

ULRIKE DÜREGGER & BAND

POSTTRAUM(A)

A photograph of a white, floral-patterned fabric draped over a bundle of dried, brown branches, set against a dark, textured background of charcoal or crushed wood. The fabric has small, light-colored floral motifs scattered across it. The branches are thin and bare, creating a stark contrast with the white fabric. The background is a dense, dark layer of irregular, dark grey or black fragments, possibly charcoal or crushed wood, which adds a somber and textured quality to the scene.

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POSTTRAUM(A)

1

Wia woan Kinda

Wia woan Kinda, spün im Woid und am Boch
ka Oungst, imma woama zouman –
du und I und a Engl

tiaf im Dickicht, gounz auf uns alan g'stöt,
sou koit und sou gfärllich ruhig,
stehn stuiz voam sottn Grün und du,
ruafst, jez nimm mei Hound, wei mia san
vawound, I loss di niemois alan.

Wia woan Kinda, spün im Woid und am Boch
ka Oungst, imma woama zaman, –
du und I und a Engl

tiaf im Wossa, gounz auf uns alan g'stöt,
sou koit und sou gfärllich noss,
stehn stuiz voam sottn Blau und du,
ruafst, jez nimm mei Hound, wei mia san
vawound, I loss di niemois alan.

San kana Kinda mea, jeda spüt fúa sich alan,
wia redn neama, Beleidigung – steht im Raum
wia a Bam,
dea uns hindat weita vuran zu gehn.

Ois is vagessn,
die Magie von früa hea, und du,
jo du ruafst net mea, und I kum net mea,
jeda is fúa sich alan.

1 kids
We were

[Eng]

We were kids, used to play in the forest
and at the creek
No fear, always been together, –

you and me and an angel
Deep in the thicket, all by our owns,
so cold and so dangerously quiet,
stood proudly in front of the rich green
and you,
calling, now take my hand, cos we're related,
I will never let you alone.
We were kids, used to play in the forest
and at the creek,
no fear, always been together, –
you and me and an angel
deep in the water, all by our owns,
so cold and so dangerously wet,
stood proudly in front of the rich blue and you,
calling, now take my hand, cos we're related,
I will never let you alone.
We are kids no more, everybody plays for
themselves,
we don't talk anymore, an insult –
stands in space like a tree
which hinders us to proceed further.
Everything is forgotten,
the magic from before, and you,
no, you're not calling any more and
I do not come anymore
everybody is for themselves.

2

Black is the colour

Black is the colour of my true loves hair
his face so soft an wondr'ous fair

the purest eyes and the strongest hands
I love the ground whereon he stands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair

his face so soft and wond'rous fair
the purest eyes and the strongest hands

Oh, I love the ground on where he stands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

Oh, I love the ground on where he stands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

Schwoaz is di Foab von mein Liabstn di Hoa
sei G'sicht sou zoat und unglablich eanst
die tiefstn Augn und di stärkstn Händ
I mog die Oat, wi a sich bewegt,
I mog die Oat, wi a mit mia red.

A 3 oida Moun

A oida Moun stet weit oum am Hügl
und schaut
gounz ruig und sta weit außi aufs Mea.
Ea is gounz oid und grau, oba aufrecht
und eanst
nua seine Augn zuckn hin und doun hea.
A oida Moun steht am Hügl und schaut,
ea is a Meinsch, dea wos sog und si trauf.

Da Wind blost stoak, mocht sein Koupf
gounz kloa

di Wön im Wossa schlogn auf und doun ob.
Ea steht alan und stumm, oba wiad grod
bewegt,
seine Gedanken zuckn hin und doun hea.
A oida Moun steht am Hügl und schaut,
ea is a Meinsch, dea wos sog und si trauf.

Chorus:

Vua seine Augn laft gounz schnö sei Lem
oun eam voabei
wi a Füm dea auf Fastforwoad spüt,
mit seine aufgriss' nan Augn schaut a jez wos
sich trauf,
ea koun net oundas als rean.
A oida Moun steht am Hügl und schaut, ye,
a Mensch dea wos sog und si trauf.
A oida Moun steht am Hügl und schaut, ye,
a Mensch dea wos sog und si trauf.
Hey, ndada dada dada dada ndi, Hey ndada
da da da da daaa
da da dida, da da dida, dada dada dadi nda

Deis Büd vom Son ascheint jez vua sein Aug
wi dea getriebn duach an dichtn Sound rennt.
Ea is jung und stoak – gounz aufrecht
und eanst,
volla Hoffnung auf a Lem wo ea gwinnt.
A junga Moun steht am Grenzzoun und
schaut, ea is a Meinsch dea wos sog
und si trauf.

Sei Lem wiad grod stoak vom Woatn
bestimmt,
ea koun net vua und er koun a neama zruck,
füf si alan und stumm oba aufrecht und eanst
und ea waß net wohin in des ois nou füat.
A junga Moun steht am Grenzzoun und schaut,

ea is a Meinsch, dea wos sog und si traut.
A oida Moun stet weit oum am Hügl und
schaut
gounz ruig und sta – weit außi aufs Mea.
Ea is gounz oid und grau, oba aufrecht
und eanst,
nua seine Augn zuckn hin und doun hea.
A oida Moun stet am Hügl und schaut,
ea is a Meinsch, der nix sog, nix mea traut.

Da graue Stan vua eam hot kan Tog und
ka Stund,
nua des Joa in dems vadammt passiert is.
Ea is oid und grau, oba aufrecht und eanst,
nua die Schrift am Stan get hin und doun hea.
A graua Stan stet am Hügl und zagt wos von
an Meinschn, dea wos sog und si traut.
A graua Stan steht am Hügl und zagt wos von
an Meinschn, dea wos sog und si traut.

3 man [Eng]
An old

An old man stands far up on a hill and looks
quite calm and rigid out to sea
He is quite old and grey, but lean and erect
only his eyes flicker back and forth
An old man stands still on a hill, a person of
word who dares,
An old man stands still on a hill,
a person without no fears.

The wind blows strong, makes his head
all clear
The waves of water beating up and then down
he stands alone and still, but is just moved,
his thoughts jiggle back and then forth.

An old man stands still on a hill, he is a
person of words who dares,
An old man stands still on a hill, he is a
person without no fears.

Chorus:
In his eyes you see his life's rush past him
Like a film that's played fastforward.
And with his eyes wide open he looks at
what happens
he couldn't hold back some of his tears
An old man stands still on a hill, a person
with words who dares,
An old man stands still on a hill, a person
without no fears.
Hey, ndada dada dada ndi, Hey ndada
da da da da daaa
da da dida, da da dida, dada dada dadi nda

The image of his son appears now before
his eye
how the driven runs through a dense sand
he's young and strong, quite lean and erect
full of hope for a life where he wins
A young man stands at the border fence,
a person who speaks out and dares.

his life is strongly determined by waiting
right now
cannot go forward and he cannot go back
he feels alone and mute but lean and erect,
and he doesn't know where all this will lead
him yet
A young man stands at the border fence, a
person who speaks out and dares.

An old man stands far up on a hill and looks

quite calm and rigid out to sea
He is quite old and grey, but lean and erect
Only's eyes flickering back and forth
An old man stands still on a hill, a person of
no more words who fears.

The gray stone before him has no time and
no day
just the year the whole damn thing happened
He is quite old and grey, but lean and erect
only the writing on the stone goes back and
forth
A gray stone stands on the hill and shows,
of a person with words with no fears.
A gray stone stands on the hill and shows,
of a person with words with no fears.

4

Papia in deine Händ

Nimm mi,
hoit mit,
foit mi
moch aus mia wos du wüst
Biag mi,
moch an Knick iagndwou
druck a Seitn weck von mia
ziag sie vua und vawoundl mi
Nimm mi
und hoit mi
foit mi glatt, moch wos
moch aus mia wos du wüst
Loss mi flieagn
wei I wuid di Wöd

schon imma von oum segn
Biag mi
und hoit mi
foit aus mia wos du wüst
vawoundl mi in deine Händ
vawoundl mi in deine Händ
vawoundl mi in deine Händ
wei I bin Papia in deine Händ
loss mi fliajn, oh, I bin Papia in deine Händ,
Hoit mit
Foit mi
Hoit mi
moch aus mia wos du wüst
und biag mi
und moch an Knick irgndwou
druck a Seitn weck,
loß mi fliajn.

4
Paper in your hands

[Eng]

Take me
Hold me
Fold me
Make of me what you want
Bend me
Make a kink somewhere
push a page away from me,
pull it out and transform me
Take me
And hold me
Fold me smooth, make of me
What you want
Let me fly
because I always wanted to see
the world from above
Bend me

hold me
fold me what you want,
transform me in your hands
transform me in your hands
transform me in your hands
because I am paper in your hands
let me fly, oh, I am paper in your hands
Hold me
Fold me
Hold me
make of me what you want
and bend me
and make a kink somewhere
push a page away from me,
let me fly

5

You Precious Thing

Leiztns hob I tramt von mia
I woa in an engan Kleid
Und die Foab passt a net zu mia.
Bin auf die Stroß'n außi g'grennt,
I hob g'ruafn: bitte höft's ma mit mein Kleid,
koun mi alan net befrein.
Mei Atem hot ma g'stockt, I g'spia Panik
I hob glabt, daß I ka Luft ... mehr krieg.
Auf amoi
sig I hinta mia
Und auf amoi
lies I a Schrift
You Precious Thing
Deis stet do oun da Wound und
I waß I bin g'mant

You Precious Thing
Des hot wea g'sprüht fúa mi und ois foit ob
Und deis Kleid öffnat si von alan ...

5

[Eng]

You Precious Thing

The other day I dreamed about myself
I was in a tight dress
And the color also does not suit me
ran out into the street
I shouted: please help me with my dress
Can not free myself alone
my breath caught in my throat, I sense panic,
I thought I would never breathe again
Suddenly
I see behind me
All at once
I read a writing
You Precious Thing
That's what it says there on the wall
and I know it means me
You precious thing
Someone sprayed this for me
and everything falls off
and the dress opens on its own.

6

Mouchmoi/Sometimes

Mouchmoi
Do frog I mi
Wos wiadn sein

Wenn I amoi neama bin
Wiast traurig sein
Oda wiast ma vazein
Wiast di vaneign
Oda wiast di gfrein
Wos wiadn sein
Wos wiadn sein
Wenn I amoi neama bin
Sometimes
I wonder
what will be
when I am gone
gone for good
will you be sad
or will you be glad
will you be mad
will you be sad
what will be
what will be
when I am gone
what will be

7

Sie is Sie

Sie get net, sie schreit
Sie azöt net, sie paliat
Und sie schaut net, sie blickt
wei sie is sie
oh, Sie is sie, oh
Sie streitat net, sie vamittlt
Sie berüat niemand, sie bewegt
Sie foat net fuat, sie vareist,
wei sie is sie, oh,

Chorus:
Und wenn du glabst, du kennst sie,
bitte teisch di net
Und wenn du glabst, du waßt wos sie tuat,
bitte teisch di net
Sie mocht wos und du sigstas net,
sie hintalosst Woate und du kounst sie
nua g'spian
Sie woundt auf Spuan, trotzdem suach sie
net, weil sie is do.

Sie hot kan Hoß, sie vagibt dia
sie is net ungeduldig, sie nimmt si Zeit
Sie blickt in kane Spiegl
sie genügt sich,
wie sie is sie
oh, Sie is Sie, oh

7
She is She

[Eng]

She does not walk, she moves forward,
She does not talk, she converses
And she does not look, she views,
she is she
oh, she is she.
She does not argue, she mediates,
She does not touch anyone, she moves
She doesn't go away, she travels,
she is she, oh, she is she

Chorus:
And when you think you know her, please
don't make a mistake,
And when you think you know what she does,
please don't be deceived
She makes something you cannot see,

She leaves words, and you can only feel them,
She wanders on tracks, yet don't look for her,
cos she's there.

She has no hate, she forgives you,
She's not without patience, she takes her time.
She does not look into mirrors
She's enough for herself, cos
she is she
oh, she is she, oh

I used to love you ⁸

I used to love you, from the depth of my heart
I used to love you, right from the start
we hugged and we kissed
the sorrows away
but now it's all over now
Why did you meet the other ones,
why did I then loose the trust
If we had talked like we used to do
if we had shared what lovers do
Why is life so hard to lovers why can't I fight
the way back
oh why, oh why
I used to love you

9

Fathers

Keep walking through the streets
birds are flying high above
People don't greet
See no sunlight in these days
Empty lonely faces watchin' me
Go my way

Chorus:

There's a woman crying with her child
Father left the two of them behind
The woman she doesn't know
Why is life so hard and why is she
All alone, all alone
Why is she with her child so free
Nobody seems to need them

Cross the bridge water sounds near
Boats a floating slowly
You can see them but you don't hear
I keep on walking think of the two
Why do so many kids raise up
Without their fathers

Grannys Garden ¹⁰

Wenn I oid bin

Wead I mi arinan oun dei liabas G'sicht,
und wos du g'sogt host wi du goungan bist
waß I des nou?

Wead I des nou wissn wie weh deis hot toun,
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lig.

Wead I deis nou wissn wie weh deis hot toun,
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lig.

Wead I deis nou wissn wi deis woa
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lig?

Wead I deis nou wissn wie weh deis hot toun,
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lieg.

Wead I mi arinan oun dei liabas G'sicht,
und wos du g'sogt host wie du gaoungan bist
waß I deis nou?

Wead I deis nou wissn wie weh deis hot toun,
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lieg.

Wead I deis nou wissn wie deis woa
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lieg?

Wead I deis nou wissn wie weh deis hot toun,
wenn I oid und grau bin und in an oidn Bett
zum Steam drinnan lieg.

11
When I'm old

[Eng]

Will I remember your lovely face,
and what you said about the way you walked
will I remember that?

Will I remember how much it hurt,
when I'm old and gray and lying in an old bed
to die inside of it.

Will I remember how much it hurts,
when I'm old and gray and lying in an old bed
to die inside.

Will I remember how it felt
when I'm old and gray and lying in an old bed
to die inside of it

Will I remember how painful that was,
when I'm old and gray and lying in an old bed
to die inside.

Corona Dance



Ulrike Düregger
G'sang, Komposition, **Lyrics**



Daisam Jalo
Oud



Hisato Tsui
Piano



Kirmaz Onur
Perkussion, Schlagzeug

Musik:
Ulrike Düregger — G'sang, Komposition, Lyrics
Daisam Jalo — Oud
Hisato Tsui — Piano
Onur Kirmaz — Perkussion, Schlagzeug

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außer Black is the colour

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als G'sangssprache
im Jazz möglich ist.
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