

Percy has returned

Katzenjammer Kabarett

Percy has returned (for singing)

In a familiar bar enters a strange old man, top hat over the head and a stick in his hand. Two men at the counter seem to recognize him, soon after what he tells a story worth hearing.

23 years ago he fled a house in flames, where he had just painted the portrait named Genuine "Oh, that old sketch" says he, "shall soon be put to shame by a new masterpiece I've just finished painting!"

"It must be him for sure, cursed painted Percy, his best friend the mayor in the fire deceased when he vanished away, - Even though some were pleased - All the city wonders where he's been all those years!"

The 3 men then stroll down to the old man's atelier as Percy speaks of how the end of all art's near "After all of these years I've been thinking her, painting her, sketching her, now she's alive and breathing! Yes! She's alive..."

"You must see her for sure!", says he triumphantly as the 2 visitors rush into that messy place wherein lie old paintings, confused atrocities but nothing like a masterpiece can be seen anywhere

"You spoiled it all" they say "There's nothing worth a penny here, nothing but stains and dirt after painting for years" and as he flings a lightning glance upon his enemies and kicks them out of his atelier at the portrait he throws the chandelier.

Percy has returned (the Story)

An old man wanders along the streets. On his head a top hat in his hand a dark stick. Two men here seem to recognize him "is he new here? his face reminds me of something"

The man looks happy and tells his story : Over many a year ago, he flew his house, burning where there was a wondrous painting a magic portrait, he had called « Genuine ».

The old man declares that he's still painting, that, he has now finished his master piece for which Genuine, just a draft had been, and that he is the best painter who has ever lived

"For sure it is him, the painter called Percy, whose best friend, the mayor, in a fire diseased while he ran away and soon after disappeared...Where has he been for all those years?".

Percy feels he has reached perfection dressing the canvas with

flesh & passion. The female he has drawn could now breathe ,her eyes are liquid, her flesh trembles, her tresses weaves.

The three leave to the atelier, talking about art all the way, and Percy explains: "for years I've worked on it but what are your ears when with nature you're struggling? Do we know the type it cost the sculptor to have it walking?"

Percy falls into a reverie and remains with eyes fixed, then says "I have never yet beheld a perfect woman; a body whose outlines were faultless and whose flesh-tints-- Ah! does she lives elsewhere than on my painting?"

"For sure, said he, you must see it! If not you would of course think I'm lying In this work I surpassed Genuine. There, a girl lives, rises and towards you is coming"

Percy opens the closed door of the atelier. "Come in! come in!" cries He,with joy beaming "My work is perfect; I show it to you with pride. Never shall painter, brushes, colors, canvas, light, produce her rival »

The 2 men seized with curiosity, rush into the vast atelier where everything laid in disorder, and where there & here, they can see a few paintings, before stopping... there is nothing like a masterpiece

"See my creature? my spouse? asks he. She's mine, mine alone whom has smiled upon me as, touch by touch, I painted her secretly. There it is! said the old man, eyes sparkling. "Who would not worship her on bended knee? The flesh palpitates! Wait, she's rising see?"

The 2 men draw back, leaving Percy absorbed in ecstasy, « maybe it's because of the light if we can't see a thing, nothing here but a mass of confused color, crossed by eccentric lines, making a sort of painted wall.

"You have spoiled your picture, there's nothing here or just poetry. Nothing but lines & stains after toiling for years"

Suddenly, Percy, raising himself proudly, flings a lightning glance upon his two enemies and with compulsive haste push them out the atelier while inside, at the portrait he throws the chandelier.