

## Interview with a monster.

An honest interview between Fiasco the interviewer (that's me too) and Rudi the artist, but for this interview Fiasco is a different person.

For those who are easily offended or can't stand foul language, I recommend not to read it.

As I take a sip of my whisky, the door of the pub in my small picturesque village in the South of France opens. A man enters and looks around and asks the bartender, who then points in my direction.

After the man walks to my table, he asks if I am Rudi.

When I confirm that, he introduces himself as Fiasco and asks if the interview is still going ahead.

After which I start laughing because that question is ridiculous because I'm talking to myself.

But okay, sit down and do you want something to drink, Mr. Fiasco.

Just give me the same thing you have, Rudi, and I gesture to Lucien the bartender with 2 fingers pointing at my glass. Fiasco takes his old dictaphone out of his pocket to record our interview.

Ah, a lover of old-school products, I say to Fiasco. Yes, not a mobile phone, but an old-fashioned way of recording.

Are you ready for the interview,  
Fiasco asks me while Lucien puts the  
glasses of whiskey on our table. Go  
ahead and fire away with your  
questions and hold on to your pants.

I thank Lucien for the whisky and roll  
another cigarette, and yes, in my  
story you can still smoke in the bar.  
Fiasco. Can I ask you anything, and  
will you answer everything honestly,  
Rudi.

Me. Yes.

Fiasco. When it's finished, do you  
think it's okay for it to be published?  
Me. Yes, because no one will read it  
anyway.

Fiasco. You live here beautifully in this picturesque old mountain village in the South of France, and you're clearly not from here.

How did you end up here?

Me. That's a long story but I'll try to keep it as short as possible.

I was looking for a studio to be creative and paint, and I found it in leboncoin, which is a site on the internet.

Fiasco. Yes but where are you originally from?

Me. The Netherlands.

Fiasco. Have you been an artist who paints for a long time.

Me. First of all I am not an artist, people here in the village call me an artist because I paint, and then I decided to play the artist role. And secondly I paint or have actually been creative my whole life.

Fiasco. So you have been painting your whole life?

Me. No in the Netherlands I was originally a bricklayer in my profession and also did renovation projects, with my own company.

But when I was younger I did a lot of spraying graffiti, on the walls of buildings where a lot of people passed by so they could see it.

Fiasco. Some people would say that that is vandalism, to spray paint on the walls of other people's buildings with spray cans.

Me. They may have that opinion of mine, I would say that they were large walls that we made more beautiful of buildings that people cannot see from the street side.

Only if they, for example, passed by on the train and then could look at our beautiful drawing of 2 meters high and 20 meters long.

Fiasco. How long have you been in the South of France, and why did you leave the Netherlands?

Me. That's two questions in one, asshole.

Fiasco. Ok, it seems like you're a bit irritated or angry, don't you feel like doing the interview?

Me. Yes, I'm irritated and angry, but that's another story that we can talk about later.

But to get back to your questions.

I've been living in France for about 12 years.

And I left the Netherlands because I was fed up, and got the chance to go to France for 1 month.

Fiasco. 1 month? But you've been here for almost 12 years?

Me. Yes, 1 month became 2 months, which became 3 months, and then I never went back to the Netherlands.

Fiasco. To get back to you being a bit irritated and angry, can you explain why that is?

Me. What an asshole you are, that's obvious, I'm sitting here in the bar with 2 whiskies at a table, talking to myself in a dictaphone.

Everyone who comes in thinks what kind of idiot is that in that corner.

Fiasco. Now Rudi, act normal, man, you're the one who made up this whole story.

Me. Yes, you're right, we're just going to continue with this puppet show called life, that's why I'm irritated and

angry, because everything is a puppet show.

Lucien, bring 2 more whiskies.

Fiasco. No, thanks, I don't need any more.

Me. Those whiskies are for me, asshole, you're not even here.

Fiasco. Okay, calm down, let's continue with the interview. Are you in love, engaged or married?

Me. I was married twice in the Netherlands, and now I have a new love here who comes from Germany, and has been living here for about 26 years.

Fiasco. Can I ask you questions about all the women in your life?

Me. Women? You'd be better off keeping chickens. Hahaha but yes, that's allowed.

Fiasco. So you were married twice before, how long and why did that go wrong?

Me. Pfff the first marriage lasted about 4 years and we were together for 5 years, and the second marriage was married for 7 years and we were together for 15 years.

Fiasco. And why did it go wrong then?

Me. Because I can be a big asshole, and because in the past I sometimes

entered into a relationship against my better judgment, while I know that it might not be such a good idea.

But the flesh is weak and lust can be very strong.

And then you can talk yourself into thinking that it is love.

With the first, she couldn't keep her pants up, and the second one had already made me look for another house three times and taken me back three times.

And just before I went to France I was asked to find a house for myself again.

But also because I can be a monster sometimes.

Fiasco. Was there no love, or loving?

Me. What is love? What does loving mean, or I love you?

Can you give me the definition of that?

Fiasco. Uhm the definition of love?

Fuck off man, I'm asking the questions here.

Me. You're asking the questions here? You don't even exist, you're a figment of my imagination, you know, asshole.

Fiasco. But was there no love, or loving?

Me. I don't think I know what that is, or how I should put it into words at this moment.

But I think that at those moments I did think I thought what love is. But that that changed because of people who did or asked things in my eyes that didn't seem like love to me.

It's a difficult question I think.

Fiasco. Are you a liar, who lies regularly?

Me. Yes, I do lie sometimes.

Fiasco. And your new love, as you called her yourself, do you love her?

Me. I always tell her that I love her despite everything, yes.

Fiasco. Despite everything?

Me. Yes, despite everything, just like I have my difficult character, she also has her things that I sometimes get tired of.

And that I still love her despite all those things.

Fiasco. But then you know what love is, right?

Me. Maybe, but a lot of people sometimes say things and act completely opposite of what they say love is.

Fiasco. Have you lied so far in this interview?

Me. No I haven't lied so far.

Fiasco. You've called yourself an asshole and a monster, can you explain that?

Me. I could add a few more things to that.

Like selfish, bad father, liar, criminal, and sometimes a mother-in-law's worst nightmare.

Although I have to say I always had a good relationship with all my mothers-in-law.

Fiasco. Are you lying now?

Me. No, that's all true.

Fiasco. But can you explain now why you are what you say about yourself?

Me. Well, you can know that if you do a little research yourself, and look in

the mirror and see who and what you really are and what you've done.

Fiasco. What have you done then?

Me. Hmm hurt people, stole, drugs and the trade in it, scared people when they didn't want to pay the bills when I worked hard for it.

I have a rather difficult character and sometimes thought whoever doesn't want to hear must feel it.

Fiasco. So you're a rather aggressive person?

Me. I can be and my excuse for that is usually injustice towards my person or the defense of my partner, or when you try to sell me bullshit.

Fiasco. Are you also a monster to your love here in France?

Me. Yes, I can still be that sometimes when I'm confronted with bullshit. But we're working hard to change that.

Because she loves me despite my difficult character.

Me. But Fiasco, let's go for a bite to eat and then take Winston my dog for a walk, then I can show you the beautiful village and some of my studio.

Then we'll continue with the interview.

Fiasco. Yeah that's good I got hungry too.

Me. hahahah you don't exist at all  
idiot.

But okay.

After we get up and I tell Lucien at  
the bar that we'll be back later in my  
broken French, he looks at me as if  
he sees water burning, because I'm  
alone.

But I started this interview, and now I  
have to continue playing that role in  
this interview for a while.

We walk across the village square  
past the fountain towards the church,  
To then turn right into a small street.  
Looks very romantic I say to myself.  
Yes Fiasco if we go left here we will  
be at the end at my new studio, but  
we will have a look there after dinner.

Instead we go right into the street towards my small cozy house.

When we arrive at the end Fiasco asks if it is still far, and I point to the left side to a small wooden terrace in front of the door.

There is my house I mumble to myself and see the neighbor looking at me strangely because I am talking to myself.

She waves a bit confused, and I wave back with a big smile and bonjour her have a nice day.

Everyone in the village knows that I am a bit of a special person, but they brush that off because according to them it is because I am an artist.

And then you can behave strangely because according to them that fits the character of an artist.

Oh man, life is so good for me here in France.

I open the door and smell the delicious aromas of the boeuf bourguignon coming towards me.

Winston is already at the door to greet me wagging his tail and drooling.

Hello big friend are you happy to see me, or do you know now that I'm back that you will also get a little of that delicious dish at your place.

If you want to know what love is Fiasco, then you should get a dog I say as I walk further into the room.

Always happy to see you, and always comes to sit with a paw on your leg when you feel bad.

What does Dagmar (my German sweetheart) say, what did you say? Because she doesn't know that I'm doing this interview, and she's talking to myself.

Nothing, sweetheart, nothing, I'm talking to myself a bit about another strange project of mine.

Yes, says Dagmar, but you said something when you came in, what did you say then.

Oooh that, well, if you want true love, you should get a dog.

Arschloch she calls out to me, that's German for asshole.

But I love you despite that,  
sweetheart, I say back.

It smells good, can we go eat now, I  
have to get back to my interview.  
Interview?

a never mind I'll let you read that later  
dear.

I throw another block of wood on the  
fire in the fireplace, and then pour a  
nice glass of wine.

It is a small cozy house with three  
floors of 25 square meters each.

First floor small hallway with a door to  
the pantry and a door to a toilet with  
shower.

Then you walk into the small living  
room where the fireplace is burning  
with a dining table two large lazy

armchairs and a pouffe, and a kitchenette in the corner next to the window.

Small cozy and cozy with all the comforts provided.

Up the stairs and there is a small landing bathroom and bedroom, the entire house stripped bare and everything renewed in an older classic style.

With a guest room in the attic.

I may be an asshole, but I am a very handy one.

Can we eat now, honey, I am hungry. After we have finished eating and I have given Winston the rest of his food, I get ready to go for a walk with Winston.

I throw another block of wood on the fire, dress warmly and give Dagmar a kiss.

I am going to walk the dog, honey, and then I will show Fiasco the studio.

Who are you showing the studio to, my honey asks me as Winston and I walk out the door, no one, honey, no one.

I call out to Winston and close the door behind me.

It is cold and I first walk through the village to the parking lot and walk up the mountain.

At least Winston can run free there and the view over the village is dreamily romantic and fantastic.

It is a medieval village founded by the Knights Templars after the year 1308. when I look at the village and the rest of the valley it is located in I feel like a blessed man.

Shall we walk back Winston I am freezing.

After I have walked past my studio, because I don't really need to show it to Fiasco, we walk to the village square where the bar is closed.

We continue the interview.

We walk into the bar and I order a bowl of water for Winston and two whiskies from Lucien, and sit down at the table in the corner again.

After I put the dictaphone on the table myself, and Lucien has brought the

order, it is time to talk to myself again.

While Lucien has gone back behind the bar shaking his head, I say to myself, let's start the interview again Fiasco.

Lucien thinks I have gone mad.

Fiasco. Where were we?

Me. I think about being a monster and the bullshit.

Fiasco. Okay, on to the next question, you also said you were a criminal, do you want to say something about that?

Me. Well, I can't go into too much detail for various reasons.

But after my first marriage of 4 years I was still young and for a while a bit of

a loose person, who met some bad friends in the bars and nightclubs of Amsterdam.

Fiasco. What do you mean bad friends?

Me. Well people in the criminal environment and nightlife who work differently professionally than citizens.

Such as drugs, money laundering, debt collection, security to name a few examples.

And in that world it goes from one thing to another very quickly, you get into it very quickly.

Fiasco. But I also went out in the nightlife, and I didn't become a criminal either?

Me. I understand that question and many people will say that, but you are not real, and I let it happen to me.

Fiasco. And you also participated in those criminal things?

Me. Yes, in some of those things yes.

Fiasco. Can you tell me what kind of things.

Me. A weed plantation and other drug related things, some security work and collecting some money from defaulters.

Fiasco. Are you lying?

Me. No

Fiasco. Did you hurt people with that?

Me. Yes, with defaulters you sometimes have to be a bit more hands-on, otherwise they keep lying to you and don't pay.

The people who didn't want to pay came from both regular construction work and nightlife.

And I collected in both sectors.

And with security you sometimes have annoying customers who you have to get rid of.

Fiasco. So only other people.

Me. No, later also my then partner and children.

Because the weed plantation was busted, and everyone suffered the consequences afterwards.

Fiasco. Can you explain that?

Me. In short, everything was confiscated, house money and everything lost, and the children could therefore no longer live with us.

Fiasco. Do you regret that?

Me. To be honest, I don't regret anything, it is a pity that at times I made decisions that may not have been so smart.

And I can't change anything about that now.

Fiasco. So you just did your job as a masonry company, and at the same time criminal business?

Me. Yes, at first yes, after later losing everything and starting over again only my masonry company.

Fiasco. Then you must be filthy rich, right?

Me. hahahah No, I told you that I lost everything at one point, but after all the problems were solved, I actually only did masonry and renovation.

During the raid, the police also confiscated a lot of money.

And before all that trouble started, I was with my second wife and she had expensive taste.

So all that money that came in flew out again.

Fiasco. But you live in the South of France now.

Me. Yes, and when I first came here, I also worked occasionally renovating houses, and I had saved some money.

The fact that I now live in this village is because Dagmar gave me the chance to start a studio here and I could concentrate on painting.

Me. I have no possessions or a full bank account here. I only own my tools that are in the garage and what is in my studio.

Furthermore, I don't own a button yet.

Fiasco. So now everything is quiet and you don't have anything to do with all those things from the past?

Me. Yes, everything is quiet now and no more ties with those people from the past.

Fiasco. Did you experience much danger?

Me. Yes, I experienced and saw a lot that I can't really tell you because other people had to deal with that too. But I can tell you that at that time I trusted the people I was with who were criminals more than business people, bankers, construction companies and people from politics.

Fiasco. What do you mean?

Me. Well, if you did business with criminals, you just knew what you were getting into, no bullshit or nonsense.

You can't say that about bankers, business people, people with construction companies and people from politics.

They lie, cheat and steal right in front of you, and just like the people from politics say this but then they do the other.

If you were to talk about corruption, the last ones I mentioned would fall into that category.

Fiasco. How do you know that?

Me. From experience of what I have experienced and seen.

That was all part of it too.

The criminal world and the so-called normal business world are deeply intertwined.

Fiasco. What do you think of politics?

Me. I actually already answered that a bit in my previous answer, all bullshit and liars who say this but do that.

Left or right politics, it doesn't matter at all.

Everything is as corrupt as hell.

Fiasco. So you don't want to talk about politics or criminal past anymore?

Me. No, not in this interview anymore, I think it's been clear.

More details are not necessary and could still harm people in some stories.

Fiasco. So now you are here in the beautiful old village in the south of France the artist Rudi?

Me. Yes here I am just Rudi who plays the artist here and paints a bit and writes a bit now and then.

Fiasco. The artist plays? So that is not real either the artist is fake?

Me. Yes Everything is fake and not real Fiasco even you are a fabrication. I learned that in the first years after my arrival in France.

Fiasco. What do you mean?

Me. After all the changes in my life in the past, I went looking for who I am. There I saw and discovered that I was not who I was, and projected myself as other people saw me. A monster of a businessman who had criminal tendencies.

After I was confronted with the terrible man that I was, after I was finally honest, I saw that everything was not really real.

I mean I was fake and played a role.

Fiasco. Yes, but you are now also playing a role?

Me. Yes, but a much nicer role and much more aware of the person I am. After my change, I first spent a period of about two years in another region, alone in an abandoned hamlet where I renovated houses and treated everything with love.

I thought I was some kind of enlightened person at the time.

Fiasco. Enlightened person?

Me. Yes, an enlightened person, after which I discovered after a long period of self-reflection and learning more that it is simply no more than the same bullshit, but packaged in a more beautiful and spiritual way.

Everything is bullshit and fake, we will have to deal with it.  
It is what it is.

Fiasco. Do you want to talk about your so-called enlightenment time?

Me. No, not anymore, I'm tired of listening to my own weak talk, and want to enjoy a nice old whisky in front of my warm fireplace.

Maybe later, if you're still interested, we can talk about many others in a new interview.

I still have many interesting topics.

Fiasco. Can I publish this?

Me. What a stupid question, of course I'm going to publish this, no one will read this anyway.

And with a bit of luck, there will be a sequel to this story.

Fiasco. Did you lie in this interview?

Me. Yes, but only about eating the boeuf bourguignon because that sounds tastier and more romantic.