

7 Lamp Memoirs

1

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.

The old poplar is swinging and is getting wet from brushing the fur. It is never really raining but the dark shiny stones on the street never get dry. Looking at my new friend, his hands, pale resistance is fading and he is saying: „My hands are big and my fingers thick and swollen, twisted and unkind. No knives no metal sticks, my bag is full of poisonous snakes“

For sure this place was the best place to be It was Non-production, Refusal, negativity

scary lack of work,

it was the place providing suffering artists with lovingly honours and affections

Your old broken black suitcase was stuffed With subjective void of fear, the narcistic cultivation of insignificance and meaninglessness and most of all with anti-visual heresies.

I am the errand boy, errand boy of the melancholy,

I have given you all and now I am nothing When will you take off your clothes, when will you look at yourself through the grave two dollars and twenty something, I am sick of your insane demands.

secured by a continuity in the tradition of anti-visual heresies, my anti-productive attitude was a kind of an iconoclast-discipline.

I don't think at any other time or another place we would have been able to create such public attention with this kind of empty space. For sure this is the best place to be, Instead of pressuring the non-productive artist lamp, it inundated his or her suffering with loving honors and affection.

3

During all the years I was still in Berlin, I mostly remember that every winter I had to learn again that winter here can be a great time for great moments. Although, sometimes, still I continue having troubles with the long darkness and with the unaccountable amounts of layers of clouds, which make our city famously a really charming dark place, when a bit of very pale light just appears at midday only, the most beautiful thing is when later in the afternoon even the air freezes and the whole empty city has this strange looking shiny surfaces everywhere, as I heard the people I live with saying. They tell each other that if there is still anyone on the street, they would see them moving so incredible slowly, they look so funny dark like stooped shadows even on the day, walking in their downwards positions moving towards the dark void, maybe just trying hard to look like shadows, so you cannot blame them. but I am glad as a result of the conditions I am not so negative any more like others are, preferring the energy of the darkness, while my people are mostly with bad colds in my rooms. One of them once told us, as if telling the most usual news, that after the first step in front of the entrance he fell on the ice so badly, that he had to painfully scream, but then realized that on the big square of the big dark emptiness there were just these two others lying already on the floor as well, making some of the same painful noises too. He felt kind of lucky too, that it just happened in front of his door, so he could slowly climb the long and dim staircase, he said it was like walking up a staircase on the backside of the moon up to our apartment where he would better stay now after this good lesson. wintertime here is the great time of more lessons to learn on the big square of emptiness, like that there is no light and no love existing in the void except our inner light. One of the people here once went to the pharmacy - they are the happy ones to have a pharmacy just below the apartment - you cannot imagine what feeling of luxury that means and he realized suddenly there are actually so many pharmacies, sometimes there are even two just next door to each other like here on the square.

The day seems already over again shortly after three now, so much energy already spent. One of the people here was saying that maybe he has another musli. His second or supper musli. we have mostly musli. He said, that they were really lucky that just behind the pharmacy there is a musli shop, which sells the biggest musli bags. I heard that the shop in fact would have almost only musli bags. He said he would wonder how they pay the rent, maybe they pay with musli too and that it is a very big shop and very serious furnished, but unbelievable empty looking, and that there was nothing more empty looking in the world than a empty big musli store on a dark winter day, but there are always three women working between the shelves, they have all short grey hair and glasses and they look like coming from the cold grim northern coast. but he says that he always thinks they are very nice inside of them, but are trying hard not to show it. He slowly keeps telling: „I wanted to bring some coffee home, so I got a very big bag which she filled herself as if for a whole long winter, but they only have decaf coffees, so now we have to drink it, coffee without energy even in winter time, without pleasure and without the energy, like a staircase without light, just when one is so much hoping for a cup of coffee in the morning.“

2

For weeks now they used to go out at midday to search for a bit of light. The staircase is so dark, but you can see a bit of light behind the window. The light has become too weak and too lazy to even go through the glass into our house. When they meet in the evening they mostly talk about what colour the little light which remained for us actually has. we say there is light but not for us and I believe this is the most positive sentence possible actually. I used to say that if the sky has a colour sometimes, it is yellow like nicotine but that is wrong for the metaphor, maybe because others compare this no more magic-of-the-moment weather with the yellowing papers and fading texts, but rather then that our sky is a wet fur, which tries to keep us warm and on the cold days the fur comes down very low and the empty trees look like supporting pillars for it when it is getting too heavy and wet. With our light all sense of time disappears, fulfilling utopian desires just twisted and unkind.

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4

Before I came here I used be staying for a long winter season at a pharmacy in Germany. Actually pharmacies are very comfy places here too. Inside our pharmacy are three big individual vitrines with the counter on it. When I stood my first day in the pharmacy I saw on each vitrine one person in a strange position. Their legs stood normally in front of the vitrine, but the rest of the body was deeply bowed down, the whole upper part of their bodies was shamelessly lying on the vitrine. Maybe they were really very tired I believed and needed rest between all the typical sweet decorative stuffed bears next to them. To the people working here it obviously seemed to be very normal behaviour. I waited for a while until I looked closer. I could of course not see their faces because most of the heads were hidden under blanket-like scarves in the usual Berlin fashion. First I thought that they would be maybe bad sighted and have lost their glasses and tried to look closely to read the descriptions on the different medicines under the glass surface and compare them with their own possible sicknesses. But then I realized they just rested and slowly talked to the pharmacists about their apartments and other things, probably just in order to prolong their stay in the beautiful and warm room with all my light to cover their typical dark mood and low energy attitude.

5

This morning I wasted away, as I did with so many mornings, feeling the pure procrastination of daylight like wearing an old pancake on my head shade and then waiting for the big moment to come out of it hopefully with some energy. Slowly, at least slowly, the afternoon came over our neighborhood and I still followed the thoughts in the middle of the days blankness, until finally "something" would be 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 days journey. But it was just the voice of the landlord in his backyard garden below my window like last summer with endless daylight, when I, lazy as possible from the endless days, used to listen to his endless monologues.

Like listening again to one of the visitors very long ago, who sometimes spoke polish too. He came by each winter and he would say, the germans, they killed and they killed. He told more about what happened before he was transported to the huge camp, then actually about it. Like he would have said to us, that they put many people together in some square, and he was one of them, and the nazis asked the doctors and teachers to get separated from the rest and go over to the other part of the square, and one of the teachers said, I knew it, they will need us, and so they stood together and the germans killed them after that. It took them some time, they killed more and then the rest were taken away to the camp. He often looked at me particularly, and now I start to understand, what it might have meant to him, maybe he wanted that particularly I hear him and know what happened, and that I will be testimony of the story and tell it later. That way he looked at me and explained that they killed everywhere and anywhere, they came to every new town, they just killed and killed that same way.

6

Next to the house where I was in Vienna, I remember, that our street had mostly grey cars. One day it had three huge new very expensive cars. One red alfa romeo, one yellow peugeot, one lilac shark, but I am sure they were guests in the street and because the rest was just the grey or slightly ocre volkswagens like in the rest of the district.

The front garden had always had a grey bike, but well hidden. From the window of my last house i could see outside into the street and into this quite typical garden. Everything in it was well ordered, groomed and reasonable. Except this garden lamp was a huge mystery to me. it kind of kept me wondering. It was screwed badly onto one corner of the house and it looked so very neglected down to the little round stone plateau of our garden. It was never ever used by anyone and it was like it was telling me, one day something will happen great and important enough, there will be maybe a huge celebration, a huge party in some future period of mankind and that will be when i will be needed to shine down on them. Maybe after a big social event or something people will relax finly and celebrations will be accepted and lit by this strange garden lamp, I thought. The stone plateau would finally be inhabited by the floating and changing members of some party and excitement. On new public building I sometimes saw unexplainable attached simple architectural forms without obvious function, they resembled balconies to look down to the square as if one day there will be use for it and some musicians or singers will finally stand on the strange form and use it for a big public celebration. But for now for these garden lamps or the balconies there was no reason to be then being unuseable promises. Maybe there was some promises hidden in all the social forms here and probably they were intentionally represented in the garden lamp and in these balconies. But years later after nothing happenend I thought these promises must actually be scary promises and might not have what one might guess is an almost messianic quality of a garden party promise. On the garden lamp a grey bird tried to mate. Gruuhhh, gruhhh. The gardentrees blossomed and five minutes later two green birds mated . Why everything in the same time?

7

ðááðéí ñíé: òðéá áóâùèééí ìçì: äää æääé ùúúí ðéááðéí áé, áíé äääé, ðéááðéí ðéáðéí ùèäçéí. äòèðéí, äòèðéí ðùàí íááé - òúä äí òäíéí äòäìçéí. òúä äí ùäìçéí òâòáú äáíé ùäòùéäí äòäò-é ùíááéí, ðéááðéé äáé, äùéóéé äíé, ääò-é ðòäðéí äùáéí. äðä ààæéí ùéò òòùé äòçä- äáéò óé áí àié áú äðä íé úæäòðä äáíò äùçä- "áééä" äæíéóáú ùí úáú. èì äää éúí äèì òìéí éáíí áé -äíèí äòçä- éé éáí. òéðé àòòäí ääðéðé àúéí òòì ìçùèù äùääí. áéää àò-éò òäçé áóú àèùí äàòéòä äòì òäçé äáéúé ä' íé àìà àéòà.