

Scratches of Use

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Scratches of use and traces left. The wind keeps blowing. Warm. Strings of hair, flying, falling. Soft, from 1 to 0 like black moon days standing still, looking out, breezing in that blanket of infinite dots, that carpet ahead.

I was walking through the gate and time was disappearing. Everything felt frozen. Piano tones played, people had cups of coffee or Guinness. Noisy chats were all around. The moment was playing cards and zoomed in. As if time didn't exist. Everything was in free fall.

Location is a matter of positioning oneself. When you feel lost you can create a map of sharpness. A grid of orientation. A lack of distance that fades out. The notion of landscape is behind you, its underneath your feet and above your head rather than in front of you. You move through places as they move through you. A floating process on solid ground or liquid blend, experienced on rearward.

[ICE - WATER - STEAM]

A slice of remembrance occurred in a glance of a shimmering surface. Its skin was glossy and moist. Its fragile appearance so strong through its elasticity of thin transparent layers that showed a bathed film of reflection. Time on a monitor feels slower than in a real move. The motion slid along the graded level of horizontal rays discovering the mirrored angle of reality. Echoes of stored clouds were falling in the rain. The vertical drippings arrayed the desire to move - to escape. Its blurred horizons streamed without a pause in 360 degrees of panorama. - Time.

Two fields divided by a line becoming an infinite perspective of dazed complexity and illusion. We were pacing through the clear yellow tinted tilts of polymer when the music started "Trying to communicate" what was missing. We were navigating in a dive of alienation, through what was feeling lost. Through rocks of clothes and metal racks. Through clocks as bracelets and clocks as necklaces. Through laces of different paths pointing to one united scape.

At the intersection of mapping stars life is a line, a veer of fields. The desert's eye is silent. Echoing itself. Its ear is a spiral into the inner self suggesting a relation between time and space through sound.

Rain was falling. Drippings of plunged water drops were rushing down on the ground of a puddle that was held in an immersion shaped by liquified soil. A concrete utopia smashed in mud. Rippling off. Its echoing was silent with no sound at all. Only a visual reverberation of something that was there. A reflection of a sound wave which is delayed so much that one hears and perceives the sound as a separate event.

Your face was visible on the screen. It said 'live' and though it was two minutes later than the actual I knew that we felt the same time. Thousand of miles of an ocean of solidified waves of crystalline submarine rocks laid between us. How fast would one signal rush through these kilometers of wire to arrive at the same time. 2 minutes for an ocean to pass seemed immediate. Our both realities seemed to be one although one was the present and the other the past depending on the perspective and location we took. The threshold was in its breaking point showing the process of a washed up reef, a frontier that disappeared. It was a viscous stream of immediacy coping our two existences to one.

In the desert footprints stay and past becomes a part of the visible present. Echoes are used to estimate space and distances.

[WOLKE - MUSCHEL - ROCK - MOUNTAIN. - SPIRAL.]

Clear crystals like the winter's air were floating in billows surrounding us. A soothing swarm that streamed in glazes of velvet swamps cascading in slow motion. I was following the delayed reflection exiting a signal. It transformed to an inter-individual gesture of the receiver through distance. Its tone height stayed equal while the tone volume differed and weakened.

The question was who produces and who reproduces ideologies?

- Line is a Circle, changing its order from a cosmic sight.

We were walking along the beach looking at the ocean's waves that were washed up. Transparency became white matter through movement and energy. The perspective shifted to aerial views and transformed volume into lines. Scale is a construct of the brain when space morphs into volume into distance into disbandance. Negative space is a mutable matter, the between, under, around or inside is shaped by an object or subject. It is an atmosphere, an unseen matter or non-event. It has its own agency and opens up potency. Positive space is the object or subject, the thing around us which we orient our understanding about what is and what isn't on. It is fixed.

The mirror showed its double scattering in a dimension of multi facets. I felt like living with myself in the echo of millions of double reflected perspectives echoing themselves over and over again.

Everything was responding in a portrayal of reclaim. The play-button was set on repeat concealing an iteration of enacting the usual.

[#scale #space #volume #distance #VOID]

A landscape includes the physical elements of geophysically defined landforms, living elements of land-cover including indigenous vegetation, human elements including different forms of land use, buildings, structures, and transitory elements such as lighting and weather conditions. Combining both their physical origins and the cultural overlay of human presence often created over millennia landscapes reflect a living synthesis of people and place that is vital to local and national identity. The character of a landscape helps define the self-image of the people who inhabit it and a sense of place that differentiates one region from another. Landscape is the dynamic backdrop to people's lives. There is a vast range of landscapes on earth, including the icy landscapes of polar regions, mountainous landscapes, vast arid desert landscapes, islands and coastal landscapes, densely forested or wooded landscapes, and agricultural landscapes of temperate and tropical regions as well as urban created landscapes.

In occurrence of stars and planets as well as mountains, time brings together physical aspects of distance with virtual qualities of changing position. It demonstrates an era and its circumstances as well as the scale of or towards such degrees and seems to be a relevant factor of existence.

Landscape is primarily used in two meanings. It refers to the culturally influenced, subjective perception of an area as aesthetic wholeness - the philosophical-cultural concept of landscape -, and, especially in geography, is used to designate an area that is characterized by recognizable features that demarcate areas. In urban architecture landscape is used as security device. Virtual objects embody their own agency while the use of physical resources create different forms of content with certain kinds of class relations embedding specific production forms and relations. The lapse of time is referred with a summary of understanding and a motion of an intangible horizon as time seems to complete the level of awareness.

[Actual parameters extent - impact - identify - form - transform - lose control - metamorphose - hydrate.

[FLACHGEWEBE - the NON-IDENTITY - the SUBJECT - the OBJECT - The NOW.]

We were still gathering in these containers filled with products for human use. Products that were supposed to delight human life and existence. They were colorful. Glistening swamps that sparkled everywhere. You in your pace. Me in mine. Us floating together through this static stream of time.

When landscape is used as security device and functions in terms of imagination, manipulation and surveillance, the phenomenon of contemporary culture proposes a certain stage towards human situations, towards objects, towards encounters, towards people at which the emotional charge is muted or levelled off and in which a kind of democracy or quality of objects of experiences of persons appears, a function of distance and perspective.

In times of digital and global change, in which technologies, monitoring mechanisms, ecological filters and urban landscape characteristics increasingly determine and automate global everyday life through continuous recording and tracking methods, we are faced with the question of autonomous, free thinking. There are fewer and fewer individual opinions, whether in media coverage, manipulated by social (digital) networks, economic filters or the market. Whether in clothing style, diet, music or other cultural trends, rather than individuality, circles of personalized trends are emerging, all of which are subject to a profit concept.

Hannah Arendt explains the question of guilt is non-thinking. An automated action without any questioning. She points out that the obsession of one's own thinking to duty and obedience without thinking bears is the real guilt of the frightening events of the Holocaust.

Materialism assumes that even thoughts, feelings or consciousness can be traced back to matter. It explains the world around people and their processes. New materialism also responds to the need for novel values about agency, nature, and social relationships today as new questions arise about our place as embodied people in the world and the way we produce our material environment.

The earth was quivering. First you weren't able to feel it. Only a slow calm sound was distinguishable spreading through the whole house when I saw everything swinging. My eye noticed more than my others senses until I realized that the soil underneath liquified and rolled a few inches further away from the quake.

Alexa, play Brute by Fatima Al Qadiri
Alexa, turn the Volume down a little

for you
touched by the fire
-
you
feeling
nothing
and nothing is moving
at all
time stops
the horizon
a maze
a collapsing
of rays
free.
fall.

street lights reflecting
mirrored glass

*the scape
that's there
a net
ahead
an altitude
a zero set
when time is standing.
still
(again.)*

*the lake's reflecting pane
an attitude
refrains
the echo of the lane
it paves.*

*cars passing shrines
in shimmering
glistening
lines
listening
loop
the water's puddle
a pond
a pool
all lives converge
central
to see through.*

*upon
the horizon
a stable line
dividing
a twine
a dash
a score
floating above
a frame
that is
not there
anymore.*

*the space.
behind
scattered
the actual movement
aligned
in vertical ripples
waving
and still again
paving.*

*ariel views
a double perspective*

*one fixed
one mumbles
remote control
he is suspended
in
no ground
at all
what happens
when the walls
fall*

*the edges
disappear
the scope
the realm
the sphere
emptied of.*

*spatial
ground
between
a haze
of time
I'm floating.
through.
stars.*

*for here
the most peculiar way
grade the capsule
the spiral ground
a signal.
through time
the amazon
a river
streams
embroidery
a fundament
of quiver.
a dance
of past and presence
the spiral forms
and footprints stay.*

*they ask
what can I know
or say
I know though
through
a disc spinning
like an LP
drops rinsing
off
my skin*

*my cheeks
the dye
my feet
they move
connected prediction
conditioning friction
my hair
tender
(ing)
what is knowledge
at all?*

*there is a circuit
a circle
a line
a life
a veer
of fields
hidden
acknowledged
knowing more
a towel on my neck
tacting my steps
my dripping
dropping sweat
the core*

*my hands
my arms
my legs
waving
bones
a universal
code.*

the secret lies in the keeping of time

-

*finding depth
in limitations math
the spiral of the ear
the eye of the sphere
(time and again
I too have felt.)
and still nothing is fully replaced
like a black hole, a message
layer upon layer.*

*visible the invisible
my hands now
butterflies.
thoughts of physical lines
occurring in my veins
disappeared for years
permeable ghosts telling the truth*

*my body knows
unheard of songs
time and again
I too have felt
when parallel streams streaming:*

*.
nobody
body
background
deconstruction
neutralization
solitude
star
circle
circling
loop
looping
bleach
surrounding
Entladung
Einladung*

*to tell you the whole story
matter lays underneath
beyond
origin and horizon are open
they don't respond
the ground on which we go doesn't exist*

*lay it open
this mask
light protecting
varnished dreams
from the road*

*in Autumn's colors
tinted
pasty tones
like waves
they move.
silky ink
liquid matter
the fabric
is turned
a step further
on a map of stars
to be mapped
raw*

*there is no grid at all
no right nor wrong
only light
quakes
a wave*

*in the dust
and muddy soil*

*powder on my skin
like shades of
sandy haze
particles of wisdom
it is all about
what
nothing*

the desert's eye

*cloud.
stream.
rhythm.*

*I think that's what is different
today*

*material
mineral
abstraction
direction
immediacy
administration
(mineralisation)
materialization
new expression
debris
degree
dose
pose
rose
dye*

*below and upon
before and after
fluid stops & goes
a viscous stream
down under*

*parallel streams streaming
streaming lower res.
resolution
compressed.*

is that the feeling of a blood moon?

*a need slice of time
a zyme
I am
a line*

it floats

-

time

holding time

keeping time

sound waves break

like snow

sparkling

twilight

and dreaming

the real

seems

unnatural

the sea

a mirror

they reach

one another

they never touch

the other

but sound

waves

liquid matter

is

filtered

is

stranded

is

stretched

-

again.

and again.

and again.

scratches of use

and traces left

the wind keeps blowing

warm

strings of hair

flying

falling

soft

from 1 to 0

like black moon days

standing still

looking out

breezing in

that blanket of infinite dots

that carpet

ahead

*liquid matter
filtered
the first
ever
forever
memory
extends
invisible
ornaments
that
this
is
things
mirrored echo
strings*

everyone

*lingering down
from the sky
to the walls
slings
bearing
bequeathing
through
your eyes
that window
they connect
one and another
for what
nothing leads to an answer*

*express
the truth
is
a
string
it
shines
and blends
extremely
that
it feels
like
artificial intends*

*man forgets
quickly
why
need
plugs
phones
napkins
lost*

laps
lapses
full time
full moon

Clouds
Stream
Rhythm
what goes on in secret
neutrality is not a position
in notions of blindness.

Maybe this is just to proof you, The desert's eye. or From being connected.

The Amazon was flowing in a stream of personal items. Debris looked like embroidery of it's fundament. It was a warm day and the wind was blowing softly.