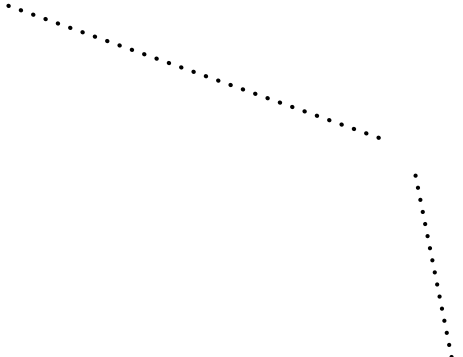
In Between

From A

to B

Little Observations

? ?

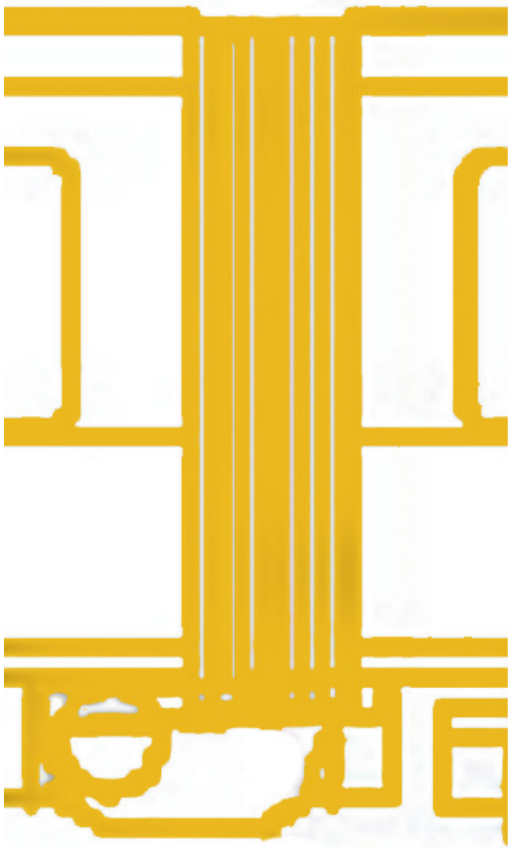


●●●○○ Telekom.de LTE 11:25

Notizen

16. November 2015, 11:25

Standing in the middle of the hallway of the subway- surfing this waggon through the tunnels. No hands! All my deep tissue responding to the speeds and imbalances. Wonder whether others too think about their deep tissue responding, particularly this guy in a suit standing beside me, who has such a clear stare at things. If he does respond, he is good at hiding it, or the suit is. Or maybe he is a reactionary on bigger, more social scales.
But back to surfing all the tightly assembled meat-packages through the rush hour, anticipating the curves this snake will draw through the underground, a long surfboard, a free will skateboard, because I am the one being ridden here, that much is clear.



●●●○○ Telekom.de LTE 12:39

Notizen

16. November 2015, 12:39

Was going pretty hard on the autobahn, pushing past anonymous poles of overtaking victory. It's not a competition of course, but for me it does feel like a dance at times to swop in and out of gaps. In that I am a king of tight spaces. I was passing this huge truck, left laining since the past 10 minutes. On the back a giant muscleboy and some polish lettering. I got sucked into its wind shadow, dropping close to an even bigger picture of this meat pile. I couldn't help but wonder whether it was just the little vacuum sucking me in or whether I secretly was drawn by the trucks over-masculinity. That meat- pile with its veins protruding.

●●●○○ Telekom.de LTE 11:47

Notizen

Since recently, I never quite feel alone, even when I am. Surely this has to do with my phone, with availability. When looked at closer, I seem to find myself in a continuous net of conversations about certain things and with a gasping noise of relieve, I realise that I am entangled in something like a discourse. Texts are being sent to me regularly and they often are what I need to think the next thought. That means that people know me and I know them, mostly concerning a sort of development pertaining to thoughts on artistic production. While my feeble body is carried by whatever means of transport from one place to the next, there is a cloud of discourse coming with me, that becomes increasingly easier to tap into. I hope that his image of a cloud also gives an association of the space around it, of this lostness without being lost, of drifting wherever content is attractive, and the choice of allowing this attraction to develop traction.

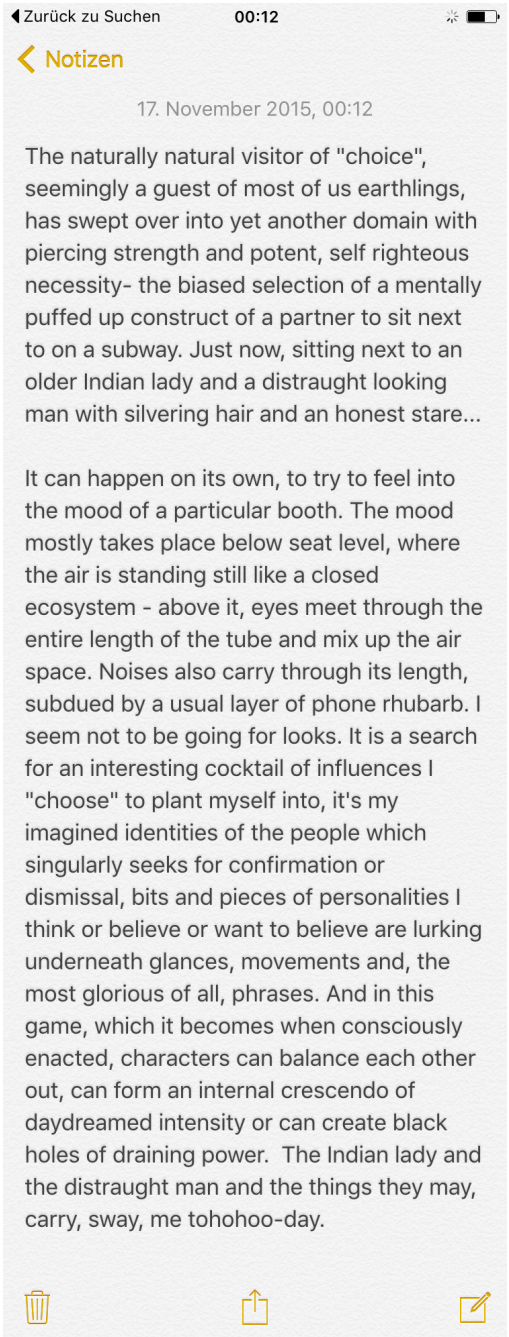
●●●○○ Telekom.de LTE 13:08

Notizen

16. November 2015, 13:08

It's a new train, but it's rattling like they all do in some places. I think it's a bit behind schedule, the way it's thrusting through the landscape. I can't quite figure out whether this metal beast is an angry or a humble servant.
I read a nice mixture of the two, an active and a yet knowing one: "pale and able" in an Instagram description of someone. It's nicely confident, nicely observant. Similarly this means of getting from a to b must be a confident one, with its ergonomic chairs and shiny outside, going at the speed that it does. So maybe it can be both, shiny/fast and humble.

yes lets have dinner, I will stay with max- I am coming with another friend, visiting another friend also, maybe they can join us... lavishly ravishing this excelerated city, letting our youth burn down to the bones, to find at the bottom yet another mosh-pit of capital driven short sightedness, wanting to be burned by us, which we will gladly do, knowing that our incorruptibility is their salvation.


Zurück zu Suchen
00:12
Notizen
17. November 2015, 00:12
The naturally natural visitor of "choice", seemingly a guest of most of us earthlings, has swept over into yet another domain with piercing strength and potent, self righteous necessity- the biased selection of a mentally puffed up construct of a partner to sit next to on a subway. Just now, sitting next to an older Indian lady and a distraught looking man with silvering hair and an honest stare...
It can happen on its own, to try to feel into the mood of a particular booth. The mood mostly takes place below seat level, where the air is standing still like a closed ecosystem - above it, eyes meet through the entire length of the tube and mix up the air space. Noises also carry through its length, subdued by a usual layer of phone rhubarb. I seem not to be going for looks. It is a search for an interesting cocktail of influences I "choose" to plant myself into, it's my imagined identities of the people which singularly seeks for confirmation or dismissal, bits and pieces of personalities I think or believe or want to believe are lurking underneath glances, movements and, the most glorious of all, phrases. And in this game, which it becomes when consciously enacted, characters can balance each other out, can form an internal crescendo of daydreamed intensity or can create black holes of draining power. The Indian lady and the distraught man and the things they may, carry, sway, me tohohoo-day.

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Notizen

16. September 2015, 22:03

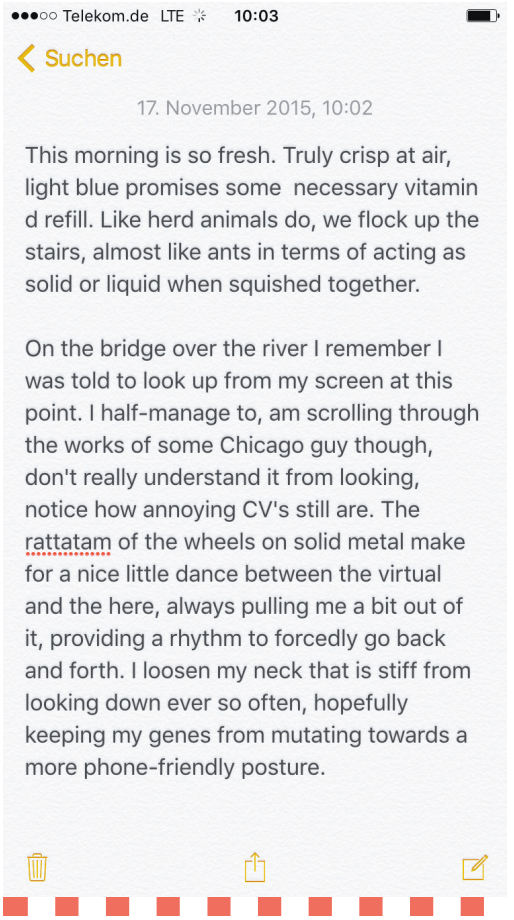
Never was I so aware of all the fabric rubbing against each other in a subway. It is hard to single out this subtle layer of sound underneath the rolling noise from moving forward. Just now it happened by chance, hearing one bag rub against a woman's coat, making all the others apparent at once. Like a binding substance, this fabric, uniting us in our shame to be nude, in our comfort to collect and store, in our identity we look to express through it. Even better now, to think of this separating substance as a binding one, as a thread running through our entanglement with this life and it's necessities, which is also a substance of sorts, dancing with the fabric in a way. Not in the "everybody has a body and that's funny" sort of way, in a darker, more trapped, but also beautiful because shared sort of way.

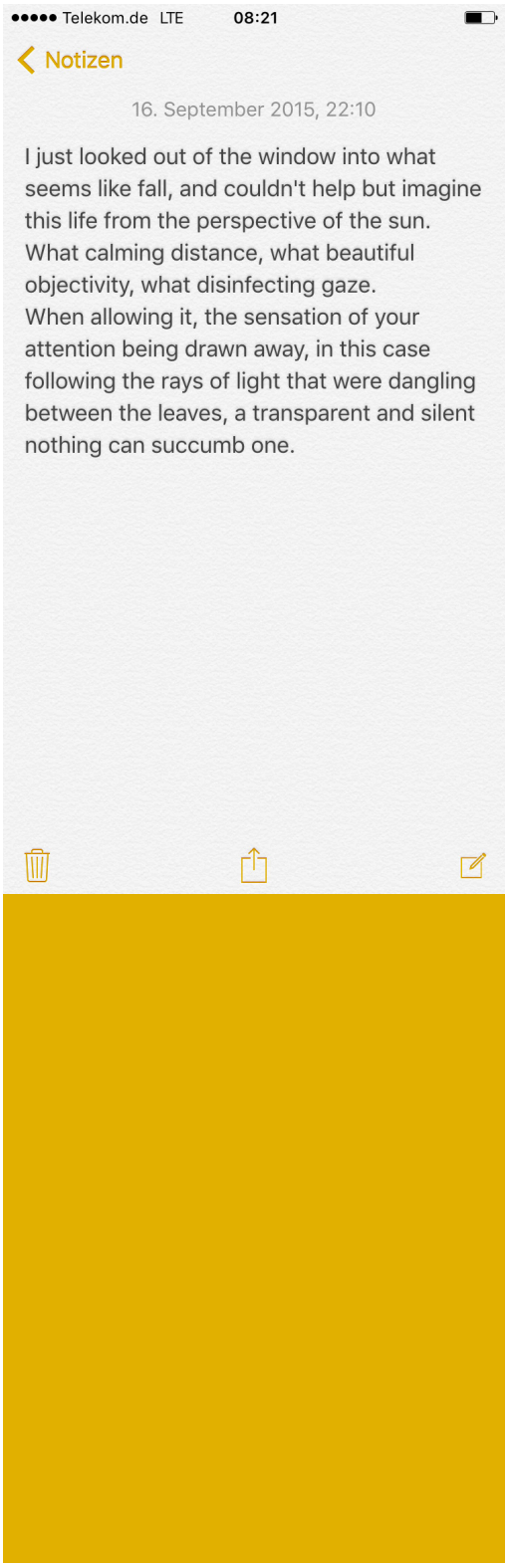
●●●○○ Telekom.de LTE 00:34

Suchen

17. November 2015, 00:34

I am looking out of the window of the airplane. It's a cheap one with no attempts to hide it, hard plastic, not nets in the seats, carpet floor that is peeling off and threading out. I look towards the horizon of a white sphere, no mountains of soft fluff, which always trigger a longing to sink deep into them, but an endless surface, threading out a little as well, but in this elvish manner clouds have. Coming from this airplanes angle, it seems cheaper as well though. My heartbeat has a strange visuality here, looking at white, with every beat the hue changes aver so slightly, a darker vignette swiping in and out. I am thinking of a sentence: "I hate to seem inquisitive but could you kindly tell me who I am?" By Henrik Olesen. Henrik kissed Peter on the mouth the other night. It's a common thing, a trend as well? In certain circles. Peter kissed me on the mouth as well. I didn't mind. Could I use this sentence for something? for it is a good one. This lecture series maybe. That would be neat, bc. For example asking Michaela, who will do it but who is very sarcastic, this would be a sarcastic question to her then. It was very good to meet her. Very open ended, too


Telekom.de LTE 10:03
Suchen
17. November 2015, 10:02
This morning is so fresh. Truly crisp at air, light blue promises some necessary vitamin d refill. Like herd animals do, we flock up the stairs, almost like ants in terms of acting as solid or liquid when squished together.
On the bridge over the river I remember I was told to look up from my screen at this point. I half-manage to, am scrolling through the works of some Chicago guy though, don't really understand it from looking, notice how annoying CV's still are. The rattatam of the wheels on solid metal make for a nice little dance between the virtual and the here, always pulling me a bit out of it, providing a rhythm to forcedly go back and forth. I loosen my neck that is stiff from looking down ever so often, hopefully keeping my genes from mutating towards a more phone-friendly posture.


Telekom.de LTE
08:21
Notizen
16. September 2015, 22:10
I just looked out of the window into what seems like fall, and couldn't help but imagine this life from the perspective of the sun.
What calming distance, what beautiful objectivity, what disinfecting gaze.
When allowing it, the sensation of your attention being drawn away, in this case following the rays of light that were dangling between the leaves, a transparent and silent nothing can succumb one.