



WALTER EGO

ABOUT THIS BOOK

This book is a praise of failure and refusal. It goes against the paradigm to think positive and to present adequate and speaks about doubt, insecurity and weakness.

In between of constant refusal but still not being able to realize oneself, we can meet Walter Ego. While taking a look into the abyss of his emotional state, he shares his drawings and notes that have come up during this process of radical self inquiry.

His story does not have a thread running through it connecting all its parts. His story has gaps and blank spaces to be filled again with new questions instead of answers. In that sense this book can be read as a palimpsest again and again, while retelling his permanent search for a way out without having a clear destination. This can go on forever until it all falls apart into fragments of the anti-hero who tries to withdraw and is never able to arrive.

In the end it deals with his overall strive toward the ability to love and to wish. His struggle is carried by a melancholic undertone, at some times subtle at others humorous, always intertwining with poetic and philosophical moments, shaped by a tireless longing for a resistive way of life beyond its instrumentality.

Walter Ego; the name says it all:

„I fuck me up to save me. This is not a program!“

COMMENTS

»They will admit you to the nut house.«

(„Do liefan’s di ein.“)

My Mother

»I could also write a book.«

(„I kunnt’ a a Buach schreibm.“)

My Aunt

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WALTER EGO grew up in a very small provincial village of Austria close to the danube. He enjoyed being taught catholic and proletarian ideas mixed with rough farmers habits. He escaped to the city of Vienna when he was older. Later he started to study art at the department of PsychoConceptualArtPractices because he had no permission for other universities. He finished some years ago. Never won a price, nor got any stipendia or fellowship, neither did a residency.

He has never been outside of Europe nor could he refer to longer residencies in other countries. That he has no gallery must probably not be mentioned. He is doing therapy now. A fortuneteller is currently telling him that he thinks too much. Occasionally he appears in public but he prefers to disappear and wander in emptiness lost in time without time. *Walter Ego* is many: Petz, Prof. Haselmayer, Papa, Pedrito, Peter Haselmayer, Petrus, ...

WALTER EGO

Ich bin ein anderer | I am an Other

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ICH BIN EIN ANDERER
I AM AN OTHER

WALTER EGO

bahoe **books**



EINLEITUNG

Ich wünschte mir mit neun Jahren zu Weihnachten einen großen Stoffgorilla. Ich bekam ihn jedoch nicht und anstelle davon schenkten mir meine Eltern einen orangefarbenen Bären. Von da an hörte ich auf zu wünschen. Ich wünschte mir Nichts mehr, um nicht wieder enttäuscht zu werden oder mich schlecht zu fühlen, weil ich zu viel wünsche.

Vor dreieinhalb Jahren erfüllte ich mir diesen Wunsch jedoch selbst und ich teile mir jetzt mein Zimmer mit meinem riesigen Stoffgorilla.

Er ist etwas größer als ich. (Siehe das Photo am Ende des Buches) Obwohl ich mir diesen Traum erfüllte, war es nicht damit getan. Ich fühlte mich immer noch schlecht. Also begann ich eines Tages mich anhand von Zeichnungen damit auseinanderzusetzen.

Ich zeichnete nur mehr den Gorilla, der mich daran erinnerte, wünschen zu *dürfen* und Wünsche zu *äußern*. Ich wollte mehr werden von dem, was ich bin und dabei beschützte er mich und sorgte sich um

mich. Es ging sogar soweit, dass ich das Gefühl hatte, mehr und mehr zum Gorilla zu werden oder der Gorilla mehr und mehr zu einem Teil von mir.

Der Gorilla veränderte sich im Laufe der Zeit, und nahm verschiedene Formen an, so wie sich auch mein Selbstbild veränderte.

Dieser Prozess der Selbstbildung ermutigte mich so, dass ich begann mich mit anderen Schwächen, Fehlern, Versagen, Unzulänglichkeiten und Unsicherheiten von mir zu be-

schäftigen. Es freute mich geradezu Bedeutungen aus Erfahrungen zu erzeugen, umzuschreiben, neu zu lesen und wieder über mich selbst lachen zu können. Manchmal war es schmerzhaft, manchmal ging es leichter zurückzuschauen, aber es war irrsinnig heilsam. Und dieses Buch ist ein Teil davon.

I am a loser baby
and I really like it.

INTRODUCTION

When I was nine years old I wished for a stuffed gorilla for Christmas. I didn't get it; instead, my parents gave me an orange bear as a present. From that point on I stopped wishing. I did not wish for anything anymore so that I would not be disappointed again, or feel bad because I wished for too much.

Three years ago I fulfilled this wish myself and now share my room with an oversize stuffed gorilla. He is a bit bigger than me. (See the photo at the end of the book) Although I

fulfilled this dream myself, it didn't end there. I still felt bad. So, one day I started to deal with myself by drawing.

I just drew the gorilla all the time and could not stop, but he also reminded me that I am allowed to wish and to express my wishes. I wanted to become more of what I am and therefore he protected me and took care of me.

It was even like I felt myself becoming the gorilla more and more or the gorilla was becoming more

and more a part of me.

The gorilla also changed during this time and took different forms of shapes in the same way as my self-image transformed.

This process of self-imagination encouraged me in such a way that I started to deal with my other weaknesses, failures, lack of successes, inadequacies and insecurities. It was almost a pleasure to create meaning out of experiences, to re-write and read them anew and to be able to laugh

again about myself. Sometimes it was painful, sometimes it was easier to look back, but it was crazy healing. And this book is a part of it.

I am a loser baby
and I really like it.

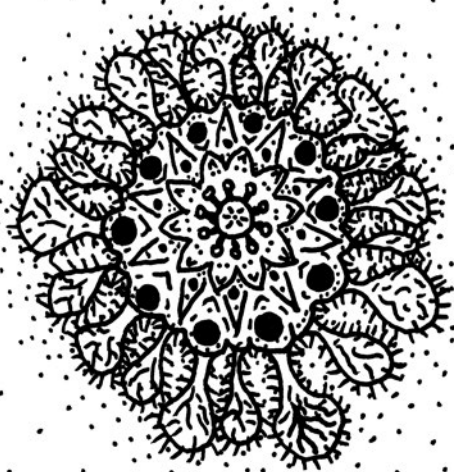


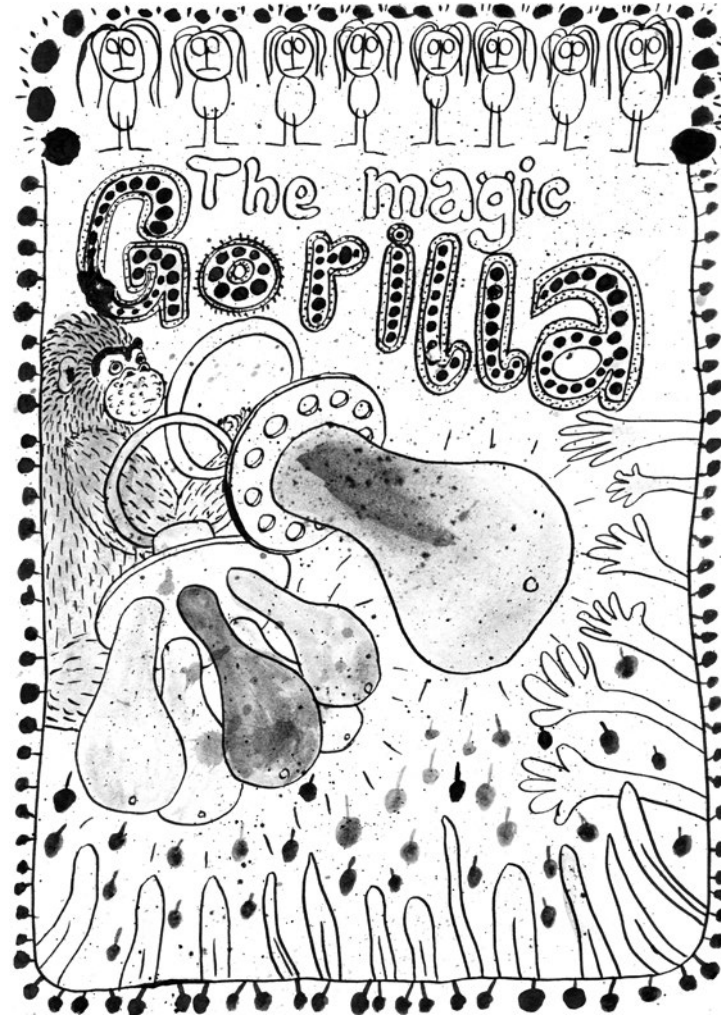
I want to dedicate this book to all those losers the non-functioning, disobedient failures, the inquiring ones, the disintegratables, those suffering racial, sexual, patriarchal or religious discrimination, the disadvantaged, no-confidence, ashamed, depressed and lost ones. For a change it will be anti-heroic, it is a question that reclaims romanticism from clichés and fantasies of paradise. For a political or personal change takes effort and will. It does not come out of the blue but requires the risk involved in looking deeply at what we lack, fears and wounds like those found on our dark sides, weaknesses and failures. Those who recognize themselves in this book shall take a step forward. May you go through it, read and re-read it. And I hope to persuade you to tear off, with all your strength, any shame and feelings of worthlessness.

Why english?

Well this is not actually my mothertongue. I started to think in english because this was the language I was emancipated with and this is the language which those migrant fellows understand who did not integrate themselves with german. I have to say that I very often feel strange when I speak in german because when I speak german one could hear from my accent that I come from the province of Austria. I felt ashamed of my origin. So german was never a home for me. English is also not a home, but also not for those with whom I spoke it. I have not good english as well and I do not care if I do not speak it properly. I am a countryboy, a dilettant. I try to avoid every kind of professionalism.



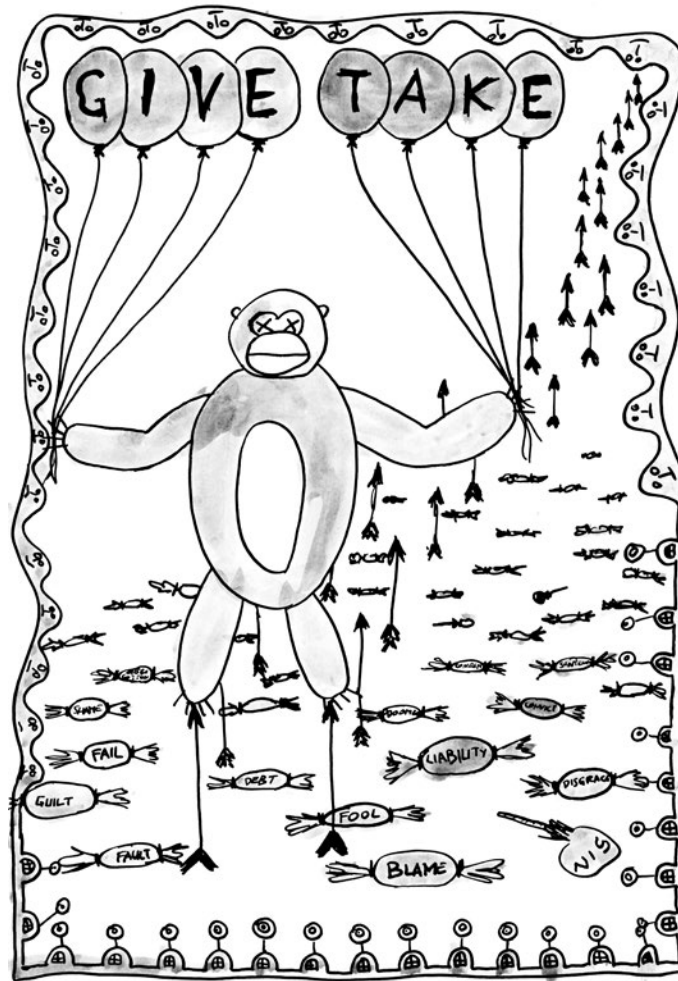


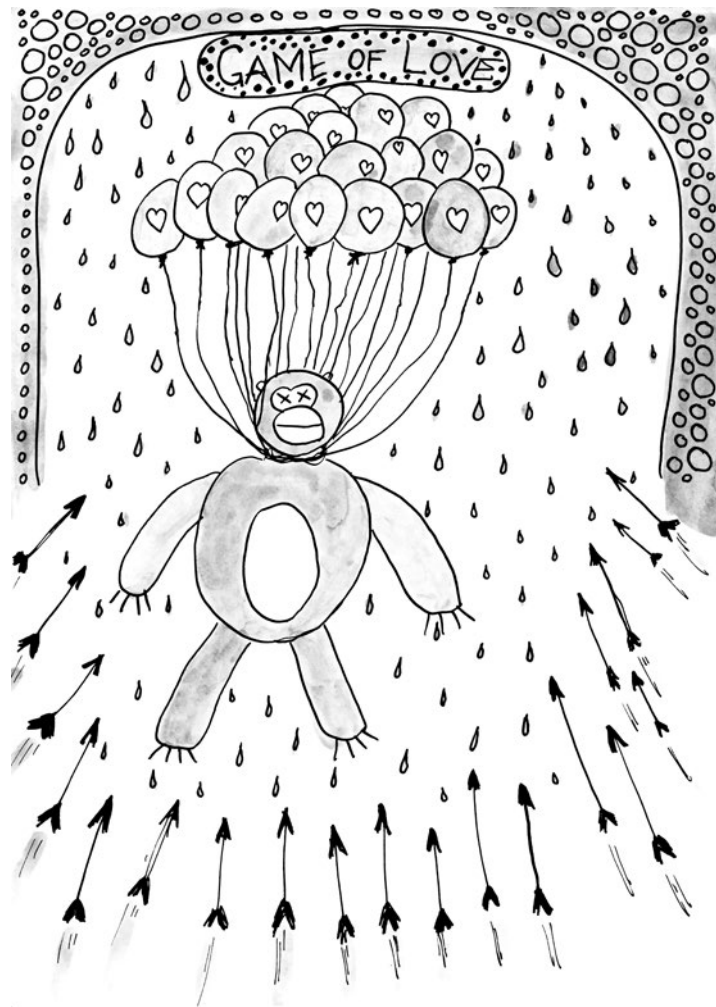


Being a Gorilla



as if there never
existed a Gorilla
before...





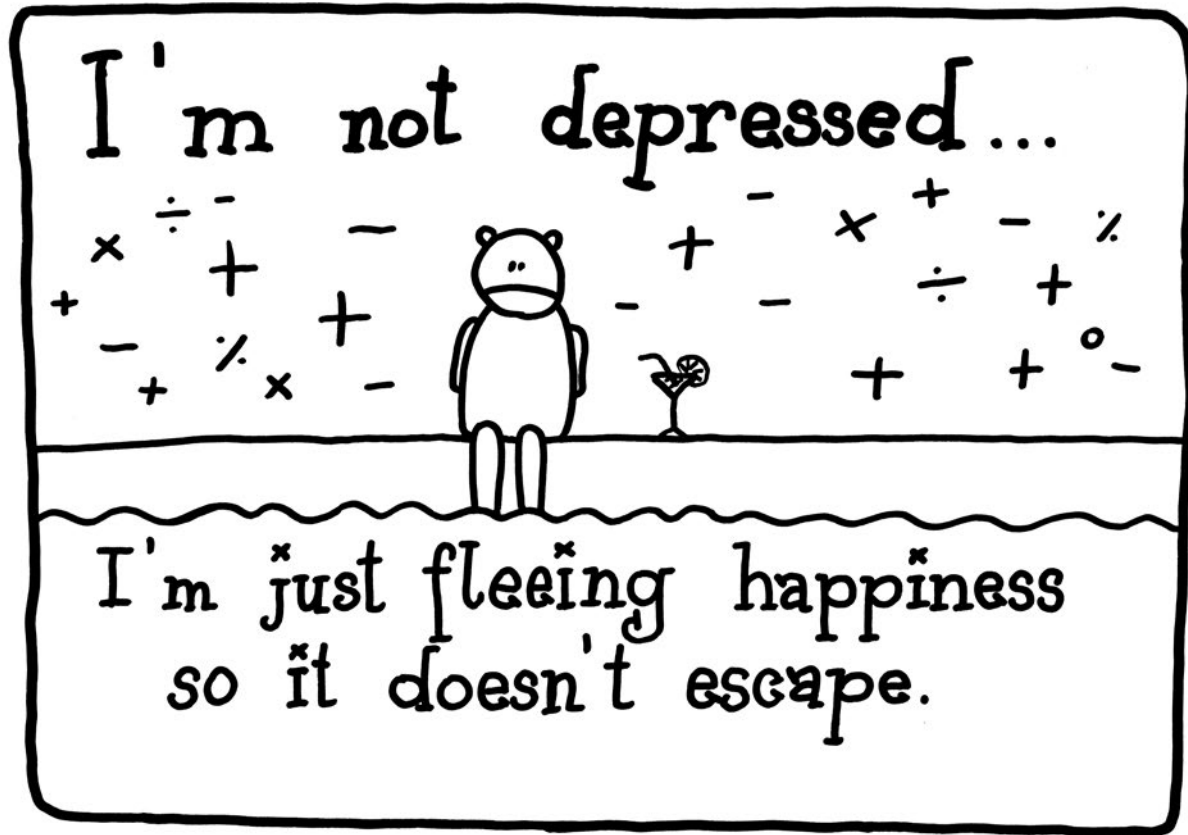


...so my existence is bound to all my unfulfilled
dreams.

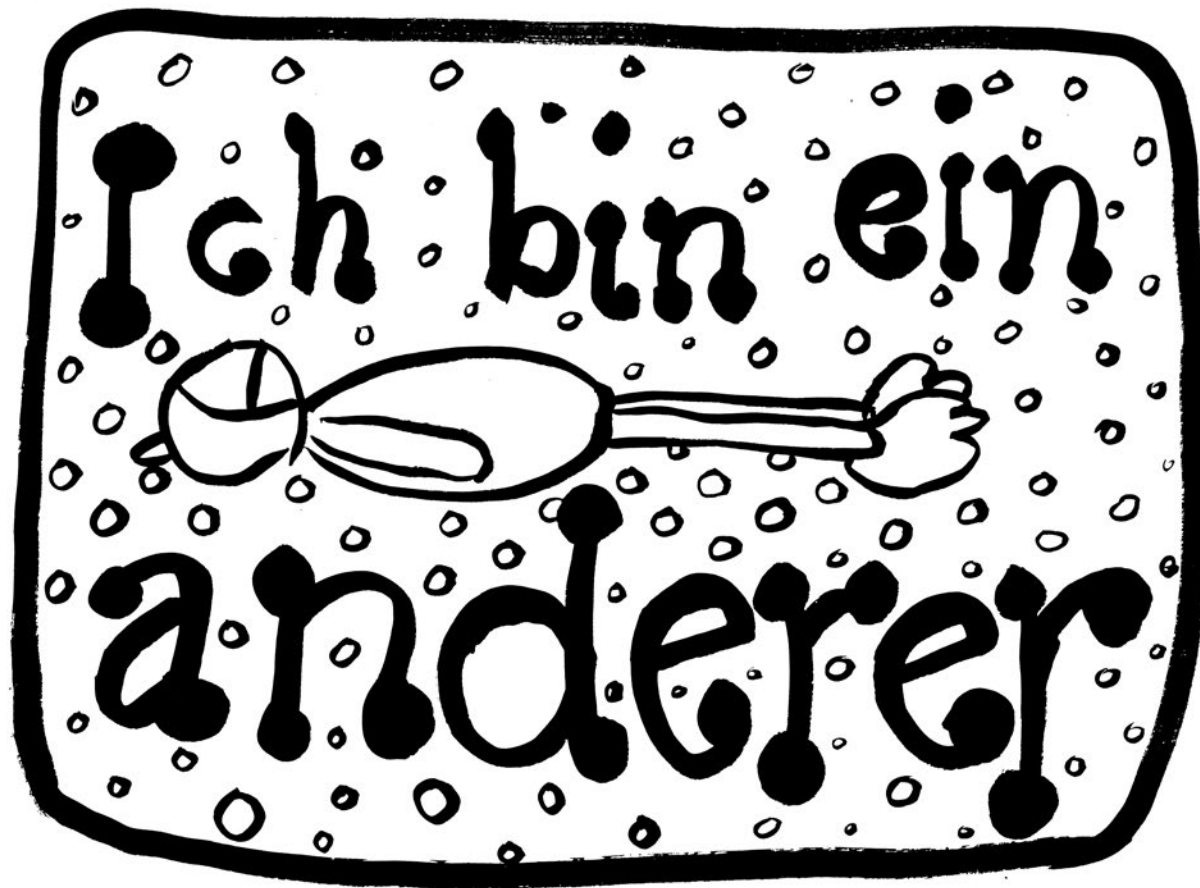


When I am high
I am shy.

When I drink
I stink



I am not a poet.
I just never learned to express myself properly / probably.



Once I had to go to a job interview.
The woman at the desk asked me,
“Do you want to WORK for me?”
I didn’t know what to say.
So I asked her in return.

She didn’t want too.

I'd wish I didn't take
life so serious



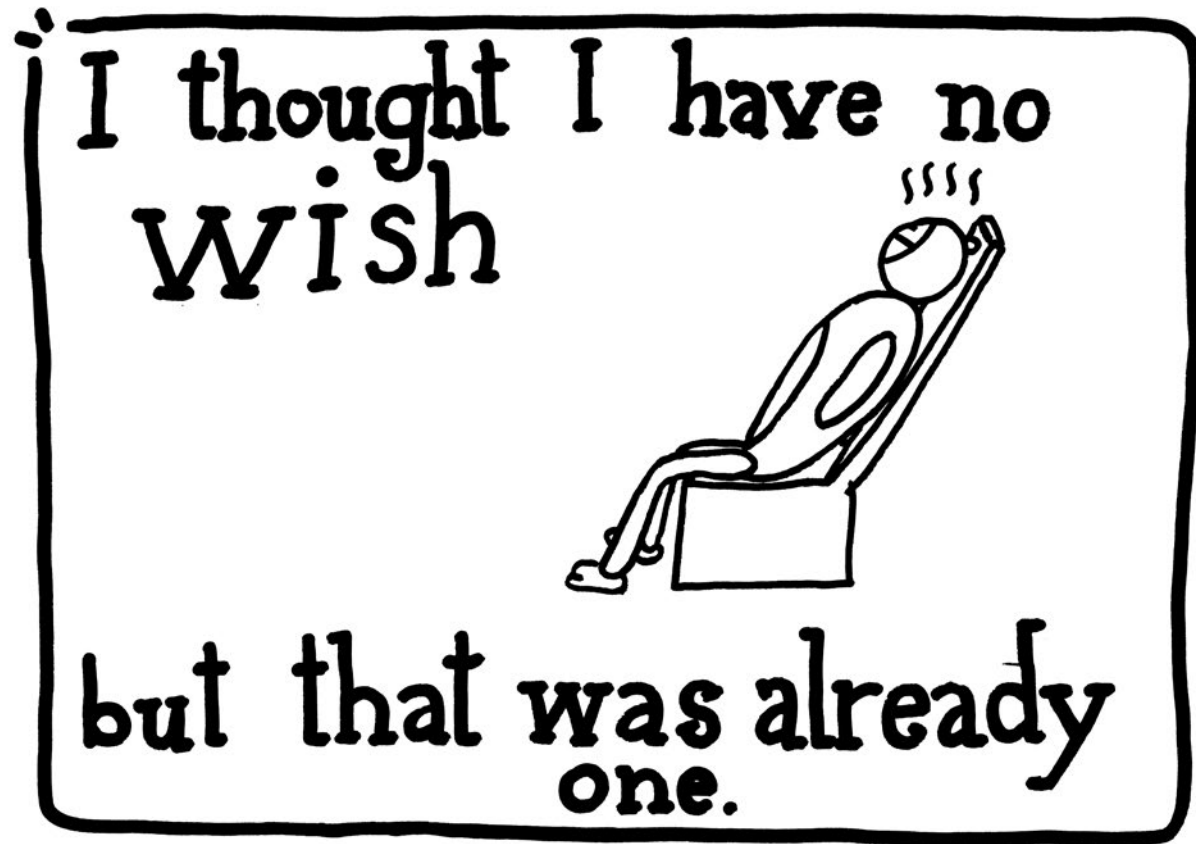
but I wanted to be
more than ONE.

I fought my mother
I fought my father
I fought my teachers
I fought the priest
I fought the church
I fought the trieste
I fought the law
I fought the order
I fought the raw
I fought the border
I fought power
I fought to shower
...
until at last
I fought my thought.
And killed the beast



I always wanted to be able to shit on command
but I couldn't do it.
So I started to sit on the toilet to do nothing.
But then there came all these ideas and weird
drawings which one can find here.

Once I was able to shit although I didn't need it.
I enjoyed to get to know
the importance of letting go.



Once I went to a mental hospital.
I spoke to the woman at the reception.
She asked me, "What's the problem?"
I said, "I am going to get crazy!"
She replied, "Yes, but you have to wait."
I knew it was true.
So I asked her, "When will it start?"
She said, "First you have to register,
then wait for the doctor
and then we will see."

Run, run, run

a- way -



Psychokiller



Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Far away...

When I was at the test for the military service I had to do a psychological test on a computer.
Because of some answers did not fit with them I had to talk to the psychologist.
The first question he asked was because I marked in the test that I fear weapons.
So he asked me again if I fear weapons.
I said, "Yes, I already stated this at the test twice. I fear weapons."
He said, "Okay. But why do you fear weapons?"
I didn't know what to say.
I didn't get it if he wanted to ask actually something else.
So I tried to say it easy understandable, "Because they can kill me."
But then he said, "Oh! That's alright."
And so he went on to the next question.
He asked me if I have a problem to use a gun.
Then I said, "No I have no problem to use a gun but I don't know why I should kill somebody who I may not even know."
He said, "That's alright. You don't have to worry about these things. But do you have a problem to serve at the military."
So I said, "Ah... - ...I would prefer to be a single user of my life."
Well he went on for the next question and asked me if I have sleeping disorders and how it is.
This question too came already twice at the text, so that was curious.
I said to him, "Well. This is a very intime question for me."
He didn't understand me and asked me again about my sleeping disorders.

There is no obstacle in my life except that

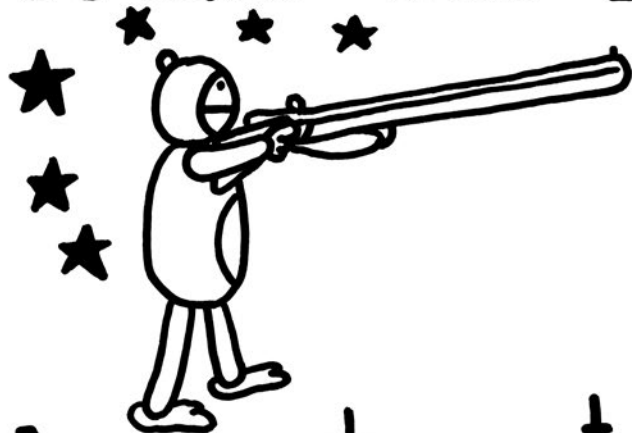


I always want to be the best.

...at least once.

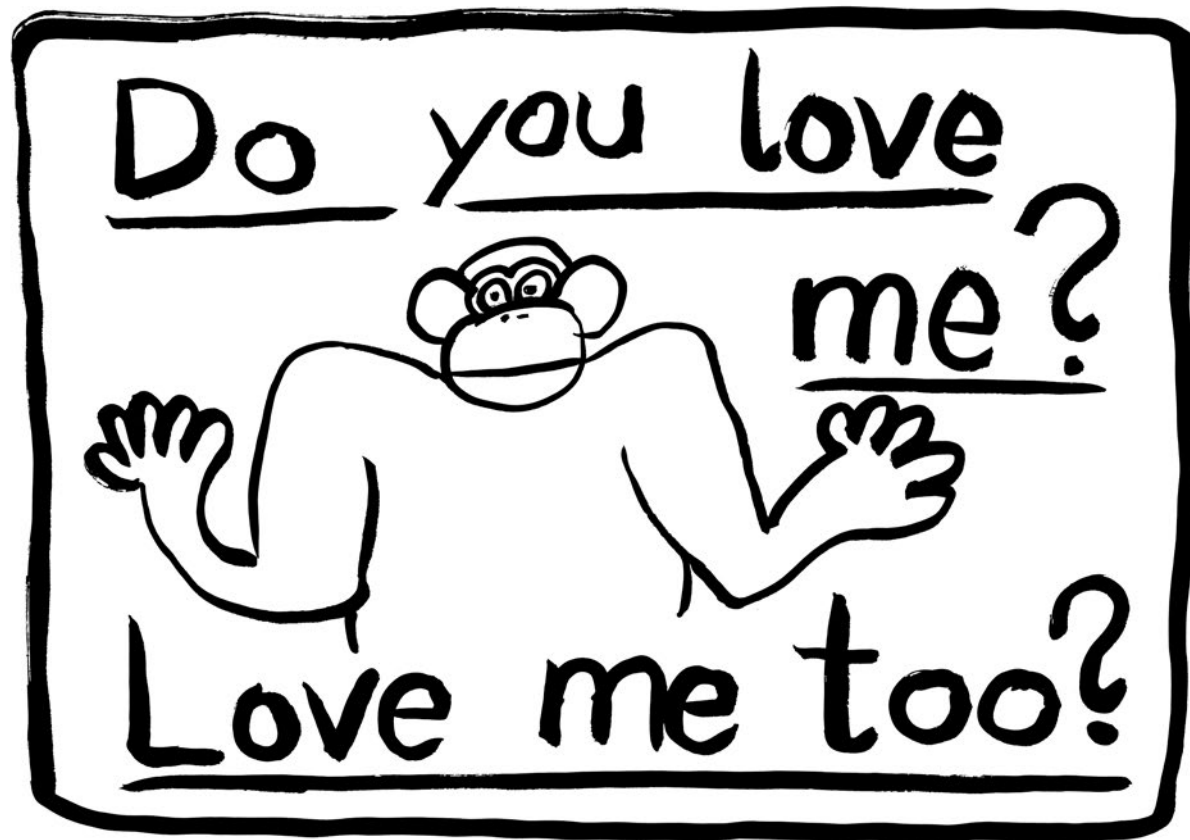
So I had to say it otherwise I will not get out of here.
and said, "Well, I am up all night to get lucky."
He was kind of questionmarks in his head.
"Oh - Alright.", he said.
"When did it start?"
I, "When I was 10 years old my cat Charly called after Charly Parker died.
So I couldn't sleep for three days."
"Ahhh! That's no problem. That's alright.", he said.
I said, "No! That was serious!"
But he carried on to the next question.
"Do you have a problem with your sexuality?"
I said, "Ah. No! Only without."
Then again he said, "Ah! That's alright."
So I said, "No! That is serious!"
Then he asked, "Why are you so scared?"
I couldn't ignore the ignorance so I escaped forwards
and said, "If I can't dance it's not my institution."
He didn't understand me and asked me to explain him.
So I said, "I don't like explanations and I don't want to explain why."

I don't know what I
want but I know



how to get it...

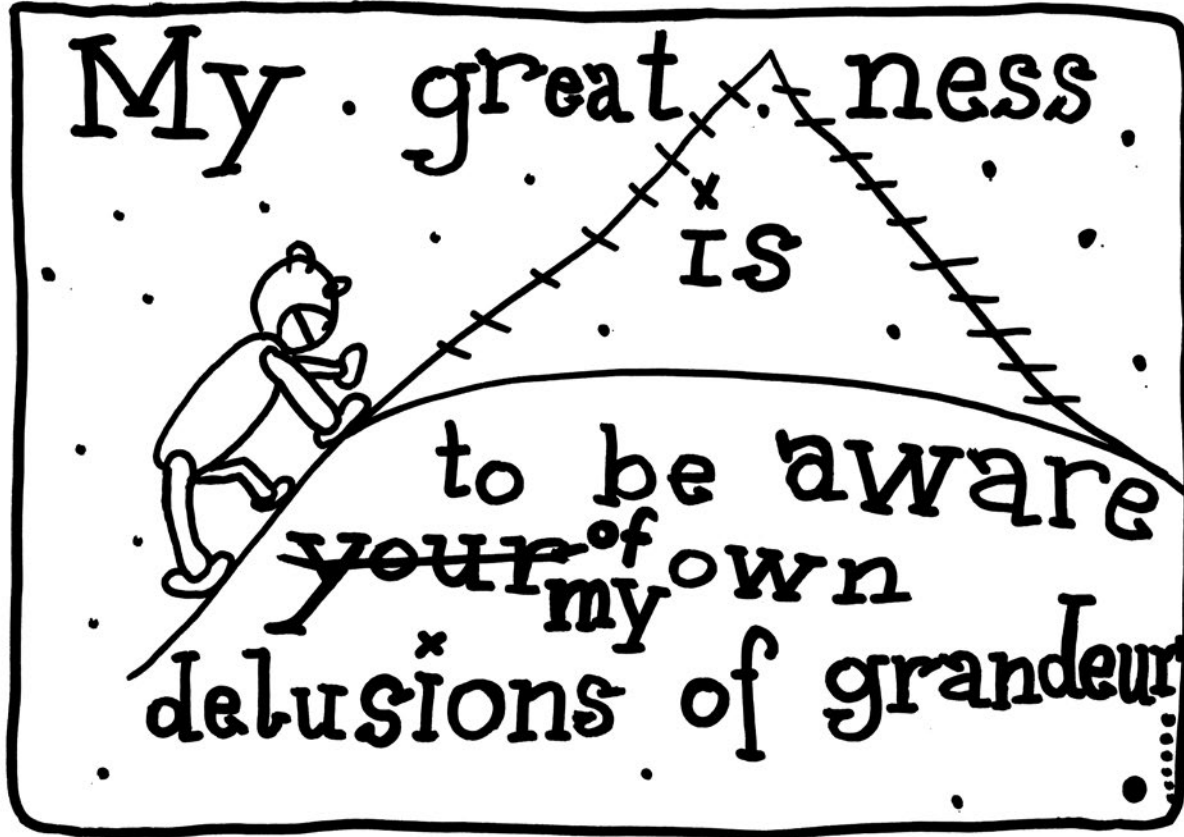
When I have been to the mental
hospital I met a guy.
He asked, "Which country?"
I said, "I am a foreigner in my own
country. I am country side."
"Why are you here?, he said.
"Borderlinesyndrome."
He said, "Welcome at home."



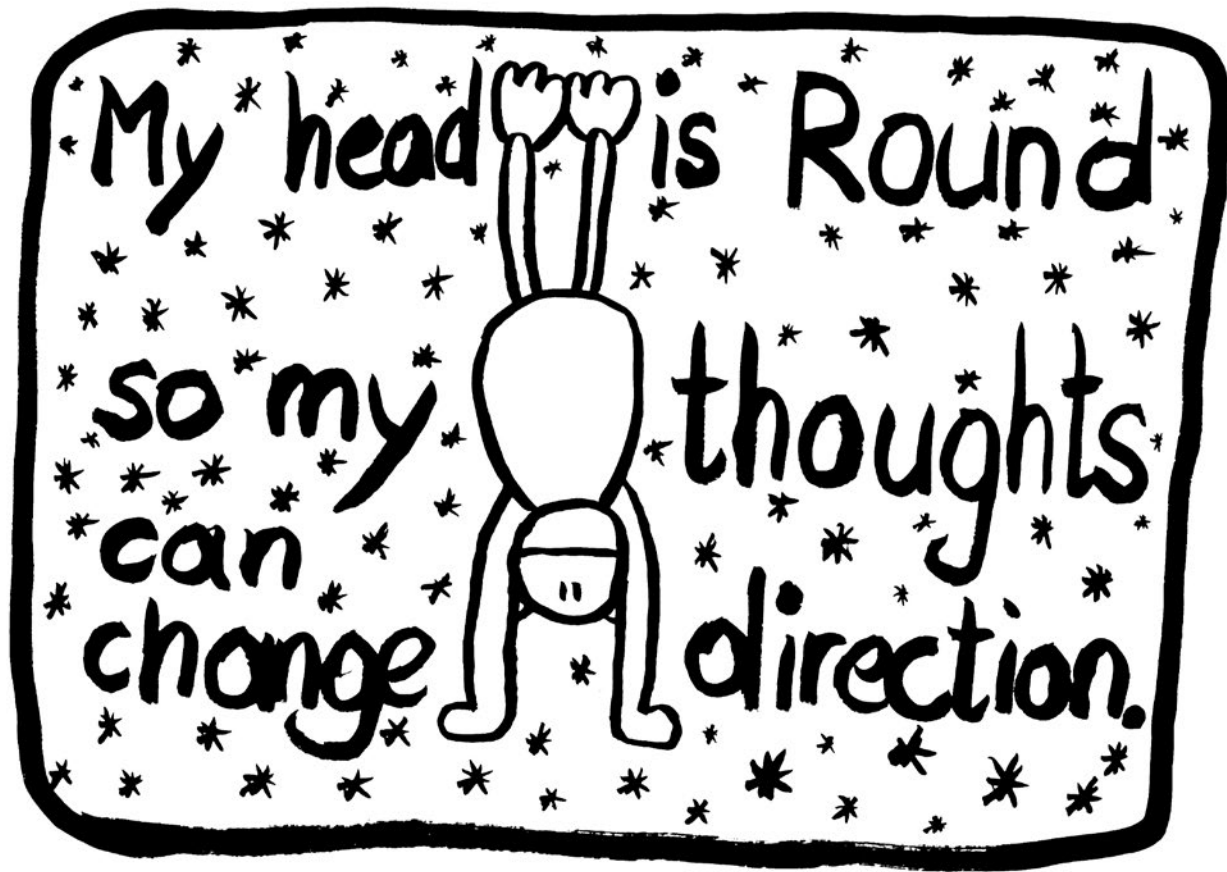
Once I was lying in bed with a woman.
We looked each other in the eyes.
Then she said: "I can look deeply into your soul."
I got very frightened.



Once in school our teacher told us about free will.
So I stood up and went to the door.
“What are you doing?”, he asked.
So I raised my hand and said, “I want to break free!”
He said, “It’s not that easy.”
“First you have to learn the history of freedom and democracy.”
So I said, “I think your freedom is another freedom than mine.
Common ground is a construction of objectives that I never
agreed on.”



When I concentrate on what I am - I forget what I could be.



When I grew up
I always wanted to be like a grown-up.
Today -
it's hard to say
Today
among grown-ups
I feel like
I should have never grown up.

I wait To SEE
THE COMING
COMING.

—

I'm a waiter.



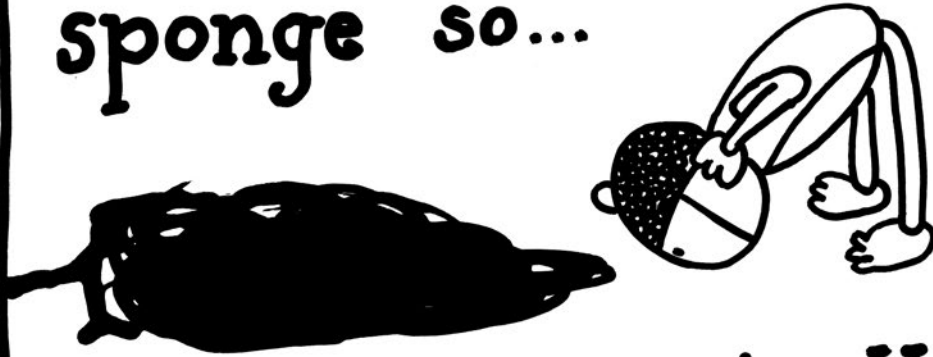
Waiting is one of the greatest things I do.
I wait to see the coming coming.

I am a waiter.
And I am waiting to become a waiter once.



Once I went to a known church.
Inside there was a nun and a group of tourists.
She welcomed me, "Hello my son, where do you come from?"
I didn't know what to say.
I said, "I didn't admire
but I was born
in an ocean of desire."
"Oh!", she said. "I know. But where do you come from?"
I was not sure what she wanted to know.
I started to think about it.
Then I said, "I am coming from nowhere."
"Ah! Nowhere.", she said and to the others, "He is coming from Nowhere!"
"Where is it?", she asked.
I said, "Nowhere."
"Yes but where?", she said.
I said, "Nowhere, nirvana. I came from nowhere and I will go back to nowhere."
She shook her head, "But why are you here?"
I said, "I don't know why I am here... and I hope I'll never know."
She was getting a bit frightend.
And me too.
It was very strange.
Then she asked stammering, "But my son are you working?"
So I said, "I am not working.
My life is a work-in-progress.
It's a process."
Then I wanted to leave.
She said, "Where are you going my son?"
So I said, "I don't know.
If it leads to nowhere
I'll go there too."

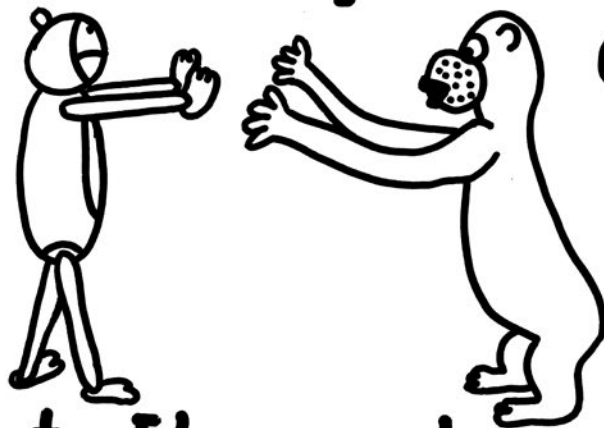
My brain is like a
sponge so...



I can press out all my
knowledge in one second.

Once I found out that if I open my mouth it inspires my mind.
Then I was not sure what was first.
The idea or my mouth opening...

I could repeat myself
endlessly



that I'm not a genius
people won't take it.

Education has tried to homogenize me.
I was not aware of my heterogeneity.

To disappear



is to

SUCCEED!

I hardly can say I. Every time I say I, I feel like stuck.
But on the other side when I am stuck into something broadens my horizon.
But the less I wanted to be “something” the more I became and the more I
was able to transgress what I was.

The more I think I am something special the less I AM.
I don't want to reduce myself to something special.

Neque cogito neque sum.

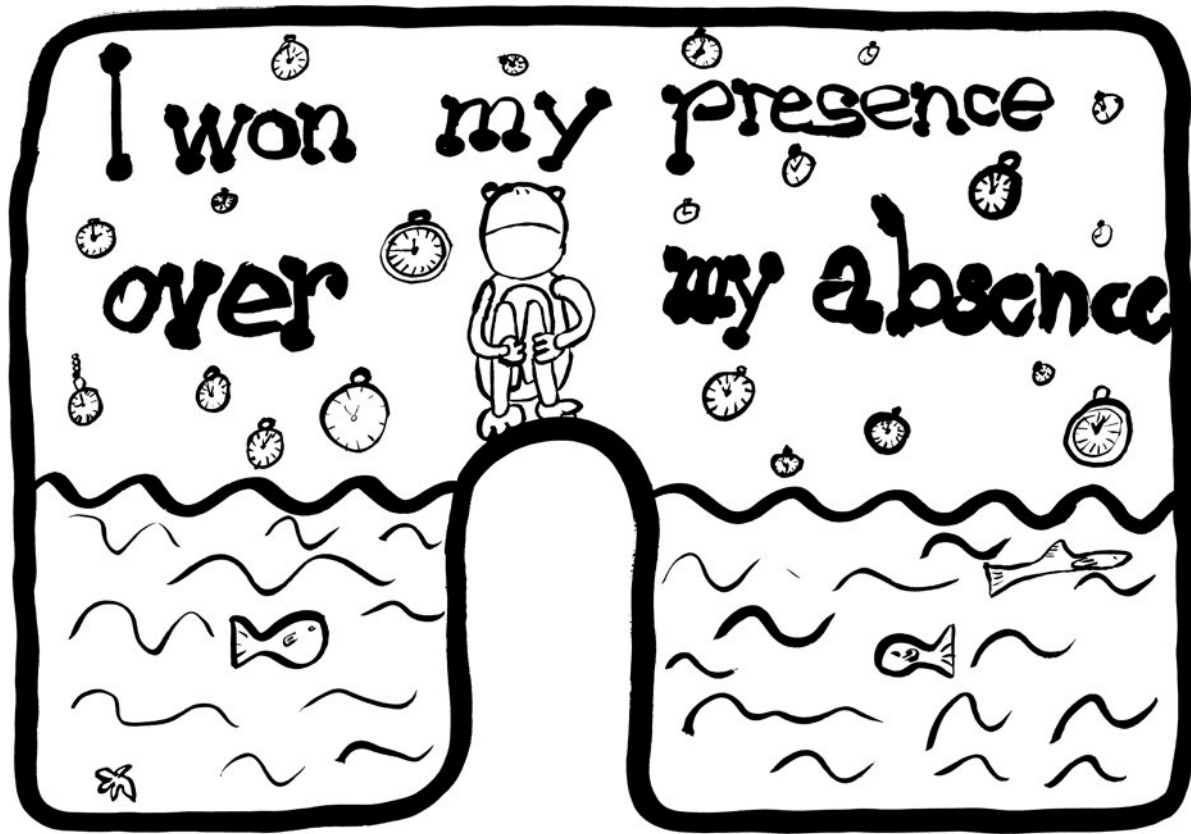
I am weak.
I am the disabled,
I am the wishful,
I am the the failure;
I am many.
I am the foreign.
I am the idiot.
I am the fool.
I am the ignorant.

Time is made from
honey slow



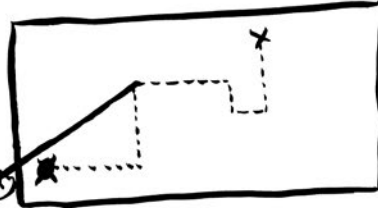
and sweet only the
fools know what it means...

A star on heaven is small.
So am I.



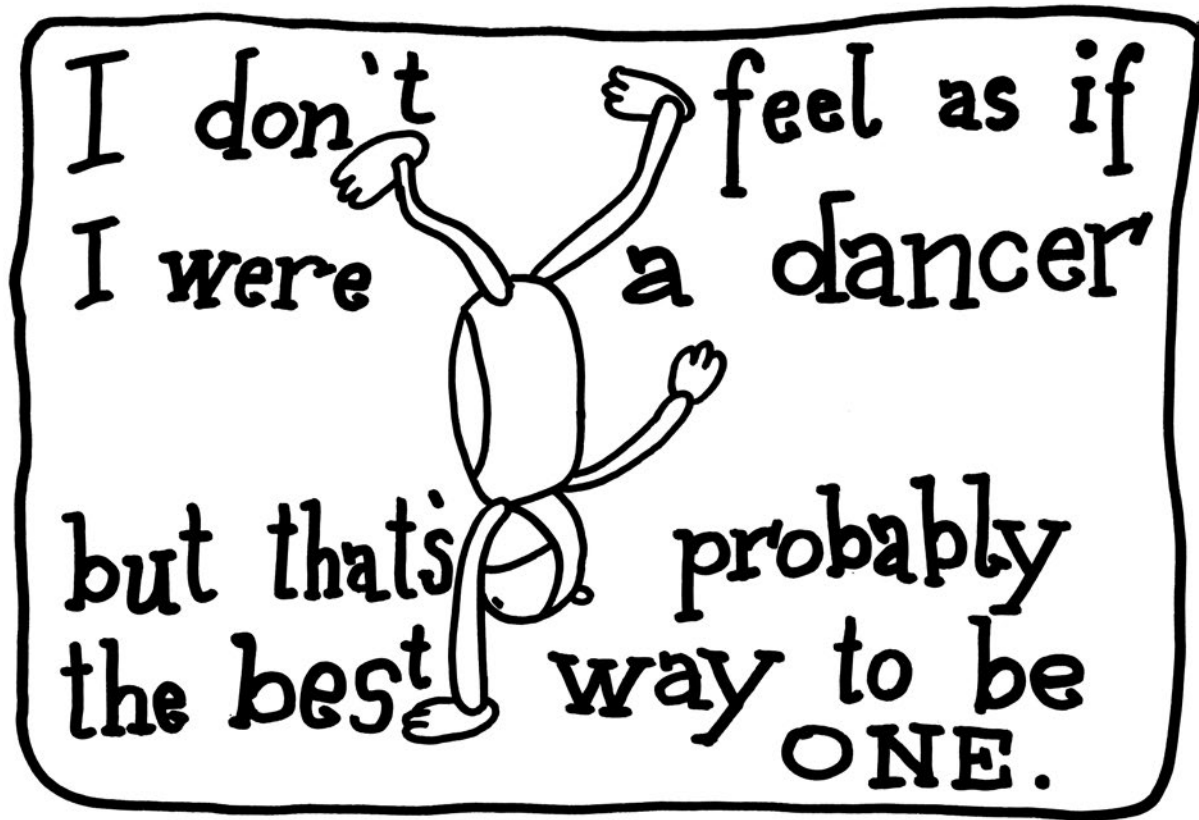
Once I had a deep conversation with a working
colleague on sexuality.
Then he said that homosexuality is such a weird
thing.
I didn't actually know what he meant.
So I was unsure what to say.
I said, "Well I understand, it's really weird.
I'm in love with your brother."
He looked strange but didn't say anything.
So I said, "What's his name?"
He didn't want to tell me.

I'm more present
underground

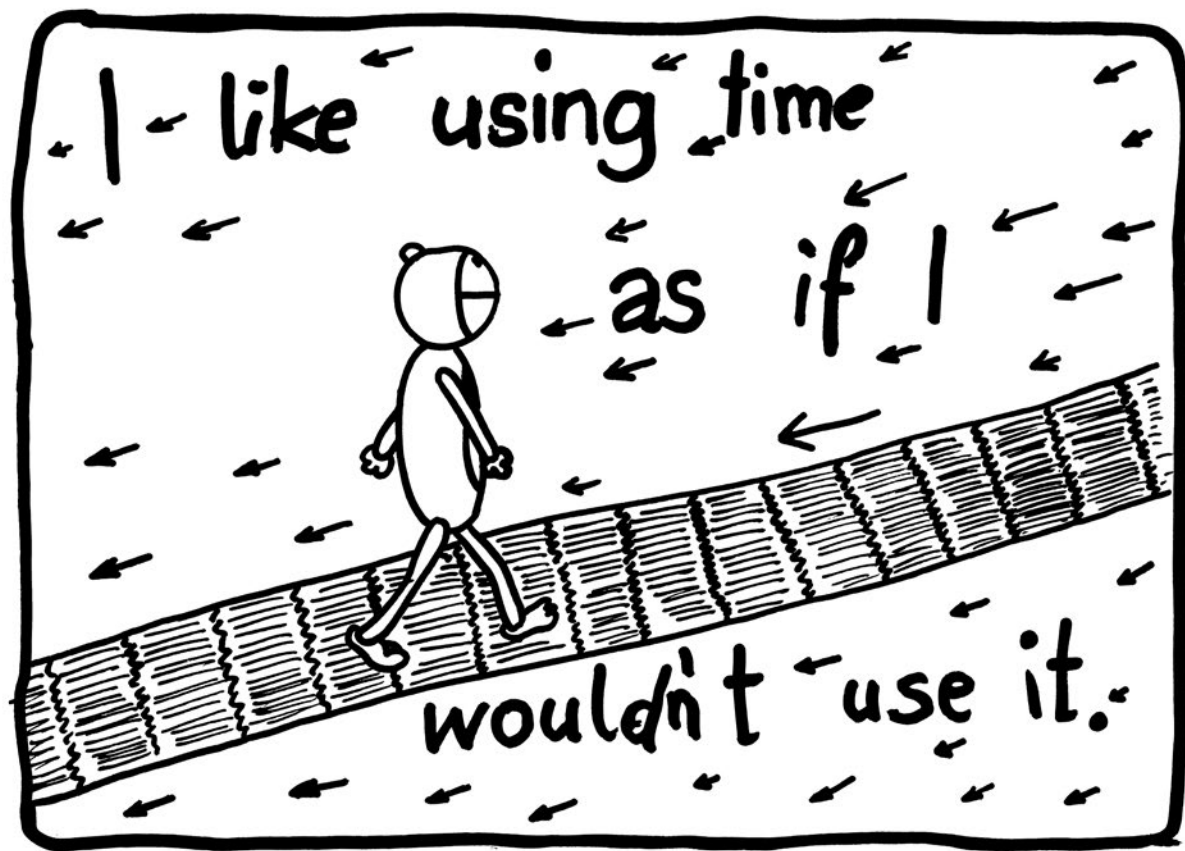


Once I played football when I was young.
I was the weakest and smallest and some where
even two years older.
The trainer said to motivate us that everybody who
is coming to the trainings will play at the matches.
So I attended every training because I was never
playing a whole match.
Always sitting on the bench.
But this rule was for all the others except for me.
He declared a state of exception for me.
I didn't know I was the joker.

Then I started to dislike competition because
everything seemed to be measured to it.
I always lacked to be good enough
and to match with others.
But I wanted to be master at least in one discipline.
So I started to master in failing
and learned to enjoy losing.
I didn't know the last will be the first and those
who loose will win in the end.



There is so much inside me
but I don't know how to tell it.
I don't know where I should start
because I didn't arrive yet.
I am confused and fear I can't think.
Then a thought came into my mind,
"Fear eats my thoughts."
It's symbolic.



It's the only discipline I am disciplined at.

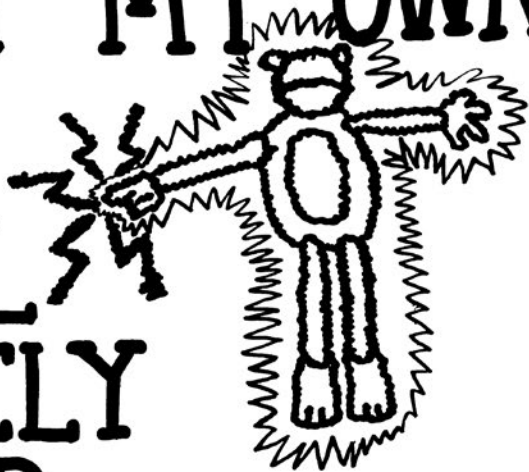
If I look uncomfortable



this might have to do
with my *couldn't-care-*
less-attitude.

I want to become a Ready Made Artist without an author.

WHAT FASCINATES
ME ABOUT MY OWN
DEATH IS
THAT I'LL
COMPLETELY
DISAPPEAR.



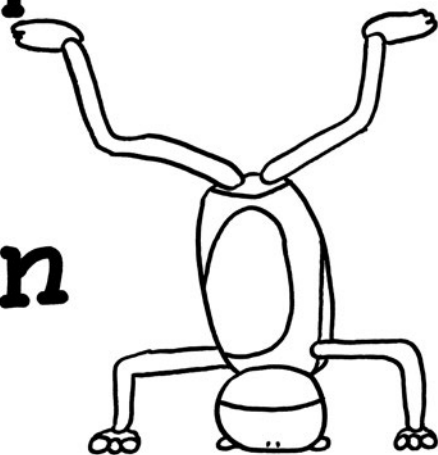
AN ARTIST WHO SPEAKS BAD ENGLISH IS A BAD ARTIST.

And I like to be a bad artist.

I quit to walk in
circles

when
out

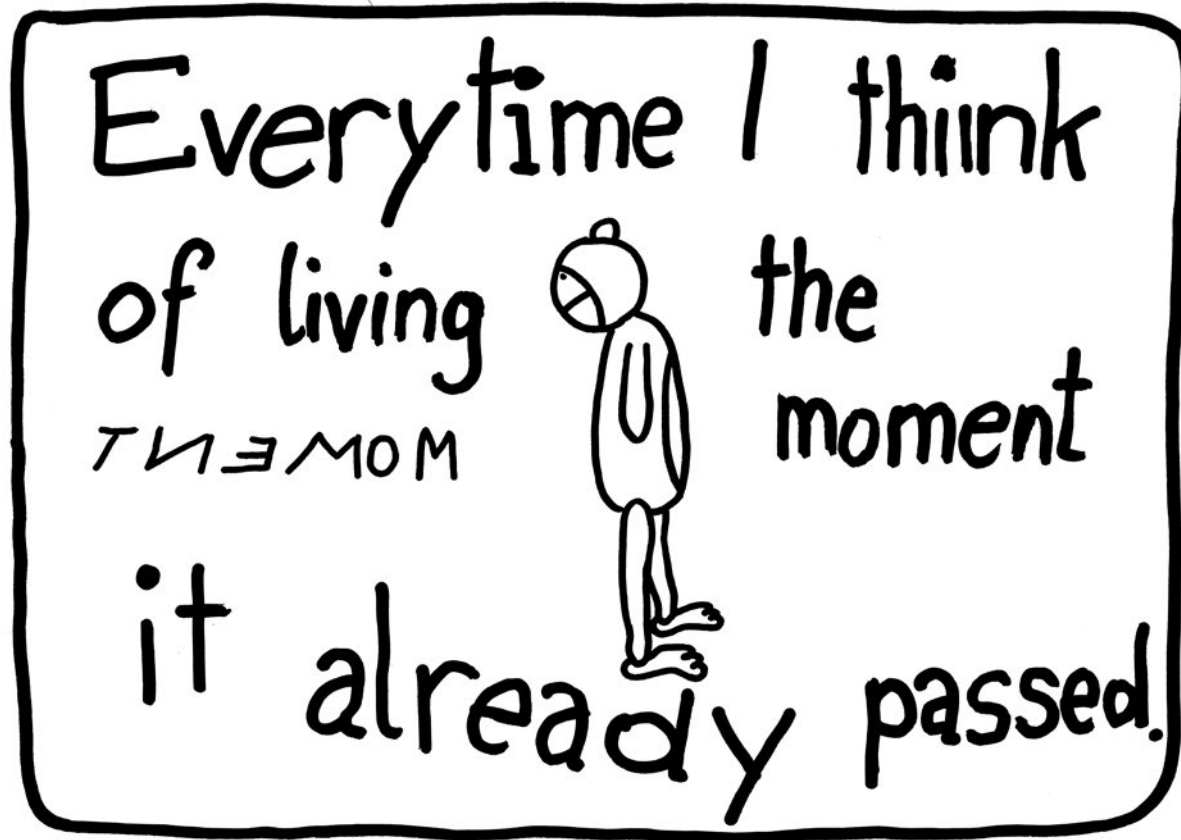
I found



that circling • around myself
is getting me to the same point.

When I was young
I was told
to eat
more meat
to become a tall
and strong man.
But I didn't want to.
So I said,
"The more colorful I eat
the more colorful I shit."

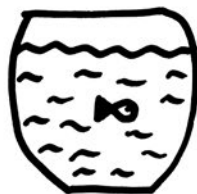
I used to live with a goldfish.
I almost forgot.
I called him Johannes Paul the IXth
and he likes pot.



Once a wise woman told me that the mind is such a powerful thing.
But then I was fearful of my own imagination.
And I feared my own thoughts.

She continued another time that I should perceive myself as someone special.
But the more I tried to be someone special the more I compared myself with all the others.
So I said, "I don't want to be special."
Then she said, "I should love myself how I am."
But everytime I tried to love myself I started psychoanalyzing.
"Look at who you are where you come from", she said.
So I said, "I don't want to belong anywhere. I was already homeless before I was born."
She shook her head and said, "I should forget and just try to be myself."
But it didn't work out well and so I told her that every time I try to be myself I start brooding about my own appearance.
She seemed to be exhausted and looking for something.
Suddenly she said out of the blue, "Just try to live the moment!"
But I couldn't find help with this advice and said,
"Everytime I try to live the moment it already passed."

This is my friend



Johannes Paul IX.
He likes pot.

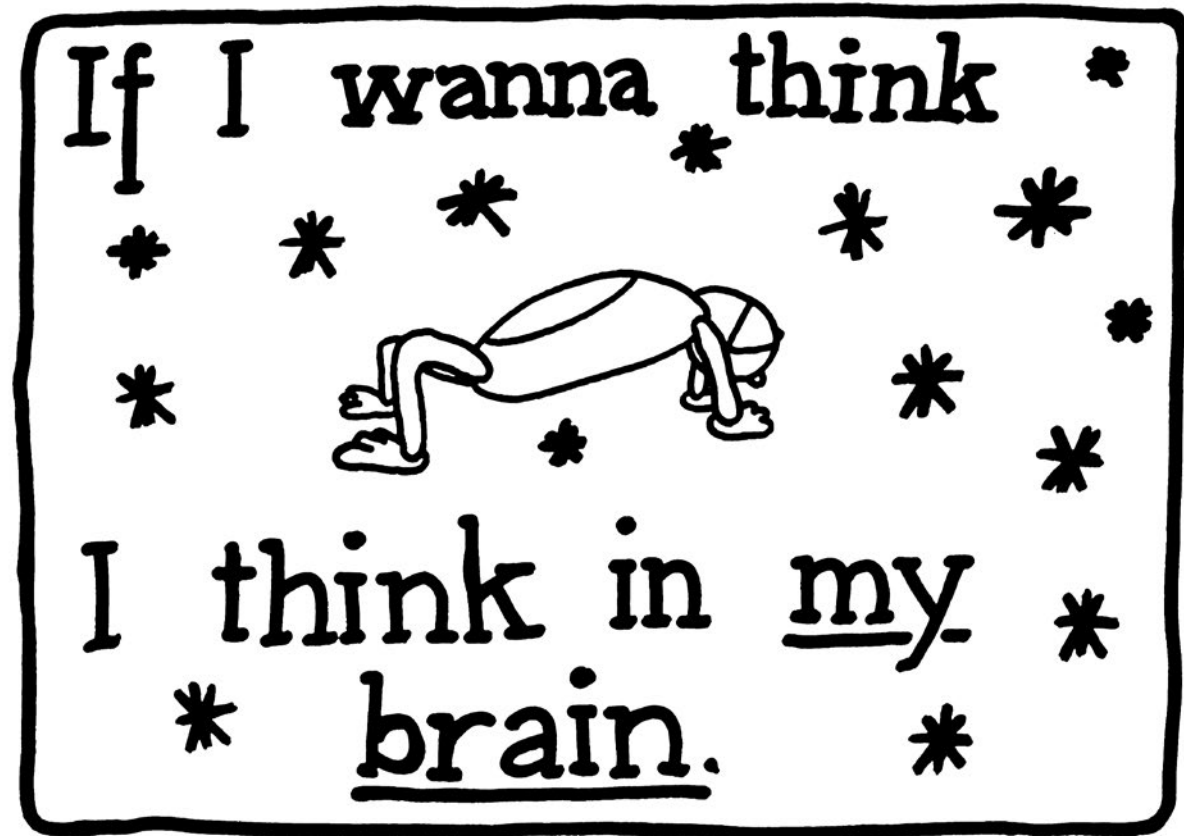
ONCE I LIED IN MY BED
AND THOUGHT I HAD NO HEAD
BUT IT WAS NOT BAD
THAT I HAVE HAD NO HEAD

INSTEAD
I FELT LIKE BREAKING BAD
AND ENJOYED GETTING MAD

AT FIRST
IT MADE ME VERY SAD
BUT AFTER I WAS GLAD

FEELING LIKE I HAD NO HEAD
AND FORGETTING THAT I HAD
ACTUALLY NOT BEEN DEAD.

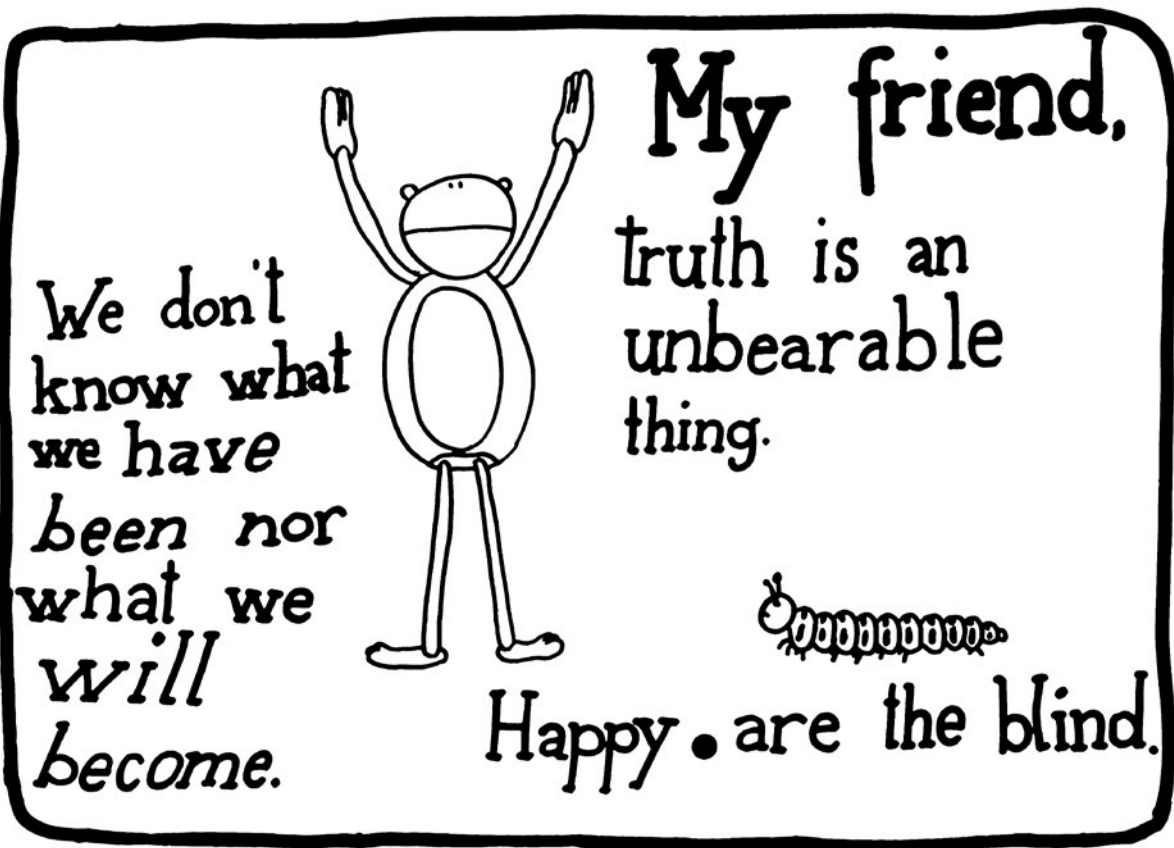
(I am still wondering about this poem myself)



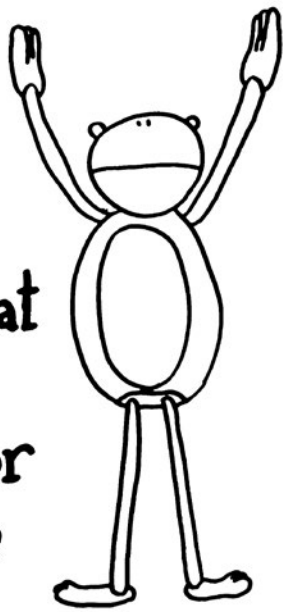
...but I prefer to use my thinking without a
use of thinking.

Once I started to think without a use of
thinking.
But I couldn't stop thinking anymore.

Then the wheel started to run.
I heard so many voices.
One told me,
“Break on through to the other side”



We don't
know what
we have
been nor
what we
will
become.



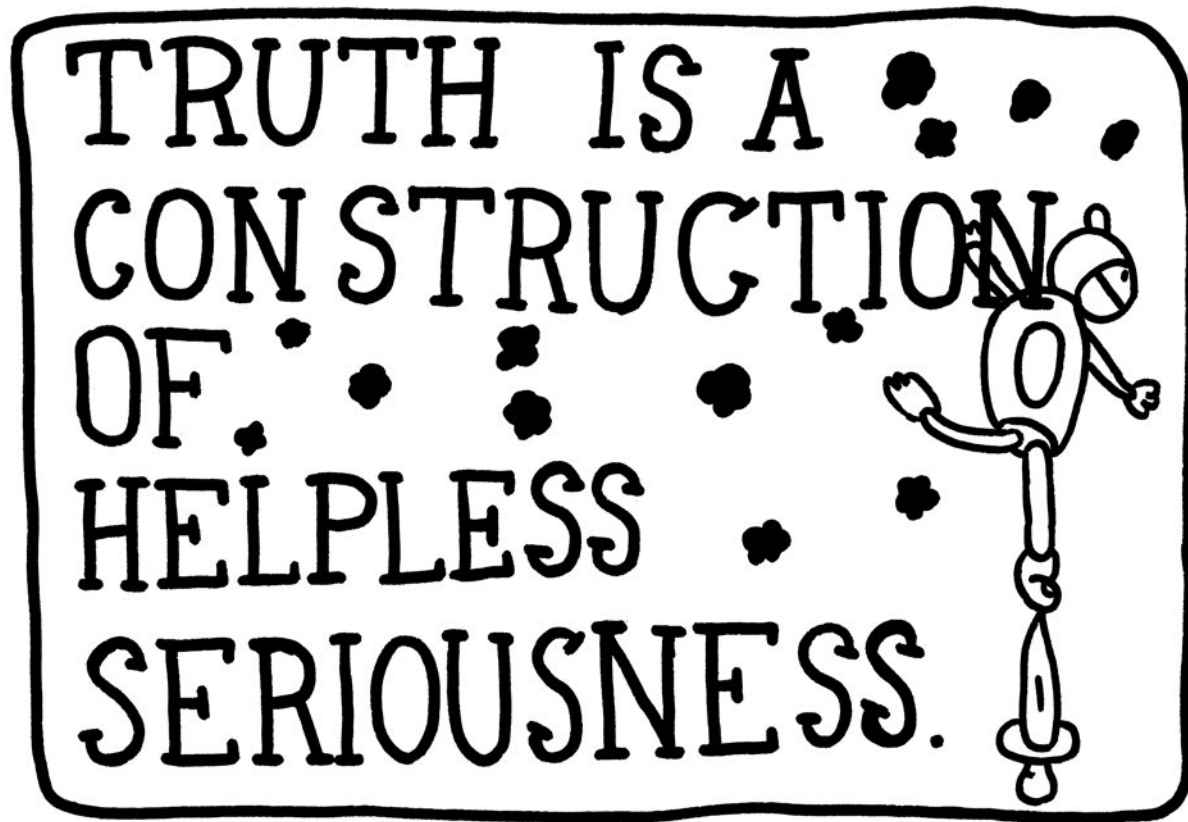
My friend,
truth is an
unbearable
thing.



Happy • are the blind.

Once I was caught by the police.
They said they know me.
I was stunned and asked them in return, "I really don't know what you mean with "knowing"."
He didn't understand me.
So I said, "The more you think you know the more you don't know."
He looked kind of suspicious.
"What do you know?", he asked.
I said, "The more you know the more questions will come."
"What do you want to tell me?", he asked impatiently.
So I said, "The day will come like the thief in the night when you will have to understand."
He said, "What kind of strange fella are you?"
I said, "I don't know what you mean. I didn't know you either."
He didn't know what to say and suddenly he shouted, "What the hell is up with you? Who do you think you are?"
I said, "To be or not to be?"
It's not a question
but the paradigm
of our time."
Then he wanted to put me in charge of charlatanry.
But my friend helped me and said: "Truth is an unbearable thing. We don't know what we have been nor what we will become."
I raised my hands and yelled: "Happy are the blind!"
Then he finally said that he don't want to waste time.
So I said, "Time is made from sweet, honey.
It would be pitiful to discuss it."

I don't know what this story is about.



Once in school we had to go to confession in the church.
I had no sin and didn't know what to confess.
The priest asked me to tell him all my sins.
I said, "I have none."
The priest intrigued on my confession.
So I lied and confessed to him that I lied.
The next time was way easier I thought.
I confessed that I lied that I lied at the first confession.
He didn't believe me.
And waited for me to confess.
So I said, "I cheated myself."
Then he said, "My poor boy that's not good, go and pray three times Vater
Unser."
The next time I told him that I lied last time and everything was true the
first time.
He got confused and didn't want to believe me either.
Me neither.
So I said to him, "Dream on dreamer."
I didn't know I lived the law to oppose it.

The slower I walk



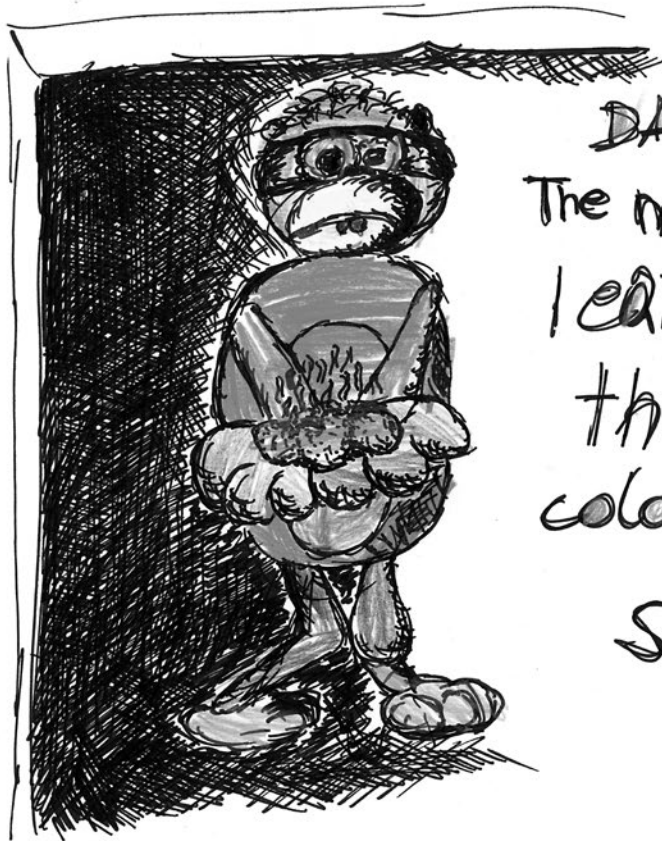
the more time I've got.

I would like to go with the time
but the time does not go with me.



I wanted to get it all at once

Once I went to a museum to make a performance.
I could not wait to be invited.
I went into the exhibition and started with my performance.
First I welcomed all the spectators to the exhibition and the coming event.
I tried to shit on command and said, "This is art! This is body knowledge."
Then a guy came who said that I have to go and told me that this is a museum.
So I said to him, "That's why I am here."
Then he turned to the visitors and said,
"This is not art!".
So I said that he is also part of the performance.
They didn't know what to say
and I ran away.



DADDY! I figured
something out.
The more colors
I eat -
the more
colorful I
shit.

Once upon a time
there was a king
but the king was no king
and he was knocking
at the kingdoms door.

It didn't help knocking
he was no king
of his kingdom
anymore.

A king with no kingdom
is a king knocking
at a kingdoms door.

Once I had to go to a coaching course because I was unemployed.
The coach asked me, "What skill makes YOU special?"
I said, "I can wait."
She was impressed but asked immediately the next question.
"And what do you want to learn or improve as we ALL are all the time learning and improving? What do you want to learn here?"
So I said, "I am trying to wait even longer."
"Okay...", she said, "Well, Great that you want to learn SOMETHING!"
"But what is your goal in this as we all need to have a goal?"
I didn't know and I started to feel uncomfortable in the situation.
But then I realized and found an answer, "I want to be able to wait without waiting."
"Well...", she said, "But where do you want to get with this?"
So I said, "My head is round so my thoughts can change direction." #Francis Picabia
"Ookay.", she said and intrigued with a next question, "But what are you waiting for?"
So I said, "It's neither too early nor too late.
I want to wander in emptiness
lost in time without time
to overcome rationality."
"WELL.", she said.
"That's good to keep open minded.
But what do you think makes you special?
Why should you succeed?"
So I said, "My greatness is to be aware

of my delusions of grandeur.”
“Okay. But what do you really want?”, she asked.
“Don’t be so shy”, she said.
“What do YOU really want for yourself?”
I had to think about it.
Then I said, “There is no such thing as my SELF.”
Then she asked if I ever went to psychotherapy.
So I told her, “Once I went to a psychotherapist.
He asked me to tell him everything.
So I told him everything.
Now he is doing my act.”
...
Then she asked me if I am suffering from depression.
So I said, “I’m not depressed. - I’m just fleeing happiness so it doesn’t escape.”
Then she asked kind of angry but also smiling,
“What’s the fucking point in your life?”
“Interesting question”, I said.
“Well, the point of life is death, Freud said.”
“Ts! You know...”, she said, “you are such a beautiful guy.
Why are you so negative?”
So I said, “My beauty is not the way I look.”
“What is your problem?”, she asked.
“Well”, I said, “I have no problems with my problems.
Kafka had problems too.”
Then she said, “NOW I KNOW IT.
You are an ARTIST!”

So I said, "I don't feel as if I were an artist but that's probably the best way to be one."

Then she got enthusiastic.

"Did you study art?"

I said, "Yes."

"GREAT!", she said.

"What did you learn?"

I said, "I tried the whole time to understand Foucault."

She, "...and?"

I, "Well I wonder if he did?"

She, "Interesting!"

"Foucault!"

I, "Foucault is the only one who never had to read Foucault."

She, "Which kind of art are you doing?"

I, "Well I use to sit on the toilet and let loose

and if something comes, it's fine. If not something else comes."

"You can call me Walter. Walter Ego. "Ich" bin ein anderer"

"You have to find your way", she said.

"Just keep on."

I said, "I am already on my way."

She, "But I have the feeling you are running away, aren't you?"

"You are not fighting for it."

So I said, "I don't want to fight anymore.

I am looking for a way out."

"Why are you looking for a way out? The door is open you just have to step in", she said.

“There are so many I don’t know which one should be mine”, I said.
“Why are you so pessimistic?”
“I am not pessimist. I just want to keep distance.”
“You have to believe me”, she said.
“You are such a special person.
You have to believe in your originality
and use this.”
“Oh no”, I said. “I am not an original. I am a palimpsest.
I am cheating.
I like to copy.
I am all the cheap copies you can’t find.
There is nothing original in me.
I am a medium.
I am many.
I don’t want to say how many.
You know.
I let it go.

I prefer to dance
with the devil
before putting myself
on a superior level.

I am Walter Ego.
I am Giogrio.
I am Angela.

I am Francis.

I am Pamela.

I am the one you don't perceive

I am not the one you would believe

I am not innocent

I am not president

I am not Kukident

and I am not for rent

I am Barbie, I am Kent

I am Rosi, I am Brand.

I am all and nothing

but don't worry

I am fine

with my decline.

I don't feel present when I should represent myself.
I always fail to reproduce my self constraints.

The further I lean backwards
the further I get forwards.

Once I was very depressed and went to a museum.
Then the watchman started to watch me.
So I also watched the watchman watching.
I didn't know what was happening.
I felt like the guy was getting suspicious of me.
First he started to look to my shoes.
I looked at my shoes too -
but there was nothing unusual.
I looked at him again and hid my feet behind an object.
Then he looked deeply in my eyes.
I looked him also in his eyes.
He couldn't stop looking.
I felt he was looking through me.
So I turned around.
But there was nobody there.
I didn't know what to do and thought probably if I open myself
and tell him some personal story he will be pleased.
So I said, "When I was young I believed that I am a resurrection
of christ.
Nobody believed me.
So it must be true."
He seemed a bit more relaxed then.
Then he asked me how I managed to deal with it.
So I said,
"I used to live as if I were not Jesus.
But it was not easier that way."

“Really?”, he said.

“Yes! Really!”, I said.

“They thought you’re crazy.”, he said.

“Yes. But there was no doubt that I wasn’t.” I said.

“Life is crazy.”, he said.

I felt very understood and said, “Yes it’s hard to live the right life in the wrong one.”

“It’s hard for people to believe in magic.”, he said.

“I wouldn’t believe in magic either if I hadn’t experienced it”, I had to say.

He asked, “But how did you find your truth?”

I said, “MY TRUTHS ARE ERRORS!”

He said, “Nothing is truer than your own fears.”

“Well”, I approved, “My reality is still an unfinished affair.”

Then he said, “There is hope that it will be better.”

I said, “Yes, the ones with the least hopes are the only ones who are able to gain hope.”

I CLOSE MY MIND
IN ORDER TO OPEN IT.

I always thought I have to do something “new” but I failed completely.

Once on a cold and foggy day in november I tried to stop my grandious convictions...

Guess what happened!

All my fantasies about myself that I could be someone special were blown out like candles.

Everthing was getting dark in and around me.

I felt like a piece of shit.

I forgot to send my superego on vacation.

THERE ARE NO LIMITS
IN STUPIDITY, SO THERE
~~MIGHT~~ ^{BE} ~~ARE~~ ALSO NO THE OTHER
WAY ROUND.

I'm a fetishist of theoretical thinking.
I collect every paper where I wrote something down.
Because I fear that I would lose something if I didn't.
These notes are fragmented.
So am I.
I collect all phantasmas and fragments.
I'm a fragmented collector of fantasies.



SOMETIMES I FEEL
I DON'T HAVE A PENIS
SOMETIMES I FEEL
IT'S MY ONLY FRIEND

REF: I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I FEEL
I AM INBETWEEN
I DON'T WANNA WANT THIS FEEL
I AM INBETWEEN
YEAH YEAH YEAH!

SOMETIMES I FEEL
I AM THE VICTIM
SOMETIMES I FEEL
IT'S ALL MY FAULT.

RET.

My body is over the ocean
my body is over the sea.
O bring back my body to me.



Once I met Stefanie Sargnagel.
I told a joke.
Nobody laughed about it.
She did.

I don't remember the joke.