

HW

We were
driving
through endless
deserts for hours facing
out the window watching
the posts of electricity pass one of
them following the other. “come il mio
lavoro”, as if lacking strategy, lacking concept,
but following some imagination just putting one post
into the earth and when it is done putting the next without
being preoccupied making endless lines in the desert. The electric
pass lines made me believe, I had not done wrong. On waking up It was
raining and looking at my balcony I saw that it was like a boat in the rain and
since it was my working room too, my studio in front of the window, quite dangerous
to fall down, even really deep down, I thought, but did not like the metaphor. I started to
paint over the white lines in the letters stichted onto a new jacket, spelling dallas cowboys.
As my father pulled me along the rainy square in of city, in the center, between the many grey coats
and the pale masks of their faces I recognized the man we met briefly earlier on, who gave me a weird
wild excitement. He was passing by and as I felt immediately with great sadness was pretending not to have
seen us, as if avoiding to again contact me. He disappeared between everyone else as he went erect and looked
up his eyes moving left and right above us. This moment was to me like, look the sweetest uncle, he comes down
the hill already he is singing and dancing, but then he was just missing me. I did not know what a painter and
artist he was, but remembered his name was hundertwasser. A year later I started hating school i started hating the
straight lines of the proposals for the future and suddenly saw him again in the newspaper on the sofa in a photo
as he was sitting on his boat with a painting on his knees like a laptop. As always everyone around me talked
about him split between slightly funny and with some admiration about his most recent public adventures and
that he lives and works on his boat and goes to far away lands, his works were expensive and he had not to
worry like us about material life. Maybe Maybe Maybe.
I would like to write, but now I am an artist and I am not sure what to do. Only except that i like the fateful
photograph and the painter in it. Nobody else seemed to really have liked him within the institutions.
And I also thought of him as the good uncle. I often lied many times, when I asked someone, what
you think about Hundertwasser, they just laughed „that is not art“ and I joined but my heart it
was bleeding.
In such betrayal if repressed the great fact that once long ago I felt suddenly through
him there was another place in my life as if very close to us but so unrelated, that
much later the to me so fateful photo of him on his boat turned into my
own line of life and after crisis and crisis its impact made me
believe i could be an artist myself.
The photo became the leading star, the
comet that I followed.

NOWON

I cannot work
like that anymore.
I cannot continue
to pretend. I just want
to know what happened.
Why I am here now. I cannot
stop thinking but not really
start working doing anything. But
I imagine the photo in the newspaper
of the boat and the painter. I cannot
forget it. All the canvas white, I just painted
them more white and more white. Damon came
over, I had asked for help. „What should i do?“ I
screamed „what can I do?“ . I spoke about the pain-
tings of HW and how I believe he was such a great avatar
of everything. But then I just talked not only my memory,
but from my laptop about the paintings he did. And Damon
painted the colors and lines on the painfully repressive white
canvas first with the paintings from my memory, but then from my
descriptions of what I saw in them that moment while seeing them
on Hundertwasser.com. Check it out. It's verticals there are three
parts of a landscape. Very separate from each other, but all blue and
green and yellow. There is the smallest on the top, it is the sky, and
the darker blue makes mountains of dark evening clouds that touch
the white plane of the sea. There are four Klee-ishe boats on it, very
abstract, yellow triangles up and down. On the lower side, there is
green around the blue that are towers, holding very next to each
other within yellow and green like a city. HW comented „there is
the fantastic village of sidi bou siad way up north with a view of
the sea in the direction of europe. Like all watercolors this one
was also folded twice so each time I painted, I only could
see a quarter of the picture. In this way I could paint
lap top. When I unfolded it I was surprised and no-
netheless it had unity in the four separate
parts.“

OA-
SIS

There
is a red
yellow
elliptical orga-
nic form in the
middle. It has these
elements almost like
broken fingers and as
if red blood comes out of
them. But in the middle is
yellow like sand. All is surroun-
ded by green with many green dots
like tops of the trees as if the desert
was surrounded by trees and the desert
would be the oasis. There are many green
forms, how do you call, round dots but one
side the lines meet like in a triangle? Maybe
like arabesques or like windows from a mosque.
But there are straight more tower like forms.
„The buildings are on grass and the large tree in
the city are as big as the skyscrapers. The bird
is in the center. And in the foreground the tree
is more important than the architecture.
If somebody builds a house,
The tree next to it should
be higher“ says HW.

WHYHW

As his boat
and the pho-
to, HW, the rich
artist and mysterious
uncle, disappeared from
imagination but I traveled
with my immaterial studio,
never really having an actual
one myself, once i came to live in
between the endless traveling in an
apartment and found always next to me
on the sofa or on the bed, a HW book put
there for the pleasure of the passing through
visitors. Maybe he tried to write his own biography,
maybe somebody else wrote it, I do not even remember
that, but describing when he was as a very young man, how
he survived the years before 45 in Vienna by pretending he was
an active member of HJ the youth of the nazi movement and by
exaggerating such an act, as he did for many years, and suffered so
greatly telling himself that HJ instead means to him in his loneliness, ‚half
jew‘ fearing constantly the revelation of his identity. In the last days of the war
the group of young nazi's around his house were ordered into an earth hole to
defend the city against the incoming liberation armies. When the other young men
came to his house to pick him up to go there, it came out of him against all his fears
and terror, that he yelled from the window ‚HJ means I am half jew!‘ That moment he
felt he did not want to do such a statement but still it came out of him. The young Nazis
ran away themselves in fear and terror suddenly of him, it was impossible to join and
so he stayed away from them. The next day he heard the whole group went to the earth
hole and a bomb fell in the same minute and they were dead. From then on he frequen-
ted the streets as a young man, experienced the liberation, and felt that he could not do
anything else or do as the others.
Then he started traveling, first to italy and then he traveled north africa, to tunisia,
maroc etc and occupied himself with making watercolors. He got some knowledge
of Klee and he once said he was on foot and saw the blue port at night out doors
and he painted it. It was the first night outdoors amongst the rocks above the
sea. The freedom from bed and house was new to him and he was alone and
completely overwhelmed, he said. That day he made the first precursors
of the spiral. „I was surprised at how simple it was and then wanted to
persuade everybody to paint that beautifully too. It was my key,
my crucial picture. From then on I was a painter. From
then on I was free. I had found the way back to
myself“ said HW.

BESO

T h e s e
days we
say beso when
we want to say
kiss. So I liked the
painting called el Beso
for this reason and as it
looked so egyptian. There are
three eyes horizontally next to
each other like hieroglyphics, like
the eyes of the mummies mask in a
row, as if they were trading boats with
shining jewel like circles carried by them
like treasure cargo deep in their vessels, the
bliss of the sparkling pupils of the kissers. The
one has only one eye, it is a profile, and quite bad
painted spirals surround him. Damon painted and
painted and the empty canvases disappeared. I spo-
ke about the raindrops of the pictures too much and
it started raining outside and the rain was on the
street and on the deck and on the windows and
our canvas. HW says you should go outside into
the rain when it begins, hold the face up,
and count the drops.

JS