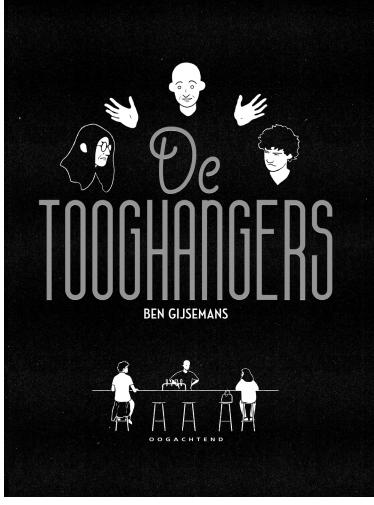
## ΟΟGΑCΗΤΕΝΕ



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## The Barflies

## Ben Gijsemans

In café The Yeastologist, a tumultuous conversation takes place between two old friends. Writer Carl attempts to convince bartender Peter of his book wisdom, but, from behind his bar, Peter sees more worth in his own life-vision. When someone else at the bar interjects, tempers flare, alcohol starts flowing, and Carl stumbles upon the limits of his own belief.

**Ben Gijsemans (b.1989)** studied audiovisual arts and comics in Ghent and Brussels. The first chapter of his debut Hubert was his thesis. It was very well received at home and abroad. Gijsemans' drawings are incredibly detailed, and more often than not depict loners who feel out of place among other people.



The Barflies forms a diptych with Ben's previous album The Churchgoers.



Photo © Ben Gijsemans

www.oogachtend.be sammy@oogachtend.be 10. p: Are you by yourself or are you early? 11. c: Early. p: Specially for me? c: Just because I don't have anything better to do. p: If you're gonna be like THAT you can move right on over to the other end of the bar! Beer? c: Please, I have to wet my whistle. p: I see, you're about to give me a hard time again tonight. c: Slow night? p: Looks like it. But you never know. 12. Last week I had a really quiet one Just when I decide to close up, a whole crowd shows up. A wandering stag party. A stag party? Here? p: Put it on your tab? c: Yeah, add it on. Excuse me, miss? Peter - him, that is - doesn't mean anything by it. He always tells me to move to the other side of the bar, it's just a joke of ours. It has nothing to do with you. 13. lady: Is the toilet occupied? p: The toilet? Erm, no idea. You're free to check. She's been here since half five. She hadn't moved a muscle until just now. c: Her bladder must have been very full. p: She drinks very slowly. c: Not good for business, good for her, though. p: She pays in small change. I don't think she has a choice. 14. c: You mean she's rationing herself? p: I suspect so. c: Are you diluting her drinks? p: Of course. c: Is it possible I've seen her before? Isn't she one of your regulars? p: Not really, no. She only comes in sporadically. c: Hmm, she seems familiar. p: Since when do you take an interest in my regulars? c: Wait, I remember! She's the rock-animal. p: Rock-animal? c: A matter of speech... It was a comparison that imposed itself when I was here with a

couple of friends.

p: You weren't bothering her, I hope?

c: No, no, don't worry, we were sitting quite far from her.

And really, the comparison applied to barflies in general, she merely inspired it.

We weren't bothering her at all.

p: Alright, then.

c: She was sitting at that end of the bar, on her own, just like now.

Haha, that was such a pleasant evening. For us, anyway.

We laughed a lot.

15.

Don't you want to know what a rock-animal is?

p: Knowing you? Probably not.

But I don't know the magic spell to shut you up yet.

c: So much the better.

It might seem a little far-fetched at first, so bear with me.

The rock-animal - no idea what it's real name is - is a small tadpole-like creature that lives at the bottom of the ocean.

But the comparison draws from what it does after. The little creature swims around for a while...

Or no, wait. Maybe it had legs.

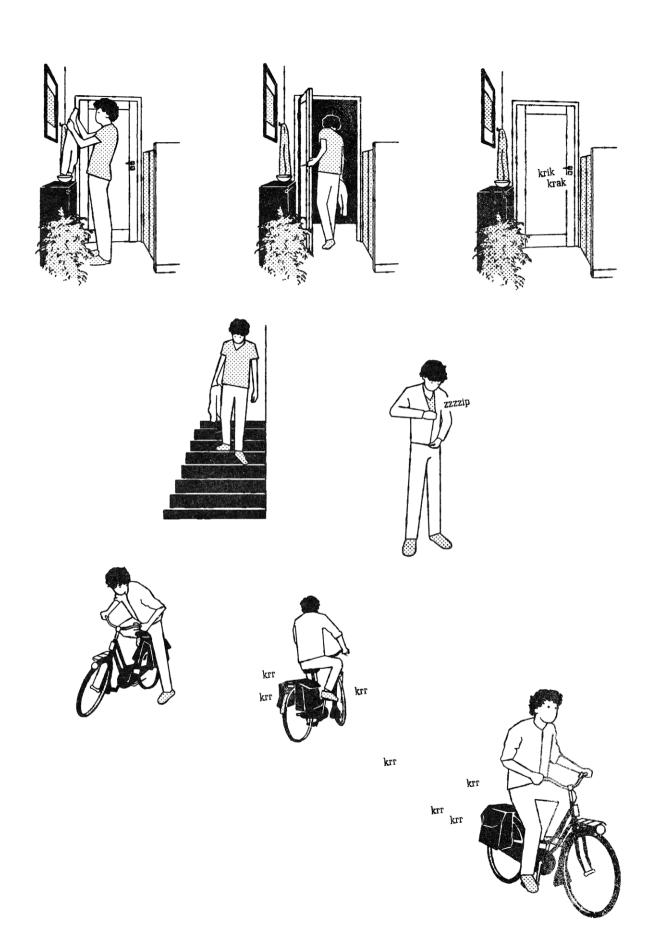
p: Curious where this is going.

c: Alright, so the creature wanders around and finally decides on a spot where it wants to stay forever. A rock, or something, somewhere it can sit in peace.

And here it comes.

It makes itself comfortable on the rock and, picture this, STARTS EATING ITS OWN BRAIN! Can you imagine? Essentially, the creature **chooses** to live on as a kind of plant.

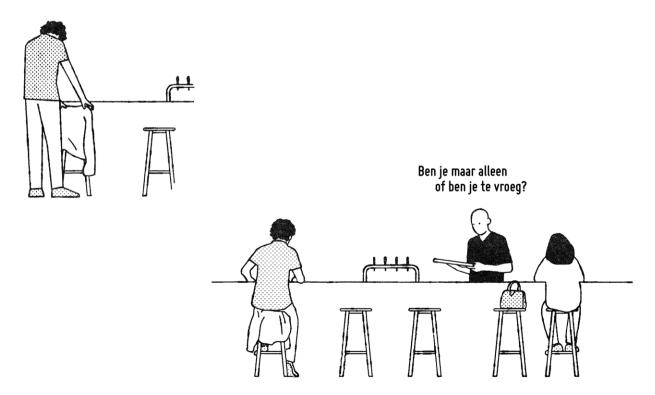
From then on, it feeds itself of off what floats by in the water without a worry in the world.

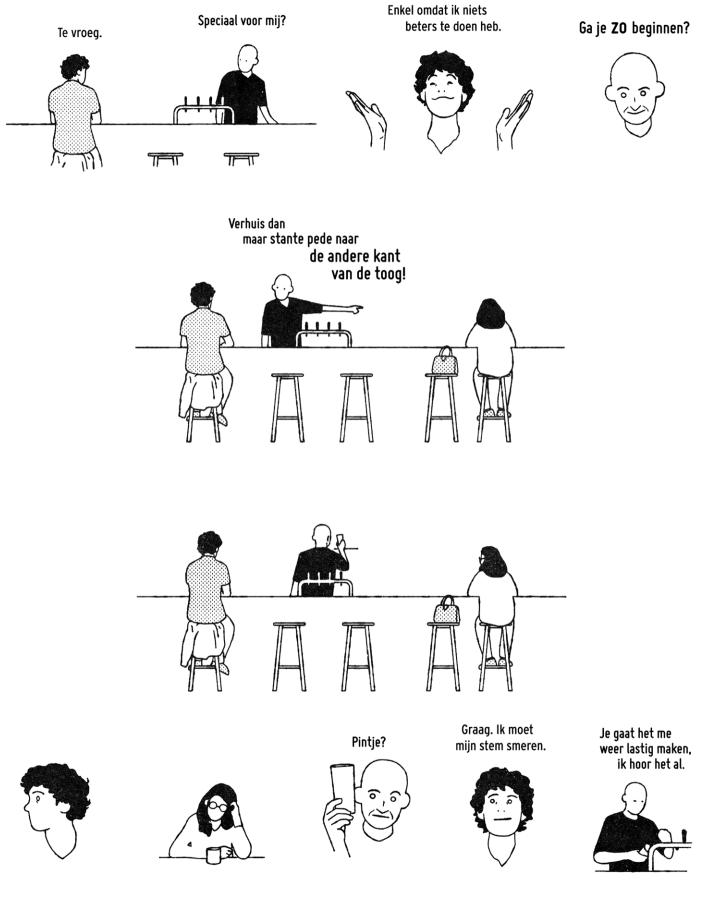




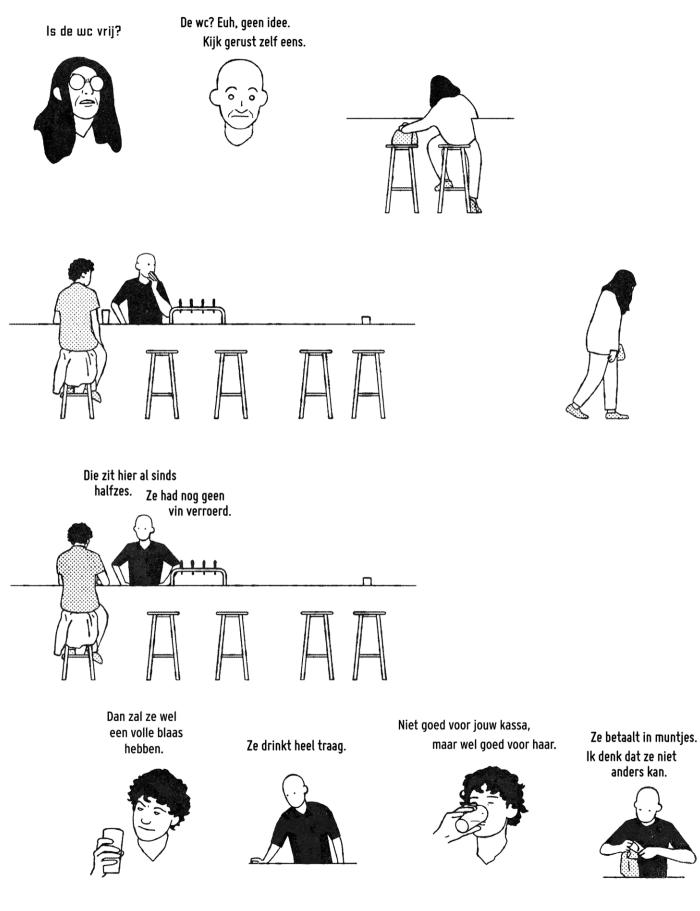
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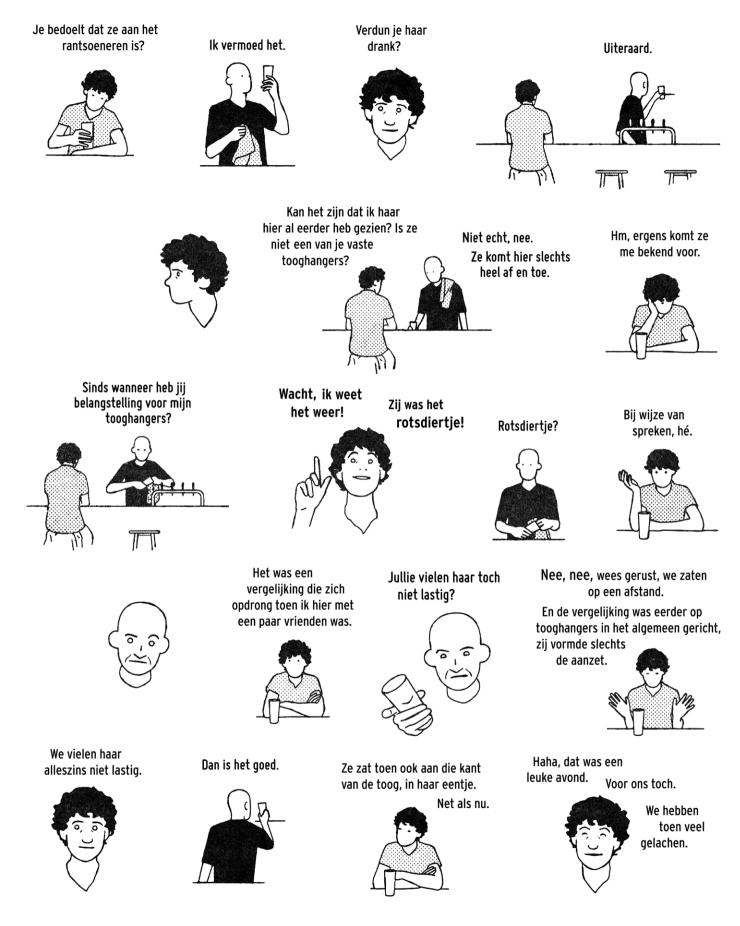




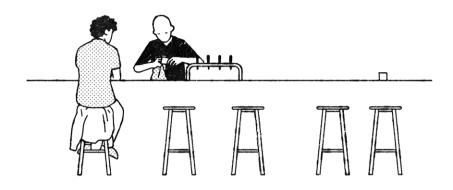








Wil je niet weten wat dat rotsdiertje is?





Het lijkt misschien wat

vergezocht in het begin, dus hoor me even aan.

Jou kennende? Waarschijnlijk niet.



Dat rotsdiertje - geen idee hoe het echt heet is een klein kikkervisachtig wezentje dat leeft op de bodem van de oceaan.

Goed dan, dat diertje doolt wat rond en kiest uiteindelijk een plek uit waar het voor altijd wil blijven. Een rots of zo, iets waar het rustig op kan zitten.



Maar de toverspreuk om jou de mond te snoeren ken ik nog niet.



Maar waar de vergelijking om draait, heeft te maken met wat het dan doet. Dat diertje zwemt namelijk een poos rond...



Het zet zich goed op die rots en, beeld het je in, eet daarna zijn eigen hersenen op!



Of nee, wacht. Misschien had het poten.



Kan je je dat voorstellen? In essentie **kiest** dat diertje er dus voor om voort te leven als een soort





Benieuwd waar dit naartoe gaat.



Vanaf dan voedt het zich enkel nog met wat er in het water voorbij dwarrelt en maakt zich voor de rest nergens meer druk over.

