

Falling off the Edges (Reality from a different Angle)

Gifhorn | Berlin | Clausthal-Zellerfeld | Alps | Los Angeles

on the occasion of 'DIS-PLAY - Falling off the Edges' by Delia Jürgens with Tarik Kentouche

A walk and a livestream, October 17th 2019. It was around one hour before sunset and it was getting dark.

"The sea appeared as something completely isolated, detached from society, self-contained and closed in itself, above all it had boundless breadth and uniformity which spread out into nothingness. Into the non-space of the sensually indiscernible, into the optical and its limits.

We did not travel to pursue adventure, not for the sake of society, but to see for ourselves and take the measure of things with our own hearts."

We were walking through the fallen leaves and blades of grass, through sludge of muddy soil. The smell of wet moist drizzle was around us when the moment zoomed in as if time didn't exist. Pace changed into flickering instants of déjà vu agreements, free from all boundaries of logical circumstances, free from all habits into one united moment of shared values.

We were in free fall, feeling elevated and weightless. In total stillness as if time stopped. The membrane of our collective body gave us a view into two directions. There was the trail of the past and the trail of the future, both together forming the present stasis.

Location is a matter of positioning oneself. When you feel lost you can create a map of sharpness. A grid of orientation.

Binder are fragmented structures and rhythms. We were holding its film in a fluid way where no trust could be put into detail. Born through several minds, guided by context, following the interfaces of collaborative impressions and meant-to-be, never at the end of transformation. We were holding it in our hands to understand this amorphous fury and took a walk through the changing landscape, to lose all orientation of vertical and horizontal understandings. It felt like walking through ruins where we unlearned and clarified. We engaged in the wildest sense, falling off the edges in a thicket, in clear existence without a frame.

"Where were you?"

"At the aircraft hangar!"

It was something we are all intimately involved in, reshaping the human body by modern technology. Feeling united and though apart. A part of the whole can't be separated. It needs its universal codes, its fellows around to create meaning. Walking helped us moving the body forward. The mud was sticky and made sounds each step we passed. There was no horizon in this bubble vision of movement in this total stillness of free fall. The edges blurred into shapes of different filters. Different pasts and different futures merged into one undivided imagery of what was feeling lost or what was feeling kept. The edges of individual perspectives became blurry fading into one reality of existence. Turned around into a wrong 360 degree panorama that was tilted into one unified globe. An artificially created film of life activated by movement and the mind.

"Is it your or my AI that we are shaping?"

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

Light was slowly fading into shades of black. Our footprints became invisible and colors evaporated in fog. The earth felt like a glimpse of time reflecting the last visible light in the watery surface of the grass. We sat down to embrace the damp atmosphere of the nighty forest. The ground smelled like bark and universe. Flashes of light were reverberating in the dark discovering the hidden.