

**JULIAN-JAKOB KNEER**

**PRODIGY**

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**KUNSTHALLE KOŠICE C/O VUNU**

**CURATED BY PIERRE-ALEXANDRE MATEOS & CHARLES TEYSSOU**

## **SCRIPT AND LYRICS / EXCERPTS AND QUOTES**

*This ain't for the best  
My reputation's never been worse  
So you must like me for me  
Is it cool that I said all that?  
Is it too soon to do this yet?  
'Cause I know that it's delicate  
Isn't it, isn't it, isn't it?*

My style is direct, understand that. You're not here for the cuddles. The unicorns have been locked away. The rainbows are not shining. But what you will achieve is freedom.

You require the unadulterated, honest, brutal truth. Because that is what is required to shake you from the ensnarement, to get you out of the rut that you may find yourself in.

I wish to create a legacy. The fundamental reason for that legacy will be revealed to you in due course but understand I do this for my benefit. But you also benefit from it, the collateral consequence of my drive and desire to create a legacy.

Fear paralyzes and you will cast it aside as part of your journey.

Personal attacks against me are just fuel. It is low grade, but it is just fuel to me. If you want to do it, go ahead, but you will become bored before I do.

*I used to float, now I just fall down  
I used to know but I'm not sure now  
What I was made for  
What was I made for?  
Takin' a drive, I was an ideal  
Looked so alive, turns out I'm not real  
Just something you paid for  
What was I made for?*

Animated, invented at every moment under the spotlight, just like a puppet, except that they were alive and very much so, and that they moved from one state to another very quickly, mixing human and puppet, and the puppet was them too.

*I'm ready for their stones  
I'll dance, dance, dance  
With my hands, hands, hands  
Above my head, head, head  
Hands together, forgive him before he's dead, because  
I won't cry for you  
I won't crucify the things you do  
I won't cry for you*

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all. The artist is the creator of beautiful things. To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim. No artist desires to prove anything. No artist has ethical sympathies. [...] The morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art. Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art. All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril. Those who read the symbol do so at their peril. It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors. We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely. All art is quite useless.

Have I gone mad?  
I'm afraid so. You're entirely bonkers.  
But I will tell you a secret,  
All the best people are.  
Shoot for the moon.  
Even if you miss, you'll find yourself among the stars.

*Kunststoff  
Alles ist Kunst, alles ist Kunst  
Kunststoff  
Alles an dir ist Kunst*

*Du bist so plastisch  
Und schmeckst wem gut  
Dein Körper ist so künstlich  
Und die Frucht in deinem Leib so kunstvoll  
Dein Gesicht ist so elastisch  
Alles an dir ist Kunst  
Der Stoff aus dem die Kunst ist  
Du bist der Abfall  
Denn du bist Kunststoff  
Dein Leben ist so künstlich  
Weil du ein Künstler bist*

They've all been raised to believe that one day they'd all be millionaires, and movie gods, and rock stars. But they won't. And they're slowly learning that fact. And they're very, very pissed off.

I'm not happy. I can't sleep. I'm so angry it's insane and I'm depressed. I cry every day and the reason I'm telling you this... I just want my life back. It's been many many years and it's enough. It makes no sense whatsoever to sit back and literally watch me make a living for so many people and be told I'm not good enough. But I'm great at what I do. I feel ganged up on, and I feel bullied, and I feel left out and alone. And I'm tired of feeling alone. I deserve to have the same rights as anybody does by having a child, a family, any of those things. And that's all I wanted to say to you, and thank you so much for letting me speak to you today.

*See the animal in his cage that you built  
Are you sure what side you're on?  
Better not look him too closely in the eye  
Are you sure what side of the glass you are on?  
See the safety of the life you have built  
Everything where it belongs  
Feel the hollowness inside of your heart  
And it's all  
Right where it belongs  
What if everything around you  
Isn't quite as it seems?  
What if all the world you think you know  
Is an elaborate dream?  
And if you look at your reflection  
Is it all you want it to be?  
What if you could look right  
Through the cracks?  
Would you find yourself  
Find yourself afraid to see?  
What if all the world's inside of your head  
Just creations of your own?*

Social outrage is power protecting itself; it is not morality.  
You have a loathing of where you come from. But a fear that it's all you got.

Smile, because it confuses people. Smile because it's easier than explaining what is killing you inside.  
I'm not a monster, I'm just ahead of the curve in a world that's lost its way.  
They laugh at me because I am different; I laugh at them because they are all the same.  
As you know, madness is like gravity...all it takes is a little push.  
For my whole life I didn't know if I really existed. But I do. And people are starting to notice.  
I finally feel like I'm becoming somebody. I really think like I can do something. I just know I'm going to be great. I want it so bad.  
You can fool people. You can fool anybody anytime of the day, but you can't fool yourself. At night, when you go home, you've got to be straight up with you.  
I'm either my best friend or my worst enemy.

*Need you, Dream you  
Find you, Taste you  
Fuck you, Use you  
Scar you, Break you  
Lose me  
Hate me  
Smash me  
Erase me  
Kill me  
Kill me*

*Kill me  
Kill me  
Kill me  
Kill me  
Kill me  
Kill me*

A wise girl knows her limits, a smart girl knows that she has none. Imperfection is beauty, madness is genius and it's better to be absolutely ridiculous than absolutely boring. If I'd observed all the rules, I'd never have gotten anywhere. Fear is stupid. So are regrets.

A career is born in public – and talent in privacy.

Think before you read. Read before you think.

I am not looking to make friends. I'd rather be hated for who I am than hated for who I am not.

Death is just the last scene of the last act.

Yet I will make you all love me and I will punish myself to spite your love.

*Didn't I do it for you?*

*Why don't I do it for you?*

*Why won't you do it for me?*

*When all I do is for you?*

It's only after we've lost everything that we're free to do anything.

Don't listen to the voices around.

The noise is always going to be there.

Be even louder.

Do what you do.

Do your work.

Ignore the haters, stay productive and keep your head straight.

Their hate acts as proof that you are doing exactly what you want and what you should be doing.

And their hate will make you more famous and successful than you could have ever been without it.

Self love is gay.

Always hate yourself as much as you possibly can.

You can only truly be avant-garde or innovative if you do things differently.

And you will be hated for it.

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