

blink blink blink ... the cursor of the word window did not blink and i was desperate for some moments that it didn't. but then in all my laziness I understood that it was just that another window was illuminated. I moved the cursor waited and it started blinking right on the beginning of the newly opened big plain of the document. After three times I felt tortured already. What should I do with it. I just had all these stories moving through my brain all the hours that I worked in the studio, where there was no computer. Even worse, yesterday I woke up feeling very crazy and I knew the only way to prevent the mad energies from pulsating through and around my head would be to turn them down by a less crazy mode of thinking. So I started thinking of events from the earlier periods of my life and as well trying to make some small alterations to the images which appeared most easily. It was a technique I believed in earlier, but actually for a very different aim. I sometimes believed that if you change childhood images, but only slightly in very unimportant images, the memory will accept them, and the next time they come up you won't realize that there is anything wrong. In some cases it would be impossible to find the touched up detail, and then you can go on changing. In the best case a situation, which was in reality a situation very mixed with troubled feelings, will live on in the memory connected with feelings of pride and strength even if you start with only very thin glazes on less important image areas. in the next step the memory itself will become a tool to even redo the connection with the different images and will repaint even longer life periods. If the connections have already been worked out enough, the memory will do this work even in all the long periods of latency. That I thought would be third stage moving from simple touch up to big personality restructuring. If you succeed then of course you feel better; not only because you are better; but maybe even more so, because of the good feelings you always get when a longer project you have to do completely on your own is finished successfully. The first image I did was the image of an afternoon in the garden of my uncle's house. It was for many reasons a special day in my memory. First of all it was not a day as in the other memories. It was not as grey as usual - the grey sky was not so consistently and uniformly grey that you get very tense and unquiet at the same time. The trees were not empty and the cars not colorless, and the reason for coming to his garden was his birthday. Choosing this image as my first lesson in my secret touch up course had simple reasons. It was one of the few bright images and it was originally painted already in colors of unusual pride, since the very moment I mostly remember was the moment when suddenly the minister of agriculture arrived, and leaving his driver and his black mercedes limousine at the entrance, walked over by himself to our table, where already other officials mingled with my family. I knew these officials already but this minister was exciting and new to me. But this man had the worst style as compared to uncle, coming dressed in black like his Mercedes, a tie and too big and too polished shoes. I was glad uncle did not behave very politely to this goofy careerist. uncle just rolled the cigarette between his fingers and made his typical sounds like chmmh mmmh hohoh followed by giving a little cough, ready for more fun. I could not imagine uncle wearing ties. His clothes always looked as though they were the wrong size and his shoes as having this quality of being actually invisible and his hair never combed, but still he obviously was the more powerful man. After his strange sounds usually he would start his story which made everyone at the table laugh a lot and really very happy. The government politician could not laugh and my suspicion was really strong during uncle's jokes, that he was very indirectly offending my uncle. At least that was the atmosphere I perceived with great pride and happiness of the justice operating here at the table. I had understood before from the conversations of the adults, that he had a very important background role, which was not appearing to the public. He was sent for special negotiations and directed things secretly. while the politicians quickly disappeared into nothing again he remained and they were all dependent on him. once he was sitting in the german president's office - just him and the president - and suddenly without warning the chancellor came in and immediately started yelling at the president and accusing him of doing everything wrong and yelling that he had had enough of him. It was unbearable, but the president was glad he had uncle with him, who just out of dislike of this embarrassment went through the whole thing with both of them, and after an hour the chancellor left and things were once more good between them. **Another day uncle was sitting in his car during a big state celebration and suddenly his new driver took out a gun and turned around to him yelling. It was not exactly clear if he wanted to shoot uncle or if he wanted to shoot one of the politicians in the other cars. Uncle just said to him, why don't you just put it away, you aren't helping anyone with it. He took his gun away and they continued driving until the celebration was over to avoid any embarrassment. Uncle was lucky. The last time I saw him, I was grown up and I hadn't seen him for years. He was quite old but had not changed very much. We had lunch in a restaurant, him, my father and me. I was sure he had heard all these complaints about me, about how I had become an artist and was very rebellious. I was not prepared for that lunch and appeared dressed very badly as usual. Wearing just an old christian dior jacket probably full of stains and old trousers. My hair was too long and not combed. Later my father told me that after the lunch uncle was explaining to my father that I was really dressed very well and insisted that I look really really strikingly good and had a really good style. That was the last time we saw each other and it was again a reason to be very proud. But now I am very sorry I missed the opportunity to ask him all the questions I would be capable of now. Like how he must have felt when he met the two chief german politicians, who are now known to have both been strong nazis years before. He never spoke about that, as he never himself told how he had been for two months imprisoned by the nazis and heavily tortured the whole time and how he only escaped quite certain death, because suddenly a new**

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officer appeared and they had known each other from university. When the nazi saw him in this situation he obviously suddenly realized the horrible situation for a moment and decided to give him a chance to run away. The luck of uncle was not so much simply that he met with a nazi he knew, but more that the guy made, for one moment, a good decision. There were often similar unexpected encounters like that during that time, but in most cases they brought an even quicker death, because the nazis often reacted to that moment of mutual embarrassment by quickly getting forever rid of the reason for their embarrassment.

joseph was a spoiled child in the beginning. he was a dreamer, a story teller, following the voices. but he was the lucky man as well. from all the biography like stories in the bible, he is the first one, whose life is quite secular. after all the great archfathers abram, isaac and jacob, he is not in direct contact with god any more. he does not need to. everytime something bad happens to him, it turns out good for him, just by itself. he was carried away by the ismaelite traders to the foreign country, to mizraim, to egypt. he adjusts quickly and he learns quickly. his owners see his qualities, he becomes adviser. but the society brings him into trouble again and again and every time it turns out good for him and he remains uncorrupted, keeping away from obeying social power mechanisms he even succeed more and gets into the highest possible position, the assistant to the pharao, then organizing the family to come over from israel without feelings of revenge.

as if some thoughts want to escape from the logic of object production, my uncle walks in into my imagination during these days. therefore I should give a little preview of the possible future publication, hopefully a potential future major text production. shouldn't it be named "the green josef"? wouldn't uncle's life be a better model for its fictitious hero than my own? wasn't he a kind of josef-in-egypt type of person? josef already as a very young boy was the special one. called the dreamer, he was obsessed with telling stories, telling even his dreams knowing that family members were not interested because of their middle class shaped ambitions and desires. since he is the hero of probably the earliest literary product of at least the western world, he directly named or indirectly became the prototype for many characters in literary production. his appearance always created not only the description of a special character, but even more a great description of the social environment, of the middle class values, their envy driven observations of someone who is somewhat different, description of how the individuals react in middle class networks, how they participate, some more, some with doubts, in the exclusion of the special character. josef's story is the one narrative in all the bible's great narratives, which is written as a kind of interruption of the whole, an interruption by the hero who represents luckiness, that lucky life paths are born in difficult situations, that they actually make him even more powerful and lead him to situations where his talent is in the perfect place. the bad incident becomes the moment of hope. should he have stayed in the hood of narrow minded network of property oriented men, he would have survived, but his spirit would have drowned. his story is bright and beautiful, is the leading myth for weirdos, giving confidence and showing them to not be afraid when there is a chance to make your own life and not hoping for the support of the native network. he is lucky and different to other heros, also special, like from mooses to hiob. within the scripture he is only comparable to the lucky and sweet poet and musician david* - neither melancholic nor unbearable difficulties overshadow his life. the narrative's special role within the whole story collection of the old bible is similar to the role of "amerika" within the rest of kafka's oeuvre.

to make it short, josef is saved from the camp, when egyptian slave dealers pass by by coincidence and the brothers choose to sell him rather than kill him. so they get rid of him and keep a good conscience. wasn't it a good deed they made him a slave, instead of killing him, which would otherwise have been necessary? they can go home proud of the "good solution" and their group spirit is enstrengthened, they know how to deal with each other. I know how blasphemous this might sound, but in that moment of the story, you think that is the place where one of the main behavioral mechanisms and structural ground conditions of our german middle class success is described in fact. no?

uncle was falling into the cellar of the nazis. it was never told, what exactly happened, but the certain cellar he stayed the two months became famous for its tortures. he survived and he was lucky later and sometimes to my great anger, he did not share for me enough feelings of revenge. he loved to tell jokes about them, how he could deal with some of the nazi types later and make fun. I was guessing he even organized their visits, but they sat there silent and angry in their good post war positions.