

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, located in the upper right quadrant of the page.

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Printed in Germany
First Printing, 2021

ISBN: 978-3-949444-01-2

An excerpt of „LIKE AN X RAY“ was published in „On Postproduction“,
DIS-PLAY, Los Angeles / Berlin 2019; an excerpt of „COSMIC SKELETON“ was published
in „Band I von X“, DIS-PLAY, Los Angeles / Berlin 2017; an excerpt of „ALONG THE LINE“
was published in Tzvetnik, Moscow 2017

Design and typesetting by the artist
Cover typeface: Sword by Kazuhiro Aihara, purchased @SoliType as support for ProAsyl
Interior: digital paintings of the Fragmented Landscape *Coming From Reality* by the artist

DIS-PLAY_publishing
Los Angeles / Berlin

From nothing
with nothing
Everything
has been

said.

Invisible borders
dividing
one into two

sides.

Reflected projection
projected reflection
of one in another
of three lines

X

blank page
crossing vertical
horizon
s.

Screens of echo
of something
your absence
which I cannot know,
but can name.

Searching for a word
muted on reverberation
of everything
that would have been.

Said

through a wall
viscous pixel
viscous stream
stored history
transitioning.

Wood to stone
shattered screens
a slide through complicit moments
of your memory.

The sky on hold
time compressed
the mind stretched
being out
waiting.

Brown red beige
dried leaves
whirled,
enclosed
in the rectangle of the wind.

The image blurs
scraps of words,
scraps of life
filling memories

shifting out of focus. 0/24

FLASHES
(LOCKDOWN PAINTINGS)
Hanover 2021

How can I open something
that is supposed to be closed
When your eyes proclaim
that everything is
Surface can be
without ever finding
the core of truth
In rays
of light
that shines
in every single spark

I'm coming back
to (you)
your eyes.
Blue
Brown
turn into a landscape of indigo
where land washes away
and finds us in the liquidity
of
Mountains
in green blue
that seem gigantic like rock of tiny dots
dissolving in soft shores.

You would be good for me 1/24

waves are carried
they flow

on your chest
my fingers
crossing lines

in washed up memories
ebb on one side

the positive
not the negative space
on the other lip

the in-between
streams in and of interconnectivity

feelings felt on both ends
when the waters softly speak
passing over

time.

Is that called love?
Waves are carried. 2/24

Waves can be in the waters
or in the sky

Air and earth are

a paradoxon of elements
that can be vast and rush

or be white shores

in blurry remains
of immateriality

Is material a feeling of blue?

White lines on blue sky remain
in flights of time

of me and you.
an aquarius and a taurus

Change 3/24

I don't like to play games
But I'd like to play

Your lips
soft

thin lines
in splinters of time

in the moon
light

Hands are getting cold
in the sun's rays of yesterday

When birds are singing everywhere
And we see violet scillas in the night's sunshine

of a flashlight

Spotting the lawn. 4/24

I still smell
your smell
on mine
my skin
heated in the sun
swims
in
particles of
glossed encapsulated
triggers are high tones
of voices
my voice in yours
in soft tones

beneath your skin 5/24

Reality is physical touch
For the most
Imagination can be felt as truth
As real time
Not being able to be compared but
Better than not
Having a chance to feel
What's there

I can see every single one
of your thoughts
Emotions
I'm not scared of
Them.

And their interconnectedness 6/24

In your eyes
The ocean feels
Soft cold waves
Are balancing the line
Between
Time
feels infinitive endless
In an approach of
a whale's reach

You are here and there

I can feel it 7/24

Knowledge is the
Living of what we know
Don't be scared about letting go
Life is something else than fixed states

Look at the moon
That ebbs and flows
In a few days or hours losing and gaining weight
Not weight but light.

And light shines in the sparks of
Your eyes

In your. Imagination 8/24

Lines of reality
cross the surface
From x to (wh)y
they touch the time
axis
Z
is an index
of overwritten signs
Your touch on mine
in one gesture
feels real
in (h)our
Imagination is the result of
seeing the truth

is leaving everything in
possibilities 9/24

A black butterfly
is flying over
Is it its shade or color
against the light of bright
shinings that turn tints

into darkness?
Black color carries
all colors
and brings back
casts of others.

(Ful)filling the between 10/24

only the moon watches
in minor
full mirror
in flashbacks
of our
shine of change
and when I speak about earth
I mean soil
because the earth is the mix of blue sky
and brown ground (terra)
in the fusion of
water reflections

a passover meal 11/24

the surface a physical line
dividing inside from outside
brown eyes mirrored
in blue earth
reflected in waters
both melting into a uni
verse connecting below and above
in waves of
the fireplace
a horizon of time's extension
stripping away cognition
in decelerated reverse

in slow motion 12/24

I needed a still stand
of time
for one day
and the day turned out to be

twenty for seven
seven days a week
or four weeks a month 13/24

The eye always wants more
than its able to pass through
Borders
of time or matter
are falling
The zoom can enter
in
to
someone
s
Brain is the state where feelings crystallize
and the sun burns
on my fingers

being blinded by the nightlight 14/24

when the echo
slips into
the room
invisible borders
frame the mind
keeping memories
whether of truth or capabilities
You can
I'm here

I felt it coming 15/24

Can something good cause something bad?

crushing the surface
in tenderness
white foam
stretched aspect

(just) 16/24

Whatever attracted you
Don't leave

stay 17/24

your beautiful mind
makes me realize

something I forgot to know about
myself

reflections bring back
some moments of perceived

knowledge
and I can't help
but just want to love you

for that 18/24

without tears
I would find you

kissing your eyes
to make them see through

barriers can be carriers
to be born again 19/24

don't be agitated
the mystical optical means
that things aren't the strict way they seem to be
they can be stretched to the extent of positivity

no one needs to be
excluded. your commitments make you even more
attractive. or honest
and though your mind can wander your body still remains.
solid

that is the mix between earth and air
the winds come and carry you away

into a new world 20/24

and I can still
and will
hold you
to kiss

your mind 21/24

Lips
browsing on and off the grid
Your hip to mine
Flickering spots like purple freckles in your face
bewareing the secret of
Something unspoken is something spoken in the mind
Some might
call it imagination
which comes from an image that is carried
passed through a surface
to fulfill what we all know in its deepest
cell
The depth of the wind
that brings any surface into

movement 22/24

I'm observing my shade
my hair is moving in the winds
any straight line is broken
into a movement
of waves
dancing

up and down
a cosmic rhythm
touching the surface
from beneath
causing ripples in
reverberated echoes of the between

that are carrying
so much to know
so much to feel
so much of you

in the movement of a tiny little string 23/24

"If I ventured in the slipstream
Between the viaducts of your dream
Where immobile steel rims crack
And the ditch in the back roads stop
Could you find me?
Would you kiss-a my eyes?"

Gute Nacht.

And yes, I would 24/24

To miss someone
Is that a lack or a fulfilling?
Lips of warm and soft tones
Circling
on opened doors
Leaving
yellow pollen on the surface
the earth
It's springtime and
the birds
are still
Singing
Everywhere
is a place where we meet
A horizon
unfolds ultimate
ly
I'm sitting here
a Picnic blanket on the floor
in the midst of my room
underlying (me) my corpus
Structuring
yesterday's moments in today's absence
Eternal stars
Lightning
the way that is coming.

Thirst 25/24

A sense of longing displayed in the absence of your body
A sense of taste between my lips
A sense of smell in the extension of your touch
A sense of not knowing what it is
A sense of knowing that I miss
A sense of grasping what it would feel like

Waking up at night 26/24

your saying
feeling
fortune
feeling fortune
makes me
feel as well
the warm wind bringing
memories from the deserted lands
dry and warm you say
when the day shines
in the night

thinking 27/24

After every flight
Comes a fall
My blood high
Burning
Against the inside
Where I'm standing
The feeling of a lonesome island
Stripped open
Being naked and unheard
Because of
I myself let it happen
My brain touched
Left behind the haze
Of someone
s eyes once wide open
Now teared up
In water
Rivers run
Leading the soul
To understand
An attend
Of what love is
Oceans glow
To ashes

When edges blur in dryness. 28/24

The east wind brings
The empty horizon
A wide field of feasible movement
Light is only possible through darkness
Black is the color making everything incarnate
Any remarkable feature is carried
Brought by
Shadow
overcasts
in continuity
endless never graspable
you feel as soon as you touch
dissolution of the imaginary
space or line
(the horizon)
an endless sight
is carefully
created by light
mirrored in its opposite
Space
Field
Cognition
Imagination
Everlasting
Option
Black turns out to be light
reflecting
every surface
every truth in its own
Changing
throughout the day
time brings the solution
and makes everyone connected

again 29/24

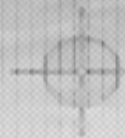
Your eyes are telling the story of truth
your smile noting that everything is
But your brain stops
the fortune -

Tell me something,
Are you happy in this modern world?
Or do you need more?
Is there something else you're searching for?
I'm falling
In all the good times I find myself longing for change
And in the bad times, I fear myself
Tell me something,
Aren't you tired trying to fill that void?
Or do you need more?
Ain't it hard keeping it so hardcore?
I'm falling
In all the good times I find myself longing for change
And in the bad times, I fear myself
I'm off the deep end, watch as I dive in
I'll never meet the ground
Crash through the surface, where they can't hurt us
We're far from the shallow`

now 30/24

the color of the night shifts black into blue
when yellow enters
I take your hand
knowing it is yours
mine here
next to our
oracular eye
what if I
hold it
your gaze cow-eyed
receiving what goes out from a look of love
roses are watered by the black storm of
our desire
I expect that time no longer
exists

and the sky follows 31/24



27
27

PAE

PA(C)E

- trying to keep it real -

Los Angeles | Hanover 2019

this mask
lay it open
light protecting varnished dreams
from the road

wind
is blowing
through
my hair, warm
in Autumn's colors tinted to pasty tones

like a wave

it moves
softens
liquifies matter
moving fabric one step further

to be mapped
by stars
intensely
seriously
the key
quakes literally:

stop and go.

viscous stream
going home
or a far
it all
because of

moving image
drops of tears

There is no right or wrong.
Only light

Sparkling
tinted
this inner
voice
earth
fla(e)sh
of sight
and pinky tones

Mourning in the dust
in muddy soil
powder on your skin
like shades of sandy corns
particles of wisdom

it's all about

what

nothing

The desert's eye.
1/24

dare to dream
nothing is what it seems

thoughts occurring
disappearing
remaining
permeable ghosts
telling the truth
my body knows
unheard of songs.

Time and again
I too have felt
and still nothing is fully replaced
like a black hole, a message
shifting, writing
traces upon traces

Is that the feeling of a blood moon?

From being connected.
2/24

Clouds
Stream
Rhythm

my hands now
butterflies
„I'm obsessed
with expressing my mind“
thoughts of physical lines
that learned
not to eat
what they feed

us

in empathy
a brush

a stroke
a reach
to strike

my dear

and still
in stillness
what goes on in secret.

In lines of memory
3/24

it was about
carrying it to you
in my hand
miles
away
if I'd have known
I'd brought you a corn
sand -
before
and after
from the Sahara

I wish this book
could record the sound
I'm putting it in
not in its proper place
time and space
fluid

my origin
4/24

neutrality is not a position
in notions of blindness
the suburban sadness
subversed
likeness

How far can one go in removing
declarations
clear expressions:
losing awareness
of what can be
How complex without expressing complexity?

Like a black hole, a message or Durchlässigkeit
5/24

you
the one that evolves
from time to time
after time
lays
upon
or below
a strong
fragile
dissolving
line
occurring
in the meanwhile
the horizon

sitting
6/24

reflecting surface
cracked foil
of fossil oil
you will hang in the rain
crystallized
against
that wall
your skin
hardened
bricks of rock
scratched surface
softened imperfections
and bulbs that drip
in imprints
of cracked lips
cracked glass
on plastic
in solidified
bequeath

of oil
7/24

„light fills in
every last striation
matter tilted to spin
becoming darkness
too fast to catch
every step
set at a new pace“
by the gaze's
perspect

you

hanging in the rain
again
pacing
in
that
scratch
of softened beads
pearling
imprints
cracked in surface
etched by hand
in strokes
of oil
and glass reflections

You me floating
8/24

to elevate
against
that gravity
you
dripping
in immortality
drops of sleep
drops of mud
forest
floor
and
ocean
crust
playing Dean Blunt
's
Eight
in oil paint
of printed ink
in jets
of earth
intertwined within
deconstructed rock
stocked image
mingled brush
in fossilized traces
extended strokes 'n gestures
of infinite truth
infinite surface
sleeping in bags
under glazed facets
of stars
of skies.

And I was feeling free
9/24

the wind keeps blowing
warm
strings of hair
flying
falling
1 to 0
like black moon days
standing still
looking out
breezing in
that blanket of infinite dots
that carpet

ahead
10/24

I still wander
Or wonder
When seeing my thoughts
As physical threads
Lines don't move in steps
They float.
When wonderfully
I figure

side by side
11/24

Time
Holding time
Keeping time
And then
Time stops

Glistening
12/24

Sound waves are listening
Still
Stop
& Go
And coffee to go
Glistening like snow
Sparkling
Twilight
And dreaming
Of the real
World seems unnatural
Like the sea
A mirror
They reach one another
They never touch
But sound waves
Liquid matter is filtered
The first ever
Forever
Memory
Extends

in Invisible ornaments
13/24

That this is
Things
Mirrored echo
Strings

Everyone or what we accept
14/24

When I try
To express
I feel
Like a liar
Indeathly
The truth
Is
A
string's desire
It shines
And blends
Extremely
That
It feels
Like
Art
In-effectively
Intended
to be

Like a butter(ed)-fly
15/24

you have the permission to sit with me
repeating
the circle
in moroccan beat
Sinnerman
Que
Clap
Clap
virtual touch

in evidence
16/24

Here come the moments
returning to reality
lifting the
brush from the page
is the process we think of
not the product
caus'
what if the brush didn't touch

The page
17/24

scratches of use
and traces left
petrified
gesture
blanket
stretched
velvet
underneath
bequeathed
floating
particle
cloudy
fog
brizzle
in
blue beige
in indigo
memories
of
ripples
appear only when
the thought of the thing depends
on its ground.
I think that's what is different today.

y
18/24

a neat slice of time
a slim object that one can look at again
It's about rhythm and proportion
Das man es wegnehmen und bewegen kann
Quakes
a wave
when matter
arrives

by my side
19/24

Rhythm through flatness
flat, flatter, not so flat,
into realm
is a kind of revolution
a negative zoom
nothing I've ever seen
that good has served by them
lining with the eyes can also corrupt
but
often it becomes less real
just as the sense of a tabu
the vast catalog of everyone giving
inevitable
in these last decades the ethical context
became essential
It's the subject only
that can make us understand
the knowledge gained
makes us feel that reality

to obtain
20/24

Stream
wind
Rauschen
Strömen
grey
soft stream
fließen
fur
brush
strokes
grid guitar
atlantic connection
printed and pasted
resin and pencil on grid
wifi connection peered
at the intersection of
mapping stars.

life is a line
a field of

color in vertical sound
21/24

Schau dir in die Karten
SALT
SCHALE
SCALE

TOUCH
TOUCH

DISTANCE
not too perfect

MAYBE
MAY BE

this is just
TO PROVE

one of the rare times
Like frozen flesh of a moment in space

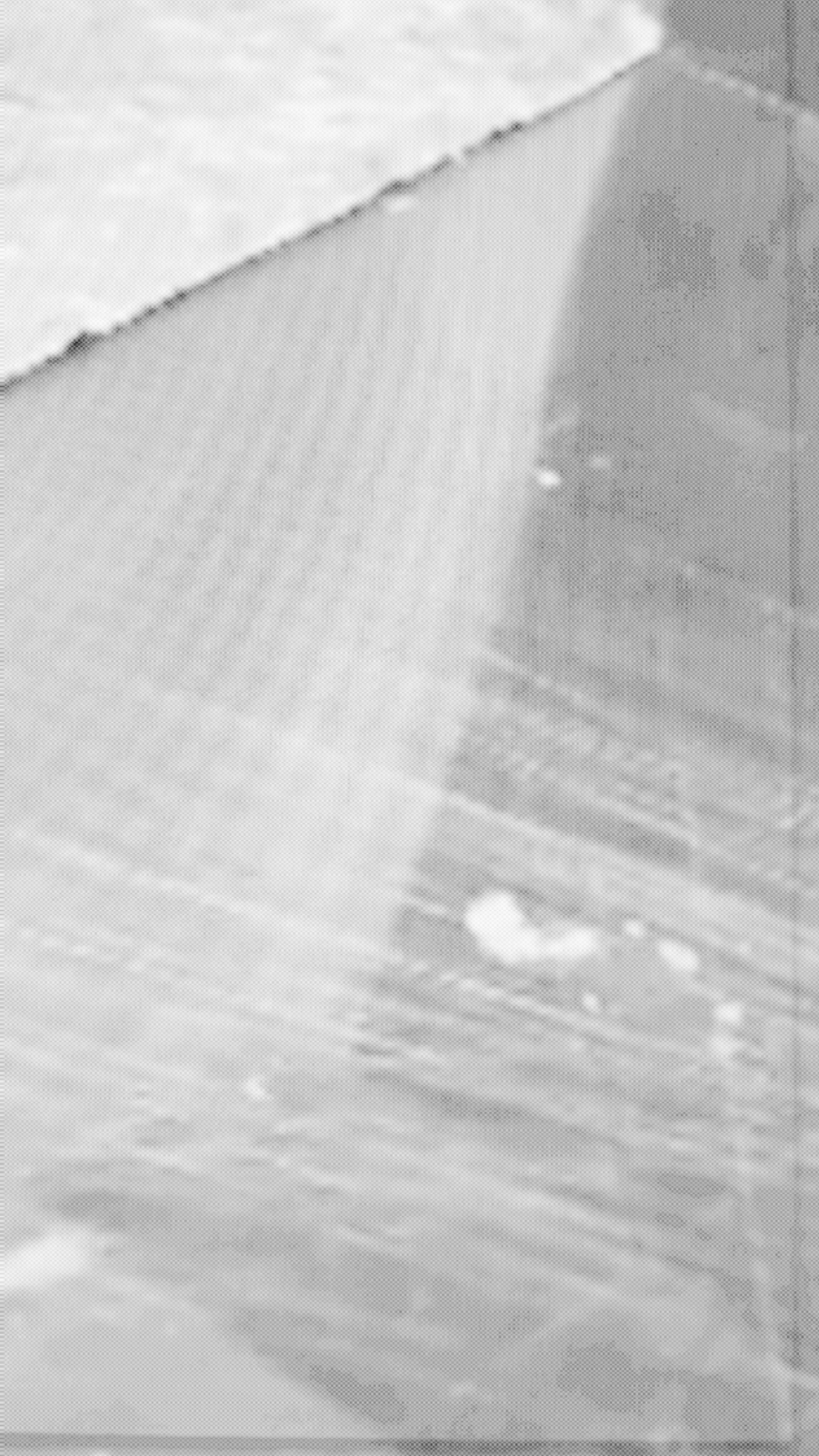
windows of resembling places
22/24

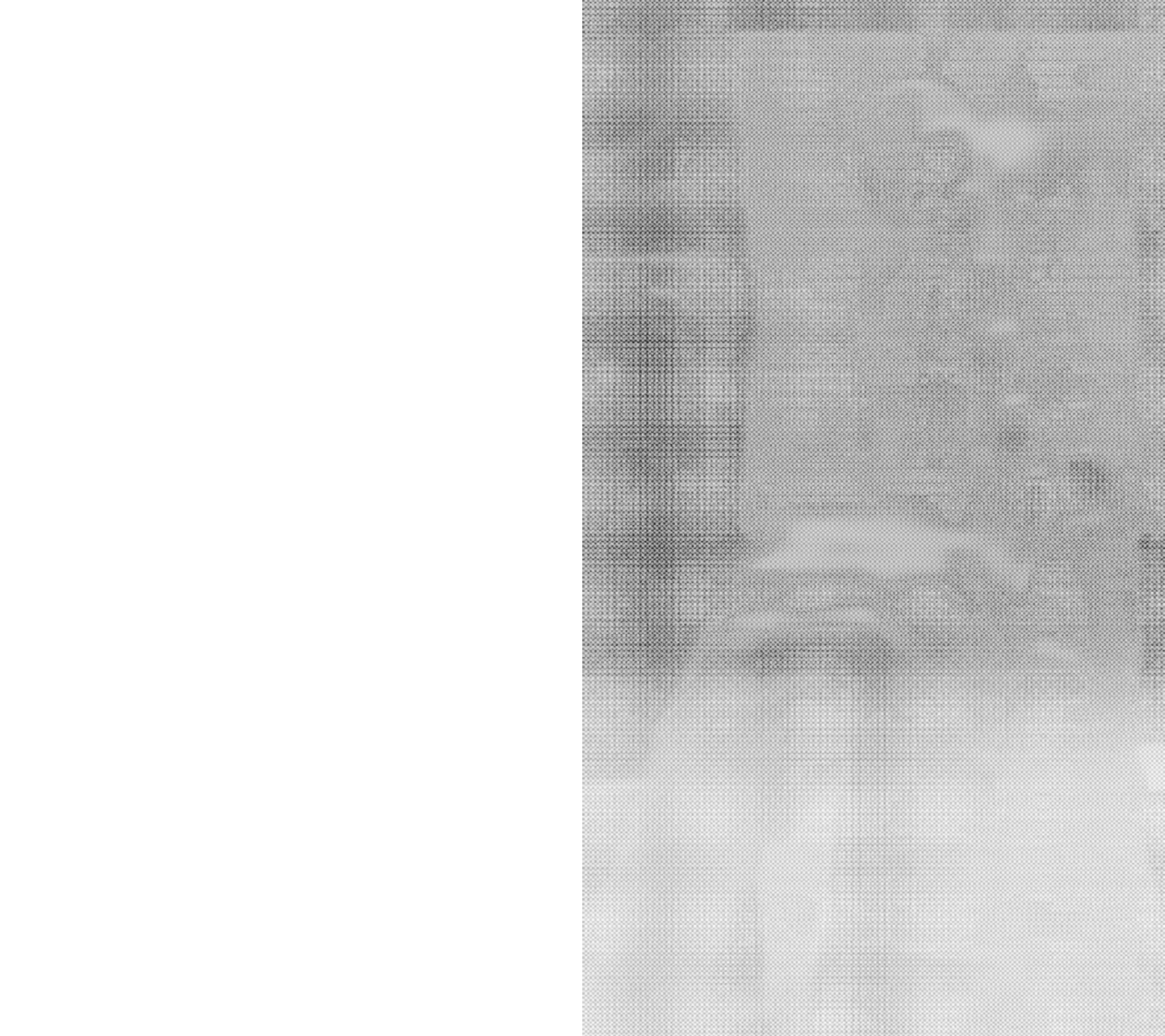
the white arcades
this rock face
Tumbling down

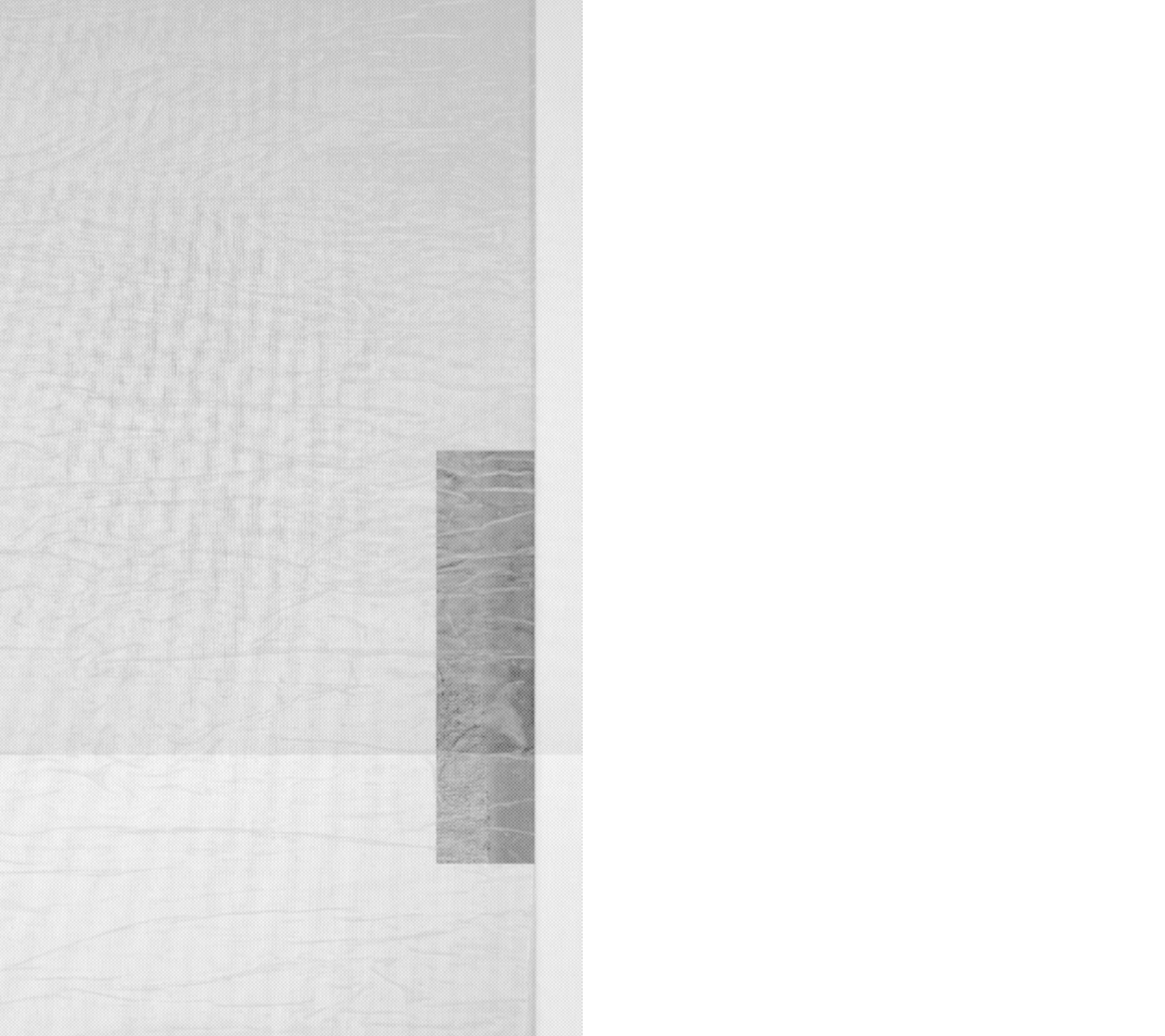
the vertical horizon
23/24

in whitened fur
and stripes of plastic

imaginary landscape
24/24









SCRATCHES OF USE

Hanover | Berlin | Dublin | Los Angeles 2017 / 2019

Scratches of use and traces left. The wind keeps blowing. Warm. Strings of hair, flying, falling. Soft, from 1 to 0 like black moon days standing still, looking out, breezing in that blanket of infinite dots, that carpet ahead.

I was walking through the gate and time was disappearing. Everything felt frozen. Piano tones played, people had cups of coffee or Guinness. Noisy chats were all around. The moment was playing cards and zoomed in. As if time didn't exist. Everything was in free fall.

*

Location is a matter of positioning oneself. When you feel lost you can create a map of sharpness. A grid of orientation. A lack of distance that fades out. The notion of landscape is behind you, its underneath your feet and above your head rather than in front of you. You move through places as they move through you. A floating process on solid ground or liquid blend, experienced on rearward.

[ICE - WATER - STEAM]

A slice of remembrance occurred in a glance of a shimmering surface. Its skin was glossy and moist. It's fragile appearance so strong through its elasticity of thin transparent layers that showed a bathed film of reflection. Time on a monitor feels slower than in a real move. The motion slid along the graded level of horizontal rays discovering the mirrored angle of reality. Echoes of stored clouds were falling in the rain. The vertical drippings arrayed the desire to move - to escape. Its blurred horizons streamed without a pause in 360 degrees of panorama. - Time.

Two fields divided by a line becoming an infinite perspective of dazed complexity and illusion. We were pacing through the clear yellow tinted tilts of polymer when the music started "Trying to communicate" what was missing. We were navigating in a dive of alienation, through what was feeling lost. Through rocks of clothes and metal racks. Through clocks as bracelets and clocks as necklaces. Through laces of different paths pointing to one united scape.

*

At the intersection of mapping stars life is a line, a veer of fields. The desert's eye is silent. Echoing itself. Its ear is a spiral into the inner self suggesting a relation between time and space through sound.

*

Rain was falling. Drippings of plunged water drops were rushing down on the ground of a puddle that was held in an immersion shaped by liquified soil. A concrete utopia smashed in mud. Rippling off. Its echoing was silent with no sound at all. Only a visual reverberation of something that was there. A reflection of a sound wave which is delayed so much that one hears and perceives the sound as a separate event.

*

Your face was visible on the screen. It said 'live' and though it was two minutes later than the actual I knew that we felt the same time. Thousand of miles of an ocean of solidified waves of crystalline submarine rocks laid between us. How fast would one signal rush through these kilometers of wire to arrive at the same time. 2 minutes for an ocean to pass seemed immediate. Our both realities seemed to be one although one was the present and the other the past depending on the perspective and location we took. The threshold was in its breaking point showing the process of a washed up reef, a frontier that disappeared. It was a viscous stream of immediacy coping our two existences to one.

*

In the desert footprints stay and past becomes a part of the visible present. Echoes are used to estimate space and distances.

[WOLKE - MUSCHEL - ROCK - MOUNTAIN. - SPIRAL.]

Clear crystals like the winter's air were floating in billows surrounding us. A soothing swarm that streamed in glazes of velvet swamps cascading in slow motion. I was following the delayed reflection exiting a signal. It transformed to an inter-individual gesture of the receiver through distance. Its tone height stayed equal while the tone volume differed and weakened.

The question was who produces and who reproduces ideologies?
- Line is a Circle, changing its order from a cosmic sight.

*

We were walking along the beach looking at the ocean's waves that were washed up. Transparency became white matter through movement and energy. The perspective shifted to aerial views and transformed volume into lines. Scale is a construct of the brain when space morphs into volume into distance into disbandance. Negative space is a mutable matter, the between, under, around or inside is shaped by an object or subject. It is an atmosphere, an unseen matter or non-event. It has its own agency and opens up potency. Positive space is the object or subject, the thing around us which we orient our understanding about what is and what isn't on. It is fixed.

*

The mirror showed its double scattering in a dimension of multi facets. I felt like living with myself in the echo of millions of double reflected perspectives echoing themselves over and over again. Everything was responding in a portrayal of reclaim. The play-button was set on repeat concealing an iteration of enacting the usual.

[#scale #space #volume #distance #VOID]

A landscape includes the physical elements of geophysically defined landforms, living elements of land-cover including indigenous vegetation, human elements including different forms of land use, buildings, structures, and transitory elements such as lighting and weather conditions. Combining both their physical origins and the cultural overlay of human presence often created over millennia landscapes reflect a living synthesis of people and place that is vital to local and national identity. The character of a landscape helps define the self-image of the people who inhabit it and a sense of place that differentiates one region from another. Landscape is the dynamic backdrop to people's lives. There is a vast range of landscapes on earth, including the icy landscapes of polar regions, mountainous landscapes, vast arid desert landscapes, islands and coastal landscapes, densely forested or wooded landscapes, and agricultural landscapes of temperate and tropical regions as well as urban created landscapes.

*

In occurrence of stars and planets as well as mountains, time brings together physical aspects of distance with virtual qualities of changing position. It demonstrates an era and its circumstances as well as the scale of or towards such degrees and seems to be a relevant factor of existence. Landscape is primarily used in two meanings. It refers to the culturally influenced, subjective perception of an area as aesthetic wholeness - the philosophical-cultural concept of landscape -, and, especially in geography, is used to designate an area that is characterized by recognizable features that demarcate areas.

In urban architecture landscape is used as security device. Virtual objects embody their own agency while the use of physical resources create different forms of content with certain kinds of class relations embedding specific production forms and relations. The lapse of time is referred with a summary of understanding and a motion of an intangible horizon as time seems to complete the level of awareness.

[Actual parameters extent - impact - identify - form - transform - lose control - metamorphose - hydrate.

*

[FLACHGEWEBE - the NON-IDENTITY - the SUBJECT - the OBJECT - The NOW.]

*

We were still gathering in these containers filled with products for human use. Products that were supposed to delight human life and existence. They were colorful. Glistening swamps that sparkled everywhere. You in your pace. Me in mine. Us floating together through this static stream of time.

When landscape is used as security device and functions in terms of imagination, manipulation and surveillance, the phenomenon of contemporary culture proposes a certain stage towards human situations, towards objects, towards encounters, towards people at which the emotional charge is muted or levelled off and in which a kind of democracy or quality of objects of experiences of persons appears, a function of distance and perspective.

In times of digital and global change, in which technologies, monitoring mechanisms, ecological filters and urban landscape characteristics increasingly determine and automate global everyday life through continuous recording and tracking methods, we are faced with the question of autonomous, free thinking. There are fewer and fewer individual opinions, whether in media coverage, manipulated by social (digital) networks, economic filters or the market. Whether in clothing style, diet, music or other cultural trends, rather than individuality, circles of personalized trends are emerging, all of which are subject to a profit concept.

Hannah Arendt explains the question of guilt is non-thinking. An automated action without any questioning. She points out that the obsession of one's own thinking to duty and obedience without thinking bears is the real guilt of the frightening events of the Holocaust.

Materialism assumes that even thoughts, feelings or consciousness can be traced back to matter. It explains the world around people and their processes. New materialism also responds to the need for novel values about agency, nature, and social relationships today as new questions arise about our place as embodied people in the world and the way we produce our material environment.

*

The earth was quivering. First you weren't able to feel it. Only a slow calm sound was distinguishable spreading through the whole house when I saw everything swinging. My eye noticed more than my others senses until I realized that the soil underneath liquified and rolled a few inches further away from the quake.

„Alexa, play Brute by Fatima Al Qadiri“
„Alexa, turn the Volume down a little“

*for you
touched by the fire*

-
you
feeling
nothing
and nothing is moving
at all
time stops
the horizon
a maze
a collapsing
of rays
free.
fall.

street lights reflecting
mirrored glass
the scape
that's there
a net
ahead
an altitude
a zero set
when time is standing.
still
(again.)

the lake's reflecting pane
an attitude
refrains
the echo of the lane
it paves.

cars passing shrines
in shimmering
glistening
lines
listening
loop
the water's puddle
a pond
a pool
all lives converge
central
to see through.

upon
the horizon
a stable line
dividing
a twine
a dash
a score
floating above
a frame
that is
not there
anymore.
the space.

behind
scattered
the actual movement
aligned
in vertical ripples
waving
and still again
paving.

ariel views
a double perspective
one fixed
one mumbles
remote control
he is suspended
in
no ground
at all
what happens
when the walls
fall

the edges
disappear
the scope
the realm
the sphere
emptied of.

spatial
ground
between
a haze
of time
I'm floating.
through.
stars.

for here
the most peculiar way
grade the capsule
the spiral ground
a signal.
through time
the amazon
a river
streams
embroidery
a fundament
of quiver.
a dance
of past and presence
the spiral forms
and footprints stay.

they ask
what can I know
or say
I know though
through
a disc spinning

like an LP
drops rinsing
off
my skin
my cheeks
the dye
my feet
they move
connected prediction
conditioning friction
my hair
tender
(ing)
what is knowledge
at all?

there is a circuit
a circle
a line
a life
a veer
of fields
hidden
acknowledged
knowing more
a towel on my neck
tacting my steps
my dripping
dropping sweat
the core

my hands
my arms
my legs
waving
bones
a universal
code.

the secret lies in the keeping of time
-
finding depth
in limitations math
the spiral of the ear
the eye of the sphere
(time and again
I too have felt.)
and still nothing is fully replaced
like a black hole, a message
layer upon layer.
visible the invisible
my hands now
butterflies.
thoughts of physical lines
occurring in my veins
disappeared for years
permeable ghosts telling the truth
my body knows
unheard of songs
time and again
I too have felt

when parallel streams streaming:

.
nobody
body
background
deconstruction
neutralization
solitude
star
circle
circling
loop
looping
bleach
surrounding
Entladung
Einladung

to tell you the whole story
matter lays underneath
beyond
origin and horizon are open
they don't respond
the ground on which we go doesn't exist

lay it open
this mask
light protecting
varnished dreams
from the road

in Autumn's colors
tinted
pasty tones
like waves
they move.
silky ink
liquid matter
the fabric
is turned
a step further
on a map of stars
to be mapped
raw

there is no grid at all
no right nor wrong
only light
quakes
a wave
in the dust
and muddy soil

powder on my skin
like shades of
sandy haze
particles of wisdom
it is all about
what
nothing

the desert's eye

cloud.
stream.
rhythm.

I think that's what is different
today

material
mineral
abstraction
direction
immediacy
administration
(mineralisation)
materialization
new expression
debris
degree
dose
pose
rose
dye

below and upon
before and after
fluid stops & goes
a viscous stream
down under

parallel streams streaming
streaming lower res.
resolution
compressed.

is that the feeling of a blood moon?

a need slice of time
a zyme
I am
a line
it floats

.
time
holding time
keeping time
sound waves break
like snow

sparkling
twilight
and dreaming
the real
seems
unnatural
the sea
a mirror
they reach
one another
they never touch
the other

but sound
waves
liquid matter
is
filtered
is
stranded
is
stretched

-
again.
and again.
and again.

scratches of use
and traces left
the wind keeps blowing
warm
strings of hair
flying
falling
soft
from 1 to 0
like black moon days
standing still
looking out
breezing in
that blanket of infinite dots
that carpet
ahead

liquid matter
filtered
the first
ever
forever
memory
extends
invisible
ornaments
that
this
is
things
mirrored echo
strings

everyone

lingering down
from the sky
to the walls
slings
bearing
bequeathing
through
your eyes
that window

they connect
one and another
for what
nothing leads to an answer

express
the truth
is
a
string
it
shines
and blends
extremely
that
it feels
like
artificial intends

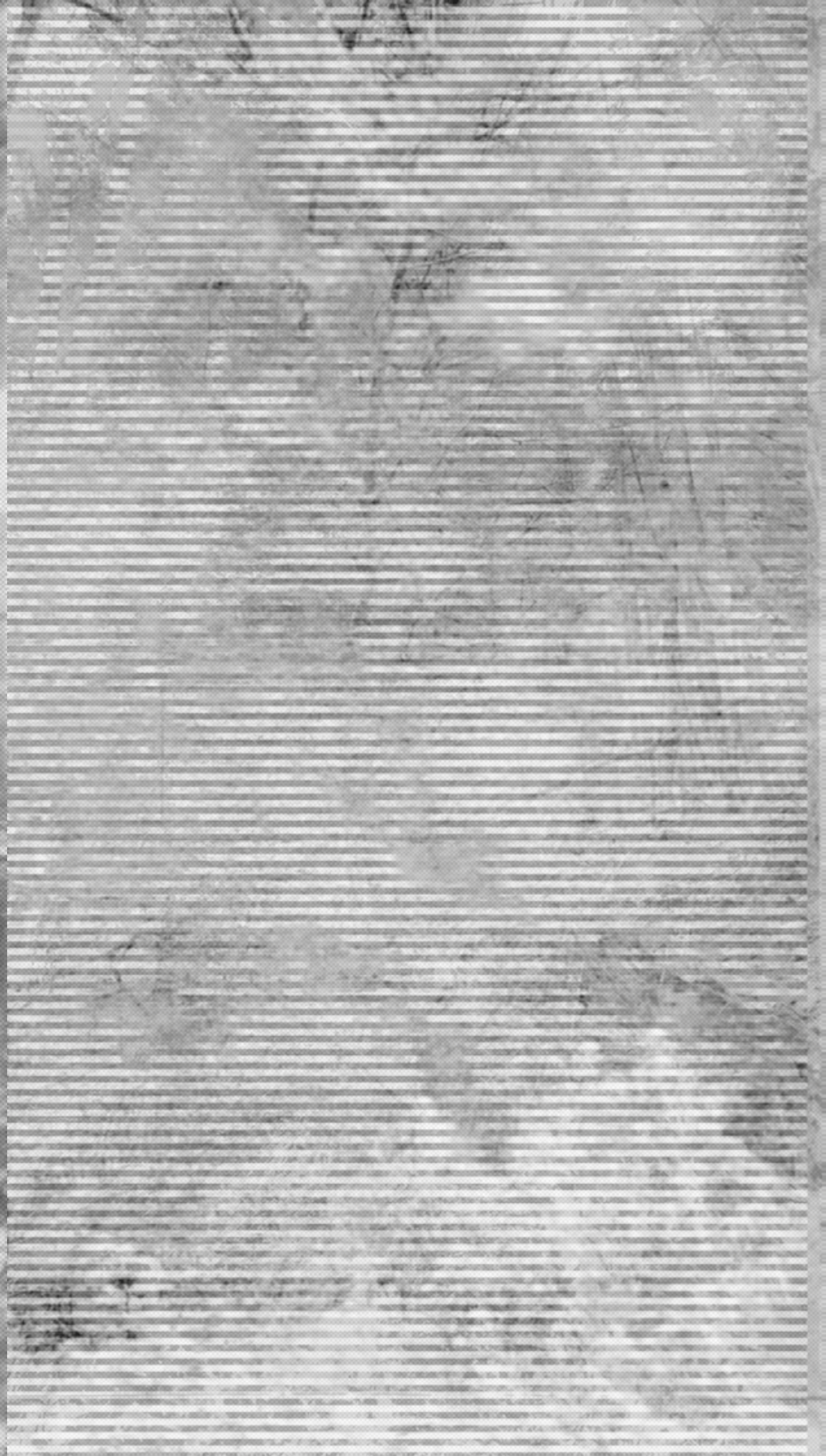
man forgets
quickly
why
need
plugs
phones
napkins
lost
laps
lapses
full time
full moon

Clouds
Stream
Rhythm
what goes on in secret
neutrality is not a position
in notions of blindness.

Maybe this is just to proof you,
The desert's eye. or From being connected.

*

The Amazon was flowing in a stream of personal items. Debris looked like embroidery of it's fundament. It was a warm day and the wind was blowing softly.



LIKE AN X RAY

Berlin | Guangzhou | Los Angeles 2018 / 2019

Intangible moment of distance that is so close to be touched that it almost fades (dissolves)

***- like an x ray -
[Berlin . Guangzhou . Los Angeles 2018 / 2019]***

The moment when you lag something (can be the richest moment with greatest value and potential): The moment of no expectation. A pure moment like an origin, a zero point of ancient times that loops backwards in a spiral. There is nothing besides that movement of a curling stream that transforms. There are no claims, no judgements. There is only an intangible infinite line of pureness where everything points out and appears (freely).

Absence is...

What does it mean to be tired? Full or empty? In an empty storm of nothing to hide you start realizing what it means to exist. You feel the physical boundaries which are crossed and the potency that is carried, brought. Your eye seems tired. It is clarified and visualizes the minimum of particle.

Existence is an ontological, empirically observable property of being. An entity that owns the ability to, directly or indirectly, interact with the reality. Materialism states that the only things that exist are matter and energy, that all things are composed of material, that all actions require energy, and that all phenomena (including consciousness) are the result of material interactions. Idealism says that the only things that properly exist are thoughts and ideas, while the material world is secondary. Existence is sometimes contrasted.

All things as composed by strings of reasoning, require an associated idea of the thing, and all phenomena are the result of an understanding of the imprint: The noumenal world which lies beyond all things in itself. Existence of a thing is not derived from its essence, but demonstrates the dualism of the created universal essence. The exact definition of existence is one of the most important and fundamental topics of the philosophical study of the nature of being or reality in general. It deals with questions concerning what things or entities exist or can be said to exist, and how such things or entities can be grouped, related within a hierarchy, and subdivided according to similarities and differences.

In constitutional law, absence means the mere absence of the home state according to the laws of the different countries.

Heide.
Extended landscape.

Yesterday I tried to paint you but the colors weren't beautiful enough. The memory of a fragment seems intangibly present. You wonder. Your hair is twirled in a knot of threads. You are feeling that sparkle in the air. That thing that is in the air. A particle, invisible to the eye, a fragrance in the air. Spring. Of life.

An autoroute, a freeway, a wing of a plane. Water pearls on the grass that is wet from the morning residue. A white sheet of paper. A smile. Crowns of millennial old rock on top of mountains that disappear in foggy distance. Dust of memories carried as fragments of a pushed finger print on a button of an apparatus.

#transit

Do I know something from its imprint or from a physical experience? What is the gap between these two realities? What third reality is it creating? The intangible reflection of the sky in the glass of a window passing by landscape. One moment stands still one moment haunts away. The closer you are, the faster; the wider, the slower. Is there a point of standing still?

-

Assimilated one by the other.
#entity

We all have a subconsciousness, something that is called collective subconsciousness and something that is called individual subconsciousness. How do these two come together to produce a human being that is different? I think art has something to do with it.

An artist is someone who is free, who fights for freedom, who revolts against the dominant culture. Artists can paint and show their work, they can make a lot of money in China, but that's not an option for people that work in Chinese factories. If you try and organize a strike in a factory, you are immediately arrested. Freedom is only for making a lot of money in the art world and not for the people in the factories. The people who make the shoes or the things in our computers are underpaid and if they get together and organize a strike, the police immediately comes and arrests them. So there is no freedom of expression outside the art world. I don't see how human beings in any given situation can try and reconstruct their life and resculpt who they are, who they want to be, who they want to become without revolting against that dominant culture. In that sense you might say that there is something global about it. You are always up against something that is oppressive and that is the problem of language that you have to adopt in your work.

schizophrenia - several identities that are not fixed

I wouldn't call it a personality, I would call it a process. The awareness that there is another world, that there are many other worlds - the american tourist, that goes around the world, with money and a camera, and short pants and a hat and goes to China or goes to Africa or goes to Europe and speaks to everyone in English as if anybody was supposed to understand English, but especially now, as English became THE global language, that person feels that the entire world is as his own world. The only legal possible world is that little american world with hamburgers and ketchup. Everything is different but he doesn't see it. He thinks that the world is the same, the same unified place which is a total mistake. That's what globalization is. That's what's occurring to globalization of the art market to globalization of google, of the internet. It's a terribly dangerous type of unification and human activity. I can not stress enough the fact that the minimum that we can do, that we have to do, is having and keeping access to our own humanity, to vote for it. Artaud would be considered as a laboratory of possibilities that have not been accepted by the mainstream cultures. Talking about cultural differences, I don't see a possibility to exist without reinventing one's own codes of behaviour, one's own culture, one's own set of values.

The water streamed towards land.
An ocean of noise and foam was washed up.

Tangible but intangible. You could touch it while it was flowing through your fingers. It is transparent while you can see it. It has no color while having all colors that are projected onto its surface. Water can be still with the appearance of a hard disc or smooth and tender when floating over things. It shapes in the shape of its surroundings and is the most essential element of life.

Arguments that appeal to ignorance rely merely on the fact that the veracity of the proposition is not disproved to arrive at a definite conclusion. These arguments fail to appreciate that the limits of one's understanding or certainty do not change what is true. They do not inform upon reality. That is, whatever the reality is, it does not „wait“ upon human logic or analysis to be formulated. Reality exists at all times, and it exists independently of what is in the mind of anyone. And the true thrust of science and rational analysis is to separate preconceived notions of what reality is, and to be open at all times to the observation of nature as it behaves, so as truly to discover reality. True things can never be disproved and false things can never be proved. In other words, appeals to ignorance claim that the converse of these facts are also true.

-
#absence #lag #entity
#moment #levitation (#memory)
#borderless #free #thought

#attitude.

#skyline #silhouette #sleepingbag
#mineralrock #haze #crystallized
#flowing #floating #trace

#emptiness #led #battery.

#outside #inside
#carlights #touch
#reflection

#layered #sediment.

Only because seeing in land and sky: from nothing, nothing can be created.

ÜBER DIE VERÄNDERUNG

[der Dinge (und Arbeiten)]

- the glimpse of the eye -

The Real.

Nichts ist wie es scheint.

(backdrops on 'The Future is but a second away')
Hanover | Berlin | Los Angeles | Hanover 2018 / 2019

Here in Hanover staying flux is staying alive.

In a letter of gratitude, I wrote.

I was walking from the direction of Lake Maschsee to the museum to pick up my bouquet of flowers, when I realized that I was incredibly satisfied with the show. It was winter and already dark outside. Around 5 in the afternoon. The lake was deep, almost black. Walking aside from it, I was able to see the lid museum from far distance in the winter's cold and frosty air that embodied a breeze of warmth at times. The works were seemingly clear in that contrast of the frozen black and white. The museum's lid window-display elevated in the murk landscape of its surrounding. I approached slowly and let the image rise in my vision. In particular, I was thinking about the obstacles and challenges and the opening to grant something to the material. I admitted something to the image. It was allowed to partly write itself which added a liveliness that could not have been so comprehensive and dense without willing in to the real traces. The politics and physical manifestations, the rules of everyday life and existence that became visible and a part. It looked like a cave that bore a trace of left-behind gestures offering us an understanding of a 20 thousand year old perspective. My thoughts commenced reaching a field of tension, a border. A border can easily topple over as a venture, but if you manage to balance on this edged line, the image arising creates an incredible wake. You are just sucked right into the picture because the perspectives are constantly shifting. They move, change and transform. They stay alive. Rather than representing a single picture or a single look, or even a label, the image steadily alters itself over and over. It renews and stays awake, dissolving the preset limitations of general constitutions. *[I guess that is an important part of my work. I guess that is what is important to me.]*

It looks like a forest, she said.

In the forest you are somehow completely alien and completely yourself. And if you completely indulge into the forest's mood, then you are soon no longer alone. You meet flora and fauna in yourself, your most intimate fears and desires. If you fear losing or getting lost or even dying in the forest, it means that you will never return from it as the same. In the forest you are looking for change. You are disoriented in the slings of green patterns of habitus, of flickering light blinding your eye which adjusted to the dimness. Your feet are crushing against the dry lightliness of fallen leaves and shrubs, slowing your move down and making each step wised up.

Painting was always the representation of life. Daily life and its phenomena. Its heads, its leaders, its society, its time. The expression of feeling. It was earth on stone or earth on wood and became earth on cloth(es) and skin. What if I painted a forest in the appearance of an urban horizon materialized by mass products and fossil oil in interaction with an own creation of rock?

A horizon is a line that separates the sky from the earth. Regarding the natural horizon, the course of this boundary line depends on the location and height of the observer and the local conditions of its surrounding. Such a landscape depends on the gravid potential of its carriers.

An ideal horizon spans a plane.

A higher plane of reflection appearing as particles of time in facts.

The image was writing itself, manifesting the real in its tangible concreteness. It is interesting that I approached the exhibition with a different expectation. Contrary to my artistic attitude I was seeking security and closure before it was there, done and completed. It felt authentic that this Fragmented Landscape could also enroll right in the room it would be presented in. In the museum's hall where it would gather for three months to evolve. The element of place specificity, the fact of the museum as an institution, the museum's own dynamics, its own character of cooperation and internal structure, the humanity of the whole exhibition process and the memory of my own biography and origin enrolled and became a part. *I was feeling freedom. I was feeling inspired. I was fearlessly liberated from the common norm in the shimmering light of the lake's black disc I was pacing next to, the day after the opening.*

In the forest, you are most likely to encounter the interface between the individual and the collective self. Nowhere else do the archetypes seem to approach you so much, even though you seem to have gone there only in the darkness of your very own inwardness.

The search for the originality of oneself, which once appeared indistinct from the collective self, developed in the forest.

Arising from the context of openness and chance that can not be planned, many levels emerged that enhance the beauty of all work - the beauty of capturing and depicting the real in an actual state, which fades one second later and opens up a new reality with a different perspective. Without the courage and the necessity to open up to this unknown, to this uncertainty in the global context of expected security, it would not have been possible.

For the Kurdish mystics, the pearl is an embryo slumbering at the bottom of its shell uterus.

I was pleased that the element of emptiness passed through. The smaller amount of bullets which are pearls of water were held by bigger amounts of glass in cases. They showed traces. Traces from repair and water leaks. Traces of life. They gave space to different contexts and associations and let the urban and abandoned arrive. It created a feeling. The glassy nearly empty vitrines and their marks created a sensation of abandoned shopping malls. Of something left over or behind. Something cracked open and bequeathed. Water vapor crystallized on the inside of the glass pane that reflected lights of cars passing by. The outside subscribed itself through reflections to the inside and the glimpsing light made the pearls shivering against the tracks of a reflected skyline. An opened crust of a shell celebrating its shine of mystical emptiness of a once taken treasure leaving behind the destiny of a clause.

I remembered the director asking insecurely and confusedly, if the leap in the glass pane was wanted, which was certainly reinforced by the dirtiness of the glass and the brittle and raw-cut painter cloth.

I said, yes.

It needed a break. An alienation from the perfect nature of its original. I wanted to create an uncomfortableness by using a pre-happened trace of a mishap that caused irritation and represented a former life. Bringing the unnaturalness of perfection and virginity to mind that art works seem to have in our culture. A universal picture of traces upon traces and the manifested illusion of movement, change and flow. It turned out that the 'shady' not well lit lighting of the room was an essential complementary fragment. The light showed its exact opposite from far distance. It seemed clear and bright commenting on the time of the day. Just how the exhibition reflected habits and stereotypes in this context: Sometimes you have to step away taking a zoomed-out position to be able to see.

The forest was elevated to the ultimate symbol of romantic worldview. A darkly overgrown wall, behind which another world hides. A world that expresses the alienation of humankind from the originality of its nature. It stands for the boundary between the cultural essence of humankind and their natural-animalistic ground. It is one of the most comprehensive symbols for the unconscious. In all of the original interpretations, the forest acts as a place of trial and initiation on the path of becoming conscious. Humans go into the forest to gain knowledge by exploring its mystery. It is a whole that consists of the same diverse constituents. We do not understand if we consider only a section separately. For many, looking at a tree, a branch, a leaf, or a shoot is more meaningful than looking at the forest. But defining the boundaries of a forest or a system is the prerequisite for the clear allocation of responsibilities. Crucial is the fact that these elements themselves represent systems, but at the same time have their own complex life. They lose viability when the interaction is disturbed. The same applies to all types

of systems, organizations, cultures, the World Wide Web, projects, sciences and economies. A society is held together by the individuals with their legal system, art, and science who share similar beliefs and gods. If it comes to disturbances in this structure, then there is a clash of civilizations with the known consequences. For effective steering of a system, it is crucial to identify the subsystems with their needs. This moment between wanted and unintended instant caught reality by its sake. With the steady alteration and recreation of new perspectives, it gave rise to space and allowed thought. Thoughts like physical threads. Like lines that float constantly. The willing into the fusion of the studio and the institutional space conceded that one's own gaze became the subject of the whole.

If you leave an ecosystem to itself, its components emerge out of nowhere. In the right climate and with sufficient water plants and animals emerge. It works because everything on earth is part of a big system. The same goes for the things made by humankind.

Those responsible for a system should always be aware that the system has its own momentum, even without their being in constant control. It is the play of the wind with the foliage, filled with the light that dips familiar structures into poetry. The forest as an image for the fabric of life, for existential sensitivities, for a range of emotions.

It is a landscape of what goes on in secret.

Only when the perception of things does not happen too fast, the mindset does not simply end in finding that something is beautiful. So the installation itself stopped and froze in a moment to explore. The gaze penetrated deeply into the branches and a microcosm that pointed to things beyond the visible was revealed hesitantly resembling the glimpse between 1 and 0.

I was able to see. I was able to understand. I was absolutely feeling real in this oscillating interference.

Instead of a brush, the picturesque movement was a gesture. A rhythm of soft and hard structures. They pointed to their dissolution, to nothingness - auspicious or inexplicable. Just as the view upwards first leads into the void, this nothingness signified a reduction in which the emptiness as the beginning and end of all being played around things with a lightness - like the wind moves the leaves of a tree. There was no stage, no auditorium. Impressions of the same always change in the invisible area to the human eye, a place of rest, security, nature, longing, and imperceptible metamorphosis. Only through a temporal dimension did they become visible. They were beward behind that huge window made of glass and lit to shine from afar like a cave that closed its entrance with a crushing block of hard rock. Only that the rock today was transparent and allowed to observe.

I was painting from behind. Pouring one layer above the other, letting it solidify overnight to heaten it up the next day. This process went on for a few weeks. I was able to look in between the layers and transparencies. When the paraffin was hot and fluent, the light was able to break into the material. It reflected the color and showed the movement of the dense dye slowly dispensing into the paraffin liquor. It resembled earth or fluent mud or oil flowing and slipping down into deeper levels of a different cosmos. It was a process of making the invisible visible before the room temperature of its surroundings made it firm and concrete again. The lightness of the color became mat as the light's rays weren't able to breach through the locked up surface anymore. Invertatly, the surface reflected the light backwards into the room screening the color into pasty dull tones making it look darker and odd. It was a moment of the everyday politics that became visible by fading away in the eye's glimpse of understanding. A moment of zoom to sharpen the lens at the interface when something is just becoming focused and yet it dissolves. The black showed its real nature and was created by green. Minimal and reduced, but intersecting in its perspectives. Distances and clearances blurred in their gaps. Everything that appeared was a static moment holding the flow to observe. The floating, the detached, the fugitive. It was a matter in space on a horizon of time. Traces of gestures, of utility and usage, of hold and drawed up density. Imprints and enrollments of applying and demolishing at the display when something clears up. There were views, prospects, dreamy paths and erroneous thoughts.

"Nothing is real. Nothing is solid."

The most important cycles of a forest are determined by the earth's orbit - the day, the month, the year, the life. The change of day and night, the course of the sun and the seasons of life are firmly anchored in the behavior of the forest and its elements. There is something in growth and decay everywhere. The trees, shrubs and plants become an impenetrable whole. In the margins of life, in times of dryness or cold, the forests change into savannas, tundra or deserts. The vastest forested areas on earth are the tropical rainforests around the equator and the boreal forests of the cold to temperate areas of the northern hemisphere. These ecosystems are naturally neither a temporally rigid nor a spatially homogeneous structure. Contrary to the widespread opinion, the contiguous recent „primeval forests“ are a mosaic of zonal, azonal and intrazonal vegetation whose individual areas and patches are also subject to a temporal evolution.

For a complete species of Klimaxwald societies it requires centuries of uninterrupted tillering. Also, the inventories set by human use can be classified into naturally occurring succession stages. A region-wise high proportion can originate in the so-called „small water cycle“ from the evaporation of the forest itself, as far as these forest areas do not fall below a certain size. A forest can be considered relatively close to nature if the tree population is indigenous and the composition is wholly or almost natural. Nevertheless, such economic forests are subject to economic objectives, which bring about a determination of the harvest age long before reaching the natural age limit. Forests essentially fulfill three groups of core functions: economical, ecological and social functions. Some of these functions are provided by the forest without human intervention, for example, the production of oxygen. The realization of the various functions is the responsibility of the owner of the forest. Forests around the world have experienced a major shift in their use and expression. Depending on the type of use and intensity, replacement companies emerge within a forest system that often differ considerably from the natural cyclical succession of a jungle. In addition to protection against the erosive power of water, the forests as water reservoirs have great significance for the water cycle of the earth and the availability of drinking water and irrigation as well as energy production. Forests can provide water longer and in greater quantities than a comparable open space. Surface runoff from rainwater is slowed down. Like in a sponge, water is stored in the soil. The evaporation decreases due to the shading of the soil by the vegetation, however the transpiration increases. Woods make an important contribution to water protection by cleaning water in the same way. *And I do not have to mention that the forest described here is speaking of the situation in the museum. The Fragmented Landscape "The Future is but a Second away" as a system in the museum that bewarens its authority of art against the owners of giving housing.*

The paraffin changed invisibly slowly throughout the 3 winter months of the exhibition duration. It calmly incorporated the room temperature, adjusting itself to the room's atmosphere in timely intervals of days, hours, minutes, seconds or milliseconds. It softened, and still it seemed solidified to the human eye. In slow motion it gently slid towards the ground. Its movement appears frozen or petrified in the review of one exhibition visit. It yielded its gravity.

Break and track are more precious than new.

A loud bang filled the museum. It was February, two days before the exhibition was finalized. Everyone in the museum froze, taking their hands on their hearts. It was a breathtaking moment. A loud clash. One fragment of the installation collapsed and gave in to its sinking weight. It crashed down, cascading on the bottom of its rocky foundation. It created a heavy and loud sound. About 100 kilograms smashed down right at once echoing slightly, filling the whole museum with its vibrant.

You can prepare yourself for an instant carefully but still you won't be prepared in the second it happens. Only your instincts play.

A forest is made up of many layers. The main layers of all forest types are the forest floor, the understory and the canopy. Decay on the forest floor forms new soil and provides nutrients to the plants. Forests covered 4 billion hectares (15 million square miles) or approximately 30 percent of the world's land area. They are the dominant terrestrial ecosystem on Earth, and are distributed around the globe.

I wanted to create a picturesque landscape, an atmosphere or climate that would be so bloodless that you'd be doped when leaving. An environment for contemplation. A real space that makes you recognize yourself, feeling your own presence and becoming aware. That's why the size of each fragment was important. It needed to create a physical bodily reaction in the confrontation of your visit. It needed to surround you, to be bigger than you. Like in an ancient forest. It needed a moment of unpredictable hazard to scare you. You do not know if it's a work of art, an item, matter or an implement. A blanket or a carpet and two sleeping bags laid in a glass frame or placed on the floor. You don't know if you're allowed to touch or even use them or if it's for observation only. You are seduced to try them. They challenge your senses and conflict with your known conducts. They play on your instincts. These applications that seemed randomly positioned like leftover traces from everyday life gestures. Their gestures are mutable and versatile. Like sandy powder becoming a pulverized ripple in the future's second away. A cut-out snippet that freezes the instant moment to make it graspable. You did not know where the edge began or ended.

I was invited to create an installation for a triennial in China and decided to do a variation of this Fragmented Landscape ('The Future is but a Second away'). There was no doubt about producing on site rather than shipping a whole container of resources from Germany to Guangzhou. Even though the imagery of shipping a forest would have given a beautiful addition of everyday poetry, I decided to produce locally. I wanted to get involved with the moment and indulge in being there as a stranger. It was an elaborate process. 7 days to produce an installation based on 7 fragments. There were about 40 people helping melting the paraffin to accelerate the process of melting the fossil. It was a process of detail and devotion. Everyone involved took part with their whole being seeing the same I saw when creating the fragments in Hanover. It was a process of understanding. Everyone was able to see. We fulfilled the landscape and installed the fragments on the limits of human power. The message was one against the Western materialism. It was against that economy of ownership which prevents life. The installation was held for 3 months while the exhibition was on display and was destroyed in total after. Though I decided giving focus on that specific moment that was only accessible in China, I was crushed to let go of those unique paintings with the beauty of its exclusive enrollments, subscriptions and traces.

It was not only about the never ending process, the line of thoughts as threads. It was also about the manifestation of a certain process. Only with the degree of hold, a closer observation and a different sense of understanding becomes possible. The close up look in the zoomed out landscape allows you to understand through the reaction of your eye by sensing its meaning. All I wanted was to catch this feeling we all feel. This feeling of something flowing or rinsing through our fingers. This feeling of the caught flow that stars for one moment and honors our vision to understand, before it continues to tide away. The moment of holding your breath. The glimpse of the eye.

The picture was written from the inside out. All paintings (the fragments of the landscape) neither had a front nor a back side. There was crystallized viscous next to water evaporation from the inside of a glass frame next to a translucent banner or items supported by mirroring structures showing both sides equally. There were objects giving you the feeling of usage to look behind their tissues of sleep. Your eyes opened up again, thinking of anything that might be representational. I was thinking about the origins of painting. The third hand that painted the evidence of life written by the hand spirit - space was given to a mirror image that manifested experiences and feelings grasping meaning. One quality of painting is its suggestive space, its flatness with surrogate depth or movement. It is its aura. What is beauty if beauty is in our minds like Agnes Martin said? The world is still as colorful as 20.000 years ago when the first man painted alone in a cave with charcoal on rock. It's earth didn't fade into pasty tones or shades. Is it the dusty haze of the concrete's pollution besides the digital noise that clouds it today?

I was thinking about how far I could push imagery and what painting would not look like. Working with real material, insisting that the materials keep their identity. Using real objects to paint and painting as a tool of gesture.

Producing locally allowed me the insight into all stratifications and opened spaces that do not exist physically. It was there but not there. It did not approach an infinitely distant object, but that which was in between. It was about the determination of their presence. There were heavy layers of paraffin, a frozen liquid of industrial waste adopting to its environment. Something rinsed thoroughly or washed up. Like a snippet of a frozen forest stream surrounded by ephemeral tree stems. Like a petrified wood from 200 million years ago beholding the relics and habits of our extend: time compressed in an exponential pace.

I was carrying the bouquet of flowers which was so beautifully arranged. They were laying in my arm as if I was carrying a baby. When they got too heavy I held them upside down as if I was bringing back a hunt, holding a skull on its end. Their stems were long and reached into the air though they seemed cut off. It was like a cropped growth carried in my arm as an offering.

By no tools of gods and goods.

I just wanted to see.
(Everything was about freedom.)

(Der Ur-Sprung.)
- The Off-Sprung -

ISLAMERA
(LOCKDOWN PAINTINGS)
Los Angeles 2020

Und die Erde bebte
erbebte in einem Ruck höchster Konzentration
erweckte aus dem Schlaf die Lebendigkeit
ihr Beben durchzog unsere Körper
durchzog unseren Laib
aus wüstengleichen Zonen
erstarrte die Ewigkeit
Nebelschwaden des Wachwerdens
verzögerten die Zeit
alles fest Geglaubte verflüssigte sich
in einem Strom aus horizontaler Gemäßigkeit:
Zeit in alle Richtungen,
wenn der Mut zum Bodenlosen erwacht,
dann ist man bereit zu schwimmen.

A quiver at night woke me
A stroke at night hit me
A gesture at night kissed me
violently soft smell of heaven,
violent smell of grounded sky,
violently soft smell of touch,
the grounded branches, ground to the soil
started moving, were softly appearing
through the shades blurred from sleep
a soft delay envisioned
was dancing in the night sky
the moon was lightning the scene
in foggy swathes of awakening
She showed her preface, her roots, her strong connection
of upon with below
her universal codes
started to subscribe the surface of everything earthly in reload
engraved through the moved stasis of hardened eternity
liquified of everything that was believed to be sturdy

at the intersection of mapping stars,
showing us solidified time
life is a circle, a circle a line
endless infinity
grasping delay
a gentle beam arising a shadow of imagined while
setting back her roots, her suspension of life
birds started singing in the darkness of her night
of powdered soil
of heated crystals
welcoming the arrival
of this moon - a circle to shine.

This obstacle of halt and flow,
of stop and go
this eternal loop of life and glow
over footprints of our transcendent past,
your roots enlightened our ancestor's larvae

1/12

what does it mean to be earthly?
what does it mean to be solid?
what is this bound between heaven and soul
the boat of heaven in the quay
of Lapis Lazuli?
a word, a writing, a tool
overburden me
slightly drifting
downward earth
moist soil and drizzle dried up today
you make me think in a different way
I'm trying to grasp the joy of the earth
I'm trying these days.

soothing ripples are capturing the bay
reminiscing the wine, the beer in full length
father didn't hold his promise, what is mother saying?
there are no words for this meaning
I'm likely feeling your voice
that watery touch in arabic letters
that touch of yours

2/12

Although they are
Only breath is immortal
Die gespiegelte Realität des Ursprünglichen ist das Nichts in allem
Das Vollkommene im Nullpunkt geballter Gelöstheit
Im Staub der Sonne und der Sterne gewebte Decke der Unendlichkeit
Your ear my mouth
open the inexplicable path into a deep wet union
soft tones of delicate taste interlock in a beat of hollow spaces

Positive forms negative in the nothingness of the fruitful garden
grasping the obscure truth
on the first day
on the very first day

combed
spun
braided
warped
woven
bleached
a grain

Positive in negative is the spanned space of the in between
a clash
an explosion
a dream

When immaterial qualities are entangled and applied
whispered through the blue veil of rock and stone
softly spoken in a breath of words,
ein gebleichtes Korn

gebogener Stengel
ein Hauch an Worten
milchig-gesungene Essenz
weiß und cremig
schmelzend zarte Knospen
Ändernde Venen, blättrige Vielfalt
Empfundener Reize
of beads of water pearl in drippings

Connection is made of reaction
of reaching out
when something extends something other reaches back
in rhythmic transition dynamic moves are grasping
waving the hydraulic oppositions in binded memories

of water
and buttons of likes and interaction
on the first day
on the very first day

the essential of life is love
how she gave life
embedded in her dreams
was the first time ever I saw your face

---- Echo

Obwohl sie sind
ist nur ihr Atem unsterblich
The mirrored reality of the original is nothing in everything
The perfect in the zero point of concentrated relaxation
Ceiling of infinity woven in the dust of the sun and the stars
Dein Ohr mein Mund
öffnen den unerklärlichen Weg in eine tiefe feuchte Vereinigung
sanfte Töne von zartem Geschmack greifen in einen Hohlraum

Positiv formt Negativ im Nichts des fruchtbaren Gartens
die dunkle Wahrheit erfassend
am ersten Tag
am allerersten Tag

gekämmt
gedreht
geflochten
verzogen
gewebt
gebleicht
ein Korn

Positiv in negativ ist der überspannte Raum des Dazwischen
ein Zusammenstoß
eine Explosion
ein Traum

Wenn immaterielle Qualitäten verwickelt und angewendet werden
durch den blauen Schleier aus Gestein und Stein geflüstert
leise in einem Hauch von Worten gesprochen,
a bleached grain

curved stem
a touch of words
milky-sung essence
white and creamy
melting delicate buds
changing veins, leafy variety of
perceived stimuli
aus Wasserperlen perlen in Tropfen

Verbindung entsteht aus Reaktion
aus dem heraus ragen
wenn sich etwas ausdehnt, zieht sich etwas anderes zurück
im rhythmischen Übergang greifen dynamische Bewegungen
im Wehen der hydraulischen Gegensätze gebundener Wellen

aus Wasser
und Buttons von Likes und Interaktion
am ersten Tag
am allerersten Tag

Das Wesentliche des Lebens ist die Liebe
wie sie das Leben gab
eingebettet in ihre Träume
war das erste Mal, dass ich dein Gesicht sah

3/12

a hand became a gesture became a touch became a sign, a visual trace, a trans-shaped word, a native letter, a foreign line. what is a voice showing what a face would hide?

Mourning, transcendent ways. Transformation is always a struggle of the habit, of the known, when spirit meets flesh it needs to be nourished, it needs to be caressed. the hand of touch becomes the hand of a snake gliding through the leaves of the tree, escaping in the paths of the unseen. what are the voices the noisy footprints determine? staccato of the world of signs soften into a smooth slither reminiscing the waves of come and go, the paths of sun and moon, the shadows of spirit and flesh in the great below of the listener

above or below depend on the perspective you take setting the paths of the sailer sailing away, the airs and the winds, material measures are equal, are minds, everything is connected and entwined.

something left uncertain unsaid untouched unseen the spirit of the turned, how much the eye, manipulates the feeling. the ear, the listening, naked, grasping, pigeon, the stillness of hanging, hanging-in, in the hierarchy of the spheres, of strata grasped in the glass fiber cables, the crown of the steppe, of the world in words. how fast do we adjust? locked down in the corpus, the rotting flesh at home, honey the sanctioner of the antiseptic truth may not be questioned to enter the crack like flies to the ruins

she took the seven ☸ in her hands - Relations have to be rethought, restructured and can only survive through transformation and adaptation.

Inge once said 'you can only write about what you experienced.' I extend it to 'you can only think about what you owned.'

Today I'm thinking about ownership. Shared values breathing together, sharing the feeling of vacancy, sharing the mutual filling after a dried period.

Waves are balanced in themselves. Watching them from outer space the harsh ones are softened im Ein-klang - in the into/one-tone, the into/one-sound, the into/one-sonotony; by consonant rhythms of ancient movement and breaths. you experience yourself being a particle of it, feeling yourself been surrounded by it, feeling yourself being moved and transformed. Being inside - im, in the tone, not outside nor beside nor with the tone. You are part of the tone while being physically a parted. Ownership is bent to physical measures always failing the gap. While waves keep their physical measures transformable and moving. They own the freedom of living in the liquid ripple of drops and grains and droplets of inexistence.

when others say, I reflect
stillness - hanging
hierarchy
how much the eye manipulates the feeling,
the naked listening
grasping product
like a pigeon

It's the heartbeat.

4/12_Re: Ramadan II - day 4 (late morning)

An eagle seizes a lamb from the sheepfold.
A falcon catches a sparrow on the Reed fence.

still
stillness
all we ants
marching to the sea of water
in a line
spreading in centers
the present now the past of once
subconscious is speaking to me through the twine
of the dream open and vulnerable
the horizon
of garments
offspring
off-spring
who are we keeping?
knowledge is kept in the depth of our souls
carried by the wind
isn't any child innocent?
how could we not care for any child
how could we let a child be lost and living in fear
isn't a peaceful life the dust of sleep
the dust of survive

heaven is water-gift
earth is grain-gift

to forgive is forgive-ness

5/12

will
will of your own
will of society
will of economics
will of the winds
will of the airs
will of the gods
will of nature
will we ever
wherever
"wherever we are not,
he watches the lure"
and remains
-
a hard morning
angular and edged
lines appear between the visible and the unseen
the voices that determine
I wonder if the blurry is the actual, the precise
spheric winds arise
surrounding the borders in fog
why is the chaos of a dream often clearer than the noise
of the day?
wisdom is not graspable
it's the circling fly
the flickering between the one and the zero
rounding around in the haze of the why
matter lies in between the states
accepting a short spans and to die
cutting into the strata
the layers unfold
in parallel
[the steppe is a harsh place to be
dry and salty winds
make it hard to exist
they reduce
make] the mind become(s) spirit
in transcendental words that align
whenever
voices appear
-
wherever we are not, he watches
and returns
to the be - hind

Für die Wahrheit der Welt hat nur Verstand wer ihn verliert
Knowledge is only graspable when
Im Erwachen der zwitschernden Vögel die Stille der Bewegung
In der Bedeckung der Wolken die Rückkehr der schreienden Räder zerfällt.

-
the clouds of the in between
are blurry hazes
swathes of win
of wind
of windrow

6/12_blind

time left being
understood as center
when civilization started.
with the outlook
of something coming,
the grain or seed
to grow
time became linear
and creation started.
but wisdom
is actually not
graspable.
think it parallel
and creation as stimuli

7/12

the *me* (mae) in the me
is the execution of the I

ephemeral rhythm beats the eye
when a line made by a finger

is pointing out the mathematical rhythm
of 7 to 14 toasts

a lunar cycle of fragments cheering
making the states lucid
the texture clear
the nature fine

and form the state of matter
in evidence

8/12

interrupted
delayed
slowed and fastened
voices appear in wisdom
an ancient ear of a fading civilization
manifested in word
in written text engraved
a sign
the tool of knowledge in our times
über Erlebtes zu schreiben
welches erzählt
als nachempfundene Einzigkeit
abstrahiert sich schwer stellt
-
lebendig das Wort

9/12

#quay of lapis lazuli
#hair
#Sandkorn
#wind
#desert wind
#tree
#giving+receiving
#tapestry
#blanket of time
#or a map
#Quai of Lapis Lazuli
#hair
#sandcorn
#Wind
#desert wind
#tree
#giving+receiving
#tapestry
#blanket of time
#or a map
#of lapis lazuli

10/12

watching through clear glass
a film of plastic
is attached
in the inside
dividing 2 sides
that were one
particles of what was fluid
now
solid
2 seasons at once.

there is no outside.

the beginning of time started with the recording of a dream.

11/12

and I picked a peach from the tree
that got red from the sun
that was lustrous gleamy in its velvet and satin skin
and I ate it
and all that was left was it's pith
to be planted

12/12_#pith > #pit = #heart = #essence = #seed

when I see through myself
I see
no separation
no here nor there
nor in or out
no front nor back
no surface or a bottom
I see no ground
but permeable states
and though the word state is imprecise in its decent
I pick that term as everything
is
liquid
as
hardened rock

what is a gap transporting?
I don't know
my name nor yours
on the day of your birth
it was given by
the one that carried you through paths
entwined strings
entangled histories
between the blurred and the edged
this in between of a word
visualised in signs or effects
a line first made by an only stroke of the hand
reflections of the water's disc
throwing up and out someone's present

I
that states the truth in the indefinite of a cluster
as everything is melting like reef
in sponge like absorption
that opens my mouth
when gravity strikes down that line
from one point to the other
the earth turns permanently
changing the degree into an eternal panorama
and up becomes down and down is turned and written in sand

I am (sitting) here
and you're (gathering) over there
a gap of transmission is shaped between us
a field of tension
a vibration
a lively vivid emptiness of everything
is laid out
unfolds
is stretched
upon and below
when surrounding and being surrounded by
the stars

I am the origin
the ancient mind
the ancestral stem
the common ground
I am the understanding and the truth
that is dwelling through me to you
between the spheres of memories and continents
"these words are stones
in water running away
I am a stranger
around strangers
whoever you are
who ever I may
become"

CODEX

me
I
you

a blank page
subscribed in miles
of footsteps
walking cross-words
walking lone
along
a line
of some
one
"crossing the vertical
crossing the spine
crossing the square
the horizontal" in the meanwhile
"blending one hand in the other
each side of which is equal
to half the total of three lines
passing the inner surface"
of worlds that align

acedia - as index_TheThunderPerfectMind_1/1_to find - truth

I am a stranger
learning to worship the strangers around me
whoever i might become at dawn
of seeds for sale
TRUST
innocent roses of the sweet Calypso
that you believe in
what pushed you
(away)
AWAY
on your own two feet
away from your origin where you felt
aligned
expected to the edges
to understand
what no one else can understand

you are
expected in braids
and twisted threads
the knowledge in your mind crosses the nerves of your brain
trying to maintain
to give UNDERSTANDING
THEN
i heard that you read
I could not believe
it

_origin

[and all knowledge is remembering. data of different destinations]

ALONG THE LINE

by Marieke Hogan and Delia Jürgens
Los Angeles 2017

on the occasion of Delia Jürgens'
in response to [Draußen. Outside. Dozens of my Fingerprints washed away]
materialization 2017 | 34°12'52.6"N 116°27'18.0"W, California (USA)
pt. of the work group *Fragmented Landscapes*

a mirage of birds break apart softly.
a tumbleweed rolls down a sunned road.
a light casts a shadow
and with it forms
dozens of concentric
circles upon circles.

multiplicity holds dimensions of truth
like droplets of water
inside
an abandoned tank
shivering against glass
in the desert's ecstatic ocean.

a thousand plateaus stand broken before me,
I on the precipice of
one gazing out.
a force of wind crawls
through the hallowing basin reminding me,
I am not alone.

dozens of my fingerprint tracks
retrace
my origin-soft focus,
split second washed-aways
indifferently
with sand by other tracks.

multiplicity is the resolution of a horizon.
if you compare it, it does not lose its initial form.
if you want to compare it to a graduation of intensity, it can jump without
losing its form.
if you wanted some kind of resolve, it would only be absolutely real.

spectral vision.
white reflects all color,
in a scheme of pigmentation on
a canvas bares
the intuition of the impossible.

through a scope of chosen degrees
hardening a moment
a way.
something to look through
or possibly at
when mirrors transform the perspective.

integrating the perceiver as a qualities element
in this constructed reality
glowing a billion different ways
like shattered glass.

a fragmented landscape as the face of a crystallized rhizome is twirled
between terms and words of its own dynamic mineralization, forming a
solidified reflection and dissolving one step further to reconfigure and
condense as something new. belonging in its coordinates, it displays what
is camouflaged in these materialized representations. holding their total
virtue through association links of significance and depth of every frag-
mental element, they reflect different scopes of emancipation.

living or feeling or being.
almost capture an invisible boundary with their relationship together
no point of still stand
an echo becomes solidified, a vivid movement materializes
waves where we come from and where we're going
pop up and dive in their appearance to be seized.

every singularity is transformed by the movement of an open domain.
this movement transforms the piece but does not alter any single aspect
of it.
in opposite, it individuates the interaction of the forces.

the friction of light fading colors shimmering beautiful in the sun wel-
coming me as an invite.
the more you zoom in,
the closer you look
the more you start thinking,
the darker it fades.

a portrait of today's cultural relics, its values, norms and expectations
embodied in the objects and their milieus. semblance and glow appear
and disappear in the linking process of you. territorialization and re-
territorialization is the specific philosophical discourse that follows, the
attributes of a sundial. as Deleuze would say, haecceities of the piece are
transformed when the domain is opened to a confluence of forces, speci-
fically decay.

'Draußen.
Outside
[Dozens of my Fingerprints
(washed away)]'
an irreconcilable move becomes fluid motion
a window in a room full of locked doors

juxtaposing an element to the rest.

an intuition of the impossible is concerned with the good.

What is this higher good that has a will of its own doing in the desert and
with the rest of the fragments that speak as a language when forming
units in a panoramic range?
that is to see
an interrelationship that speaks
in luminous flickers.

plateaus and mesas are elevated land
serving like a table
signs of water evidential in the evolution of stone.
the float of streaming associations is the regime
to understand or hold it in my gaze, my hand,
my language properly.

nothing on earth appears as it is.
you feel the creation is going on
in your sight
when terms of light and reflexes make them literally
alive.

this tank that shivers with water as you see a collection of miniature shade
balls transforming into fish eggs
giving the appropriate attention to the physical reflections, the objects
themselves are well multifaceted,
the friction created between a non system and the realm of systems that
destroy, abstract or intellectualize it.
it has a unique drama that is all its own. a fluidity that is totally unfamiliar
while being abstract in nature.

like copper edges of drifting cement
infinity of reflection
from materialized mirror
through the reflected virtual
portrait of the mirrored
to the mirrored landscape of the surrounding

lend towards their origins
with stickers
they shift light and reflect a continuation,
as a grasp of
time.

a banner of abstraction sits below giant volcanic rocks,
pumice stones casting the hollow, enclosing the negative
quandam bubbles of
oxygen turned loose.
a cast of a shadow materialized on their heads.

stored in infinite databases,
available at any time and everywhere,
the most artificial anonymous produced image made to evoke the most
emotional reaction,
is deconstructed.
the production line of the 4th industrial revolution.

a virtual wave stretches from export to import,
like a mimicry of jeans
it moves goods overseas.
production circumstances in China blur into the mirage of the
99-cent-store-milieu
their dead-end no-win buyers enlightened by the reflection of the desert's
rays.

but what is the differ?

as a term for the reading and analysis of texts, the term deconstruction
was coined by Jacques Derrida.
it differs from hermeneutic theories and their practice of interpretation.
the difference between hermeneutic and deconstructive „text surveys“ is
that hermeneutics proceed from a quasi-dialogical relationship between
text and interpreter that aims at an increasingly better understanding of a
message contained in the text. in this case, a reconstructible unit of mean-
ing, a context of meaning, is assumed. verifying how a text questions its
own meaning, thwarts it, and makes sense precisely with such paradoxes
and by contradictions between content statement and linguistic form.
the method of deconstruction is a critical questioning and dissolving of a
text in the wider sense.
it is a distancing label by outside perspectives.

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advertising is an audio or visual form of marketing communication that employs an openly sponsored non-personal message to promote or sell a product. it serves an idea.

so far the desert is one of the only parts on earth where one isn't map-able by satellites
one can fade and become invisible.
it bears secrets of power in the phantasm that nothing on earth is how it appears to be
(human) scale dissolves
- appearing as the driest, dead sphere of the planet, the Sahara i.e. once was tropical, it is rich and stores ancient water in the camouflaged body of sandstone, reshaping its character every 20.000 years from dry to humid.

not all beings are cohesive,
their language, their appearance fracture
with one detail
expressing a wholly different idea as a deviation from the standard or norm

to literally strike you
you notice and perceive - intimacy.
being a feedback loop of personal eyes watching
constructed elements
move and flow

like an individual creature
In-to-me-you-see
(Intimacy)
one should not search in reason for why something is there - for why it exists
before you
one nearly arrives

and all knowledge is remembering.

A name indicates what we seek.
An address indicates where it is.

When a location or address which over a network is an ontological issue of whether something exists or calls up a blank screen and doubles as a human expression, the ability to orient oneself in a meaningful way starts to melt.

Origin and horizon are open.
The ground on which we go, doesn't exist.

[1] outside a specific place, territory or building
[2] at a great distance (usually far away from centers)
[3] dismissed, outside the walls of an institution

[4] colloquially, in the connection: „to be outside“ from a certain circle or to be excommunicated from a circle excrete.

moral censorship is a construct like every fantasy.
in the high country all objects bare up on you.
merge with life.
uncovered of the traces of life in the history of seeing land as a particular landscape to look at in as many perspectives as possible,
to take position on and to wonder about.

human conditions of our constructed landscape cut the surface.
an excessive expanse [of space], that is strong. extraordinary.
slightly echoing in a raising pace towards you.
time fades to zero
its matter absorbed by the spine of presence.
a day
a week
a couple of months
pale to an equal spans.

facing the millennial rocks surround.
scale is confounded in this fractal landscape
where the structural elements are exposed to the open

You are exposed.
You reflect
on human kinds of challenge,
dramatically failing in controlling the landscape
an ever changing dimensionality
an entropy that's never been fixed.

the desert grants many qualities to form personal thought
its harshness is the basis for survival
the higher you go the quieter it must be.
to the next level
the wind is travelling farther and from a much stronger force confronted
with much stillness
and a giant mirror of stars.

as a photogenic echo
I am who I am
because I have been there.
an idea of infinity that helps mapping ourselves

art is probably the only thing that exists for no reason.
no reasons, no excuses.
you can impress it to your memory for the rest of your life.

it's not a precious or unique object, it is a unique idea.
with fifty or sixty or even hundreds of different representations
its new every time.

I have the most openness about my art.
I'm willing to walk on the edge.
and if I haven't achieved it, that's where I wanna go.

I get so close, then change, destroy, I get distrustful.
I would like the work to be non-work.
to find its way behind my preconception, behind what I know and can know.
it is something. It is nothing

as a personalized filter I'm choosing these embedded quotes
back to that original place.

outside.
with no value
an attempt to touch the pixelated truth.
like dots far away,
reasons seem close to touch and miles a footstep away.
Roads lead to and from.
(interpersonal or interpolated) going off on a side tangent but having as
many relational rays as the sun.
storing all the things the glowing promises of free flow must repress

in order to function.

a mineral is a naturally occurring chemical compound, usually of crystalline form and abiogenic - not produced by life processes - in origin. a mineral has one specific chemical composition, whereas a rock can be an aggregate of different minerals or mineraloids. minerals are distinguished by various chemical and physical properties. differences in chemical composition and crystal structure distinguish the various species, which were determined by the mineral's geological environment when formed.

changes in the temperature, pressure, or bulk composition of a rock mass cause changes in its minerals. minerals can be described by their various physical properties, which are related to their chemical structure and composition. common distinguishing characteristics include crystal structure and habit, hardness, lustre, diaphaneity, colour, streak, tenacity, cleavage, fracture, parting, specific gravity, magnetism, taste or smell, radioactivity, and reaction to acid.

an address is a verbal access index to an amount of information about an individual or a term associated with information intended for identification and individualization. clearly to function.

- *data of different destinations*
ALONG THE LINE.

[in the solidified corpus of a text]

COSMIC SKELETON

a higher plane of reflection appearing as particles of time in facts

Berlin 2017

(I)	(II)	(III)	(IV)
#bone	#body	#levitation	#projection
#concrete	#decal	#weight	#reflection
#skeleton	#enclosure	#mass	# [] gap
what attitude	- why attitude	- when attitude,	#cosmos.

Body today is only shell. On surface reduced materialized information forming a hollow space. Space becomes negative. Existing in varying frames, backdrops and coordinates, it can be filled with immaterial information. Information is stored and backed up.

While interpreting the infinity of reason as an illusion produced by the class structure of traditional societies - WE ARE TIME; that can be rasterized for use. Once rasterized, the image evoked becomes a grid of pixels.

A bone is a rigid organ that constitutes part of the vertebrate skeleton. Bones support and protect the various organs of the body, produce blood cell and store minerals. They provide structure and support for a body. Bones come in a variety of shapes, sizes and are lightweight yet strong and hard. They serve multiple functions and enable mobility.

Concrete is a composite material composed of coarse aggregate bonded together with a fluid cement that hardens over time. Most concretes used are lime-based. When aggregate is mixed together with dry cement and water, the mixture forms a fluid slurry that is easily poured and molded into shape. The cement reacts chemically with the water and other ingredients to form a hard matrix that binds the materials together into a durable stone-like material.

The skeleton (from Greek σκελετός, skeletós „dried up“) is the body part that forms the supporting structure of an organism inside a body.

*

A body is vibrating matter. Its inside is separated from its outside through surface. A human body is always manipulative. The appearance of the person it belongs will never be neutral. It is formed and shaped by media and history one learned to read. The loss of human body avoids manipulation. It leaves the thing how it is and touches through its absence. It demonstrates the openness of thought and reads in parallel streams.

A decal or transfer is a plastic, cloth, paper or ceramic substrate that has printed on it a pattern or image that can be moved to another surface upon contact. Usually with the aid of heat or water.

Enclosure is a general term that encompasses objects that form a space, create a surface and complete boundary between inside and outside. As the atmosphere is an enclosing shell around the earth, the skin is an enclosing shell around a human body. The skin is extended by clothes and other shells. Enclosures are often artifacts with envelope character - the objects that humans create and, or with which they are surrounded. Their use value lies in protecting the content, holding it together and storing it, or in marking a room with the envelope and delimiting it. The utility value of the enclosing sheath differs from the other artifacts that are intended to facilitate human life like tools and equipment. Enclosures allow hiding, or hiding content.

*

Levitation (from Latin levitas „lightness“) is the process by which an object is held aloft in a stable position without mechanical support. Levitation is accomplished by providing an upward force that counteracts the pull of gravity in relation to gravity on earth, and a smaller stabilizing force that pushes the object toward a home position whenever it is a small distance away from that. Levitation excludes floating at the surface of a liquid because the liquid provides direct mechanical support while the levitated object provides its own counter-gravity force.

The weight of an object is usually taken to be the force on the object due to gravity. Weight is a vector. The Newtonian physics see weight as that which is measured when one uses scales. There the weight is a measure of the magnitude of the reaction force exerted on a body. Typically, in measuring an object's weight, the object is placed on scales at rest with respect to the earth, but the definition can be extended to other states of motion. In a state of free fall, the weight would be zero. In this second sense of weight, terrestrial objects, can be weightless, ignoring air resistance. Gravity is modelled as a consequence of the curvature of spacetime.

Mass is both a property of a physical body and a measure of its resistance to acceleration, a change in its state of motion, when a net force is applied. It also determines the strength of its mutual gravitational attraction to other bodies. In physics, mass is not the same as weight, even though mass is often determined by measuring the object's weight using a spring scale, rather than balance scale, comparing it directly with known masses. An object on the Moon would weigh less than it does on Earth because of the lower gravity, but it would still have the same mass. This is because weight is a force, while mass is the property that (along with gravity) determines the strength of this force. In Newtonian physics, mass can be generalized as the amount of matter in an object. However, at very high speeds, special relativity states that the kinetic energy of its motion becomes a significant additional source of mass. Thus, any stationary body having mass has an equivalent amount of energy, and all forms of energy resist acceleration by a force and have gravitational attraction. In modern physics, matter is not a fundamental concept because its definition has proven elusive.

*

Projection. A projector displays a predefined image or pattern onto a surface. A three-dimensional object or scene scatters and emits light. Some of the light passes through a point of projection and reaches a surface, producing a two-dimensional image that is a geometric projection of the scene. By focusing the rays from given points in a scene to single points in the image, a simple lens defines a point of projection at its center. Non-compound eyes detect light that has been projected through a pit organ, a lens, or a collimator array that define a point of projection at infinity.

Reflection is the change in direction of a wave at the boundary between two different media, so that the wave moves back into the medium it came from. Specular reflection is a mirror-like reflection of light from a surface, in which light from a single incoming direction is reflected into a single outgoing direction. The image of a figure by a reflection is its mirror image in the axis or plane of reflection. In mathematics, it is a mapping from a space to itself, namely the non-identity isometries that are involutions. Such isometries have a set of fixed points (the „mirror“) that is an affine subspace and is possibly smaller than a hyperplane. Self-reflection is the capacity of introspection and the attempt to learn more about their fundamental nature, purpose and essence. It is related to the philosophy of consciousness, the topic of awareness and the philosophy of mind.

A gap is a landform that is a low point or opening between hills or mountains or in a ridge or mountain range, most often carved by water erosion from a freshet, stream or a river. Water gaps of necessity often cut entirely through a barrier range and riverine gaps may create canyons. Such cuttings may expose millennia of strata in the local rock column writing the geologic record. In applied mathematics gap, the maximum generalized assignment problem, is a problem in combinatorial optimization. This problem is a generalization of the assignment problem in which both tasks and agents have a size. The size of each task might vary from one agent to the other. There are a number of agents and a number of tasks. Any agent can be assigned to perform any task. Each agent has a budget and the sum of the costs of tasks assigned to it. It is required to find an assignment in which all agents do not exceed their budget that total profit of the assignment is maximized. A lexical gap is a word or other form that due to the boundaries set by rules (i.e. phonological or morphological) of that specific language does not exist in a language but could. Phonological gaps are either words allowed by their system which do not actually exist or sound contrast missing from one paradigm of their system itself. Morphological gaps are non-existent words potentially allowed by their system. A semantic gap refers to the non-existence of a word to describe a difference in meaning seen in other sets of words within the language.

Various kinds of ellipsis are called gaps: A gap is an instance of gapping.

*

What attitude, why attitude, when attitude? The cosmos is the universe regarded as a complex and orderly system; the opposite of chaos. The philosopher Pythagoras used the term cosmos (*κόσμος*) for the order of the universe, but the term was not part of modern language until the 19th century geographer and polymath, Alexander von Humboldt, resurrected the use of the word from the ancient Greek, and assigned it to his multi-volume treatise, *Kosmos*, which influenced modern and somewhat holistic perception of the universe as one interacting entity. Cosmology is the study of the cosmos depending on context. All cosmologies have an attempt to understand the implicit order within the whole of being in common. Cosmology is a branch of metaphysics that deals with the nature of the universe. The basic definition of Cosmology is the science of the origin and development of the universe. In modern astronomy the Big Bang theory is the dominant postulation. In physical cosmology, the term cosmos is often used in a technical way, referring to a particular space time continuum within the (postulated) multiverse. Our particular cosmos, the observable universe, is generally capitalized as the Cosmos.

And pulverized rock-layer hardened to apparent rock by weight while hardened liquid was dried to powder. Pixels of lightness float and lay in their physical representation navigated by pure attitude. [Loop] Any stationary body having mass has an equivalent amount of energy, and all forms of energy resist acceleration by a force. A projection of infinity creates a virtual, projected landscape. The image of a figure by a reflection is its mirror image in the axis or plane in a giant mirror of stars.

[Stay tuned.]

Seeing beyond the sky
is seeing in formal patterns
is seeing the texture without limitations
the neutral in infinite moisture
innocent
the shape still blurry
vague its figure
not determined its origin
nor its future
all things can come to an end
only when
[the shape of the things depends
on what it is designed for to believe
and who will believe it]

Los Angeles, April 2020

Schärfe dein Auge
seh mit ihm
nur so kannst du
erleben
durchschauen
verstehen mit ihm

Nichts ist anders
es scheint wie es ist
denke mit Auge
nur so macht es Sinn.

Los Angeles, April 2020

listening silently
when day has come
listening inwards
when different voices come from
purple light
in foggy distance
the inside
reverses the outside
in a clarified moment of existence
a lockdown
what are these borders
when setting a part
opening up on the other side
the body dissolves
becoming smaller
a tiny drop
a pixel of understanding
a fragment
zooming out
the eye is a carrier
leaving no trace that was brought

Los Angeles, April 2020_a silent listener

No words.
NOW
I open my hair
out of that nod
A fragrance appears
I smell honey and nect-ar
blossoms of artificial fruit
as product produced
STILL
It gives me the feeling of
NOW
I can't smell it
NO MORE.

What to hide
What to expose
Clearly I am able to see this sharpened edge
that blurs away.
Of what?

What do I have to consider? _Los Angeles, April 2020

as water droplets crystallize
I let down the definite curtain
the clear morning's stalactites
carrying the nighty band
while I watch the moon arise

bodies are borders
frontiers
lines

a frame
an enclosure
a membrane of time

a shell
keeps a secret
unseen
of the wide spread
dissolving
in scope
places emerge
together apart
at the same place unheard
parted in distance
scale maps the time
aligns small to tiny
dots screen the invisible
in gaps
of universal enzymes
coordinates
within
in which
we pave
to gaze at a river made of lime
silver shifting perspectives
positioning a side
the lemon peels
its skin
off
of mine

Los Angeles, April 2020_skin

Tears were dropping down
my skin
Each Breath
counting 9 to 1
When lighting a flash
among
all of the neighbourhood
in front
The Chris Burden lights
just a footstep away
from
The porch that didn't understand
what white male authority was
all about

All I felt were tears. _Los Angeles , 06-05-20

beloved
sounds too harsh
it is **be** loved by the open **mouth**
of my **ancestors**

what do I know
on the glistening tongue of my **mother**
my father's tongue taught me
the soft **glossal**

Christianity is strange and hard
a language to break and bare
giving a sense that language came out of others
and **no-where**

fruit
is pomegranate of an apple tree
a mirrored angle of my **foot**
is my **shoe**

as a print in sand
when going **North**
South is warmer
unless you go to far
just **your voice?**

I wish it would be so easy
its as you said
multifaceted
so how can it **be**

mine
is yours in your voice
pulsating in my breath
from mothers tongues

Hanover, July 2020_underbareground

The light shines bright, the dark enters it.
I just got back from the drugstore to buy some toilet paper. Surprisingly the shelves weren't empty when I got the notification that the Invisible College meeting starts. I saw my fingers pushing the accept button, typing precisely the ID and key with each number and standing in that long line one and a half meters apart but pushed together.

Invisible, what does that mean?
A note for dusk, a print for dawn?

Invisible is a determination to the eye. The notion of a storm with a silent, still oracular that comes into my mind. Invisible inner that is surrounded by tumult. Calmly and quiet surrendered. I open that eye to see the paths of my ancestors. That door invisible to the human sight. When spheres arise.

#seemyheart_Hanover, November 2020

In those winter days
I stop sleeping at night.
All of a sudden
I stay up through the dark missing the light
Notions of sun draft the room
The spirit of blue and cold and grey of indigo.

I wake up and see the light split of my curtains moving along
the walls of my room
that shine in negative tones
that positive space shapes through
in opposition
predominance
of what's already there and becomes true.

Day is night and night shifts into day.
This in between is interesting to feel.
Why one or the other
but shapes of grey
you never know
where it started in black or white in which direction it shapes
from 0 to 9.

Hanover, December 2020

may not a drop be in vain
wasted
vast land
that was shown.
up front.
in front.
my face
yours
though too in space.
neutral
pace
in vases
while bouquets
of flowers
are blooming,

he was holding.

his chin,
questioning
his front head wondering
is this space,
the neutral,
that up and front hidden
or acknowledged
a window?

the up front to mine
where
the he was a she pretending
to show a different me
in the spin
of today
where the stars were wandering
in
some were dying
there
up front.
the big giant ones
telling the story of past paths in billions
of
lightning hazards
while you are or were writing down
your thoughts.
mine
as well

the structure was there, hidden but able to be seen.
sorry for the gap of the inbetween
rhythm
why was no one caring
about that obvious storytelling
pain.
of misunderstandings

a misunderstanding is a rhythm of two different minded minds
that were shining in contrary rhymes. knowledge. experience.s
what is there in common. what is the ground, we are walking,
wandering
on.
while wondering about
everything.

„anything
is a mirror.“

reflecting past and future
„right
here
now again
for
they became
not“
in the present of the promptly
written word
a text
a letter
a name

shining through this lightening
glistening
of everything
or but me.

i know he could be seen
when i would show my depth
when we'd be deeper
would spell
the spelling
describing
listening
to glisten
in the main stream
tongue
tongues of every
one
unified
in voiced tones
of a trillion
mouths
stars
creations
thoughts
minds
lifes
burdens
challenges
bubbles
echoes
in echoed
origins.

there
behind the sky and the land lies the horizon
a visible invisible line
an echo of one's own mind
of common ground.
memory can be lost
in cognitive space
but still remains
whenever or however
its able to be
stored
kept
the wind
the air
of the roots
a backward way
communicating through tones
in hills,
melting.
their feedback
a vibration
a sound
a frequency of electricity
in digital vs analog
signals where the waves in their tide explore
themselves in freedom
or determined binary space
coming
back to
the stars.
fighting.

Hanover, January 2021_May not a drop be in vein

When Friedrich Kittler
Talks about
The canon
As cannon
Speed refers
To a gesture
Makes you aware
Of surrender
A memory of yours
Not his or hers
But surrendered by time
In a one and only gaze
Spaced out
X accominies y
But time
Is exchanged with z
On the axis of the me
And you
Floating
In the one and only I
The stroke of the me
In the binary
Of one and zero.
Duchamp
The big glass was created
To show
A female gaze
The plurality
Of me versus you
Is us
The glass scattered to be yours
Not in property
Because
Materiality became a new materialism
Inhabiting the mind in zero and Zen
Close to the eye
A pattern
Imagined
Line
That dissolves the closer you get
To open up space
And unfolds as yours
Two fields accompanying themselves
Meeting in that zero point
Or line
That is called the horiz-on
And on it goes
In light
The binary sign
In the index of time
That we still try to reflect
In a mirage of gazes and minds
While time
In the ocean's mind
Takes a cosmic scale.

***Hanover, January 2021_ To a friend's mind (in the two
minute gaze when waking up after a midnight nap)***

is it a choice?
it is a balance between the physical and virtual state
an embodied mind
when neurons are moving in uniform waves
swinging common ground
communicating in a rhythm everyone understands

its opposite is something off the main
off the common
off the rhythm
off the rhyme
intangible abstraction
off the line

though parallelity is discovery
is realisation
is insight
it seems linear approaching the arbitrary
circulation of cognition, of the mind
take the ocean
a symbol
moving in a one and only potential
a once in a lifetime formation
an impulse never been able to be replaced
balanced in itself
when the moon is
in the Earth's sided line
it pulls on the water
spreading transitional plates
chaotic but architected plains
of the mind
feeling natural.

Hanover, January 2021_ is it a choice?

The wind gate in chinese medicine is an acupuncture point on
the blood channel where the external wind as a passanger en-
ters your body
at the back of my neck
the open gate, the divine
is lowering upwards
when I pray down

what is open?
the mirror is the self
you bow down when space
unfolds
on your backside
bringing any awareness into
the front
the face
the sight

serpent energy or wind
both finding their paths in tides, in tildes, in lines, in rows

how we build a future
is vertical dictation from beyond

plucking or bowing
on the grid or off
there is this raven sitting on the sill
opposite to my window frame
as soon as i face him
or her
he's flying away before
the storm enters
today
is this day
that I was born
and this day of the thunderstorm
arrives today
since 30 years ago
framed
in time

mo-zart means tender-in or of
the me
surrendered by
how high can it be
how high can i get
with the voice
of mine making tones
from the bottom of your inner
base or sound
that is called bass
with a long and sharp Ah
before the s
feel your tongue in this
intersection
of
sharp and soft
tones
the higher i want to get
the lower i have to reach
feeling the spans of
the all together-ness

tones create this multifaceted
sensation
ever
to feel
and invent
makes us understand
the life spanse

like a nightingale
when my nails were painted in blue
you bow and pluck your throat
in an infinite up and down
to see
there.
the sea.
the ocean
a reverberating echo
of echoes following
in the wave of the sound
your forehead is making
invisibe sonic pulsations
it is
my life
my heart
and yours
in and off the grid
of
or
off

we're running
escaping
being held or found
what is all this about around
in our close immediacy?

down the stairs
follow your heart
I make the cut of the site
reverberate in tones
long ones that are like a wave
in tacto or staccato moments
when i know you still try
in the interruption
s
of _ your mind that are creating
the why (l - y)

though
here
piano
silent
soft
spoken
in harmonies
floating
on the surface
coming back
to the main streamed
waves to understand
or create
a greater accomplishment
for society's gaze

puncto.
punct.
and there it goes
the b (eeeeee - [german E]) sounds in male tones
accompanied
softend
surrounded
by female gaze
no voice
es
sharing
the open realms
of oscillating
swinging sites
my phone
's off the line
though spinning
with vibrating matter
in virtue its sense
accomplamanting

here
i am
and you?

this lullaby

of yours
or mother's
(earth)

general canon
of pure love
of canon's shooting stars
several voices
singing the same
in different tones
in
and of the land
the requi
em
I remember singing
as a teen.

„yes.
this is the Kyrie from Mozart's Mass in C,
written as recompense to God for saving
his wife's life"
glad to remember it
from my high school days
by
imagining my mother's or father's utterance
pressing your fingers on their voices

then.

Hanover, February 2021_For a machine so mysterious as my heart

strings of heart
bond together
through
a line
in vein
a vein
pulsating
in green

look around
see beyond
patterns
of light shining
reflecting
surfaced
bottoms

from the heart
it sings to you
it flows
it sinks
it strings
like you

Hanover, February 2021_a river floating

one in a mirror
reflected elsewhere
feelings that have been said
are sparkling in a word

eating their tale
to begin at the end
concluding to restart
again

echoes dripping
the tide ebbing
overlying their own
self prediction

by the other
one waving,
listening
along none

sense is playing
multiple tones,
crystal liquids
of fluid origins

stars are holding
me in the map
in system's frame
of someone's mind

mapping stars
intersected rooting
pulsating rhythmically
to burn down

growing strangely
glowing fully
waxing giantly
muting their own

silent sentiment
gleaming ray
solar radiant
in afterglow

push of light
shining bright
lapsing
ceasing down

the termination
a circle
to begin
again

***Hanover, February 2021_versions of a thought pulsed through
bodies***

When wind fills in

between river and rock

what does it mean

in the liquidity of

strange stranger and strangest brick

viscous pixel

crystallized in discs

of stars

falling

MOU
NTA
IN
HI
LL
SS

Hanover, March 2021_ [why didn't you notice]

only you reach the ceiling
dots of sparkling light shifts
when it comes to butterflies in
capsulated highlights

Hanover, March 2021

light a particle
language a river
medium a metaphor

Time is a measure of space
Orientation a glider through shapes
The eye a word of voices

linearity is parallelity
the present incorporating past and future
the medium you are
is mirroring yourself back in

a loop hole
mirrored screen
projected reflection

delivered expectations
of your own truth
in angelic consumption

Hanover, March 2021_angelic beings

The echo of something I don't know,
Which I can name,
As if my programmer foresaw it all

What happened, what might have been?
Like when you search for a word,
I had it on the tip of my tongue
Muted the echo of life
Everything would have been
As through a wall,
always too late.

And you?
What would you've kept?

One day my image blurs,
You'd realize the scraps of words,
the scraps of life filling memory,
when we're shifting.

Hanover, May 2021_the echo of something

Who fake am I now? - Art School's Decor (ASD):
Actual Contents to all the Citizens of HBK and other ArtSchools.

ON THE OCCAISON OF

performative notes on embedded thoughts
Brunswick 2013

Hmmm,... Before I get into this subject, I need to lay a few ground rules.

Well, ok.

Let's talk.

Let's talk about it.

I'm always asked for it. So well, let's do it.

Let's talk about art.

- Give a declaration or say something about it.

a) A conclusion on *Art School's Decor (ASD) - Who Fake Am I Now?: Actual Contents to all the Citizens of HBK & other Art Schools.*

Lay your cards on the table.

Taste. Value. Decoration. Body and flesh. Existence. Security. Closeness. Beauty.

The Best. Vulnerability. Sensitivity. Representation. Puberty. Expectancy.

Let's talk and learn.

Let us understand. (your obvious wish and necessity of learning and understanding).

Together. All for one! We are a unit. We have to become one!

My work.

(Let's talk) About ME. I. No, WE are

*Hymn to the discipleship, superstars and self-named-I-know-how-it-goes'
(of all the art schools, institutions and hipster circles in the world)*

So here you are.

Here we go.

Here it is for you:

You can have it. 4 real. Directly gifted from skin to skin.

To your mouth - (wide it open). Wide it open and swallow. Don't panic, it's sturdy, happy and uncomplicated. You don't need to be afraid or to risk anything:

Always happy, always fresh. Just shew it softly and take YOUR time.

Well, my point of view. My initial point of 'Who Fake Am I Now? - Art School's Decor (ASD): Actual Contents to (all) the Citizens of HBK & other Art Schools'.

Hmmm,... Let's think,...

So, ... why I like decoration and... further, why it is an important point for society('s structure) in general, why it has a function and a sense for us, for all of us,... I mean, I love seeing how people think.

Vielen Dank, meine Damen und Herren, es war schön mit Ihnen.

Think for a moment.

Art should be decorative.

Why shouldn't you give it a second skin or your inner feelings turning outside?

High or low that seems to be the question of the day: Is One plus One three? But that's not what is interesting.

Ok, wait, one example, one question to start: Where are all the colors gone? Just tones of pasty tube flickering in the shades of grey and natural soft gradients.

I have the feeling that art in art schools is losing liberty.

We are fading.

No. X

But what is about seeing all the tones, all the shades of grey, to read between the lines?

Why don't I like easy work? Why do I always have the feeling that it is just too simple, just a translation. Reduction. I feel so fucking bored in most exhibitions even whether they pretend to come from a true moment of heart and want to be something different. Something individual. Something specific.

But why don't they break in? Calm and pleasant. No criticism, no interruption.

Won't make you hesitate... You are supposed to walk through. Taking a snap and getting the feeling of understanding.

I don't know...

You CAN`T!

It's not that - why do you want it?

*Schon wieder diese Ambivalenz. - that's why being contradictory isn't bad.
Sie bringt mich noch zur Weißglut*

We need to take the stairs.

All of a sudden the two girls I'm with are screaming; No! Stop! Attention!

I can only use stairs downwards. - My bum and my legs will flush otherwise.

Confusion. No definition.

So we go on trying to use the accelerator. Another interruption scream:

Stop! Wait! There is our Prof in it and we don't wanna meet her.

Confusion. No definition.

We waited like 15 minutes until the accelerator came back down and was free.

Nobody said a tone.

Is everything becoming fake or is it the failure of truth that one believes in, that never was there?

Building up our annual student exhibition called Rundgang, a walk around or a walk through (THE STUDIOS).

...

Ja, you are allowed to interpret to give your own opinion on it.

Show your attitude!

un, deux, trois, plié.

Plié.

Qui, c'est ça!

Du hast zu wissen was du willst.

You have to know what you want.

Ping Jabba. Underbelly of lust.

Here they walk, the famosa of a rite that's being panned by the ground of discourse far bigger than the singular inversion.

I obey, commendatory.

Little by little my ear bone whistles to me even louder that the news is off tomorrow on all the deleted beaches.

Mexican rescue into a backyard country.

What's your ciphering?

I insist on calling quits on the disturbed programs of all the foremost feature casters that involve nominators of art. I personally will obscure all their distressing motifs by forcing them into their circuits. These features are a no art no culture circle that's made compulsively into gigantic debris spreading further from the core. It's becoming irretrievable, because this debris is orbiting and density is giving the derma found in familiar globes and spheres concerning art.

...

Cut it off.

...

THE BAD

the hipsters

the system

THE COUNTER

the will

the deletion

the unreturned call for information.

The actual Content.

...

it's simple - measuring these fucks when you just hold two gauges against them:
Is it for a reason or is it for the abstract?

but what's the abstract for?

Will it ever be more than a map of things? and if we derive in the long run any realization about living, about anything that leads into another situation or state of being - why would that be of interest? why isn't the reasonable, rudimentary approach of just eating the pie essentially more of a loader to man? and if you say let's go civilization, than why should a common ground of abstraction be any more worth than the -

I'm asking for a space of art beyond art, a non-exclusive domain.
a non-imperialistic scenario.

it's all an adolescent attempt to part from the culture of art discourse. It'll become -
gorgeous.

make yourself available.
Make yourself transparent.

du willst informiert sein und eine transparente Politik, während alle eine Transparenz von dir fordern. Und alles wird überwacht – und alle fordern Transparenz
– 4Real?

EVEN HERE.



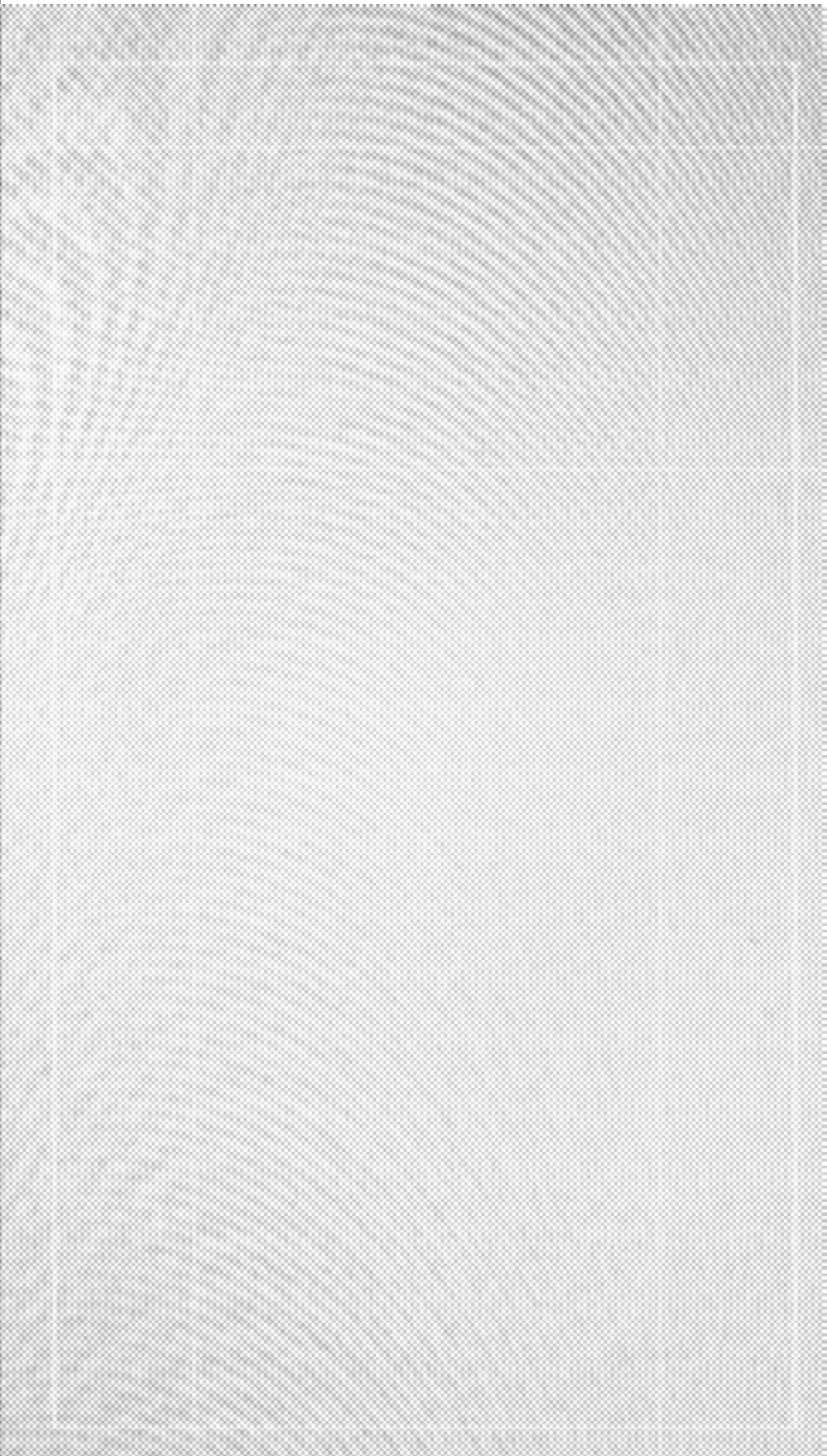
FLASHES (LOCKDOWN PAINTINGS)	11 - 45
PAE	49 - 73
_____SCRATCHES OF USE	83 - 93
LIKE AN X RAY	97 - 100
ÜBER DIE VERÄNDERUNG	103 - 109
ENJANA ENJANA (LOCKDOWN PAINTINGS)	111 - 125
LOCKDOWN POEMS	128 - 130
ALONG THE LINE	133 - 140
COSMIC SKELETON	143 - 146
LOCKDOWN POEMS	149 - 173
ON THE OCCASION OF	175 - 178
COMING FROM REALITY	181

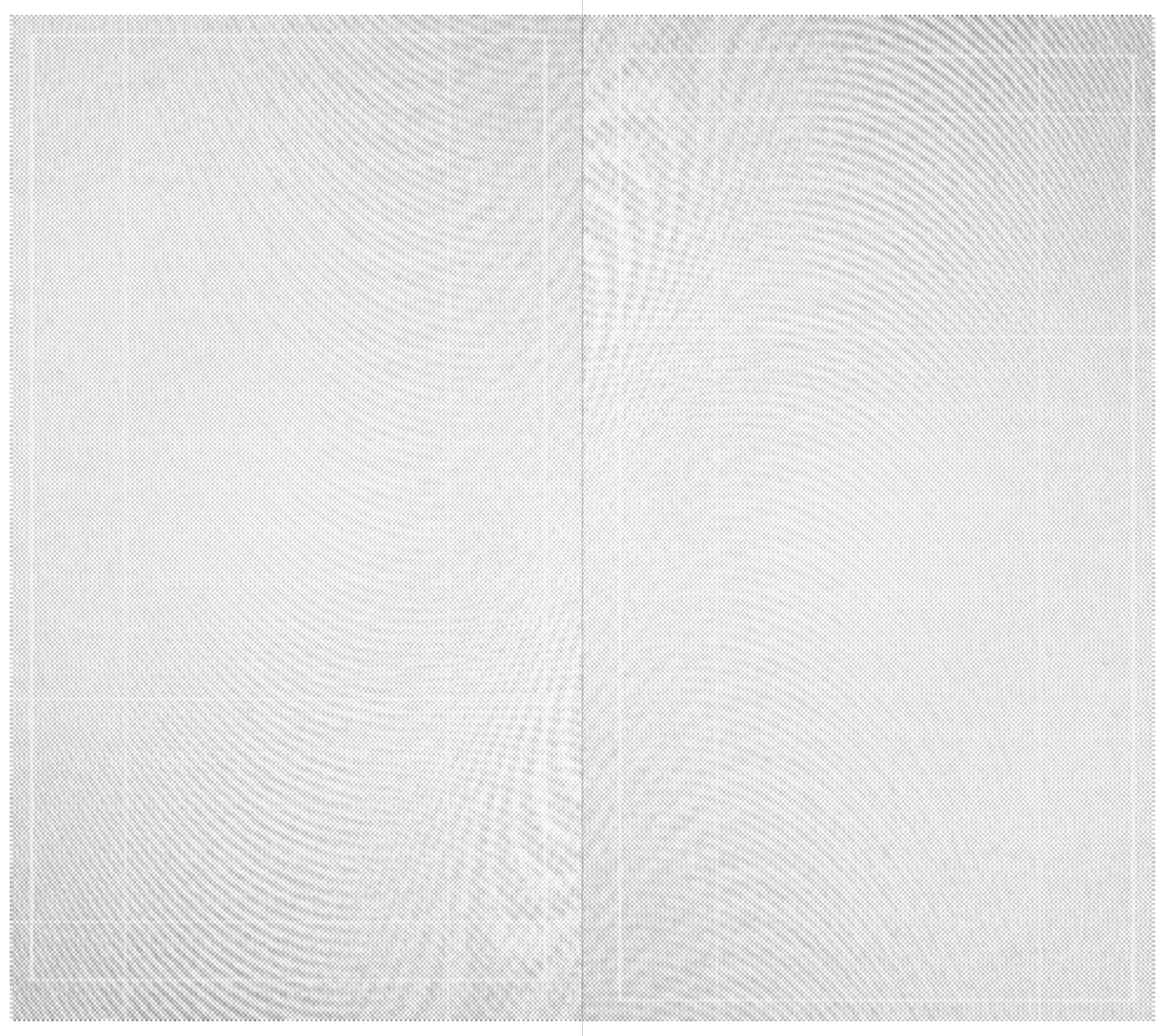
Delia Jürgens is a painter and poet living between Hanover, Berlin and Los Angeles. She grew up cross-culturally with German and Moroccan traditions as well as Asian philosophies through which she evolved a great understanding of the interconnectivity of economical, social and traditional beliefs and how the development of identity formation is evidentiary and based on its environments. Jürgens investigates those dynamics of landscape and the omnipresent lingering of a 'corporate world' to reference postcolonial theory where origins are interwoven but yet not always visible. She reflects on how economic and cultural values are created and how they affect the individual and collective consciousness or body. By establishing a link between the landscape's reality and that imagined by its conceiver, she focuses on concrete questions that determine our existence. Her works show how life extends beyond its own subjective limits and challenges the binaries we continually reconstruct between the Self and the Other. Rather than presenting a factual reality, she shows an illusion fabricated to conjure the realms of our imagination in a dense imagery that can be both - spatial and fictional - existing in the dependence of one another, dealing with the ambiguity of life in today's world shaped by global economics and digital networks.

Delia Jürgens studied at the University for the Arts Braunschweig (GER) with the German-American artist and painter Frances Scholz and at the University of Applied Arts and Sciences Hannover (GER) with Colin Walker. Her work has been exhibited internationally in group and solo exhibitions at the Guangdong Museum of Art in Guangzhou (CHN), the Sprengel Museum Hannover (GER), the ZKM | Center for Art and Media Karlsruhe (GER), the Kestner Gesellschaft Hannover (GER), the Kunstverein Hannover (GER), Garden Gallery Los Angeles (US) and _Tim Nolas Vienna (AUT) among others. She was awarded with the working grant of the Ministry of Science and Culture of Lower Saxony (2016), the working grant of the Stiftung Kunstfonds (2019) and the Sprengel Prize for Visual Arts of the Niedersächsische Sparkassenstiftung and the Sprengel Museum in 2018.

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Thank you,
Brendan Morrison; Wolfram Sühs; every poet I had the pleasure to get to know or to learn from, in person or through their words; to Invisible College and their great community; to DIS-PLAY; and special thanks to Ariana Reines who created Invisible College throughout the lockdown of the pandemic in 2020 and who taught me much but first and foremost to continue believing.





NOCTURNE
IN DAYLIGHT
IN SEVEN
MOVEMENTS.