



Just feel

Finally a moment of quiet and peace at my general practitioner, where a selection of classical music awaits one in a spacious waiting room. I think about my sister not liking the wind sonatas. Later I am reading Artforum for the first time. I am worried about health as a placeholder. Till ultimately everything is resolved.

Remember that one time when I called you crying, lost in the fruit and vegetable section? I am confused I said.

Upon leaving the doctor I pass by this underwear store again, still wanting that nude colored bra-top-hybrid. I think it is one I could need, similar to the very model i am wearing now for 5 years. Choice within these measures stresses me. Knowing ones cup size and being ready for new products stresses me. I did like this once. I remember liking the capacity of finding a new thing i could like. I got weary, or deceived maybe when they changed the density of my favourite tights. Might be a cure though, it renders me suspicious to objects.

(...) Ok so this bra, it is now taking thoroughly long for me to be in peace with wanting it, measuring up to me needing it. And what is needing anyways? I get a little worried about this reluctance, since it feels like a teenager proofing a point.

Am I actually doing this to earn a sense of liberated pride for resisting, dealing with the roots of desire so to say? Or, alternately, am I depriving myself for unclear reasons, feeling ultimately sadder than if i did buy? But precisely, what are the roots of desire, what do i need? what kind of holiday do we book?

„Let's go and buy you new sneakers“ you said

But the feeling is precisely the one I have when on this webshop. The filters are the problem, too explicit are the questions they imply. Either extreme seems to match and not to match.

I confuse monday and sunday again. And I wanted you to tell me something soothing. Afterall, there is no logic to it. Then I watch the dancing goats video and try to eat some of the oats from on top of the bread.

Cotton makes me feel perfectly in place, wholesome and unpretentious. Adequately outlining a sort of unexcited state. Not without joy just not hysteric. And not staged. This grey long sleeve and that old sweater with the butterflies. They say cotton has a dry feel to it. it works maybe not for extremes, but precisely for the average situation of subtle importance. It makes decision quick, I feel capable of doing stuff when wearing it. Even at its thinnest quality, I feel less fragmental than when wearing silk.

The dress is on the small table in the small room, oh, or maybe it is in Vienna.





