?
Lamine, now where do we go?

*The people walked for a long time
Beset by doubt
They, who are going towards the light
How I wish I was going with them!*

(february 2015)