

*„The Moon is more than a
physical destination“
(NASA, Artemis Mission)*

Lunatic Somnium

Farewell to Gravity



An Ars Acustica Composition by Werner Cee. Lyrics: Bettina Obrecht. 2023.

If humanity is to continue for another million years, our future lies in boldly going where no one else has gone before. (...) We are running out of space and the only places to go to are other worlds. It is time to explore other solar systems. Spreading out may be the only thing that saves us from ourselves. I am convinced that humans need to leave Earth.

Stephen Hawking

If they chase us from earth, my book will be a useful guide to the pilgrims and immigrants to the moon.

Johannes Kepler 1603

Farewell to Gravity is based on Johannes Kepler's „science fiction“ text „Somnium“ (1634), a fictitious travel to the moon. A daemon brings the protagonist from Iceland to the moon in order to show him the earth from above (a forbidden perspective in Kepler's time). He has to deal with adverse conditions and is rewarded a unique look at his home planet.

The short audio piece transports the space-traveller to today's moon, still a romantic symbol but currently also eyed as a valuable depot of raw materials and basis for space colonization.

Looking back at earth, the traveller sees her beauty and fragility, but is also confronted with the debris belt surrounding it. While any day now, a „real Kessler effect“ crashing of satellites could build an impenetrable layer around the earth, there is presently a different, equally impenetrable debris belt: fragments of our media culture, crashing and shattering and forever circling the earth.

The Icelandic astronaut goes through various phases: from the shock of seeing earth as it presents itself today via a short romance to a nostalgic look at old earth and, in the end, defiant acceptance and even relief in view of the burden, the madness he can now leave behind.

The wry sentimental or almost enraptured lyrical texts encounter a dramatic sound aesthetic characterized by virtuoso instrumental playing and driving rhythms; the resulting tension feeds a grotesque dialogue, an outer-space look at our planet jolted by human greed and foolery.



Do you want to see what noone has ever seen?
Do you want your eye to testify
what has been on your mind
for such a long time?

This daemon led the way
surfing through the eclipse
stretching, contracting,
caterpillaring through space
as unknown forces
tried to tear us apart.
We went full speed,
but on reaching the moon,
the daemon caught me softly
In her seven arms.

*And I never thought twice.
Curious
You need to be strong.
You need to be brave
But most of all you need to be
Curious.
Most of all you need to be
Free.*

This daemon
showed me the earth
from above
she pointed out
terrestrial sunrise
and kept me warm
in a cold moon night
I danced a slow dance
In her seven arms,
as the earth shone solemnly
before our eyes.



Shatter splatter
 Darkest matter
 Mutts and martyrs,
 Moths and mothers

matter shatters
 doesn't matter
 darkest matter

vital signs and nursery rhymes,
 Trauma, stoma, melanoma,
 rainbow bridge, allergic itch,

Carbon footprints, superheroes,
 first amendment and ground zeroes, molecules and ridicules
 flavours, favours, online tools,

Spectacle and petty scandal
 Vermin,
 holy man and vandal

Shooting, looting, parachuting
 Experts, celebs, high-faluting,
 sunbirds, botox, Biden, Putin,

crashing, mashing,
 blue light flashing
 gain of function
 extreme unction

Brothels, bothers
 busters, bastards,

dazzles, puzzles, muzzles, shackles,
 low-fat, rat-race,

Crumble, creatures, cars a-crashing
 Special offers, social bashing,

wolves and jackals,

Solid matters
 Matter scatters

Gender, fender and pretender,
 Monk and monkey, moneylender,

spirits and conspiracy
 digits family therapy

Crashes
 Ashes

Let us dance
the moon dance,
interstellar tango,
let us take the chance,
galactic rock as can go
whirling waltz in the void,
before even the void
is destroyed.

The constellations
are our bright chandeliers
they sparkle and sway
as we dance away
in our vacuum
ballroom.

The earth is shining bright
In the sky
The night will not end
This cold, black night
Let our visors touch gently
Our gloves touch tenderly
We will swirl and hop
But we must know when to stop
We should not jump too high
Or else we might fly
And will never make it back
to the vacuum
dance floor

Our eternal chandeliers
are the constellations,
they sparkle and sway
they flicker and shine
they spiral and twine
they tumble and fall
in our vacuum ballroom.



*I have a photograph of you
You were so perfect
Delicate blue and radiant
In a deep black sky*

*You were so perfect in your haze
Just this tender veil over your face*

*My beloved blue marble
Circling your father sun
I see you
In a black sky
Unveiled, bare, ashamed
Of your creatures*

Farewell to gravity

My brain is like a feather
My bones
are like a duckling's down
from a ripped duvet.
My feet are over my head
My dreams are spinning in circles
like the seeds of a maple tree

Farewell to gravity

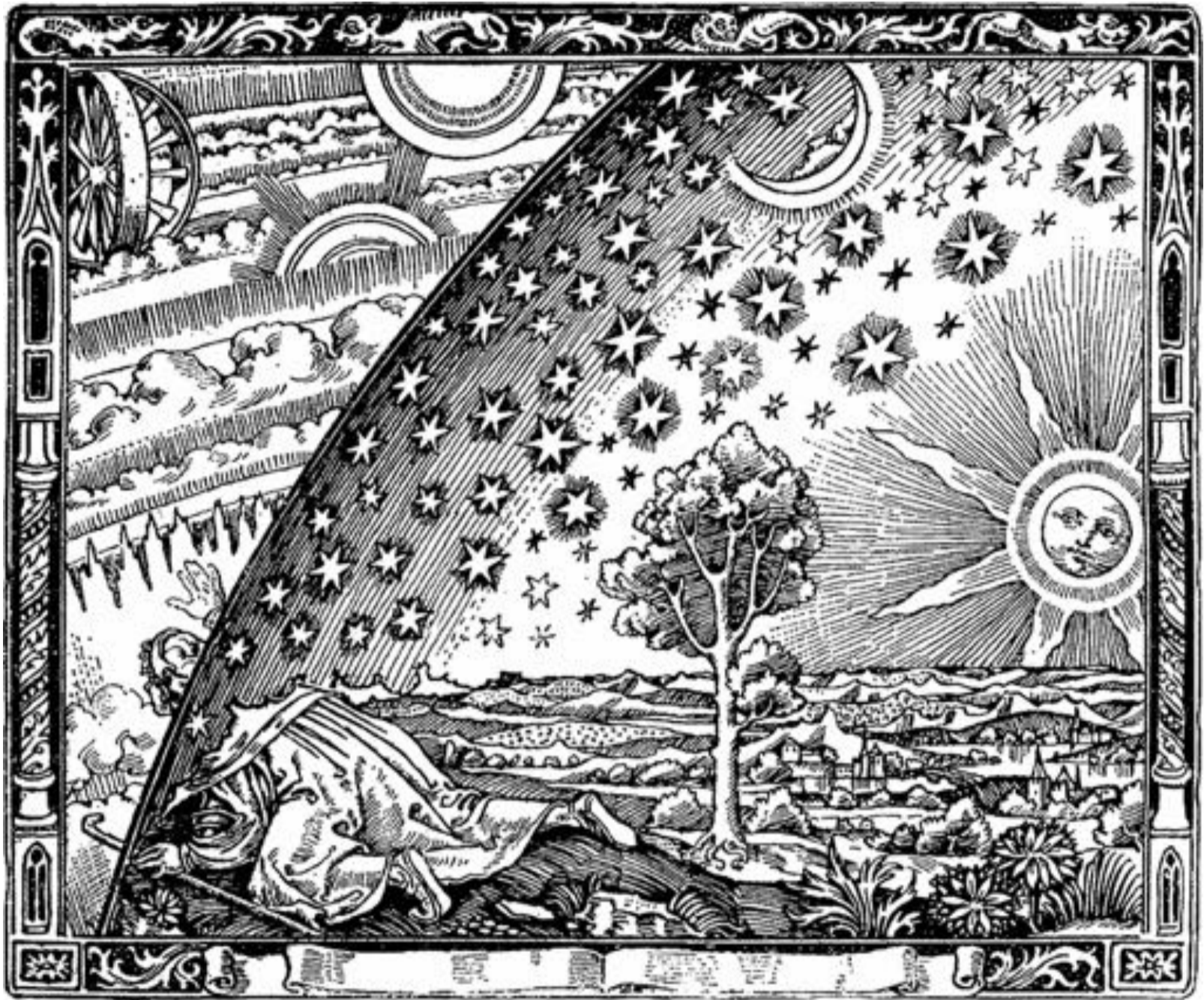
No heavy boots will tread us down
No leaden words will keep us grounded
No leaden thoughts will keep us
from flying.

Farewell to gravity

difficult to drop bombs if they won't fall.
careful:
they might explode on you.

Farewell to gravity

No jumping from bridges any more.
No falling from cherry trees any more.
No dropping your best porcelain any more.
Nor bending with a sore back any more.
No hitting the ground
If you happen to stumble.
Just spread your arms
And fly
and laugh.



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