

ON LOCATION

A man is reading the newspaper.

A woman with grey hair and grey glasses is passing.

There is no background music here.

The young guy in the t-shirt is trying to call somebody.

Two women sit down at a table.

To my dear friend Victor.

Dear Victor, I have spent every lunch break during the last couple of years in a quiet small café near my workplace. If something happened, or I saw something that in one way or another caught my attention, I would quickly write down a few lines about it. Sometimes I would make a drawing, and later, when I got a telephone with a camera, I sometimes took a picture or two. Sometimes I recorded sounds on my phone.

I never thought much about this, it just became a habit. And I rarely looked back at what I had recorded.

As you know, since the last weeks' events, with the outbreak of the disease that has changed not just our country, but our whole part of the world, we are not allowed to leave our houses and move freely outside anymore, unless we have very important matters to attend to. I don't have that. I stay home now. It took some time getting used to, but I can live with it. But I miss my café. And the café is of course shut down as well.

And now, when I look back at my little scribbings, I find that they have taken on a whole other meaning.

Victor, I know that you are in a very different situation than I am. Still, I wanna share with you these little glimpses of this time and this place.

It's lunchtime. 12:19.

A mysterious looking guy on a bench nearby, staring at people. His arms are folded above his belly. He moves his lips. Is he talking to himself? The next time I look up, he has disappeared.

A man enters. He smells of soap.

A woman enters with two pieces of marzipan cake, one in each hand. A man follows her. He talks extremely fast. I have never heard anything like it. The sound is very introverted.

A woman with grey hair and black glasses is passing.

All the tables are taken now.

Table one: A woman alone.

Table two: Three people.

Table three: Two people.

Table four: A woman on the phone.

Table five: Three women.

By the entrance, a woman is talking energetically on her phone. Something does not work in her apartment, and somebody has to come and fix it.

Five other faces.

A woman with black hair and grey glasses is passing.

It is a guy in blue training clothes. He eats a salad very fast.

Now a totally different guy sits down at the bench.

The guy with the trolley comes back. Now there are cardboard boxes on the trolley.

He does not say so much.

A woman with black hair and black glasses is passing.

She has found a body posture that makes it look like she leans backwards while moving forwards.

A guy in a green jacket buys something. The background music changes. Someone with instruments and suitcases is passing by.

The guy next to the window has a piece of liquorice on the table.

The man is reading the newspaper.

A woman with grey hair and grey glasses is passing.

There is no background music here.

The young guy in the t-shirt is trying to call somebody.

Two women sit down at a table.

The one who sat here when I arrived is still here.

13:49

I make a drawing of a young couple having lunch.