

LET'S GO!

ik moet nog iemand redden.

ik moet nog op vakantie

ik moet nog een huis bouwen

ik moet nog naar m'n moeder

ik moet nog met de hond

start stapje

The coffeegirls were on the road. Together. To gather. They were always looking for love.

They did not know what lied ahead, but they knew the day would have a twilightzone.

Or perhaps in their case, because they were double double dutch, a twilightdaughter.





De Schemering

U kunt uzelf aan de
tijd onttrekken door
hem vast te leggen.

It was 14:14, which is quite a bit away from the twilighttime, when they arrived at a place they didn't know.

There was a man. His name was Other. He said some words and the coffeegirls followed the directions, but they knew this was not what they were looking for.







But they didn't mind and sat down for some nutcake and other juicy stuff.

That really put them down..



and shut them up



but not really really

It was close to 18:18 - and a bit closer to the twilight -
when they double parked near a double double seat.





They started working on their double vision through some colourful bubbling.





And by doubling and doubling they bottled the bubbling



and some words fell, fair and square,
in their babbling.





They had seen the twilight coming, of course, but the vortex was a bit of a shock.
That really put them down...and shut them up...

De Maalstroom

In de hectiek van uw bestaan is er niet altijd ruimte voor het ervaren van intense emoties zoals verwondering en liefde. Deze kaart nodigt u uit om u meer in het moment te storten. Maakt u zich geen zorgen dat u daardoor ontspoord, u zult merken dat u steeds weer vanzelf en tijdig bij zinnen komt.



But not really really. Doubling the vision
one of them reached out for the light, gave it a swing, and turned around and around...



...until she fell and came in handy. "Now I know what double double is", she laughed. "It's a square!", she loved. And so the spirit of squares really felt invited.



I mean: really really!
Suddenly he was all
over the place.

And so they
finally recognized the
place to be.

De Hokjesgeest



The twilighttime had passed. It was 14 minutes to 21:21.

Illegal Café, the sign said, and it's squares were measured by another law. Though the spirit of squares was definitely in there.

De Hokjesgeest

U heeft vele deuren gesloten, soms om u ergens van af te scheiden, soms om beslotenheid af te dwingen. Deze kaart duidt erop dat u zich binnenkort zo veilig zult voelen dat u de deur opent.

*Ik ben een mens met benen
Die zwaar zijn en moe
Met een maag die rammelt
van de honger*

*En m'n bloed dat bevriest hier buiten in de nacht
En die ramen die zien er
zo warm uit*

*Ik zou wel eens willen weten
hoe dat is
Door zulke ramen kijken
Maar dan van binnenuit
Van binnenuit!*



"I don't see what's
ill eagle in here" said
the one who could
only hear things
her own way.

"We have glasses!" the two who knew that
questions had to matter showed her.
One for clarity and one for the golden shine.
One to give a way and one to hold close.

So the man behind the bar took care of that.

And so they helped her seeing with glasses. In front of her, like a mirror, or from a slightly different point of view: a bit understanding and from behind the ears.



They seemed to fit into the spirit of ... whatshahmecallit... until the lines became a bit blurry... and the twilight set in.





They remembered they had left a light
burning, somewhere.

They went for it and used it to light a
sparkling twilight. To take a good look at
the double.





"No ill!" the one-way-one kept
seeing and saying and laughing
and staying.

"Noillnoillnowillnowill..."

Until the one that had taken in
the gold caught it in a circle.





The clear one that mattered immediately found the original curly coffeegirly back.



With another glass of clarity.



"We need another glass
of golden shine too!" the
original knew.

"On the double!"



Het Onbegaanbare Gebied

Uw verleden heeft
zich ongemerkt in
uw lichaam gegrift.
Mogelijk bent u ver-
rast over de krachten
die er in u werkzaam
zijn.



They took the glasses
- just because they might be helpful -
and tried to find the line again.

The caretaker, the double and the spirit
of the squares really backed them up.


Their eyes were golden and clear,
like the eyes of an eagle.

They saw the nakedness of
the little woman they played
to be

and how they got their colours,
weight and greatness.

Mothering





So now they found their line.

Trying every point of view they could take. The child, the woman, the mother. The one who loved them all.



De Vader

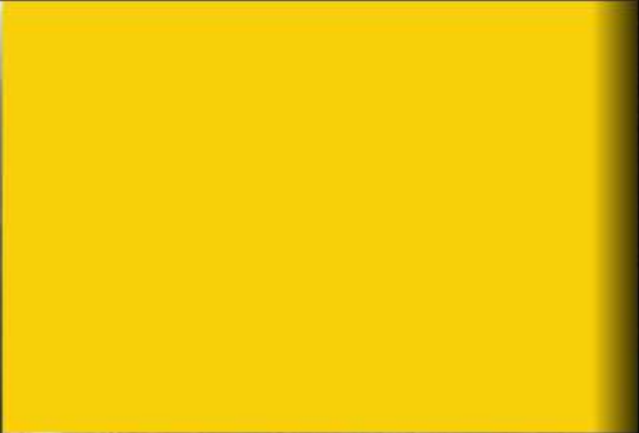
U vervult meer rollen dan u zich realiseert. Pas op dat u niet teveel rollen tegelijk speelt. Het is moeilijk om van een zesde vinger op dezelfde manier gebruik te maken als van de andere vijf. Vijf vingers is precies goed.



Their line was one
of laughing and loving

Going forward
or the other way around forward.





They were never to be
out of line
again.



Not even when they
thought they lost there
heads and the things, it
kept together.

Not even when they
shaded their clear and
golden eyes.





The coffeegirls were on the road. Together. To gather. They were always looking for...






...picturing their magnificent background.

(and the spirit of the squares ... stayed always somewhere in the background too)



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... roezemeroezeme meester van de tijd
Zweeft over de weg naar eeuwigheid
Ben ik aan het denken over het leven
Wat het mij tot nog toe heeft gegeven
Soms door verdriet kapot en verscheurd
Maar door al het moois gelukkig en gekleurd
Maar één ding staat altijd vast
Het leven zelf heeft mij verrast

(vrij verstaan in het
Illegaal Café)

