



Postcards from the near Future Pt.III

I wrote most of the following text in one week of October 2008 in The Hague, Netherlands. We were invited to the Gallery 'Andergrond' for one week during the arts festival 'Ground3' which took place at the time. The festival was held in all the 'off-locations' of the Hague eg. the 'Andergrond' in order to (re)present them. The Festival was subtitled 'for sale?!'.

It was financially supported by the city of the Hague. The people who invited us were allowed to use the small house in which 'Andergrond' is located for a limited time with permission from the city of the Hague- they had been squatting numerous spaces in the last couple of years to use them culturally. They use their space to launch an exhibition every month, invite musicians to play and they also use the gallery as a shop for books, clothes and records during some hours of the week. Anyways- we decided to follow their invitation to produce a film which we were going to screen in the gallery at the end of the festival. During our week there we slept in the gallery and opened it every day for a couple of hours to allow visitors to see our work in progress. Apart from this we had set up some other conceptual rules for ourselves to stick to:

- to only use what we found in the space to make the movie.
- to ask the curators of 'Andergrond' to make music with us- as about the only thing we knew about them was that they were also musicians and that they were living together with a hen and a couple of cats in the tiny tiny three-storey house above their gallery.
- one part of the film should therefore show the four of us trying to play music together which should take place in their house. Luckily they were into this idea and it turned out that we had a really good time. The parts of the film where we play music now somehow represent an utopian moment, an utopian place. You see us playing but you do not hear anything. Another part shows us four setting up the musical

I WROTE THE FOLLOWING TEXT WHEN WE WERE INVITED TO THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS IN OCT. '08 TO USE AN EXHIBITION SPACE FOR ONE WEEK DURING THE FESTIVAL 'GROUND3' WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE TIME. THE FESTIVAL WAS HELD IN ALL THE 'OFF-LOCATIONS' IN THE HAGUE AND WAS SUBTITLED 'ART FOR SALE?!' THE PEOPLE WHO INVITED US RUN A SMALL SPACE THEY GOT AFTER SQUATTING FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. THEY USE IT FOR EXHIBITIONS AND ALSO RUN A SMALL RECORD SHOP AND SELL CLOTHES THEIR DESIGNER FRIENDS MAKE. ANYWAYS I HE DECIDED TO PARTICIPATE, STAY ONE WEEK IN THE GALLERY - IT IS CALLED 'ANDERGROND' - AND TO MAKE A FILM WHICH WE WERE GOING TO PRESENT AT THE END OF THE WEEK. THE ONLY THING WE KNEW ABOUT THE PLACE WAS THAT THE TWO OF THEM - A COUPLE - WERE, AS WE OURSELVES ARE, ALSO MUSICIANS AND THAT THEY WERE LIVING WITH A HEN AND A COUPLE OF CATS IN THE HOUSE ABOVE THEIR ARTS SPACE. HE DECIDED THAT ONE PART OF THE FILM SHOULD CONSIST OF US 4 TRYING TO PLAY MUSIC TOGETHER - THE TWO OF THEM HAD ALREADY AGREED ON THAT. AND SO IT TURNED OUT: THE PARTS OF THE FILM WHERE WE ARE PLAYING MUSIC

instruments in different rooms of the house, carrying them around and communicating about that- and only the sound from the camera is heard.

The third part of the film consists of giant clapping hands and digitally altered clapping sounds. The rest of the film consists of my voice consistently speaking in English over stills- images of everyday stuff lying around everywhere: on the floor, on the table we used for working, on chairs: Piles of books, lightbulbs, tape, paperscraps etc. Anyways- I started writing this text shortly before leaving to the Hague and already having made some conceptual decisions for the film and wrote the rest in the Hague. Most of my texts are written like that- I imagine something and later mix it up with the real experience. It is a kind of diary fiction.

Of course your real experience always differs from your imagination beforehand, but I think it is interesting to compare the two. I also think I somewhat focus on what I have imagined before while later experiencing the real and this kind of shapes my perception.

It is a task to act and be very open to new experiences while at the same time try to really perceive them which in itself might involve analysis. That's what I like so much about performing- that you take action at the same time while something else happens (audience, mistakes, unexpected) and at some stage, after many years of experience, you might from time to time, on rare and special occasions, be able to act and see and analyse all at once. You could then act appropriately and alter your actions on stage very fast. This is very hard to achieve. In the meantime I make mistakes. I like making them. I learn.

This booklet is about mistakes, too: In The Hague it turned out that my writing in English is very different from my writing in German both in tone and use of language. My speech/spoken performance is also completely different. For example I sound quite 'dry' in German but in English everything sounds somehow quite 'romantic' or even sad. Completely different poles. After noticing this we added an introductory part to the film- spoken German with English subtitles on black screen. They are not synchronized- neither in translation nor language. They are now part of this text, part of this booklet.

**You have to make assertions. And mistakes. Misunderstandings. Différance.** You might cause and form some cracks by using the differences. The misunderstandings. If you are able to perceive the cracks they might turn into hopeful moments.

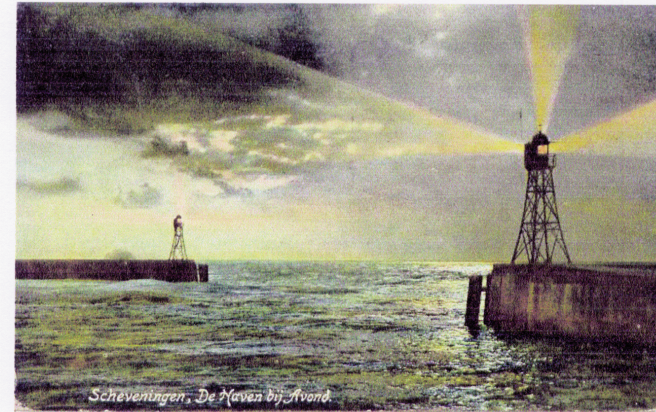
In the meantime carrying instruments and playing music are the moments of hope a little more easy to create. No language needed there. Language is a crack in itself.

This booklet is another translation. A journal. A journey. From language to sign and image.

together represent a kind of UTOPIAN SPACE / STATE .  
THEY ARE THE ONLY PARTS IN THE MOVIE THAT ARE SILENT .  
THE MUSIC CANNOT BE HEARD . EVERYTHING ELSE IS UNDER-  
LINED WITH MY VOICE SPEAKING - THIS TEXT . IT TURNED  
OUT THAT I SOUND REALLY SAD WHEN TALKING IN ENGLISH -  
MY TONE IS QUITE DIFFERENT . SO I LATER WROTE A PREFACE  
WHICH WE SUBTITLED WITH ENGLISH (HERE UP TO PAGE 12) .  
THE INTRO IS NO PICTURES , JUST BLACK SCREEN AND WHITE  
TEXT . THE REST OF THE FILM CONSISTS OF STILLS - EVERYDAY  
STUFF WE WERE WORKING AND LIVING WITH DURING THAT  
WEEK . IT WAS 'WORK IN PROGRESS' AS THE GALLERY WAS  
OPEN EVERY DAY AND PEOPLE COULD VISIT + TALK TO US WHILE  
WE WERE FILMING AND CUTTING . THIS BOOKLET IS MY TRY  
TO RECONTEXTUALIZE OR TO TRANSLATE THE VIDEO INTO  
TEXT AGAIN . IT IS A COMMENT ON MY WORK AND IT IS  
A PIECE OF ITS OWN . THE WHOLE WORK WAS ABOUT  
LANGUAGE (PROBLEMS ) AND DIFFERENCES AND MISUNDER-  
STANDINGS . THIS IS ANOTHER TRANSLATION .

She's got everything she needs,  
She's an artist, she don't look back.  
She's got everything she needs,  
She's an artist, she don't look back.  
She can take the dark out of the nighttime  
And paint the daytime black.

IT BIG TIME BLACK



THE IMAGE OF THE SAILORBOY  
HAS PRODUCED  
BY FILMING  
THE PANORAMIC  
MODEL OF THE  
BEACH OF  
SCHEVENINGEN  
NEAR THE HAGUE.  
THE MODEL CAN  
BE DOWNLOADED  
FROM THE INTERNET.  
THE FINING IN/OF  
THE REAL MODEL  
IS PROHIBITED.

Scheveningen, De Haven bij Avond



UPTOWN TOP RANKIN'  
(paint it big time black)

RETTITLED TO 'PAINT IT BIG TIME BLACK'. QUOTE FROM  
A DYLAN SONG I MISUNDER-  
STOOD. RETTTLED  
'CAUSE I \*FIND SOME  
PARTS OF THE TEXT  
SOMEWHAT DEPRESSING.  
\*NOW

Ich sage dem Freund du bist der Feind.

*I tell my friend you are the enemy.*

Man weiß ja nicht mehr, wer der Feind ist, heutzutage.

*It has become uncertain who the enemy is, nowadays.*

Man kann sich aber was hindrehen, damit man sich überhaupt noch bewe-  
gen kann. Also Mauern hochziehen, Grenzen ziehen, Fehler machen,  
Behauptungen aufstellen.

*You can construct something though in order to still have a sense of agility. Put  
up walls, draw frontiers, make mistakes and assertions.*

Du bist der Feind.

*You are the enemy.*

Da hast du recht, sagt er, nimmt meine Hand, wir laufen weiter, den  
Parkettfußboden entlang, passieren die Chinesische Große Vase, den Perser  
und den Van Gogh and der Wand, letzterer eine Nachbildung, alle drei aber

abgestaubt auf Kosten der Brandversicherung, laufen raus aus dem Haus, das groß, hübsch und malerisch dasteht, laufen hinein in den Garten, der groß, grün und gepflegt, aber nicht zu sehr, sich entfaltet vor unseren Augen und unter unseren nackten Füßen. Es gibt darin keine Kugelbäume, sondern ungespritzte Apfelbäume und verwilderte Ecken, langgezogene sanfte grüne Hügel, die bis zum Strand hinunter nach Lavendel duften und auch nach Pinien, der Sand hell, fein und weiß. Schließlich stehen wir da, unter dem klarem Nachthimmel mit seinen funkelnden Sternen und betrachten die aufgestapelten Container am anderen Ufer der Bucht.

*Right you are, he said and took my hand. We continued walking down the hallway, out through the front door of the large georgian building into the beautiful garden with its grassy slopes that brought us to the shore. There we stood quietly beneath the clear night sky and its twinkling stars and looked at the stacked up shipping containers on the other side of the bay.*

Hübsches Bild:

Nice picture:

Ich sage zum Freund du bist der Feind.

**I tell my friend you are the enemy.**

**I tell my friend you are the enemy.**

Man weiß ja nicht mehr, wer der Feind ist, heutzutage.

*I tell my friend you are the enemy.*

*It has become uncertain who the enemy is, nowadays.*

Man kann sich aber was hindrehen, damit man sich überhaupt noch bewegen kann. Weiterlaufen tut man eh, darüber braucht man sich keine Gedanken machen. Zum Bewegen aber muß man Mauern hochziehen, Grenzen ziehen, Fehler machen und sie nicht immer gleich, wie es Manager und Künstler tun, zur Optimierung der eigenen Arbeit nutzen, sondern Behauptungen aufstellen.

*You can construct something for yourself though in order to still have a sense of agility. Keep on going is what you will do anyways. Something you do not have to worry about. In order to remain moveable though you have to put up walls, draw frontiers and make mistakes. Do not use them instantly, as artists and managers do, to optimize your work. Use them to make assertions.*

Unruhe, Unversöhnlichkeiten und Brüche. Keine Container. Die sind nämlich auch nicht der Feind, nein, die sehen einfach gut aus.

*Disturbances, trouble, irreconcilability and breaks. Do not put up containers- they neither are the enemy- they just look good.*



Ohne Container wäre das Bild zwar hübsch, idyllisch, aber auch langweilig. Container in grün mit weißem Schriftzug 'Evergreen' entsprechen den Tomatensuppendosen mit weißem Schriftzug 'Cambells', die man als Kalenderblatt im Museumshop kaufen kann.

*Without the containers the picture would be nice and idyllic but also boring.*

*The containers in green with white inscription 'Evergreen' correspond to the tomatosoup tins with white inscription 'Cambells' you can buy in the shop of the museum.*

Behauptung Eins.

*Assertion No.1.*

Ich habe das hübsche langweilige Bild durch das Hereinmalen der Container am anderen Ufer optimiert.

*I have optimized the nice but boring picture by adding some containers to it.*

Besser bewegen kann ich mich dadurch nicht.

*Doesn't mean I am more agile now.*

EVERGREEN



Vielleicht hab ich mehr Geld, das Bild verkauft sich schließlich besser, hat den Aufstieg vollzogen vom Kunsthandwerk zur Kunst, mehr Feind drin, auch mehr Freund, denn nun kann ich mich schneller bewegen, nämlich mit dem Flugzeug und die Familie besuchen, da am anderen Ende der Welt, in Sydney oder Angola.

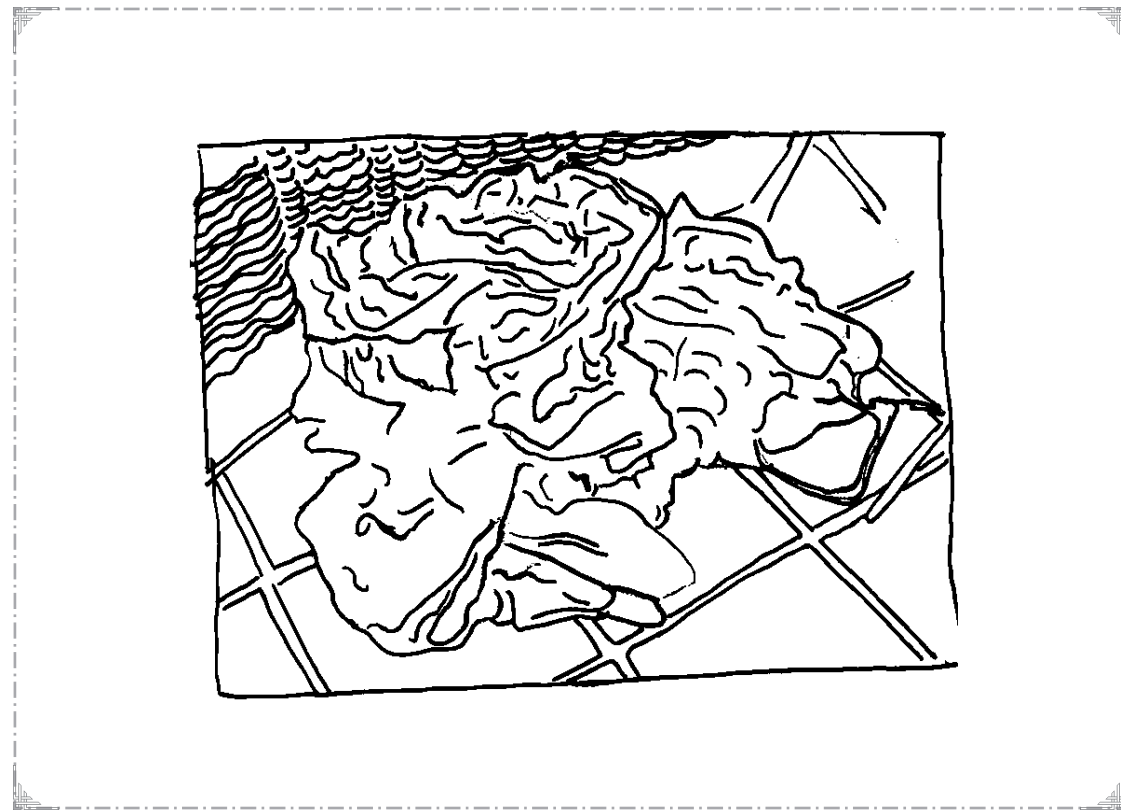
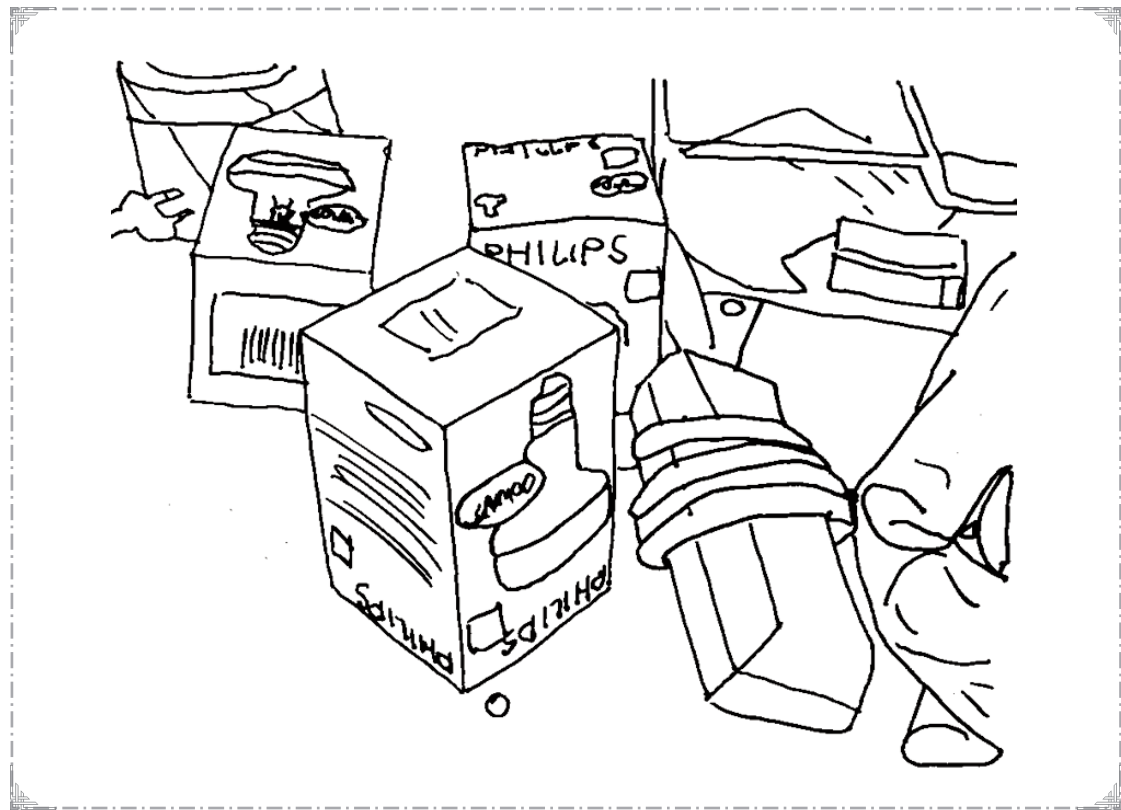
*I might have more money, the picture sells better, has moved from the craft to the art section, contains more enemy, contains more friend, too because I am now able to move faster. I can now take the plane to visit my family in Sydney, in Angola.*

Das ist aber alles uninteressant eigentlich, weil der Kunstmarkt entspricht ja nicht der Kunst.

*That's it. The artmarket does not correspond to art.*







Behauptung Zwei.

Assertion No. 2

Ich glaube an die Kunst. : ~~I BELIEVE~~ BELIEVE IN ART.

Als Möglichkeit der Desorientierung. Damit ich mich bewegen kann, ohne anzukommen. Am Strand. Im Container. Als Riese, der tot am Strand rumliegt

*You don't believe- I won't attempt to make ye:*

*You are asleep- I won't attempt to wake ye.*

*Sleep on! sleep on! while in your pleasant dreams*

*Of Reason you may drink of Life's clear streams.*

oder als einer, der den Eindruck vermittelt eines ständig balancierenden Artisten, eines Schauspielers, der in einem Augenblick das gesamte Geschehen auf der Bühne beherrscht und sich dann leise wieder davonstiehlt, eines geschickten Händlers, der seine Verträge in jeder Hinsicht absichert und dann doch alles auf eine Karte setzt, ja eines Scharlatans, der sich mit seinen vieldeutigen Äußerungen auf nichts festlegen lässt.

*Reason and Newton, they are quite two things;*

*For so the swallow and the sparrow sings.*

Es geht darum, sich im Realen als eine dieses Reale überschreitende Realität aufzurichten, angesichts der realen Gegebenheiten neue Hoffnungen zu riskieren.

*Reason says 'Miracle': Newton says 'Doubt'.*

*Aye! that's the way to make all Nature out.*

*'Doubt, doubt and don't believe without experiment':*

*That is the very thing that Jesus meant,*

*When He said 'Only believe! believe and try!*

*Try, try, and never mind the reason why!'*

Behauptung Drei

Assertion No.3

Ich will an den Strand. Ich brauche auch schöne Bilder, mit oder ohne Container. Aber den Container brauche ich nicht im oder als Bild, sondern höchstens als Container. Der heißt Weltwirtschaft oder Kokslinie als Grenzlinie oder Raum für Kunst.

Kunst bereitet einen ständig auf Ungewissheiten vor, macht also überlebens-tüchtig, sagt die Managerphilosophie.

*Art constantly exposes you to the uncertain, the unexpected. It therefore makes you fit for survival.*

Manager interessieren mich nur als Jobalternative.

Künstler sind Manager.

*Artists are managers.*

Ich will eigentlich Musik machen.

*I'd rather make music.*

I'd RATHER PLAY MUSIC?

I'd RATHER DO MUSIC?

Behauptung Vier

Assertion No.4

Im Film ist das Musikmachen ein noch besseres Bild für einen Ort, ein Etwas, wo man nicht ankommt und auch nicht ankommen will, als der Strand. Deshalb hört man auch nichts von der Musik, man sieht nur das Spielen. Im Film wirkt das, als wären die Menschen, die Musik machen und aussehen wie Piraten am Strand, eine bessere Kulisse für den Text, der alles bestimmt. Nur die Zeit nicht, in der man nicht Musik macht, sondern Sachen trägt und miteinander spricht.

Abgehackt, desynchronisiert, aber miteinander verkabelt und ohne Muttersprache, dafür aber international verständlich läuft der Film dann als Loop, Teil eines Raumes in einer Stadt, die sich nicht in Deutschland befindet. Du fragst, warum ich dich um Himmels willen denn immer korrigiere, Sprache beruhe doch sowieso auf Mißverständnissen. Oder Ungenauigkeiten. Oder Durchlässigkeiten. *osmosis*

*I am alienated from my mother tongue. Not unexpected. Decision and neces -*

*WHEN WE PLAY MUSIC  
IT IS MAYBE UTOPIAN  
PLACE. NO LANGUAGE.  
I LIKE THIS PART -  
I CANNOT TRANSLATE  
IT THOUGH.*

sity produce uncertainty. Maybe inaccuracy, maybe permeability.

Ich sage dem Freund du bist der Feind und lege ihm Handschellen statt  
Manschetten an. Zivilisation statt Kultur.

You are the enemy I tell the friend and put him into handcuffs instead of offer-  
ring him cufflinks. Civilization instead of culture.

I sit with my toes in the brook,

And if anyone asks my why

I give him a tap with my crook,

Necessity drives me, say I.

NECESSITY

I TELL MY FRIEND YOU ARE THE ENEMY



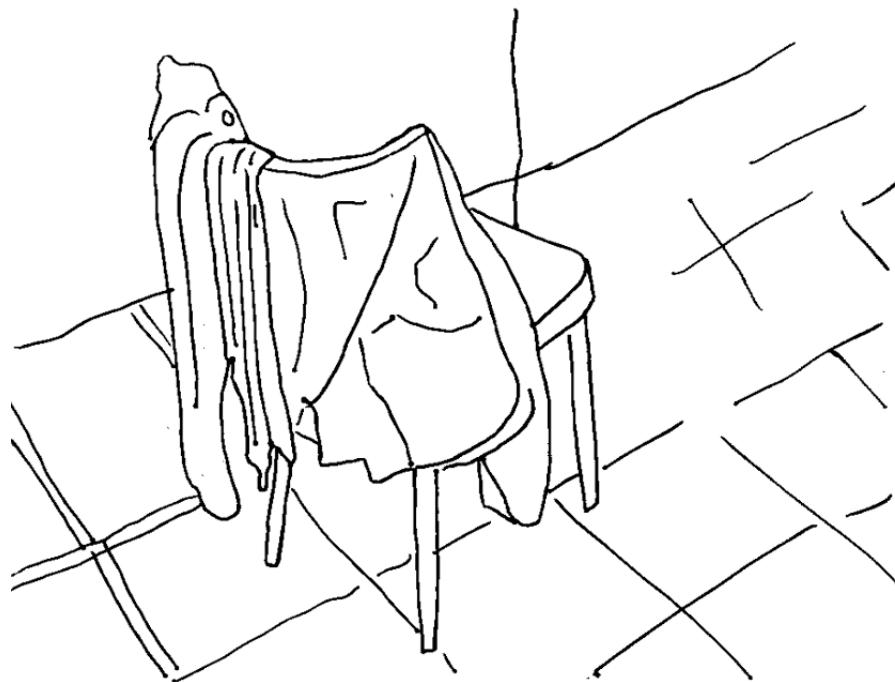
## Friesenleed

Wor de Nordseewellen trecken an de Strand,  
wor de geelen Blöme bleuhn im grönen Land,  
wor de Möven schrieen gell im Stormgebrus,  
dor is mine Heimat, dor bün ick to Hus.

Well'n- un Wogenruschen weern min Weegenleed,  
un de hogen Dieken seh'n min Kinnertied,  
markten ok min Sehnen un min heit Begehr:  
dör de Welt to flegen, ower Land un Meer.

Woll hett mi dat Lewen all min Lengen stillt,  
hett mi all dat gewen, wat min Hart erfüllt,  
all dat is verschwunnen, wat mi drück un dreev,  
hev dat Glück woll funnen, doch dat Heimweh  
bleev.

Heimweh na min schöne, gröne Marschenland,  
wor de Nordseewellen trecken an de Strand,  
wor de Möven schrieen gell im Stormgebrus,  
dor is mine Heimat, dor bün ick to Hus.



### Behauptung Fünf

(Film startet)

*Assertion No.5*

*(movie starts)*

I told my friend last nite that he is the enemy.

He answered: I probably am. Considering one knows who the enemy is (nowadays).

I took his hand and we continued walking down the hallway, out through the front door of the large georgian building into the beautiful garden with its grassy slopes that brought us to the shore. We stood quietly beneath the clear night sky and its twinkling stars and looked at the stacked up shipping containers on the other side of the bay.

The temporary exhibition architecture for the festival will be created from more than 300 shipping containers. The containers will not be used conventionally, as receptacles. Instead, paths and spaces for art will be opened up using the

appropriate setting of the huge container warehouses in the harbour. As a symbol of the constant global exchange of wares and goods, the shipping containers also stand for the international focus of the festival, its concentrated duration and its transitory character.

Sounds pretty brutal, don't you think?

It was first suggested that we take our own image and examine how it could be made more portable. We found that simple [binary coding system](#) were enough to contain the entire image- however they required a large amount of storage space until it was found that the binary information could be written at the molecular level, and our entire image could be contained within a grain of sand.

I grabbed the headphones I had found on the pavement in front of our house pressed play and turned up the volume to maximum.

Uptown top rankin'.

That's what it was.

See me in my heels and bling

They say we're hip and thing

True they don't know a thing

We got no style we're strictly roots

We got no style we're strictly fools

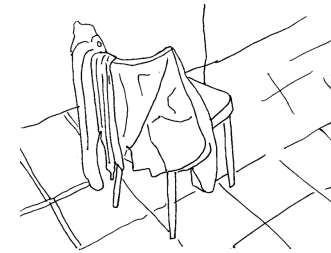
A question popped up in my mind: would the use of a walkman always lead me directly to the gates of my school, my workplace or whatever was there to keep me from strolling? or was i rather put to a stand-by state inbetween arriving at the gates and skipping school?

And which hope do you put to the act of skipping school first place, may I ask?

Stand-by

[Definition:](#) A zombie is a living dead.

A thing forever caught inbetween life and death.



She reads too many books she's got movies inside her head.

**SHE'S AN ARTIST SHE GOT EVERYTHING SHE NEEDS**

Lately I've gotten a lot more wild than I used to. It's like I've gotten into this thing where it really releases something for me.

I like to overdo it to get dramatic. I love people who just go wild just jumping up and down, hyperventilating and going crazy.

Go nuts!

Thesis:

As a child you live in your own time, it is your own relation to time. You have no duties, no commitments are yet made and you are ruled by emotions and desires.

A state you cannot be left in as you would not be able to live amongst others. Therefore you have to be educated.

Education means desynchronising you from your own time and synchronizing you with the world. Only then you will be able to communicate with and in the world in which everybody's time is the same.

Different devices shall help you. Watches, measurements, timetables: algebra and the alphabet.

You start to develop a new kind of desire: you long to go back to your own time, back to your private intimate world. The desire to flee from all the rules. In school you have learned a word for the place desire will bring you to: It is called freedom. You only have a vague idea about this word. And anyways: ideas, especially these kind of ideas, are not meant to become real- something else you have learned in school as that there is two sides to everything- binary: good and bad, black and white. No freedom without restriction.

Pity would be no more

If we did not make somebody poor;

And mercy no more could be

If all were as **happy** as we

In kindergarten you wear your purple Mickeymaus wristwatch, at home you pull it off. You learn the proper use of all these devices that from now on will stick to you like glue throughout your life; they will help you to stay tuned, to synchronise and will set the boundaries to your little world; all those jojos, skateboards, gameboys, hooded sweaters, them bling bling chains, cars and beautiful sneakers, those books and Lps, the Mp3 players, cellphones and walkmen.



They synchronize you and at the same time they desynchronize you, just a little, just enough to remind you of those childhood days and how good you felt, no worries back in the days- endlessly spent in the water, in muddy fields, with your nose stuck in a book or simply dreaming, your eyes wide open, about all the things you would do when you would finally be grown up, all the freedom you would have and all the power. Everytime you turn on your walkman you open up a span of time- just long enough to refresh those memories, just long enough to keep your fire burning.

and them devices surely are real bestsellers, no mistake about that, right?

The Subliminal Kid moved in and took over bars cafés and juke boxes of the world cities and installed radio transmitters and microphones in each bar so that the music and talk of any bar could be heard in all his bars and he had tape recorders in each bar that played and recorded at arbitrary intervals and his gang moved back and forth with portable tape recorders and brought back street sound and talk and music and poured it into his recorder array so he set waves and eddies and tornados of sound down all your streets and by

the river of all language- word dust drifted streets of broken music car horns and air hammers.

Grown-ups do stuff for money. There is no other reason. **Love**

In 1979 or 1999 I went freelance as an artist. Back then had the feeling that nothing could stop me. I was loaded with ideas. I was constantly searching for new sensations, stagnation left me totally malcontent. At the time I could enjoy life. In the morning I woke up to classical music and at the nights I spent strolling around and going out. I felt free and I still knew happiness. It all looked totally different though in the beginning of 1988, shortly before my 35th birthday.

The average artist in hamburg is 35 years old, an academic with an additional profession, unmarried, without kids and has been for the last ten years ambitiously and full time trying to live off his art.

He gets by with an average 248 euro a month, earned through a sidejob or

through backup by his family, lives in a rented space of 38sqmtrs with an additional workspace of average 42sqmtrs which costs 470euro and has production costs of 446euro. additional private provision for the future is not possible.

an efficient / economic education and briefing is said to be insufficient- the contemporary art market and the marketing of art is deficient and the social acceptance of artists and their work is bad.

Der Mund ist mir die liebste Öffnung im Körper.

(a sentence so poetic I cannot translate)

I saw 10.000 talkers with tongues that are broken.

Radio transmitters from 1955 cost only 15 euro in the shop across the street.

I dream of spaces where the bodies recover their ability of gesture which all those metropolitan devices- computers, cars, schools, cameras, cell-phones,

gyms, hospitals, televisions, cinemas etc. - have stolen from them.

By recognizing them.

By controlling them.

By making them work.

I don't know. But for me this sounds pretty oldschool. Bad-humored culture-criticism. The dried-out manipulation thesis.

What makes me work is...

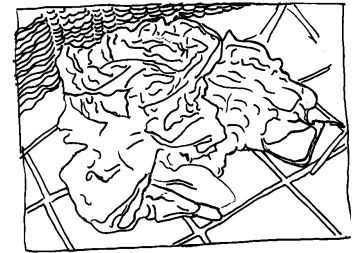
What?

What makes me work is work.

In capitalism everything is work.

Maybe it's not important what makes me work but what the work is.

A product that can be sold.



In capitalism everything is a product.

And if I don't sell it?

Depends on why you don't sell it. Makes a difference if you don't want to or if you're not able to because noone wants to buy it.

It stays a product.

Art not for sale?!

A sentence I can translate:

Maybe you have asked the wrong question.

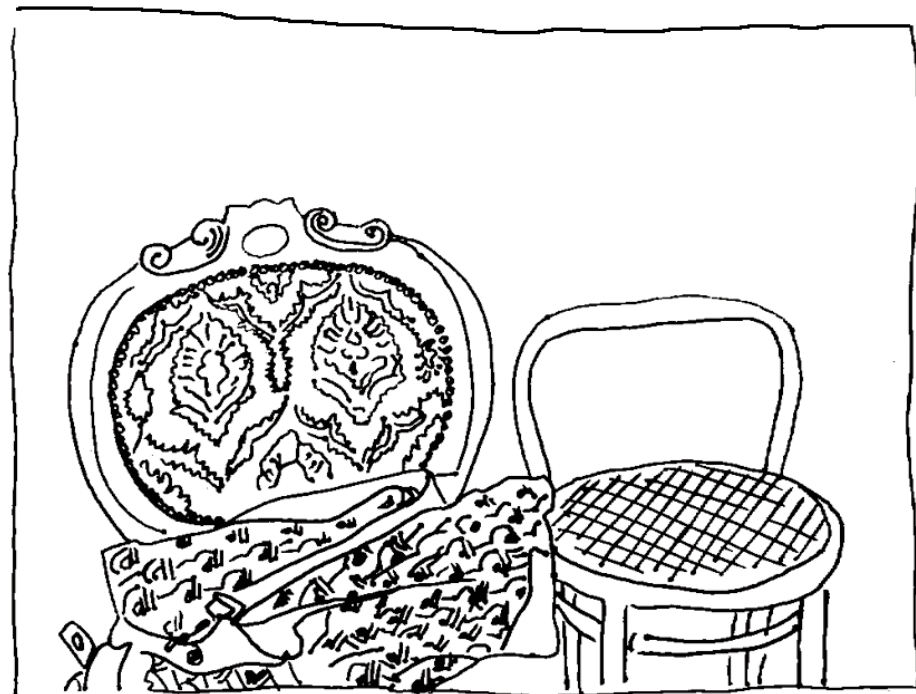
'Anybody got any money?' he suggested, turning around from the front seat.

There was an emphatic negative chorus.

'That makes it interesting.'

'Money. What's money? We can sell the car.'

IF THE PEOPLE HAVE NO BREAD ~~GIVE~~ WHY DON'T THEY EAT CAKE?



How we're going to get food?'

'Honestly, do you doubt our ability for three short days? Some people have lived on nothing for years at a time. Read the Boy Scout Monthly.'

'Let's get lunch now.'

'We'll try the best hotel first,' he went on, 'and thence and so forth.'

They strolled along the boardwalk to the most imposing hostelry in sight, and, entering the dining-room, scattered about a table.

When luncheon was over they sat and smoked quietly.

'What's the bill?'

'Eight twenty-five.'

'Rotten overcharge. We'll give them two dollars and one for the waiter. Kerry, collect the small change.'

The waiter approached and Kerry gravely handed him a dollar, tossed two dollars on the check, and turned away. They sauntered leisurely toward the door, pursued in a moment by the suspicious Ganymede.

'Some mistake, sir.'

Kerry took the bill and examined it critically.

'No mistake!' he said, shaking his head gravely, and, tearing it into four pieces, he handed the scraps to the waiter, who was so dumbfounded that he stood motionless and expressionless while they walked out.

'Won't he send after us?'

'No, for a minute he'll think we're the proprietor's sons or something; then he'll look at the check again and call the manager and in the meantime-'

We do it cheap hide our money in a heap  
Send it home and make em study  
Fixing teeth, I got family, a friend in need  
A hand to throw the gasoline  
A mobile phone hooked up to the scene  
Hello my frind yes it's me  
Dont be scared there's somethin going on  
Im gettin money since I grown  
Could be dash go out and hussel em  
But I hate money coz it makes me numb



Hussel hussel hussel

Grind grind grind

Why has everyone got hussel on their mind?

I will need a voice, well screamed and with classy english accent for the following text:

the so-called streetart, once arrived out of the minds of restless people, with a diffuse will to communicate, to participate, to move out, to tell, is nowadays corrupted for so called urban art in fealthy art galleries, trendy marketstocks for loosy vector grafic designers, wannabe skateboard wankers and hip culture advertisement. perverted to just be style without saying something, cute characters without minds, meaningless structures for the blind. fuck that, move your bad ass punk or shut the fuck up. streetart is dead.

Thou shall not use music or poetry to get into girls pants.

It sucks, how you tell everbody your wife's a hotel maid. Yeah, maybe two

years ago she used to be a maid.

Now she happens to be the assistant supervisor of the dining room servers. She's 'Employee of the month'. She's your wife, mother of your child. She almost, just about, nearly has an undergraduate degree in fine art.

'I bet if you painted what was in your heart, it could hang in a museum.'

What was in her heart, she said, was pretty much just silly crap.

What she loved, would never sell. People wouldn't buy it.

This was his theory of self-expression. The paradox of being a professional artist. How we spend our lives trying to express ourselves well, but we have nothing to tell. We want creativity to be a system of cause and effect. Results. Marketable product. We want dedication and discipline to equal recognition and reward. We get on our art school treadmill, our graduate program for a master's in fine arts, and practise, practise, practise. With all our excellent skills, we have nothing special to document. Nothing pisses us off more than when some strung-out drug addict, a lazy bum, a slobbering pervert creates a masterpiece. As if by accident.



Some idiot who's not afraid to say what they really love.

And what could that be.

Sailorboys.

Big assed girls.

Images of Superman jumping off a hightop, hitting the pavement somewhere in Brooklyn, New York, eventually dying.

Monochrome colours, brown, browner, grey, greyer, almost black. Suicidal.

Problems, difficulties, trouble, alienation, loneliness.

Fantasy houses and cobblestone streets. Seagulls circling above oyster boats.

Waves. More seagulls. The smell of freshcut grass. Roaring wind. A salty breeze. A beautiful garden with grassy slopes that lead to the stony shore.

Sea smooth as green glass- off Jersey Coast- an air-conditioned voice floats from microphones and ventilators:

'Keep your seats everyone everyone. There is no cause for alarm. There has been a little accident but everything is fine now'.

Explosion splits the boat.

Hysterical waves.  
Of laughter.  
Applause.  
What a comedian.

Nah pop no style, a strictly roots  
Nah pop no style, a strictly roots

Can I ask you a question?  
says the fan to the singer songwriter.  
Yes, dear?

Where are you from?  
From Portland, Oregon, she answeres with a  
broad smile on her face.

We like fishing there.  
Thank you.

She took the piss, I think.



WE ALL WORE VIVIENNE WESTWOOD  
T-SHIRTS

Zombiism as strategy against the need for constant innovation.

If you mean to please everybody you will  
set to work both ignorance and skill.  
For great multitude are ignorant,  
and skill to them seems raving and rant.  
Like putting oil and water in a lamp,  
'Twill make a great splutter with smoke and damp.  
For there is no use as it seems to me  
Of lighting a lamp, when you don't wish to see.



I hope that the art school enjoys your big drawing of ruin.

I will I will I will enjoy.  
Dear god, please make me able to enjoy.  
Everything feels so much like work nowadays.  
I can work for everybody. Even for myself.

Everything feels so much like work nowadays.  
Not that I totally oppose the idea of work. Dear god, we will have to talk more about this. All being concepts, structures, ideas, man made like yourself and also my humble self. I guess I connect to the idea of work as being a construction where one is alienated from our desires. Or as a kind of replacement. Desire lies underneath, we work, but what really drives us might be desire. For whatever we enjoy doing. Desire in capitalism is replaced by work. The german word I would use is 'unterfüttern'.  
Alienation. Do you think one could compare it with zombiism? The english language confuses me as not being my mother tongue. Recently I said 'handcuffs' when I meant to speak about cufflinks. My friend corrected me, I laughed, he said: 'I should not have corrected you' but of course he should have! I would have missed a good laugh there! I am alienated from my mother tongue. I am alienated from my mother. My mother acts in Zombiism towards me. As in all -isms...As in all -isms socialism appeared historical in multiple forms.  
Please make me able to enjoy. Enjoy. **LOVE**



*Oberwald, Goms*

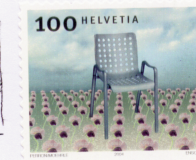


Like cocksucking like doing the washing up like running like hell like being in trouble like being a rolling stone  
All those things I really DO enjoy.  
We all have good things to do and it's good when we do them.  
Does 'good' mean the same as 'important'?  
Important in a sense of need?

A.'s speech was really awesome, it made the whole trip worthwhile for me. His was also the speech I understood best, maybe because his english (as mine) is limited or maybe because he actually had something to say.

I learned that form is very important, even decisive, crucial, and that you need discipline to keep, to save the form, to prove it and to impose it.

This is not about escapism into wrong hopes, into religion or the obscure. This is not about selling the subject to society, to history, to the art market and so on. The subject flees into reality, into a new reality. It insists not to stay impi-





soned in its so-called contemporary reality. That doesn't mean it is escaping its contemporary reality. This is about becoming and rising up in real as a reality that transgresses the real. This is about risking new hopes while facing these real constitutions. I know that hope sound a little idealistic or naive. But this is about non-naive hopes, about a real desire for the real.

People that attend rockshows want to see people on stage who believe in themselves.

(Abstract)

What are the conditions for art? Under what preconditions does something resembling art exist? How is an art work possible? Obviously, for an art work, for its appearance and existence, like any event, there are its conditions. It never happens or eventuates in a space free of meanings and multiple codification. An art work has to assert its reality in the midst of an existing reality. It asserts itself through its form, its appearing and its duration (no matter how ephemeral or precarious it seems to be in certain cases) in the over-codified

space of established facts and laws. Everyone knows that the art work is not an entity in itself, not an architecture without windows. Doubtless it necessarily includes persistence in the here-and-now of the one constituted reality which is our world. The existence and persistence and appearance of the art work comprises 1) an opening to the world of facts, 2) self-assertion within it, 3) affirmative resistance in the here-and-now universe which has to remain its situational reality.

Art not for sale

I am for sale

Society is a hole it makes me lie to my friends

What do you sell in your shop?

Close to seventy artists, collectives, and filmmakers, and eight record labels and publishers.

I say:

This is not for sale. I like it too much.'

~~SEE SCENE FROM GHOSTWORLD WHERE EMIL DOES NOT WANT TO SELL ANYTHING~~  
she ~~has to offer~~.  
had to offer

(so far nothing strange here except some people- old comictype nasty ladies (mom and daughter, one clad in white, one in red) that run the most obscure 'pic'N' pac store with lovely ceramics and toys from the 50's, all in a mess, smelling of cat piss and piled and tangled up to the ceiling- whenever u are interested in an item they bark at you: not for sale! Or the price is very inappropriate- nothing under forty bucks)

Society is a hole it makes me lie to my friends

I insist: I want to be able still to treat my friends not as friends but as critics, as buyers, as gallerists- because that's what they are.

I told my friend that he probably is the enemy.

Considering one knows who the enemy is nowadays.

Enemies do not exist anymore. Just shifting concepts.

I wish I knew the enemy. Everything would be a lot more easy. I could fight, I could win. Now I constantly fight and I constantly win. I live and I am dead. I am a zombie.

Everything I do feels like an reenactment.

I wish actually I would feel anything at all.

All this talk about art.

I feel like I am sleepwalking.

Under what preconditions does something resembling art exist?

You told me you don't understand the beaches. The waterfront. Are they important for this text?

At least they are what I love.

I want them included because I love them.

As picture.

As symbol.

Very beautiful.

They represent borders.



A FRIEND OF MINE  
USED TO WRITE  
'ZOMBIE' ONTO THE  
PALM OF HIS HAND  
WHenever HE HAD TO GO TO  
WORK. (AT A  
TV Station)

They are borders.

They are violent.

This text is about violence.

Everyday violence.

Everyday violence is ugly.

### THE WORD IS LOVE

The image of a giant cheeseburger on a rooftop, an illuminated neon glow. I notice it while riding the bus to the rehearsal room. The rehearsal room is within a former second world war bunker, a cold and damp giant concrete building situated in the middle of a park. This area of the city is mainly inhabited by young and- due to their new-economic jobs- wealthy and environmently friendly families. They vote, buy and fuck each other politically correct. It makes me sick. I open a can of beer and stare out of the window. Outside it's raining. Inside does not exist. You told me I am intolerant. My heart is cold and stony. A grey and windy beach on the west coast. Not many people go there. The place is too uncomfortable. You now feel uncomfortable spending time with me. I now feel uncomfortable spending time with you.

Western civilization is not about criticizing each other out of interest. It's about talking to hear the own voice. I like my opinions. My point of view. Doesn't mean I mean it. It is my fun, my game, my brainthrill to argue from a certain point of view. Not necessarily my opinion. After my speech you ask:...so...where do you stand?

I answer, or maybe I should have answered: I speak. That's where I stand. Words come out of my mouth into the world. They take up space. They change something. I may simply be a mirror. You tell me everything you do reflects back to you. You paid for my bus ride. I had got lost and took the wrong bus. I had to go back. I couldn't pay for the second bus because I had no small change left. Small change was obligatory. You paid for my ticket to buy yourself into heaven. Your religion might not call it heaven. Your religion might call it other human beings, animals, plants, the world. Your concept of god. The world will come back to you and do you good. My carma is bad from here to Sydney. Quite far away. I steal. I lie. I sleep too much, too long, totally unnecessary. I cannot even acknowledge your kindness. I have to turn it into something selfish and ugly. Not at all like a sleeping beauty. The sleeping beauty

WORDS COME TEMPORARILY INTO THE WORLD. THIS IS WHAT I LIKE ABOUT PERFORMING. YOU ONLY GOT THIS TIME. SHARE IT WITH WHOEVER IS IN THE ROOM WITH YOU. A MOMENT.

might be a zombie. The town of Kassel. Every four years she awakes and shits out art. Please notice: Unnecessary swearwords generate minus-points. Childish. Cynic. Jealous. Like the bad stepmother. You tell me my sense of history sucks. Why be ashamed. Why not be proud. You live in a country and you are proud of it. Simple as that. As simple as football is about having fun. Not about nationalism and money, nothing to do with politics. No no, simple fun, pure as whitewashed. Snowwhite. Like sand on a beach. Pure.

The beach is a sandy slope. On the morning after the storm the bodies of handsome young spanish men were washed ashore on the beach. There they lay- outstretched limbs, muscles, long black hair- all quite exquisite, quite beautiful even but all very exhausted and painfully dehydrated. The inhabitants of the land gathered around them, carrying axes and water. God has washed some enemies upon our shore. Then they went and killed one half of the strangers. To the other half they made love.

I will tell you the history of this country I was born in.

'On the morning after the storm the body of a drowned giant was washed ashore on the beach five miles to the north-west of the city'.

It had the size of a highrise or of one of those containerships we had been watching so often from the other side of the river, holding hands and singing pop songs.

An organic containership.

Children played in his hair and elder people used him for hill walking.

When he started to smell of decay the city had him cut to pieces and transported to the tropical institute for research or conservation.

Once, just as people were transporting him on the back of a truck to the tropical institute to research upon his cause of death, a giant whale exploded in some Japanese city center. It was a mighty mess. It smelled of fish.

Of seaweed. The seaweed I eat when I get the munchies.

I quit eating. I tried really hard to eat. I said yes to everthing that was served to me on my plate and swallowed really hard but then I couldn't force it down my throat. Finally I stood up, brushed some breadcrumbs off my shirt and left the table. I went to the market and did some shopping. Got some food for free, apples, cinnamon and a can of diet coke, chased and killed the chicken

I was living with and cooked my own soup. It was quite tasty and good, I couldn't sell it though. Everbody had left me, I felt as if I was a hundredandsixty years old. There was noone left to sell it to.

I didn't even want to sell to anybody. That was the worst part. It was just about being pleasant. Nice. Harmless. If I would have wanted to make money I would be out there washing cars. Mending radios. Whithewashing walls. Putting up other peoples exhibitions. Walking other peoples dogs. Instead I paint nice little paintings and hang them onto the walls of nice little shops of nice and friendly people for other nice and friendly people to look at them. While I hang them onto the not quite white walls I sing to myself: don't let the record label take you out to lunch. And don't bite the hand that feeds you. Well, I guess that is exactly what I am trying to do. My own hand.

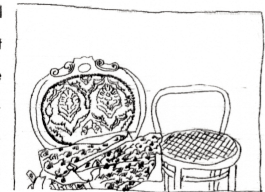
To speak clearly once in a while:

All these cute nice pleasant things just make me sick.

They do not make me sick because I think they are ugly or not good enough but simply because I am quite sure they are the wrong answer. Answer to

LOVE

whom, to what which question has been posed? Art not for sale?! We are all part of the system. We are the system. And still why do we happily choose not to have any impact, no power, nothing to say except that we want to please somebody something somehow. It makes me sick. My head feels like exploding. I notice I cannot easily criticise something I am part of and will be forever because it is me. I fail. I believe in art. Art as something that is not but can be a shop, a wall a car.



This is not about escapism into wrong hopes, into religion or the obscure. This is about becoming and rising up in real as a reality that transgresses the real. This is about risking new hopes while facing these real constitutions. I know that hope sounds a little idealistic or naive. But this is about non-naive hopes; about a real desire for the real.

Art as something that is not but could be a shop, a wall a car.

At the same time I hate and detest it because it has exactly those qualities of not being and being something. It might look as if I could throw the dice and it will randomly show a number. An interpretation. But there is no free choice. It is not me who creates meaning. What is defined as art, as good art as sel-



lable as handycraft as lifetime as floorfiller as escapism as entertainment as success as laughter as music as applause. I do not have the power. The dominance is still white male corporate. I write this and I know it is true but at the same time too easy. All I know is: This shop is violence. I want people to see the violence.

And I'm writing this knowing I'm gonna read it out loudly and I know the words will be mistaken. Some things may better left unspoken. With words I draw a circle or a narrowing spiral around a black hole. I get burned by fire. I run in circles and get burned by the fire. Vivienne Westwood and Malcom McLaren fuel it with screenprinted t-shirts and laugh at me. Sid and Nancy lie on a dirty mattress.

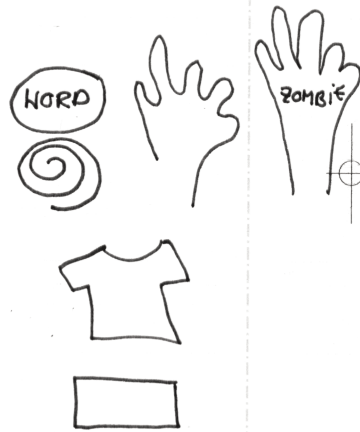
Sid is loaded and Nancy is proud.

I am tired and he is tired too.

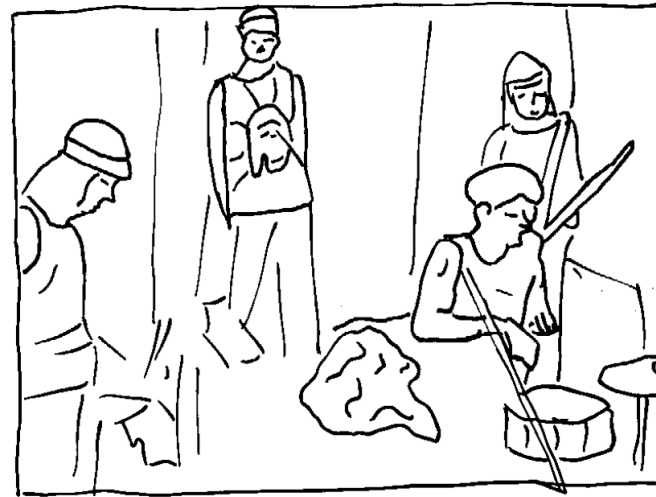
I told him last nite that he is the enemy.

He told me that I might be the en enemy.

He answered: I probably am. Considering one knows who the enemy is (nowadays).



I took his hand and we continued walking down the hallway, out through the front door of the large georgian building into the beautiful garden with its grassy slopes that brought us to the shore. We stood quietly beneath the clear nightsky and its twinkling stars and looked at the stacked up shipping containers on the other side of the bay.



written in March 2009  
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