

Toner

KUNSTVEREIN VIA 113

Begleitbrief

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this is not the begining - this is not the begining - this is not the begining

Friday 19.october, normally my grandmother is baking fridays a cake, a very dry one, without fruits, without cream, only with a little bit of chocolate.

My grandmothers chocolate is after some hours everytime looking like coming out of a snowstorm though it's a black chocolate. She say's it reminds to her native country and she knows, that the reason for the snowstorm-chocolate is that she is warming up to much – the chocolate.

My grandmother died for 18years, she drowned in a sea, after lunch. She was a very healthy person, with a big heart nevertheless she died early but of course that's another story - another story.

Today it's raining, rain tropes are falling from the skye like they do it usual if it's raining.

If my head, or another part of my body is between the skye and the earth the rain tropes don't fall on the ground. They fall on me and I am getting wet but of course you know – of course you know.

The people consider me as an artist. Because I am making films, sometimes very long ones and in contrast to an ordinary film you have to move yourself, otherwise you see only one picture – but of course you see.

Thank you for coming. An opening without people is sad. An opening without the artist, without art is not as sad as an opening without persons. So don't be sad.

Sometimes I am at home and I eat a kind of rice pudding with cinnamon and sugar – lonely in the night but with warm socks and then I think: Marry Ann, also this winter will have an end.

This is the begining.....

Friday, it's windy and I have put on my old shoes.
My grandmother died 18 years before and therefore no cake today.
My parents are living, my sisters are travelling and I have no dogs, no cats and only sometimes season in the sun.

I have read that my work is sexy.
I think they mean I am sexy.
Other persons said that I have a beautiful body. This kind of body where you have in mind that it can explode – tight, wellrounded and I am 31 years old.

By the way: Are you sexy?Are you sexy?
It's not an important question but it could be the begining of a dialogue.

An artist told me: If I want to be succesfull my work has to be sexy. His work was not sexy at all and he was not sexy. It's always unfavourable if you claim an attitude, a condition and you miss it personal.

I remind me of school. Marks are not very important I said but unfortunately I had only average marks, so I was accused being an opportunist.

Probably I don't know anybody of you in the INTERNATIONALE KUNSTHALLE Porto 1 besides Mr. Schuerer but perhaps we can come closer.

Are you succesfull?.... Are you succesfull?.... Are you succesfull?.... Are you succesfull?....
If you are succesfull you are in my opinion not simultaneous sexy but sometimes I am a romanticist, sorry.

I am wearing a turtleneck pullover. It's a high closed one, blue and warm. I like blue and warmth and I like the smell of the turtleneck.
I put it over my nose I am smelling my own breath.

People said, it's not possible to smell the own scent. I do and I like it.
It's a little bit like in a middle aged house with a middle aged kitchen. The owners of the house like to cook and they like sometimes wine. But they also like toothpaste, they are well educated.

What's your breath scent?
Do you have talked about your scent?

It's not important but perhaps we can come closer by this kind of questions.

Why we should come closer?
I don't know but perhaps it could be more interesting. – it could be more interesting if we new each other – é muito périgoso conhecermos os nossos amigos diz Mr. Wild – but we are no friends.
You are visitor of an exhibition, perhaps with the ticket number 124 and I am the producer of this show. Next time it could be vice versa.

Ladies and gentlemen be very wellcome,

Where do you come from?

From Portugal, from Porto, from your Dinner, from the bathroom, from your boyfriend?

Do you have a girlfriend?

Do you have in mind a personal prejudice?

I am coming from Germany, but one part of my family is Jewish or I am coming from Germany and one part of my family is Jewish.

I could tell you, that I have a secret preference for walking on the beach in the autumn, without shoes. The wind, the waves, the cold tips of the my toes.

I could tell you, that it's the only way for having free thoughts, for being sure of myself but it would be absurd.

I never walked in the autumn without shoes on the beach. I do it for the film.
I don't like cold feet, I don't like the beach, I don't like wind and waves you can have for free.

I like warm tee, sometimes warm touches, warm kisses and rice pudding with cinnamon. The last one you know yet.

What do you like?

Nearly everybody likes warm kisses and contacts of affections but why we don't do it more often?

We can do it here?

You are shy?

I am.

In formar times, as I was a teenager, we switched the light of before kissing, before touching. Sometimes we didn't kiss, we only sat without talking. Sometimes we talked.

(Light out)

Of course I don't expect that you now start to kiss your neighbour, or that you start to talk but it would be a beautiful collaboration.

When where you the last time frightened?

To be frightened is not very fashionable.

My environment doesn't talk about their personal fear.

To loose somebody - I am scared of.

To loose love – I am scared of.

To loose self confidence – I am scared of.

You lost the light –
here you get it back.

Like I told you I don't like to walk without shoes on the beach.
But I told a lie when I said that I don't like the wind or the waves. I like both.
Sometimes I am lieing. It's kind of staging measure. To improve the stories of my everyday live.
How you improve your stories?

So – I have the undressed foot, the wind and the waves.
Between them, sand and a lot of trifles, little things I meet during my walk.
They belong to the past and influence the present.
They are imperfekt and if they could talk, I would be among a turmoil of stories.
Of course they could talk, but not with words, not with sentences. I hope you understand.

Sometimes I am sad.

When I am very sad little drops are running down on my cheeks. They are falling to the ground when I am standing and when I don't have a handkerchief and when I don't use my hands. But usually I am not standing.
My tears are salty, a little bit like the sea perhaps but I am not a poet so they are only salty.

The reasons for my sadness could be many and various but in principal they are related to the dilema of persons and the different levels of affections – so called big- or short stories of our individual live.

Do you have wept yesterday?

I have but it's my story.

When have you wept the last time?

You remember?

If I would be a person of your confidence how you would describe the feeling of your personal kind of being sad?

It would be nice and strong if you could describe it.

If somebody devides his sorrowes, his griefes - it's not as lonely – the

sadness and the world.
I am not very well in deviding these kind of things.
I never learned it but in deed: I would like to learn it.
If somebody devides it's not as lonely.
If somebody devides his sorrowes, his griefes - it's not as lonely – the
sadness and the world.
I am not very well in deviding these kind of things.
I never learned it but in deed: I would like to learn it.

Perhaps tomorrow.

Tomorrow we can meet us again,
perhaps a lot of things has been changed meanwhile but-

Perhaps you would like to tell s story.
I would like to listen and if it would be enough to be a listener I would leave,
without saying good-bye.

But don't be sad, I will come back, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the day after
tomorrow, perhaps only in our dreams.

Sometimes the circumstances need more time.
Sometimes all the time are not enough for the circumstances but I am not a
poet and
I want to leave you now.
I want?
I have to.

So good-bye, thanks for patience.