



KETCHUP

Ketchup is about an afternoon Morgan and I spent in the Hufeisensiedlung's restaurant. Beautiful place. Built between 1925 and 1933, the Siedlung. A beautiful, beautiful place. Utopian architecture by Bruno Taut, Martin Wagner, and Leberecht Migge.

The restaurant, the design, the idea is not that old. Postwar. But still very old-fashioned. 50s? 60s?

Let's say Jägerschnitzel.

I don't know if it still exists, the restaurant.

All took place two and a half administrations ago now.

Morgan and I had some fries there. A beer or cola maybe, and we spent some time enjoying the place, the space, the quiet, and contemplating the beauty of the ketchup. Every table had one. Nice, decent, plenty.

Now Morgan and I did Ketchup. For a show at Hidde's place.

Red, the color, the paint, the chemistry.

There are quite a few *Drosophila* in the ketchup during production.

Flies. Buzzing, being busy, millions, billions, hurry.

But still, let's say ketchup instead of blood. Equally red. Burlesque for tragedy. Nephew for uncle.

And red is just a word.

What we have is ketchup and cola, and indeed we are on Easy Street now.

-Lutz Driessen