

Drawing 10

This adaptation reminds me of the biblical story of Jonah and the whale. Jonah gets swallowed by a whale, because he flees from the history of the past, his responsibilities. He does not recognize his inner self, he does not grow up, instead he lies down and looks away. Jonah finally achieves the escape he desires, he is inside the whale, he is being consumed and is consuming; As long as he is inside the whale, he has a home, he perceives nothing but darkness, but it is wonderful to adapt to this, adapt to a fiction, to a fiction of a home, of a hero, of belonging, of a landscape. Sigmund Freud compared the human psyche to a vase which, when thrown to the ground, breaks into many pieces and splinters. However, the basic structure of each piece or splinter is present in all these fragments. Likewise, in psychoanalysis, one could look at a splinter and thereby see the whole. And try to put the vase together.

I smashed a vase, and tried to restore it as a whole, and noticed that many other parts had sneaked in. Parts of other vases that were not there, that were unknown to me, were suddenly there, taking over the structure that was not mine, and yet was my structure. Almost helplessly, while putting the vase together, I had to realise that the splinters refer to many other things, structures and people, that it is not me who speaks, that my memory...

The philosopher Didier Erribon has written a lot about origin and shame; I was very touched by the part in which he writes that he had never been so ashamed in his life as when he had to announce his origin, when he had to fill out forms, for instance, and declare his parents' professions, revealing his working-class background. According to Erribon, this social shame never disappears, not in intellectual circles in Paris or anywhere else. It reminded me of myself, and of Jonah; when he finally accepts who he is, he accepts his past, doesn't deny it, he tries to face reality, and gives room to new spaces, and these spaces can create empathy, and can turn into a beginning, into a new memory, and into buildings in which Kafka has lived. But then, are we holding on to the objects of remembrance, or is it the objects that are holding on to us?

Drawing 11

Potato print (a whale, or vase).

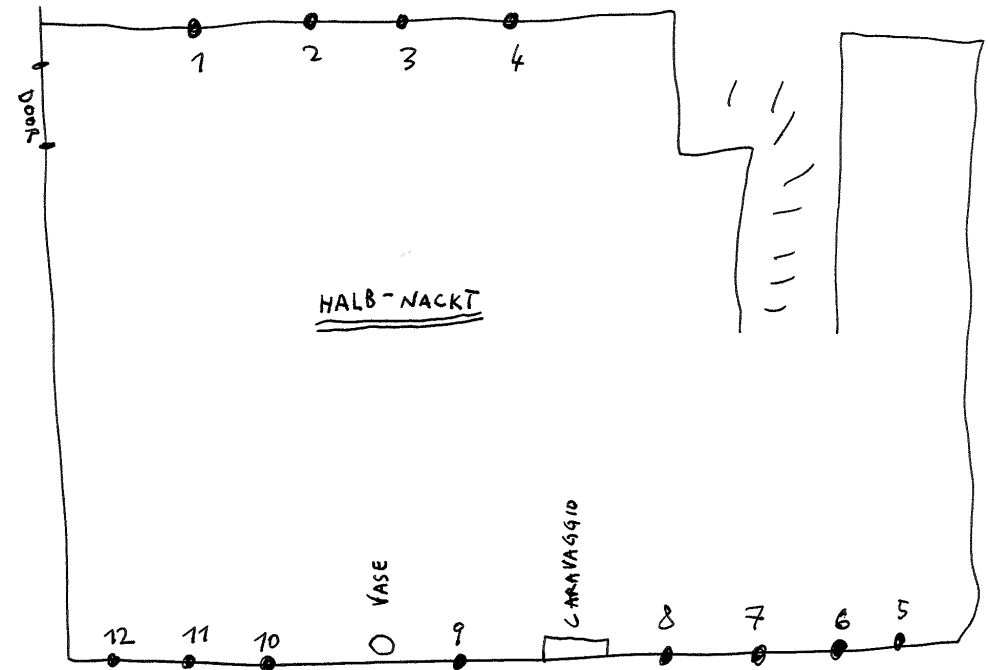
Drawing 12

Title.

1 Mar – 7 Apr 2023

Gernot Wieland: *Halb Nackt*

WORKS GUIDE



Drawing 1

Whenever, Chimpanzee, unread, unwritten, untold.

Drawing 2

Whenever I start to work on a new text, I begin with trying to find a title. For me the title is the superego of the text.

For this work I had invented several titles, all of which I deleted, because ultimately, they somehow limited the text. Then I changed the text with regard to the title, which I found inadequate. Then I struggled again with the text, the text became an illustration of the title, the text seemed like a title in itself, and therefore I did not want to use any title at all anymore, to finally conclude that I have no text. Text, title, text, title... it felt like an anamorphic code which I could not decipher.

The manic depression soon turned into a depression without mania. I remember, that during my childhood I wrote the word "end" on every first page in all my exercise books because I did not think a beginning, like a title, would be possible.

Drawing 3

In my childhood, "shaped by education" meant shaped by punishment and exclusion, meant to give up your childhood when entering the world of grown-ups.

Not to take part in a community meant not to take part at all, it meant not to share the notion of home, even if this home is completely fictitious.

Adaptation was everything. That shaped our view of the other, of those who... This education was inscribed upon my body, and I thought it is readable for everyone. I wanted another body, another memory, another language. It became clear to me that this shape tends to translate desire into a doctrine.

Drawing 4

Redneck Hippie aesthetics.

Drawing 5

The body as a manifestation of repression.

Drawing 6

3 nudes, male, after a famous Spanish painter.

Drawing 7

Men carrying heavy things.



Drawing 8

I became aware of my own adaptation when I came to Berlin to study at the local art school, and I lived in a street called Grunewaldstrasse, which amazed me, because Franz Kafka used to live in this street (for some time), Grunewaldstrasse 13.

Kafka was one of the main reasons for my reading obsession, I was fascinated by his literature, how he surrounded a person with a room which is filled with complex structures. Right after arriving in Berlin I went to see the house where he had lived. I started to go there on a daily basis. I looked at the house and asked myself, when Kafka has left the house, did he rather go to the right or to the left? Did he talk to his neighbors? I tried to figure out where he might have gone for a walk? I was so fascinated by the fact that Kafka has lived here, after a while I was convinced that he could have only written here in this house those exact lines, it would have been impossible anywhere else. After a while I started to walk like Kafka, we have no record of this but I imagined how he in his special manners must have walked. I even started to dress like Kafka, and asked myself, should I go right or left? I tried to talk like Kafka. The language which I speak is my identity... my Kafka ego... I followed my Kafka ego with an almost animalistic and exclusive and intuitive behavior, which made me go this way, let me say this, my Kafka ego was so perfect, that all my actions were not conducted by me but by my Kafka ego. I was walking like a maniac through the city, without any direction, I didn't even notice where I was. I also discovered that there was a "Kafka in Berlin" tour, which I decided to join with a skeptical arrogance, because who on earth would know more about Kafka than me, his Kafka ego.

During that tour I discovered that there is another Grunewaldstrasse in Berlin, where Kafka actually had lived, and not in the street where I thought he was. I was devastated, got depressed, I couldn't speak for days and I didn't go out for weeks. All my intuitions had nothing to do with reality. I inscribed into a building, into a place something which was filled with only my expectations and interpretations.

Insert

Caravaggio and the Mexican Standoff, a short text on a dream and a previously unknown painting by Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio.

Drawing 9

Shame.

Vase

Assembled from various smashed vases (number unknown). Porcelain, self fabric, tape, canvas, wool, oil paints, pieces of clothing, human and chimpanzee hair.

