

# ONLINEVERSION

WALTER EGO

**Ich bin ein anderer**

bahoe books

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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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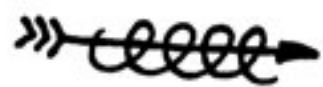
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ICH BIN EIN ANDERER  
I AM AN OTHER

WALTER EGO



## 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.

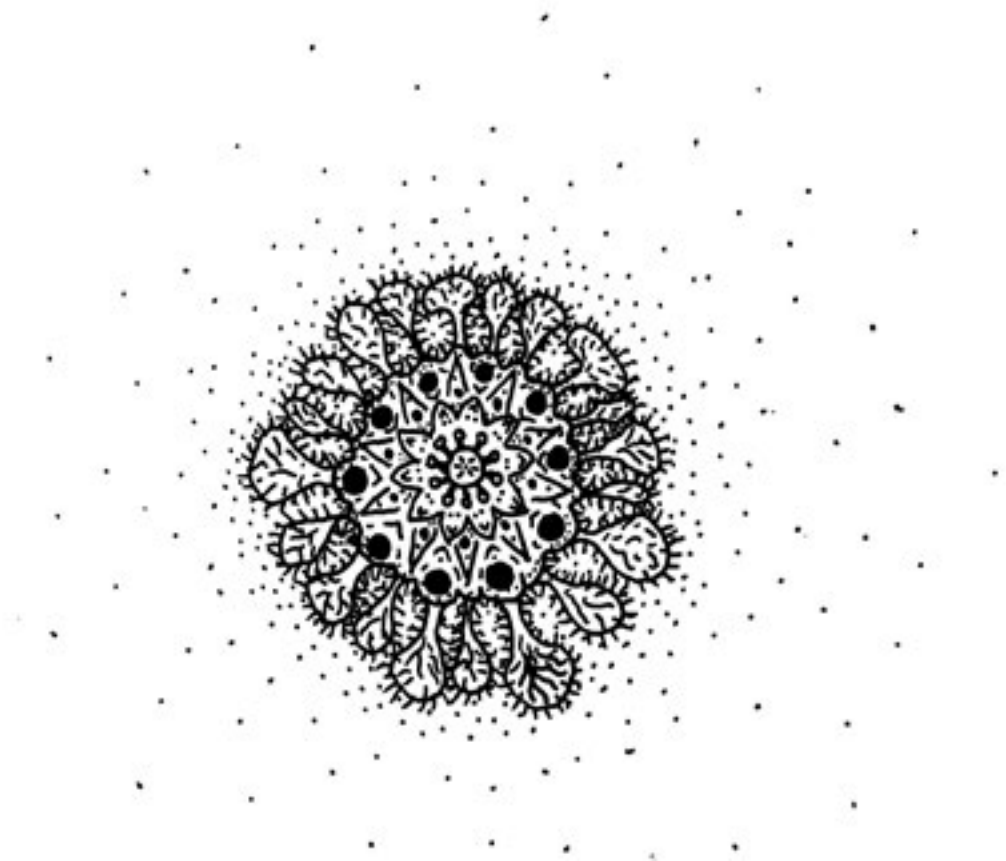


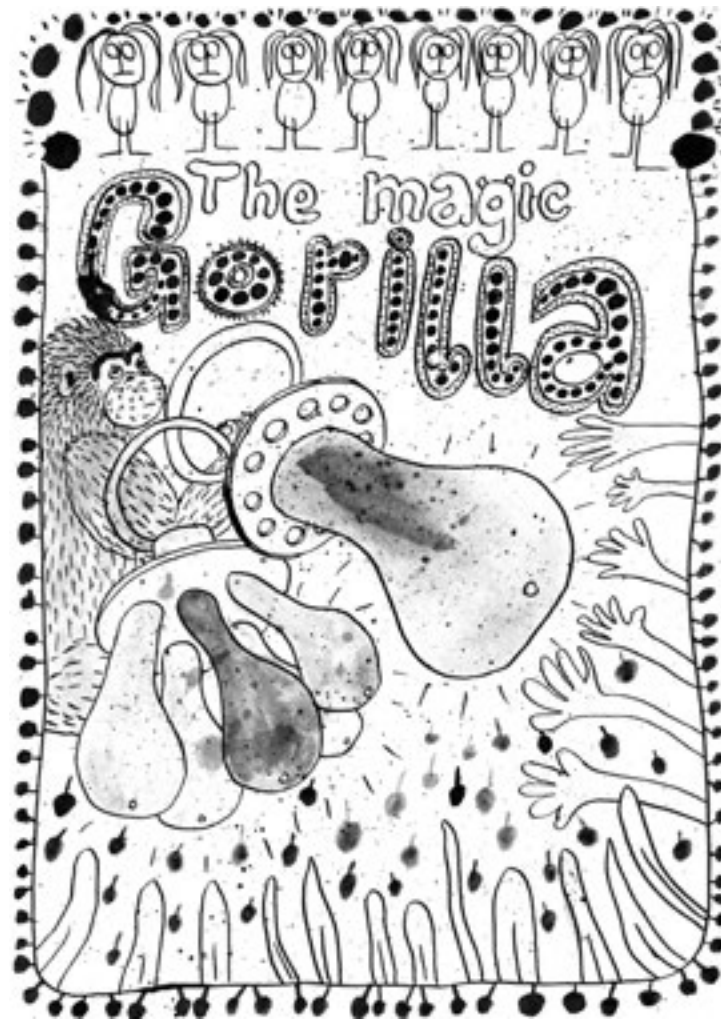
I want to dedicate this book to all those losers the non-functioning, disobedient failures, the inquiring ones, the disintegratables, those suffering racial, sexual, patriarchal or religious discrimination, the disadvantaged, no-confidence, ashamed, depressed and lost ones. For a change it will be anti-heroic, 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.





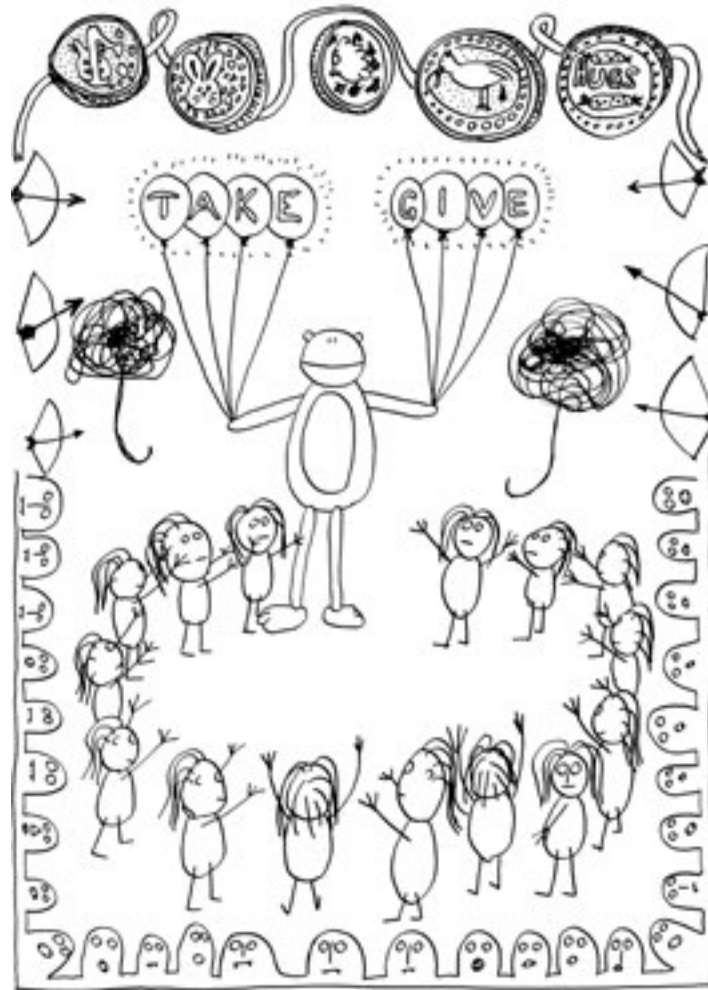


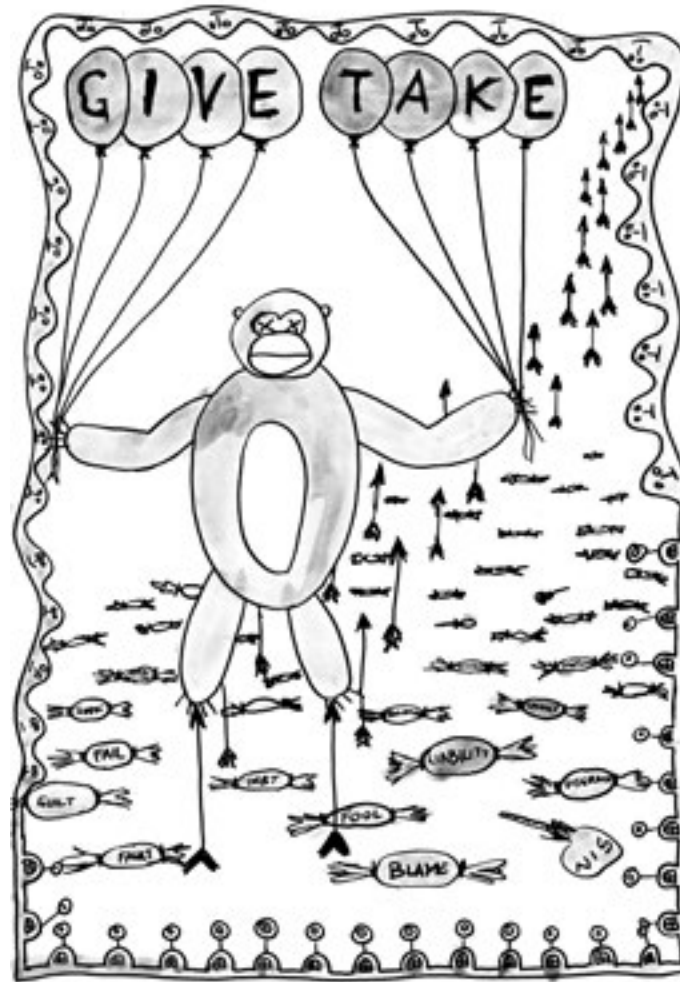
# Being a Gorilla



as if there never  
existed a Gorilla  
before...









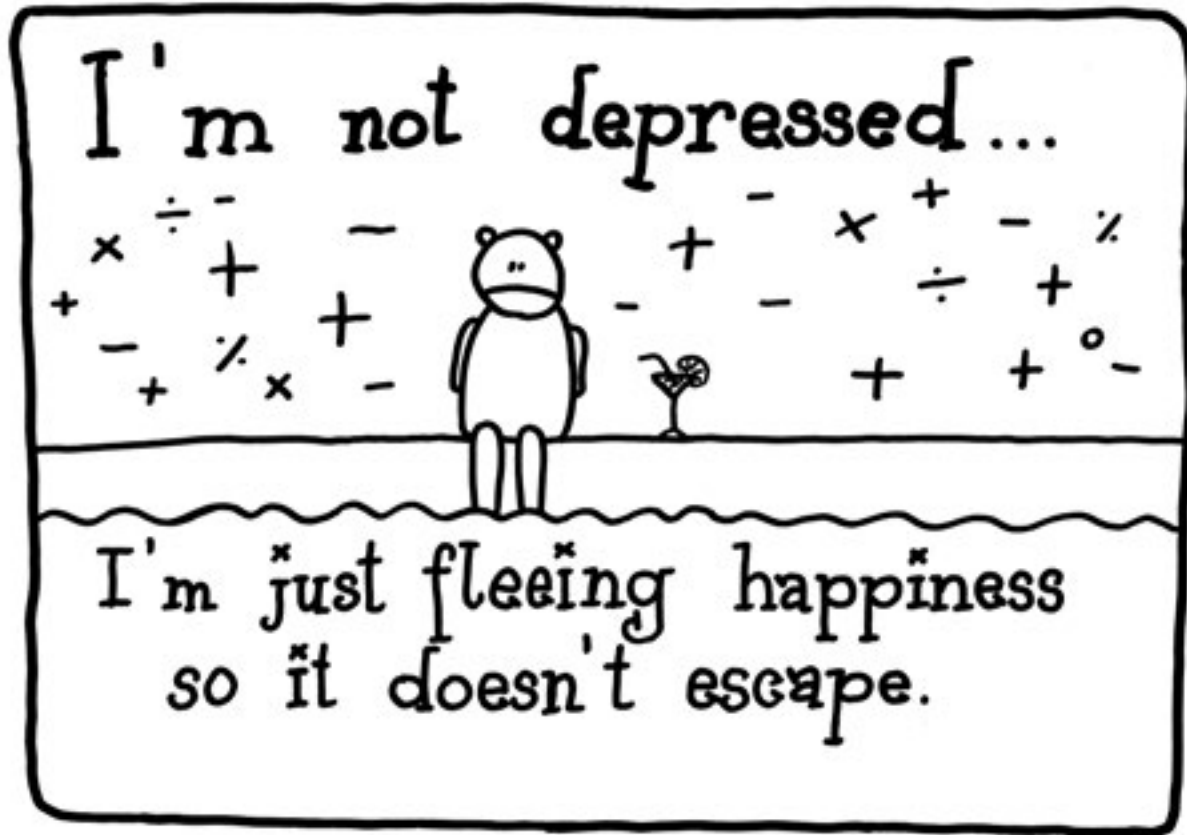


...so my existence is bound to all my unfulfilled  
dreams.



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.

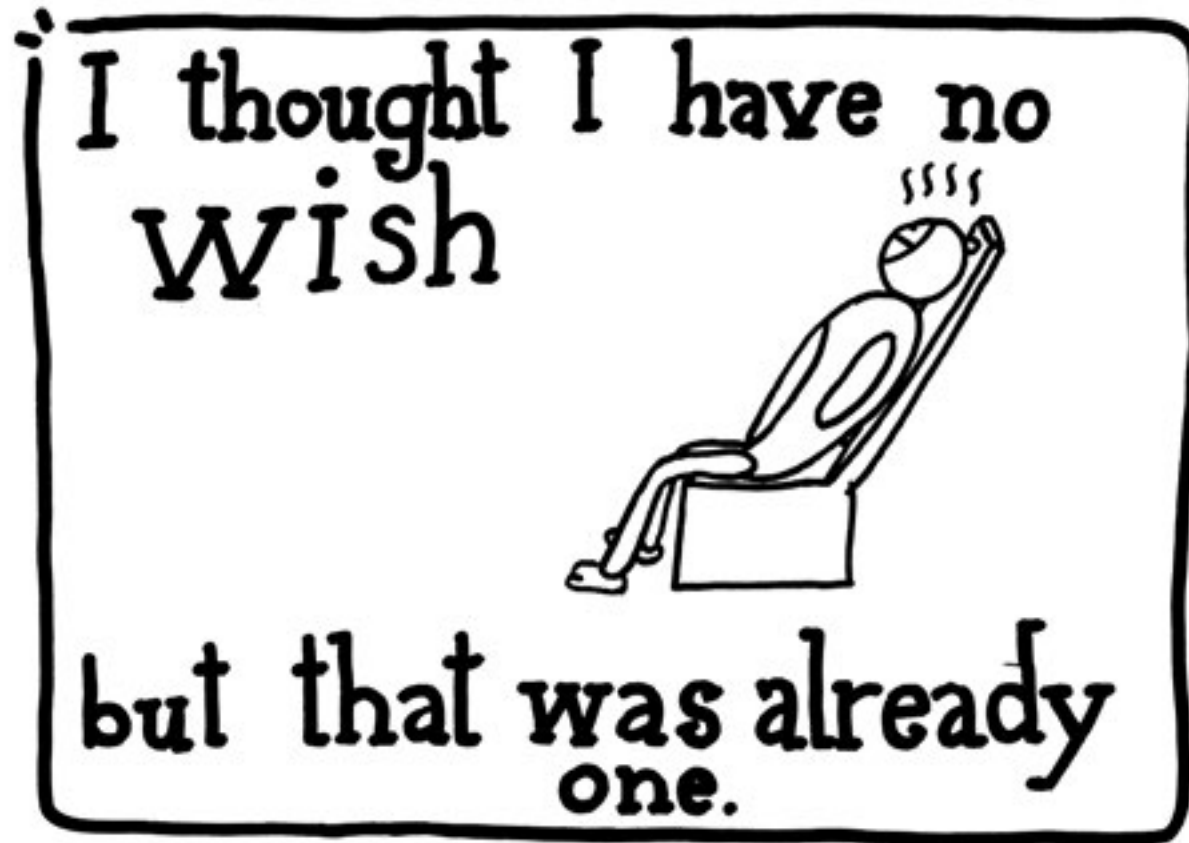


I fought my mother  
I fought my father  
I fought my teachers  
I fought the priest  
I fought the church  
I fought the trieste  
I fought the law  
I fought the order  
I fought the raw  
I fought the border  
I fought power  
I fought to shower  
...  
until at last  
I fought my thought.  
And killed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

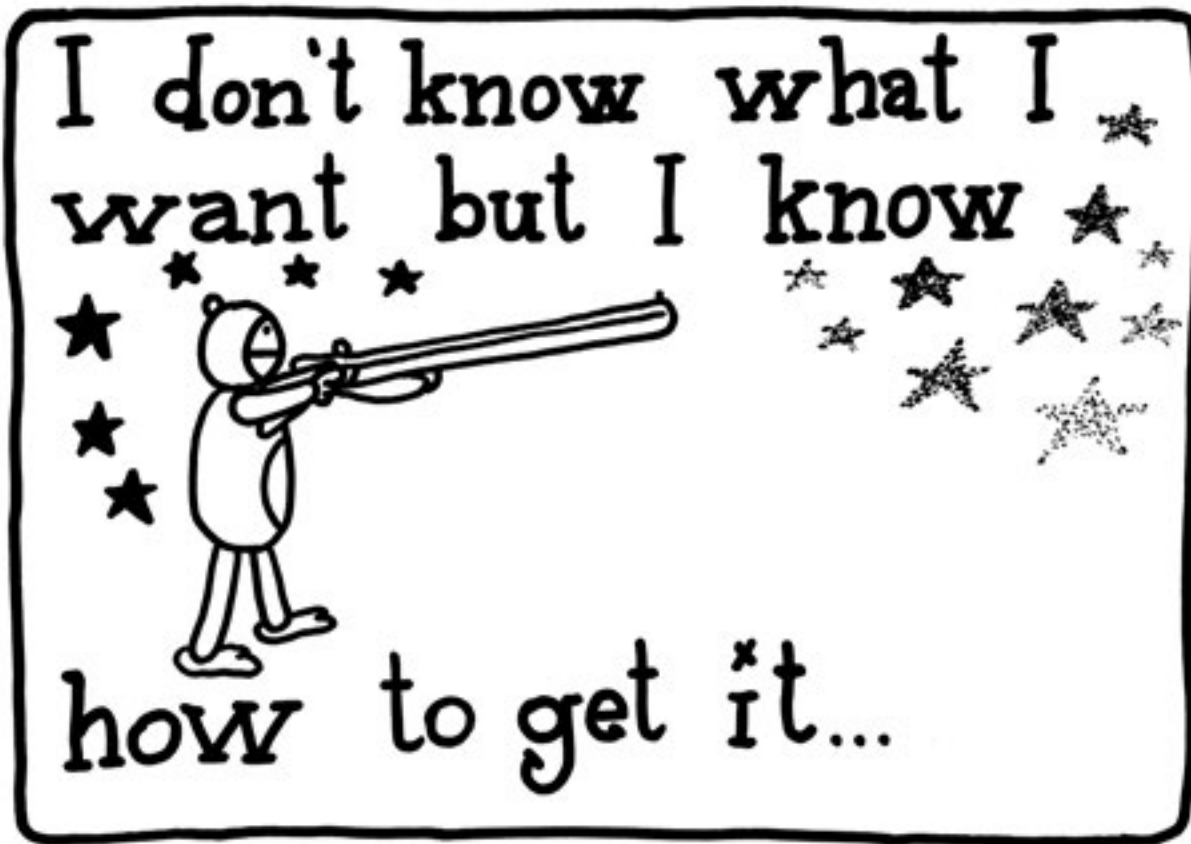
There is no obstacle in my life except that



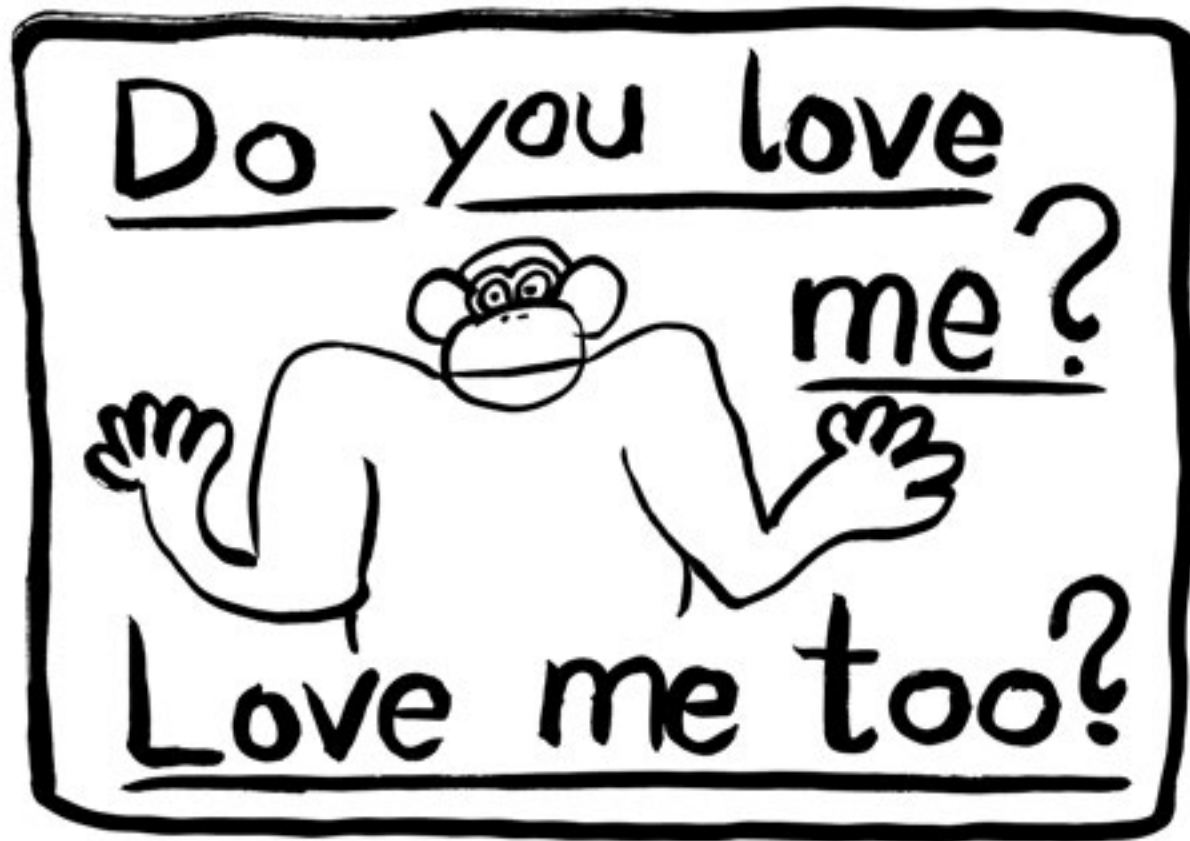
I always want to be the best.

...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."



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."

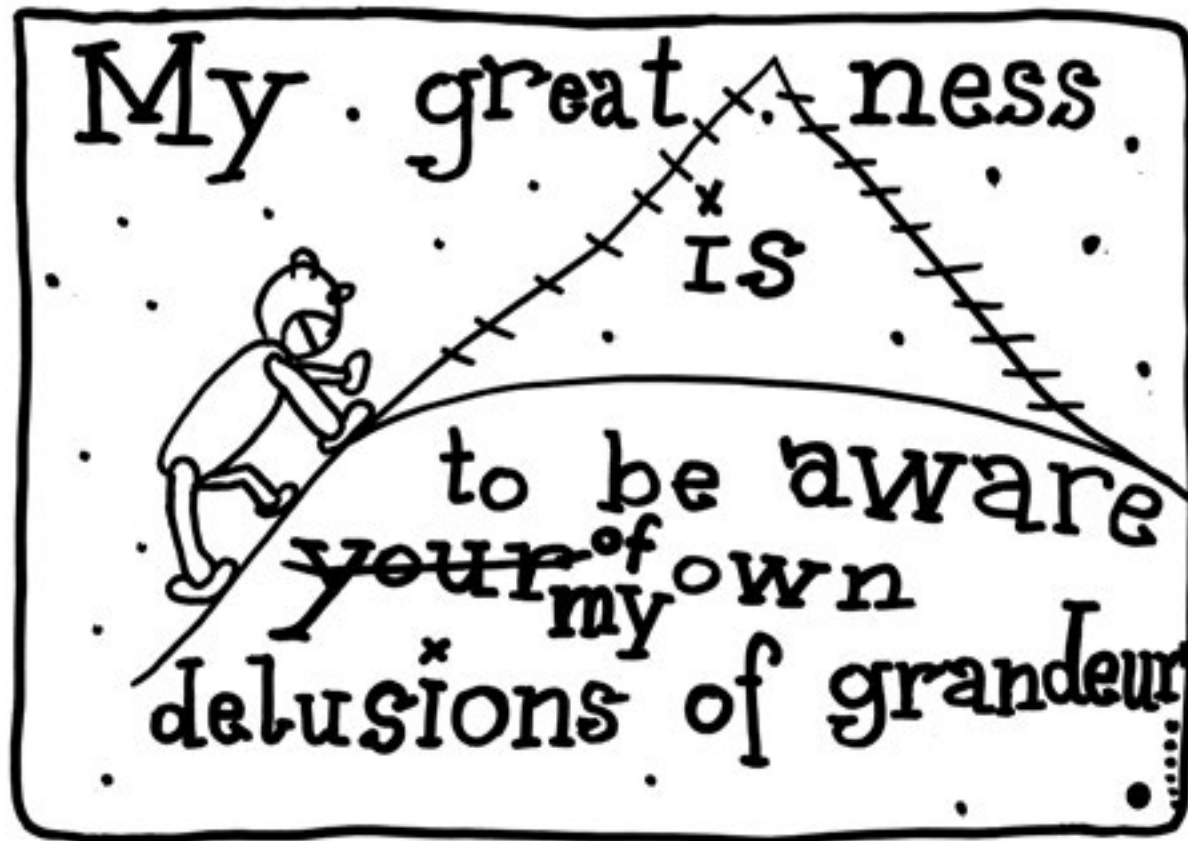




Once I was lying in bed with a woman.  
We looked each other in the eyes.  
Then she said: "I can look deeply into your soul."  
I got very frightened.



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.

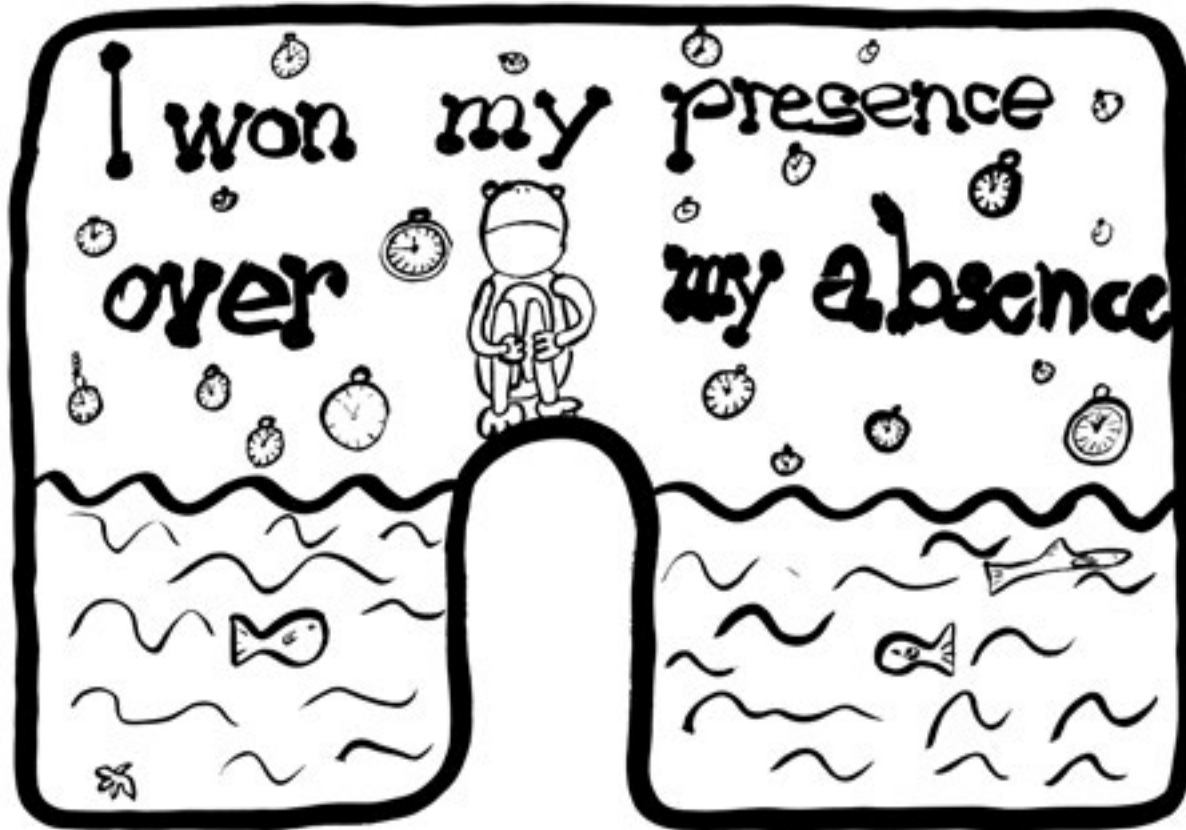
I am weak.  
I am the disabled,  
I am the wishful,  
I am the the failure;  
I am many.  
I am the foreign.  
I am the idiot.  
I am the fool.  
I am the ignorant.

Time is made from  
honey slow

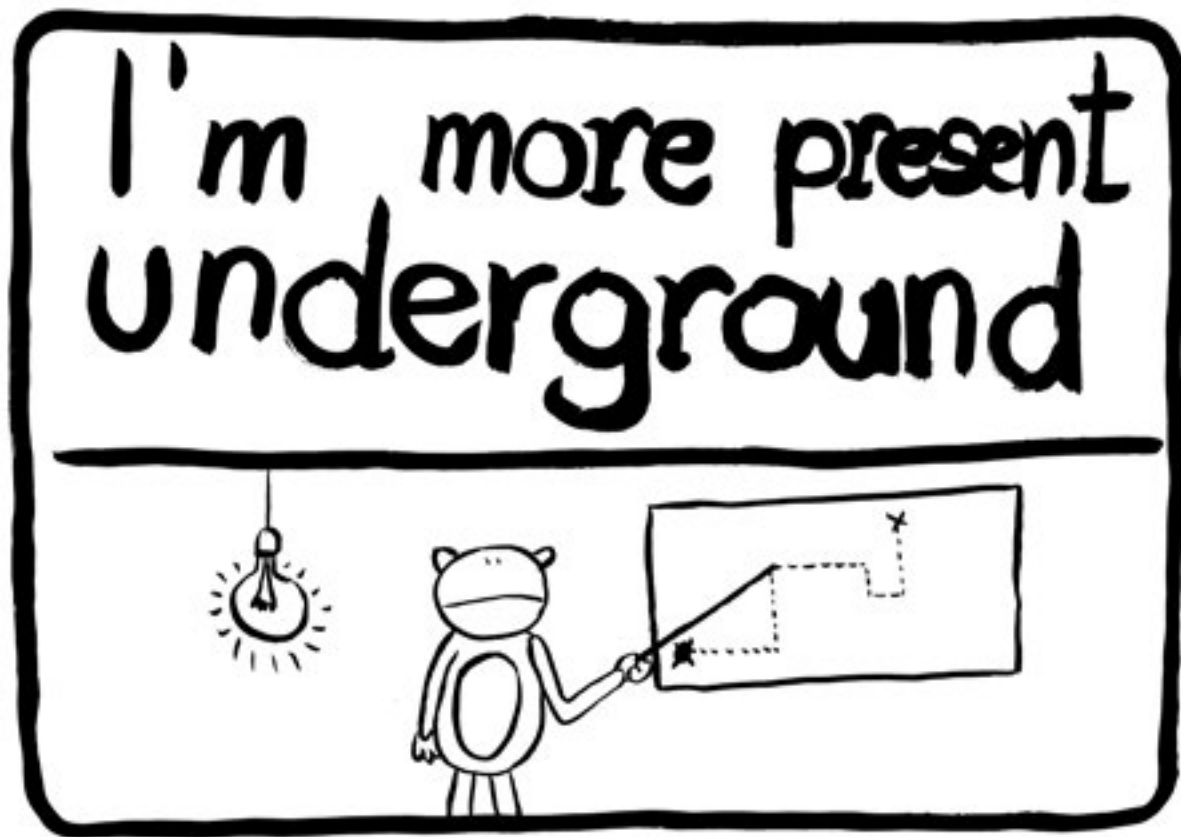


and sweet only the  
fools know what it means  
...

A star on heaven is small.  
So am I.

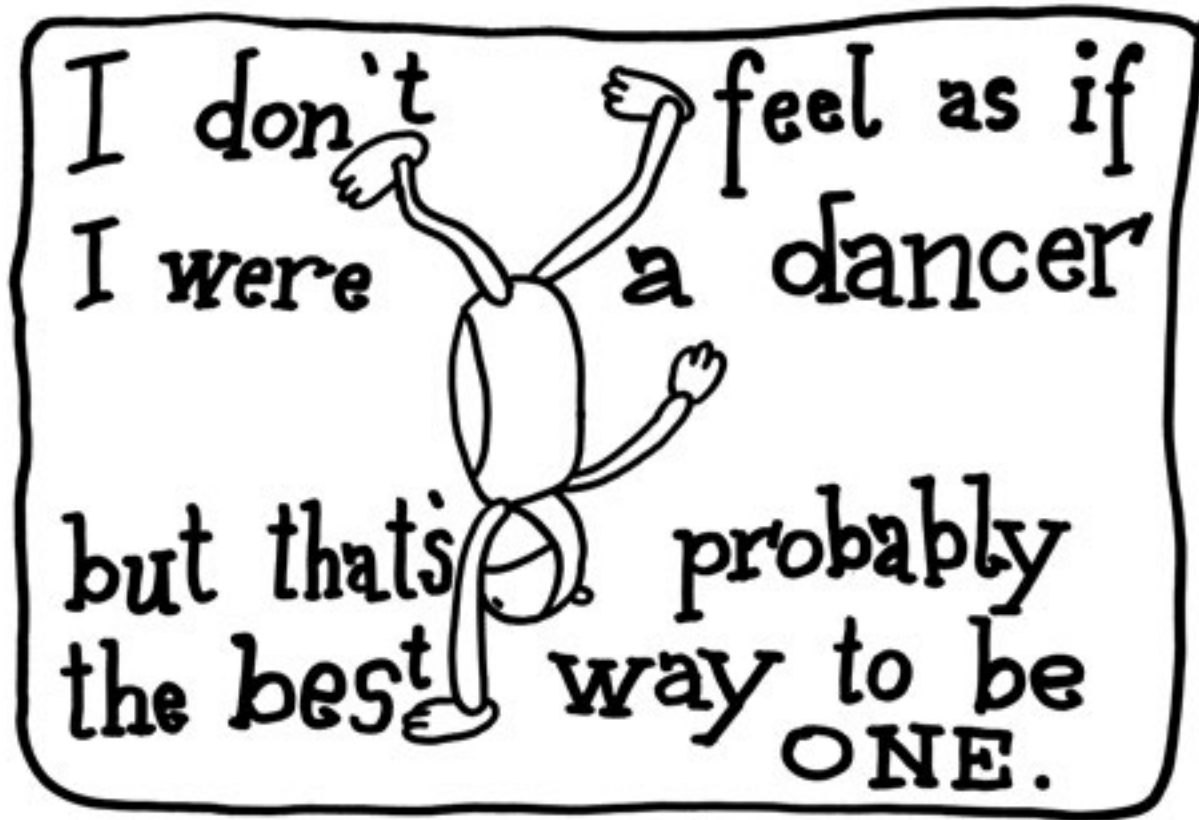


Once I had a deep conversation with a working  
colleague on sexuality.  
Then he said that homosexuality is such a weird  
thing.  
I didn't actually know what he meant.  
So I was unsure what to say.  
I said, "Well I understand, it's really weird.  
I'm in love with your brother."  
He looked strange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



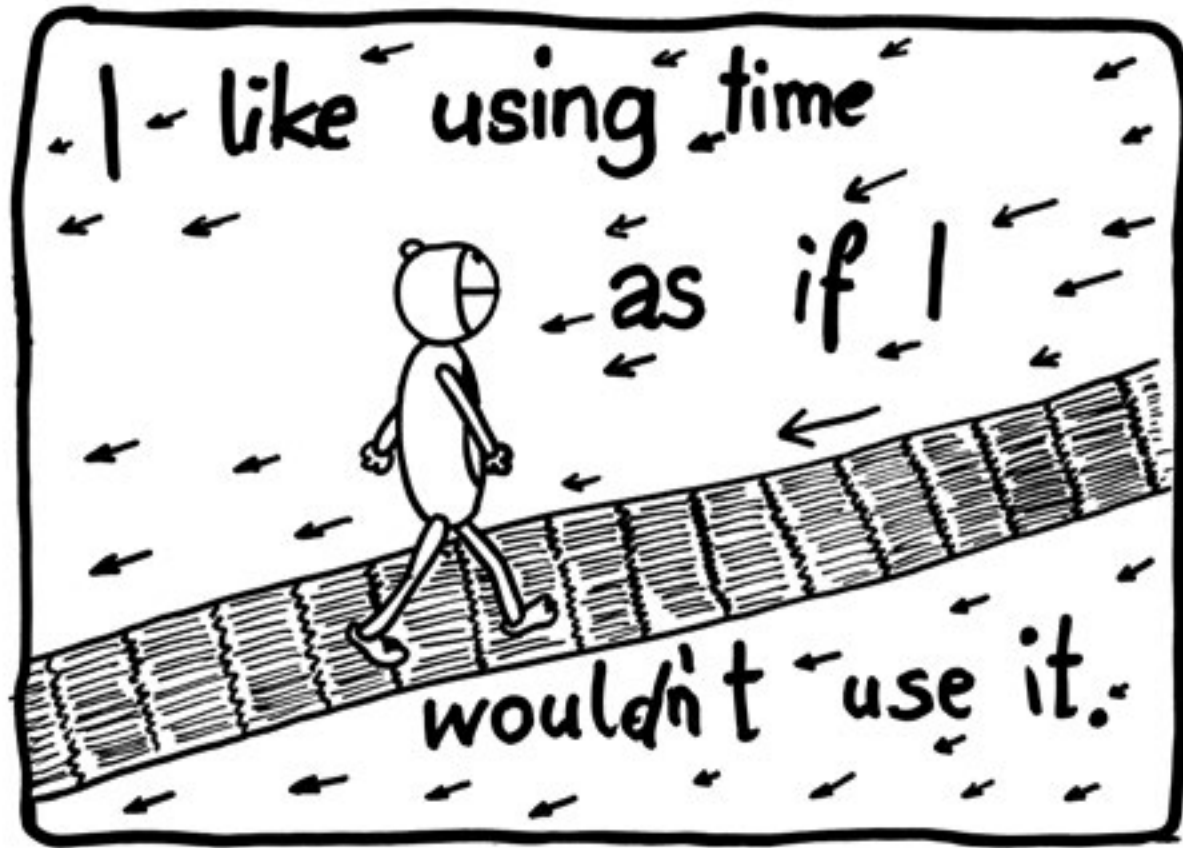
Once I played football when I was young.  
I was the weakest and smallest and some where  
even two years older.  
The trainer said to motivate us that everybody who  
is coming to the trainings will play at the matches.  
So I attended every training because I was never  
playing a whole match.  
Always 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 <sup>couldn't-care-</sup>  
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



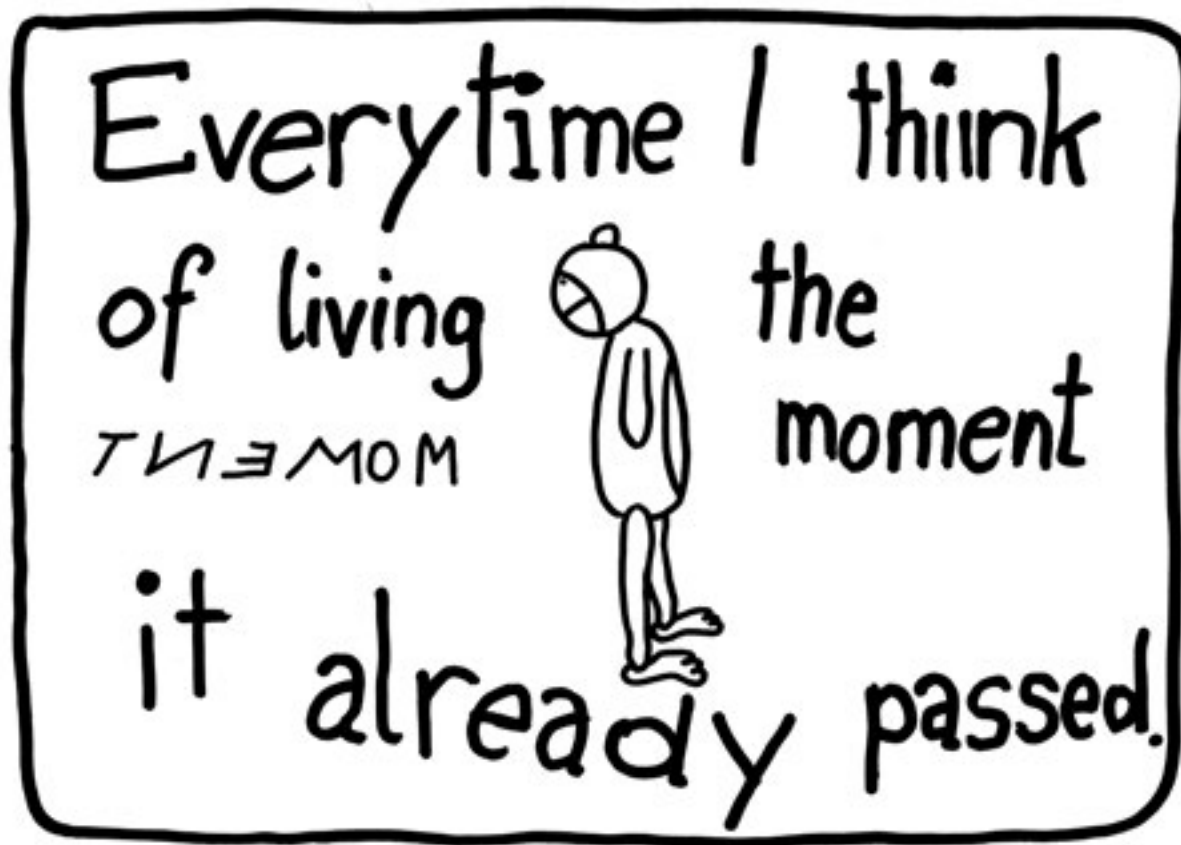
I found

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."

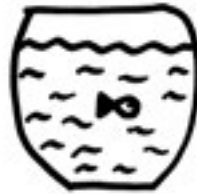
I used to live with a goldfish.  
I almost forgot.  
I called him Johannes Paul the IXth  
and he likes pot.



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.

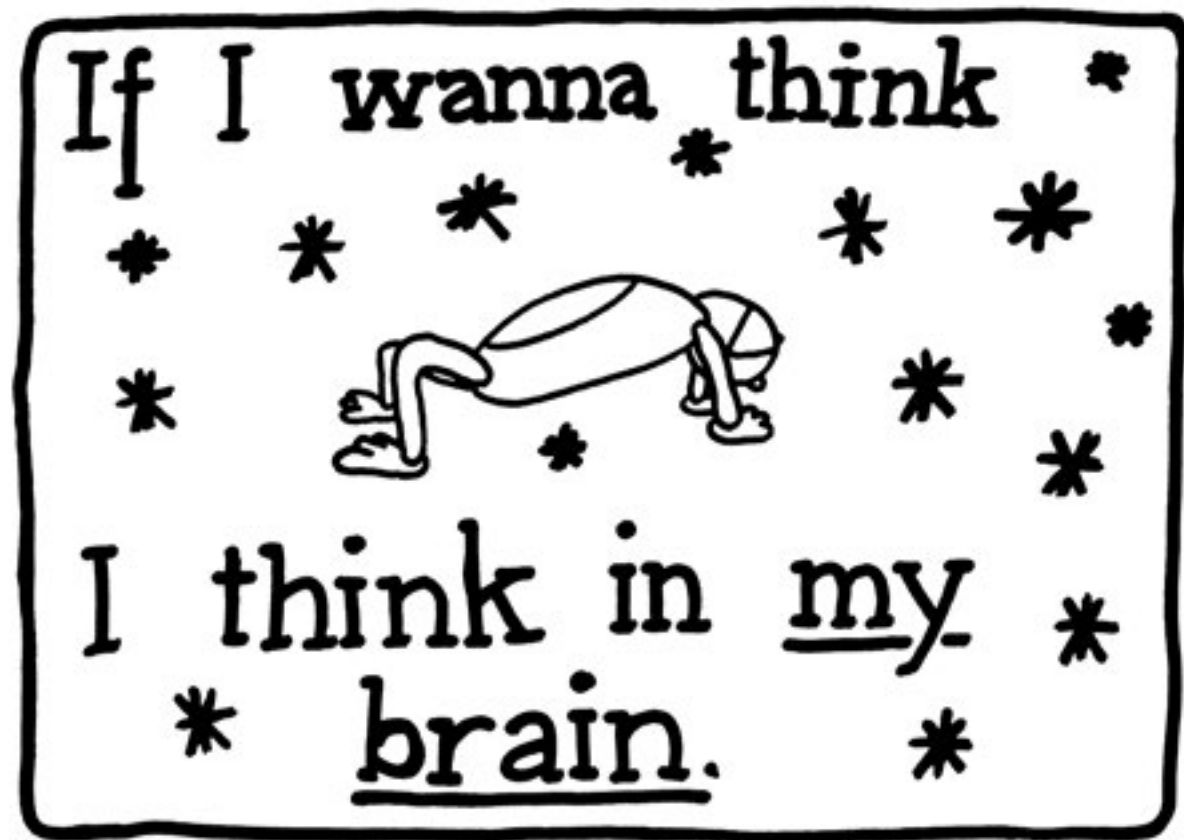
ONCE I LIED IN MY BED  
AND THOUGHT I HAD NO HEAD  
BUT IT WAS NOT BAD  
THAT I HAVE HAD NO HEAD

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.

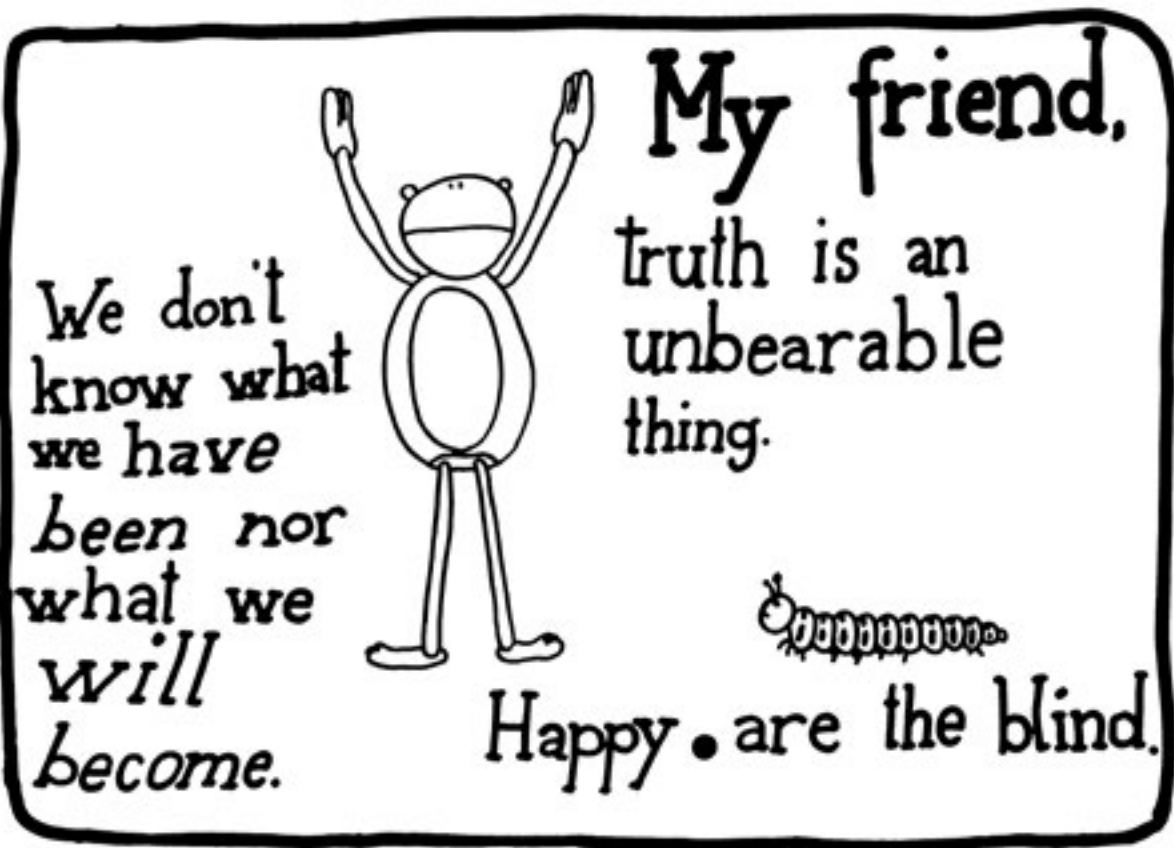
(I am still wondering about this poem myself)



...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.

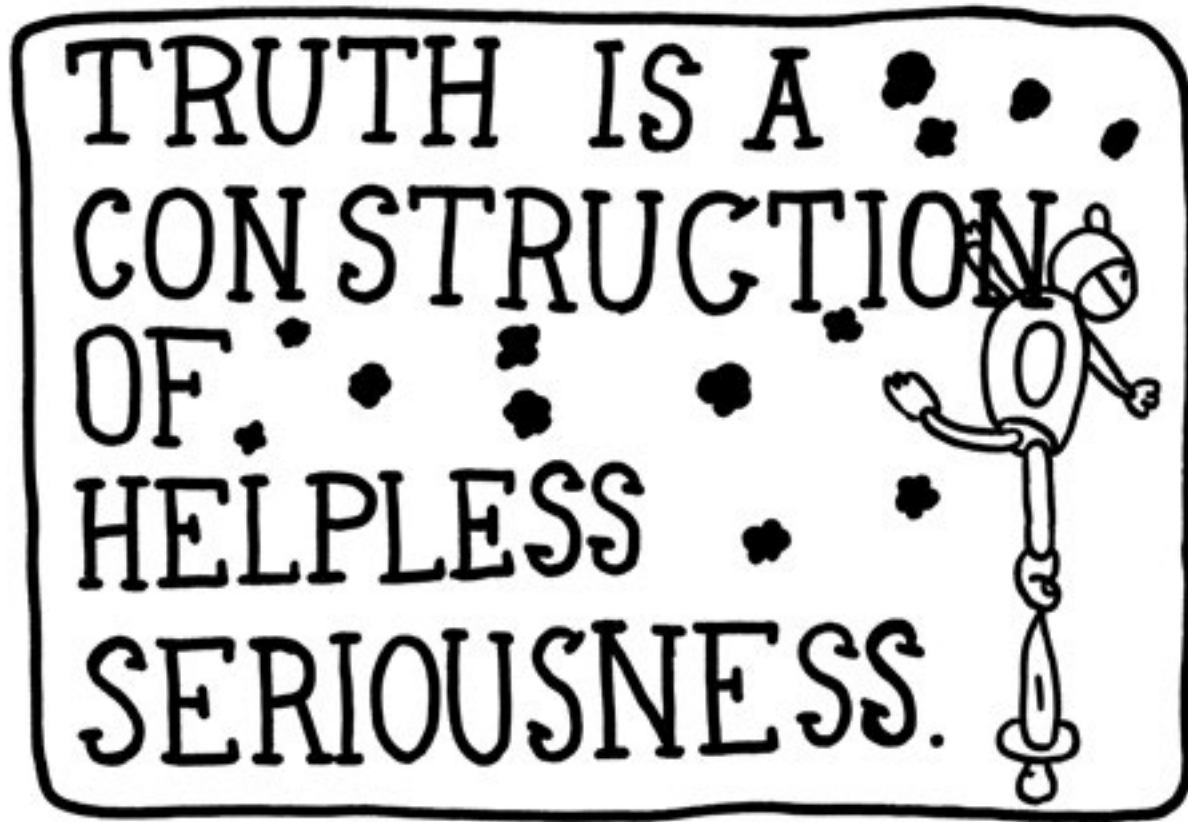


Happy • are the blind.



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.



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~~ <sup>BE</sup> ~~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.



I COULD DANCE  
DANCE, DANCE,  
DANCE, DANCE,  
DANCE TO  
THE RADIO  
BUT I CAN'T  
SYNCHRONIZE TO  
THE BEAT OF THE SHOW.

In public swimming pools  
you have swimmers and non-swimmers pools  
As everybody know  
swimmers swim  
but non-swimmers swim too  
just not the same way  
as swimmers do.

Then I thought  
as to be a nobody  
is also some-body  
as anybody  
is a particular body  
of “everybody”.

It is meant to be metaphoric.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO CHANGE  
THE WORLD

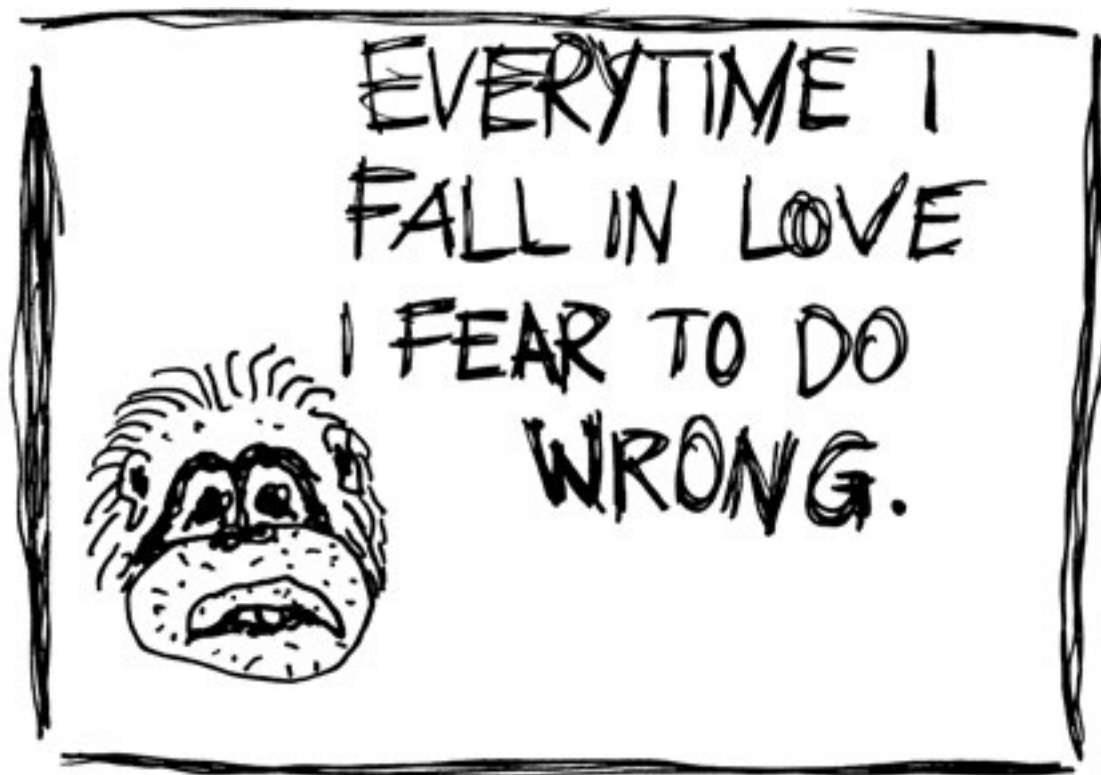


BUT IT DIDN'T CHANGE -  
IT CHANGED ME.

I always wanted to do right.  
Be the good guy which I always had to be.  
I judged me, myself and held back my own desires.  
But the more I wanted to do right  
the more unright I did.  
I didn't know what to do.  
I was two.  
I could not let it go.

I was caught up in judgment and could not judge the judgment.

I integrated the dominator culture in me.  
So I thought disintegration a good thing to be.



Once when I went to the cinema.  
It was one of the first times.  
I don't remember the movie.  
But I was with a girl and my sister.  
In the middle of the film I had to piss.  
But I didn't know where to go.  
And it was dark.  
So I tried to keep it.  
So I don't remember much of the film.  
Only that it was the longest film I ever saw.  
In the end I could not hold it anymore and my  
pants wetted.  
Luckily nobody saw it because it was dark.  
They were all into the movie.

This is not a metaphor.

The less I feel that I can't  
get over it ...





I am not an artist.  
This is my hobby.  
I aspire to fail in art  
in order to realize my life  
as a work of art without  
an author.  
Or  
I fuck me up to save me.  
This is not a program.

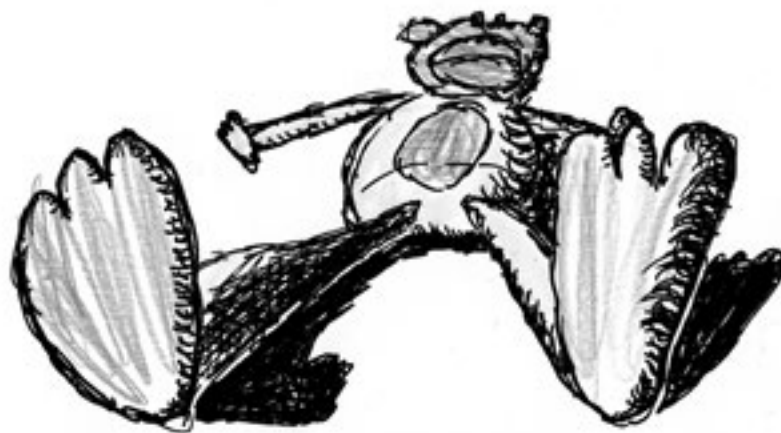


...but I think I like it.

In order to control myself  
I am trying to get out of control.

Once I was working the church asked for tax  
So I wanted to step out of the church.  
I had to go to the church where I was baptized.  
It was still the same priest who baptized me who was there.  
I said that I want to step out of the church.  
He said that he wants to talk to me first and asked me when I would have time for it.  
I said that I do not like talking to much but I would have time now.  
“Okay”, he said, “Let’s talk, my son”, he said.  
I didn’t know what he meant with this.  
So I said, “I am not sure what is the topic now?”  
He went to his office and asked me to follow, “Come in and take a seat.”  
I was curious what was going on.  
So I wanted to know if he knows something what I do not know.  
He said, “My son,” he used the word again!  
“God will always be here for you.”  
I said, “What do you have to tell me?”  
He said, “No worries, everything will be fine.”  
I couldn’t bear it almost I got suspicious of what he wanted to tell me so I said,  
“He should tell me the truth now.”  
And that I will cope with it whatever it may be.  
Then he said after a moment of silence, “You know...”  
and then made a pause again,  
“We are all children of god”  
“Oh thank you” I said, “I thought you wanted to tell me I am your son.”  
“No”, he said, “there is only one father.”

Then he asked me why I wanted to step out the church finally.  
"Huhhh!", I said, "God is dead."  
I wanted to get out of there.  
"Oh", he said,  
and looked kind of bad.  
He didn't know I was totally into materialism.  
He continued and said, "God will always be with you."  
So I said, "Yes, I know that's why I don't need the church."  
"Oh no", he said, "the church is important."  
So I said, "Well yes for the invasion of latin america and christianizing a whole  
continent to steal from it all the gold for the church."  
He said that he knows that things went wrong but that the church has also a lot  
of good things and in the end there is god who can save us.  
So I said, "Who knows if he is male?"  
He looked suspicious.  
I didn't know what to do.  
I felt totally misunderstood.  
So I asked him for the papers.  
He looked for it and put it on the table and said, "There is always a place reserved for you."  
I said, "I know but I wonder if heaven is only a place for white people."  
He made some strange look at me.  
Then said, "Why are you so suspicious?"  
I couldn't find an answer and so I asked him in return,  
"Have you ever seen a black angel?"  
He did not say anything.  
So I said, "Me Neither."



Ich mag my Leben beleben...

When I was ten I saved the life of a guy who couldn't swim.  
He fell into the swimmers pool and got into total panic.  
I was too weak to hold him over water without going underwater myself.  
I was standing under water to keep him over water.  
Then his father pulled him out of the water.  
Nobody recognized my deed.  
When I told them it was me  
they didn't believe me.  
Being a hero can be complicated.

## Mantra

Residency nothing  
Stipendia nothing  
Artprice nothing  
funding nothing  
no project, no deadline nothing

exhibition nothing  
Gallery nothing  
Selling nothing  
media nothing  
no more art for nothing

Nothing nothing  
Nothing nothing  
Nothing nothing nothing  
Nothing nothing nothing  
nothing nothing  
nothing



Once I tried to stop smoking.  
It was not so hard but then I thought at least when  
I drink I will smoke.  
So I only smoked when I was drinking.  
But then I drank everyday.  
Then I realized it.  
Every time I quit a habit I got another one.

Once I lied on my couch.  
I just lied there and concentrated on nothing  
Then I heard a fly.  
Sssssss.  
It sat down exactly on my third eye.  
Then out of nothing  
I dreamed I was the fly  
and fly around no shy.  
As I was the fly  
flying around in the sky.  
Then I sat down on a guy.  
Suddenly I dreamed  
I was this guy  
and I was no sure  
if I am the guy  
or the fly  
dreaming it is a guy  
Or the guy  
dreaming he is a fly.  
Who knows?

This ought to be funny.

I freed myself  
from myself  
in order to follow  
my vocation  
by revoking  
every kind of vocation

...kind of.



I can tell  
you the  
TRUTH:  
I can't tell  
you the  
TRUTH.

Once a fortuneteller told me,  
“You think too much.”  
I am still thinking about it.

I want to wander in emptiness lost in time  
without time to overcome rational thought.  
And to transgress universal knowledge by  
shutting down my brain.

It’s a challenge.  
But I like mental acrobatics.

Once I studied at the academy of fine arts in  
vienna.

It made me feel like, “I am this provincial  
guy who has no clue how the world is  
functioning.”

I really hadn’t.

The architecture, the air of power and  
knowledge, the educated people, it was so  
powerful I could not stand the pressure inside  
me.

For a while I got very nervous when going to  
the academy.

When I was on the way to the academy my  
whole body got affected.

My stomach contracted and I got attacks of  
diarrhea all the time.

Everytime I arrived at the academy I had to  
run to the toilet.

Once it was already on its way.

I was not aware that I could use it as a part of  
my art.

I could not imagine that this is the stuff art is  
made of.

The greatest artists remain hidden from their time  
but I don't want to hide anymore.





Once I went to a park with my kids and my cousin.  
There was police all around.  
My cousin asked an officer if we may go in the park.  
I said to her, "Yes, sure. It's a racist police intervention. It's not about white people."  
One of the officers heard me and was a bit upset.  
I don't know why.  
He said, "What did you say?"  
I didn't want to argue with him so I said, "I actually did not talk to YOU but to my cousin."  
He was even more upset although I tried to be very friendly.  
What a pity I thought.  
Poor officer.  
He came along with us and said, "I should be glad that they are caring for us."  
So I said, "I don't want to speak of US if it means that there are some excluded."  
He looked confused.  
But then said, that he wants to protect children from drugs.  
So I said, "Well, that is an honest deed. Me too. But it's not that simple but let me tell you a story."  
So I told him a story.  
"When I was young" I said, "My parents told me I should not climb up the trees because it is dangerous. But this could not hold me back that I wouldn't climb up trees. Actually it made me interested even more and I started to climb up the highest trees."  
"But once", I continued, "I was climbing up really high tree and I

have been higher than ten meters from the ground on the very last branches of a Fichtenbaum.”

I made a pause.

-

“You know what happend?”, I asked him.

He looked thoughtful but also a bit desinterested.

I said, “Unfortunately the wind was blowing harder and harder and the tree was moving terribly...”

I looked at him and tried to get him with adventure.

“Can you imagine what happened next?”, I said.

He was not sure what to expect.

Then I said, “You know what happend?

I jumped on the next tree because this one seemed more stable.”

He shook his head and went away.

I didn’t feel he understood me

so I said to him, “I never said that I came to make things easier.”

Once I went for a walk out on the street.	Peace.
I was out on a walk to find an answer.	My heart lightend.
I was walking to Josefstätterstraße.	"Alles klar?", I asked him.
Two black guys where in front of me	"Yes", he said.
one about two meters tall	"Do you need something?",
the other one meter sixty small.	he asked in return.
Then the taller guy	Such a smart guy I thought.
turned his head back to me.	The question made me think.
He smiled.	"Yes", I said after a while, "Love"
I smiled back	He said that he is sorry
and our eyes met	that I am lacking of love
He twinkled	but he can't give me love
and I twinkeled back.	because he lacks of love too.
It was a deep looking	So I said, "I love you
Silence.	and you should love you too."

Once as I worked for an art fair.  
My colleagues and me talked about art and  
the fair.  
One of the guys said, “Der wahre  
Geschmack liegt im Proletariat verborgen”  
That was funny in all that setting so we  
took a paper and wrote the line on a paper  
and signed it with “M. Marx” and put it on  
a wall during the assembling of the art fair.  
Nobody wanted to buy it.

Once I read, "Life is a journey to discover about.  
One just need to realize it."  
So I thought, "If life is a journey  
I fear to become whether a tourist or colonizer of  
my self.  
I want to become a nomad of thinking."  
And then I heard, "You only live once."  
But then I thought, "Yes, but who am "I"?"

Once I was interviewed.  
I was asked, "What is your art about?"  
I said, "It is about this question."  
He was confused.  
Me too in the end.

Once my mother said, “There is always somebody around us.”  
But this made me fearful of someone watching me  
and I was always watching around me.  
I feared to be alone with ghosts.

I never wanted to become a man,  
because I didn't want to become a macho.  
So I remained a boy without a banjo.

I didn't know there is heterosexuality outside of heterosexism.

Once I have been in the province at a train station.  
Some young boys started to laugh at me and said, "Watch this gay guy."  
They were suspiciously looking at me.  
So I smiled and said very friendly,  
"My perversions are not perverse."



When I am not in love  
I feel like I'm not enough  
When I have a lover  
I can't get enough of her

Very often when I fell in love  
I was falling.

My potential of imagination equals  
my erotic desire.  
I doubt it will get any better.

Marx and Lenin probably loved too  
but not the way I used to.

Once I felt trapped in the past unable  
to move to the future.  
But then a black angel said, "The future  
already was."  
This made me think.  
Then she said, "We are trapped in the  
past. It's always coming back to us."  
Oh my dear have I been shocked.  
Then she said, "Time has no linearity."  
It took me awhile to deal with it.  
Because when I am bombarded with  
lots of new ideas at once  
I feel like overeaten.

Sometimes I wish  
you decolonize me.  
But then you say  
“There is no way  
you can not pray  
to be decolonized  
just one day.”  
“But why should YOU decolonize?”  
you ask.  
I say, “Because I want to do it.”  
I hear you say,  
“It’s alright baby.  
But it’s not about you now.”  
“Oh I thought it takes two  
and it’s up to me and you to prove it.”  
“Oh my dear”, you say.  
“Unlearn to think about yourself.”  
But when I ask you what to do  
you say, “There is no answer  
but I can try to find one.”  
That is all too complicated for me.  
And when I say, “I really really want it.”  
You tell me that  
sometimes doing nothing  
is better than doing something.  
And when I say I can not understand you  
You say that now I got it.  
And when I say,  
“I just don’t get it.”  
You carry on that I just got it.

Once I had a discussion in a bar.  
The guy said, "They have to integrate in our culture."  
I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Why do you want them  
to be coldhearted and ignorant?"  
"What do you mean?", he said.  
I said, "I integrated so much that I have to disintegrate now  
to manage to integrate."  
Then he looked suspicious.  
He said, "Where do you come from?"  
I said, "I came from Punk. but I also came from Fromm."  
"What do you want?", he said then.  
I said, "I want to live safe too but everytime people talk  
about security I feel more insecure."

Sometimes I don't know what I should fear more crime or  
crime prosecution.  
"So what is the solution", he asked.  
I felt like I should give an answer but I had none.  
So I said, "I don't know what I shall trust less the law or its  
administration."

If I seek an answer  
I'm putting myself into question.  
It's not always funny.

I like to destruct thoughts that has been thought by thinking.

I could only stand my existence because I thought I didn't.

Today I'm trying to loose myself in order to find me.

The more I fear to be not good enough  
the more I feel pressure to fail.

So I chose to focus on failing  
I want to become a master of failing.





Once I met a politician in times of the so-called financial crisis.

He said, "It's really hard times but now we have to fasten our belts?"

"Oh! what a wise comment", I said, "that you and all the top-earning want to fasten your belts tighter."

He looked strange.

Then he said, "No, I mean WE." and pointed with the finger to me and around in a circle.

"Oh", I said, "You are on the other side."

He didn't know what I meant.

"We have to do it.", he said.

Then the song of Donna Summer came in to my mind and I said, "I work hard for the money so you better treat me right."

So I said, "I don't believe in capitalism. It is the religion which tried to make me believe in it by debt and desperation."

Today "crisis" means to obey.



It took a lot of courage  
and sometimes it still overwhelms me  
but I want to thank you  
Thank you for your trust  
I am here with you  
and I won't be past  
Here I am  
my hand is here  
to walk with you my dear  
I am ready  
and you might be doubtful  
I understand  
and won't be reproachful  
I'm ready to be shaken  
I am open  
to learn  
to accept  
to be broken.

I want to become  
a master of scholarship.

When I was young I was introduced that there are ghosts and that the dead could appear.

I fought my fear of ghosts with the study of Materialism.

*Das Gespenst der Freiheit* didn't frighten me that way.

In school my german teacher complained about my  
long and complicated sentences.  
But for me the simple things were even more  
complicated.  
I couldn't write easy sentences.

Once I read Thomas Bernhards' 'Außer Atem'.  
I recognized the second sentence was one and a half  
page long.  
Then I had to think of my teacher.

When I was young they told me that I should be  
honest and always tell the truth.  
But those who learned how to tell polite lies or  
said what grown-ups wanted to hear were always  
more popular and more rewarded than me telling  
the truth.

In my childhood I was told that Indians  
knows no pain.  
In fact I started to defeat all my feelings  
but the only feeling that remained was pain.  
That's why I started to do extreme sports for  
a while  
in order to feel myself alive again.  
The more I risked my life the more alive I felt  
afterwards.

I am weak  
I fear to lose myself  
I never knew how to give love  
nor to take it.

Now I stand here naked  
without a clue  
and don't know  
how to make it.

I am a fool, I see  
what can I do  
I know it's true  
I am nothing  
compared to you.

What should I do?  
Tell me I don't know  
What do you want me to do?



I don't want to be happy if I should.



In my childhood people said about me,  
“He is in his own world.”  
I didn’t know that this was real.

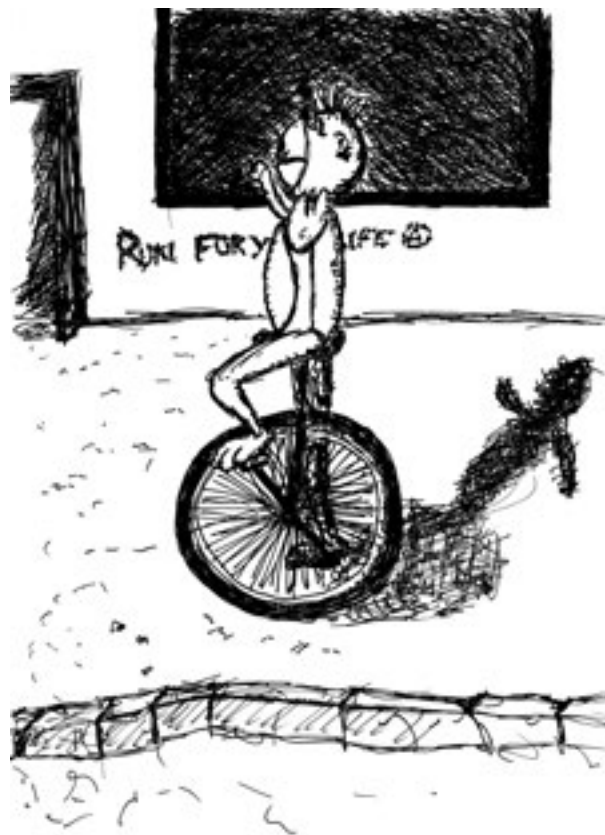
When I was young I had no fear of death.  
People told me about hell but I didn't fear it.  
Once I was told of angels appearing to chosen few  
I started to fear they are coming to me.

The moon is without the sun not to be seen.  
But that doesn't mean that it doesn't exist at all.  
If I am not seen doesn't mean that I don't exist at all.

desire.

You are right  
and I am wrong  
I am frightend  
you are strong  
You are up to date  
and I am late  
I am lazy  
you are straight  
You think I am crazy  
but I can't wait  
and masturbate.

Sometimes time flies with pleasures.  
That's my problem with treasures.



Sometimes I feel  
I don't have a penis  
Sometimes I feel  
it's my only friend

I just don't know how I feel  
I am in-between  
I don't wanna want this feel  
I am in-between, Yeeahh! Yeaah!

Sometimes I feel  
I am the only victim  
sometimes I feel  
it's all my fault

I just can't deal with my feelings  
I am in-between  
I just don't know how I should deal  
I am in-between, Yeeahh! Yeaah!

Touch me at the place I love  
thouch me all the way

and so on... and repeat...  
I am caught in the logic of guilt and innocence.  
I am in-between. Yeeahh! Yeeaaah! Yeaah!

Sometimes when I feel understood in a way  
I was never understood before  
it overwhelms me  
and I  
have  
to  
cry.

It's hard to write  
a friend who is  
dying so I wrote,  
*"See you soon."*

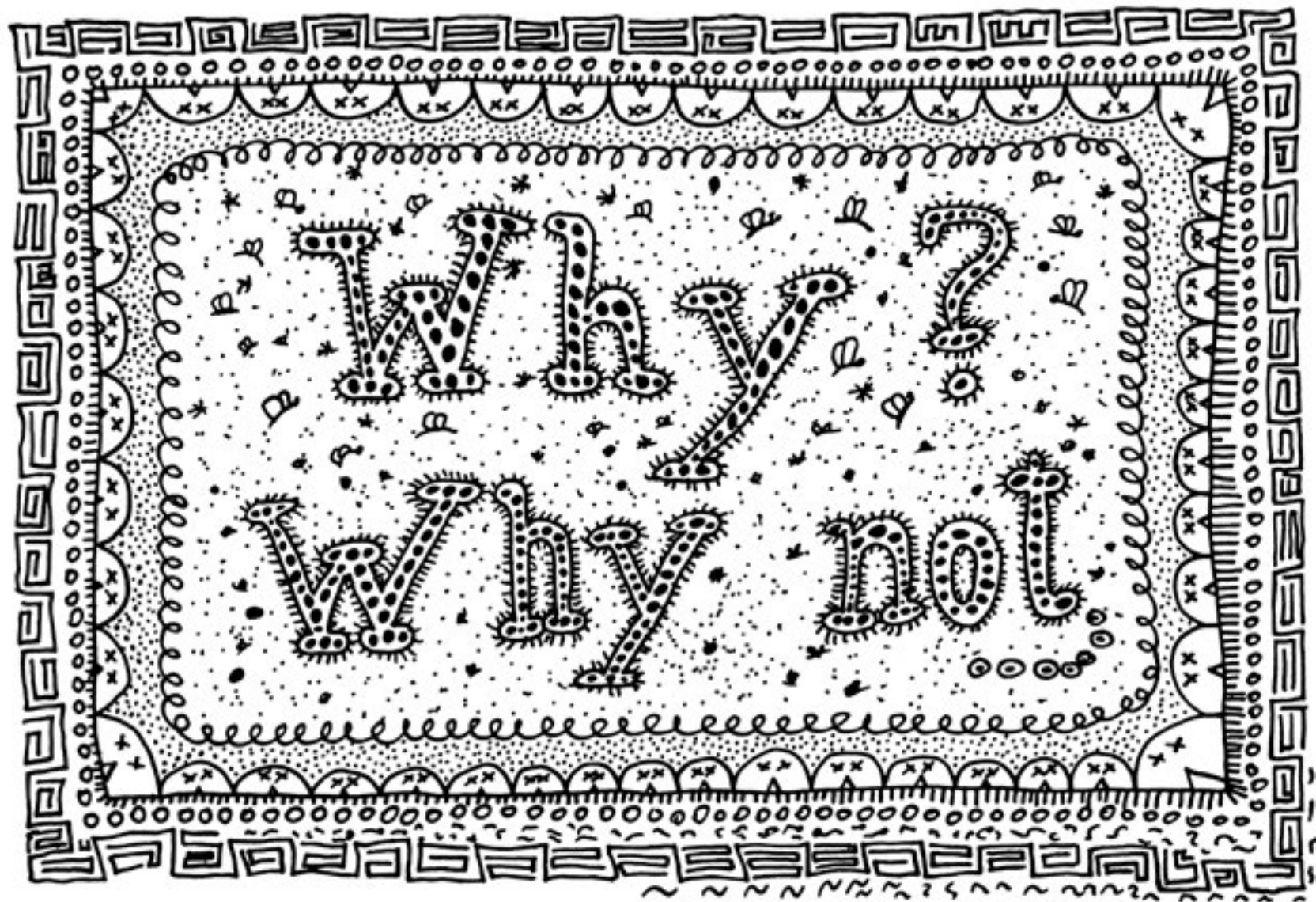
Any failures in grammar or syntax or whatever else you might have found were not meant to be failures. As I said I try to avoid every kind of professionalism. Perfection is a myth.

Any similarity with other authors, concepts, thoughts, narratives, texts are meant to be "copied". I don't believe in originality. It's just another cheap myth which came out of this province called central Europe. I am palimpsesting, re-reading, re-writing reality, connecting ideas to the amount of what is needed to expropriate myself or the idea of the SELF itself.

Since the first selfies and signed works of art came at the very beginning of modernity, at the time of the invasion of South America by Europe, the idea of the SELF as a supreme, autonomous, independent being is a modern european idea resembling the idea of authorship. Genealogically, "I" am not the author of this book because I can not perceive myself without the world.

"I" am a medium and my thoughts are connections of thoughts that have been thought. I am not inventing anything "new" but rather re-structuring, re-ordering, re-arranging, adding and continuing to describe particular experiences and reflections, to tell a story through a particular reality that is "my" own perception.





THE BOOKS I TRIED TO READ AND TRIED TO UNDERSTAND  
DURING THE PROCESS OF THIS INVESTIGATION

Giorgio Agamben, *Stanzen, Die Macht des Denkens, Die Zeit, die bleibt, Der Mensch ohne Inhalt, Pilatus und Jesus*  
Avital Ronell, *Stupidity, Loser Sons - Politics and Authority.*  
Byung Chul Han, *Shanzai, Abwesen, Psychopolitik, Agonie des Eros*  
Hans Christian Dany, *Morgen werde ich Idiot, Schneller als die Sonne*  
Judith Butler, *How to read Kafka* (youtube lecture)  
Pierre Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp*  
Francis Picabia, *Funny Guy Dada*  
Kafka, *Brief an den Vater*  
Alice Walker, *Her Blue Body Everything We Know*  
Alice Miller, *Das Drama des begabten Kindes und die Suche nach dem wahren Selbst*  
Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*  
Enrique Dussel, *The Invention of the Americas*  
Sara Ahmed, *Willful Subjects*  
bell hooks, *All about love, Teaching Community*  
Gloria E. Anzaldua, *Borderlands - La Frontera, Light in the Dark*





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(Here is space for your personal continuation)



