

## Photos plus.

On holidays I left the beach soon and was forced to restless walks, certainly unprepared, too imprudently, followed the irresistible irritations of the excavation sites in alarming heat without any shadow only reserved for barren dryness, homes for some lizard and painful archeological transgression.

Seeing all the leftover objects of bigger cities, it is really not that these remnants of ancient Greek cities look like remnants of a democratic society, as I had been told earlier, much for education reasons probably. More compelling is that they look like as if their structure is too obvious the structure of abhorrent urban dungeons instead. Destroyed enough through ages, these stones were fixed together again as buildings by the United Nations culture program of the post-war time.

All the photos done there later reminded me of the normal suburban housing of the Nazis past which I many years ago photographed with comparable passion and with the usual arty filthiness for detail.

No doubt not much is more moving then the anxious remnants of a horrible past. No doubt, this certain act of the photography was more the anxiety for the destruction of the buildings and the destruction of the city structures which were made with organic unanimity of certain security demand lawless society. Rather than I would have had any real fascination for the ancient society.

The photos of monumentality was only one thing, but as if that was not enough meanwhile in the same timeperiod the incredible Ezra Pounds Cantos LXXIV-LXXXIV came back on my table, written by him in the Guantanamo like prison for Mussolinis followers in post-war Pisa. It was as if the photos of the ancient crushed objects and of the dry natures background were a dedication to the attractions of his writing, written unfortunately with a background of mad political philosophy of organic exclusive social utopia of ideal labour. Praising the shoulders of the farmer, the labour as treasure of honesty, the proudness of having not done useless labour. And critical of Das Bankgeschäft as he would say.

I have never understood the point of these Cantos ever before. But now suddenly, I sacrificed my reserve and felt forced into sympathy and into praising them in an arty transgression, maybe.

I know its hard to compare the literary transgression to the fotos work. A bit too much. Still these photos can hardly be empty enough to be not part of that very stuffy background-plus. Extinguishing the sometimes re-emerging spectres of weariness would be difficult. They can better become just objects, deco, ineffective and maybe plus.

Josef Josef.

The text here is not really explaining the work, as it developed for the exhibition now. It is for the special box made for explanations, confessions which more only were interfering the time while producing it, the „photography +“ exhibition. The plus now standing for a painting like attitude for example, attitude of autonomous qualities, which I just cant put into debate here. instead of thematic influence or poetic overload. But still I could not throw away the text completely and leave the new images alone. So it is in the „Photography +“ exhibition, but independently in the confession, explanation box „Josef Josef“. Box of non-decision.

Ezra Pound Nr. 2

My interest at an early stage in Ezra Pound was quite replaced during production and during retouching-work of the photos of the temple-landscapes. It had been replaced, though non-intentional, by the interest into just the autonomous qualities of the light, or of the different perspectives within the catagories of landscape or architecture in old-fashioned photography. But I was attracted by ithe opaque meanings of the monuments

ruined architecture too and the photographic power of manipulating the meaning of these ambivalent left-overs. The intentions were replaced by the interest for the transformations of the photographic surface, the sharpness etc, turned it into a archeology of the photos surface than of an archeology of the changing historical meaning of these ruins in education and politics.

That argument of a natural development of work seems quite like a typical excuse of inability and of simplemindedness. But I want to think now it was a positive effect of production.

The negative effect of the confusing transformation of the intention during working – negative here in a neutral logical sense – was, that I just could not read EP anymore and trying to depict every single word, between the many words, all scattered into the pages of his books pages and remaining alone between the rest. Every word by him wants to impress with an extreme monumental high quality singularity, trying to impress with writing the absolute good style, very refined, instead of telling something simple and real. And besides I could not read it any more since he is trying hard to be humorous with his tone.

The other, negative – negative here as a more general disagreement and dislike in value and in sympathy – effect was more ambivalent and is concerning more his historical understanding of social developments. Maybe he could find quite sympathy today, even with many and even me in idealizing the qualities of production against abstract distribution against market, against money and so on, in idealizing the subjective qualities of the work and labour of a personal individuality against all sorts of simulations of power, against values of organization, which are meant to oppose these qualities, he admired the qualities of the labour of the farmer.

In EP time there was probably a strong middle-class obsession on subjective values of production. Now the same class prases values of simulation of power, of non-production and of organizing and appropriating productive labour of others. Maybe that might only be true for Europe.

I did not like any more to say something by using other people to say something. I did that quite too often. Mostly historic figures. They have lived with quite different conditions then. EP was a very interesting figure, anyway. Thats enough. But still, why prison and torture for punishment of these mistakes. So it would be just wrong to use him, or to like trying to express my critique, or better my anger about something, lets say the attitude of European or German middle-class intolerance, or the wrongness of another artist, farmer in the city.

The early intentions were pretty confused the images later not. In two cases I took images from another photographer, all the others I did during my journey to Sicily, the place where you supposedly can find the better greek temples then in Greece. The two appropriated ones are from Le Corbusiers book „Vers une architecture“ of the 20ies. Probably then it appeared to many as something quite strange or quite show-off conservatism to take mostly images of antique Greek temples for the pamphlet on revolutionary modernity. Sometimes Corbusier puts the temples next to the images of than brand new shining cars, expression of perfection and harmony of form. The strong perfect photos of the temples were earlier, he appropriated them from another photographer. One of the two is now on the left wall of NaftaliiGreene exhibition space after I dimmed the light of the landscape down during photoshop work and it has the title of the books name „Vers une architecture“. The light is quite dark since I replaced it. The second image from Corbusiers book has the organic smelling title „Missing leg, retouched“. It is the third in the exhibition, hanging alone on the smaller wall. Le Corbusier was praising the temples harmony of its tectonic forces.

The original intention was a year ago to dedicate the exhibition „photography +“ to the ambivalence of EP. I thought just the photos themselves might be too much or not enough nothing. Not a legitimation for entering the public. I made quite a U-turn on that one. Now I more want, I could dedicate to my mothers dream. She, in quite classical attitude, believed temples are the absolute apotheosis of final beauty. She told she had been once serious ill, with real life danger. In that very weak physical condition she was trying to go to the bathroom, but fainted. She lost conscienseness nearly dying until found there she had the very real hallucination disappearing into the elysium with temples of the world after, still holding the sink in the bathroom, the collum of a Greek

temple. I am sorry this is too much. Later when being the first time on a site with parts of old original temples, no modern copies, I had the strongest feelings of a beauty which is really beyond everything else. Feeling to being able of seeing the cleanest forms of the ideal beauty. But whenever I see the same forms somewhere on public buildings it is a different issue. They stand for conservative power, sure, for big capital or right wing. Similar taste. Especially the Nazis really loved copy them. They appropriated the whole thing. But still I feel, they have stolen something, stolen even from me, whenever I see them in the cities. But usually copies look evil and bad. Maybe it is, because as everywhere else or even more then everywhere else the good ones only are the half destroyed ones and the real authentic ones. Because they are destroyed and ruined and because they are authentic.