

'trying to fit into
the context '

thesis

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academie

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Preface: Self Critique

First

Writing in english gives me the creeps. I do it though because i think that it is more direct than a translation. I refuse translators because they are people too. Their secret intention is to leave a mark as well. Which would be no problem but i want things to be raw and me. I hope that my intellectual sperm will hit you right in your face. How macho of me!

Second

I have no time for you, i have to deal with my own illusions.

"Trying to fit into the context ..." is the work of a wannabe. A guy who's work is unfinished. In his illusions he strives for perfection. He can become part of this and that. A perfect postmodern soul who's aspirations will maybe become true, only if things are really complicated.... A fantastic, real existing man, who is no other, no better, not more what Peter Sloterdijk described as a soul who wants to immerse, to dive into radical mediocrity. Yeah partner that's me!

Third

All researches are unfinished. That's how they appear in my head right now. I know and feel that i need three lives to get down all constructed, discovered and directed lines. I write the thesis in flight mode, which is a nice misunderstanding of mine. Because its a 'stand alone' mode. While on plane your mobile device allows you to use basic operations. Most important stuff you get when you're done. Landing!

Fourth

Drugs, influences are here, there and everywhere. They come and go nothing remains, but things fly in and out while writing. I will try to write this thing in sober mode. No alcohol, maybe a joint not abused but convincing. I will not become the victim of my writings!

Fifth

A method and there are others. Check your Facebook - Gmail conversations. People do not communicate, they use messages to make up their mind, nothing else!

Introduction and inner Monologue

Methodology and chance sometimes do not match. I do not want to destroy anything, but things are postponed. I feel that it is not my job - as a writer - to make things match. The world has been explained and misinterpreted over and over again. Maybe its my own world that lacks of explanation and I am doing the work of Sisyphus every time I try to put things down. From a formal point of view there is the danger to the danger of destroying semantic categories. I am struck by the appearance of topics in my head. Maybe it is a sign of lacking emancipation: political, social, artistic and private. What is true political emancipation? What is social engagement at its purest? What is to be done in the arts? And where is the life I dreamt of as a teenager? I propose to use this chaos against the terror. The terror of our conformist society. You will have to decide what this terror means to you. I write this with the last few breaths of the dying teenager in me. I say farewell to you my old friend.

It was nice to see the world with own eyes. Now they are about to win! Words, and when you speak them out they become shallow. Hiding from myself is a discipline I am surely skilled in very well. All your fears of loss that used to explain you the world and why you got to be alone in here, all this will pass and you will become one of them. But with my last power I do put things down for you dear reader, one more time! We can say: At the trial to visualize and to formulate the real, chaos broke out!

Some old paths must be given up. Some new appear. There is the logic of language and the magic of language. You are invited to pick up whatever you think, fits to your own life. No text can offer more, than the opportunity to behave independently. My telos lies beyond the text, beyond the language. Life goes on, aesthetic dissent!

From a later note:

Please consider this thesis as a 'formal impossibility'. A wording which tries to become a catalogue of inner voices and images. The writings are the representation of the dynamic labour inside the brain of 'those' lines of flight. With the writing something else slips in: a parasite, a tourette, a comorbidity ... The epilogue attempts to grind an objective lens. There is text without headlines and headlines without text, thoughts fighting with the muddle to crawl to the surface. A fractal autobiography without a plot? Good Luck!

What I propose is very simple: it is nothing more than to think what we are doing.
— Hannah Arendt.

Es wird ein Lächeln sein, was euch beerdigt!
- Gudrun Ensslin

Aren't we all the same from the beginning, a copy?
- E.T.A. Hoffmann

Note: Sleep of reason does not mean sleeping reason. Reason that sometimes dares to sleep, but sleep that looks like reason. The Logos - as the dead work of all egocentric points of view in history - is especially then awake and gives birth to monsters. This kind of reason protects its sleep against waking up by violent dreams.

Alexander Kluge/ Oskar Negt

When the river is slow and you have a good bike or a horse, you certainly can bath in the same river twice.

- Augusto Monterroso



I was raised by fascists. My grandmother was a Iron Guard member. The Iron Guard was a fair-right movement and a political party in Romania in the period from 1927 into the period of World War 2.

They were ultra nationalists, fascists and promoted the Orthodox Christian faith. Not to speak of the antisemitic ideology they were standing for.

In the past i tried to get as much information as possible about my grandmother, who died before i was born. Little i could find out. My mother is not telling me much about her maybe she thinks she keeps a secret. Like many who participated in the Legion (in romanian "Miscarea Legionara") they had a specific belief of how to raise and educate a child, in one line: as a child you do not exist for them!

I don't mean that fascist parents do not give you enough food and clothes and even Love! But while growing up one doesn't exist for them as what one could call a person. A small person who reacts, who gives answers when asked, who shows empathy and so on... This is one of the basic feelings i had as a child. I do not exist. I am invisible.

I had big difficulties with my father at the time we lived together. He ignored me, refused me and when around constantly told me to be silent. There was little possibility to talk to him and to play with him. The only role he gave me was that of the nice kid.

Probably he behaved like that, because he had to deal with his own traumata's that were never cured. I think even until today he refuses any psychoanalytical treatment.

Via him i got in touch with the world of sadism. A sentence i would have liked to laugh about already when i was younger.

He is a dentist, i guess with this kind of precondition that's what you have to become, then. My father - even though he never was a spoken out fascist - behaved like that. I remember how he once told me about Peter Sloterdijk's Critique of Cynical Reason. Even though i never read the book, the title sums up very well how i felt about his comments towards me. Nothing abstract just the real crazy thing!



*Bought on stolen wine
A nod was the first step
You knew very well
What was coming next*

*Bought on stolen wine
A nod was the first step
You knew very well
What was coming next*

*Did I really walk all this way
Just to hear you say
Oh, I don't want to go out tonight
Oh, I don't want to go out tonight**

*The Smiths – I don't owe you anything



apathetic propaganda

Was Ceausescu a leftist?



*I am the end of the line
The end of the family line
The decision is mine
The end of the line.**

*Morrissey – (I'm) The End Of The Family Line

Designing my Super-Ego,
Wu-Tang is now Member
of Eugen Georg.



UEBER-ICH
UEBER ALLES!



Alters Milde

Ich rauche Alters Milde!

... meanwhile I'm getting prepared for the kindness of old age.

While I lived in the red light district of Amsterdam I constantly confused the relation or the sequence of being over-sexed and/or under fucked. Emotional outlines of a part time situation. A sex worker who wanted to marry me was the top notch story in the neighborhood of those days. She was the mother of a child. Her window was right next to entrance of my house.. Besides the business we saw each other almost every day. She told me she works and fights for her child in Ghana. She wanted to marry me to obtain legal papers in Netherlands. There must be hundreds of stories like this. I refused I didn't respond to her offer. Why? Because simply I am not the one to bring her child over to the Netherlands.

How to not pass on rhetorical questions?*

While I try to get into the context. I explore my inner negotiations. Which of my stories are important? How far can you go in a thesis? On which plateau do we meet? What are results I can hope for? Can I have an own methodology?

I feel an inner fight that can be emphasized by decisions of design. I experience ambiguous moments loaded with shame and doubts. When Flaubert wrote Madame Bovary he went through a lot of pain of considering and re-considering over and over again. I am interested in what is meant when you read "a project realized by ..."

ARTIST IS THE SPY OF SOCIETY or

I do not know the microphysics of power, I do not understand their wordplay. I do not get any back stage gossip. There are abstract institutions and their networks that's why it there it doesn't feel like home. Democracy is not a place you can visit like like you visit a tropical island. "A place of transition, not one to rest in" like Claude Levi- Strauss put it.

What is to be told? Where are the hidden borders?

The logic of inclusion and exclusion. Am I part of what Gramsci called a group of subalterns? One thing is clear I am in need of the distant look. But the view of the observant won't succeed. The right balance of near and distance which is actually nowhere on planet earth achievable is here even harder to maintain.

I do not have the phone numbers of the deciding persons. I can't even be instrumentalized by politicians who want to push through their point of view. They better talk to political commentators. At the same time this is my society, the stories which are told about this country are mine. The images and words of guilt and destruction have burnt themselves in my head. I try to be engaged. I try to understand what happens around me to participate in discussions and to visit theater plays. I go to gallery openings. I never went there as one of them. I never said "Hi" to curators. But because its my country and my democracy I feel responsible, I am even more disappointed and unjust more than anywhere else.

All this is disqualifying myself. I won't manage an objective and distant contemplation nor a informed-professional. Either I am too close or too far away.

What remains?

Maybe a kind of subjective-reflective be amazed about that what I do not understand in this democracy. Why Angela Merkel always gets away with her decisionistic style. Why nobody asks for her reasons and how she came to her (converted) convictions.

I am slow in life and in writing. In the last few years I decided to be even more slow. But when I travel I step into new rituals different habits and rhythms. In the next months i think I will adapt myself to new languages and speeds. In search of democracy.



*Is a European, standardized, healthy, safe and cost-effective life, as the policy is so busy producing it, one that is worth living for?

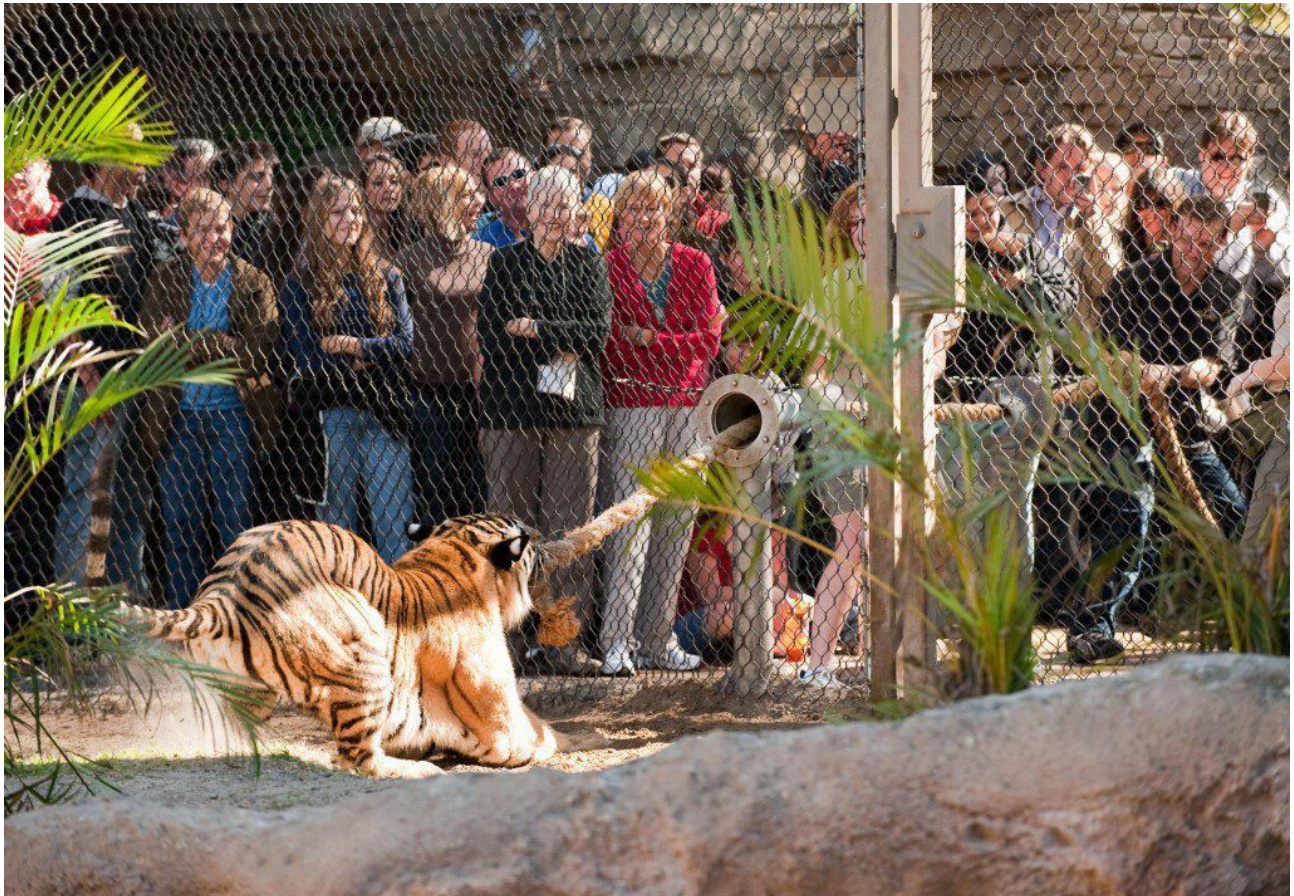
Gangsta rap is not anymore what it used to be. A few years ago you could have said that Gangsta lyrics and Gangsta Lifestyle was not completely vague or fictional. The new tendencies indicate an erosion of the Realness-Paradigm. What happened to the real? In an Interview for the Hip Hop Magazine XXL. Rapper Shawty Lo comments on the relationship of artistic practices and the real life :

“Well, you know, a lot of artists—I’m an artist that lives what I do. But the deal is, [for] a lot of artists, it’s entertainment. So I would never knock a hustler. I would never knock how a man or a woman feed they family. This is what they do. You got some of the best artists in the world say stuff in they music that they don’t do. But people still listen to it and buy it, ’cause that’s what they wanna hear. I used to think it wasn’t okay, but, you know, you can never knock a hustler. You can’t tell a man how to feed his family, how to feed himself.”

It documents the dogma of Gangsta rap. If you rap about the street life you gotta have a biographical basement in the hood. The realness was subject to the point of a kind of a endurance test that in the scene culminates in the slogan >> Real recognize real <<. The audience critically proofed performances if the rapper links up with the aesthetic conventions, performing a kind of >> Trademark Style <<. Sociologists call this a mutual recognition ratio in a performative relationship. There was a cultural and social valuta – a result of the socialization in the black neighborhood. The hood functioned as reference of authenticity for the performance. >>The ghetto, hood, street, and corner all surface as representations of a particular image inscribing an ideal of authenticity or hardcore urban reality.<<

There are rappers like Ice Cube and Young Jeezy who oppose the authenticity criterion. When in 2007 Rick Ross came up the game changed. The product is a 150 Kilo heavy black guy who passes lyrically through the american dream. A former drug dealer that makes it to the top of the entertainment industry. What helped him was the potentiation of components which primarily affects the known blurring of reality and fiction: gangsta rap anyway works by certification of the meta-communicative: interviews, video messages, etc. It was important what Ross divulged in his songs: a large number of cocaine businesses in Miami? Connections to the Medellin – Kartell and Noriega? It's all true! Until 50 Cent came and proofed via the media that Ross was on the wrong side of the Law. He found out that Ross was a jailer. Now how odes that go together with the dealer and mafioso styles?

Dissolving political economy and social relations into what is my desire for ... all about?



*What once starts with affection
ends up in trivial considerations.
Some nugatory comments for instance.*



The story of the illegal refugees camping in Notweg/ Amsterdam in autumn 2012.
Told in tweets via the "We Are also Here" Facebook page:

Visit the refugee camp in notweg 32 new-west Amsterdam

Can you please 'Like' us over here and not only over there?

Reeda Sehla said the women are not doing so well. For them is the hardest.

The blankets are delivered. Thanks to Martien, Roberto and Holiday Inn.

Ahmed's drawing of Somalian history and geography. The soviet influence and the country's changing leaders from 1977 till today.

A short discussion with an unreasonable man. He is attacking the status of the people.

Aaron said that he has so many problems that forgetting became part of his life. Little things don't matter anymore, its all a problem.

Thirteenth night in Osdorp.

Peeping tom from opposite building.

tweets against the cold

@woukevescherrnb

@brenenbeer

@janeikelboom

@lexrunNOS

@hostelboatNL

@hennyradstaak

send #notweg to keep journalists talking about the camp.

Mohamed said that in this situation he cannot listen to blues music, only reggae gives him hope.

The situation is sickening.

Chekh El Mouthena Marrakchy says,
thanks for all the people to help us in all forms
but we want a normal life like everyone else.

Reading together with Mohamed and Bizimunzu the email i wrote for some international embassy's to help. Dear embassy please answer us!

Our demands for seeking asylum were not successful. So far in the cases of Denmark, Germany and USA. Now we wait, with not much hope for the rest to respond. Dear friends, Let's not give up! The UNHCR is one of the next addresses.

Join Protest in Den Hague 23.10.2012 !

Another refugee camp in Den Hague.

Waldemar Gienek:

"We visited tent camp i Osdorp last Saturday. During our visit one of the man fainted and he couldn't take a breathe. We call to ambulance at once, it came in 15 min. Two orderlies didn't want come up to sick man and they were very surprised, that almost unconsciousness man can't take a walk. Camp's inhabitants took him to the ambulance at least, which did ride around neighborhood, dropped him (unable to walk alone) about 200m from tent camp and left. Luckily dutch neighbor appeared and call to ambulance again. Second time they were supported by policeman. We made our cameras ready (with experience of inhumanity behavior of orderlies from first ambulance). Cameras made one of the ambulance workers very angry. Policeman said that sick man needed take a walk-against our argument using the "weapon". Finally they examined him and took to the hospital with before heart attack condition. I want put attention how disconcerting and contemptible was behavior of first ambulance workers who ignored completely human in need. We were witnesses of pure discrimination in capital of the country what is proud of the name most tolerant in Europe.... "

Chekh El Mouthena Marrakchy:

people think that we are asking for food and clothing but the truth is that we have a large problem. we can not live in our countries. our life is in danger. we want a legal life !

Please visit the exhibition on 9 & 10 Nov at Brakke Grond, Nes 45 Amsterdam. Right around the corner of the Dam! My film and photo installation is based on the topic of migration. We will collect money and show pictures of the camp in Notweg. Open Friday between 19.00 & 23.00 and Saturday between 13.00 & 23.00 free entrance

Ergens in de nacht - tussen 2AM en 5AM (?) - hebben zij toegang tot het kamp met slot afgegrendeld. een extreem rechtse groepering heeft afgelopen nacht een actie uitgevoerd tegen aanwezigheid tentenkamp.

Where to go on Friday?

Today's eviction of the refugee camp & resistance

Picture of a picture, what happened that day?

Another attempt to draw society's attention to the question of solidarity. How can I show that I care? Does my individual action make any change? As we all know, real changes are needed for those living on the street. These summoned "changes" are nothing more than the application of basic human rights. Individual actions cannot replace the decisions made by those who have the power to change something in this Country!

**I never wanted to write about Germany
in blurred pictures, there was only one
in which I as a child could imagine my later life:
being abroad, traveling.**

**I try to consider this all,
to acknowledge my groundlessness
this has to be done before everything else.**

**What is my space?
Unification.**

There are people, Villem Flusser writes in his Autobiography, for whom groundlessness is the mode they objectively find themselves in. People who lost the ground under their feet. Either because of outer reasons reality's impact on them or because they chose for it. "I realized that the severed threads that had fed me food and that I was now thrown into the wild. I was captured by the dizziness of freedom, reflected in the fact that the question of 'free from what' turned into 'free for what'. And so we are all immigrants. Beings who are gripped by vertigo."

This freedom or dizziness made Flusser find a way in dealing with the abyss. For him Bodenlosigkeit (Groundlessness) is experienced as a fundamental existential condition and one that can be overcome. This is possible, in which one is freed from the consequences of migration, such as of the fear of not being accepted anywhere.

For Flusser this liberation also means the possibility (or need) ...of leading a life which..., which oscillates back and forth, without the prospect of a fixed point. If one wants to understand standstill, one has to prepare oneself for the fact that with him unrest breaks out, and one would rather run away from it..... In this nomadic life, it is actually not about to settling down in one place (what many migrants want), but about experiencing several

places at the same time and the ability to take these up - which happens often in times of globalization.

In this regard, for Flusser, man is not meant to settle down somewhere to grow "roots" that is why he often compares man with the animal and plant world. a solid place to develop, a vessel that binds them to the earth, animals need more places between which they can change depending on the weather or food supply. Therefore man is closer to animals than to plants because "he" needs to survive in multiple locations. According to Flusser, man becomes only really a man when he separates from his own roots (in a good way). Therefore, for him, the word "bottomless" means "rootless" at the same time:

"Something like a plant which is bottomless when she's plucked, to put it into a vase. (...) This urge of uprooted flowers is the mood of the absurd life. But it also stands for "meaning-less". Just like the solar system is abysmal, it rotates in the "abysmal void of space" around the sun. The senseless circular motion, which is nothing but the background of the mood of the absurd life. There is according to Julia Kristeva a fragile border between flight and origin.

It is difficult to answer whether the Groundless speed remains permanent. Is the person who has come to Flusser Is the person who has come to Flusser in a "shocked" condition, to conquer the possibility of a new place anywhere else in the world? to conquer the possibility a new place? Surely not if any surmounts the abyss successfully, as Flusser has done himself. You have even got to ask if it is necessary. And how to recognize, finally, that the abyss has passed and the situation has changed for the better? In most cases, perhaps due to a home newly found, a new residence, where you can fully develop. This home by no means replaces the old one, but it does give you the feeling of belonging somewhere.

However, there are other methods and strategies to improve the situation of the abyss. These strategies are very individual, and are impossible to generalize, because each the abyss means something else. Everyone finds a different way to endure it, or other form to transcend it. So it may happen that the abyss is not seen as obstacle but as an opportunity.

From this perspective, in the following example, three different situations are investigated where groundlessness is experienced and that experience can be explained:

Geographically: This situation refers to people who do not own any land, do not possess any piece of land who only cultivate it or use it as a living space such as the "landless" in Brazil. These people are objectively "bottomless".

Social: this situation speaks of those who grew up, so to speak, between two cultures and thus have a dual citizenship.

Creative: This situation includes a nomadic existence in which the abyss is experienced as a possibility and necessity of creativity such as in Flusser. He is freed by the desire for the roots in the ground where he can take positions and positions as many there are available. Parts of the thesis are there to better consider concrete examples and to be able to deepen the relationship with Flusser. Although these experiences are personal and subjective to assess, perhaps they can be inspiring. Firstly, in order to develop strategies on how to deal with the groundlessness and the other to make different atmospheres of groundlessness unemployable.

Each place on this earth has: A specific surface area and a certain number of people who live there at various distances from each other (closer in the big cities and less close in the countryside) Some of these areas, or only certain of those regions, are utilized by the people through various means. As habitat for people, animals and plants and can in many ways be seen as a basis individual and collective human action, as well as social and community organization. Since virtually every human activity occupies ground, everyone is in some way a "base actor." (Boden Akteur)

However, there are other methods and strategies to improve the situation with the abyss. So it may happen that the abyss is not seen as obstacle but as an opportunity.

The sociologist Robert E. Park in the "Marginal Man":

"A cultural hybrid is a man who shares the intense cultural life and traditions of two distinct peoples: he is not really willing to break with its past and its traditions, even if it is allowed. (...) He is the man on the border between two cultures and two societies that have never fully penetrated mutually and are fused."

I could produce a settled stability and traction, which for each creative or creative life model is counterproductive or inhibitory. The creative ones do not develop peacefully on meadows and pastures nor in the idyllic village squares with a house, above a hill and beside the lake (except perhaps for contemplative moments).

One rather thinks of wild currents of the ocean, the flood that at times take one to the safe shores and other times one can almost drown in them. One knows them creatively and in action, the behaviour of these waves, or at least how they feel like when they come up (in inspiring moments) and as they disappear in a flash.

But that does not mean that the creative element is absolute silence. It can be experienced whether in a village or in a body of water. It is certainly that, but opposes the wavy life. Why would he ever go somewhere if everything is achievable at home?

For this reason, for Flusser it is not possession but information that distinguishes power and experience. "Who owns learns nothing, and who learns, has nothing," says Flusser.

No more sedentary existence, the form is functional no more protected house with solid walls, where time passes slowly, but the nomadic the portable tent in which the sky is near life is lived at a different speed.

But that does not mean that we should spend our days in tents as nomads and live in a place in the winter and in yet another in the summer. We should think better as the wind starts to move us as we chase after information (instead animals) and as a nomad beyond settled soil where other experience is possible.

The experience of the abyss is a certainty for each and everyone else. Not everyone wins "ground under their feet" the same way or gets into a "sphere of action". Because how we can develop and maintain our feet on the ground, is also always associated with a spatial question of power.

The question or search for an "action area" served the basis of several examples like the "landless" for Flusser. In each situation, the different strategies and methods have been studied, as they reduce the abyss, cancel it or show how to get along with it.

The occupations are an efficient method to usurp an "action area", to cover the basic human needs such as Living.

There are enough people who do not have such a space that have no chance to set up a nest somewhere. It is a concrete and essential space that should be there for everyone for every "bottom actor" in this world.

They are dependent on the help of other people and have to be content with what they find on the road. But why not everybody in the room? This is a very difficult question to answer because many factors are important here. Your family, political conditions of the country in what circles you move and in what rooms you can enter.

What I experienced in Amsterdam is increasingly unjust how the ground gets distributed. Everybody is fighting for room here.



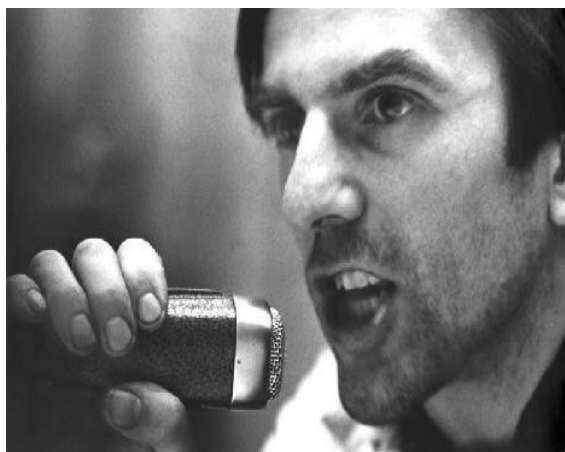
Rudi Dutschke sings Morrissey's 'I'm not sorry'

*On returning
I can't believe this world is still turning
The pressure's on
Because the pleasure hasn't gone
And I'm
Not sorry for
For the things I've done
And I'm
Not looking for
Just anyone
On competing
Oh, when will this tired heart stop beating?*

*It's all a game
Existence is only a game
And I'm Not sorry for
For the things I've done
And I'm
Not looking for
Just anyone
I'm Slipping below the water line I'm Slipping below the water line
Reach for my hand
And, and the race is won
Reject my hand
And the damage is done
I'm Slipping below the water line I'm Slipping below the water line*

*The woman of my dreams
She, she never came along
The woman of my dreams*

*Well, there never was one
And I'm
Not sorry for
For the things I've said
There's a wild man in my head*



BUT: WE DO EXIST

A STUPID STORY

AGING AS PROBLEM
FOR ARTISTS

NO APPLAUSE
JUST THROW
MONEY!!!

WITH TH ENERGY
OF ADDICTS

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH THERE
IS STILL SOMETHING MISSING

SOLIDARITY IS THE
WEAKEST PART OF
ANY PROTEST
MOVEMENT

WHY DO YOU REPRODUCE
A CERTAIN SENTIMENT
THAT IS NOT YOURS?

This charming man

He knows so much about this things,

Creating pending versions.

Don't become a shopping-dummy!

Do not repeat advertisement slogans!

To burn oneself with oneself

**Do not confuse
shopping and collecting!**

You are sleeping, you do not want to believe!

How soon is now?

**Enjoy the role-theoretical
processing of the political**

Partisan theatre!

**I share Deleuze's disgust for those who call
themselves misfits**

Signs are missing

Dwayne working at crap

**The repetition will be a paradox and a poetical one, a
comprehensive repetition!**



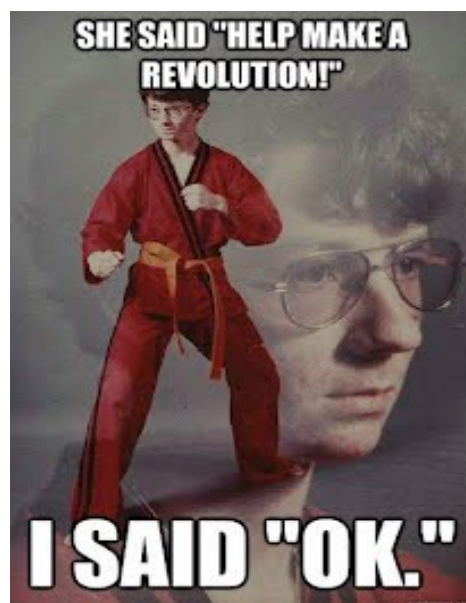
How to deal with parallel universes?

Do you have a metaphor for how quickly cultural images can change and be contested in a world driven by parallel and shifting paradigms? I can only imagine a relationship between users and designers, a solidarity even. I examine users participation in design and the changing role of designers in order to elucidate how a new understanding of these roles can transform the interaction Design process. I want to find out how professionals think in action. Learning in public, my performances are a help to understand, guide, influence and manage transformations of the unstable society and its institutions. Thinking alongside **Donald Schon*** we must develop learning systems, that is so to say, systems that are

capable of learning about their own continuing transformation. The loss of the stable state means that our society and all of its institutions are in continuous processes of transformation. The task which the loss of the stable state makes imperative, for the person, for our institutions, for our society as a whole, is to learn about learning. Education was not a segregated activity, conducted for certain hours, in certain places, at a certain time of life. There is no working time, there is no freetime, there is only lifetime! It was the aim of the society. The city educated the man. The Athenian was educated by culture, by paideia.* Call it dynamic conservatism. The business firm is a striking example of a learning system. A firm is:

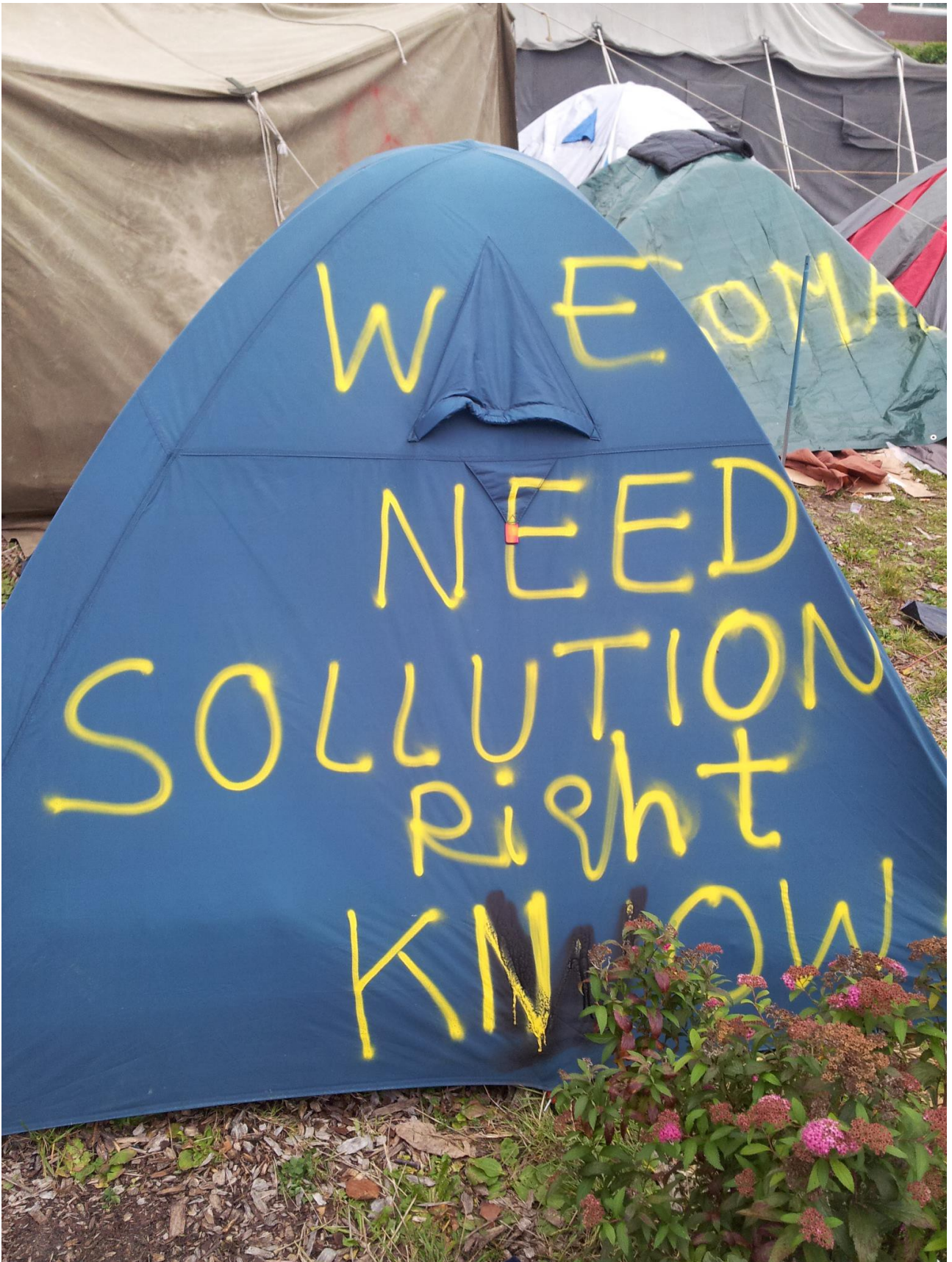
... an internal learning system in which the system's interactions... must now become a matter of directed transformation of the whole system. These directed transformations are in part the justification for the business systems firm. But they oblige it to internalize processes of information flow and sequential innovation which have traditionally been left to the 'market' and to the chain reactions within and across industry lines – reactions in which each firm had only to worry about its own response as one component. The business firm, representing the whole functional system, must now learn to effect the transformation and diffusion of the system as a whole.*

Can I build temporary autonomous zones alongside my performances where we do not only enjoy but also learn about ourselves? Can we analyze role play within these situations and can we change them? Can I use myself as a sensor and encourage a point of view that is characteristic for social change? The old how the old was, is no longer anymore. Born as someone who awaits his original right, as if it suddenly disappeared. Fatefully. The world is a precarious place. The role play metaphor is conjured by the lament of change. The recovery of the good old times, the status quo ante where each and everyone had his place in society. This point of view that asks from here and now and also has nothing to await from the future but only looks back in the past, sentences its representatives to passivity and contemplation. From this point of view, you are the audience of a happening that works without your contribution.





The desire for sameness is the birth of alienation. It sounds strange but the individual's time period is not there to internalize a piece of the market or to start believing in their comparative individualism. A horrible imagination.



Sprayed tent at the Camp of Cold on Notweg in Osdorp, Amsterdam.

How was it to be artist under a communist regime? An Interview

the summer of 2012 i went to Baia Mare, the town i was born in Romania. I went there to interview artists who lived and worked under the communist regime. I got to know Nicolae Muntean. I know the street he lives in very well, we went there often when i was a kid. My grandmother lived there. I met him on a sunny afternoon in his backyard. His wife served us coffee and little snacks. We started talking about the old communist regime. He told me a lot about Ceausescu's party and the relation of the system to the artists. This is what i got from him (and others)*:

So how was life under communist regime?

In general life was calm. Time passed slower than today. We artists had a more or less easy life.

Can you describe it a bit. How was artistic life organized at that time? Did you have studios you worked in a collective?

Yes we had our own individual ateliers and studios. Nothing fancy but good enough to work there. Ever since Baia Mare has had a big artist community. And we still have it today.

Was it hard to be a painter or a sculptor at that time?

Do you mean financially? Money wasn't a big issue to anybody in communist times. Well yes also ...

Did you have to paint what the communist party wanted you to paint?

Yes, most painters like me painted because we had assignments from the party. They came to our places and suggested what is to be done. They told us what they need. There were representational paintings needed for official interiors like the city hall or party buildings.

How did they pick up the artworks? How did they choose what?

There was a commission who decided. They said this is good art or not. The artist had to step in front of them - all members of the party of course - and they made the decisions.

How big was such a commission?

The commission consisted of 4 or 5 people.

Was there any criteria visible how they came up with their choices?

Well, the artist knew already what is expected from them. They were accustomed to the situation. Most of the talk was registered and put on paper. I remember i saw one of these copies in an archive. There you could have the whole protocol. I was in a few of these talks but some of my colleagues were there more often.

What kind of art was depicted? Ceausescu's portraits?

Yes indeed, very often there was need for a new portrait of him most of the time for a new event or festival. You can say that 90% percent of the paintings showed him and his wife. The other paintings i remember were depicting kitsch landscapes and communist propaganda. Like industrial landscapes, workers, housewives and so on...

You were the architects of communism so to speak.

Ha, yes not really. We were artists we didn't have much to do with politics. Only that we got these assignments from the government.

What do you think of the following quote: "Our task is the struggle to embody in the language of architecture the great slogans of our epoch." ? It is from a art magazine from that time.

I think this was the common language. The propaganda that the communists spread around everywhere. It sounds familiar to me (laughs).

It sounds very optimistic and future driven. I kinda miss that kind of optimism nowadays. We the younger generation of artists have no direction. It is very hard for us how to position ourselves as political subjects. Especially in the West i have this feeling...

Yes i can understand that. Nowadays things are different and you don't have to work only for one man or party. The variety of topics you can deliver is bigger and you missing a doctrine. We didn't have these problems. For us it was clear what is to be done. But in post-modern times i guess you have it harder...

Yes that's why i came here to understand how it is when everything has one direction and we all march together.

Well, you lived a few years in that system. That's what you told me. I think that there were enormous problems seen from nowadays perspective. For instance you couldn't be creative and express yourself. A thing that is expected from artists nowadays.

Can we say you were a kind of cultural worker for the benefit of the communist party?

Well i would have never called myself like this. I prefer artist or painter.

How do you see your responsibility from today's perspective? Do you regret to have painted Ceausescu's face?

Me personally not so much. I know colleagues they do. They are hiding their works from that period.

I would really like to see them. Is it possible, do you think they would allow me to see these works?

No, i don't think so. The situation in Romania is still difficult. Some people are still sensitive when it comes to communist times and what they did then.

But why not showing these works?

Because the artists feel ashamed of what they did. I think it is hard for an individual to digest this period. Especially when you have the impression to be misunderstood.

I understand. I would very much like to see these works and i would like to suggest that there needs to be a common discussion in Romanian society. The artist should participate in a big forum and discuss all these issues. It hasn't been done yet?

No, we do not have such a forum yet and probably also not in next future. I know that many are still ashamed of their contribution to communist art.

It sounds like the struggle for gay rights in the West.

Well certainly you could compare it to that. We have here now also struggles for gay rights. Especially in the capital, Bucuresti.

Let's go back to the everyday life of artists. How can i imagine a production. Did you go in your atelier and paint Ceausescu and then later did you make some hidden anticommunist drawings? Was there any such a thing like underground art?

No not at all. Nobody did these kind of drawings. We never had the feeling we had to do them. We just did our work and that's that.

And how did you express your bad feelings towards the regime?

Well we sat down had a drink and laughed together. You know all these jokes about Ceausescu and his wife. In a way that was how we digested what happened around us. No one was a resistance fighter. There were no dissidents among the artists in that time. At least not in Baia Mare.

Wow that's surprising me. I thought there was such a resistance. Even if not organized but then let's say in private. Especially artists seemed to me predisposed for such things. I hoped there were still some of these artifacts to discover. AntiCommunist works...

Well maybe ... but you have these kind of things more in literature. People like Paul Goma were more of a resistance type of artist. He organized the first protest movement in 1977 in Valea Jiului. He had a cynical slogan: "A Romania that is occupied by romanians." It was a clear innuendo towards Ceausescu who was promoting/ emphasizing the distance of his politics from the USSR's. He thought he could use this to justify his unpopular domestic policies. As you might know in 1968 Ceausescu refused to follow the Warsaw Pact to enter Czechoslovakia.

Yes i know Ceausescu got more and more of a nationalist leader who wanted to profile himself as being independent from the USSR. That leads me to the next question. In how far were the aesthetics influenced by Russian social realism?

Well all decisions were made in Moscow. Everything came from there also the culture and the arts. We have learned from russian artists. They were shown to us as examples in the Academy. People like Chebakov, Gaponenko or Gerasimov.

Rodchenko?

Also Rodchenko but less i would say. He was after a while especially after the 1950s a bit too revolutionary.

In how far are the 1950s important as a date?

In that time - Stalin just died - all these methods of personal destruction like brainwashing were invented. The Securitate was significantly empowered. For the prison of Piteti there is no comparison. Neither in the Soviet gulags nor in any other communist country. In addition to this there were many people who identified with Ceausescu's politics. A lot of intellectuals who gained some privileges took part in those praising sessions. For one example the philosopher Constantin Noica who build his whole work around state nationalism.

I remember a few paintings in our house and also in friends houses. There wasn't any Ceausescu portrait or anything like that. I pretty much loved them as a kid.

Yes people unlike today had real paintings hanging in their houses. It was normal to have real paintings. At that time they were affordable. Baia Mare had a big community of painters, mostly landscape painters. Anything else wasn't allowed.

For this interview I used comments from the following people I talked to in Baia Mare/RO:

Nicolae Muntean (Artist)

Ioan Marchis (Artist, Head of municipal culture institute Maramures)

Tiberiu Alexa (Artist, Head of Museum of modern art Baia Mare)

Nicolae Suci (Artist)

What is it what you want to achieve with your work and what is the best way to present it?



Hi Eugen,

how is life?

Is it an idea to postpone our project?
so you have more grip on your own project.
(from a mail)

POST INDUSTRIAL SICKNESS

Historically we are in the transition stage between Nazi concentration camps and the forced labor camps by the Great Coalition.* The aggravation of the contradictions in late capitalism – manifested economically by accumulated crises of economy and on the level of consciousness by the “no future” perspective of social life and existence – causes the rulers to take preventive measures to overcome those contradictions. These preventive measures are simultaneously very intensive and efficient, and unrealized by the general public. Examples include drug prohibition laws against drop outs, centralization collection of data on so-called mentally disturbed people, forced labour camps for political drop outs and life sentences on installment against those whose resistance against capitalist crime is not restricted to sitting around in discussion circles.**

*National and subnational Governments in Netherlands & Germany

**SPK – Sozialistisches Patienten Kollektiv 1995

What do you call life your life is nothing more than a text that others have written, and pictures and fashionable accessories. This text makes sense together with a few songs that provide the soundtrack. And this politics stuff we negotiate week after week, I do not want to say that it is unimportant, but it is in such weird way extraterritorially the opposite, and it touches some of my questions, but tangentially like the tangents which intersect at infinity, but then never touch. Maybe I could formulate a secret of this paper that there are things mentioned, which touch us ultimately. These things, what do I know, are in poems, in novels, songs, Facebook status messages or nerdish American television series.



Eugene Giurgiu

Wandering sons

Some years ago I received a letter from a gentleman in Craiova asking what advice I might have for his children, engineers by trade, both married, who intended to resettle in Canada. It asked for detailed information on the education system in Canada, the climate, how one might make headway quickly without an adequate knowledge of English, if employment is available, if salaries are generally good, if one should come prepared with bed linen and kitchen ware, etc. I replied with the following advice, that his sons and their families ought to stay put, look for a job in Romania or establish there an enterprise suitable to their background, because the tales regarding the exhilarating successes of Romanians in exile, and guaranteed fulfillment, are only that, tales. I suspect my advice went unheeded, as years have passed and nigh every day I hear of another Romanian couple who have chosen emigration and are looking for work in Toronto or Montreal or have just decided to bring over their aging parents to look after the children.

There are small communities of Romanians in Toronto and Montreal, indeed in other Canadian cities. They include some who work in their field, earn a good living, travel regularly to their homeland, manage to put some money aside and overall seem satisfied. When in Romania, they advise others to follow them to Canada. Here prosperity beckons. It's true. A good life is possible. Immigrants who manage to put down roots, ten years later might have enough to buy a house, the dream of all immigrants. Their children grow up and learn good English. Soon they answer only in English when spoken to in Romanian, and eventually no longer understand even the simplest question in the old speech, except after proper explanation or a rough translation. Forget about communicating with grandparents! The parents are proud the children do well in school, are mannered, don't use ill language, don't smoke or do drugs. These are happy families. It's true as well that the parents more often than not dwell on their youth years in Romania, hoping desperately to meet other exiles, drink Romanian plum brandy and eat Romanian cabbage rolls, smell the smell of spicy meat balls, get drunk and sing old songs, sighing as they do. Time passes faster in exile. Friends are fewer. We go to church if we need to meet compatriots. We boast of achievements such as a new car, a bigger house or new ensemble of patio furniture, the cottage by the lakeside we paid a small fortune for. Many of us are Romanian only in name, assuming we haven't changed it. Are we happy? I assume, but Romanians

we're not. Most of us don't read the native language, don't listen to native music because we have no inclination or no idea where to find any. We don't travel to Romania and no longer invite anyone from Romania over to visit us, because we can't communicate with them. We share no common interests with regular Romanians. In this way the country is being depleted of hundreds of thousands of citizens every year. Beginning in 1991, and ending with the last census (2002), we've lost to exile approximately a million inhabitants. Anyone cares? Apparently not.

More than ten years ago I started a monthly literary publication (LITTERAE) in which I published verse and prose in Romanian, addressed to Romanians in Canada. I included book reviews and chronicles detailing cultural events. I presented Romania to Romanians living here. I included essays, translations, interviews with major figures of the exile. Five years later (marked by much applause and praise—but no support), and being some forty thousand dollars in debt, I ended this adventure reluctantly. My appeals for support to public institutions in Romania went unanswered. Not quite despairing and showing more stubbornness than perhaps this little "cause" warranted, I resolved to take my magazine the electronic route, reasoning that with a wider audience I might achieve a decent level of profit. I put it on the Internet and included texts in English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Spanish. I turned the enterprise into a sort of centre of literary information. For instance, I determined to publish lists (as complete as possible) of writers writing in the forenoted languages, setting out their works accessible to the public on the Internet. I remember I appealed to a Romanian authority, Mr. Aurel Sasu, responsible for creating a dictionary of Romanian writers, asking his excellency for a list of Romanian contemporary authors. There was no reply. This explains why we provide a list of Spanish authors, but not Romanian. Some two or three years ago, taking up a suggestion by the Union of Writers of Canada, I approached the Romanian consulate in Toronto with the following proposition. Let's organize an exhibit of Romanian books, similar to one organized by the Bulgarian community, with excellent results. The Consulate promised cooperation, assuming, of course, that the authorities in Romania approved. That was that.

The Bucharest media recently mentioned a forum on the subject of the links between the government and Romanians abroad. These fora are common. They consist of exchanges of ideas, blueprints and many beautiful speeches, including some by dignitaries as highly placed as Mr. Manolescu or the President of the Republic, Mr. Iliescu. I wrote the former, without a reply. I wrote to some newspapers in Bucharest such as Ziua, Adevarul, Evenimentul Zilei, perhaps Cotidianul. I wrote to Mr. Paleologu. No answer. In my zeal, I set up a course offering instruction in Romanian to non-speakers. I wrote the ministry of education in Romania asking for support, such as textbooks, manuals, works of literature, etc., anything. No reply.

My experience is that patriotic speeches made in Bucharest, including plans and blueprints, all beautifully conceived and theoretically ratified by committees of energetic bureaucrats, do not advance beyond the planning level. In reality nothing is done. As in other spheres, in the cultural domain the government do not assist the efforts of the diaspora on behalf of Romania. The marketing of the Romanian image abroad isn't a priority. Neither the political elite, nor the media, support us. The Romanian Cultural Foundation, based in Bucharest, circulates in the diaspora a monthly pamphlet (poorly done) devised by editors without an inkling of what to do about the country's reputation abroad, lacking in inspiration and propagating the old Romanian "image" found in communist propaganda, a fellow well-behaved and clean-shaven, dressed in the national costume and spouting information out of a book. Some students are sent abroad to study. They come back with impressive diplomas. They look around at opportunities in Romania and choose not to work there, because they can't accept the miserly salary offered nor the demoralizing working conditions and atmosphere of *laissez faire*. They leave.

Leaders in government or the legislature are looking for solutions to administrative or political issues besetting the country, issues touching on aspects of public life long ago resolved in the countries which we, Romanians in exile, have adopted. We are a valuable source of information to our leaders in the home country on all levels. We have lived in democracy for many decades and have participated in public life. Abroad we have developed personal contacts with individuals of note in the education system, in culture, in government and other areas. We might be of assistance, as perhaps we've learned a few things, but who's asking for our input? Who might use our initiative or ideas? Our compatriots in Romania, once they have achieved a certain status, are unwilling to ask for assistance from anyone in exile—as that might lessen their importance domestically. There's a lot of talk about the reputation of Romania abroad. Money is being spent in reasonable amounts to produce a more favourable impression around the world. Unfortunately, if one speaks in objective terms, that is, believes that changes are necessary in order to improve the image, one is accused of tarnishing the reputation of the homeland. Yet it is enough to open any newspaper in Romania to see the country is in colossal trouble. The standard of living is low, the bureaucracy is flourishing and corruption exists unabated at all levels—being checked only on paper. Given today's means of communication, the truth can no longer be "managed." The world no longer can be deceived with *ad hoc* speeches and legislation never applied.

The current situation affects the attitude to life of the citizen who has no reason to believe in the rule of law, the open society, honesty or correctness in behaviour. One immigrant recently arrived in Canada states that, had he been able to bribe the Canadian ambassador in Bucharest to the tune of 5,000 dollars, he might have obtained his visa a year earlier. Another, armed with a letter of introduction to a Canadian university dean, as soon as he arrived started looking for an "inside" contact, unable to imagine how else he might get the dean to read his letter, without an initial monetary impulse. New immigrants don't easily accept that Canadian institutions function differently. They assume the same "networks" they knew in the old country. They can't imagine another world than that in which they matured and which they've left behind. They're suspicious and sceptical. A woman teaching German told me she can't find work because she's Romanian. I know an engineer looking for a bursary who still hasn't made up his mind to seek an interview with a professor in the university, of Romanian origin, because he fears the latter won't speak Romanian to him. Most new arrivals believe, truly or not, that Romanians are a chosen people, with much merit to recommend them in the eyes of the world, indeed God. In the Romanian press I've come upon a declaration by a bishop who believes the world is sure to perish, but not Romania, because our country is safe in the bosom of the Mother of God. According to some students of history, Egyptian civilization was built by our forefathers, construction workers from the Danubian North, approximately three millennia before Christ. Why, the inscriptions archaeologists have turned out at Tatarasi in the Alba district precede anything discovered in Sumer, which proves that our forefathers also invented writing. Such beliefs feed the national frenzy in no small measure. They create that feeling of superiority linked to a kind of self-confidence which only leads to chauvinism. In some publications in Toronto I find regularly a salmagundi of scientific claims according to which Romania will save humankind from destruction as forecast in old scripture, usefully translated for the reader by a disinterested expert. And our brethren, in exile and home, read and believe because lack of experience with cultures and beliefs different from their own makes them naive and arrogant. What they also bring over is a lack of trust in institutions. Invariably Romanians assume bank managers secrete away as much as they can. Published rates of interest are only propaganda, as it's perfectly clear that in one way or another the bank will "get" you. You might as well accept that. Sooner or later you learn about the bank's alter ego, which is to charge for everything. You might as well keep your earnings under the mattress.

Another of the immigrant's great sources of confusion is the lack of adequate knowledge of English (and reluctance to ask for clarification when needed). A Romanian woman who taught highschool French concluded she was fired from her job because the principal addressed, impromptu, a few remarks to her. Terrified, she stopped going to the particular school. After a while the principal looked her up at home to inquire why she wasn't coming to work. The husband, who knew English, learned quickly what had happened. Seeing her rush down a hall, the principal told her slightly amused: take it easy, we won't pay you a cent extra for being in a hurry.

Another, specialist in IT, left from his doctor's office in disbelief after being advised to search the Internet for information on forms of treatment his particular malady required. In actual fact the doctor, knowing this man knows computers, advised him merely to learn more about a certain remedy prescribed by another physician.

I've been trying to set forth some less encouraging aspects of life in the Romanian diaspora. Those looking for an opportunity to migrate here ought to be warned in advance that Canada is a land of milk and honey, but also of many tears. Who should deliver this message? Not us, as our contact with immigrants is possible only when it's too late. They're already here. Going back home is impossible, as it means degradation, declaring oneself defeated and, as is well-known, Romanian determination is iron-clad and any Romanian has seven lives to spare. He doesn't declare himself beat. Altogether a different publication, sponsored by exiles the world over, ought to take over such a job.

We receive in Canada monthly the Romanian Messenger, but its pages tell only of the beautiful life in exile, the great regeneration and numerous accomplishments, considerable happiness, etc. The Messenger, sadly, isn't edited by immigrants but by natives full of good intentions and equipped with bad information. I hope that among those reading these lines some at least will think twice about setting out on the arduous journey without return, exile. I do not image the number of North Danubian migrants will decrease considerably, as the bad situation in the country, corruption, lack of incentive, poor organization, dishonesty in politics, are sufficient to make any individual throw up his arms and leave the native land in order to survive. The government bear a great responsibility along these lines. It sees that the nation is losing its elite to foreign parts, that its culture and language in the diaspora are diminishing, that its leaders home are incapable or dishonest, or both. Recently there was more talk of establishing a Romanian cultural institute in Bucharest to replace the existing Romanian Cultural Foundation. What will this new body do? Assuredly it will hire a number of functionaries chosen from the ranks of those in sympathy with the regime and will ask them to make more plans, draft projects or laws, or will send some abroad to learn more about "foreign models," and that will be it. The government will speak of another realization, another step forward, and will trumpet it in elections as saving nationhood and culture, while we in exile will continue to spend our last resources struggling against ignorance, lethargy and indifference in the leaders of the country. We will, because we care. They don't We're the wandering sons.

Eugen Giurgiu (*1924 - 2012) lived in Canada from 1969. He was professor of music and artistic consultant (Ontario Conservatory of Music, Metropolitan Separate school Board Toronto, Harbord Collegiate Institute), member of the Academy of European Art, Science and Literature and of the Consultative Board of the American Congress. Eugen Giurgiu has published in Romania before he exiled 3 novels, but before 1989 two volumes of novels (*Ca frunzele in vant si Biserica arsa*). He collaborated with newspapers and romanian magazines in Canada, USA, Germany and France. From 1992 on he was editor of the cultural magazine *Litterae* and my grandfather. He died in 2012. RIP

<http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/eppp-archive/100/201/300/litterae/2004/0403/EugeneGiurgiu.htm>



Louis Auguste Blanqui - 8 February 1805, Puget-Théniers, Alpes Maritimes – 1 January 1881, Paris - was a French and political activist, notable for his revolutionary theory of Blanquism.

Being independent, a homo liberty! And around me everyone wants to have fun, fun, fun... Independence is nothing more than a funny trademark. To be flexible doesn't mean you're free and to be free doesn't mean you have time. Some of my notes I wrote earlier this year are still true but gone out of my head. Time kills everything, all memories and those things which you once wanted to understand become unimportant.

I walked into a supermarket that was just about to be cleaned up. They made inventory. I thought it looks like my own room. I hoped the stuff lying around is for free or for less. But it wasn't it was just a temporary messy field in a place that I know so well. I can walk blindly through all supermarkets of Amsterdam. I am always surprised by the same things. I buy the same things. Everybody does the same. Exactly how you read this paper. You think it talks about something you know already. You have the impression that language is for free. Somebody writes something. In a way it is but thoughts come a long way! Writing right now feels like an action to raise my own awareness. Either it demands full respect or it does the opposite it provokes hate. Viva hate!

I'm in an act of considering and reconsidering. An act of going back to some old start points that were there already before. Things I haven't achieved yet in my life and still consider that they are possible.

These points need to be re-occupied in the hope to accomplish a new level. To move on. I try to understand my own metaphores the ones I use and try to put them in the right place. While reading through my notes I have ambiguous feelings. Yesterday I hated everything, today is different I read through the thesis and I could agree with my selection. It is not an act of happiness what I am doing here.

And the language that expresses through me is a kind of anti art. Why is it so difficult to control the chaos? How many times do I have to deal with this question? Or shall it remain a linguistic problem, a materialistic problem? At the moment it is hard to focus. Every single word I put down aches. A kind of self inflicted torture. I can't recommend writing in a different language than your own mother tongue. I do not know what my mother tongue is. It is certainly not the language of my parents. Maybe german. Many other texts I wrote were easy going but this one here feels more difficult.

Maybe because it is my end examen thesis and I deal with pressure. At the same time it is delightful to have the possibility to write one's free thoughts in the context of an academic paper. I told Jelmer it is a bit of bad taste the way I write because my writing style is autobiographical, instead I should reflect on a higher more abstract level.

Gilles Deleuze said that writing always combines *with something else* which is its own becoming. I really wonder what this something else is. Maybe I am typing to predict the future context. And that's what it makes so painful. Trying to shape the big unknown. I decided not to write a paper to explain the world. I do not want the artist as the world explainer. We certainly have enough of that. On the other hand I try to get into a general discourse. I do not have the desire to replace philosophers. Don't be imbecile!

Maybe that's what propelled my resistance listening to Boris Groys and Franco Berardi at the Former West conference in Berlin. It happened in a specific time of my life. I had the feeling something in me is competing. Or I had the feeling I let them in my head. Or I had the feeling I must understand and interpret but then my own way. And maybe I had no one to discuss with what I am experiencing. I remember when I was talking to the journalist in Berlin that I had the feeling to betray someone, that I betray the arts. Because I have a total different opinion about arts and culture than he had and we rather should be opponents and disagree. But there was nobody else to talk to.

So I spoke friendly because I needed niceness. I spoke the right words to the wrong man.

Playing the devils advocate. I am so tired of playing games. I am so tired to fight with everybody to obtain a little something that makes me happy. Maybe I am suicidal?

I am fully equipped, I am completely armed. My armor is perfect. But sometimes I do not use it. Living here in this student house without any privacy is horrible. The public starts right in front of my door. When I go to toilet I meet someone on the way. I greet I have to be nice and communicative otherwise what? This thesis is a strip. I want to walk naked in the kitchen, it is not possible. I want to walk without my armor in my own kitchen and to cause my own chaos. A chaos that has nothing to do with anyone else. I do not need inventory every week. I want things to stay how I made them. I put a glass there and I want it to stay the whole week in the same place without someone removing it.

At the same time I become this as well. I focus on people and tell them to be clean and to keep our communal kitchen table empty and zen because it is a place of contemplation and communication and not just simply an ikea table where I eat at. It is the place where we meet and where we negotiate. Sitting at the table you encounter all sorts of reactions: happiness, arrogance, distance, flirting eyes...

I miss so much the kitchen table of my grandmother. Sitting in her kitchen and talking about everything. Waiting for her questions to come.

She often asked me after we left Romania how it is in the West. "Eugen how is it Germany? How is it with the girls? I heard there everyone sleeps with everyone. Are german people decent?"

There was an anticipation about what she might say next and what might be our next topic we will talk about. Curiosity paired with the good smell of her meals. And how good it was! There comes the Laurie Anderson's song to my head O Superman: And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the voice said: This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand that takes....

And what good is it to travel? Gilles Deleuze or Kant never travelled. "Next week I am in New York or in Tokio." The usual facebook update. I myself I traveled I have seen the world. I know something about Amsterdam and Paris. I had them :)) I remember there was a bad joke of my father one I cannot reproduce here. But it had the line from his teacher from high school in Romania: "Children visit Rome and Paris. You will see a lot of nice things." It was silly but he repeated it so often that we started believing it. And I guess this is what I did. I visited Amsterdam, Berlin, Paris, Rome... It feels like I took the joke too serious. What am I doing here? In Slotervaart. I have nothing to do with Slotervaart. No one who lives here I know for longer than a few weeks, months... Is this something I should be proud of? I can send everybody a postcard of Amsterdam and can sell coming here as a life time achievement. I don't know. I rather want to take a plane and fly off.

This is a contradiction. I am Flusser's Vertigo. What am I doing here? I came to this country to tell everyone something about art. I come to this country to become an art teacher. I pontificate about arts & culture and how the world is designed. Days and hours talking to Jelmer about art. I must be insane. This is the biggest project of my life and its eating me up. It takes so much energy to keep it all going. I try to get into this art context. To tell everybody about my visions. All these ideas that compete in my head...

But what happens if I turn around? If I walk, slide on a different path. The other way around between cigarettes first and wine and then towards beans, toilet paper and salads. Morrissey sings now: Eating, drinking, sleeping ... every day is like sunday, silent and grey!

We had enough of these grey faces waiting for the bus to come. And what happens when people after they talked to you turn around and have a chat? You are still on the stage you stay there and your eyes are supposed to wander somewhere else. And if you ask later what happened: 'I couldn't see something else.' What happens there? I am constantly rehearsing and walking with myself. On stage, in the supermarket. I walk alone. The stupid football song is wrong. You can only walk with yourself.

What would be something like a fake hope? An affect is DE-territorializing something in me wants her back. But then...

...I know, there was a performance yesterday...

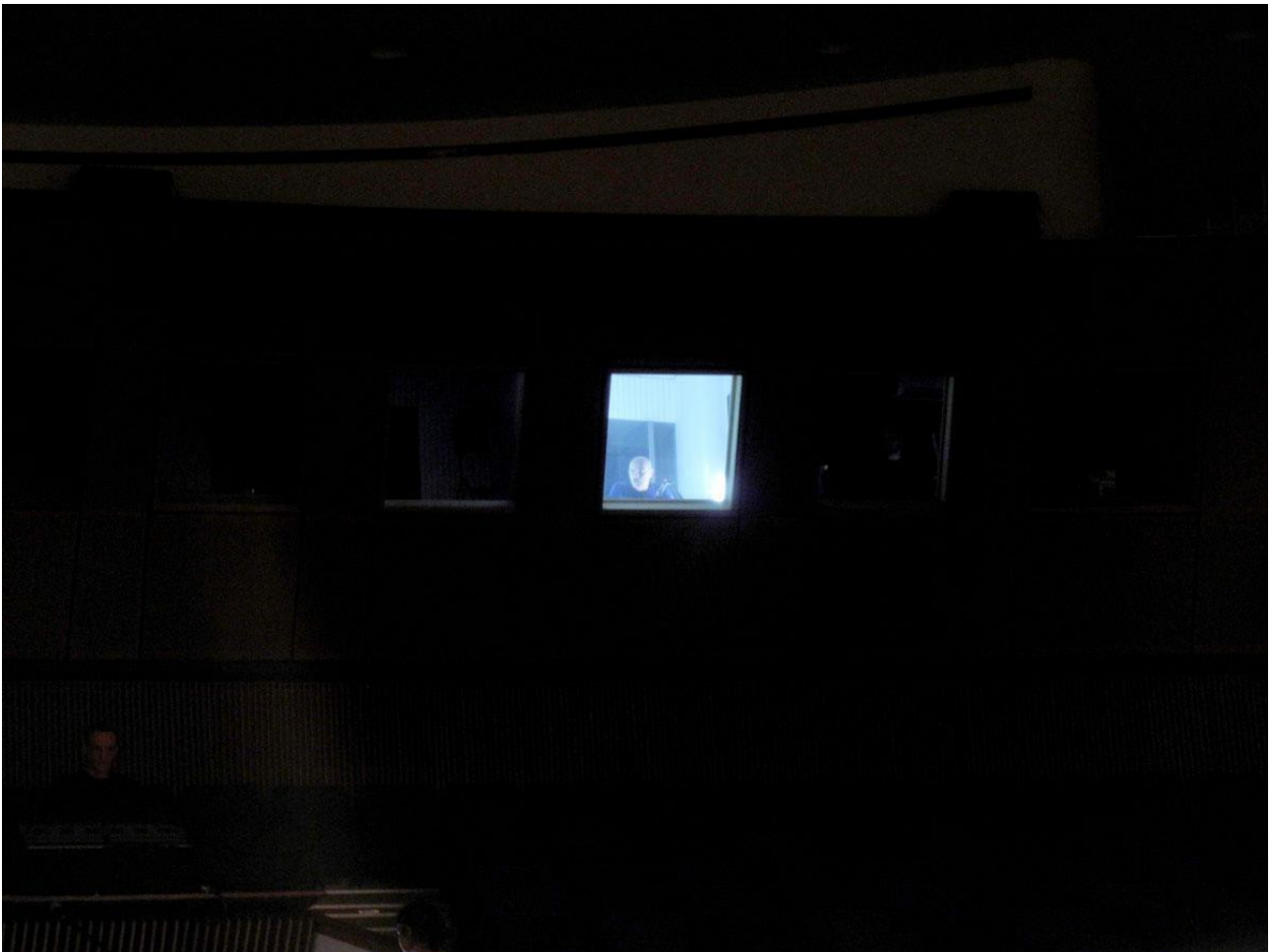
And this is the new feeling: We have to decide. Do we want to be observers or actors?

When sitting in the lecture of Maurizio Lazzarato in Berlin at the Former West conference, I made a gesture I raised my fist. I saluted a girl from far I was talking to before. She was sitting on the other side of the audience. The old sign of revolutionaries. Later she thanked me for reminding her that we can also react to what we see. She repeated my gesture and for a moment I thought to share an old feeling of resistance and turmoil. But of course not for real. It felt more like an image. Even more distant. Something like Žižek would formulate to diss Judith Butler. This is the feeling when we consider that we find ourselves in the year 2013, a student in post-modern times and so on...

And hold on what are you saying? I am saying that the new feeling is determined by the decision we have to take: do we want to be observers or actors? What has role play to offer us? What are the achievements of post-dramatic theater? I think here begins a new landmark. Where will we hide in future? Where will we hide from all the cameras and outsourcing devices around us? We have to play a new game.

Who wants to play the game: Who is hiding first? The new game is not 'Catch me if you can' but who hides first and where? In our body. I believe in future we will have to camouflage the identity of our bodies. People will have to learn to manage different body languages by focusing on different body parts. And how to deal with the impossibility of the body to see itself without mirrors. The body is more than the shell of thoughts. It is certainly not the outside or your business card. We need to think about what the body is doing.

There was this artist whose name I forgot he made big drawings of his body without a mirror. He drew what his eyes could see from his point of view. And all in befitting proportions. It looked a bit like oversized shoulders and feet. The head was hardly represented. This is the true impression of the body without a mirror.



Maurizio Lazzarato lecture at Former West Conference – Berlin 2013

Maurizio Lazzarato must know about the achievements of post-dramatic theatre. As he encapsulates himself in the translator cabin and speaks through the microphone, through the translators voice. The translator on the other gets his voice via her headphones. Italian to english. The audience is on stage. We sit and listen. Above us stage lights. Our feet are standing still on the brown color of the theater stage. Everyone is close and distant at the same time.

Cognitive Capitalism New Economy Indebted Man Foreword
Conclusion Archetype of Social relations Morals Translation
Bifo sitting next to me Stage-light

Time becomes the most important factor and shapes my attitude of writing. I am sure this text is full mistakes and misunderstandings. But it should also work in a different context. I cannot imagine texts to be there only for one purpose. A theatre play! Everything can be translated re-written, re-cut and transformed. You are not obliged to follow. Anti-text. Everyone has something to say. Everyone makes observations, what is so special about being a writer? Is he specialized in something?
Is the writer a specialized artist like Boris Groys* puts it? What does his specialization consist of?:

*In not distant past art was seen as a specialized activity – the production of beauty. Artists functioned as specialists in beauty. This specialization defined the place of artists in the framework of the general division of labor that defined and still defines all class society, including the bourgeois society. However, the rise of mass industrial production and the emergence of the mass information production changed the rules of the game. Today we are ready to see any product of the industrial and information age from an aesthetic point of view. Art has lost its claim of exclusivity. It has ceased to be special – and specialized. Artists have become non-special. So it became unclear what artists are actually doing. Under this new regime, artists try to compensate for the loss of their traditional specialization by exchanging it for the new specialization: activism, propaganda, social practice. These are noble goals, but there are already enough people who do the same thing, and do it much better than the artists can hope to. I do not believe activism can become the artists' new specialization.**



Enjoying a donation meal at “The Camp of cold”

I agree with Boris Groys the future of the artist is not activism. That was the lesson of my time and engagement with the illegal refugees living in the “Camp of Cold” on the Notweg in Osdorp, Amsterdam. In short : I wasn't able to find an artistic solution at least for a part of them. I wasn't able to apply artistic practices. There are several reasons for that. Individual actions are limited by: budget, time and infrastructure. If i was part of a larger community or structure I would have invited them to become part of. A theater play?

I have beaten the roads there to get a feeling for what their desires are all about. The refugees were living on the street like in a third world country. Water out of cans and no heating. Right in the middle of Amsterdam. The city of trade and tolerance. Being there caused mixed feelings in me. Emotions of a development worker. But the fact that I could do little or nothing for them scared me. More than I would have liked to admit.

We shared empathy and were paralyzed:

1. The helpless situation that weakens everyone to take decisions. The only thing that these people want is to make the decisions for their own life. Just like everybody else. The struggle for legal papers is not about islamization of the country or taking away jobs. But is a fight for autonomy. I can compare this with my struggle to become an artist. Then I am in a total different context. Their problems are not mine. We only share certain human preconditions.
2. What do we have in common? Certainly not the fact that I am a Romanian migrant – now with legal papers – in the Netherlands. But this unique situation when you don't know what the future will bring. At the horizon there is a shape of the future to come. And how many of us students at the Rietveld Academie feel the same? But do not manifest that in no artwork or private statement, whatsoever. It should be possible to translate similar states of the mind into different language. Maybe there could be a common language invented by the precarious. We artists are training to become precariat.
3. As I rehearse with my actors: The banner I put above their heads: We have to do everything again. As an artist I am a precarious worker i constantly have to start over and over again. A precarious mind formed in a precarious structure. Can we say being an illegal migrant is a kind of rehearsal how to become a citizen of the country? And why nobody speaks about their insecurity?
We need a department of precarity at the Rietveld Academie. To make everybody believe everything is ok, is not ok. Nevertheless the problems of illegal refugees and artists are different.



My Amsterdam Slotervaart Neighbors with a Canon 55 – 255 mm Objective*

*Proof of diversification. A guy who left the 'Einklang' of the German province to study in Amsterdam - the Other.

*My despotic will. The legislation of self. Things. Uncovered Superstition. Enlightenment. God the anti-metaphysician.

**Er trieb die Aufloesung der Bande, die Nietzsche idealistisch durch das hoehere selbst zu ueberwinden waehnte, die Kritik an der Solidaritaet mit Gesellschaft, Amt, Familie, bis zur Verkuendigung der Anarchie. - Adorno/Horkheimer - Dialektik der Aufklaerung*

*Kant's entrepreneurship: transforming the rule of god into autonomy. SAVE THE EUROPEAN Civilization !

Transforming your natural destiny into
The family of friends:
A german invention.

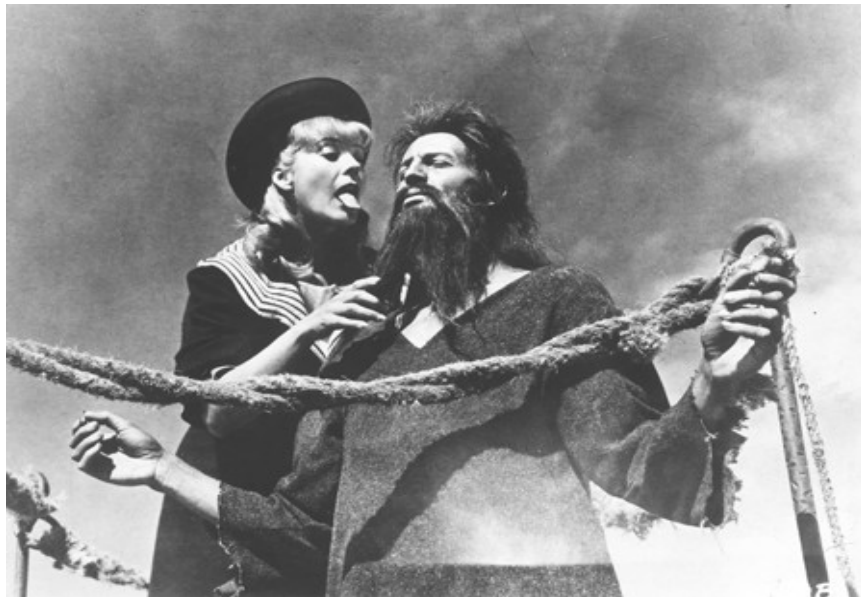
The deep mistrust towards your own blood.
RAF. Ulrike Meinhof. Gudrun Ensslin.
Revolutionary mothers running away from their own children.
Hunting for their holy self-realization.
Terror and state.
One is unforgiving, nothing is ok which is a great shouting!
How hard it is to establish a new logic
- a logic against nature.

Rainer Langhans' and the 1968ers failure to transform the private into the political.
Fighting for equality, for a life of significance.
Back to back with the political rulers in Berlin.
The city as quarry.
And then,
Amsterdam's metaphor of no space: the area of the Anti-Interventionist.
The silence of this land.
No loud voice. Wind is everywhere. Blowing always against you.
It hurts my ears. The wind renders a helmet of noise around my head.
And squeezes,
Blood into my ears.
Later,
inflammatory speeches come out of my mouth.
Transforming the banal into something else.
A ruler of the town.
A ruler of those four of five witnesses.
A ruler of space.
Redundancy.

A 20th Century Family.
What have I done to the future?
Am I doing only things I hate?
A to B is retro.
With a pair of Nikes you can express something!
No need to say that it is impossible to become the Ubermensch
living among your own peers.
Nietzsche and how alone I am
shooting in affect at strangers.

Addicted to some of my inner voices.
I like the silence and then i'm quiet.
A coffee can bring them back or a shout on the street, a cough.
What does it make them so poetical?

I cannot write the way I want because I have to fit into the context.
Anyones context, someone else's cough or laugh.
What is writing more than the desire to distribute?
You have to write this down.
You have to put it down. The pen, in the right moment. Like that.



What happens if i make a false move? When i get out of the room. When i get one time out of this room. My voice gets out of the room. I heard that the audience has a certain responsibility. The audience participates. The audience is part of something. What happens when i get out of this room. When my voice flows out of this room? What happens then. What happens then on your side? Can you imagine. What happens then if you imagine... It is funny anyway because i do this here in Berlin Wedding. And then i send this out out of this room. What happens then if i make a wrong move? What happens if i get out of my golden cage? When i get out of my cell? And then i get into the... Time is passing. What happens if i get out the room and if i want to describe the silence of the country? Holland is silent. My interest is that what i am doing right now here. Really my own interest. Through my own interest your interests arises. From my interest your interest arises. Through what i say your interest arises. What is this then? What interests you so much? What are you looking at so accurate? What exactly are you listening to? What is this what we all are doing here? What is our responsibility? What is at stake? What is there still to say? This is not about sudden wealth also not about some kind of hunting scenes.

This is also not about some wild cowboy movie shot somewhere near Napoli. And then coming here out of this room over to your place. And then you feel like "Me against the whole world". And the way things go. The interests of the bank are not my interests. But my interests are something else completely. What happens then if i get out of this room. What happens if I do not want to describe some strange hunting scenes somewhere next to Napoli. Because i describe things out of this room. And then i want to get over to you. My voice is wandering over to you. Allover the whole country. The country i am talking about is not the land you have in mind. It is not my land I'm describing here out of Berlin Wedding. I make it here and then hopefully i will manage in Amsterdam to get this done. And hopefully i will manage to tell you something. And this is my way to you, the voice.

*Individuals acquire and sustain their identity by appropriating traditions, belonging to social groups, and taking part in socializing interaction. This is why, they as individuals, have a choice between communicative and strategic action only in an abstract sense, i.e. in individual contexts of action oriented toward reaching an understanding. This would mean regressing to the monadic isolation of strategic action or schizophrenia and suicide. In the long run such absence is self-destructive.**

*Jürgen Habermas – Moral Consciousness and Communicative Action

I read this as an evidence that language is the key medium through which political subjectivity and reproduction of social life are expressed. The reader is a seemingly stark choice! A choice or an imperative? As a reader you are the social actor here. As social actors we choose to engage in strategic action only in an abstract sense or in individual cases and that we abstract ourselves from contexts of action oriented toward reaching understanding only at the very high price of a monadic isolation that, in the end, is self-destructive. It is in this sense that the choice (communicative versus strategic action) is not really a choice at all but an implied imperative or demand ('Engage in communicative action oriented to understanding or else you will become a schizo or a suicidal!')

*Seen through a Deleuzian/Guattarian lens, Habermas' conceptual distinction between communicative action and strategic action does not, and cannot hold, precisely because all language-use pragmatically functions through the issuing of such implicit imperatives, or what they would call order-words or slogans.**

*Iain Mackenzie – Dramatizing the Political in Deleuze and Guattari

A conversation about an unfinished film: Actor/Director

Actor: Let's play the game of truth telling! I formulate my thoughts alongside Michel Foucault's essay's on the courage of truth. After viewing the first two scenes of our film I would like to express that I have the feeling you send me as what Foucault calls a cynical scout. A guy shouting in your bathroom. "What happens when I make a false move..."
What bothers me taking part in this essay film is:
Did I tell the truth? It feels cynical because I accuse the audience of what they are doing anyway: watching a movie. But will they also think the right things alongside their observations? What is their truth compared to mine?

Director: Why so doubtful?

Actor: Is the audience the true enemy?

Director: This is what you have to ask yourself!

Actor: I think we tried to destroy a certain harmony, homophony between what I say and the way of life of the audience watching a film.

Director: I don't like the last scene.

Actor: Maybe you don't like it because you are bored, because you see your own work represented there. I speak to your painting.

Director: Foucault says: The cynic is the man with the staff and you are the staff!

Actor: We are producing mysteries.

Director: Are these good mysteries?

Actor: I put it like this : There are the achievements of post-dramatic theatre and the teachings of the painter. You are a painter.

Director: There is the problem of observing and acting. I did send you as a scout. You are free to compare the teachings of a painter with the achievements of post-dramatic theatre.

Actor: One lesson of the post-dramatic theatre is that role play is worthless. But still you are allowed to ask yourself what role play has to offer you. The painter destroys painting. He makes anti-paintings. From my perspective I destroy post-dramatic theatre when I role play. Maybe that's why you find it boring. I go out of context.

Director: Achtung Ich-betonung!

Actor: Can I talk about things that I do not understand as problems?

Director: You didn't see the audience yet.

Actor: Because the film is not finished. I am ahead of the audience. I decide what happens. And then you cut me out. Edit. Flash. Break.

Director: Observing is not ornamentation. In fact you - as the cynical scout – is stripping existence bare. Naked in the bath hub. Foucault says: The cynic role is to exercise the role of a spy. By directly addressing to them you are sent ahead to explore what the enemy - the audience - is doing.

Actor: Metaphorically speaking of course. I have friends but they are not here. Do we play the game who is the scout and who is the spy?

Director: The artist is the spy of human kind. That's why he must live in isolation.

Actor: And the audience is the scout they suffer from my interests. "Through my interests your interests arises..."

Actor: And now. We didn't finish the film yet. I return to your house to announce the truth, true things I want for myself. And I do not want to be paralyzed by fear. Neither because of you nor because of the audience.

Director: Do you think what takes place on the side of audience is bad? And can we tell something to this public in order to turn away. Can we say something like this to those who did not initiate this. The audience. Oh my good, my stories are good. And in return what takes place is good and one must attract as many people as possible.

Actor: I don't know what takes place on the side of the audience. I act as if I am against their need to observe. I change my voice and scream. By doing so other voices hide in my body. Even though I am naked I can hide. Because I am a voice.

Director: You mean you hide your voice by replacing it with a different one. You put on a different record so to speak!

Actor: SO to speak! Speaking with Foucault i could say this film is not only a condition of possibility of imagination but it has also a reductive function: reducing all the pointless obligation which everyone usually acknowledges and accepts. Let's say acting is a mode of life and it needs the reduction of many pointless conventions and all superfluous opinions. Then this film is clearly a sort of general stripping of existence and opinions in order to reveal the truth. For example, there is Diogenes' famous gesture, recounted so frequently in Antiquity, of masturbating in public and saying: But why are you scandalized, since masturbation satisfies a need, just as eating does. I eat in public, so why should I not satisfy this need also in public? Taking this into account I would like to describe my acting as masturbating in front of the camera.

Director: But I don't think we scandalize the public. You are not doing this for yourself.

Actor: Yes but can't we say by shooting this film you and me establish a pointless obligation towards each other?

Director: Speaking with Epictetus we could formulate another question. How can you observe all this without destroying it? The screen, the scout and the hero in you?

On role play

You're the one! You're the one's going to make all that trouble...making everyone the same, rearranging the chromozones, or whatever it is. Isn't that right?

...do you believe that people learn nothing from history? Not that there is nothing to learn, mind you, but that people learn nothing? I am in the History Department.

*I know what chromosomes are sweetie, I love 'em.**



*The function of typification for society is double. On the one side typification is the requirement for division of labour. On the other it constitutes the domination of society.**

**Frigga Haug – Kritik der Rollentheorie*

The problem that needs to be solved via interpretation is the genesis of private labour production. Division of labour requires that all parts of collective employment are completed on social scale. The question arises about a regulating principle in such an operation.

One could assume something like a plan designed after the sum of individual thoughts. That's how the harmonic thinking, which cannot deal with real existing contradictions in the schematic of 'this can't be because it is not allowed to be' dissolves into the fundamental contradiction of a society of producing goods. The idealizing reason does not suffer from the fact that there is private and social production.

The social characteristic of private production occurs in the back of the private producer. For him the outcome of his work is not visible nor controllable when entering the free market.

It is not reality that one comprehends for the sake of a reasonable change but rather its perception is trimmed to such extent that it obeys the harmonic thought. As much as society can be observed rational and mathematically structured through the laws of the market, one has to deal with a rushing awareness and to obey to the imagined harmony.

History and the laws of motion and their forms of socialization of individuals should have their place in the consciousness. Our actions should be designed by an anticipated thinking. Such a shape can be called 'vulgar idealism'. All real movements are happening in the mind. Reality is a product of the thought for that it can't be contradictory nor it can be a driving force. Changes and improvements are reduced to their expansion of the playground of the individual roles. The only thing we can do is participation and redistribution of certain social values, possession, prestige, potential sanctions and power altogether in the frame of the possibility of thinking of the given roles.

*Edward Albee - Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

- Your own position depends on your ability of abstracting assets -

A scheme for a theater dialogue based on two functions Position/ Abstract:

Place: artist studio, imaginable anywhere

Time: contemporary

Position: Gender / Man / Aggression

Abstract: Male / Rational / Failed

Position: Religion / Believer / Monologue

Abstract: Atheist / Nothing / Existentialist

Position: Nationality / Skin / Mimetic

Abstract: German / Voice / Volume

Position: Profession / Actor / Truth

Abstract: Art Student / Learning Place / Revolutionary

Position: Relationship status / Sexual Desires / Phantasy

Abstract: Single / Women / Other

Position: Family / Context / Heimat

Abstract: Single Child / Boy / Feelings

Position: Language / Sound / Pleasure

Abstract: Deutsch / English / Romanian / French / Animal / Sounds

Position: Age / Face / Time

Abstract: 37 / Number / Superstition





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Enter consternation
journalism: I like it here can I stay?



“The writings by which one can live are not the writings which themselves live, and are never those in which the writer does his best ... Those who have to support themselves by their pen must depend on literary drudgery, or at best on writings addressed to the multitude.”

- John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography*



“The quack, the charlatan, the jingo, and the terrorist can flourish only where the public is deprived of independent access to information. But where all news comes at second-hand, where all testimony is uncertain, men cease to respond to truths and respond simply to opinions. The environment in which they act is not realities themselves but the pseudo – environment of reports, rumors, and guesses. The whole reference of thought comes to be somebody asserts and what actually is.”

– *Walter Lippman, Liberty and the News*



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Den Hague Mars van Beschaving 27.06.2011



Demonstration for illegal refugees Amsterdam November 2012



"Society does not only swallow up his disobedient children but also its indefinable mysterious children who are either obedient nor disobedient."

- Pier Paolo Pasolini



Christoph Schlingensief - Freakstars 3000

Disabled people have it better. In his TV show „Freakstars 3000“ Christoph Schlingensief is unmasking the absurdities of everyday television. Schlingensief is vocal coaching a group of mentally and physical disabled people whom aspire to become Freakstars. The Freakstar-Band is singing the song „Mutter sucht Schrauben“ (Mother is searching for screws). Schlingensief's enthusiasm is real!

Like in the original „Pop Star“ show a band emerges from the audition to release a debut album. Unlike in the original the candidates are loud and happy! Parodies of other TV shows like „Hit Parade“ interrupt the talent show regularly. A male freak appears from time to time to deliver info-spots on the proper use of a bathing crane. Schlingensief has fun working. Werner sings although he had announced to fail, Christoph as juror is really great or he is a good actor; self-forgetting and happy like a child. Werner tells the camera that he drinks 10 liter of beer every day. Schlingensief reacts, „Ten liter a day is quite a lot!“ Werner answers: „It's ten bottles a week, one bottle a day“. Schlingensief asks: „Alcohol-free?“ Werner answers: „Sometimes yes“.

In another scene Eberhard is asked to sing along the playback music. Eberhard is supposed to sing „Im Frühtau zu Berge“ but he only dances and claps his hands. Schlingensief thanks him and tells him that he can relax now: „It was really good Eberhard!“

The candidates are full of hope! Uschi Plutowski steps in front of the jury and sings Marlene Dietrichs classic „Lili Marleen“. Everybody accompanies her with applause. The playback voice says: „Fantastic performance! Spring will be here soon, hallelujah!“

These people do things even though in the beginning they say they couldn't do them. They cannot escape their tic disorders and their multiple physical disabilities. In the context of television shows this is considered rather rare and bizarre. Most often disabled people are shown through a kind of exclamation lens. There is a small minority of people who didn't pass through adolescence. There are all kinds of statistics reproduced. Their chronic and uncommon tics are judged even though the exact causes often remain unknown. Tapping into a screen in a talk show means to criticize oneself. The presenter does not help to emancipate the audience. The dialogues remain on the level of „we feel just right“ and they are a sensation.

Schlingensief offers a different diagnosis. He promotes their tics for a limited period of time by doing clips that create a certain tension for the audience. Mental exhaustion is shown and we get made aware of it. The mature spectator may suppress his tics but here he gets the inversion shown. The tics every one of us have, are shown as main act. By following the condition of these disabled people; one could say that they rely on different actions.

Their tics steadily dig bellow the safety level of what we normally see and hear on TV. Some of their tics are common others are not: facial movements, blinking, sniffing, whistling get contrasted with the stereotyped movements one usually sees on tv. The condition of these confused people becomes „normal“. The typical is not the first. Patients present and report on their significant living conditions through the art they generate. In medicine comorbidity is the presence of one or more disorders (or diseases) in addition to a primary disease or disorder, or the effect of such additional disorders or diseases. What if we generalize this and describe the artistic practice as a comorbidity to social life? Aren't artists patients who are reporting on what is going on in their heads to common people? Aren't paintings and drawings a good representation of mental exhaustion? What does the friendship of the artist and the fool consist of? Is the artist a kind of mediator of the suppressed tic? Can we claim a metalogue of the debating artist as actively disturbing?

Tell me where have all the flowers gone? Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! ! !



Gunter Trube – Vier Wortgebärden für Angst, 1996

Deaf or Sign Language (unfinished)

I am using the historical contingency of scientific-/philosophical concepts to concretize abstract thinking. I want to build abstract concepts that stem from action, not from contemplation. The body formulates signs of its own. Like a new sign language. I consider doing so, preliminary work.

Take a look at the language of the deaf where a dispute has developed historically between Europe and the United States. This dispute has become known as methodological dispute, because it was seen primarily in terms of the applicable educational methodology.*

There are as many different sign languages as there are different languages spoken. They have evolved independently of each other, and are therefore as varied as spoken languages; there exist in nearly every country an official sign language. There are regional dialects and even professional languages, just like for the hearing. And as there is Esperanto, there is an artificial international sign language, theoretically equal everywhere in the world. Deaf Language unlike Esperanto has actually established in many countries.

*Taz.de/hausmeisterblog

Epilogue

Why do things get muddled?

The initial thought at starting to write my thesis was to show the difficulties i had contextualizing the socio-political artistic research i have done in the last years. I have the ambition to communicate through an autobiographical lens the problems one encounters when becoming a contemporary artist, whatever those might be. One can say that I followed Nietzsches famous maxim: "You must have chaos within you to give birth to a dancing star". Right now i am afraid that i did not only give birth to a chaotic multiplicity but that chaos is ruling my head and my thesis.

In this epilogue i want to give an outline where i ask myself the Socratic question: How do i finally respond to my artistic life? To be able to answer this question i'll raise some others first: Why do things have to get muddled? What am i looking for? Security? Authority? Commitment? Or freedom of bond?

Throughout my thesis I used a naive method. I wanted to dance like Nietzsche suggests, i wanted to make the circumstances, the cultural and psychological elements dance. Maybe i even wanted to dance away from things i found difficult to talk about, to share the feeling what it means having no utopian horizon. Since the access to god is denied to us and "bourgeois society produces an ideology which refuses to lend itself to be identified as ideology by presenting itself as neutral, impartial, universal, objective and value free." *

We are lost.

If i decide to act and not see everything as hopeless and dark what would i like to contribute? Let's say in a rather constructivist manner. What is there left to construct in our "schoenen heilen Welt?"

My endless thoughts and try-outs led me to the maxim: **We have to do everything again.**

We have to play and exercise with culture to be able to change our lives. Our society lives in a kind of full narcosis. Our imagination suffocates and gets paralyzed by various sedatives administered to us. I do double fight here against general narcosis and stupidity, and against false images in me.

We need another chance to help ourselves understand what the circumstances are we live in. What are the circumstances around us all about? What mental states they are creating in us? What are those signs in late capitalism and what can be the relationship of an individual towards them? I know those are no new questions but that is the fundamental lesson of any art education: *Play it again, Sam!* Obviously we cannot *JUST DO IT!*

They do say we live in times with a bad need for rethinking and reflection. Why is the younger generation so quiet? Why do they pull back supporting a state of silence? Did they take a nice cup of shut the fuck up? What are they busy with? Why is the territory becoming so small? Why does everybody live in retreat? How can it be that so many people are still attracted by the glittering world? It is like the middle ages, a time where common people forgot to mistrust their perception. We are living in times of anti-enlightenment and technology is leading us to believe we are such advanced and progressive people.

I haven't a clear response to all of those questions but can i suggest a second birth? An action of re-arranging things in our heads, a start to discussing our daily observations, what do things consist of and how do they intertwine? We need to rehearse against boredom and daily routine just like we were doing everything for the first time. I am not promoting silliness. The world doesn't need more fooling clowns.

In these confused times we need not only theoretical reflection but also everyone's contribution to become a soul writer. The soul writer is a machine, which records what happens in our soul. It gives us the opportunity to regroup existing interconnections and to express them to a broader audience. Our individual debates and negotiations can be made visible. We need to build a life machine that gives the opportunity to transform social relationships and individual relationships into aesthetical forms. I think here of rehearsal groups that understand theatre as a partisan situation in and out of the auditorium. We need to be serious about the hassle and the palaver. We need to amplify individual forms of daily drama against the aesthetics of reality shows.

It is by chance that the German word "Verfahren" means both: method and muddle. We can decide whether we find ourselves in a muddle or if we are able to transform this chaos into method.

I can no longer recall the state of innocence. Nuances become way more visible than they were in the past. At the same time we are trained to have a historically specific focus. We can learn from film directors and apply their methods in the struggle for new aesthetics and politics outside the houses of parliament.

A film can hold a methodology together by its edit. During the writing of my thesis the question arisen: How can i integrate my stories more clearly? I wanted to transform the narrative into a identifiable rhythm via contrasting repetition of text and image sequences. I succeeded only partially. I wanted to deliver an attempt and a demonstration of a new language above my own individuality. How idle of me to think that! Gregory Bateson delivers in "Steps to an Ecology of the Mind: Metalogues" some problematic issues with the tool of conversation i would like to talk about. He suggests that in a metalogue not only do the participants discuss the problem but also the structure of the conversation as a whole is relevant to the same subject. The metalogue is a dialogue between man and nature in which the creation and interaction of ideas must necessarily exemplify evolutionary process. The conversation between daughter and father starts with the example of tidying things. "People seem to spend a lot of time tidying things but they never seem to spend time muddling them. Things just seem to get in a muddle by themselves." A muddle is a situation in which you can't find anything. "The way it is when nothing is straight." Different people mean different things 'by tidy'. "Daddy do you and I mean the same thing by tidy?" " I doubt it my dear - i doubt it." ** The desk is a metaphor for an interface where things can get in a muddle. The muddle appears whenever somebody else tries to impose his or her rules. The daughter is not allowed to touch her father's desk.

A cleaning woman is a person we trust. She is ready to put all things in their right place. The room is already constituted and shaped as perfect Zen. That means that she has to be careful with the next steps to take. And she thinks: "What is to be done? What is my next decision to take?" She thinks about the room in perspective. Cleaning women always make good decisions that's why we let them in our rooms. Cleaning up becomes a metaphor for their ability to become a master of destiny. They have the power to create an order of things and can please themselves and everybody else with their work.

In Bateson's dialogue the daughter asks her father "What is a cliché, daddy? A cliché is a French word and i think it was originally a printer's word. When they print a sentence they have to take the separate letters and put them one by one into a sort of grooved stick to spell out the sentence. But for words and sentences which people use often, the printer keeps little sticks of letters ready made. And these ready-made sentences are called clichés." My thesis so far is partly an agglomeration of clichés. I see my writings as a distribution of inner voices that have been passed on to me. Many of these phrases won't change anything. Nobody will pick them up and read them. The only thing i can do is to display language using my own perception in the delivery of this material.

I try to source out from my point of view what i see happening in this society with the individual. My observations lead me to certain conclusions but i am not willing to talk about these endlessly. I learned to keep things away from you, Dear Reader. I learnt not to send out every letter i would like to write explaining my feelings and emotions. The art game is a trap where one is to present oneself and to talk about oneself in such a manner that others can understand. The aestheticization of human emotions is a modern project and has been picked up not only by the arts and their educational institutes but also by the entertainment industry and social media a la Facebook.

Our desire to communicate is bigger than our skepsis. I can see clearly that my thesis tried to copy something like an Internet timeline and that it tried to say something through this form. Doing so i got back to life and realized that other share same feelings and skepsis, the extent you go once you start playing exhibitionism. How pornographic our eyes became already and how much we fight with old morals against it. How unprotected we act in this media environment. We are not only in need to re-arrange things in front of us but also to see the perspective of our own lives and the representation of it. There is a connection of the blood circulation and the outside world. We have biographies, so what? Why are we asked to such an extent to show these in public? What is so demanding and interesting for others to see? Are we lacking of a transcendental other that might help us to come clear with our own daily performances? We are all performance artists.

What are artists re-arranging? Things of the white cube environment? Why not re-arranging one's life and my subjectivity in front of everybody and describing the difficulties one has giving birth to a different orientation?

I want to create a Life Machine that is the soul's writer, a machine that collects impressions and emotions and is able to communicate to the outside, a nomadic machine that is able to act on different levels and remains a gift.

Aren't we already life-collecting machines? We shouldn't use devices to do that for us. How do we feel at the beach of our everyday life? Shall we compare these situations? Aren't we enough in registering something for ourselves, and what are the decisions we need to take when representing our lives to others, on stage? I think we can learn from ourselves to overcome the misunderstandings that have been created in us, by the symbolic Other. Let's choose for Sartre's defence of freedom; that we are not bound to our past. The future is something that can be shaped anytime anywhere. We do not have to experience the misery of the plot. Any plot or story delivers a misery. A misery, which is creating a desire for the cherry popping parts of the story. Those things that have told us to be good. As artists we should not train the mind for this kind of entertainment but for an awareness to uncover difficulties and deeper negotiations.

Life is a huge complex metaphor for something we do not understand. Why do we make it more complicated and confused for the uneducated audience? Because it is the will of every man to rule the world in his own manner. There the confusion starts. Confusion is nothing more but the voices implanted in us by cultural design.

What or who speaks through me when i say something? What do we mean when we say we create something? The images we do create and how they change in our eyes. This is the context i write about, the mythology of phoenix.

I have the fundamental feeling that most of our interpersonal communication is happening in clichés. We do not talk, we phrase. I have the feeling that each one of us has an own 'Verfahren', which is fundamentally disturbed by the clichés and phrases of culture and society. The inner voices are constantly repeating and rehearsing the phrases that are impinged on us. "I will not let them talk to me like that" is a phrase that should not only be replied to those who insult us but also to those voices that come out of radios, TV's, Cinemas and Videotubes. We need to build an inner resistance against these voices. I exposed some of these inner voices in my thesis in the hope that something will happen and i would be able to see where they come from. I want the reader to take part of the investigation of my inner voice catalogue and maybe understand it as a method to do the same. I realized that parts of the text are un-editable. No structure becomes visible in front of my eye. It remains the agglomeration of voices and phrases that entered my head. Hence i suggest something else whenever these voices are not editable to a meaningful sense we should try to speak about different speeds. There is not only the cacophony of our inner voices but also different rhythms our body has to deal with. I am not a biologist but it seems to me that our blood circulation has to compete with all sorts of speeds and noises of the environment.

I got into a muddle and i would like to leave as a cleaning man making wise decisions.

"What are you thinking?" „No - it's only there are so many questions.“ „For example?“ „Well i see what you mean about getting into muddles. That makes us say new sorts of things. But i am thinking about the printer. He has to keep all his little letters sorted out even though he breaks up all the ready-made phrases. And i am wondering about our muddles. Do we have to keep the little pieces of our thoughts in some sort of order - to keep us from going mad? I think so, yes! - but i don't know what sort of order. That would be a terribly hard question to answer." **

This thesis is a dialogue with myself i can make all sorts of questions up and i can ask myself like a little boy why everything is like this or like that. I will never reach an end. It seems to me that you can choose what is better for you to accept everything how it is and to keep a one track mind or to try step constantly outside of yourself and hopefully finding the right ones around you to communicate with. The metalogue of a teenager is a different one than the metalogue of an adult. It is easier to stay in your own cultural environment and not to move outside of it. I notice this almost everyday. I travel with precarity, no situation is safe enough and it makes you addicted to this fight. You do not want to go back but you keep the movement alive and the dialogue with nature. Walking the same roads but on a different path this is what i call freedom. This thesis is a method to source out what my subjectivity consists of.

I am wasting my time on it. I am wasting my time on you!

The function of critique is to attract attention to those issues one considers important. When i speak about a certain topic then i am already criticizing because I exclude everything else. One cannot avoid error and tautology if you want to please more than yourself. Then I have to say things through characters and i have to write a theatre play. "For a hundred years people have discussed the word structure. There are several structuralisms, which consist in giving the "plan" of a work.

Which structuralism are we talking about? How can we find the structure without the help of a methodological model?" *

Extravagances are standing in contrast to structure. I prefer to avoid the "evident truths" and build a kind of student structuralism. If necessary i do inform you and give you the right to read my thoughts in a language you can understand which does not contradict yours. "Evident truths" so Barthes are already interpretations " for they imply a pre-existing choice of psychological or structural model." Maybe there is something in me that does not want to talk anymore and comes up with what is worse. I cannot be "sun-like" I produce shadows. I make blind spots; i waste other people's time. There are inner voices, which do not live in a certain historical period. They always feel as victims and they express themselves literal therefore they always choose banality. The excuse is the category of the unknown.

„Daddy wouldn't it be a good thing if we had a few more rules and obeyed them more carefully? Then we might not get into the dreadful muddle.“ „Yes but wait. You mean that i get us into these muddles because i cheat against the rules which we don't have. Or put it this way. That we might have rules which would stop us from getting into muddles - as long as we obeyed them" **

I realized i do run these writings and conversations as a sort of game. I play twisted roles against a so-called good taste. I would like to use the same scissor i used to cut up my thesis in the hope to re-edit everything for cutting all my books on my table. Sometimes there is no other possibility than cut n' paste. Where does Herta Müller have her language from? And the cut up poems of William Burroughs are nothing more but an interruption of paper.

What is a relaxing glass of wine and when is it delirium? Maybe we are always in a delirium and when trying to think we stop this flow, the pumping flow of blood in our veins. All the smokers and drinkers what are they busy with? Certainly not arising pity. Is smoking and drinking a historical chance? How many of us want to stop time, to stop the pain? It is the same old S.O.S. only in a new fancy dress. We spend a lot of time to cache and to hide from ourselves. We end up with strange abstract inhuman positions.

In Bateson's dialogue the daughter asks her father „Daddy do your talks have rules?" The Father answers: „Yes we do have a sort of rules..." „But what rules do we have?" „Well, the ideas that we play with bring in sort of rules. There are rules about how ideas will stand up and support each other. And if they are wrongly put together the whole building falls down.“ „No glue, daddy?" „No - no glue. Only logic." **

A good taste is very useful: „...a servant shared by ethics and aesthetics." Having the writings of Roland Barthes here on my table gives me confidence and i do not let myself go just like that. Because i want to be excessive and want to climb up hills with a bottle of wine. I want to explore the possibility of sexuality in a different place. I configure my characters not only how they appear but i change them immediately in my head. There is always the man who is interested in a dispute and the woman who spies. I see them acting in front of me the only thing i need to do is to implant their thoughts, obviously my own thoughts. I give people the justifications they have no idea of. Everybody thinks he's right and for that tries to create a narrative, a story which might be not too bad. Unfortunately the fear in us kills the most of it and we disqualify ourselves to a lower existence. I do not want to say like animals because i love them. But certainly not much more than wearer of clothes. Why do people confuse sports clothing and casual wear? The one is highly functional the other is a concession and a permit. Maybe they reveal something about themselves. Not everyone lives in the woods but a lot of us want to play a role they never had to. Its that simple different costume, different mind.

Roland Barthes - Criticism and Truth *

Gregory Bateson - Steps to an Ecology of the Mind: Metalogues **

List of Books:

Ryan Holiday - Trust me I'm lying – Confessions of a media manipulator
Friga Haug - Kritik der Rollentheorie
Gilles Deleuze/ Felix Guattari – A thousand Plateaux
Gilles Deleuze – Lust und Begehren
Stefan Tigges - Dramatische Transformationen
Villem Flusser - Von der Freiheit des Migranten
Villem Flusser - Autobiographie
Patientenfront – SPK 1995
Edward Albee – Who is afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Eugen Giurgiu – Ewoclem sau intorcheatele carari
Michel Foucault – The courage of truth
Ortrud Gutjahr – Ulrike Maria Stuart
Igor Golomstock – Totalitarian Art
Oskar Negt/ Alexander Kluge – Geschichte und Eigensinn
Claire Bishop – Artificial Hells
Janne Teller – Nothing
Roberto Bolano – Nazi literature of the Americas
Iain Mackenzie – Dramatizing the Political Deleuze and Guattari
J.Habermas – Moral Consciousness and Communicative Action
Adorno/Horkheimer - Dialektik der Aufklärung
Robert E. Park - The Marginal Man
Gustave Flaubert – Madame Bovary
Immanuel Kant – Was ist Aufklärung?
Felix Guattari – The machinic unconscious
Pier Paolo Pasolini – Chaos gegen den Terror
Peter Handke – Ich bin ein Bewohner des Elfenbeinturms
Bibliothek des Widerstands – Der 2.Juni 1967
Roland Barthes – Criticism and Truth
Gregory Bateson – Steps to an Ecology Mind: Metalogues
Friedrich Nietzsche – Menschliches Allzumenschliches

Weblinks:

spex.de
<http://translate.google.nl>
google.nl
twitter.com
facebook.com

List of Songs:

The Smiths – I don't owe you anything
Morrissey – I am not sorry
Morrissey – Life is a pigsty
Laurie Anderson – O superman
The Knife – Heartbeats
The Smiths – Everyday is like sunday
The Smiths – Half a person
The Smiths – Bigmouth strikes again
Tricky – Murder Weapon
Prodigy – Pretty Thug

Blogs:

<http://dogtime-class-of-2008.blogspot.nl> together with Zsolt Mesterhazy
The oldest running blog in dogtime history
<http://eugengeorg.blogspot.nl>
<http://wallzzpainzzc.blogspot.nl>
<https://www.facebook.com/WeAreAlsoThere>
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Money-can-dance/460302557355659>
<http://al-azzamconsulting.blogspot.nl>
<http://unduunduunduundu.blogspot.nl>
<http://utopianclothes.blogspot.nl>
<http://styleforamsterdam.blogspot.nl>
taz.de/blogs

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Diana & Gabi Grancea ce faci?
Jelmer, Gosia, Alexander for our collective class struggle
Nathalie & Martien what is happening there when you turn around?
Christian Housodo Schulz for being a best friend. Berlin oder Amsterdam Alta?
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Ioan Marchis Noroc si sanatate!
My grandfather Eugene Giurgiu RIP
My grandfather Vasile Grad RIP
My grandmother Mia
My mother and my father sorry for public denunciation! I am a bad son!