

1 To see

To want to be seen. To see. Or not to be seen. To be, in relation to others. Someone pees in a high, warm stream: glittering yellow against a tree. Who has breakfast in bed? Where the colours are.

*One never eats entirely on one's own.*¹

In December 2018 Félix Boggio Éwanjé-Épée writes on the homepage of versobooks: “So what does the yellow vest really mean? A yellow vest is a banal object – it is itself devoid of meaning.”² No, high-visibility yellow vests have a very clear meaning, they mean: *attention - attention, I am here!* They make bodies visible. This is not banal. It is foremost about being seen. By which already a lot could/would unfold, respectively consequences would have to be drawn, if one wanted to. This yellow shows all/everybody and/or marks highly visually the failure of neoliberal politics. This winter one could see demonstrations of the *yellow vests* on French streets, and online/on tv the Brexit film before the actual Brexit or *Eton Alive*, name of the just released, latest Sleaford Mods' album, and in Berlin the first *Thursday demonstrations* against the Austrian government with Mannerschnitten, and schnapps, and tea, and very young Austrian expatriates. Tinder advertises for New Years *Happy New Single, #Single*, not sorry. And Texte zur Kunst looks via Facebook for a Business Development Manager *with existing contacts in the fine art world, automobile and financial industries, as well as luxury goods markets.*³ Wanted and unwanted visibilities. And what is invisible? Or sometimes difficult to grasp, name? Misogyny? *Men of the Left*⁴ is the title of a gently appropriate text by Josephine Pryde for the Texte zur Kunst's “Art without rules” issue. They know about their privileges and also cannot get out without doing everything differently, without abandoning them. What they hardly do voluntarily. It is their order. What they would prefer not to know, or most of them, and especially the men of the left. But we/I am also not supposed to ignore, or overlook anything anymore, or, only because it's invisible – you feel it certainly – not react, even if we were/are socially taught to do so, and it firstly would be easier. It costs energy and is no fun. And why should we again? And I am angry again, angrier every year at them and at me and our common maintaining of a still more than insufficient status quo. Or Klitclique: *Alle müssen, keiner will, Feminismus (All must, but no one wants, feminism).*⁵ Or *Shrek 6*,⁶ whose *official trailers* are already produced since 2016: *Can't we just settle this over a pint?* (*Shrek 6 Official Trailer*, December 2016). Frost.

Others die, the ones without narrative. We taste nothing. We are almost happy *or should be*.

I eat everything. But also, I have to eat.

Love moves/is mirrored in the eyes, the glance. *Look at me!*

Although while photographing and writing one withdraws, has control, or dies, one later wants to be seen via these pictures and texts. What one doesn't have control over is one's own desire – also the desire for recognition. I've no idea how you feel.

Do I need a ghost-pisser?

The social relation does not exist.⁷

It is spring in February.

My sun-glasses are scratched.

He helps and whispers: “It's Bavaria, you can do whatever you want.”

2 Cocoa Cocoa Cocoa Cocoa

All/The exhibition starts with rather painterly, monochrome pictures of cocoa and ends in tears. There is the German saying *etwas oder jemanden durch den Kakao ziehen*, to drag something or someone through the cocoa, meaning to make fun of something/someone. Funnily humour etymologically comes from the Latin word *humor*, moisture.

1 “For everything that happens at the edge of the orifices (of orality, but also of the ear, the eye – and all the “senses” in general) the metonymy of “eating well” (*bien manger*) would always be the rule. The question is no longer one of knowing if it is “good” to eat the other or if the other is “good” to eat, nor of knowing which other. One eats him regardless and lets oneself be eaten by him. ... The moral question is thus not, nor has it ever been: should one eat or not eat, eat this and not that, the living or the nonliving, man or animal, but since one must eat in any case and since it is and tastes good to eat, and since there's no other definition of the good (*du bien*), how for goodness sake should one eat well (*bien manger*)? ... The infinitely metonymical question on the subject of “one must eat well” must be nourishing not only for me, for a “self,” which, given its limits, would thus eat badly, it must be shared, as you might put it, and not only in language. “One must eat well” does not mean above all taking in and grasping in itself, but learning and giving to eat, learning-to-give-the-other-to-eat. One never eats entirely on one's own: this constitutes the rule underlying the statement, “One must eat well.”” Derrida, Jacques: “Eating Well,” Or the Calculation of the Subject: An Interview with Jacques Derrida by Jean-Luc Nancy, in: Eduardo Cadava, Peter Connor, Jean-Luc Nancy Who comes after the Subject?, New York / London 1991, p. 96-119.

2 Boggio Ewanjé-Épée, Félix: The Yellow Vest: A Floating Signifier [7. December 2018] in: Verso Publishing House, <https://www.versobooks.com/blogs/4157-the-yellow-vest-a-floating-signifier> (February 2019).

3 Texte zur Kunst Facebook-Post, from 14th of February at 13:59. The job offer is in the meantime online only here: <https://www.kunsthistoriker.org/stellenangebote.html?id=14697> and here: <http://www.artsjobs.org.uk/arts-job/post/business-development-manager-344576c2b8/> (March 2019).

4 Pryde, Josephine, “Men of the Left” in: Texte zur Kunst [109/March 2018], p. 50.

5 KLITCLIQUE: DER FEMINIST FEMINIST [23.09.2016] in: KLITCLIQUE official, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8pPKkHFMi34> (April 2019)

6 Heji Shin suggested in an interview with Caroline Busta Shrek 6 when asked for “references that are helpful for navigating our current moment”. in: Interview Magazine, <https://www.interviewmagazine.com/culture/photographer-heji-shin-on-photographing-kanye-west-kunsthalle-zurich> (February 2019)

7 “The dialectical materialist method, following modern epistemic ideals, discerns the structural real, which amounts to Marx's central hypothesis in Capital: there is no such thing as social relation.” Tomšič, Samo, in: The Capitalist Unconscious, London/New York: Verso, 2015, S.9.

3 Hanging / hairdo / *Here's to you*

The presentation is work. Does everything go together? What goes together? How does one make relations? How does it work? The hanging as a work on its own is organized in a braid (*HI MUNICH!*). Not least to not bore myself. Pictures from different series perform/play a structure as hairdo. They stage productive and less productive neighbourhoods. They party (as a teenager I used to cry a lot at parties) and yield no narrative. They want to be seen and possibly eat each other. All works are tied together by questions of desire, desire as problem, and their desire to be seen. Or mine. *Here's to you.*

4 Mirror

An additional wall disappears on one side as mirror, and copiously exposes everything, you. At best, I dance when I don't know what to say. Or (finally) being seen. Then again, *mirrors are the doors by which death comes and goes.*⁸ The wall breaks the powerful symmetry of the main space and enables some of the pictures to be viewed only at close range. It cries maybe a little, the wall, and pukes a bit of colour of the mirrored pictures (or maybe not, we will see).

And "It suffices to understand the mirror stage in this context as an identification, in the full sense analysis gives to the term: namely, the transformation that takes place in the subject when he assumes an image."⁹ and „the mirror stage is far from a mere phenomenon which occurs in the development of the child. It illustrates the conflictual nature of the dual relationship."¹⁰

I've no idea how you feel.

5 Photography / *Bodies*

Photography describes a relation between light and delay. Which both don't make a good or tangible partner. It can be read as a figure of negativity or a medium for *Aufhebung*. It is indirect, always. There is no (real) touch in photography. Or attachment, connection. Photography is passive-aggressive and clean and swift. Silent as well. And it doesn't move. I am not there. Then again, you may feel my bending, photographing body in the pictures. Is this work? *I am in the middle of your picture.*¹¹ One cannot eat the food that is exhibited here. And therefore can also not destroy it. Sometimes the camera gets sticky. I do too. I am on my knees afterwards, swabbing drips of previously photographed food from the living room floor, as the laundry dries. I work where I live. This you don't see. The rest goes down the drain. And death is always already there. *In addition, I don't like the death effect, so to speak, the kind of death that's always implied when one takes a picture.*¹² I do. Photography as painting has a relation to death. Language anyways. We die later. *I bring the flowers.*

What would be its opposite, an opposite of photography? Food, maybe? To be conscious of one's body? They again have *Aesop* body lotion for all on Fasanenstrasse in Berlin. Or not to be seen, be there? Or blind? Bodies remember everything. (Only teeth don't remember anything. They don't die.) In *To Exist in the Eyes of Others*, an interview with the New Yorker Édouard Louis says about the *yellow vests*: "I recognized, suddenly, a body, in the noblest sense of the term. A body that I'm not used to seeing in the media."¹³ And on them.us: "When you grow up with privilege, money, and education, you are protected from politics. You do not experience the impact of politics on a body, you know."¹⁴ When does one have to bend? Where to? Certain bodies we do overlook. They would tell too much about us. Or on whose costs we do not find a form, are not

8 Cocteau, Jean in 'Orpheus': "I shall tell you the secret of secrets. Mirrors are the doors by which death comes and goes. Don't tell this to anyone. Just watch yourself all your life in a mirror and you will see death at work like bees in a glass hive. . ." - in Insdorf, Anette: New York celebrates the genius of Jean Cocteau [May, 1984] in New York Times Online Archiv, <https://www.nytimes.com/1984/05/13/movies/new-york-celebrates-the-genius-of-jean-cocteau.html> (February 2019).

9 Lacan, Jacques: "The Mirror Stage as Formative of the I Function as Revealed in Psychoanalytic Experience" in Jacques Lacan, *Ecrits: The first complete edition in English*. Trans. By Bruce Fink in collaboration with Heloise Fink and Russell Grigg, (New York, London: W.W. Norton & Company, 2006), p. 76.

10 Lacan, Jacques: "The Object Relation 1956-1957" in *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan Book IV*, ed. By Jacques-Alain Miller, trans. By L.V. A Roche (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1998), p. 12.

11 »I am in the middle of your picture« is a line from "All I need" by Radiohead.

12 Jacques Derrida on photography [5.7.2008] in: YouTube channel olynthos1, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4RjLOxrloJ0> (February 2019).

13 Schwartz, Alexandra: *To Exist in The Eyes of Others*. An interview with the Novelist Édouard Louis on the *Gilets Jaunes* Movement [14. Dezember 2018] in: *The New Yorker*, https://www.newyorker.com/news/news-desk/to-exist-in-the-eyes-of-others-an-interview-with-the-novelist-edouard-louis-on-the-gilets-jaunes-movement/amp?__twitter_impression=true&fbclid=IwAR2WsiWRtQeoJjNIVXhuH6OpiLrGumIRfd-DpSzyLfApCKjcpMBFGcuh3dw (February 2019).

14 Eli, Adam: *This Queer Author Probes How the Justice System Fails Sexual Assault Survivors*. Édouard Louis talks living a politicized existence, and how the police use sexual assault survivors to perpetuate violence. [27. June 2018] in: them.us Onlinemagazin: <https://www.them.us/story/edouard-louis-history-of-violence> (February 2019).

supposed to find one, or don't want. We are complacent. We negate our power.¹⁵ This is comfier. Of it we would prefer not to know. We are not ready. Or hesitate. Or we laugh, if it gets too embarrassing. Or the problem with eating *well*.¹⁶

Eat me!

6 What comes out of pictures

Quite a few pictures sweat. Some cry (polyurethane drops or tears outside on the glass of the frames, which you cannot remove). A few also puke a little (acrylic paint outside on the glass of the frames). Not least to hinder their only digital reading. Others are dirty of soot and/or ice cream finger prints. I read them as protagonists. They involve you in a nearly-motherly fashion. I leave the reproductive work of cleaning to those who buy them. That is, should they prefer them clean.

7 Smoke

Pictures should interrupt reality and should stimulate an inner dialogue, like the smoking of cigarettes consciously alone is able to do. Because cigarettes interrupt reality for the length of a cigarette, and provoke inner dialogues. Or for me. And you are not alone for a little while. Pictures should do that as well. Without the nicotine-calming of our inner excitement. A time-gaining shut down. Or they should let you park briefly, free of charge. Parking lots are odd and cost money. Figures of sleep and of death, of transient death. *I want to park*.¹⁷ A likewise withdrawing and being there, a withdrawing to be there. And/or an enhancement of reality. Be a creative pondering, *nothing is as always* and keeping things open to then ideally every-time let us see/think and feel reality anew. To leave time alone, step briefly out of it. *But whose reality?* Become another access(excess)/door. Pictures as doors. What is it with doors? *Really? You wish*. There are pictures that do that. For me at least. Sometimes also nothing happens. And I love their silence. At the same time we know, and would prefer not to see, and Andrea Fraser pointed this out very clearly and already years ago, also in *Texte zur Kunst* (which by now certainly hired a Business Development Manager *with existing contacts in the fine art world, automobile and financial industries, as well as luxury goods markets*), that the art market is, we are, contributing to an incredibly unfair distribution of wealth. And that we deny the social world in art discourse, "that" according to Bourdieu "this negation of the social and its determination is central to art and its discourse and even may be the "genuine logic" of artistic phenomena itself, as well as the condition of its autonomy."¹⁸ We feed capitalism. This is sick. It is hungry. We feel nauseous. We sense our constant tension. And capitalism in return, all competition and precarity, and what comes with it, separates us and makes us sick. And this is happening, even if we may have the best intentions. And everything is entangled, related, sticky. And most of it is no accident, no slip, but volitional and made as it is on purpose. We are all high from the glue. Capitalism more and more spills over into our bodies. And/Or "Capitalism stretches its consequences in the unconscious ..."¹⁹ We don't collide.

Knowing this doesn't change anything. The problem remains immanent. The circumstances are impossible.

Art must disappoint.

Kate Moss still smokes (as well). *All those butts*.

I am porous like a door. Lots of doors. A narcissist? Nit-picking??

Feel the room.

8 Dark realities

Richard Prince writes in *Artforum* in summer 2003, apparently Colin de Land used to say: *".. the reality has no door, .."*

9 of course

Whereto now with my love for art, the faith that it could go differently, should be able to, and that there must be other others. I imagined this differently. Or Marie Rotkopf: "Romanticizing keeps us from seeing hypocrisy."²⁰ I'll fail you too. Or *The Doors 1967: Love me two times, I'm goin' away*

15 "The greatest and most damning intellectual and political failure of the Left may be the failure to recognize cultural capital not only as a socially effective form of power but also as a form of domination, not only substantively, in its particular forms, but also structurally and relationally, in its distributions and through the social differences and hierarchies that it articulates and performs. While the myopic focus on the 1% may be effective symbolically, it not only lets the remaining 99% off the hook but also reduces social power to economic wealth lodged in a single, one-dimensional dominant class." Fraser, Andrea: Artist writes No.02. Towards a Reflexive Resistance in: X-tra, <https://www.x-traonline.org/article/artist-writes-no-2-toward-a-reflexive-resistance/> (February 2019).

16 Derrida, Jacques: "Eating Well," Or the Calculation of the Subject: An Interview with Jacques Derrida by Jean-Luc Nancy, in: Eduardo Cadava, Peter Connor, Jean-Luc Nancy Who comes after the Subject?, New York / London 1991, p. 96-119. See also 1.

17 Holzer, Lisa: Drives drive [2018] in: Gillmeier Rech, http://www.gillmeierrech.com/wpcontent/uploads/2018/02/Lisa_Holzer_Drives_drive_2018.pdf. (February 2019).

18 Fraser, Andrea: Speaking of the social world ... in: *Texte zur Kunst* [81/March 2011] p. 154.

19 Tomšič, Samo: *The Capitalist Unconscious*, London/New York: Verso, 2015, p. 130.

20 Zur Dringlichkeit antiromantisch zu sein. Marie Rotkopf im Gespräch mit Carolin van Mark [5. Februar 2018] in: *Kaput Magazin für Insolvenz und Pop*, https://kaput-mag.com/stories-de/marie-rotkopf_zur-dringlichkeit-antiromantisch-zu-sein/ (April 2019). Holzer's translation.

Lauren Levin: "Of course everything is about *patriarchy*."²¹

And

Of course everything is about capitalism.

Of course everything is about desire.

And then of course everything is about *eating well*.

10 Naked

Writing undresses the writer. What you read undresses me. Is this my body? You know nothing. What needs to/gets out?

And what I don't say, negate, to carry on. Who wants/wanted to know? You are supposed to know.

The use of femininity. How do I act in absence, on my absence? My supposed death. Can the writer be also the mother?

A writing mother? (Disappear into the/a mother?) Does this need brackets? Do I play a body? Roland Barthes writes in 1973 in *The Pleasure of the Text* "The writer is someone who plays with his mother's body."

Alas.

11 Food

Lisa Jeschke: "I am a woman and I need to eat."²²

And

side dishes and deserts – no main course; no middle: *Cocoa, camembert, pigs- and honey-pig's-ears (dog treats) for the boys, rice pudding, vanilla and strawberry ice cream, pureed lentils, sugar icing, butterhead lettuce (for the adults?), pureed carrots, avocado sludge; And omelettes, that become door handles, and the inside of chips packages in which colours are reflected like faces, and chrysanthemums, flowers of death devoid of green.*

And

12 Others / Guts and flushes / Something (new?) to look at

All 2019. There were/are no new ideas. I pinned/blamed that halfway through on the, in my opinion, ridiculously humble feedback on my recent works. Apparent disregard in the background. Does something have to be digested still? I cannot read you. Am I invisible? Others are hungry for my absence. Yours. One must eat well. And I do not exempt myself here. With others? Or unrealized. Less precarious connections would probably be beautiful. Lonely in the work, how else? Without exactly knowing how a satisfying or ok feedback should look. To lean? Or whether a thing like that even exists. It is anyways difficult to understand where ok starts or ends. What is really ok, ok anyway? Or I still don't get your rules, or maybe only cannot submit myself. I don't want. Do I have to lengthen, copy it? The previous? Again?? It seemed to me as if one first needed an answer to really think further or carry on. Or me. To have been able to understand something. And not immediately again try to capture more of something one can only just surmise. The social remains unrealized. I've no idea how you feel. Eventually it made me too nervous to only be in my head, to not produce, and I realized the sole and old, lukewarm idea I had, kept carrying on. I bought all-too-squashy, reduced 99.- cent avocados (for the adults?) at Rewe and took pictures of variously arranged, dank avocado sludge. And, as I had thought, the outcome was lukewarm, not further interesting. And January in Berlin, one sees worse, all has too little energy. Then however, I did something different out of despair and boredom and to do something. I edited the pictures in Photoshop. Used Photoshop exhaustively for the first time. Underlined the association of Photoshop and weakness relentlessly. To invite something like an aura? Partly to the vicinity of their pixel-resilience, to see what the pixels would bear before they would collapse. Broke/Disturbed the pictures. Their reality.

And what came of it was unexpected, but due. Something you do not see, generally. Pictures that bring to mind sticky-dank guts. Or for me. Or something tattered. Something lively dead. *Guts?* Guts to read? ^{HA-LLO} Three days later I did pictures of the flush, with and without a flash. Something that you see every day, but never really see. Compared to the carefully arranged avocado pictures these are almost readymades. Pictures of a mechanism brought to tears, animated in countless repetition to flush away our excretions. Also several of the flush pictures are edited. They are discoloured, drunken of or by the disco? Some of these bring to mind afterimages, that appear when you close your eyes very tightly. Or an arrested, unrestrained, beautiful, almost violent, turbulent stream in all directions. Thirst and tears. No rainbows. *Cheers!* A well? Vulgar? Very fast tears (grief). Devotion? Or hungry ghosts in a vortex, mugs/grimaces, faces of loneliness. I am/We are inconsolable. Adrift. Later I found this by Sean Bonney: "... *loneliness will clean your toilet with its fucking tongue.*"

21 Levin, Lauren: Justice Piece / Transmission, Oakland 2018.

22 Sam Solomon and Lisa Jeschke - Materials Poetry Reading Series [18.03.2018] in: YouTube, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=usAzYW10wdM> (March 2019).

Anger and sadness live in suspended relation and do get mixed up. We don't reach each other.

I remember once again seeing Andrea Fraser's *Official Welcome* in Vienna, and being hugely impressed by it. Her bursting into tears felt so natural that I didn't want to believe it was mere acting. Thus I was happy when I later read an interview where Fraser talks about her crying in *Official Welcome* and says: "... I scripted something for myself to say that I knew would make me cry." and "I imagine it is quite common for people to avoid talking about things for fear of crying, consciously or not, and I think there's a tremendous loss in that, a loss of contact with what matters to us and a loss of capacity to communicate what matters."²³

*My mascara is smeared, runs literally. Or theirs.*²⁴

For you my tears are always too many, and they come to fast. That came to my mind, when I first saw the flush pictures. And I guess both series, the (avocado)guts and the flush pictures, also suggest landscapes despite their portrait format.

There is an affinity between flush [flʌʃ] and flash [flæʃ] or *a* and *ä*. And there is the *objet petit a*,²⁵ after Lacan, the object cause of desire. I described my playfully naïve reading of the possible effect of the *objet petit a* for the first time 2011 in the song lyrics *Das Lied von den traurigen Bäckern* and *The song of the happy bakers*. Referring to that flush, *a*, phonetically read, would evoke desire, and the flash, *ä*, not. What subsequently would make the flush happy and the flash sad, respectively a carrier or not a carrier of a cause of desire. But only in English and only phonetically. In writing it would be the exact opposite, here the flash has the *a* and the flush not. And it gets complicated. All in relation to desire is complicated. All is related to desire.

Fuck the inner police.

13 The fun/ny in the figure of the mother

Nothing/What is (still) open? The picture? What (else) comes out of pictures. For the opening I will in a rather loving, motherly gesture (that also describes a delay, a time warp) mould with my warm hands, small, *cute*, and more and more soft vanilla and strawberry ice cream penises with balls, the ones from another series of pictures, which are part of this braid as well, and reproduce them for fun. Everyone eating up these cold, sweet ice cream dicks will then become part of the work - their bodies, anyway. And I will have seen that. Later they will shit art. Handle a flush. And they will be relieved. Nothing will turn mouldy and become consumed by rats (or worms).²⁶ *You make me very hungry.* I need to eat.

"Till now no talk of the phallus."²⁷

I am, we are alone (anyway). Spring is over. Eat me!

²³ Andrea Fraser in conversation with Thyrsa Nichols Goodeve [6. April 2019] in: The Brooklyn Rail, <http://brooklynrail.org/2016/04/art/andrea-fraser-with-thyrsa-nichols-goodeve> (February 2019).

²⁴ Title of a performative gesture (my face smeared with mascara and tears). For the first time in 2017 for the opening of the exhibition I come in you - The Party Sequel Berlin, Galerie Gillmeier Rech, Berlin.

²⁵ Jacques Lacan's *objet petit a* has many definitions among others it is described as the object cause of desire, what also correlates with value. Tomšič, Samo: *The Capitalist Unconscious*, p.107: "Lacan's *objet a*, the object of desire, is an object without qualities that presupposes the autonomy of value." And p. 215: "*Objet a*, ..., is a surplus that emerges out of a system of exchange and becomes the more overwhelmingly present the more it is embedded in quantification and mass production. In capitalism, *objet a* becomes the defining feature of every commodity on the market and makes the exchanged objects appear as vessels of surplus-value." Tomšič, Samo: *The Capitalist Unconscious*, London/New York: Verso, 2015, p. 107, 215.

²⁶ I would have loved to see this exhibition and also very much the large-scale wonder bread sculptures by the Ching Chong Latino Boys ..large- scale bread sculptures made by groups of people chewing up hundreds of loaves of wonder bread and pasting the material together; only to turn moldy and become consumed by rats. in CCLB ANTHOLOGY III ** @ THE LOON [29.7.2017]in: Website of Manila Institute, <http://manilainstitute.org/programming/cclb-anthology-iii> (February 2019).

²⁷ „Bis jetzt keine Rede vom Phallus.“, Turnheim, Michael: *Mit der Vernunft Schlafen*, Zürich, 2009, p. 184. Holzer's translation.