

sometimes i am just a depressively aging person, or lets say, i am having the feeling to appear as one quite often. Consequently, as a result i would look inside myself and think that actually no, i am feeling even deeper inside of myself, that, quite in the contrary, i am very happy and even very proud that things work out so well in my life. like particularly since i was one of the many who never really identified themselves as artists, at least during moments whenever I found myself being cast into the dark space inside the bullit hole of sleeplessness. The place, which i called the golus since some years and hopefully about this experience i call the golus there will be more to be read later, or i hope that you will read about even as subtext in everything you might read later in this text. the pride is that even since having the feeling that i, as many of my friends, never identified enough myself with the particular existential mode „artist“, i am particularly proud that i made something with it in my life as everyone knows it can be a difficult thing to do so and to live from it. money is then the issue. if something is a success it can be measured by money, one says, or the story of success of something begins with the particular moment, when someone is willing to pay money for it. It means on the other hand that whenever you start making money you will be treated like everyone else who makes money and not as an artist or a genius anymore, then one is just measured by the success and the feeling of success is melting away quickly and never really returns, like in my case. Thinking of myself in terms of the time before i became artist or more importantly the time before i became member of the community of the money making artists, and this certain mysterious moment of social and identity transformation is supposed to be the entire focus of our autobiographical survey here, before that moment i was in a much better relationship to everything money related, then i was after the moment. I became bad with it almost immediatly in a mysterious exchange. I made money almost too easily and out of everything whenever before the age when you really have to begin to make money. I lost it. Now i am almost famous in not making money out of situations which are usually most perfect to get money easily. Like doing a gallery like meerrettich, showing the best famous established artists and at the same time the most promising new emerging artists in the middle of the capital of contemporary art of europe, in a period of most money involved in art selling in human history ever, but still i was just loosing only money. There was success but there was no money, just to contradict the earlier beautiful logic of money as measurement and indicator of success. Since i write an autobiography the first time in my life, i consider the idea to torture the reader very boring, particularly if combined with the ugly bourgeois autobiographical attitude to not just tell stories of some historic significance, but to express private judgements and opinionated conclusions. But sometimes you have to observe yourself during writing. You observe yourself becoming too obsessive, unhelpful for the readers entertainment, and i want to say that way there was always much talk about money in the art world and even worse, i can say there was much talk in some subcontinent of the art world about the oldfashioned theories of money like the many old ones about abolishing money. I encountered often an anti capitalist attitude, which assumes that money is evil and it would be wonderful to establish a society culturally defined by the pride to having abolished money and having returned to natural exchange. I stayed always quiet then, because i had no money or less then the other artists on the table, still i was afraid, i could be confronted by these people with the suspicion that i am not an anti capitalist cultural thinker. But now i use this autobiographical writing to say that money is actually an incredible mysterious form of cultivating people to become real human beings. as gertrude stein is saying, that it is the one thing which differentiates us from animals and if we would abolish it we would become animals again. i dont completely agree, because aren't we more cultivated now then we were when gertrude stein wrote it and shouldn't we have established a higher esteem of the world of animals and happily welcome them as equals into our world more and more and soon hopefully will not kill any and eat them no more. Anyways, i am echoing gertrude stein too much here, and in this chapter somehow generally, so i better return to the earlier slightly obsessive idea on my earlier cultivated ability to make money out of everything, ability obviously lost long periods of my life ago ahead of my days when the straight path got lost, not that only i lost this it, i lost something, i lost something of myself. Isn't it? Just saying, there is the crucial point of my traditional mode of pretentious autobiography, which is carried on as a practice to find at least the names and the words for the things lost during the path of human life, the objects described become the qualities of the entire individual soul, qualities are given as production potentials, but not the production only but they, the potential qualities get lost themselves. So it happened, when we met in vienna and started writing our autobiography. The environmental conditions were almost a ideal situation, we were focussed and the minds were navigating similarly, the places of writing were ideal, most of all the strange house of cafe in vienna's periphery. But the minds dissected and fragmented all the issues all the narratives perfectly. And it is sad in general, even if it is stupid and funny to say so, it is sad as a mechanism as one is rightly believing and hoping that one is able to add new qualities during life instead of loosing some. But it is a mechanism of writing or a meachnism of building a writing machine, which writes, and that is good in itself even if the written things appears stupid, at least in comparison to other written things. So the attitude towards money, particularly as it was replaced by the successful making of money as an artist, was lost in a period of chaos and transformation while becoming member of the professional artists world. Before that i did not get as much money as some other members of the school class or the members of my generation in the district where i grew up. I got just the right amount of money, more then others but less then others. But most importantly i had always more money then anyone else. Even more then the nouveau rich friends with great stereos, taperecorders and cool black rolex watches or even second watches. Because i bought and sold. and it was good and without effort, like in the garden of eden i had not to work for money not to consider money. *I made it. I was the first one to have all the soccer players portraits of all teams collected during the world championship and had a huge surplus of soccer players portraits, which i could give away and sell expensively making trades in front of our house, where all the bicycles of the district were leaning on my trading wall. The place in front of the wall became the trading place not only of my school, but deep into far away alien regions of the district. I liked watches, i liked bicycles and i started suggesting that ambitious and serious soccer fans should bleed and trade their watches and bicycles against the soccer portraits which were so impossibly hard to find for the richer ones and of course, for me it was easy, as i just found out for instance that the company sold always the same photos in one district but in another district the seldom ones were the ones distributed most of all. I asked my father to go with him whenever he left for another district and went to the candy store quickly and bought lots of the candy with the soccer portraits and sold them in another district with huge profit. I was a miracle and i made people begging me to give them something for the highest price and never revealing the simple trick. But some photos were exciting in fact. I loved the famous 70ies german team and i was the only one. Austrians wer not able to like them. I did not feel austrian anyway, not obliged to dislike the germans since i hated the nazis more than most others of the generation in the district and i planned to chase them and one day will kill one examplaire and bring the finger or the ring on it or something similar to the mossad and if not that i will give it the list, too long for myself alone, to mossad, the list of the nazis of suburbia. And i had no reason to dislike the german team of the seventies, they were, i thought on my side and the photos of them were proof enough for my theory, so i had not to dislike the german team and that remained one of the last opinions i knew i shared with my father still, most of the rest of opinions i resisted by that age. Austria was the kind of thing to be pretentiously defended by the ones who were the children of nazis in my theory. Anyways the soccer championship photos was just one way or one particular cult*



isions of Jerusalem

object for trading. The end of the period of trading, the moment when things turned the opposite and more the bohemian way then and obviously forever was, when i decided to go just alone to maroc with 16 years old. Some friends wanted to come as well, it was the coolest thing to do, to travel to maroc. I contacted a few some years older ones than me, who told that they were there already. So, after they told their scary experiences, of course i was remaining the only one to really go. I told my parents i would go to switzerland this summer and i will stay there a while. Still they protested it somehow, switzerland perceived as a too big journey at that age still, but i went and i went to maroc, hitchhiking through the whole way to spain taking the cheap train, sometimes even not paying that, to algeciras the port town to bring everyone over to tangier. That was the only really adventurous journey in my life. like after i arrived with the late boat in full moon night at the port of tangier, i was basically hyjacked by a group of young marocains and brought strongly against my will in the smallest fiat car filled with the 7 marocains to a village of tents only, brought there in a two hour trip directly from the empty night port obviously just to get my money i was hiding. Whatever, later i will tell more about it, but anyways after having escaped from the tent village i made it back to tangier and in order to not become a looser and having to go back home without money after a day already, i quickly established a trade situation, bringing particularly german and austrian and swiss tourist of my age to the bazaar and shop with them stupid tourist objects like tea pots and carpets and then going back to the shop owner to pick up my trading provision. I got very active in it and made many friends. I even met two of my earlier surprised guards from the tent village and they started enjoying working with me and now made me eat with them and so on, since the old patriachs of my shops were treating me with so much respect and were perceived as incredible powerful men by them, that i established not only trade possibilities but as well really starng social relations opening lots of adventurous doors to me. Trade made me a powerful but different alien member of the society of exclusively marocain and very young traders and the obvious integration in it made me appear very powerful in the society of western very young tourists as well. I was seen always arriving in the middle of the marocains in the cafe's of the kasbah and leaving in the middle of them entering secret doors behind bazaar shops or into mysterious looking houses and was consequently admired and respected with lots of curiosity by them. Walking a bit with me and shopping with me was the most exciting story they could tell later at home after they had returned from their short pseudo adventure trips. But the included negotiating with the real shop sellers was as fake in my appearance as everything else i did. whatever, it was the too early peak of trading experience ending up in total desaster of being chased for some reasons by a group of native young traders almost being killed with a very long knife surrounded by the whole group of enemy traders. I left on the boat finally in another much more difficult escape, but i was not a loser tourist anymore and returned with remarkable stories enough for many years to be told at home. The maroc tour had another effect. I got the first time in contact with the feeling of bohemia, the first time infected by the observation of the beautiful crispy life of poets and artists. I tried to recover this experience from then anywhere at „home“ like in the middle of europe but i got probably the best possible part of the bohemian experience in the seventies, got a tiny last access into the most magical and oriental bohemian escape world, got into a tiny little contact with the authentic bohemian poetic escape life, very old fashioned style then already, which still was possible then in these seventies without thze later tourism industries effects of endless boredom. But from that moment of conversion into bohemia, i seemingly lost my special spirit of money and trading and i got completely blind so obviously for the money possibilities hidden in everything, as illustration to the theory concerning the structure of autobiographic writing process, which is bound to the naming and counting the things lost, specially the qualities of the persons self getting lost or at least exchanged by time. Artist life began to cast its typical transformative shadows on my life. maybe thats why i am afraid that people might perceive me as depressive, even when i am feeling proud secretly, believing that things and the things in the soul dont get lost but they are traded with something else and i traded successful my money talents with the talent to get the appearance of an artist at least, the probably only reason that people actually would give money, for what i am doing, in the moment of exchange transforming my self into what is called in the old theory in the text above „successful“.