

+ Follow gngallery



AND THEN I FELL FROM HELL

To be rather stupid or slightly confessional even I should start a long story this way: the transatlantic partnership began when I had for the first time, as a little child, this dream—a dream that would reoccur endlessly, every week at least.

I dreamt I came last to the airport and was therefore put by the well-dressed flight attendants to the very back of the plane. I became a funny unplanned extra passenger, wedged in between many suitcases and full of expectation, staring into the mute, chandeliered room inside the plane. I fantasized that we would fly to America, to the town with the many skyscrapers my aunt had told me about, but found we had landed in one of the southern states, like Georgia or Tennessee, where shortly thereafter I found myself alone in a flat land between houses far apart from each other. But it wasn't sad, because I soon found a house with people in it who immediately embraced me and took me in. I thought this was where I would stay forever. The only variation in all of these reoccurring dreams was in the houses where I would arrive—some were poor houses next to a railroad or an empty parking lot, others were big and rich. But it always felt very sweet and so good.

The strange thing is, I am just now wondering, why over all these decades, I never dreamt of my plane going the other way, back over the Atlantic. It never returned in my dreams, and now that I am finally really living here in the U.S., for some months at least, I deeply hope it never returns in real life either. Over the last few years, while I was still in Germany, I could often not resist the feeling that my life was going to just get worse and more and more painful each year and turn unavoidably more and more into a living



Search

☒ My blog ☐ All of Tumblr

Following



RSS Feed

Random

hell. But now suddenly, something different has happened. Not everything I do works out as negatively as before; no, sometimes there even seems to be a stroke of luck. For instance, the apartments became smaller each year in Europe, until we lived, in the end, in one small subletted room together, working, living, everything together, in the tiny room. Now we live in this wonderful, spacious apartment belonging to a New York writer, filled with so many books, luckily mostly American. I thought I knew about literature, but now there is so much to learn and to read—novelists, poets, journalists, and scientists I have never heard of before, like the so-called southern gothic literature I just read today. I learn about the great stories of democracy, or of the greatest constitution at least, like how Jefferson turned “the pursuit of happiness” into a central constitutional issue of my new nation. I always suspected I was born on the wrong continent since I always understood the life in America much better than the one in Europe, apart from a few things like how many people here believe in being reborn during their life. I never got what that was all about. Now, even with that I don’t have a problem, since I feel almost the same. In fact, I now am reborn almost every day. Like, since I have so much to learn about America, I get up early before daybreak. When slowly the daylight comes I leave the house and enter the beautiful park in front of it, even in winter, when it is covered with the most romantic ice landscape I have ever seen in my life. I sit down on a bench, and wait for when the first rays of sun come through in one very sudden moment to illuminate Manhattan and the Empire State building. Each time it is like someone has switched on some magic soft floor lamp causing the day to start over Manhattan and over all of America. This lamp and its daily moment makes me mad and crazy each time I witness it. Each time I try to contain myself but I can’t. I am reborn again. I start hallucinating that I did not come here by plane, but that I just fell down from above like a baby giraffe—falling from its mother’s womb so deep and hard onto the earth, but then quickly and happily rolling and scrambling around on the ground before starting its new life. If you have ever seen how a giraffe is born you know what I mean. Each morning I roll on the floor of the park as well and I pray that America and all of its people will be reborn like me and that nobody has to go towards hell anymore and that my dreams will come true, that I will never go back to hell any more.

Posted 1 year ago

KING DAVID INVOKING

I was walking the streets and lots of things went through my head. I was on the verge of desperation before I had started my walk, but I should be short and refuse to tell what my thoughts had been in fact, before my moment, before it happened. Whatever I decided to change my thought and to start in a new fashion again although believing I would not be able to do so just by myself. So who could be included in my continuous thoughts. Then I remembered there was this story of Socrates where he mentions that during most of his life he was feeling that he was accompanied by something he calls his daimonos. ...

The street was hot and I walked on the side without shadow.

So I just tried this kind of conversation and really it seemed to work, talking like Socrates did. Just after a few more steps, while passing on a number of closed shops all with their metal doors deep down to the floor, some probably just in august holidays but most seemingly closed forever as it was a suburban neglected street away from the fashionable centers, while passing and trying to connect to my daimonon, just two steps before me a shiny white envelope slowly moved out below one of the quiet neglected doors appeared through the slim tiny crack and stopped moving half way and remained. I could not stop my walk. I should not participate in such a game, I thought, not allow my life getting distracted by such incidents. Told myself not even to turn round and look at it carefully, but still, when I looked down a last time the moment I finally passed I felt the presence of a hand behind although I did not see anything. The envelope looked very common. In fact to me it looked almost too common, now I believe it was such an uncanny moment that it appeared to me too uncannily like the most common envelope. It just had printed the payment already on it,

instead of a stamp, like very official.

Later I wondered first, how come that from the beginning of the whole new experience I did not consider David to be the addressee for my metaphysical request, instead of the daimonos of Socrates, him instead to be the one to be asked, if I ever would ask someone not present, someone being invisible?

Well, I thought, why did I contact the daimonos and not the king himself, the king of writers and poets, and his name is David, called and appealed to him as so many have done before me, in all the different ways lamenting or singing and praising. Even the great Florentines did so, elected him as their spirit already before Michelangelo. So I went up and stayed there in Florence, Jerusalem and followed them and made all these works in great urgency. Like Michelangelo, but he liked the young David, the one killing the Goliath, which is great, some like the story about how he and Jonathan loved each other so much and stayed for days and nights together in their favorite hiding place in the cave during long and hot summer years, like my smooth and rebellious Florentine cats in their comfy cardboard box. Some like the idea of his return one day in the future when all injustice and repression will fall from us, may the day come soon. But I prefer the older one, the urban poet and singer, the one after the long years of his life sometimes has to deal with the memories of faux pas and episodes of misdemeanors, resulting in mood swings of desperation, waking up in the middle of the night captive of painful sadness and one night as he woke up that way again saw the big moon of his Jerusalem behind the window and then the moon came closer and came to the window and started himself playing David's guitar left in his bedroom, hanging from the wall and the moon was singing the earlier poems of the king and it relieved with great comfort the worried spirit of his heart. Writing these ways a bit like passing along the streets connecting his spirit in the Tuscan city of David, wanting to say that writing in general might be like meandering around, or invoking something and in the end there is an image made by the text but the image nobody might be able to see.

I brought the book of Ketty La Rocca with me, as someone asked me to write about her and I opened it at the page where she was writing a text like a drawing, an image of David, just made of letters of text, without lines, dots or anything like that, like the images in Talmudic reprints, where images were to be avoided as idolatry, the lines and contours of the figures represented are handwritten words, so one can still see and defend it as text and not as images.

Posted 1 year ago

THE SPIRIT OF THE NON PRODUCTIVE ATTITUDE IS REAPPEARING

There were a few reactions to the term non productive attitude all these years and I was very thankful to anything the likes and secretly believed that it was not really me who has written that.

But somehow I suddenly thought here it is time to clarify.

....

The one thing I mostly wanted to say and what seemed to me was quite much lacking in the interpretations, good or bad, that I almost always meant it in a very spiritual or maybe better to except in a poetic way.

(in that case we can say both terms are the same, as both are not primarily concerned with objects but with relations and correspondences. Like when you are either a poet or you are a spirit and say lets say "flower" you don't exactly mean the objects but you mean the relation and the affections and

the connections and correspondences both the flower itself and the term flower, particularly its performative expression will create in you. Lets say you say cat in this way you don't exactly mean a cat, in the physical sense, but you mean for instance the crazy and sweet affections you and the cat will create when you get close to each other and will begin to inflame the sweet relation with it. But all these things are called poetic or spiritual objects, while the real objects and the pure concern with its physical reality is called wordly objects.

The same thing we can say about the production.

.....

One of the ways to articulate this smooth and thin path between oblomovistishe and Swedenborgishe attitude in any case is to give up willing and to submit to spirits instead.

This notion is greatly indepted to the American spirit of working as I often observed many are not even aware although they practice it each day.

The american as anarchists etc.

The calling of the spirit is a halleluyah

Davids halleluyah and the contemporary American halleluyah

FAME, oh how stupid is fame and even more so to work for it. It is great when one is young starts life and starts a project but it is stupid as it slowly turns into envy and then in slow brain demontage and ends in the bureaucratic spider net all its works eaten up by it?

Your fame no in exact terms your desire for fame is what binds you to the nstitutions and makes you the slave of the daily have to's

The daily have to's you only don't obey to you you help them becoming stronger and bigger everyday so one day you will die with them, which is not so bad, but you will not have anything else.

Like the tree in the dry land.

Is it not much nicer to work even against fame, at least as an experiment, or just an exercise, how

What a relieve instead to find a community of nobodys and people to whom you yourself are even more a nobody.

Oh spirits of David, king of the poetry, Oh spirit of Montezuma, come down
and save our old land abundant of spirit and of pure life, water, sky and
respect

Oh, spirit of the Americas, through these evil spirits of Europe out of our
old and spiritual institutions,

Save!

this is the spirit of the non productive attitude

Posted 1 year ago

1 note

THE PAINTER SPEAKING

As the lamps started painting and printing some questions were raised.
Like what is the difference of a dot and a point, the difference between the
impurities of the white field and the dots on the street, you look at while
wandering absently and being in a endless conversation with yourself
producing endless useless lines of text of negotiating voices secretly
communicating with the dark dots passing by endlessly below you and the
pure almost celestial dots from the lamps? There are two objects in their
painting works, the object color turning into the background color, as their
transparent background leans on the material wall, which is mostly pure
color or rather pure, or it is filthy and dirty. and then is the drawing, and
there are the signs on the object, like in case of the lamps works are the
different looking mysterious dots.

As a painter i should say, the background color needed a very different
attitude, different ways of attitude, but in their concept, in their color field
theory, the object or background color should be always just a color which
is not of dtermined by any profanation. like for me there are only two
colors the color of dollars and the color of young skin and flesh. I would be
walking to buy colors and canvas or i have to be alone, which is hard, but it
is good, because one tells oneself these endless lines of fragmentary
narratives. like being two. one tells one listens.

sometimes i want to write one or two like one minute piece down, but that
never works. writing is more doing the a walk while sitting on the kitchen
table and then telling and listening plus writing at the same time
simultaneously. however i tought writing down a few one minute fragments
could be a fantastic mode of inhancing attention, a attention healing
procedure. like learning to keep dreams just for the sake of it. so i walked
back from the paint shop. i got into something and i thought keep that. i
did that training already for a while knowing it does not lead to anything
worth called wrtiting but it would be good still for me but for nothing else
and that is better than nothing at all. so i tried to keep this story i was told
by myself out of the usual mixture of memory and things happening on the
street while i pass by and that doing something to the colorfield theory,
sometimes in an obvious way sometimes quite hidden to my unaware
consciousness. but still after so many walks i could not keep even one of
these pressurous stories. so i started tricks, like keeping only the end of
the story, the last sentence even the last words and then hoping to being
able to slowly throught he magic of the writing process pull slowly into the
darkness until i would catch the words which would lead one by one back
to the beginning. therefore i made one of these painting which tells the
story backwards but then still only remembers the vowels of it. And
painting white on white. Or not white on white but transperant on

transperant, as the lamps would paint. the white you paint over is not white anymore when you put a new fresh white on it. i walked back from the paint store having the grey ripped clouds with grey low landing planes behind me and a flat empty sizeless cloud in front of me in this very brooklynish oldfashioned street then turned left towards the highway but no thoughts started following me. or they did but i forgot about them like a dream just happened but already lost. but i myself was lost too lost in the contingencies of what happened on the street.

three younger ones were sitting on the stairs talking loudly, punks or wht they call punks in brooklyn not so specific, but then remembered what i thought. thought of the kafka, me and kafka and kafka and america and that real kafka wanted to always get rid of this kafka part of himself which represented the kafkaishness, at the end tried by becoming american, american just fictional in his book and i am lucky to get rid of my bits of kafkaishness by really baing in america. luckily and not so luckily.

later i walked through the railroad appartement. up and down and i was not the first time feeling like all the sadness of the universe came together in one comically formed cyst and then the cyst decided to take all our four railroad rooms as a temporary bed. of course such a dark higher spiritual being does not care about the material limits of space like the walls or our sometimes moving bodies. it obviously more chose us our property and living space to feel so comfortable. and even then some days i thought it was only half there but still the same size just thiner as if it vaporized. it felt like a good tendency towards return of some happiness after it was away but some hours later it had its old weight and density. but after a week almost without all the sadness of the whoöe universe i remembered the weird phenomenon while i meditated the developement of my background colors on the canvas and then ii clicked and as if a wise spiritual voice spoke directly into my brain saying that every person is containing or is connected to all the sadness of the universe.

2.day: the why-does-this-all-happen-to-me experience is the experience you have under influence of an accident or gunshooting etc. the intoxication of the self by adrenalin but as well sometimes as an artist during installation during dinner or other similar common artistic contemporary practices. this sentence comes from somewhere like a shadow unlike the active what-am-i-doing-here experience. but therefore it is more romantic in its passive sensibility. in the questions moment of its appearance, so to say on the middle of the appearance of the questions most shadowish moments the light of the word might be revealed ... the dot is the negative form of this light. translated not unlike formless pain. under self accusation`s influence the doomsday the downfall and demise of the established works and forms of my own returning it to the same feelings of loneliness as i find in the nightly passages through the city in my dreams. both the dream of homeless loneliness and the recurrent waves of sudden obedience into the dark influence of self accusation feel the same way: eternal dark cloud of strange secret. strange secret, or unanswerable question, why then are you doing this accusation? why do you work with it, that question asking why are you doing this travelling activities in your dreams when they are for your damage and detriment even hours after waking up. Like the non chromatic background color with the gothic texts translating the light of its word into dots ... in a few cases into diagrams of some general blurry sort of decomposition of low form narratives into eternal formless ruin and collapse, becoming an unfinished exhibition of the colorfield theory explaining the melancholic recurrences, the spatial structures yet echoing the chromatic momentum of melancholic influenced brushmarks. condition of prevailing contingency ... the works have lost their ability to save at least to restore. the moments of restoring life seems to be oppressed, defeated and gone, when color is elaminated in non-chromatic repression. how to restore? "it is no longer i that lives, but the voice in me" Pauline ways say „that which is not, is stronger than that, which is. agamben interpreting as "we are made the filth of the world, the offscourings of all things" dwelling and loosing himself in what cannot be saved.

Posted 1 year ago

THE LAMP IS SAYING

Standing always in some very newly furnished bed room, I often had noticed from the sounds around me coming from the bed, that she would want to start the light at any second ... with her invention for turning it on without having to move much, of which she was particularly proud. I used to hear sometime that she would tell, that when she had money and had moved into the new apartment, she finally bought a large floor lamp, an expensive design with porcelain glazing and that she placed the pale beauty next to her mattress, and only months later came up with her invention, by taking two of the long green velvet ribbons that she once brought home for no reason then storing them, tied them together, and attached them to the old fashioned but much too short metal chain that switched on the light of the white lamp. Before the chain had the right length only for someone standing up, but she wanted to turn it on from the bed, without having to move. As her invention the green ribbon became a green velvet leash with a chain and she laid in bed and pulled the velvet leash without having to get up.

She used to say that the large round cylindrical lampshade was gilded inside and the fragile construction looked like a dome with a golden sky to which no stairs led, only the green ribbons and chain and she said that it was her lamp, always on her leash. Its green leash was her greatest invention. It led deeply into her lamps lethargic inner life. The leash lay next to her and she was able to turn off the light instead of fleeing the apartment or taking long walks on the streets outside.

Posted 1 year ago

MONTEZUMA APPEARING

politeness in Aztec culture was a way to assert dominance and show superiority. Aztecs were particularly susceptible to such ideas some might call ideas of doom and disaster. First night here the voice in the dream said "you should better call the exhibition moctezuma" the voice of the dream suggesting a new title was not the voice which gives orders, it was the voice of giving a proposal suggesting what i do could just be done differently and it would be better for me. the proposal is definitely worth the consideration. though, however, it was a feeling of resignation in it, as if it had made already many proposals, but they remained unconsidered too many times. but still there was an almost violent polite self denying power even together with the sound of some resignation, maybe because it was speaking very close to me and if someone speaks very close to you he or she does it to express some urgency. and this voice was so close that it was partly inside me already. that is why i woke up with horror otherwise i was relieved from the smooth sympathy of the speaker. i decided to change the pattern of my behavior 180 degrees. until than i would have moved to my computer and started researching who or what the new object of my new interest was and if it was interesting i would continue and make a nice reference for the exhibition. but this time i thought i should go the other way. i won't research about moctezuma, i will not really tell anyone and i will just keep waiting. maybe that way i could achieve much more for the exhibition of the new paintings, like having some real presence in it, oh yes, great finally, instead of showing off with my quickly required and prettily organized knowledge. and that it or he was there was too obvious to me anyway. and if you read enough of the texts which tells about similar experiences of inner voices, presences and mysterious artists following orders than you might know that the only way to deal with it is to make yourself small and humble and become a pious servant or assistant. artists like maya deren believe that you become a horse actually for some spirit and like a horse you need to learn in the beginning to understand the code and the orders of the one who rides with you. the spirit of the voice has to learn often too, they just don't understand our repressive irrational social systems and belief that any good thought transmitted would be welcomed here on physical social space. but they are not welcomed and so they have to keep repeating the orders or change some parts of it until people welcome and the person playing the role of horse and servant often has to correct and argue somehow with the spirit about practical matters of the

message.

the third day of mexico and the third day of the special dreams, dreams to reconsider the painings and everythign actually, i was dreaming i was in the desert. it was a really endless yellow desert but i was not alone, there was a woman standing there looking at me and her name was adriana and when i saw her the way she looked like standing there and the landscape and the epic feeling of the whole image i combined that it must be in the desert of sinai, because it was like in the old bible. she said she did not know which direction we should go now and i said i would not know either. but we did not mind and it did not feel bad standing around until i heard a fly coming towards me and so i turned round away from adriana to see what that is and i saw it was quite a unnaturally big fly slowing down in front of me and then moving around my naked chest making the sounds like a mosquito and i thought i can kind of understand the fly. she was telling me something like, i was stupid that i am thinking that she would next try to attack me, bite me and suck my blood, she is not interested in that and she kept talking like as just talking to herself in a way a older person would talk to herself a bit bitter and to me as if to a very small child who always misunderstands thinking she would have unpleasant intentions when speaking to me. but just said that it is fine for me and i had no worries, i was thinking i should say something about the miracle we are in that i was talking to a fly but another thought vulgarized the whole dream because i started interpreting it remembering that one day i stupidely made a tiny reference to william blake and made a comment on a general similarity between him and me. but than the person i talked to said well you are not talking to flies aren't you? but when i this memory of the blake conversation became dominant and disturbed the epic dream i realized that i was already awake in the night in mexico and i heard the sound of the mosquito in the darkness in front of me and since i sometimes awake very slow i felt the real mosquito actually really talks to em and for a few seconds i was sure i understood her melancholic sad comments about me that i could not give up thinking that she is just trying to bite and that she would have no other interest. i was really awake then and decided not do anything about her, like trying to catch her or get rid of her and kept laying there and listening to the close sounds of her.

Posted 1 year ago

THE BALALAIKA REMEMBERED

In „Dr. Zhivago“, the movie, the balalaika is playing again and again its famous melody, but as well it is appearing as a real instrument a few times and if I remember correctly, that happens actually only in the beginning and in the end. I used to say that in this movie I usually start crying for the first time already before the titles start, which is just after the balalaika has its first appearance and then I would cry for the last time, when the balalaika is finally reappearing in the very last scene of the film. I am not sure, if my tears would still work that way, generally I hope I would finally be more a critical observer finally. The balalaika melody comes in probably either whenever love is going to happen, or more logically to the entire idea of the film, when Dr. Zhivago sits down again to write new poetry. The real instrument instead comes in, whenever a new poet is born, or more accurately spoken, whenever the poet is born in someone, or in the film story, whenever the instrument is appearing in his life and given to him or her in an almost coincidental way, but then is going to stay with him or her and will be keeping influencing their lives in the future in good or in bad ways, in order to make them doing their poetry. Typically these sort of balalaikas sometimes make people create great wealth and develop happiness and sometimes they keep them suffering uselessly as wrong influences during early life can do to you for the rest of it, it is the kind of instrument which is beyond them, which actually plays them, not the other way round and makes them suffer quite enough sometimes too. During the time before the works of an exhibition get ready there is a certain time before making decisions, the time of sometimes great happiness and time

of real artistic density. Almost every time I would go through this special period of the productive process, I would start dreaming to finally doing an exhibition almost without any material concerns, even without material objects, an exhibition just reduced to text without material objects actually. But then always the objects, like lamps, would start walking into my kitchen, my studio or the gallery space and then they would stay with the texts and even push the text back and turn them into the background of my work, somehow liberating the texts from the stressful role of being the front object, allowing them to float around independently and unconcerned with the rules of commodities. Whenever I feel the desire to make a pure, simple text only exhibition, I remember a special moment as young artist, a kind of balalaika moment. I was working then for Isa Genzken as assistant for some months. One day she asked me if I would be able to paint a text by Lawrence Weiner onto the wall of her studio. As a rule, as I would have it, i always proudly said „yes, sure I can, but I must warn you, it may take me quite a long time“, but for this job I could truly and proudly tell her, that I have done the Lawrence Weiner job already for some galleries and asked her if I should do it with the typical Lawrence Weiner typeface. So she explained me that in fact it does not have to be made in the certain typeface and that she bought the sentence and the deal included the freedom to use and apply the purchased sentence in whatever way she wants to. Anyways, she walked out of the room to find the sentence and when she came back with it, she opened her hand in front of me and I saw in her hand a small piece of rumpled paper which was his work and the words and the lines of words were written on it. And if I remember correctly, it was written on it something like „take it and put it together and through it away“, maybe it even said later through it far away. It felt like it meant far away like not only far away but really far away into another place or even another zone with different rules different life or something. But still somehow real and simple reminding me on a tennis ball going too far. Although I was deeply impressed as the young artist in the middle of the eighties by the incredible magic power of an artist making an healthy amount of money that way, without having gone through the process of making huge material efforts, without forming a so called object of desire or a work of idolatry in order to sell. I loved this very uncommon way to look at a piece of art, or at some piece of text, as I looked at the just opened hand, more similar to presenting a gift of gold. But, of course, still I was not aware of the incredible magic influence this act of exchange from now on would have on me, not aware of the spell that was put on me, when Isa Genzken opened her hand to allow me to look at the work, that anytime when I would be going through the process of determining the objects of my next exhibition many years later, I would remember it. It was a real balalaika moment. This moment would reappear again and again like the call of a hidden voice, persuading me to make it the similar way. But then before I can decide, as I said, some other objects would be attracted like spirits by it too and they would come in and come into the exhibition, but now, still weeks before the exhibition, I still don't know them and don't want to know during these moments of preparation untouched by choice and moments of pure undecided happiness.

Posted 1 year ago

THE INNER VOICES WORKING

This morning i wasted away, as with so many mornings feeling pure procrastination like wearing an old pancake on your head and then waiting for the big moment to come out of it. Slowly, at least slowly, the afternoon came over our neighborhood and i still followed the thoughts in the middle of blankness, walking along, observing what it was about them, until finally "something" is going on with these thin strings in the vast empty space ahead of me. Not much, but it was as if i arrived in some slightly denser region of my introspective journey. But it was just the voice of the landlord in his backyard garden below my window. It reminded me of last summer, when i, lazy as possible from the endless heat, used to listen to his endless monologues, which seemed as vast as the great new york blue sky. It was really intense sometimes, in the best and most impressive way, and sometimes the heat in the street was terrible too, all worked painfully on already overwrought nerves. And here it was again this year, the blueness,

the heat and for me at least the completely untranslatable string of stories, jokes and kind of craziness surfing through my empty inner space. But what made me this afternoon so attentive to my thoughts was that i realized how much this incredible combination brought me to the beginnings of my addictive behavior and to the Polish voices i heard when i grew up. My parents used to have quite puritan ways of life, but sometimes this was dramatically interrupted for instance by a group of polish friends my mother for some reasons used to have. Particularly the women were quite glamorous and it seemed to me as if in all these long days of their visit the men in the group were almost intimidated by the incredible energy and the humor of these ladies. Maybe the analogy of the polish sound of language from childhood reappearing in the backyard in summer was the treasure to be found in the search for the early roots of an obsessive behavior to write something down even if there is nothing much about it worth to communicate. Maybe there is. But that would be too long to explain. Sometimes these voices dating back from so long ago actually turned into understandable narratives. And these narratives maybe laid some fundament for wanting to say something, to give testimony of something.

Today i had to go out to meet another guy just to have drinks with him. Actually that was the first time since quite a long time that he went out to meet someone and almost the only direction of this meeting was to have drinks. Plus but today the stupid thing is, i did not think about this before the drinks, while he walked along the long park, as one might say following his own steps down to the bar on the corner, he did not think and even worse he did not remember that if you meet someone without any reason than just having drinks and to accept that as a kind of, lets say, as a bright beautiful possibility of really meeting someone, in that case he was experienced enough to remember that in that case, the direction is clear enough that it will end in disaster. And it did. But the beautiful thing is, it was good that way, just like as everything is good and just like everything or actually everyone ends in disaster. In complete disaster better to say. I know this all it sounds stupid or something but i know but it is not the question, stupid or not, it is that i get up and i have these voices and they tell me to write that down. So i do it, although i actually, i resist quite some time sometimes hours sometimes weeks and months until things happen that i just know, ok, i really better write it down now. And if i don't write it down strange things start happening to me, which of course are good things in some ways, but still, once i know i better write it down and no strange things happen any more, which is good. But i would not want to miss the strange things as well, for they seem to be good as well. Like both are good, the strange things that follow resistance are good, more good for me and the writing of things down are good for everybody while not so much good for me maybe. Maybe. But i don't know actually. Anyways, i should say. Yesterday strange things happened too, which was like having disastrous drinks. It is with writing, no, i am telling my most stupid truth now i am confessing that writing is like you cannot ride if you have no horse, you cannot write if you have no horse. And that is the whole thing about the voices.

Walking that way i saw the squirrel, the small one again, and it made me remember how many times i named myself a squirrel, or a broom, a kitchensink, an accursed damned kitchensink, for now i cannot repair this or this, and not even have the money to get it done, and a loser and even more so a rabbit too, and a whole list that contains a disproportionate amount of disparaging words, and now i am going for drinks and try to talk about poetry, and now i am trying to talk in poetrylikelists of the insults that are hurled at me i could not remember how often, and it was here again the squirrel in the park walking next to me, and i even forgot i saw this real squirrel, not the analogy in the self accusation, which was instead this wild and strong and active and successful squirrel in my backyard, my american squirrel, as i named it, so i did forget the backyard squirrel when i walked to the disaster bar as much as i forgot that there is no hope believing in meeting someone just for drinks, and forgetting that it can become disastrous any time you forget. But still you forget when walking. There is not a future and no past either sometimes, it's just disaster, end of the day. Today was no winter any more, no more cold not cold above us in the whole sky, quite the opposite. It was very warm and it felt very warm above us, and even felt like it was warm above in the whole sky and even light everywhere above although it was night

Posted 1 year ago

THE GREAT GATSBY IS COMMANDING YOU

Still, as I lived most of my time in America the last years I felt like a traveler in so many ways so good and great ways. I never want to leave my neighborhood. It is all a great journey. So I felt reminded so many times of one of the very early and very young read books, the so called American novel of Peter Handke from the seventies. almost each day. There is hardly any other book written in german about being in America which describes the mind of someone coming there.

Anything and everything in it even the smallest or longest descriptions of daily life become a metaphor of the great experience and great pleasure of having finally arrived. Once he describes how his sense of horror and the need to change as quickly as possible and get rid of the old horror he brought with himself and still carries it interiorly made him impatient. He says the time passed slowly that he looks at the wrist watch any time again. My old hysterical sense took hold of me. now in a snack bar I kept looking at the man with a scab on the forehead, eager to know if the scab had finally gone away.

On the wall beside every table there was a a box with which one could operate the jukebox without getting up. I put in a quarter and selected Otis Redding's "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay" I thought of the great Gatsby and became more self-assured than ever before in my life: to the point that I lost all awareness of myself. I would do many things differently. I would become unrecognizable!

On the other hand, I now thought, its my exaggerated sense of time, meaning perhaps my exaggerated feeling for myself, that prevents me from achieving the attentive detachment I'm aiming for.

On my way back two lines I had often put together occurred to me:

"I say goodbye to Colorado" and "It's so nice to walk in California"

this other sense of time was not the future or the past, it was in essence a time OTHER than the time in which I ordinarily lived and thought forward and backward. I was filled with a sense of ANOTHER time, in which there must be places different from any present place, in which everything must have a different meaning than in my present consciousness, in which feelings were different from present feelings, so that I myself at that very moment was in the same state as the lifeless earth on the day when, for the first time after thousand of years of rain, a raindrop fell that did not instantly evaporate.

I walked east on forty second street and turned north to park avenue. I felt as I had for a period in the past when in telling someone what I had just been doing I compulsively described all the partial actions of which the total action was composed. If I went into a house, I never said, "I went into the house", but, "I wiped my shoes, turned the door handle, pushed the door, went in, and closed the door behind me"; or if I had written someone, I always (instead of saying I wrote him a letter") said, "I took a clean sheet of paper, removed the cap from my fountain pen, wrote the letter, folded it, put it in an envelope, addressed the envelope, affixed a stamp, and dropped my letter in the mailbox" I tried to deceive my own sense of ignorance and inexperience by dissecting the activities within my reach as though speaking of momentous undertakings.

But now the great Gatsby commanded me to transform myself instantly. Suddenly the impulse to become different from what I was before in America became a physical need. How could I show the feelings the great Gatsby had made possible in me and act them in my environment? They were feelings of warmth, attentiveness, serenity, and happiness, and I sensed that I had to punish forever my predisposition to fear and panic. My new feelings could be acted upon: never again would I be parched with terror.

Posted 1 year ago

FLOWERS SPEAKING

AND.... AND AND

"AND THE FLOWERS SPOKE TO ME"

and then when I thought that all the work is almost done, the work on this exhibition, suddenly Suddenly I could not bear its presence any more. I could not finish it.

Then I said I interrupt for one day and see The next morning I thought I have to find a new way to keep doing it working on it etc

I sat on the computer immediately, but kind of was reminded that for weeks I was in the park, was next to flowers, to trees, to the roc at this early hour. But still I told myself I don't need to go there any more the work is done the photos were all worked through I thought as well how funny, I worked on photos long ago like old fashioned, but now we work on each photo with photoshop, we have to and it makes the work kind of crazy, like photoshop kind of bring new day bureaucrazy even into the photos and we follow it for hours for days just considering the means but not the ends

I just felt weird working on the computer and felt maybe I find the best thing to do would be somehow everywhere but on the computer. maybe I find it on the useless walk around doing nothing. so I took myself and the color striped jacket out of the house and walked down and when I came to the first flowers I already started thinking they talked to me and they said make posters again. simple posters. Of course I argued with them a while, why the simple poster ways would be wrong and maybe not doing good enough for the project.

To be exact, of course, I got suspicious. Or I should say I just returned to my selfish believes system, only thinking wrongly that these idea could only come from my own interiors and so said to myself, maybe the flowers don't speak to me but it is so, that I speak to myself or something of my self speaks to myself, but this something only speaks whenever I am close to the flowers and only when I appreciate their presence. Maybe it is so. But I preferred believing they spoke to me, as the thing is, that they only speak to me and even more so, I only speak and write so inspired to myself, whenever I believe they spoke really to me. so when I start believing I speak to myself they don't speak to me and in fact nothing speaks to me at all.

But the flowers were in a soft way stronger than my arguments. I felt. It was as if they said, don't think of representations, think of the real things and about the relations to them, keep doing the same things but at the same time not thinking about representations, the representations are the evil ways.

Posted 1 year ago

[next page →](#)



EXERCISES

Exercises

Exercises of the early morning

System and coincidence both at the same moment

Systematic coincidence

Exercise of the Exclusions

Exercise of the DEVISION of Interior labor and exterior labor

The barred garden

The lock up backyard

The exercises of coincidence of empty creation of empty The things that are bigger than us, (which surely is almost everything)

Exercise and repetition and the exercise of creatio ex nihilo

Exercise of self annihilation

The 4 categories of the exercises of Boethius for music

The instrument, the lamp and its different functions



☒ My blog ☐ All of Tumblr

Following



RSS Feed

Random

Instruments of inspiration:

The tool, the camera

The screen, the ink, the pen, the hand

The inspiration, the walk

© 2012–2014 Powered by Tumblr

Exercising reappearance after disappearance (both as objects and subjects)

Another system of form:

Other four instruments or four exercises, the images, the lyrics, the sound and the light, maybe dots, or the numbers too

Exercising the numbers:

18

and

21

and

4

and

3

Exercises for summer, or exercise in spring

Exercises of the American spirit, for instance the American Summer

Exercising the dots,

And 4

Exercising the ritual,

And 21

Exercises of the neighborhood

PUREST EMPIRICISM puritan

The system followed the experience never the other way round

Exercise a Good Life

Exercises of Self Medication

2. DAY

EXERCISES

The book of exercises

Of Lamentations invocations and for sure praises

Of the ancients

Of the ancient spirits of America

The kings of poetry David and Montezuma,

The reformers inventors of new churches,

And praising the traditions of ancients

The summer the spring and each day

And every early morning

And the true labor of freedom

Posted 1 year ago

THE SWEDENBORG ORGAN IS PLAYING

Exercises

In sound

Singing

The annunciation

The Invocation

Commanded and ordained

The Swedenborg organ

It playz behind you

Each moment and any time

And Neat and Handsome.

The Irregularities

Are Of and on everything

And so on

And

are on the Irregular Papers

And each and Any Letter should have a meaning

of another world or another earth

Or as I read that there was sent by the spirits of one of the other earths a long piece of paper.

It was as usual whenever they connected of another irregular Shape

It appeared like as if it was like bad dots of ink like misused letters but they were not like any other print even when mistaken as we know from our earth. The man who received this message, and I don't know any more what book was telling me that, so anyways as I prefer exercising to repeat the same story I read, I would say that this particular writer, blessed by the ability of receiving these messages, and very curious to receive particularly the ones which give proof that the idea that our earth is alone in the endless universe and the unreasonable mistake to believe that we are an exception only there, this writer was telling that their exercise to copy and apply our practice to print our texts and images on paper, something they have never done in their advanced world, that their exercise failed and he cannot make any sense out of it.

The spirits of the other earth again disappeared but returned with another Irregular Paper which again was not making much sense but the writer saw immediately that they very neat and handsome.

Through all this experiences with them he noted as well, that their most intense faculty was to collect knowledge all the time everywhere and any and each moment, but different from most people on our earth they had no desire to do anything with it or as he called it, because they were refusing to collect knowledge with ends.


They having no delight in the exercise of the deducing of conclusions from knowledges, for bare knowledges alone are delightful to them. And they replied, that they were delighted with knowledges, and that knowledges to them are uses. And inasmuch as this faculty abides forever, it is evident that they are continually increasing their mind and there is a constant growth in the science of things. Thus they were as well able to excuse their faults, which was because they love knowledges, which are means for them, but not uses, which are ends. As well they differ altogether from our earth, for the spirits of our earth do not care so much about realities, but about wordly things, terrestrial things, or just about things that which are material.

And the Swedenborg organ

It playz behind you
Each moment and any time
And Neat and Handsome.

Posted 1 year ago

Never miss a post!



gngallery

Josef Strau

+ Follow