

If I can be for you no more than signs  
What if I handed you a manual?

Cause listen, I am myself but a fool to buy the socks with weekday prints in order to mix them up and wear Mondays for Fridays. Dully I smile to myself looking down at my feet on a Sunday believing I defied reason.

I envy you your wide dark blue pants with careless white paint stains  
Deriving no doubt from a place of actual hard work or meaningful production.  
It makes me want to own such stains, but like when we were teenagers we know how impossible it is to copy a gesture produced through the beauty of ignorance, produced unconsciously, disinterested.  
Never will a pair of pants feel and look the same as with bruised knees from a petty tripping, delicately distressed fabric, brown edges from crusty blood.

I therefore long for your activity to set me in that very place, that potential universe of unconscious stains.

I am not a painter of all the things that I may or may not be. Or rather I don't use white paint to prime. So what come to mind are walls and their improvement. The renovation of a space, the hyperbolic cleaning and ordering through white paint. A joyful satisfying activity, a no brainer intellectually maybe, a physical, sweat producing craft most definitely.

B. would disagree. In beautiful heiddeggerian convocation of the hand he would probably give a passionate speech about the craft of painting walls. He is right and I will only ever accept the speech from him. Because I trust his sincerity. It's the same that recites Brave Heart and told me of Nordic warriors in a childlike longing for a restoration of an unharmed masculine. Ham and G. half naked, dressed in fur costumes for a theater play - was it Shakespeare? - Oh how I longed to be a warrior too

Preparing my imagined space with the help of white paint to eventually lead to disinterested careless stains, leads me to understand my desire of stains and space being actually identical.

I was looking at a lot of workspaces; I wanted to witness people's desire for the space they claim as theirs. The fishbowl. The fishbowl as trap or treat. (When my grandma's scalars grew too big in the new larger aquarium, they started to nibble at all the other species' fins, which reduced overall health of the ecosystem eventually leading to boredom and neglect from my grandma's side)

I am glad he stopped to wear black; it was near impossible to resist physical attraction.  
Likewise I wonder if my perception of self in black cottons of varying thickness and weave correlate with people's perception of me?

(Inventory)

black Uniqlo sweatshirt with hood  
black Uniqlo sweatshirt without hood  
black semi stretch jeans "original cowboy"  
black socks with aloe vera fragrance (5 pairs)  
black bras (various)  
black new balance sneakers  
black loafers  
black Asics sneakers  
black silk dress wide  
black silk dress tight  
black dress that looks like Dirndl-Goth  
black flared cropped pants I bought near Pigalle with hole on butt  
black wool coat I made with open seams  
black Jil Sander pants I bought at Oxfam

black lycra pants from fashion is fast collection  
black ripped silk blouse  
black long sleeve crew neck with ripped sleeves to put thumbs through  
black cotton work pants I bought in Melbourne at the bins  
black fashion is fast XXL t-shirt  
black sweater "New York" I bought in Prague  
black duvet  
black neoprene fashion is fast skirt 90 degrees  
black neoprene fashion is fast skirt 180 degrees

I's pearl necklace that I had as Christmas present last year is complicated. I take it everywhere and often wear it hidden, underneath a black turtleneck.

I. is a nostalgic when talking clothing. He owned the stains and holes when I was still full on lost in the system of signs. He was much earlier aware of the pathos of object relations.

I really like Z. cellophane-self packaged units of daily essentials (alternately cashews as snacks or vitamins of unclear provenance and intention) I like how these units reveal the hardship of structuring chaos. They are defiantly anti defeatist and therefore affirmative of life. They give me hope.

*Like a permanent stain wishing I could just wash away*

In June I bought a knife tortured by the memory of a city that has you substitute self-reflection with drowsiness.

I. asked me if I could ever write something for him. → Interesting how my first feeling was that of resistance, like when as child I didn't want to share. Can anyone have my writing for them?

I am thinking of the large painting in the studio, I remember looking at the paint up close. I remember understanding something essential about the desire for systematic and durational gestures. He talked about boring, about boring practices. Practices that impress because they are mental, and nerdy and incessant. Unflinching. But to me they mostly seem cold. The formalism of any totality of equanimity or stability of technique when talking abstraction always comes with a shiver. Is the boredom the same I desire when talking about disinterested stains?

Oh I understand the desire to suspend time and change. To conquer it through an invincible structure. Re-performing the conquest with each new work. All I manage to produce is doubt; all my systems have to comply with my moods of vulnerability. I fight time but I never escape. I rage but I cry too.

A. loves to insist he doesn't use shampoo or products to shower. Glorifying indifference, the stain universe is extended to olfactory, probably also sensual realms. Tacit resistance.

I know I know, I love sticky hands. I love to bite my nails knowing they are dirty from a day in the city. I have to do exactly what seems gross; in defiance of what is logical I drench my hand in germs and lick each finger one by one.

Spending time with A. made me grow consciously attentive to food stains. The turmeric blood bath that 'ruined' my white sweater now feels integrated in normality.

I love to wear the stains. What one cannot know when one reads the gesture as bold, brave, irrelevant, free, gross etc. is that it is inherently and most of all things intimate. Keeping things and the traces of what they can do is beautiful. It's almost all that's left to hold on to.

That is why I only eat Ritter sport marzipan because M. can eat it.

The stains relate to New York on a fairly un-poetic level too. There is so much dirt and no washing machines. It makes for a delicate pleasure in postponing the washing day as far as possible. Giving up cleanliness as active decision. I use all the products in all the showers of all the apartments that I am guest of. I use them wrong. Some of them smell too strong; some of them hurt my genitals, eyes and nose.

It is only recently through D. and H. that I open up to admitting a careful use could be fun/pleasure. D. knows fantastic techniques in make up. It has nothing to do with female beauty anxiety or need to conform to an ideal. When she does it, its ritual and ornament at once. It's like my spider web tattoo. It's nice like stains. It takes a few minutes alright but it doesn't feel like gender imposed dictated beautification. H. morning taming of amazing curly hair is my favorite to watch. I am deeply impressed by the process that leads from chaos to contained order.

I drink whiskey straight mostly for the gesture. I remember being so impressed by C. s bottle at his studio and J. always keeps a bottle in case C. visits. The intimacy of a friendship but also the specialist knowledge about a pleasurable intoxicating substance.

Stains are badass. They proof one has nothing whatsoever to proof. Like, better than everyone plus stains.

J. bought me the Carhatt vest and she gave it to me at a time when I first met A. I was jealous for a minute. My position in the group had changed. I would have never accepted the jacket from anyone else. I had made my Carhatt jokes since over 2 years. The desire to own one had long faded. Had I bought it or had a male friend given it to me it would have been a bad travesty. It would have meant giving in with J. it meant victory.

Back to I. I remember meeting him the second time and he had this giant bruise across the face. A skateboard accident. How fantastic I thought. It had occurred to me that skating was what Carhatt had felt like when I first came to New York. Friends were telling daily tails of bruised ankles, daring slips and actual collectively experienced tests of courage in the land without welfare. So boys were skating now and again it seemed mostly exclusively male and therefore highly attractive for stylistic quotation and disarming appropriation. I had heard about the actual incident through the well-wired gossip network. This was more than a sprain, an actual wound, a stain. The impression this gesture of violence or indifference towards potential damage at the core of ones physical self - face - seemed a step further, also on the scale of pathos. Daring enough. I was so envious which led to my purchasing a pair of classic checked black and white vans on a rainy day after frieze when spirit was low. There is a picture taken by the press photographer at the Niele Toroni opening at the Swiss institute - of course Z. loved that show. In the picture I clumsily cling to my new pair of shoes, wrapped in a plastic bag, unsure if I would ever be able to wear them, embarrassed as to my yielding to yet another male artist sigil and ambiguous about my feelings towards the work. Looking at the photo I can with critical distance of half a year safely say that the shoes excellently fit the Toroni show. Nowhere else did they belong as precisely within that show of a stubbornly boring practice. Make no mistake, Toroni running no risks.

It would be later in Dallas at the Olivier Mosset show that I should be reminded of the photo. Or rather when I looked at the picture Z. had taken of me in front of it. My vans almost half a year old, long incorporated in my closet, normalized.

It occurs to me that it's less abstraction that produces a feeling of coldness but rather the boredom. Like don't get messy (when I am already wearing a sweater drenched in yellow oil)

I can measure the time span, or the time that has passed by the sneakers my friends wear. There are white sneaker times, black sneaker times; seldom I happen to cross over with new sneaker times. Sometimes the sneakers are the same only the dirt crust got thicker.

Why I like the removable tattoos so much is because they are so modular. From first application to 5 min out

the house they change. They get messy, they appear like dirt. Like crust, actual tattoos cannot convey that feeling in the same style. The daily fading; a performed life.

That is probably what I like best about I's paintings. The illusion of a fading. The allusion to something concrete, full that is now gone, that has worn off. Considering the photographic genesis that he talks about, I like them most as remnants of pictorial contents. Ruins of sorts, but this effect could be stronger. The silkscreen as well as cmyk become mere relicts of an actual picture/image culture. I wonder if either of the two systems could be given up. Driving more radically towards performed pictorial erasure.....

Sent from my iPhone

