

I started saying, that I have a post-industrial biography almost; educated in a very academic context as a young person, then you become rebellious by becoming an artist, then you take that serious, but after 20 years you find yourself having this quite poor flea market dealer life.

When I was 20 years old, I started to make drawings and made it after a few months into the art school, more because I did not know what else to do and I met Peter Weibel who gave a seminar each Wednesday afternoon. He told us about écriture automatique and asked us to make drawings automatique. He said the main concern is not the work but we should turn into a weird uncontrolled mood and make a long line on paper. I tried very hard to become strange for a week and then made the drawing and showed it to Peter Weibel. He said maybe I should get still more strange, and then the lines will be more abstract, just as they should be.

I guess, mother was a doctor and father one of the high federal judges with limousine and chauffeur, so I had to get revolutionary instead and loose their path at the age of 16 or 17. I went to the flea market where the revolutionary subculture met then. The Mühl commune had a big booth at the flea market every Saturday. They were many and very aggressive and I sometimes tried to sell there too to find some rebellious contacts into the underground. They were many and asked me each time if I had had sex in the morning that day and I should come over later. I did not dare following but I was interested. I had no idea that was art, but Mike Hentz instead was very articulate and I was particularly shocked about his performance where he forced the audience to be imprisoned. It had for me much of a holocaust reference, which was my main kind of political concern. And I was not sure if he did the right thing. I was not shocked by the actionist anti bourgeois attitude of it. That was nice actually.

first of all what could be called influence always comes out as influence much later. In my case, all the early influences come out maybe 40 years later. But Mike Hentz was important, because I was someone, who absolutely did not know about art and if someone had mentioned art I would have snobbishly put it aside. If you are interested in politics or in literature as alternative to bourgeois life, art does not matter much and I still think it does not. It is either handicraft luxury and idolatry, or narcissism or something like that. Therefore uninteresting. Without having the same terms, but that was what I thought until meeting Mike Hentz. It did not seem to have formal elements like film or books. I liked it therefore. As a direct way to communicate some important message without escape to the audience. Raising up these post Nazi questions for example, but at this point I had problems too.... it should be added, that I sold old lamps and similar things at the flea market when I was 16 years old.

I sold a few other old objects too. I looked at the cellars of the family and other people helped me too, knowing my enterprise. I just angrily thought two years ago, that I turned not only metaphorically into a flea market dealer now after all the years in the frustrating successful art professional experiences.

Especially to the entire old-fashioned obsession with discipline etc. and the flea market at this time was the only place for me to get contact to the bohemian life there. Viennese subculture was actually only bohemian then. Bohemian style, nothing more. No post 68 political movement. Just zero.

Around the flea market time I tried to be away from the home as much as possible and went to communist party pupil meetings for a year. There were not many and I became one of the three spokespersons of the nationwide communist pupil organization. But I loved reading classic novels too and I started to make a Kafka discussion, since Kafka was forbidden in the east block we discussed it a lot and me and two others decided to leave as result. It was very sad, because an old man, an antifascist fighter of the Spanish civil war, was our mentor and we left him alone in support of Kafka. Then I participated in the anti nuclear movement, but that didn't have much revolutionary spirit and so I turned bourgeois and loved poetry instead.

#### Why is a lamed letter in the installation?

There is a lot of modern rationality in the Latin letters. I wanted at least to use one letter from another alphabet system. I just liked these Hebrew letters for different reasons, but actually the reason was born again during the day of attending my father's funeral.

On the day when my father's body was buried, I decided it's time to change quite a few things in life. Such decisions usually never work, never produce any consequences. But then, it was just the moment when I have not even fully thought this idea through, I felt like I got some strange help from outside to really change my situation. It was a very special sunny early April day, when my sisters told me, that, when we all were little children, my mother used to say, whenever I was not in the same room, that I was always talking too much and just so much, that it seemed to her, that the only advantage from all this big pile of nonsense eventually could be, that only in case you listen to me the whole time, there might be a few true or intelligent things left after some hours, but compared to other family members, who speak less, there is always something worth listening to. According to that I decided the same day to adjust my whole production way fundamentally into this very original personal mode of childhood days, decided to just produce too much as well.

*My older sisters were obviously eager that day, to tell the youngest one something he did not know before, and something that eventually could change his life. Which it really did. So they were telling me this story that my father learned Hebrew when he was younger. We were standing in the house of my sister in the room with a nice view into her garden. It was slightly spring then, just a few blossoms on the empty branches of the trees outside, but inside I kept remembering some Hebrew letterforms, which by then I did not understand, kind of after image of my father's story. While looking outside, these letters from imagination mingled with the real branches and the blossoms. So I clearly knew, that all these impressions should mean to me, that I should finally learn the meaning of these Hebrew letters in my mind and learn their language too.*

*So at last I started it and while learning them I started making drawings of them, just for learning reasons, while slowly these abstract forms incorporated meaning. This is always a great moment of language learning, when the meaningless sounds of language, abstract sounds, slowly begin to develop small pieces of meaning. It is a strong feeling when language starts to throw little pieces of meaning into your brain, but the experience is even stronger, when you are learning new letters. Anyway, I thought another letter than just Latin letters should be in a 'letter exhibition' even if it has no function then turning it into something else, like the internal subjective failure factor, I mentioned before and I like the lamed, the Hebrew L a lot and the Latin L is in the whole exhibition so much anyway. The Latin L is so architectural, so modernist cold, especially if one has to walk through it, like in this super early experimental short story of Peter Handke, called something like 'the interior world of the exterior world of the interior world' where he describes the difficult situation of someone who gets trapped in a space, which has an L like form. The Hebrew loomed L is like a long snail instead with many broader and closer parts, you can have a nice leisure-time walk through with someone else, sometimes staying in bigger spaces and keep walking in the smaller round spaces.*



## Learning Hebrew