

Art of Olive Green

Towards Art, an Ethics & a Laugh

Archives

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Strafe für Rebellion – Run to Seed

Posted by [getraer](#) on [July 28, 2013](#)

Posted in: [Gardening](#), [Some thoughts have a certain sound](#). Tagged: [garden](#). [Leave a comment](#)



I've always understood this idiomatic English expression, applied to a person, to say that his prime has passed. This is horticulturally bizarre, because a plant that has "run to seed" is only guaranteeing that many more plants and flowers will appear in the next season.

The expression is supposed to hold because English people (who AFAIK invented the phrasing) believe flowers exist only for their enjoyment, not as plant genitals which by design must do all things genitals everywhere do. And it's *unsavory* when they do, all those seeds and pods flying everywhere from wilted petals and deliquescing flowerheads. Given the regimentation of English gardens: gross.

Yet this song, by Düsseldorfers Strafe für Rebellion, expresses the more human understanding of having "run to seed," and poignantly. Apparently the inclusion of vocals by young turkeys alludes to the more nature-oriented interpretation of running to seed. You decide, since I've overthought this enough.

Ute Lemper—On Brecht

Posted by [getraer](#) on [July 18, 2013](#)

Posted in: Engaged art. Tagged: Brecht, music, poetry. Leave a comment
*Great song & lyrics. I recommend buying it at the highest price available.**

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These serious times
which laughed themselves to death
but being taken serious
are surprised by their tragedy.

Desperate for distraction in these loud times
shivering from symphonies of outrageous crimes and acts.
Creating tales and reports
imitating more and more.

Too deep is the fear of an unchangeable future
and the word shrinks to nothing in front of the truth.
People suffer from famine of the heart
but their heart doesn't know that it's hungry, so hungry.

Pens are drenched in blood, and guns in ink,
everything not thought is done
and what is just thought is unspeakable.