

A child singing and dancing.

Fragments of a body.
Fragments of a person.

I stare at two eyes on the cover of *Dangerous*. Amazed by the detailed figures, animals and ornaments surrounding the mask, covering everything but the eyes. So beautiful. The only way I knew how to describe an emotion for something that goes beyond words. I was 10 years old.

A person on stage a body covered in golden shiny pants and a golden leatherlike uniform jacket with silver details.

Singing and dancing.

A voice letting out sounds that makes me wonder.

The sounds coming out of the mouth are very light and pure.

Amazed by how the voice is used and it seems to me like a force from inside.

I have never heard something like this before.

An overwhelming indescribable feeling of sadness and joy.

A memory from *The History World Tour* live on Swedish television in 1997. I was 14 years old.

The final moment for me taking on one persons whole existence and making it a part of me and my identity from now on. (see 00.13.47 minutes into the show <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-7HnOOtZywY>)

Going back and forth in history from that day, taking part of a time that wasn't mine, trying to get hold of an artist, phenomenon, great musician, singer and performer, that still is beyond everything I know today.

A young child is singing a song that feels older than the child itself. The voice is remarkable, clear and strong. He is dancing. He seems joyful and confident.

Materialized and cut into bits and pieces. A person. A body.

Youtube is a meat market! I can find everything I want, see all the music videos, rare clips and concerts from the history of one person.

I thank you for that because time let go of an old fashioned media like the video recorder. My own recordings are no longer viewable.

I'm watching an interview from 1980 on Youtube. At one point Mother says:

He is quiet now, when he was younger he wasn't that quiet. I think the stage might have done that to him. Because everywhere he goes everybody's coming out to see Michael Jackson. You know. Wanna look at him. See how he looks like.
He says he feels like an animal in a cage.

Michael - I'm most comfortable on stage than anywhere in the world being around everyday people I feel strange.

Interviewer - Some people say, having always been on stage, you never had to deal with the real world?

Michael - Its true in one way. I try to sometimes. People won't deal with me that way because they see me differently, they won't talk to me like a next door neighbor. The thing I like the most about being on stage is making people happy. I feel I'm here on earth for a reason, its my job to do that. I've been doing it for so long and as long as people enjoy it I will always be happy.

(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O2hMPdexJRg&list=HL1350658829&feature=mh_lolz)

I end up staring at the computer screen.

After watching an interview, Youtube makes a patchwork of miniature video clips, a suggestion of things I might want to see. In the upper left corner and in the menu to the right there's the same clip with a small image, without clicking to enlarge it I see a fragile, skinny, transparent body with surgical tape attached to the arm and to a part of the face, and the genitals are censored.

AUTOPSY PHOTO it says.

This is private!

An uncomfortable inner bodily feeling is emerging. It would be so easy to just click the image and as well Google all sorts of things concerning his body. Because I know it is all out there. I don't want to become this person who digs, revels and exploits in to this material. What does that make me? Is it possible to avoid? Its calling for my attention.

He is singing and dancing.

And seems more alive than ever in my mind.



Printscreen: Michael Jackson History World Tour 97