



# Annemarie Estor *text* · Rosalind Buck *translation* Mignon Nusteling *illustration*

## Let the sunshine in

By Anomaly Estor, whose head roams far from home  
To Sir Jean Estor, knight of the castle of Groot-Bijgaarden

Beloved beheaded forefather mine, who was guillotined for his convictions!

‘Twas quite some stuffy time ago that thy life and thy lot  
first crept into my cortex. Via the interweb, I learned that thou, a member of the  
nobility, keeper of a kitsch castle near Brussels, having pledged allegiance to the  
Holy Roman Emperor, with his colourful prayer cards and indulgences, his clouds  
of incense smoke and mumbling rosaries, once, all of a sudden and out of the  
blue, declared in thy bold baritone thy conversion to Protestantism, knowingly,  
noddingly confessing to heresy.

Methinks that thou wert sore afraid when, having ensconced thyself in thy castle  
tower, the troops, with an un-Christian blood lust, stood elboiling and bellowing at  
thy gate!

But what I wanted to ask thee was...

What was it that coursed through thy veins, when thou didst cry out in the  
transept:

“Whosoever ye thought me to be, that I am not; Protestant is me!”?

Wast thou reflète with fear or was’t love?  
Wast thou not afeared to show thy true nature?

For man’s psyche hath two foundations:

There is fear.  
&  
There is love.

And ‘tis triste to relate that, time and again, I let myself be steered by fears. I allow  
anxiety to squinch, squeaken, scomineer and bescuttle me. With a gastric band,  
a vocal chord, in the constricting straight-jacket with its caustic chains. But Jean,  
how I would love to dash all that anxiety apparatus down from thy castle wall.

So I ask thee:



How did it feel, to stand there in the follying fullness of love, hurling free rein at the truth, the whole heretical, intolerable truth?

For Jean, I would so like to don indifferent trousers bedecked with pie-eyed flowers. And I would like to wear whoopee hair, all to the left of the parting deliriously dyed and the other half displaying the unashamed grey of my antiquity, and I would stick spaced-out bows in it, with flying floops!

And I would like to paint spots all over my face!  
Hysterical spots!

And I would like to paint my hands with symblems and chieroglyphs from every culture and I couldn't care a fig if people stared at them questionmarkedly or critic-eyes-ingly!

I would invent new grammatical rules!

And all the people I bumped across, wandelling through village and town, I would like to tinglingly strondle their smugs and, drawling, sing to them:

“Let the sunshine in!”

O, if only I had the courage!

And I would like to climb the castles and the roofs of the little houses in the alleys, and the barns full of bovines, and I would stand up straight, my arms raised to the heavens and then I would like to declare my love to love!

I would like to shout for love!  
For all the love I have inside of me!

And I would sing and shout:

“Everyone knows, everyone knows, that my name is Polly, Polly-Anomaly Poly-Enamorly!”

Look at all the people I love!  
All at the same time!

I love Hubert, with his dusty gramophone,  
and Owen with his hoity-toity trumpet,  
and Claudio who brought down the roof of the church,  
and Habib with his schizophrenic curls,  
and Nicholas Tresilian, if only because of his wonderful name,



and René, with his voice like a cello,  
and José, who chose his orchard over his cubicle,  
and Sonny with a shark on his rod and a rum in his hand,  
and Stan, who braves deserts and ravines,  
and Shaheen, with a dragonfly on each finger and each toe,  
and Quinlen, handsome prince who dances with roe deer,  
I love them all!

And I would like to take driving lessons,  
and I would like to buy a pick-up,  
and I would like to squat in a castle in the Spanish countryside,  
I would order trucks full of water,  
and a generator and a barrel full of diesel,  
I would repair the roof and mortar the walls,  
I would hang them with a thousand fairy lights,  
and play mediaeval Christmas carols in the middle of the summer night,  
I would build an enormous bed on the top of the tower,  
made up with pillows and sheets and blankets,  
and I would be Love, on the top of my castle,  
I would paint stars on the inside of my skull,  
and paint stars on the inside of the skulls  
of all those I love,  
and I would paint stars on the firmament,  
and I would clothe the constellations in theatrical costumes,  
and perform an opera in the middle of the Spanish desert –

Not fear.  
Fear's off.

Singing drunken arias, I would be Love  
and I would post the whole orgy on Facebook  
and on YouTube  
and on Instagram.

O Jean.  
O Jean.

Soundtrack: Let The Sunshine In - Hair