**List of dialogues of the narrator**

Rhythms.

Infinite tonal varieties. Frequencies. Joy.

Beautiful diversities of sounds.

Inspiration from the 80s

and the intense examination of my own creative streak.

Friday is Funk Night in Crew Hassan.

Flashy colors.

Curly hairstyles.

Golden bracelets.

Convenient couches.

Clowns behind the bar.

A crowd that approaches each other softly,

before the mood escalates

and it becomes clear:

There won’t be no tomorrow this weekend.

Evolving friendships.

Passionate love affairs.

At first the dance floor remains empty.

In the center of attention are two turntables,

a mixer, the multitude of 7-inch records

and,

representing the Lion King:

Masta B!

Tango in the Disco.

Moving hips.

Shaking Legs.

Flying Arms.

Mesmerizing Bellies.

He spins the records for Irene. His love.

Like dancing waltz on a rollercoaster.

Parliament-Funkadelic, James Brown or The Commodores

The funk never lets go of Masta B,

like a powerful hug or a meaningful kiss.

Reverberation of gentle emotions.

He steps out of the greatest shadows,

to pass on the believe,

that artistic creation must live on forever.

Give meaning to one's own creation.

As usual the evenings start later than planned.

The Funk contrasts with the Techno next door.

While the LPs spin unstoppable,

beer streams from the tap,

the crew is already making new plans.

Sleepless weekends start by organizing tracks.

Relaxed hours in the studio.

Thoughts and moments, immediately captured.

Transformed on synthesizers

to bring bodies into ecstatic behavior.

Constructing an universe,

in which every sound catches the taste of the crowd.

Doubts about failure alternate

with the knowledge of a dependency.

You notice what is happening around you and you know:

The blue light already shines underground.

Now the gang meets underground.

No sunshine. Not even distant.

Gracious movements in darkness.

When the doors of Crew Hassan close,

only a chosen group of associates remains inside.

The entrance is locked with a thick wooden door.

Peaceful resistance prevails,

while the outside world has fallen to its ruin.

After several visits by the police,

who interrupts our gatherings

spreads unrest and lets the blue light flash

through little gaps between the curtains,

we hide in the basement.

Everything is top secret,

when we build on our heritage.

Pornographic scenes make their way into John-e’s imagination.

Erotic fantasies of constant up and downs.

Visions, close to the truth.

In Lisbon we play with open cards.

The Joker has high priority.

Realities of existential patronage.

Mafia-like, aggressive familiar.

Loyalties in which friendliness and brotherhood determine

how people are dealt with.

From the president to the bouncer.

Everyone understands:

The Crew comes first.

Paintings stand thoughtfully arranged

on the attic of our community house.

Pop Art.

Interlaced with the world of expressionism.

The lamp on the ceiling lets one think

of a gigantic hairdresser's cap.

Plants grow in anticipation to blossom.

African masks. Tattoos.

Tapes, turntables, recorders.

Historical utensils from back in the days

when the music from today was established.

In the basement the crew presents its art,

those effusions that connect body,

soul and heart to music.

Masta B has been playing alongside

Lothar Methouse and John-e for the last 15 years.

While he is focused on Funk,

they are dedicated to Techno

Both genres are more than just styles of music.

They are lifestyles that coexist in our Crew.

We keep the circle of music lovers and jokers together.

Today Renas is shaved.

No artist`s beard, which could convey the aura of the surreal,

but his creativity defies boredom.

Glimpses of brilliance.

Personalized illusions.

Buttons that move without active touch.

This space as the site of a transition

between no longer and not yet,

where people appear above all as passers-by.

Projections in the space

between fiction and reality.

This is about the real thing.

No odds and ends, no would-be festivities

and certainly no baseless complaining.

Every weekend there is a mission to accomplish.

Exploring borders,

only accepting the limit

demanding everything,

never ending to move forward.

The beat kicks in! Omnipresence.

When campers look for parking spaces in the summer

and it is not entirely clear where they are going,

Lothar Methouse and John-e know exactly what needs to happen.

Perfect tonality

meets dance-hungry people,

tired of being locked away.

Touching hands.

Closed eyes.

Naked Upper Bodies. Odor of sweat.

Androgynous elegance. Escalation. Euphoria.

Disco lights. Strobe light.

Mood moments conveyed through the creativity of the set.

Addictive: revealing the impossibility to stop moving.