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ANISSIA

True Story in Eight Scenes

A production by Peter Fritz Walter.

The Collected Works of Peter Fritz Walter • December 22, 2015

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DESCRIPTION

Anissia is a true story which shows with much evidence how modern French society protects and comforts those who impudently abuse its social and economic system, who, bare of any morals, are but out to exploit others in every possible way and by whatever means, while putting in a corner and marginalizing those who try to live a constructive life which is in accordance with social and cultural values.

The latter group, only because they are people who love children more than the average of modern citizens, and who are ready to invest themselves in a private and professional life around children, are rejected by French society, hypocrite as it is, and for reasons that are not rationally nor humanly comprehensible.

The story is a revolting witness report that shows in much detail the human corruption in that country which is in plain dissolution of its value system. While it once was a democratic and pluralistic society, it has become a police state in which reign fear, suspicion, criminality and ruthless exploitation, and, last not least, the most impudent mafia spirit.

The story shows the deeper and psychological reasons for this state of affairs, cognizable at least for those who still



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have the sensibility to think outside of the media propaganda, which diabolizes childlove instead of making the least effort for understanding it.

SCENE ONE

— I tell our story, Anissia because I know you wish it so; after all, you tell it to everybody, as your crazy mother told me. So let's go ahead and tell the world how this society massacres love and why there is so much hatred, so much fear and so much prejudice! Yes, when man had once the sordid idea to kill love and replace it by morality, then the seed for hatred was sown among all of us.

— What is morality, Pierre?

— It's when people say that they have to do it instead of saying that they love to do it.

— I love to draw!

— But in kindergarten they tell you that you have to draw, right?

— Yes. But when I don't want to draw and they tell me I have to draw, I will not draw!

— So, you have understood it all ...



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— Yes, because I love to draw, you bought me crayons, right?

— Because you love to draw and not because you have to.

— I often think of the day when you came to visit us and I got from you the first crayons, do you remember ...?

— Of course, because it was the day when your mother hit you, and your little brother, and I was very angry with her, upon which she went to take a shower and never said good-bye when I left.

— Well, that day I told you that my mother is a witch, that my uncle is an idiot, and that my father is an asshole ...

— True. But there is still so much you don't know and will probably never know as I do not see you any longer; that's why I will tell this story to the whole world, for the few who have their ears in their hearts.

SCENE TWO

I just had moved to that somewhat boring small town in France and thought that I was lucky to have found friends upon arrival. The very night of my moving there, upon leaving the restaurant, I met a local family and we shared in watching the beautiful music spectacle.



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The air was hot and perfumed with a wonderful scent of pines and I was thinking back with disgust of my birth town, as in that small town of mining and steel industry, it really stinks. The reason I had tried to get in touch with that elder couple was the little girl who was with them, a tiny beautiful blonde of around five.

She had attracted me magnetically and my hot melting desire must have thrown a sudden charm upon her as well, as she was sending me innocently bold and deep glances with her big brown eyes. We exchanged addresses and they invited me for a drink.

The next day I had lunch in a beautifully situated old castle hotel close to my new residence, and got to know the owners. After lunch, I took a coffee at the bar and got to know the Italian owner of the hotel who presented me his niece, Laure, a charming straw-blond eight-year old, and asked him spontaneously to photograph her, and he agreed. A moment later I met the mother, Mia, a small yet strongly built blonde with sparkling brown eyes, from Spain and the father, Giuseppe, the brother of the owner.

After these encounters that had come about graciously and spontaneously, I thought I'd have a little chance to realize my artistic project for children, and at the same time I got from Laure's mother all possible contacts to television, radio, news agencies and art studios in the region that I needed.



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In fact, it turned out she had the idea before me and as she has a huge circle of friends, she also had a friend who worked for more than twenty years for the television in Marseille. From him we got a whole list of studios and other outlets, so-called *fichiers* where talented children can be registered for little jobs as mannequins, models, stage requisites or actors/actresses.

When I came back that afternoon, I felt light and joyful and as my windows were wide open because of the heat, I heard the angelic laughter of a little girl. And it was not only her voice, but also her way to talk that seemed to me at the same time very intelligent and very charming. This is an exceptional child, and exceptionally gifted for the media, I thought. So I grabbed my camera and ran down the stairs to meet them.

It was like a dream; all was so effortless and full of positive energy. I was welcomed by the little group, a quite young and very slim Arab woman, a heavy small adolescent with quite vulgar traits, and the little star, a girlie of extreme beauty and charm who was around four years old. And she had a little brother of about two years of age, who seemed anxious and weak. As much as these boys seemed mediocre, as much the little girl at their side looked like a real queen, as if she was born to the wrong family. Her name, her mother told me, was Anissia, and her brother's name Nasim.



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— I heard you from my window, over there ... I told the girl.

— Really, you heard my voice ... and how?

— Because I live over there, and my windows are open all day with this terrible heat, so I heard your voice, because you laughed and then I heard you talking ...

— Yes, because ... because ... because you know, Nasim pissed in the street, but he should not piss in the street, but use the toilet at home, but nonetheless he pissed in the street, because he likes to piss in the street...

We were all laughing at her explanation and I told her mother about my project for talented children, and my impression that her girl was extremely gifted for the media profession.

She liked the idea at once, told me her name was Nadia, and said I was not telling her something new, that people had made remarks that Anissia was a very intelligent child, and that even many French told her that, because life here was not so easy for Arabs and it was not very common that French people found Arab children intelligent or beautiful. But that Anissia had an incredibly easy contact with people, especially with French people.



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The girl, much to my surprise, used an astoundingly complex and developed vocabulary for her age and her way to articulate herself was at the same time funny, original and creative. She seemed to know no fear and played with everything, words, grammar, ideas, but also with people. She seemed to live in an enchanted reality full of potential, full of creativeness, full of joy and laughter. And this, her particular reality, she irradiated it powerfully, and she came over to people as exceptional.

Her mother, at her side, really seemed stupid compared to her. And this first impression of the fundamental difference between the two should perhaps have warned me to not too quickly throw my heart at Anissia's feet, because in this world and society, a small child cannot decide for her life and destiny, and all passes through the filter of her family.

And while Anissia possessed a sane aggressiveness, her mother came over to me as a highly frustrated bitch and in her face and her rigid movements was written a strange violence. Whereas Anissia was soft and moved a lot, her mother was rigid, like a stick, and static.

She seemed dried out, as if emotions were completely absent from her inner life. In Anissia I saw a living example of truthfulness, of openness and joy of life. In her mother I saw dishonesty written on her front, a closed personality and sadness, depression. Soon I was to learn more about them.



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Of course, in hindsight this is easy to say or to write, but in that very moment, I did not listen to my deepest intuition and was virtually caught in the stream of love. This little girl had won my heart really on first sight or rather on first sound.

From this moment, nothing in my life had importance but her, and helping her soul reality to be incarnated powerfully in this world. I felt I could be of great service to her with my artistic talents and ideas, and her love and the relationship with her would help me in my own quest for starting a late-life artistic career, as a creative educator and performing artist.

So I invited them for the next day for lunch, and unfortunately not to a restaurant, but to my flat. And what happened was not at all what I had expected to happen. Nadja came not only with Anissia and Nasim, but also an older and a younger sister. The young sister was about sixteen, a girl with a sugared hypocrite smile of whom I have forgotten the name.

The older sister, Yemina, was an extremely thin and ugly woman with eyes of fear and depression. Sadism was written in her face. Nadja's children were crazy of joy meeting me, put their arms around my legs.

I offer some snacks, and fried almonds. Nadja joins me in the kitchen for preparing something to eat. Once of a sudden, she closes the door and puts her arms around my neck:



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— I want to talk to you. You know, I love you ..., and you can do your project with Anissia, all you like you can do with her ... I love you so much, I don't know why, I could imagine to marry you ...

I softly free myself out of her arms, anxious to not hurt her feelings.

— Frankly, I am not used to receive spontaneous caresses and confessions of young women ...

— So, you don't find me attractive, right, tell me right away! You find me ugly, right? You like my little sister ...

— Not at all.

— So what is the reason that you reject me?

— I find you a bit obsessive to jump at me like that, first of all. This is after all a bit extravagant, don't you think so? We do not know each other yet. But please let's discuss this another time and prepare something to eat for all of us ...

— Okay, I help you, of course ...

When we came back to the living room, I looked sadly at all the disorder and the mess these people, within only a few minutes, had produced. The room looked as if a bomb had exploded. The floor was full of stuff, candies, almonds, paper,



and there were books taken out of my library and put anywhere.

The women were smoking heavily and put their burning cigarettes on the corner of the table ... the air had turned foul! The little boy jumped on my old art deco sofa and demonstratively, when I entered the room, his auntie slapped him right in the face and he began to howl like a beaten dog.

Then I was serving white wine and was not aware which effect this would have on them, especially on the younger woman. She was drinking the wine as if it was water. In addition, for the time I had been in the kitchen, she had discovered my Cuban cigars, lighted one for herself and walked with the cigar in her hand from one end of the room to the other.

She obviously wanted to demonstrate something. Shortly thereafter, she smashed the cigar in the ashtray as if it was a piece of filthy dirt.

This girl is perverse, I spontaneously thought. To make it all worse, I had drunk myself a little too much, mostly for remaining calm, because inside I was furious at the incredible insolence and vulgarity of these people.

In addition, Yemina came to sit on the table, facing me and telling me all kinds of dirty stories she had been through with men. I never had an experience with women of this kind and felt helpless. In addition, I had no idea that they took all



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kinds of drugs, and that Nadja herself was heavily addicted to heroine. Finally, Nadja and her little sister were drunk and caressed each other like a lesbian couple, asking me to take photos.

Anissia, as if she wanted to take revenge that she was not the first person in the party, broke the cartridge needle of my high-fidelity record player, a damage that, as I later saw, was not to repair as this fantastically sounding old cartridge was no more produced.

After this act of childish sadism, she turned around and asked:

— When will you eventually start to take photos of me?

I answered we would do that another day, when the light conditions were better. So she began to cry and insisted to have photos taken now. She came to sit on my lap, her legs wide apart and gave me a long hot and humid kiss on my mouth. I was melting away as if in a dream, the women applauded, and Nadja made photos of Anissia and me.

— Anissia loves you very much, Nadja said, in a sudden sweet tone, but her voice was somber from the many cigarettes she had smoked. Anissia really seemed very excited erotically and asked me to kiss and caress her; she continued to cover my face with tender and voluptuous kisses. And I got a sudden intuition that this girl, in one of her former lives, had



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been a temple prostitute in her native country, which I later learnt, was Libya, as she and her mother turned out to be of native Tuareg descent.

Her charm was so truly seductive and mixed with such a blunt and bold self-affirmation and erotic desire expressed without any fear or guilt, that I was speechless. I knew in this moment that I loved this girl even beyond her erotic attraction, because I loved the eternal soul in her, and that I'd prefer to avoid an adventure with her, which I intuited could bring dangerous results considering the chaotic nature of these people.

In fact, an inner voice in me objected somehow to go further with all of this. In a way I felt that this little girl was a soul mate for me, and that we knew each other very deeply, on a spiritual level, but that this love also would encompass physical attraction, but not the other way around.

At the end of the afternoon, to leave me for going home was a challenge for her. She affirmed repeatedly she wanted to stay and not leave anymore, and sleep with Pierre, which of course only triggered laughter with mother and aunties. At the end of all, Anissia was rolling on the floor and treated it with her fists in rage and despair, shouting she wanted to stay with Pierre.



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— Anissia suffers to leave you, Nadja said. She loves you. She does not want to go home but I must force her to go home with us because it's time to leave. This child can be very difficult at times, she has an iron will ...

Anissia became once of a sudden calm and agreeable because her mother promised to come again with her the next day. Suddenly poised, Anissia approaches and kisses my hand, saying:

— Until tomorrow, Pierre, will you be here when I come?

— Yes, I will always be here for you ..., now ...

They leave by making a lot of noise. I go to the toilet and find on the floor, next to the toilet bowl, a piece of jewelry that I inherited from my grandmother. I rush to the jewelry box in the bathroom and see that one ring of high value was missing, together with a five hundred Euro bill that I had put in this box for making some economies. Coming back to the living room and seeing the state of disaster of the room and the even worse emotional disaster I was in, I fell in a deep depression. I made order as good as I could, cleaned everything and went to sleep.

As I did not have their address, but only a phone number, I call the next morning. The voice of a man who turned out to be Nadja's brother, replies. I ask for her. He replies she was not there. I call again, to get the same answer again, until



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late in the afternoon, she calls me back and says she'd come with Anissia for the photos. She comes with Yemina and Anissia and they affirm it must have been the little sister who had stolen the ring and the money.

I had no more desire to take any photos of Anissia, as I was emotionally very afflicted. They leave and come back in the evening, and in fact bring me back the ring. However, the money was lost. They said they had not found it with their sister. Despite all, the fact that they brought me back the ring which, besides its material value, had a high emotional value for me, a feel a bit of my initial feelings of friendship coming back.

The next day, Yemina's little ugly son that I had seen the first day, shortly came up half the staircase to tell me that his young auntie had committed a suicide attempt and that she was in hospital now. From this day, Nadja came very seldom with Anissia. So I went there to find them, despite the fact that I was not sure where exactly they were living.

When I found them, they seemed all happy and joyful. Anissia came to sit on my lap at once and covered me with kisses and tender words, and I felt like in paradise. My little princess had not forgotten me.



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— Anissia drives me crazy, her mother comments. She asks for you without end. I don't know what she is searching with you...?

— Love ...

— Yes, and you know her father never took care of her. She must have such a need ...!

— It appears to be a physical need, but also an emotional thirst that is even stronger, I think.

In this moment Anissia takes part in the conversation.

— My father is an asshole, you know. He just went away the other day, far away, for his work. He does not want to come back. He does not love me. But me, I love you now, you are my new father, Pierre, and I don't want another one ...

I remain silent and caress her, pensive. Nadja invites me for having breakfast with them the next day. When I am at the door, she whispers in my ear that I should erase all the photos taken of her and her sister ...

— I did it already, I replied. I am interested in the project for Anissia, not in such kind of vulgar photos. By the way, when I take photos, it's not that kind of photos, to be very clear about this ...



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— Yes, I understand. Your idea for Anissia is very good. I will bring her to you two times a week and then you can do with her what you like ...

— I did not ask you for being alone with Anissia. With the other children of the project, I am not alone either. You can stay with us when I take the photos.

— I just wanted to be nice to you ... because you are so nice with me, despite all what happened ...

I kissed her when I left, and had forgotten about the money lost. In the following night, I had a strange dream. In this dream, I encounter a spirit that was wearing a black robe like an Imam and talked to me about my project. Then he clearly said:

— Be very careful! This is dangerous for you. It's better to abandon this project.

I woke up suddenly, shocked about that clear dream vision. I nonetheless went to their flat, and when I entered, I felt it was the wrong moment. The family was sitting in silence in the scarcely furnished living room, and they seemed to have discussed something of importance. They froze to ice when I entered. They were barely clothed, smelly. The light was pale as the curtains were closed, and the children were in under-pants. The air in the room was thick and I intuitively felt they



had been discussing about me and probably my project for Anissia.

The floor was covered with dirt. A young man was sitting in an armchair close to the door. I guessed it was the young brother who had answered the phone. Nobody greeted me. Nadja, without any tact, asked me to go buy some cigarettes for her. I was on the point to spit out in front of her, but in that critical moment, Anissia came on the stage again:

— I want to go with you, Pierre, to buy the cigarettes.

She was standing against the window at the opposite end of the room and in that moment runs toward me, but halfway her mother catches her arm and holds her tight.

— You are not dressed, stupid girl, not even washed ..., she shouts at her. Anissia shouts back:

— I don't care!

I quickly leave, at a point to explode, but just after closing the entry door behind me, I hear Anissia screaming, so I turn back and open the door which was not locked, and see Nadja, like out of her mind, hammering down with her two fists on Anissia's head.

— You stop immediately to beat Anissia, I yell!



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I think I had a threatening allure in that moment; in fact it was as if I felt that crazy young woman was beating me up.

Yemina who until then had not said a single word, now throws me an amused regard and in her eyes and face was written approval and complicity.

— So, you came back ... for Anissia!

— Yes because I heard her scream and will not accept my little princess is beaten, for whatever reason!

Anissia runs toward me and puts her little arms around my legs, desperately crying.

— Pierre, take me with you, please, for buying cigarettes!

— Okay ...

Nadja, with a stupid regard, utters:

— Can you buy a swim suit for Anissia?

Whereupon she pulls Anissia with her in the bathroom and the girl, somewhat routinely, pulls down her underpants. Upon which Nadja beats her again and shouts at her:

— Stupid girl, keep your underpants! I will not wash you entirely, but only your face and hands.

— You are a child abuser, I coldly throw at Nadja.



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— She is a stupid cow, Anissia throws back, without fear.

— Nadja remains silent and crisp and washes her daughter with harsh violent movements, that show no tenderness, no care and no love, as if the girl was an annoying object in her hands.

Eventually, I leave with Anissia, taking her little hand for running down the stairs, from the seventh floor downwards, as the primitive housing block had no lift.

— I am actually surprised, I said, suddenly relieved of all the emotional burden, that your mother has allowed you to come with me.

— Why?

— It means that she trusts me, after all. And after all, we don't know each other for long.

— But me, I know you much better than my mother and I wish always to go out with you. I tell my mother every day...

— What do you tell her?

— I tell her that I want to go to your house and meet you, but she doesn't let me go.

— And when I see that she beats you, this drives me really mad!

— Will you really buy me a swim suit?



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— Yes.

— I am so happy. Since long I say I want to have a swim suit, but we have little money and the department store is so expensive ...

Leaving this dreadful place with Anissia was like waking up from a nightmare. Love is not made for being lived in misery and dirt. Only a humanity that has killed love can get to build such monstrous housing and enclose itself in fear, in hate and in domestic violence.

As the department store was not far, we had not long to drive. Anissia was obviously happy to sit in the back of my Mercedes.

— I love your car ..., she whispers, caressing the door knob with her little hand.

In the supermarket, I saw that Anissia was not one of those spoiled children who ask for all and everything. After I bought her the swim suit, and a nice one, I proposed to buy her some candies, actually for testing her and for knowing if her love was real, or if, as so many other children today, she was just out for material gain. Her answer for the candies was:

— You bought me already a swim suit, that was expensive...

— It's okay ...



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— I do not need candies, but perhaps for Nasim?

— That's a good idea. I will buy a big bag with candies, for everybody, and we will eat them after breakfast, okay?

— That's a very good idea indeed ...! Anissia concludes and jumps in the air of joy. And I will already taste one when we drive back home, okay?

— Okay, and now we must not forget to buy the cigarettes...

— Oh yes, otherwise my mother will be very angry!

When we come back, the two women were cleaning the apartment. The brother had gone. Order and peace seemed to have entered that sordid flat once of a sudden.

Nadja and Yemina gave me their greatest smiles and Nasim puts his little arms around my legs, so happy he was with the candies. And for one time in a long time, I felt that I was loved, not only by Anissia, but by all of them.

And even Yemina's ugly boy who constantly had a face like a beaten dog, was so happy with these simple candies! In a way, I felt, it was not the candies but my patience and my constancy that morning, to transform the violent energy of that family into peace and love, that was making everybody smile. And the biggest transformation seemed to have happened with this boy, while his face really has something of an



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ugly frog. Yemina said she was beating him often as he was such a rude fellow, but his question, when I put that candy bag on the kitchen table, said more than I can tell:

— Are these candies also for me?

I affirmed they were for everybody and thus also for him. The tone of his question and the expression of his face had clearly signaled that he suffered from an exclusion problem, that he felt rejected, shunned by others, probably first of all by his mother, perhaps the whole family. In that moment, for the first time, I sensed something like sympathy for him.

In fact, before that wonderful moment, he had looked at me without smile and there was nothing about him that inspired sympathy. Now I felt that a tender soul was enclosed in that distasteful body. How much violence must he have suffered from the side of his mother and other family members?

I could see it in his face. And I have seen it in the face of so many children reared in low-class families, and it was for this reason really a miracle how Anissia could remain so unaffected of all this!

Today, in hindsight, I think she was not unaffected, and her bending the needle of my record player was one sign for this assumption, and that some kind of proof for my world-view at that time being a bit too idealistic.



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I am writing this a few years after the actual events, and considering the changes I went through, I know that I am no more the same person. I have lost some of my innocence.

And yet despite all the insights I gained, while of course being more careful today, I would nonetheless never refrain from loving somebody when this love really comes from the deepest of my soul—and I am well aware that in our times for a single man to love a little girl, and saying it openly, is anathema in our stupid judgmental international consumer world.

— I like it when you smile, I told the frog. It seems to me that you have forgotten to smile a long time ago ...

Yemina did not want to let him answer by himself. She broke into the conversation, boasting the boy was simply too mean and too rude, and as she said this, the sun that was displayed on her face a little moment earlier was gone and was replaced by that expression of self-pity, bitterness and sadism I had seen on her face when I first had met her. It seemed to me that this mother and this son were involved in a mutually auto-destructive game in which each was out to destroy the other. It saddened me that I could not do anything to help them get out of this vicious circle.

— He'd do just everything, this mean guy ... Yemina concluded.



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— So, he's able to smile, I said in order to pierce that terrible hatred of a mother against her son.

— Yes, she replied, unmoved, when he can profit of the situation, of course.

As I had bought paper and crayons for Anissia and Nasim, he asked if he could also make a drawing, and I allow it to him. From this moment, I saw something like a glance of joy entering his dark face, and he seemed to meet me as a friend, and not as a strange intruder.

It was a nice morning, but when I was going to leave, I became very sad, seeing Anissia rolling on the floor and bitterly crying when I said good bye. I have seldom loved a child so much, but still more rarely have I been loved by a little girl so beautiful, so intelligent and so attractive.

SCENE THREE

Nadja stopped coming to me. She had called me once in a while, asking for money or for taking a flat together. She repeated saying she loved me and imagined it was wonderful to live together and that for Anissia this would be 'the ultimate solution'. But I could not get over the impression she only wanted to rob me further and ruin me after all, that her motives were utterly egoistic and in no way inspired by something even remotely related to caring for Anissia.



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She had destroyed all the relationships around herself and had told me about her family in equally negative terms. She probably talked so negatively about everybody, simply because she trusted nobody. And in fact, destiny provided me with a very good opportunity to see that my intuitions were correct.

One night, while I had a window open which looks down on a little park, she was there with the two children and a young Arab guy. I was estranged by the fact she had not rang the bell and called me to join them. Not enough of strangeness, she was beginning to talk about me with this lad:

— No, I will not give him Anissia for the project. After all, I have no confidence in all of this.

The Arab guy replied that anyway she would have to invest too much in Anissia because if Anissia was going to be engaged for a role, she had to drive her to Marseille or Paris, and that that was 'too expensive' after all. And a few days earlier I had still so much hope when they had come for dinner, and I had played piano for them and sang a new song that was inspired by my love for Anissia. And she had repeated her wish to do the project for Anissia, and that we would start to take the photos in the days to come. Now I saw that my intuition was right: she was dishonest with me, as she was probably dishonest with herself. Shortly before they went home,



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Anissia, obviously well aware that I had been all along behind the window, looked up to me and wished me a nice evening!

I felt sad and confused. Why had she been so dishonest with me, and actually backstabbed my efforts for Anissia, and my really honest intentions for her child. I guessed she knew I had overheard the conversation; if she had been honest, she would have told me that in the face.

In my confusion, I was standing for a while nailed to the floor, unable to move, in a state of emotional stupor. These people really traumatize me and it was a mistake to go there, after all, I thought. I got into a condition of nervous fever for about three days and had terrible headaches.

I finally thought that an honest talk would clear the air and that I should initiate a conversation about the matter.

Thus I went there again with a fervent desire to know the truth, whatever and however it turned out to be. When I arrived, I met the two women and their brother and directly brought the conversation to the talk in the park she had with that guy, and that I had overheard. She was not at all surprised that I had witnessed their discussion and replied:

— No, I did not want to say that I have no confidence in you. I wanted to say that I don't trust the people who work in these professions, these people in television or photo studios, as I find this milieu a little too bizarre and perhaps dangerous



for Anissia. To be true, it's my brother who thinks that and I cannot do anything against his disagreement. We are a Muslim family and you have to keep up with the rules. As I am not with a partner, my brother has the right to look after me and wag around in my life. That's how it is, while I hate it. I can't just decide for Anissia alone. I have to discuss all and everything with my brother and my mother. And if they are against an idea, I can't do much. And he's against it, and my mother also. But surely, I trust you. Why do you doubt that?

Upon which the two women asked me to join them for a ride to a shopping mall to buy for Anissia some school books and crayons for her anticipated entering of pre-school. I felt very strange. Anissia was not there.

I was told that she was with her grandma. I said they should call grandma and have Anissia join us to drive to the mall. Nadja replied that was impossible, as grandma would be 'very angry', and that she had strict ideas about education. When Anissia was staying with her for a few days, it was not right behavior to call and ask Anissia back for this and that.

I felt like an idiot and yet, to my profound sadness, I agreed joining them for that trip, and probably only because they promised that the next day, we would go to the beach together with Anissia and Nasim.



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It even now hurts me writing this, after several years have passed, as it was a hard lesson, a lesson that obviously wanted to teach me learning to say no and keep on my guards when it's about my love for little girls and how families may react to it or profit from it.

The devil inhabited these women because when we entered the mall, they at once took two shopping carts, instead of one, and began to fill them up with a speed that I could not trust my eyes. Nadja filled her cart with not only school books for Anissia but a whole collection of clothes for both Anissia and Nasim as well as all kinds of gifts, candies and stuff. Yemina said she was buying just food and was going to pay for that herself. I was not yet alarmed and innocently told Nadja I was ready to pay for the school stuff for Anissia, but not for the clothes, the junk food and all the rest contained in the cart. Upon which she exploded in what I can only term a hysterical crisis and took one after the other of the clothes out of the cart and threw them on the floor.

— If you wanna do that to me, you can do that to me, of course. I have no money, not one cent, simply because I do not have money in the moment. I thought you would give me a credit and I could pay you later, perhaps in one month?

As she continued throwing child clothes on the floor, I took her arm and said:



— Okay, let's think a moment, hold on.

— I propose I work for you, making you the household, the kitchen, washing your clothes and so on. You don't give me a salary until I have paid off all of this. Okay?

— Okay.

We go to the cashier. It was a bill of more than five hundred Euros. I pay with my credit card. Then, how could it be different, it was Yemina's turn and her card was not working.

How and why? The cashier tried everything, over and over again, but her card was refused. Not enough funds on the account.

— I will bring it all back into the shelves, says Yemina. Except you agree advancing me these eighty-eight euros and I will pay you back tomorrow.

I agree upon which the cashier, a young blonde, gives me an indefinable yet very talkative smile. There was a huge question mark written in that smile that made me aware of being ashamed, humiliated, ridiculed, exploited, yes, raped, by these women. This was a kind of emotional rape. Of course I could have refused all of that, but they knew very well that I was too good to be true and really was, by not asking anything in return. For myself, I had bought only a small bag of Jasmine rice.



When we arrive at their home, we look through the bags and don't find the rice. Tomorrow, tomorrow ... It was already after nine in the evening, and they insist they needed cigarettes. There was no time to search for my rice but there was enough time to buy cigarettes.

They insisted I should drive them to a tobacco shop up the hill, next to an old church. I drive there, they buy their cigarettes, and I drive them back home.

— Tomorrow I will come and bring your rice, and I will come with Anissia for the photos, okay?

The next day and the over-next day, I did not see any of them nor did I receive a phone call.

For a long time I had no news of them. In the meantime, another maid was proposed to me. The choice was not too bad, despite the fact that this elder lady was quite depressive. She told me her story and I did alike, and these exchanges helped both of us in a way.

She lost her husband in strange ways, through a car accident high up in the mountains. He was found dead after he had been down a ravine with the car, and in his blood was found a considerable amount of alcohol.

She said she had been feeling very guilty over the years as she had had a violent discussion at home with him, shortly



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before he had left for the ride. She was followed up by a policeman, who strangely enough had the same last name as her husband. That man, she said, persecuted her for more than six years, as he was not convinced of the suicide explanation in the case but tried to incriminate her with murder.

She must have gone through sheer horror, also what she told me about the reactions in her neighborhood. Finally, she was insulted in the street and decided to change the neighborhood.

Her son, who just had turned eighteen, left her once of a sudden with his girlfriend, and in anger, and she felt defeated and afflicted and sometimes silently cried during her work. Some of the worst stories, she told me crying and wiping her eyes in despair.

When I told her what had happened to me with Anissia and my love for her, she was not for the least surprised:

— People profit from your kindness, for sure. This Nadja just wanted money, that's all, and it's for that reason only that she played with you, nourishing in you the illusion you could one day have her girl for the project, and that's why she always was talking about leaving her alone with you. She has seen her chance, that's all. Probably all this had nothing ever to do with your project or what she thinks about it.



— Yes, I never even asked for being alone with Anissia. I just wanted to start the project, as the mother always gave me dates and did not come. It was exasperating.

— Sure, but in her behavior she is not unique as a mother, among these people. It's just one of the techniques to attract a walking money purse in order to pillage it.

Then she talked about her grandchild, a seven year-old girl who obtained a regional beauty prize. Surprised, I asked her if that girl was not, then, ideal for my project? She proposed to talk to her daughter about it and perhaps come here with the girl, or call me.

But never something of that kind happened. One of the next times she came for cleaning, I remarked that her daughter had never called me and then I saw tears in her eyes and she said she'd had a terrible dispute with her daughter and that she had shouted she was able to kill her one day, so much she hated her. As I was listening very attentively to her, I saw that she trembled, her whole body being in a convulsion.

I was so afflicted by her condition and all she had gone through in her life that I began to pray for her and sent her healing love every evening when I went to bed.

She was a rather ugly fat elder lady with a dominant regard who had about her almost nothing that could be positive and lovable. But on the other hand, I clearly saw that she



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was caught in a web of destructive relationships, beginning with the accidented relation she had with her own mother.

And I could not but note and think over and over that she was experiencing love all through her life as hate-love, a highly conditioned exchange in which there was one who was winning and another who was loosing, and where there was lots of violence and despair.

She said she wanted to stay true to her dead husband and I tried to talk this out of her mind, encouraging her to find a new partner, after five completed years of mourning.

When she came the next time, something had changed about her. She smiled, for the first time I had seen her entering the door. The expression of guilt that was written in her face had given rise to a carefree expression of friendliness.

Now she talked about herself in clearer terms, about her affective confusion, her terrible attacks of rage, her moments of extreme violence which, in some way, her children equally suffered from, in their own way.

Then she talked about all possible and incredible accidents that had happened all around her since her earliest childhood, always affirming that she was telling me not even the worst. I got to hear real horror stories, disastrous events, murders, rapes, murderous robberies that occurred around her already when she was a little girl, and I got an impression



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of the extreme brutality and violence in which she had grown up. Finally she said she had been raped, as a little girl, by her grandfather.

I developed for her a certain affection as she trusted me so much, and I sincerely hoped our talks could help her in a way. I was touched by her confessions and I saw that she was changing virtually under my eyes. Her face began to look more human, less like a mask, and she began to talk about her faults and bad habits, about her being so dominant, so imposing, and even threatening to some people, and her character and way to always tell people what she thinks. It became more and more evident that nobody liked her, and that she seemed to do all she could so that nobody liked her. And all around her all went always wrong, constant floods, pipe problems, drainage problems, electricity problems, heating problems. Her house seemed to be haunted. But slowly and gradually, things began to change.

In the meantime I had completed the project for Laure and we sent the letters out. Everybody was happy and Laure asked her mother for taking piano lessons with me. And once she whispered in my ear, after I had played some of my music for her, if she could come and visit me sometimes after school? I had replied that surely she could come any time but she never came, not even for piano lessons.



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The subject was no more discussed, and in the contrary, relationships with that family developed in a strange way.

Once of a sudden they feared I'd publish some of the photos on the Internet and they told me they did not wish it to happen. Especially matters with Laure's cousin, a charming little three-year old, worsened, as the mother had wanted to inscribe her for the project and we had begun taking the photos, but she had never told her husband, Spanish like her, and who, a real macho, took it the wrong way.

Once of a sudden it was all bad what I had done and when once she confessed during a family meeting how violent that guy was with the little girl, that he had thrown her through the air in a violent assault so that she landed, like a dog, on the hard floor, only because she had not wanted to go to bed, I broke off relations with these people. And if destiny wanted to confirm that decision, my computer suffered a total hard disc crash which destroyed all the photos I had taken of their children.

SCENE FOUR

One day Nadja called. She liked to come for working. I told her that in the meantime I had another maid, that she had not held any of her promises and instead continued to betray me in all possible ways. Like a tape recorder, she re-



peated for the thousand-and-first time that she will bring Anissia for the photos. My answer was clear-cut.

— Don't worry, I have given up the project.

— What? ... Why?

— Parents here are paranoid. They worry about just everything. In such a climate of fear and suspicion, as a single man, I do not continue. I have no more pleasure doing this. The people here are too negative and I have become negative as well ...

— Well, yes, there is so much on TV, what happens every day, all these missing children and all that. But Anissia really loves you. She talks of you every day. She even talked about you to her teacher in the kindergarten, and the teacher asked me who was that mysterious Monsieur Pierre? Anissia must really love you crazily ...

— And you do all to destroy this love, right? Because you are jealous. That's all. You wanted to have it all for you and when you saw that my affection is for your daughter, it was too much for you.

— No, no, no ..., that's not true. That's a crazy idea. No, I am not jealous. I have too many problems with my family, that's the reason. Come to my house again to discuss all.

— Okay.



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I go there. Again, as every time, I bring paper and crayons for Anissia and Nasim and the children just jump up at me in joy. Anissia was again very physical.

After a while I got even used to the hyperviolent shooting game Nadja's brother played and the terrible noise it made; he was shooting down not objects but living people who were moving and dying with an incredible 3D realism that I had never seen before.

This guy gave me no regard and also Yemina's son had become totally aloof, and his original feelings of friendship for me seemed to have died. They cut him the hair short, like a Nazi, which made his head really looking like a square. His uncle was not looking different. Both were wearing expensive fashion wear by Lacoste, Nike or Adidas (that they probably had bought with the money they had stolen me).

Nadja seemed happy and prepared a coffee for me. When she saw Anissia virtually climbing up and down on me, caressing me in all possible poses and giving me voluptuous wet kisses, she slapped her again, right on her head; it was when Anissia suddenly had spread her legs apart and touched my nose with her pussy region. Only the tiny underpants had prevented me from really feeling and enjoying that divine moment. But for Nadja that was considered as offending behavior that she tried to beat out of her daughter. Her education was getting the overhand. It became clear to me how



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emotionally and sexually repressive Algerian culture is, and I hated it because of its deadening effects on exuberant little girls such as Anissia. With the education she got from her family, Anissia would not be able to become a media star but rather a terribly locked-up and tight-up female, just like her mother.

Anissia, despite the fist she got on her head, whispered again in my ear that her uncle was an asshole. She expressed my very thoughts. For a little moment I had been so happy, forgetting about this terrible shooting game and just focused on the wonderful love with Anissia, and then her mother came and destroyed that moment with hammering down her fist on Anissia's head. Her brother's face was the most appalling face of a young man I ever saw. It was one single expression of violence, arrogance and stupidity, in a mix that could not be better for filling in, as an actor, in that video game he was playing. Eventually, Nadja was angry because I had uttered she was too violent with Anissia, and she went to take a shower from which she never came back. I thus left without good bye and there was no handshake and no smile from the two males either.

After that day I had two dreams. In the first one, I encounter Anissia in a public swimming pool and tell her, full of joy:

— Anissia, you are adorable!



Whereupon she replied:

— It's my father who is adorable!

The second dream was more dramatic, and macabre. It was one of those visions that I sometimes get in dreams and that reveal me the truth about things. In this dream, I first had in front of me on the table a map on which I saw Gibraltar, the Mediterranean and the North-African coast, and after that I could make out lines that had been drawn into the map. Then somebody explained me that these lines were marking the travels that Anissia was going to undertake with her father back to Algeria. Then this dream voice told me that a train accident would be happening near Gibraltar and in this moment, I saw it all in front of me, as if on television, and there was a train that in full speed drove into another one.

After that, I heard something like a public announcement in which it was said that among the passengers was a little girl with the name of Anissia and that she probably had been killed in the accident.

I woke up right after receiving this vision and have it in my mind like a film. I wanted to tell Nadja but on the other hand found the dream so shocking that I hesitated. Will she think that I was now completely crazy, or will she think that I wanted to make her afraid in order to take revenge?



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Some weeks later, when I was sleeping already and the door bell was ringing, I asked on the door phone who it was and Nadja said I should please let them in, that they were in need for help and in very bad condition. I saw her and Yemina coming up the stairs, and indeed they seemed under shock.

They looked as if they had suffered some extreme kind of violence. In my mind not very clear and still half asleep, I waited for them at the door step.

Nadja seemed to be out of her mind, she stuttered. She could hardly walk and stumbled around. They appeared to have not eaten for three days and virtually threw herself on my salted almonds, with the effect that half of them were raining down on the floor. She seemed to have no control over her limbs. She must have taken a hard drug such as heroin, I reasoned to myself. Then, once of a sudden, Yemina lifted her pullover and pointed to a terrible long fresh wound she was bearing on her belly.

— A dog has attacked me, she said, and I spontaneously thought it was a lie and that somebody had tried to kill her with a knife, but that she had escaped in the last moment.

Nadja said she wanted to talk with me, that something was going on in her life, that all seemed to have changed for the worse. Now, she said, her little sister, after the affair with the ring and her suicide attempt was under state surveillance,



that Anissia's father had launched a process against her to get the tutelary power over Anissia and Nasim and that she and Yemina had become so meager because they had nothing, really nothing to eat at home. In addition, people had broken in her apartment and had stolen her television set and other things, and that Anissia was threatening her sometimes to run away in order to take refuge with Pierre, as she did not want to join her father in case Nadja lost the process.

What they said was not shocking me too much after all. In some way I was not surprised.

— To be very clear with you, what you go through is what is called karma. The bad that you have done to me is now haunting you and comes back to you. I am positive for you, to be sure, and I am not doing any black magic against you. If you had not acted the way you did before, we would be the best friends today.

Upon which Nadja coldly asks for twenty euros. I bluntly refuse.

— You stole me money already, at different moments and until today you, Yemina, have not given me back the eighty-eight euros I advanced for you.

— I don't have the money now. Next month ...



— No, not anymore like that. I will give you something to eat, but no more money. You treat me on one hand like somebody who is despised by your family, simply because I love Anissia and she loves me, and on the other hand you constantly count on my help and support, and only to rob me again ... no.

I go to the kitchen, take a plastic bag and put various food from my storage in it, all I found on the shelves in about two minutes, fruits, salad, bread, nuts, almonds, cheese, olives, sardines, sugar and other stuff, and hand them over the bag. They thank for it and go. In a moment of doubt, I look if my money purse was still on top of the library, where it had been before they came.

But unfortunately I had not looked inside of it. Only the next day, when wanting to buy cigars, I could not pay them because my money purse was empty. And it had been around five hundred euros again ... I thought a long time if I should finally go to the police and ask Tarot and I Ching what to do. The divination advised to stop all action, as there was danger in all I could possibly do in this situation.

Some days later, Nadja was at the door.

— And you still dare to come, after having me stolen all my money again?



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— It was not me. Do you think I would come back otherwise?

— So, if it was Yemina, why did you not interfere and let her do it?

— I must tell you something ...

— What?

— I am injecting cocaine since five years. And that night I had been high. Can I come in now?

— No, I am afraid ... now. I don't trust you anymore. And rightly so, no?

— Yes, I understand you. I can sit here on the door sill, if you prefer.

— No, come in. The neighbors will hear all you say.

As I close the door, she takes my hands in hers. They were icy.

— I need your help. Since five years I'm addicted. I don't know how to get away from it. I have no money to buy the injections. I need twenty euros ...

— I cannot help you, and it would not be really help if I gave you the money. The problem will come up again and again because you're addicted.



— Yes, and in addition I risk Anissia's father to take the children away from me. The very thought drives me mad. He has no right over the children. He will abuse of them.

— What can I do in this course of affairs?

— Don't you want to adopt Anissia? I give her to you.

— You are not the first Muslim girl who proposes me this. I know the story even before you tell it. I was promised to adopt a little girl in Asia, and I have supported that family over seven years. After five years I found out that the mother had no tutelary power over the two children, the girl and her older sister. Because when she divorced from her husband, he got the children, and the tutelary power. Not the mother. She wanted money, and made me empty promises over five years. And me, idiot, I paid over all this time, for nothing. And you, what are you doing to me all these months? You promised me I don't know how many times to bring Anissia for the photos, and until today it has not happened. And I know why because you told me. Your brother and your mother, right?

So where is your right over the children, where is your tutelary power? You know very well what I am talking about. The Muslim family functions in another way than the Western family.



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— Yes, you are right. I do not want to hide anything from you. They say that you are a pedophile. And therefore I was afraid to come here with Anissia.

— I am not surprised to hear that. A brute like your brother can simply not understand that somebody has real affection. This guy is dead, he is emotionally dead. And in general, your whole Muslim culture, in my view, has no idea how to be open and creative with children. The only thing they do is to beat children, to shout at them, to abuse of them and to disfigure them emotionally, imprison them in a monstrously brutal religious system. Males do not respect females because they do not know and respect their own feminine part, sweetness, tenderness, creativity, the whole yin part of our inner setup. That's why the majority of your men are such brutes, such machos, such idiots, as Anissia says it, by the way, about both her father and her uncle.

And your brother may hate me simply because he notices how much your children love me, and he also notices they do not listen to him, they do not even communicate with him. And he may also have seen that I encourage children to be themselves and live their own lives instead of following a stupid life-denying religion and morality, and that I'm against conditioning them to the idiotic life most adults today are living. And when he sees that, he must feel jealous or estranged, as it doesn't fit his residual worldview. For you must



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have noticed that this idiot has no connection at all with your children, no communication, and there is no emotional bonding at all. And the children have no feelings for him, and no respect at all. That's simply how it is.

— Yes, all this is of course true. But what can I do? I would like to leave this milieu and this culture, but how? And I would like to help my children leave it as well ...

— Yes, but how?

— You and me, we could make porno. If you help me make money, I can leave. It's easy to do it and we can sell it through the Internet. You must know all this well, as you work with the Internet every day.

— Sorry, you are in the dark. The truth is I have no idea of this kind of business, was never interested in that kind of things. While I know that these people probably make much money. But what I am doing is academic, most of my writings are destined for education, and to the opening of consciousness. The same is true for my art, which is neither vulgar nor commercial. These people surely have their place in today's society, but I am frankly not interested in doing that.

I actually did not even believe that she was proposing me something serious, I thought it was just another pick-pocket strategy. I am actually flexible-minded and could do



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things I never did before when it only was with somebody I trust.

And for bringing about living with Anissia, I would have taken the challenge even doing that or other things. Besides, living with her would not have been per se appalling for me, but I did not believe this could ever happen, simply because this woman was not master of her life, she was a slave to her mother and brother. As things were, I was pretty sure that I would have become the dummy in between her and her stupid brutal family, and I am sure that I would have been the loser and they, after all, the winners.

The third reason was that I had no trust at all in French administration and police. They would not help me when it went hard on hard, but rather help them, I thought. Suffices I had slept with her and Anissia in one and the same house for a few nights and she alleges I had had sex with Anissia, how to escape a tower of problems? It would have been foolish with people that are so little trustworthy and so dependent on both people and drugs.

Reality and beliefs can be divergent when somebody is so far from reality as she was at that time, because of the cocaine addiction. She was living in a dream reality, remote from actual life. Producing and selling porno is after all also a hard job and needs a lot of regular work, investment of time, effort and intelligence and also a certain toughness. Because there



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is so much competition already on the Internet, I am pretty sure that a newcomer needs to offer a lot of novelty if he is to succeed. And she did not think of little details like that my body may not be very attractive for young customers as they want to see a young man, and so on. Thus, I would have had to hire somebody for the male part of the job, and things would have become even more complicated. After all, it seemed to me she had not thought about the matter, but just desperately searched to get me involved with her.

After I refused, she again became cold and short and replied:

— So, what? You don't want to help me? So give me at least twenty Euros!

— I suggest you contact the social assistance.

— For what purpose?

— For offering you a therapy that will be paid by the government for this kind of support is part of a policy in place that targets at pulling people off from illegal drugs. Thus, they will not refuse helping you, they must help you because such action will contribute to reducing drug-related crime. You just call them and explain your problem and they are going to assign you a psychologist who will work with you and at the same time you will receive medicaments that help you over-



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come the addiction. They cannot just let you fall in the coma when you have no stuff. They must help you!

— Really? But I'm afraid they will put me in an institution.

— No, that would be far too expensive for them, and today with new medicaments, all this can be done without hospitalizing people. You will perhaps see the psychologist two times a week and every day you will have to take your medicaments, and after about two months, you will already see an improvement.

— Is that really so?

— Yes, more or less. I don't know exactly here in France. But definitely you have nothing to fear. The state will help you.

— Okay, maybe I will try. And ... regarding the robberies, will you not go to the police? I am very afraid ...

— No, that's not my style.

— So, please give me the twenty Euros and I will leave you now.

I open my purse and give her twenty euros.

— No, that's not enough. Give me forty ...

— Why do you always lie to me?



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— I do not lie. I asked you for forty euros.

— No, you asked me for twenty.

Eventually I gave her twenty more.

— Okay, I go now, and thanks again ...

— I need to tell you something else.

— What?

— I had two dreams about Anissia. I have long hesitated to tell you about them, because they may make you anxious, but I think I have to tell you ...

— Yes, tell me!

— In the first dream I met Anissia and she said she found her father adorable and the second dream was like a vision where I saw a train accident close to Gibraltar. Anissia was with her father who wanted to take her to Algeria, and I have seen this accident in the dream and then a voice announced that a little girl with the name of Anissia had been in that train and that she was probably dead.

— I told you that he sued me because he wants Anissia ...

— Try to never let her go with him to Algeria.



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— I will defend myself very hard at court. That's the only thing I can do.

— But if you go on taking drugs, the court will probably not leave the children with you. They might then decide to give the children to the father. And you can hardly care for yourself. How can you really take care of your children in the condition that you are in?

— You are right! You are so good for me. I think you are really a friend for me. Thanks again.

Upon which she bows down and kisses my hand.

A few days later, on my way to the post office, I thought to hear the voice of a child, but it was her voice.

— How are you? Anissia says hello to you!

— Oh, what a surprise! Please return my greetings to her. And how are you?

— I am doing a therapy ...

— Really? That's good news. I am glad to hear that. And how does it go?

— Two times a week I go to see the doctor and we talk. And he has given me medics to get me away from the addiction. I am very glad.

— Eventually ...



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— Later you are at home?

— Yes.

— I would like to come with Anissia, to chat a little bit.

— Now I am really afraid because of your family, because they think so low about me.

— No, don't be afraid. I will come with Anissia ...

— Okay.

She did not come. I had not really waited for her. I really was tranquil as all the emotional turmoil I went through was behind me. I felt there was no more hatred, no more revolt, no more sadness, no more reproaches. I felt at peace. I sent her love, so that all would arrange for the best of Anissia, my little princess, and when the maid came the next day, I asked her if she thought it was a good idea I meet Anissia's teacher. However, she thought it was rather dangerous to do that.

— You risk that they send you the police ...

— But why?

— Because you are not registered.

— Registered? In what, and as what?

— When I go to pick up my grandchild, I must show them evidence that I am registered as a family member, oth-



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erwise I cannot go into the school complex. And even if I have the paper with me and go there without calling them one day in advance for registration, they will not even let me in, me, the grandmother of the girl.

— But that's horrible. Such a system is inhuman.

— Well, it's like that now, because of missing children ...

— Okay then, this is just another reason for me to leave this country.

The following night I met in a dream a Balinese Manku, a high priest; he was standing behind me and turned my body in another direction. Then I saw his face, a smiling face that expressed great bounty and goodness, and also care for me personally, and I asked him what all that meant to be? And he replied:

— I turned your body to South-East, because that is where you should go.

The next morning, using a ruler, I trace a line on the map from the town where I was to South-West, confusing the directions, as it happened when I was in primary school. On the line that I got were located Barcelona, Madrid, Lisbon, Palma de Majorca, Lima. Only by writing this story, more than one year later, I discovered the error, and again trace a line, and get to Bagdad, Colombo and Melbourne.



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Some days later I had a liberating dream from which I woke up full of joy. In this dream I again met the spirit that was clothed all in black, only that this time he was smiling at me and said:

— Now, there is no more danger. You did it all very well. But I told you the truth, there was great danger for you, for you must know that even the town's Mayor wanted to proceed against you ...

— Really? I cannot believe it.

— Not only that. They have searched false witnesses against you, and found some to do the job ...

Upon which he said a strange name that I telepathically understood.

— You want to say the mother of Laure, the little girl of the castle hotel?

— Exactly, she witnessed against you.

— That's not true ..., that can't be true ...

SCENE FIVE

The next time my maid came, her handphone was ringing. It was her son. When she hangs up, she smiles all over her face.



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— It was my son. He called to tell me that he wants to come to see me. He will come with his girlfriend tonight to have dinner with me. I am very happy.

— I can imagine ...

— Because, you know, I am very strong-headed. He had to take the first step.

— I know. You did it right, for otherwise he could have thought that it was a trap and that you want to dominate him again.

— Exactly. I thought he will call me one day.

— I thought the same.

— And do you have news of the little Moroccan girl?

— Yes, her mother is doing a therapy.

— That is good news. Did you tell her your dreams?

— Yes.

— What did she say?

— She will do her best to avoid her father getting tutelary power over Anissia. She will try to win the court action.

— This was perhaps what pushed her to do the therapy?

— That's well possible ...



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Some weeks later, when I was making plans to relocate, Nadja came again.

— Can I come in?

— If you don't steal my anything ... , this time ...

— But I am not a thief. It was my sisters.

— Of course, please come in.

She says that definitely and after all we'd have to start the project with Anissia. And that she had an exceptional dream.

— A dream?

— Yes, a very bizarre dream. I have looked up all kinds of dream books but did not find an explanation.

— So, please tell me ...

— I was walking with my children in a long tunnel. It was dark and we could barely see anything. The tunnel was so long that we could not see the end of it. I was desperate and asked Anissia what to do. Anissia immediately said We have to call Pierre. And Anissia called you. And once of a sudden you opened a door in the wall and behind you was so much light, as if you were surrounded by light. And you said Come along here! You can leave the tunnel here. And that is how we left the tunnel. I do not understand this dream ...



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— But what is there to understand? The dream is clear as mountain water to me. The tunnel represents a quest, a re-birth, a new birth for you, a new life you are searching for. It means you are yourself going through a tunnel right now, in your quest for healing, for leaving your sordid past and all that dishonesty toward yourself and others. Everybody who does a therapy is in quest for his own true self. This is true for you as well because you never lived your own life!

— That is true.

— And you passed through a long night, as it is the saying, with your constant lack of money, with the process and the suffering you go through right now with the medicaments and the gradual shift from addiction to normalcy.

— And then ...

— Then, there is this nice detail in the dream that you ask Anissia for the solution. The solution in the dream clearly did not come from you and your intelligence, but from Anissia and her intelligence.

— Hm ...

— It's Anissia who in your dream brings the solution, simply by calling me. And in fact, it's because of Anissia's voice that I came downstairs to meet you, the first day. It was not because of you. While you continue in your incredible



stupor, your true mental derangement, to put me an ultimatum that says Anissia or me ...!

— Yes, I understand now. Does that mean that Anissia has more value for you than I or that you love only Anissia ...?

— I like both of your children and I like you as a friend. What attracts me very specially toward Anissia is her exceptional talent for the media that I would like to help her develop. For when I see the misery in which you are, all the time shouting, correcting her, beating her, then I get really mad and I think to myself that finally Anissia must get a chance because you are going to destroy her. And this chance was practically realized when we met. And you and your family were destroying this chance for her bit by bit. You yourself are unable to give love in a non-egoistic way, a way that thinks of the other. Your love is conditioned. You want love for yourself first and the fact that I refused to give you this love made you block against all, including the project for Anissia. Such behavior is called narcissistic.

— Am I egoistic or narcissistic because I want to live with you?

— Yes, because you know from the start that I have not the slightest interest in you as a partner. I was very open with you from our first encounter. And that is the drama! Because the dreams tell you this so clearly. It's by having had confi-



ANISSIA / 60

dence to destiny, by having given the course of life its chance, and that meant my love for Anissia that also your destiny, and perhaps even the destiny of your family could have changed positively. But you blocked this to happen, you and your family, whereas Anissia and Nasim have understood the call intuitively. If you had trusted me, and the destiny that brought me to you, you would not have believed the calumnies that your family tells you about me. Then, you would also have trusted Anissia's talent. And you would not have talked with young Arabic idiots like that stupid square-headed youngster who said you would risk to invest too much money for Anissia's career. Because of course I would have driven Anissia to all the events, on my own charge, if she had been invited in the first place.

— Okay then, this was a nice dream. But what do I have to do to succeed in life? Become a prostitute?

— You have a funny way to ask questions. There is cynicism in your way to ask. When you ask destiny in a cynical way, you do not really ask. You ask in a way for saying Oh this shit life has no value anyway, so I can go as well walk the street and jump in bed with the next best.

— No, I tell you honestly ..., because I really see no other solution.



ANISSIA / 61

— You have to go inside of yourself and ask your question there. The answer is within you. What do you really want to do, what really would you like to realize?

— Well, this would be opening a salon. I like to be a hair dresser. I have liked hair dressing since I was a little girl. Do you like me to cut your hair?

— No, thank you. But your idea is good. You could open a salon for manicure and pedicure as well, that pays better and is more fashionable today.

— But I have no money to start anything ...

— And then love. Do you wish to stay alone?

Of course not. I like to find another partner, but not a young fool like my first husband.

— Young? But he is ten years older than you!

— Yes, but he has the mind of a youngster. No maturity at all!

— And you? Do you think a man in his older years will find you attractive.

— Yes, that's what I think. He will give a direction to my life.



ANISSIA / 62

— No. It's you who must grow to give a direction to your life. If you persist in this way, you will find another tyrant, a copy of your father, and your life will be spoiled again.

— I don't care, I want to live and I want money. Help me to find a new partner!

— I can inscribe you with MSN partner search. This I can do for you.

— Okay. Can we do it now?

— Yes.

When we were sitting behind the computer, she went on:

— Why don't you want to be with me? I mean we could live together, in a big house ...

— No. I have met you because of your daughter Anissia, not because of you. How many times must I repeat it?

— Yes, but I am so lonely ...

— Oh dear, me too! Can you one time think of your children only and not always of yourself first?

— It's okay. I haven't said anything. My children love you, and you know that. That is why I propose this solution to you.



— Really? And why, for example, did you come alone today again, and not with them?

— Anissia stays with a neighbor.

— Why?

— It's her who takes Anissia to school every day. I cannot go with her. I am too sick. I do my therapy, I am anemic ...

— Very good. That is exactly what my mother said when I was in the age of Anissia. And it was a neighbor lady I was staying with most of the time. She had a little bird.

— Have you finished the profile?

— Yes, and your email works!

— Can we go out together, tomorrow?

— With the children?

— Yes, we can go for shopping together.

— Why not, okay.

— So, I come tomorrow with Anissia and we do Christmas shopping and buy gifts for the children, right? Anissia wants a Barbie doll that costs twenty eight Euros.

— She is well manipulated by the media and your kindergarten, I see. I will not buy Uncle Sam plastic for children, to be sure. Even if she was my own daughter and I a million-



ANISSIA / 64

aire, I would not do it. What I wanted to buy is diet food for you.

— For what reason?

— When you want to get away from five years of cocaine abuse, your body is in an extreme state of malnutrition. You are lacking out on essential minerals, oils and alkaloids. If your psychologist never talked about that, so much the worse. But it's like that.

— My psychologist has said this, but this idiot gives me so many medics that I cannot sleep anymore. The nights are a torture. I have horror visions and sometimes I want to jump out of the window.

— I know. You must go through a very dark tunnel, a long night of solitude, for healing, for being reborn in your own life, and on this way I can support you.

— Do you love me?

— How can I despise the mother of a girl that I love so much?

— How you can despise the mother of a girl you love so much? What do you want to say? This sentence confuses me.

— I thought it was clear.



ANISSIA / 65

— I rather think that my family is right in their assuming I'm just a piece of furniture for you and you are interested only in Anissia.

— I met you because of Anissia...

— Yes, that's true. But can we not live together, the three or four of us? I help you and you help me. I mean you would be with Anissia all the time ...

— You offer me a deal, and I do not accept.

— So what do you really want ...?

— Take some photos of Anissia, put them in a letter addressed to a number of agencies and studios as well as the television in Marseille, after you have given me your social security number and ID card number that I will put on the application, and then we wait and see. This is what I want to do for Anissia. We have no guarantee which way destiny will ultimately choose in order to bring about Anissia's personal success, but as I have this idea, we should try it and not waste our time.

— And what about me?

— You will find another partner who is interested in you.

— Why not you?

— I have other plans.



ANISSIA / 66

— So?

— And by the way, if I was the dirty old man that your families tries to project upon me, I would have told you a nice little story just to go to bed with Anissia. It would have been so easy for me, do you see that?

— Hm ... it's true.

— So, for being clear, after all that happened to me with you and your family, the only thing I like to do is the application for Anissia. Otherwise I'd like to take a distance now to all of this here.

— What does that mean?

— I'd like to relocate.

— Why?

— The story with you and your family has really spoilt me my journey here. I am sad and depressed constantly now. I have no more joy to live here. And that people can go on making my love for Anissia down in this sordid way, I can't accept it. I won't accept it. I will never accept it. Got it? I do not agree, and your family can fuck off, if you ask me, they and all the rest of coward pigs here who have nothing else to do in their boring lives than fault-finding a stranger. You know how they call me here, these stupid French? The allemand. I am 'the German' for them, an anonymous who belongs to a cer-



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tain country, a marionette, not a human being. They are pigs, that's all.

— No, you don't understand. I am not my family. I am not the people here. I hate them even more than you, they are racist through and through! I am separated from my family now, and I will remain for myself, believe me. I have learnt from this, not only you. I have seen what a bunch of hypocrites they are, and that they don't love me, that they are more or less like the people here. If you suffer from being despised in this little provincial place, then I can tell you, I suffer more because they despise me too, but I am only a woman, and have no money like you, for moving where I want, for relocating at a nicer place, in a nicer country, do you see that?

— Well, you surprise me. You never said before that you wanted to get a distance to them. It seemed to me that you were completely identified with them, or at least very dependent upon them, codependent, so to speak.

— Yes, that's perhaps a result of the therapy. I have talked about all this with my psychologist already several times. He sees many things just like you...

— Well, yes, I think that finally you have to get to a point to affirm that you are a mother who has two children. Period. You and them, that is your family. The rest is the past, your childhood. You are grown-up now and don't need to be the



ANISSIA / 68

eternal child of your mother and the foster-child of your brother. Do you see how sick all this is?

— You put it so well! I get to see it exactly like this. Yes, I think that at the end of the day, I have to accept being the mother of my children.

— Yes, because in this way, you never saw it before. It's to accept that you are not a young girl today, but a mother. You have given a life to this world, even two, and you have to care for these lives, and not just for your own life. That means you have a responsibility. And in addition, psychologically, if you remain as aloof as you have been, your husband will really get the overhand and he will have tutelary power over your children. This is kind of logical even, when you see that you have no profession, not even a temporary job, no money, and that you take drugs—while he works and gains a regular salary and seems to lead a stable life. These details count a lot today for family judges, do you know that?

— But I tell you, you can adopt my children. I give them to you.

— I do not believe you. Since two months you have promised me at least twenty times to bring Anissia for the photos and you have never held your promise. How can I still believe you? I think you have a very manipulative character and your drama is that you are not even aware of how much



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you manipulate others. And you manipulate Anissia in just the same way. Anissia wants only one thing, to see me and do the project with me. You know it. But you refuse her this unique important wish, and that she has constantly expressed. She has communicated this wish not only to you but to the whole world, in the meantime. You told me yourself. But you continue to play this false theatre, with Anissia and with me.

— Okay, tomorrow we will go out together, I promise it, and you will take the photos of Anissia.

— Okay then, until tomorrow. We will see if you really come ... because I believe it only when you are here, with her.

SCENE SIX

The next day, at the time we agreed, I called her. She said she could not go out because she had stomach pain already since three in the morning. There was no way she could go out. I ask her for talking to Anissia on the phone.

— Anissia is not here. She is with the neighbor lady.

We talk half an hour. She again tries to talk me into concubinage and I tried to talk it out of her. More I talk with her, more I sweat, and real fear gets hold of me. Finally, she asks for money again and again, but I refuse and hang up, really angry at her. To have some subtle influence upon the situa-



ANISSIA / 70

tion, I wrote a telepathic letter to Anissia that I read aloud three times.

Dear Anissia,

I write you, finally, because I have no other way to contact you. Your family tries all to destroy our relationship, and I must clearly tell you this. And by the way I think you know it anyway for you have whispered in my ear several times that your mother was a witch and your father and uncle assholes. I can only say that you are right. Your family has robbed me several times and I lost more than three thousand euros. They are criminals! And I hope you will get to know this positively one day so that you can get away from them, find a way out of there, to realize your own marvelous destiny. Your mother goes on telling me lies, every time I meet her, and she continues to make me empty promises. But to tell me every time again she would bring you for the photos and agreed with the project, while she does exactly the contrary of what she says, this really drives me mad. What hurts me most is how she constantly hurts you. I know that you ask for me often times, even with your kindergarten teacher. Your mother has told me; she has told me all but she does not do anything about it. She is very anxious what others say, and what people say about so-called pedophiles, in this country and other countries. But then, instead of keeping away from me, as she despises me, she comes again and again and tries to talk me into some or the other deal. And why does she always come alone and not with you? Seldom in my life have I met such a liar as your mother. I was sincere in being a friend to you and her. But she is only out for money and if she doesn't get it, she steals it, she robs it. And still tells me that it was not her but her sisters. But how can I trust her word? After all,



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what I recommend you to do is to run away, one day, far away, not only from this so-called mother who has never been a real mother for you in what it involves being a mother, but also from your father, from this family prison that will more and more enclose you in their only possible way of being which is stupidity and violence. You wanted Barbies for Christmas and I see you are already on the wrong track. You begin to having an interest for such stupid things instead of focusing upon your talent for art, photography, dance and television. You will be the great star! You have in your sweet tender skin the gift of the heavens! But this gift must be realized through work and through connections with people and with opportunities. With your only four years, you are the most charming, attractive, intelligent and interesting female I have ever encountered in my life—my goddess, my loving princess, my little star! I love you.

— Pierre.

Nadja calls every day. I no longer answer the phone. She comes and rings the bell every day. I do not open the door. On Christmas, she calls.

— How are you?

— Fine.

— What are you doing?

— Nothing special. I work.

— And for Christmas?



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— Nothing special.

— Me neither. I am alone.

— And how is Anissia?

— Fine.

— Thanks for calling me on Christmas. Merry Christmas!

— Can we go out a little bit for shopping?

— No, thanks. I have enough of your manipulations.

— Okay, if it's like that, thanks.

Having said this with a voice like ice, she hangs up. I feel relieved and talk in my thought again to Anissia, as I did it every day, during that Christmas period.

Dear Anissia,

You will find your way, my girl, and destiny will help you. Never mind, if all goes wrong, you run away and you will be found and your talents will be discovered by the right people, and there will be no stupid law that pulls you back to this destructive family that has not merited the name family. Sorry, but now I have to take care of myself as well, as I see this now very clearly, because I can't allow that such people constantly walk over my feet, and I prefer to remain alone for Christmas instead of playing hide-and-seek with a vampire. In addition, this shit society will always give right to these living cadavers instead of giving right to the relationship between a little girl and a man who loves that girl. This is why we have Christ-



ANISSIA / 73

mas. Because they killed Jesus for exactly the same reason, because love is the only true revolution and this humanity is so deeply caught in falseness and corruption that it cannot accept the ultimate purification that love would bring about.

— Pierre

After Christmas, Nadja calls me. She apologizes more or less to have embarrassed me with that money question and she again proposes to start the project with Anissia.

I told her she should take care to get a social security and official ID card first because without these data, the application would be rejected right away. And again we agree to do some shopping the next day, and again she does not come and does not phone either. Finally she calls again and asks if she could pass New Years Eve with me, together with her children. They would come at seven in the evening.

SCENE SEVEN

They came at eight fifteen. She came not only with the children, but also with a sixteen-year old little cousin. I had begun eating already; that evening all went wrong, from the first to the last moment. They did not like the food. I had been cooking for several hours to prepare the traditional French Bouillabaisse.

— You know, we do not like fish soup!



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That starts well, I thought. The children had completely changed, they were really different, insensitive, rude, without their previous charm. After dinner, Anissia went to the piano, put my headphones and played. She did not seem to like my company anymore.

Sabrina, the little cousin, went to the computer to browse the Internet and Nadja proposed to wash the dishes. I tried to smoke a quiet cigar, but it was impossible. Nasim was very nervous and once of a sudden Nadja asked for twenty euros for having washed the dishes. I became angry and told her she was really impossible, but she insisted that I paid her for her work.

She had hardly worked for half an hour. Then she said:

— My mother is too lonely. She does not like to stay alone for New Years Eve. I have to visit her. You can stay with the children.

I was surprised.

— What? I thought you wanted to pass New Years Eve with me?

— No, you can stay with the children, I will stay with mother, and Sabrina will go visit a school friend.

— I will not stay alone with the children. Later your family will talk all kinds of things about me. No.



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— Okay then, bye.

After they were gone, I found a tiny piece of glass on the floor next to the kitchen door. I wondered if she had again broken something, as she did every time she had worked for me. I went to the piano and saw that Anissia had erased one of my recorded pieces and had recorded her own one instead.

I was dumbfounded because she had found how to split the keyboard and had played bass with the left hand and piano with the right. What she recorded sounded very funny.

That she found out by herself how to record a piece was really astonishing me. A little girl of four and a half years who does things like that must be very smart. I listened several times to the music and fell again deeply in love to her.

It was only the next evening when cooking dinner that I found the broken salad bowl, a large expensive glass bowl.

She had put it on top of the shelf, in the storage room. There I found it with a huge split through and through. This awful bitch broke my salad bowl and had the front to ask me money for her work, and this during a kind of family invitation. This was too much. Now I remembered the dialogue at the door, before she went out with the children. She said to the children to leave their crayons with me as the next day she would come back with Anissia for the photos, but I replied:



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— No, let them take all.

— So, you don't want us to come tomorrow?

— I do not know. Do what you please.

Of course, she did not come and called me a few days later.

— I would like to come with another cousin. She likes to become a photo model and perhaps you can take some photos of her?

— No, thank you. I have no interest to meet her. Is that clear?

— Yes. Up to you. I only wanted to ask ...

The evening, the door bell rang. I did not open. I sensed it was her. The main entry door downstairs must have been open again, as so many times, and she was in front of my apartment door. After ringing, she knocks, again and again. She calls me. I yield and open the door. She had come with Sabrina and that other cousin. I remained icy.

— I would like to present to you my older sister ...

— I have no time. I told you on the phone. I am busy. Sorry. Since months I have offered you my help for Anissia, but you have sabotaged everything. I have no more interest to meet you.



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The next morning she called, depressed.

— Why do you ask always for Anissia, and not for me? I am very sad. I felt you were almost hostile and my cousins were very sad as well. They said they have not stolen you anything, and me neither, by the way. You cannot take us all for the same. We are not the same. It is one family but with very different people inside.

— But I am fed up with this false game, do you understand that? You lead me around like a donkey; that's how I feel. You play with me, with my feelings for Anissia and only for your personal profit. I will tell you one thing: when one has a child, one must have a certain maturity to grant that child a life of her own, but I see that you are incapable for doing that. This is your problem.

— No, I am not jealous because of your love for Anissia. You are wrong thinking this. And you are not a donkey for me. I estimate you very much. I think our problem is trust ... right?

— Yes, that's it. Frankly, I cannot trust you anymore.

— Is it for that reason that you did not want to stay alone with the children?

— Yes, exactly. You have yourself destroyed my trust, by the way, and you have also told others that you did not trust me.



ANISSIA / 78

— In the meantime, I have changed my opinion.

— I love Anissia more than ever before. She surprises me every time. The piece she left on my keyboard is extraordinary. She is very gifted. And my love for her inspires me for new songs and compositions.

— And why, then, don't you want us to live together? You do not need to love me, and you can do the project with Anissia.

— I cannot get myself familiar with this idea.

— Why?

— Because I do not trust you any longer.

— Okay, if it's like that I will see how to get things in order without you. In a few days the court will decide about the caretaking issue.

— Anissia told me during dinner that she was not against the idea to be with her father and that she likes him.

— I know. But I do not want to give up the children. Because without them, I would have jumped out of the window long ago, for sure. I will call you again after the judgment.

— Okay, good luck!

— Thanks.



ANISSIA / 79

Around two weeks later I had a bad intuition and consulted the Tarot about her and the process and got the Tower. Knowing that the Tower is a very bad prediction and traditionally considered to bring bad luck, I prayed for her.

Some days later, at around one in the night, the bell rang and I asked on the door phone who it was? A male voice said he was Nadja's brother and lived in Paris but arrived here the same day to bring me money.

— I do not want my sister going to jail. I will refund you the money you lost.

I said I never called the police and had no intention to do it now. And that he did not need to refund me anything. And that if he still wanted to meet me he should come the next day at noon time. He agreed, but never came.

My maid said it was a good move to not have opened because she felt the whole thing was a trap and that I could have experienced a bad surprise if I had opened him.

SCENE EIGHT

Months passed without news. Nadja came a last time, and looked completely different. Her face had changed. She was pregnant, had gained some weight and talked in a totally different way. While she said she had broken off the therapy, she felt much better and was no more addicted, at least no



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more to cocaine. Simple joints would do now. She said things she never said before, such as she regretted every harm she had done in her life to others and that from now she wanted to do good. And her face, for the first time, expressed some feelings, some emotions. She did not stay long and there was hardly any talk about Anissia, except she said Anissia was joining in her positive expectation for the new baby. I asked for the father and learned he was a brutal guy who had already left her.

In the meantime, I got new neighbors, four young girls from a mother who was drunk almost all the time. One of the girls had an Arabic boy friend. On Christmas eve, people wanted to break into my apartment and when a lamp fell off the wall because of the shock they had given to the entry door, I woke up, shouting very loud I commanded them to leave at once, which made them abandon their sordid project. I took the occasion to meet all the renters in the building the next day in order to ask them for more vigilance in maintaining the safety of the building. Everybody found the idea very good. And when I visited the girls, I got to know that one of the girls was the new girlfriend of Anissia's father.

A few days later, I saw Anissia coming upstairs with her father and the girls. She did not dare to greet me but turned back and gave me a loving sign with her hand, a gesture that obviously only I had seen, and nobody else. I took all my



courage together and asked the girls for meeting Anissia's father once, if he wanted to, and one day he knocked at my door. He and his girlfriend seemed to be very preoccupied with the situation. The man seemed to suffer a lot and told me almost incredible stories about what Nadja had done to him. He was so full of contempt, rage and hatred that he said he wanted to flatten her; it was clear that he meant he wanted to kill her.

He said Nadja had been in love with a good friend of him, got a baby with him, and that he had treated her well, but she had played very bad jokes on him, like breaking the front window of his car with a hammer.

Shortly after they had left, Yemina came and said she was in anguish for Nadja. Nadja had suddenly left to an unknown place, obviously because Anissia's father wanted to harm her. When I asked about the trial, I got to know that nothing was decided yet.

Anissia's father had been outspoken against the project with Anissia and he did not want me to meet her, nor even give her some Christmas gifts. He did not even seem to like the idea that I had taken some few shots of Anissia.

This man had an extremely closed and traditional mindset, it seemed to me, and was full of violence. He came once more asking me to sign a declaration for the court in which I



ANISSIA / 82

acknowledged that Nadja and her sisters had robbed me at various occasions. I refused to sign the paper and he left with an angry face and did not come anymore.

Yemina came several more times, with her baby girl and a strange blonde, who equally had a little girl. I was not very welcoming and they did not stay long.

The last time, she came alone and seemed to want some money. I said I could not help her and she went away. But something in her and around her was different. She seemed to be more quiet, the sadistic trait had vanished out of her face, she was clothed for the first time in a robe and not a jeans, and wore some jewelry, and she said she was desperately searching for work.