

1

July 2022. I just came back from Greece. I invited me to Athens and together with friends we took a big ferry to a tiny Island. It was very windy and eventually we left the deck to head to the restaurant inside the belly of the ferry where you didn't feel the waves and the wind as much, and to maybe eat something. The portions were big. The biggest portions they served were spaghetti. Big in a way I had never seen before. They were enormous amounts/mountains of spaghetti bolognese. They seemed not just *good-enough*, but enough. Really enough. I was so stunned that I didn't think of taking pictures. Days after this turbulent ferry ride, I still had to think of these spaghetti and how much they had amazed me or rather how much I was amazed by *enough*.

2

Every other time when I want to look at the weather on my phone I open the clock or the other way around. I touch *weather* when looking for the time or *clock* when wanting to know about the weather. They appear side by side on my display. I mix them up constantly. And I have for some time. I'm much less but still too impatient. I'm a mother, I need to know about the weather. What does time have to do with the weather, or me and my patience? The sun comes when it's time. Or Trevor Shimizu's *Forgot Sunglasses* (2010). Or has this something to do with my linking desire to the weather, namely rain? There's a visual resemblance between emoji raindrops and the way I visualised the *objet petit a* (according to Lacan the object cause of desire) years ago. Or I move the *objet petit a* into the rain. Everything/Love is overcast. Or what does rain have to do with desire and what does rain have to do with seeing? And with not seeing or not seeing well (*I can see clearly now the rain is gone*). And what has this to do with not or only sometimes being able to read signs. *There are two colours in my head*. Weather is here all the time, though *Rain is a cage you can walk through**. Often it would make more sense, and would be less confusing to just look out of the window.

What does it mean when I liken the object cause of desire to rain, when it rains object causes of desire? What does their proximity (Naheliegen) mean? Futility (Vergeblichkeit)? You cannot pick up (aufheben) raindrops. Possibly this picture was a mistake, only describing my hysteria. How does an umbrella help? Why do I want to evade object causes of desire? Is the falling away of desire as disorganising as desire? *She doesn't remember anything!* Or I repeat myself forever. How passive is a/the *objet petit a*? And time? Is there a relationship between time and desire? Time's awkward and elusive or disappears constantly/or with time, as so often does what you desire. You seem to always be somehow with-without. How do you answer time (in time/in good time)? And at the same time time is just gluey/greasily there all the time (like love sometimes). Often the affects of what has happened take much longer than whatever happened took, that affected you. Or as Kristian Vistrup Madsen put it: *Nothing is ever over when it's over, only much later*. Though later, now you still might not be prepared for what has been. And/Or how difficult it is and how much time it takes to forgive yourself for whatever you had allowed or not known and to mourn and how much confidence (Zuversicht) it takes to trust again. I was unmovable in the glow. With you and not, and not with me. Or the subject's darkness/eclipse (Subjektfinsternis) consists in the disappearance of the subject.

Two movements (*moved to tears*). On my way home, pushing the bike, I slip, hit my head hard against a wall at U-Bahnhof Hallesches Tor (did I move it/something?) and don't but almost faint. I hail a young taxi driver in Kreuzberg, to take my prints to the framer, and he gives me a free ride because he too needs to go to Tempelhof. Also in other respects, I currently have the feeling that I/everything works like a charm every other day and the other day – nothing. As if I needed to go through something. A lot seems unclear/uncertain, the world seems not totally with me or dull, but at the same time also as if all things unclear/uncertain would be important (even magical at times), or (I) closer to a wish or to me. I can remember my dreams more. Does something dissolve? As if a certain kind of not-knowing and an open acceptance of all things unclear would be a/the premise for or harbingers of change or a turn.

Clouds move, desire moves, makes one move. Just not always. Time and desire are also both linked to waiting. And then, time is a place. I post a mobile phone screen video of wiping left over four pictures of two grey puddles, that were taken in live mode, in *photos* on Instagram and write nothing. It's raining, you see raindrops causing wacky circles before inevitably drowning in their puddles entirely. The movement feels wrong, choppy, doesn't flow. The live mode is too short. It's winter. I stand in winter forever and wait forever. Or I am improbably tired. The heating purrs calmly like a cat. I want to be more mobile/lithe. Or its purr used to be calming before heating evoked a war. One of the most beautiful and saddest sentences I came across recently or one and a half years ago, I found on the first page of Denis Johnson's *Jesus' Son* (1992), *I knew every raindrop by its name*. I bought an umbrella. I don't know any names.

What is enough and when is it enough?

Time, desire, and the weather are too often not funny and you wouldn't suspect them to and you cannot suspend them. The first words in Straub/Huillet's film 'Class Relations' are: "My umbrella!" A little later the stoker says to the young man who forgot his umbrella: "I don't even talk about the umbrella."

Timing is important. You cannot or only barely make up for something (nachholen), only be ashamed in retrospect. Some things pass unrecognised. I'm afraid there's a lot I didn't realise in time and other things I didn't realise at all. Tennis is about timing too. And you need one other. There's a silent/surprising o in *you*. An *objet petit a*. Something that I don't understand, and you don't know you have, and can't give away. I lost track of time. What will there be time for? Then what? I cannot postpone (verschieben) the weather, or the reality of tears or desire and sunglasses, and what does not happen.

Anyway my desire might be more me, more hysterical, than I know (or want/ed to). I tend to run in my own direction but I hardly come around. I take out the trash. And then what?

What is desire's or time's relation to change? What does (really) change? And where? How many questions can a text take, can I/a text (still) hold? Alenka Zupančič says in an interview with Agon Hamza and Frank Ruda about psychoanalysis and feminism among other things: .. *to begin with, women are subjects who question the symbolic, women are the ones who, by their very positioning, do not fully "acknowledge" its order, who keep signaling its negative, not-fully-there dimension*. And we don't even know where to start. And it is/would be your problem. When are we all there already? The word cowboy comes to mind, but I won't use it (I once liked the sound of cowboy boots far too much). *He takes it all, the coffee too*. I am somewhere else/everywhere. I don't drink coffee. Who drinks coffee? Weeks run into months, years. She didn't always know. Or I'm slower/younger than time. Love shifts. Or something very slow is happening.

Maybe I'm also so drawn to psychoanalysis because it represents something very slow or long, it might take years and years. And because it depicts a relationship/commitment (Verbindlichkeit), only works through relation (like real life, you always only learn/understand via others). And it is a process, a movement that brings together thinking and the body and one's own desire via dreams. At least that's my fantasy. Pictures have time, texts do too. Humans are slow and it may be important not to forget that (just consider how long things take, from getting to know oneself to getting to know another, to producing something that might be worthwhile). You always also pay in/with time.

As I 'performed' *Everything* last summer at bobshop (<https://bobshop.info/>) I was very slowly walking backwards which also helps with getting in touch with a text that has always already been written beforehand. I would have loved to wear one of the monochrome pastel coloured plastic hair pieces from the *Comme des Garçons 2022*, Ready-to-wear show, then. They look like fiction. Like soft Lego hair for human heads. There's something playfully safe or protectively consoling about them. They'd be perfect in/for rain too. It was raining a lot (you know?).

The *objet petit a* is an object which is already lost, even if it's very unlikely made of rain.

Victoria Miro doesn't take responsibility for umbrellas

At Vienna's main station a female loudspeaker voice says:

Bitte beachten Sie, dass sich Verspätungen jederzeit verändern können. Please note that delays can change any time.

Forgot sunglasses \approx *I can see clearly now the rain is gone*

3

All these stairs.

Things/We begin on the floor. Downstairs where the rain disappears.

There's a problem with the margins or the floor. Or something towards the floor. To have the feet on the ground/floor, one has to feel one's feet and find/see the/a/some floor. To under-stand something in the best sense or really always has something to do with feet. And with coming and going, with withdrawing and not etc. Maybe that's why I do love tabi shoes. You always feel where you begin. They help sometimes. Can feet be lonely? Can they respond? Something/What got lost (ist abhandengekommen)? What defines a floor/place? I want to sprawl, stretch out over the room and in my whole (new) patience. Is or can the monitor on which I write this be viewed as a place or does it rather describe placelessness (Ortlosigkeit)? And a tablet? *Everything in its Right Place*. I go away/rarely when it gets too exciting. Sometimes I'm not connected or I don't see any connection. All is quieter. I feel dizzy (schwindlig), or I feel like a swindler as an artist. To take pictures is like listening very closely, and I almost hear nothing. I know

nothing. I have difficulties finding pictures, difficulties with this text. To find what makes up a picture/text that might hold something, hold/describe something that isn't there or a wish. Or at least its margins (Ränder).

What is it with the inherent absence in pictures/texts? The use of Photoshop always underlines one's own weakness. Is it able to hold/show something/desire? Some of the new pictures I'm working on appear to collapse in on themselves, not rising like cakes or maybe they only try to touch themselves, perhaps finding their boundaries and one leaks (rinnt aus). Some of the pictures fail to play tennis. I thought that tennis would/might be a good illustration for relationships (per se), though the aim/idea in tennis is to hit the ball in a way that the other cannot hit it back easily. And the/this text should break off in between and/or I would have wanted to work out a 'bracket structure', but I don't have enough time. And it is too long, or what kind of length is this? Time and again I have to think of Abel Ferrara's film *New Rose Hotel* (1998) which I saw years ago in Vienna and whose structure had impressed me so much. As far as I can remember after half of the film previous scenes recur with tiny aberrations or show a little bit of what has happened before the repeated scene and also a bit of what comes after. What do I need to use? What comes through? What can I bend? What about glue?

Where is the body, my desire in relation to what is actually there/real? And with what I do? Or how do I get there, come around? How to be generous and love? How to play with what's impossible? How to relax in questions, or answer despite being in question? How to move, and respond? Sometimes I'm almost there. Close enough? In the park there's a graffiti: *Alle werfen / Keiner fängt Everyone throws / No-one catches*. Does wearing a Lacan text t-shirt help the memory of one's own body? Even the feet? Do I want to/Can I get involved? What do I catch? There were times when I would rather have been in a bubble tea joint at a certain moment and have disappeared with it, or suddenly and just long enough like Josef Strau during a zoom talk in Düsseldorf some months or years ago.

My uncle, Michael Turnheim, wrote that writing would be the only dignified outcome of mourning. But it has to happen in the body too, go through the body and before that has to be perceived and received (angenommen) there, in a lot of alternating and different feelings to really be able to get to a dignified and in the best case open outcome. And it/this takes patience and quite a bit of time. I want to retrieve something like a relationship with the world, the world or reality which I brushed off too often with a genuine if naïve "Really?" or defiance. Repair it. Is one able to find (again) a/one's form, one's poetic abilities, in what lacks or unintentionally or by surprise? In tiredness? There might be access in absence. A feeling of participation? And I don't see it/this or it's just some feeling. Bubble tea bubbles are perfectly round. My pictures describe desire only in the absence of a world, a form of address, an address, or maybe something like a family/relationships. Though family is/might be a wonderful and/or, and sometimes at the same time, a traumatic floor. Sometimes I walk away a little. Like pictures seem to, that were taken using a zoom. I stand a bit apart. You're in no sentence.

In chapter 1 of *Und sie fällt uns dauernd runter / This one's about love***, it says: 'No love is left in the eyes or on the floor' and later 'Is there anything left on the floor? If I had to illustrate this text, I'd put this cropped screenshot here, that I found somewhere in a note folder of Oldenburg's dirty brown and beige *Floor Cake*, with a text saying *Claes Oldenburg, Floor Cake, 1962 (MoMA) May 22nd, 2006 / A podcast about this fun sculpture of a giant piece of cake.*' Again I'm reminded of the song *Cake in the rain*, that is *McArthur Park* of which D. says that the cake is a substitute for a/the relationship. Or getting soaked and eating this/it too. I always liked the sound of a tennis ball hitting the floor. There's an attempt to play tennis. To gain ground, any(thing) real ((other than) rain). More than any other ball the neon yellow of the tennis ball indicates the wish to not be missed, to be seen (before and after hitting the floor). ... *sucking a lemon*. I increasingly drop things. Probably to remind me of a/the floor. Berlin is built on sand and doesn't remind you of the beach. Everything takes longer or is postponed. Things like to get lost and it seems more difficult to hold a(ny)thing.

Still and for almost two years now a good illustration or something like an illustration for me or maybe rather my work is this screenshot I did years ago of this somewhat worn out/tired looking *Floor Cake* from 1962. And somehow it calms me. There is something hopeful about big cakes that have the time to defiantly squat on floors. Or perhaps because this one wouldn't get soaked in the rain that easily. Or maybe because it's a screenshot, something like a contemporary snapshot and brings along all its lightness? Or maybe just because this cake is (big) *enough*. A long/slow beginning.

In a run down gym somewhere in Moabit where I spend some hours of a Sunday morning in January I'm thinking about all of this and read Constance Debré talking to Angélique Chrisafis and Constance Debré talking to Olivier Zahm (with whom (Debré in these interviews) I agree on almost everything except her dismissal of psychoanalysis. Although I feel that in some ways she might be

closer to Lacan than she thinks, cf.: “*The fissures can appear anywhere, at whatever level, individual or collective. My sense is that today we no longer know. And there you have it! It’s a start.*”).

I can't stop reading and listening to Jamieson Webster by the way. What, despite my interest in psychoanalysis and in her thinking (her *Life and Death of Psychoanalysis* lies like a treasure in my lap in this gym as well), has to do with her writing/speaking with her whole body, with all her desire, naturally and seemingly playful and touchingly vulnerable in such a way that I don't understand why not all of us do it or are not able to do it. Or that's where/how I want to be. How astoundingly difficult it is to come around and stay to not sidestep oneself/anything, also not one's own surprise or the surprise of others about oneself and to not displace feelings into thoughts. But to be with these feelings and possibly communicate them, also one's own desire, and what doesn't make sense. To dissociate binds (if only to the past or some anxiety). Then one stops or is not felt/seen, disappears. *Tried to say.*

My son's football team provides the buffet for a football tournament for which I, in the early morning still a little bit sleepy, make a cake with one egg too few, which turns out just fine. We didn't leave it in the rain/or it didn't rain. I love baking, when I have time. It's sensual, or I feel sensual then. I can concentrate well while in the midst of excitingly screaming kids and coaches and the sound of screeching trainers on gym floors. While being a mom to a son busy playing with his friends. While it's a sunny Sunday and I might not have to. While having a reason to be somewhere in the world, or in a run down gym somewhere in Moabit. And after having baked a cake with too few eggs. Or is it also their, the kids, relation to the world that moves me? That Allows me to withdraw more calmly, to think/work, to be. To be happy. I know again that there is a floor sometimes. It is important (wichtig) and it is windy (windig). Something happens or seems different. I like illustrations. Actually, I just somehow wanted to evoke feet.

4

And the ceiling? I think about how to make absence/desire readable/visible. What happens if you add together carefully ideas about absence and desire? Is there a surplus? Or what resonates? I forgot my sunglasses. How much love remains?

Saw rain, cf. Tao Lin, *Leave Society*, p. 249.

March 2023. I spend a very funny afternoon with someone who is happy or perhaps, seems to be anyway. I think we meet again. There's time.

If I would read this text as a performance, I would very slowly have walked backwards. And there would be cake now and it would stop raining. Not only because I love to have cake but also because I am interested in what literally comes or may come out of pictures and/or texts like this. *Everything*. And because I like redundancy and non-performances, performances that are mundane, mere gestures or very boring. It must be read as something that came/fell out of this text

All my pictures from the last few years are portraits, landscapes that point downwards like this text.

**Rain is a cage you can walk through*, a line in a poem by Jeredith Merrin that I only know of because Sabeth Buchmann used it as title for her text about Judith Hopf in the *Performance* issue of *Texte zur Kunst*, March 2000

***Und sie fällt uns dauernd runter / This one's about love* (2021--) is an unfinished text, which came into being for the exhibition *What a beautiful idea you were* at NOUSMOULES c/o L'Etoile Endettée, Berlin, 2021.