

diary of the painter

1.day: what is the difference of dot and point, the impurities of the white field, the dots on the street you look at while wandering absently and being in a endless conversation with yourself producing endless useless lines of text the of negotiating voices secretly communicating with the dark dots passing by endlessly below you. two objects are in it, the object color turning into the background color, which is mostly white or whitish rather filthy and dirty and then the drawing, the signs on the object, like different looking mysterious dots. The background color needs a very different attitude, different ways of attitude but in my concept, in my color field theory, the object or background color should be always just a color of profanization. like for me there are only two colors the color of dollars and the color of young skin and flesh. walking to buy colors and canvas. one has to be alone which is hard but it is good because one tells oneself these endless lines of fragmentary narratives. like being two one tells one listens. sometimes i want to write one or two like one minute piece down, but that never works. writing is more doing the a walk while sitting on the kitchen table and then telling and listening plus writing at the same time simultaneously. however i thought writing down a few one minute fragments could be a fantastic mode of inhancing attention, a attention healing procedure. like learning to keep dreams just for the sake of it. so i walked back from the paint shop. i got into something and i thought keep that. i did that training already for a while knowing it does not lead to anything worth called wrting but it would be good still for me but for nothing else and that is better than nothing at all. so i tried to keep this story i was told by myself out of the usual mixture of memory and things happening on the street while i pass by and that doing something to the colorfield theory, sometimes in an obvious way sometimes quite hidden to my unaware consciousness. but still after so many walks i could not keep even one of these pressurous stories. so i started tricks, like keeping only the end of the story, the last sentence even the last words and then hoping to be able to slowly thought he magic of the writing process pull slowly into the darkness until i would catch the words which would lead one by one back to the beginning. therefore i made one of these painting which tells the story backwards but then still only remembers the vowels of it. And painting white on white. the white you paint over is not white anymore when you put a new fresh white on it. i walked back from the paint store having the grey ripped clouds with grey low landing planes behind me and a flat empty sizeless cloud in front of me in this very brooklynish oldfashioned street then turned left towards the highway but no thoughts started following me. or they did but i forgot about them like a dream just happened but already lost. but i myself was lost too lost in the contingencies of what happened on the street. three younger ones were sitting on the stairs talking loudly, punks or wht they call punks in brooklyn not so specific, but then remembered what i thought. thought of the kafka, me and kafka and kafka and america and that real kafka wanted to always get rid of this kafka part of himself which represented the kafaishness, at the end tried by becoming american, american just fictional in his book and i am lucky to get rid of my bits of kafaishness by really baing in america. luckily and not so luckily. and the young female punk yelled grandpa and other things in the direction i walked too and i thought she made fun of someone, but then i saw a really old man came in her direction and it was really her grandpa and they both seemed very happy when they met and i thought these punks will never leave their quarter in their life or maybe they go for hollywood. Later i walked through the railroad appartement. up and down and i was not the first time feeling like all the sadness of the universe came together in one comically formed cyst and then the cyst decided to take all our four railroad rooms as a temporary bed. of course such a dark higher spiritual being does not care about the material limits of space like the walls or our sometimes moving bodies. it obviously more chose us our property and living space to feel so comfortable. and even then some days i thought it was only half there but still the same size just thinner as if it vaporized. it felt like a good tendency towards return of some happiness after it was away but some hours later it had its old weight and density. but after a week almost without all the sadness of the whoe universe i remembered the weird phenomenon while i meditated the development of my background colors on the canvas and then ii clicked and as if a wise spiritual voice spoke directly into my brain saying that every person is containing or is connected to all the sadness of the universe.

2.day: the why-does-this-all-happen-to-me experience is the experience you have under influence of an accident or gunshooting etc. the intoxication of the self by adrenalin but as well sometimes as an artist during installation during dinner or other similar common artistic contemporary practices. this sentence comes from somewhere like a shadow unlike the active what-am-i-doing-here experience. but therefore it is more romantic in its passive sensibility. in the questions moment of its appearance, so to say on the middle of the appearance of the questions most shadowish moments the light of the word might be revealed ... the dot is the negative form of this light. translated not unlike formless pain. under self accusation's influence the doomsday the downfall and demise of the established works and forms of my own ... returning it to the same feelings of loneliness as i find in the nightly passages through the city in my dreams. both the dream of homeless loneliness and the recurrent waves of sudden obedience into the dark influence of self accusation feel the same way: eternal dark cloud of strange secret. strange secret, or unanswerable question, why then are you doing this accusation? why do you work with it, that question asking why are you doing this travelling activities in your dreams when they are for your damage and detriment even hours after waking up. Like the non chromatic background color with the gothic texts translating the light of its word into dots ... in a few cases into diagrams of some general blurry sort of decomposition of low form narratives into eternal formless ruin and collapse, becoming an unfinished exhibition of the colorfield theory explaining the melancholic recurrences, the spatial structures yet echoing the chromatic momentum of melancholic influenced brushmarks. condition of prevailing contingency ... the works have lost their ability to save at least to restore. the moments of restoring life seems to be oppressed, defeated and gone, when color is elaminated non-chromatic repression. how to restore? "it is no longer i that lives, but the voice in me" Pauline ways say „that which is not is stronger than that which is. agamen interpreting as "we are made the filth of the world, the offscourings of all things" dwelling and loosing himself in what cannot be saved. all around agamen.

3.day: arrived in ciudad de mexico. politeness in Aztec culture was a way to assert dominance and show superiority.[Aztecs were particularly susceptible to such ideas some might call ideas of doom and disaster. First night here the voice in the dream said "you should better call the exhibition moctezuma" the voice of the dream suggesting a new title was not the voice which gives orders, it was the voice of giving a proposal suggesting what i do could just be done differently and it would be better for me. the proposal is definitely worth the consideration. though, however, it was a feeling of resignation in it, as if it had made already many proposals, but they remained unconsidered too many times. but still there was an almost violent polite self denying power even together with the sound of some resignation, maybe because it was speaking very close to me and if someone speaks very close to you he or she does it to express some urgency. and this voice was so close that it was partly inside me already. that is why i woke up with horror otherwise i was relieved from the smooth sympathy of the speaker. i decided to change the pattern of my behavior 180 degrees. until than i would have moved to my computer and started researching who or what the new object of my new interest was and if it was interesting i would continue and make a nice reference for the exhibition. but this time i thought i should go the other way. i won't research about moctezuma, i will not really tell anyone and i will just keep waiting. maybe that way i could achieve much more for the exhibition of the new paintings, like having some real presence in it, oh yes, great finally, instead of showing off with my quickly required and prettily organized knowledge. and that it or he was there was to obvious to me anyway. and if you read enough of the texts which tells about similar experiences of inner voices, presences and mysterious artists following orders than you might know that the only way to deal with it is to make yourself small and humble and become a pious servant or assistant. artisst like maya deren believe that you become a horse actually for some spirit and like a horse you need to learn in the beginning to understand the code and the orders of the one who rides with you. the spirit of the voice has to learn often too, they just don't understand our repressive irrational social systems and belief that any good thought transmitted would be welcomed here on physical social space. but they are not welcomed and so they have to keep repeating the orders or change some parts of it until people welcome and the person playing the role of horse and servant often has to correct and argue somehow with the spirit about practical matters of the message.

the third day of mexico and the third day of the special dreams, dreams to reconsider the painings and everythign actually, i was dreaming i was in the desert. it was a really endless yellow desert but i was not alone, there was a woman standing there looking at me and her name was adriana and when i saw her the way she looked like standing there and the landscape and the epic feeling of the whole image i combined that it must be in the desert of sinai, because it was like in the old bible. she said she did not know which direction we should go now and i said i would not know either. but we did not mind and it did not feel bad standing around until i heard a fly coming towards me and so i turned round away from adriana to see what that is and i saw it was quite a unnaturally big fly slowing down in front of me and then moving around my naked chest making the sounds like a mosquito and i thought i can kind of understand the fly. she was telling me something like, i was stupid that i am thinking that she would next try to attack me, bite me and suck my blood, she is not interested in that and she kept talking like as just talking to herself in a way a older person would talk to herself a bit bitter and to me as if to a very small child who always misunderstands thinking she would have unpleasant intentions when speaking to me. but just said that it is fine for me and i had no worries, i was thinking i should say something about the miracle we are in that i was talking to a fly but another thought vulgarized the whole dream because i started interpreting it remembering that one day i stupidly made a tiny reference to william blake and made a comment on a general similarity between him and me. but than the person i talked to said well you are not talking to flies aren't you? but when i this memory of the blake conversation became dominant and disturbed the epic dream i realized that i was already awake in the night in mexico and i heard the sound of the mosquito in the darkness in front of me and since i sometimes awake very slow i felt the real mosquito actually really talks to em and for a few seconds i was sure i understood her melancholic sad comments about me that i could not give up thinking that she is just trying to bite and that she would have no other interest. i was really awake then and decided not do anything about her, like trying to catch her or get rid of her and kept laying there and listening to the close sounds of her.

building the sukka

how to build a sukka? first we make three or four walls and then we make the roof out of plants. all different materials could be used for the walls. probably it is very helpful, to have in mind the great rabbi de Vries, who mentioned in some general explanation of the architecture of the synagogue, that the building is a sacred building, but it is not a sacred building. it's function is just as a meeting place. saying this, he seemed to want to destroy in the reader any possible association with the form and idea of church buildings. one immediately understands what he is saying by this logically impossible contradiction. I had his sentence often in mind, when I was interrogated about what the galerie meerrettich is. or as was often formulated "what it really is". the people of these questions obviously expressed a kind of identity problem, or an inability to understand language as a tool to express something clear and simple albeit contradictory or ambivalent. I said, "it is as simple as that, meerrettich is a gallery, but at the same time meerrettich for sure is not a gallery." but responding in this very clear and simple way, I would find myself in an even worse situation. My answer was not taken with fun or pleasure and the typical reaction was another question: "so what are you, are you a gallerist or are you an artist?" I said, "well, when I am in the gallery, I am a gallerist, or at least I try to be, but when I am at home working, I am an artist". To which my investigator would not be ashamed to ask "I wanted to know what you really are?" this dialogue happened for sure not just once. and even if the questions in themselves were not wrong, there was something wrong about them all together, and I kept wondering, what is the mechanism of the unpleasant feeling it creates. is it an obsession with identity, or of clean definitions, or simply a demand for purity? In between the lines, these interrogations seemed to express, "you can do everything, you can be everything, I am very open to everything, but I have to know what you exactly are" - the famous sentence "you have to say it". after these uncanny experiences with the new supposedly liberal culture of investigation, I would say, if the plans for building a sukka are too complicated or too understandable for you, just leave it that way. you don't have to build one and you don't have to understand and most important leave the people who are building one alone and let them just do it. so, if you want to build a sukka, think of it as the most simple form of a meeting space and the walls can be of any material - they should just be strong enough to remain stable, when the wind comes. it might be better, if you make four walls if there is a door in one of them. with just three walls a door is not necessary. that should be enough for the walls. the construction of the ceiling is more complicated. not every material is good for it. it has to be made of plants. different to the walls, it should never have been used already for some other use, or made of a commodity or an object of use. we can use leftover material from trees, straw or similar material, wooden leftovers from boxes should be avoided, if the box has been used for other functions. it should not be edible material either and the wood should not be too much like boards, because they would remind us too much on the ceilings of houses. the halacha demands that the ceiling should be partly open, that you can see at least some of the stars during the night, but at the same time it demands that there be more shadow than sunlight in the sukka during the day. you should not use the material of the sukka for any other function during the sukkot week.

the calendar

c sent me for christmas a beautiful green american pocket diary. i was not sure how to „read“ this present, the binding is hand-made with a stitched spine and gilt-edge pages of extremely thin paper, from the same mill which produces the banknote papers of the sterling. it has been called a secret social passport used by sigmund freud, grace kelly and the princess of wales. so many, many people did not have it, great people did not have it, like einstein etc. but most shockingly it looks like it is made out of crocodile skin. i hope it is not, as a vegetarian i don't want to show dead animal skin as a passport. but its special light green color fortunately destroys any evidence of nature or animals. the green hand painted cover gives it a more feminine impression, along with the golden numbers 2007. how come one chooses an object like that for me? was it really chosen for me - maybe it was chosen by someone, who did not know me and i got it because there wasn't any other use for it? so all together, i did not use it. during the summer i started to finally clean up all the mess the organization of the galerie meerrettich in the pavilion left in my apartment. all the papers, invites, booklets from artists had to disappear. this job really gave me back all the energy i earlier used to have and it made me start living again under new and more organized principles. i only saved the pretty calendar from the mountain of garbage, and put it into my pocket. when i came back to the apartment, the garbage finally gone, i had an desk empty again, after the years of meerrettich - four years and two months, like world war one, as a polish friend said to me. „i am an artist again now, and just that,“ was the new motto after the four years and two months, like the first world war. i put the green pocket diary on the empty desk, its pages still empty and it seemed too clearly that the next step was to start filling its pages with the dates of the pure artist's career and suddenly i loved organizing again: the dates of my openings. my next opening is an opening of my show at the pavilion! september 22nd! i looked on that day and the printed paper said: „Yom Kippur“ (Day of Atonement). i had already suggested to have the show run for only one week, that must be enough. i opened the next calendar page and the printed letters on the page said „Succot“ (Feast of Tabernacles).

sukkot looks on first observation like another religious holiday. of course it is, but different to many other holidays its content does present something which is not necessarily religious. i never had a very clear idea about it, and i still don't, but practically, it expects from you, if you participate, to leave your house for a week, or at least for the day, hoping that you forget your property for a time and remember the life without house and home, the time of exodus, as it is called in the book of moses, the long period following the exit from oppression, remember the ones who exchanged their homes for nomadic life, who left their houses for tents, changing to independence and selbatbestimmung.

The Backyard Voices

Still yesterday's morning i wasted away, as with so many mornings in pure procrastination as if still wearing the old existential pancake on my head and still waiting for the big story to come out of it. Slowly, at least slowly, the afternoon came over the neighborhood and i still followed the thoughts in the middle of blankness, walking along, observing what it was about them, until finally "something" is going on within these thin strings in the vast empty universe ahead of me. Nothing, but it was as if i arrived in some slightly denser region of and the first sounds of voices in my introspective travel, but, it was just the voice of the landlord in his backyard garden below, reminding me of last summer, when i, lazy as possible from the endless heat, used to listen into his endless monologues, which seemed as vast as the my great new york blue sky, intense sometimes, in the best and most impressive way, and sometimes the heat was so terrible too, and these days here, it is again, this year, again the blueness, the heat and for me at least the completely untranslatable string of the backyard voice and his stories, jokes and kind of craziness surfing through my empty inner space. But what made me this afternoon so attentive to my thoughts was that i realized how much this incredible combination brought me to the beginnings of my addictive behavior and to the Polish voices i heard when i was still really growing up. Maybe the analogy of the polish sound of language from childhood reappearing in the backyard in summer was the treasure, the reappearing voices of addiction trauma's beginning to be found in the search for the early roots of an obsessive behavior to write something down even if there is nothing much about it worth to communicate. Maybe there is. I can't tell, maybe someone can tell? Since I am getting to slow, to deep in it, one would not tell. And these narratives maybe laid some fundament for wanting to say something, to give testimony of something. -----(The story) it was, Like long ago one of the visitors in our house, when still I grew up, he sometimes spoke polish too and he was the middle of the other polish speaking visitors. but his voice was different and it came through so differently and would take the whole place and the voice would begin like:

Oh yes, I saw the germans, they came and they just killed and they just killed. And he would tell more, and was more trying to come about what happened so much even before he was in Auschwitz and but more telling how he got there, then actually ever would he tell about what happened there. He had said to us, they put many people together in the square, and he was one of them, and the germans asked doctors and teachers to get separated from the rest and go over to the other part of the square, and he was young and he heard one of the teachers say, i knew it, they will need us, and so then they stood there together on the other part of the square and the germans just killed them all. It took them some time and they killed more and then the rest were taken away to the camp. He told this and often looked at me particularly, I did not know why more then at the others in the house, and now i start to understand, what it might have meant to him, exactly because i was the youngest there, still a child, and he wanted that particularly i would hear him and know what happened, like the youngest tape and that i will tell it later. That way he looked at me and explained that they killed everywhere and anywhere, and they then went to every other town, doing the same thing, they just killed and killed that way as they always would do. They asked first for the people who were at the university and the intelligentsia people as he called it, who thought each time they were asked for, it is because the germans would need them, but shortly later they were all dead and killed. It was in these years we visited another older man in slovenia and stayed there the whole incredible sunny summer. It heated up under the big blue umbrella and voices spoke and i could not understand. But in the evenings we had dinner and everything seemed to be much more exciting than anywhere else before. The older man, we lived with, telling again and again how he could escape and how he joined some partisan fighters in the woods and what a great team they were and they did not fear anything. They chased and caught sometimes some of the germans and the austrians, who had been killing anyone. So they started killing them. Some and not enough of them. But slowly and slowly they were trying to find them and slowly they waited for the moment to come. And then the great excitement how they were successful and how he was killing them himself one by one and with anything he had in his hand. He probably saw me staring at him with the big eyes trying to send beams of excitement, admiration and love back to him, all I could do that moment as he turned to me, the youngest particularly, I tried taping his merciful and sweet voice and more and more i started joining him during the days as well, when he walked through the fields and towards the forests in the heat, now along with him to ask with the same excitement to tell me all the details again, so I would learn his sweat faculties of revenge and follow his advice later, when grown up enough. And whatever, then there were more of these kinds of temporary acquaintances, and always the same pattern of the older men who told these stories and did it in long and in different ways than how anyone else would speak. It was like leaving some place, opening the door and suddenly standing outside in some wilderness, but something real. Not only for the story's content, but also for the voice and the ways it went ahead with it. It was a voice of certain times, as people would just say simply, typical for some older men, telling things too long, too much stretched, monologued and often not coming quickly to a point, maybe afraid of missing some detail which might be later important for the testimonial listener, in some ways kind of unproductive, but these voices and stories of these old men suddenly still meandered in my head this afternoon, but i still did not know if i should tell it, when I should say, when society does not exist any more, when after many years i am living suddenly in this country-like environment again and often the idea chases me to write anything down, in the best case just unproductively what happens in this environment, down on the street, in the sweet backyards or in the park below, what happens under the little symbolic fences almost, under the blossomed trees and between the wild american squirrels.

Saturday. Saturday was always a special day for me. The day on which one could, without a terribly bad conscience, recover from the drunken excesses of the night before. This is how it used to be, and I am still programmed that way, even without going out and drinking. Going out still happens, but it has deteriorated into social work. Today, after waking up, I didn't think of anything at all at first, instead of thinking as usual - almost before waking up - of work, of the obligations, of everything that I had made into my profession, many long years ago and out of my free will, way back when, a free will that had been fought for - against the will of my family. After a long struggle that destroyed all familial relations I seemed to have made up my mind. The decision was a typical free decision, and I was proud of the struggle, but not of the decision. I had forgotten to think the decision through, which stood completely in the shadow of the family struggle, the struggle against the family and its priorities, which however had not been a decision for anything. So I picked some complete nonsense and had known that I was unsuited for it, or at least less suited than for most other things. Nonetheless I thought it would increase the ruthlessness of the struggle, this struggle which destroyed the whole family for my free will and for the right of making my own decisions and then to choose some complete nonsense, for something which one actually considers completely worthless and indeed contemptible. I had no way of knowing in advance just how worthless and contemptible this profession would turn out as an actual life praxis. I did not think about all this for once this morning, rather, and that was special. I did not think of anything at all, not even of all those bitter painful tasks which I have to fulfil in order to organise my life in this profession, in order to be able to start the day not with pleasure but with bitterness. The special thing today was that I did not think of it immediately and I was not even happy. I was nothing, and therefore especially happy, incomparably happy. After a few moments, the first thought of the job appeared, the appalling unhappy job, of which I had not thought for more than a minute. So I rose from the bed on this Saturday and wanted to forget that empty minute and poured the coffee into the coffee cup, the one painted with an African tiger, and put it down next to the computer. But it was too awful and appalling to work on this Saturday, where everything had started with this sudden and unexpected free minute. I thought. I decided I did not want just one empty minute, I wanted a whole empty day, as empty as the minute. I wanted a whole 24 hours, a single free day, and after all, today was Saturday and I, who does not believe in God, thought that today is a special day and God should give me the day off. Actually, I just thought "God give me a free day today, surely you know what a free day means, it doesn't mean that I don't have to work at all, it means that I don't have to work because I don't want to - from the bottom of my soul. It means that today, I will work, but only on what I, oh God, really want to work on, with all my soul. I thought nobody would understand this simple question, but perhaps he will understand, God, he should be able to understand that, actually. Besides that, after sitting down at my computer, I thought the same thing with a different metaphor. I thought God, you know what kind of hell this profession has become for me, a cold hell of Sisyphus, give me one day when I may leave this hellish place and when I may enter your heavenly place and do what I really love, let me into that heavenly space, open the door". And indeed, I felt that the doors were opening and I realised that this place actually exists and I had entered. I knew perfectly well that I would have only 24 hours. Because in that moment, when I called out to God - although without any belief - he had heard me and at that moment I had but one wish, namely these 24 hours without this Sisyphus work and where I could do what I really wanted, which in all likelihood won't get me anywhere, probably. That is how that happened and I concentrated because I had known for months what I wanted to do, basically to continue writing down this story, the story of S. - whom I met again after a few months - and apart from that I wanted that nothing else should exist on this Sabbath.

Bohemian In The Mirror.

Kneeling on the kitchen floor, I put a little of the most expensive cat food in my mouth, but didn't swallow it. The cat was beside me, because of the good smell of food. I put the mush back from my mouth on the floor and the cat immediately ate it. Then I tried to stand up again. But I had drunk too much. It was christmas day. Beside me was a bench. I lay down on it and it occurred to me that in the last few days I was trying to make something of an unpleasant sentence but hadn't got anywhere with it. The next morning, when I had just got up, I caught sight of myself in a round mirror, and for the first time saw something really unusual for me. I saw not the normal face, which now and again had perhaps just got a bit shady and older - this time it changed to a quite different, unknown face. And I knew, suddenly this looks like a bohemian, this looks like the face of the ghost of a bohemian. But I thought, that's something I certainly never wanted to be, never yet, never had I thought I myself would ever experience the bohemie life or anything like it, and far less, it's certain, did I think then, that I myself would suddenly assume the face of a bohemian in the mirror. I sat and talked to my cat, said, "Come and hold my hand, I just wanna feel real life. There is a hole in my soul, its a real big place. Not sure i understand the role I have been given."