

UNFRIENDLY TAKEOVER

Deufert + Plischke / Frankfurter Küche (Leipzig): Directory1 – How to risk beauty with beauty

At Atelierfrankfurt, 22. 3. 2005

"Thus, every living creature is striving for idleness. But, idleness is the motor and guarantee of work, because idleness can only be reached through or via work. Therefore, it is easy to understand, that before a curse of work came over the humans they remained in a state of idleness. In the original living together, maybe, this state really existed and it might be that the legend of the creation of the paradise and the expulsion of the human being out of it expresses exactly this blurry image of the past or a vision of the future, that the human being will reach because of the curse of work."

Europe is playing at the seaside wearing a splendid bride dress. She weaves a wreath of roses. In her sleep she had a dream where she became strange towards herself. In the form of a beautiful bull Zeus kidnaps Europe to Crete and rapes her in a willow thicket – having turned from a bull into an eagle. She gives him three sons. Land taking has already started.

Seduction. Violence. Search. Birth. Europe means being well irrigated or having a wide face as a synonym of the full moon. The willow incorporates the 5th month of the holy year and is connected to magic and to the rites of fertility. Hera. Europe. Hellotis. Helike. Helena. Land taking starts with seduction in the form of beauty. Let us all celebrate the beautiful then we will avoid living.

Zeus left Europe. She married the king of Crete. Aerope (Europe) is now a child of Crete and her father catches her with a lover and sells her as a slave. She is not allowed to come back to Crete. Don't look back! The homelessness of women always ever has begun. Phaidra mourns the common lot she is shares with her

grandmother Europe and her mother Pasiphae and her sister Ariadne and hangs herself. The kidnapping of Helena causes war. Why? Why haven't the Cretians been punished for kidnapping Europe, why not the Argonauts for kidnapping Medea, not the Athenians for kidnapping Ariadne? The case of Helena is different. No sorry for Troy. Fight for the robbery of beauty. Give us Europe's sense of beauty.

Brussels in the year 2000

Is it so difficult to write into the present because of the bloody past? Of whose past are we talking? Mine? Born the 27th of June 1973. White childhood, red youth, black present. A present that stood still at the very moment the threat tore.

When was that?

When the threat was tearing (you are beautiful, he said) I found myself in Brussels. Here, the story of the present time being starts.

Lessness. Living within without.

Cutting oneself off the net means to loose the threat into the net of the time. The net is Europe and Europe was the first spinner who had to tear the threat.

Entanglement of the time ... I will always be for myself but I won't run anymore.

Running into nowhere doesn't make sense anymore. The present, the here and now is black and has no exit. My story will slowly develop itself without my action.

No more thread in the net.

Berlin in the year 2000

When will I be able to decide what I can forget? When may I forget to be able to decide? Can I remember ever having taken a decision? The voids of thoughts are one-way-streets, too. Why did I meet her again this night? One view is enough to be sure that there will be no consent. The whole time I have to think at her. Who is she? Where does this "amour incomprehensible" lead to? She always will already be where I will never get. That's always it. I again won't take a decision, not for anything. The fear of deciding against (what?) pushes me further. I have already talked too much about my utopias. I don't believe in them myself anymore.

In 24 hours I will lay down in another bed and my thoughts will be different there.

Will I be happier or unhappier there? More curious about what will come out next? In the German-German area it is not easy to live in the present moment. Two countries within one country that is unable to share two different pasts. A schizo situation.

Isn't the black here and now simultaneously everywhere? There, I think towards the future, here in day and night, not further. Nothing further. Where will it have been easier to live? I don't fight anymore with every dayness, I am quite far away from that. When was the last time I sat on a chair which belonged to me? It must have been somewhere in the white time ... but there, nothing belonged to me.

Myth of Europe

Please, get the theatre spaces out of this continent! But where to? Land taking seems to have failed. Across the centuries the female subject learned to tragically fall silent in the drama. Finish your phrase, Elektra, but shut up your mouth then. Your death will give you a voice over the centuries. Your drama won't have happened, but you will have been a voice in the time. A flattered and flattering self cracks for a moment. Seduction with exit to uncertainty. In the immediate happenstance nothing is evoked. Nothing evokes. Break of a habit and suddenly something cuts itself into the everyday rhythm. What is left over are feelings of hurting, desire, pardon, despair, promise. Drama in the here and now, self conflict without solution.

A Greek myth of creation says that in the beginning there was Eurynome (bride wandering), the goddess of all things. She steps out of the chaos naked and separates heaven and sea to be able to dance on the surface of the waves with her feet. Dancing wilder to get warm she turns south. She attracts the north wind with her dance, ophion, a big snake. Out of mating with the snake Eurynome gives birth to the world egg. Out of it slipped the sun, the moon, planets and stars, the earth with mountains, rivers, trees, herbs. Eurynome and Ophion were moving to the mount Olympion and are fighting about who has been the creator of the world ...

Brussels in the year 2000

I am so much for myself searching for my alter ego. Who is that? Where is it? Do I

live more honestly here than there? Maybe the search for brutal honesty leads me to this being now here in the time. Sometimes I feel the desire to empty my head, to pour all the thoughts, the dust which became my history, all the coincidences of life onto the streets. Unsorted empty thoughtlessness. When will I be able to decide what I may forget? Sometimes, when I am sitting in the airplane from here to there, my thoughts still being there when embarking, full of being here again while landing. Sometimes I have the feeling of an unspeakable emptiness, of a neutrality that is not frightening. The plane lies sluggishly in the air, it seems to stand still.

I am surrounded by empty people who sit still and remain in the in between state, neither here nor there. A person's fate is indeterminate during the time of a flight. Everything around me is so indifferent towards me, as I am to it.

Pessoa-Quote

> Freising // 24.12.1978

Freising. Deepest-cleanest-whitest-purest "catholic Bavaria". Germany's only town with no unemployment. At 7 years old, work didn't really matter yet for me. On that Christmas evening, in 1978, my grandmother came to me and told me that now that I was a "real" boy, and after speaking to my mother, she had gotten a special present for me this year. I was a bit irritated by the word "real", but this could only mean that this parcel contained a fire brigade model car, a Playmobile Cowboys and Indians set or something that my imagination linked with "presents for a real boy". She gave me my Christmas present. I opened it immediately. It was a package of several white long johns.

My confusion was a thousand times stronger than any disappointment I might have felt from receiving this present. My father suddenly disappeared, to get something to drink, or to pee or something. My Mother and Grandmother saw my confusion and explained to me that now that I was a "real" boy, it was time to stop wearing tights and start wearing long johns.

Somehow, at this time, from TV, family, advertisements, magazines and, of course, Disney, I had my own ideas about how gender was performed. Now I was being told that from age 7 onwards one is a "real" boy, and must stop wearing tights, a garment which covers the feet, legs and hips, and start wearing long johns, a similar garment covering the legs and hips, but not covering the feet.

I had to suppose that gender identity was manifested as something "real" at the age of 7 at the feet, <pause> and that this manifestation concerned boys only. When I wore the long johns I became aware of how they were different from tights. There was a crucial detail on the "long Johns", in front of my "short John". It was a pocket kind of thing which consisted of 3 layers of cloth. There was a little hole in each of the layers, the first was on the left, the next on the right, and the last on the left again. So, if you managed to navigate "slalom like", through several layers of stiff cloth you could thread your penis through and pee without taking off your underwear; an emergency exit. It seemed a great invention and needed immediate testing. So I went to the toilet and managed to fiddle my penis through the layers of cloth, but as this was rather tight, due to the left-right-left complication, it put such pressure on my penis that I couldn't pee. So I went for the conventional method, but as I withdrew my penis back out of the "emergency exit", due to the sudden pressure release, I peed in my pants.

Ok, I could understand that gender manifests itself at the age of 7 at the feet and therefore one had to wear these long johns, which were stiff and ugly compared to tights, but this pocket thing clearly was a stupid invention. Now I have to insert something I found out later researching this rather important incident in my life. In the same instance that I was told that "real" Boys don't wear tights, the German garment industry started to promote tights for men, as the latest and hippest fashion. You can see that on the few examples I brought from this time.

But back to the story: So, in 1978 everybody in Germany had these mail order catalogues at home and for us kids it was one of our favourite past times to look through the pages of toys and dream of the things we'd buy ourselves when we were adults with money. Needless to say, that in the days after this Christmas my attention was drawn to tights vs long johns. A couple of days after Christmas a new catalogue with the current sales came by post and as usual my sister and I immediately looked through it for toys. Suddenly, since I was a few days "real" and aware of my feet, I saw photographs of men, riding, fishing, sailing, in short: all kinds of cliché cool leisure time activities, wearing tights. Obviously, as I knew that when it's about social phenomena I could trust advertisement more than my parents, my grandmother and mother had lied. So I decided not to follow this mother-grandmother-gender-ideology, I simply didn't understand it first of all. The problem wasn't the boy / girl difference but the boy / "real" boy difference. This seemed incredibly awkward, incredibly schizophrenic. In comparison to other garments, skirts for example, everybody apparently wore tights until a certain age. Or in my case: If I was now real, what was I before? This seemed to be an attempt to polarise my self-fiction through a social act of repression based on a lie, and a stupid at that. It implied that I was unreal before age 7. <pause> 7 years after Rosemarie Trockel stated "living means knitting tights" I started to mistrust my social surrounding. " Unflaggingly, like an inescapable boomerang, a vortex of summons and repulsions places the one haunted by it literally beside himself." wrote Julia Kristeva. And because I started to doubt the purpose of the strategy my social surroundings imposed, I took a pair of scissors and cut the long johns in many places so I would get a pair of tights again.

<loop>

>**But my mother bought new white long johns. <pause> I cut them again**

<end loop>

1st address

Myth of Europe (of no fixed abode)

In the year 2000 I was living in Berlin and Brussels commuting between both cities to go on writing my book on John Cage as well as the myth of Europe. I could not consider one work being written without the other.

I was a paid member of a research project and writing a thesis about John Cage's concepts of theatre. In this project I started to read texts on gender and to get occupied with the phenomenon of transgender. There I also met Sylvia and Stefanie, two academics, with whom I founded a label that we called Diskursive Poliklinik. Our aim was and still is to cure the sick discourse as well as ourselves within this discourse. The idea itself was rather sick and we wanted to squat lectures in the university and to force the academics to step into the everyday life. My only interest in work has always been the social process of work. At the moment the social seemed to freeze I tried either to change the institution or the social surrounding I actually was working in.

In 1999 I worked at the Goethe Institute in Brussels for a while and I still had a small apartment there, which was free from time to time. I didn't know too many people there and the city seemed to be ideal in which to create a fictitious identity to write my own biography and to try to live it out. It felt strange to live a fictitious identity. How strange to become aware of the indifference towards what is called your identity. At this time I had the obsession to change myself into a gay man. At no point was I thinking of doing a medical sex change. I found that the forms of medical interventions or hormonal treatments deterred me. Therefore I preferred to change my sex in my fantasy, regarding it more as a constellation of ideas than one of fixed body parts.

No difference at all. Just the same sex. But another person.

The bar in Brussels was called 'Chez Maman'. Every night there was a drag party. I

went there when I wanted to be with gay people. I went there as a so called woman asking myself what this is supposed to be.

Where's the risk and where does the risk remain? Where's the risk between ... where is the between in between risk and risk or appropriation and subversion?

When I entered 'Chez Maman' I always was already nearly drunk. I was bored by the drag scenes of 'maman' and only interested in all the gays watching her. I watched them watching her. Nearly every night there was the same singing and the 'good old' mama-travesty. I asked myself what mother means or gay or travesty or incest.

Beginning of 2000 I had for the first time in my life a really close relationship to another woman, a mother of two children.

2nd address

The beginning of opera

"Family is like a dead rat's ass suspended from the ceiling of the sky."

Besides new music I always was interested in the music of the renaissance and the baroque era especially in early opera. During my studies in Frankfurt I met Manfred who was working as a music theatre director from time to time. One of our first collaborations was a staging of Monteverdi's 6th book of madrigals as well as *The Battle between Tankredi and Clorinda* that is sometimes called the beginning of opera because of the dramatic content and the appearance of the single voice. Songs of love and war. We worked with a group of singers and musicians in Frankfurt.

Clorinda goes to the crusade disguised as a man because she loves Tankredi and follows him into the war. He kills her in a fight because he thinks her being his enemy. He doesn't recognize her but asks her name to know the person he is about to kill.

The performance of the songs of love and war was to be done in the middle of October at a church in Kassel which was being renovated at that moment. There was scaffolding everywhere and we started to use it for the staging. The songs of love and war became the acoustic horizon for a scenario, that you would imagine the day after the atomic war would be like. In Frankfurt we rehearsed on scaffolding, in parking zones and in a church.

I worked together with Beate on small movement sequences for the day after scenario. We lay around like dead bodies or like people who wake up from a coma and become aware that they will die very soon. During *The battle of Tankredi and Clorinda* Beate and me wanted to walk towards each other on the scaffolding in slow motion. As two women who don't know that they are a woman and a man. A woman and a man who knows that he will kill her soon. The day before the performance we had the general in a church in Frankfurt. I went home afterwards, I lived at a student's home at that time. One room. Little space. Nearly no furniture: a telephone, a table, a bed, a chair. Like always I checked the answering machine for messages and wanted to go to sleep afterwards. I was really tired. On the tape there was a message of my father who usually never called me. My mother had taken an overdose of medicinal drugs and had run out of the house to die somewhere where no one was watching her. I took the night train to the home of my parents and tried to calm my father down. I tried to become aware of what it is like when there is no mother anymore. The next morning we searched for her in vain. My father called the police and asked for a search message at the radio. It was strange to listen to the description of a person that was supposed to fit into the figure of my mother.

I was thinking of the performance that was to take place that evening and went to the train station and took the train to Kassel and went to the church. There everyone was rehearsing. I felt more quietly there. The songs of love and war were calming me down. I felt like in a trance state where you start to feel an urgent need for senseless or useless actions. A few minutes before the performance started I called my father and he told me that they found my mother and she was at the intensive care unit. I didn't know whether it was a relief to me or not. I went back to the church, laying down on the floor to perform several dead bodies then I climbed up the scaffolding to walk onto Beate, the beginning of opera right in my ears.

>Rio de Janeiro // Slums of Andarai // Title: "nao se pode falar"

Invited by Klaus Vetter, the former director of the Goethe Institute in Rio, Alice, Martin and I worked in the slums of Andaraí from May-July 2001. For three months we lived and worked in a small house, right in the centre of Rio's most northern slum. Rio has a strange city structure, the slums, which would normally be located on the outskirts, are right within the city, growing up between the hills that draw the town's famous skyline. A long time ago these mountains were coffee plantations. They are very steep and the medieval clay and garbage houses that grow like mushrooms make these hills inaccessible if you don't know your way around or can't read the signs painted on the houses, or don't know how to follow the neon light crosses of numerous neo-liberal-protestant-churches that wait everywhere with open doors like roach-traps. This is where the drug and arms trade resides. At night we often saw taxis arriving with 200-300 kg Cocaine. That's it for topography.

Martin, Alice and I worked together with Carmen Luz and 12 teenagers who would otherwise have been swallowed by the drug war. They were the teenagers of a dance group in the slums, or, in Portuguese: the "Favela". Invited by Klaus Vetter, who designed this project in order to make the culture of the Favela visible outside its own borders and beyond its attendant clichés. Martin and Alice taught a workshop and I directed a performance with the group.

From the rehearsal space near the entrance to the Favela we had to walk 20 minutes uphill to our house. Garbage mountains, rats, pigs, cockroaches, 3 rooms and a balcony. On the projection you can see me sitting on the roof of our house built halfway into the mountain. Like terraces, the houses structure these garbage mountains. The flat roof of one house is the entrance to another. The city is down there behind me, gloomy at night. Poverty, here, sits enthroned above it.

Behind me you can see the night of the 26th of June 2001.

To my left, outside of the camera's frame, is an abandoned house which served as an arms and drug store. In front of it is a teenage drug-soldier of commando vermelho which means "red command". After 50 days in the slums I knew that the machine gun he had hanging on his shoulder was an AK-47, invented by Mikhail Timofeyevich Kalaschnikov, I knew that it killed within a range of 1500 m and weighed about 4,3 kg. The boy was 14 years old and the guard of an illegal landscape. I was sitting there, on the roof of the world, my camera hidden in a paper bag. If my observer had realised that I was filming, I would have gotten into serious trouble. I was filming myself for a project that Katrin and I were working on parallel to the Favela project. "AESS autoeroticselfsisyphus (Nov 2000- Sept 2001)" and the macho-scenario-landscape of the Favela provided a perfect frame for this film-project.

>Rio de Janeiro, Rua do andarai // Balcony of our house // 26 of may 2001

I am filming myself in tights on the balcony of our house in the slums to continue working on the video " autoeroticselfsisyphus". Suddenly, just outside the house machine-gunfire.

I freeze in fear of death.

The drug mafia guaranteed our security at the favella. Cabral, the local drug-boss was in his early twenties and probably wouldn't get past 28. The chief of police of Rio de Janeiro telephoned Klaus at the Goethe institute and asked him if he wasn't completely mad for initiating such a project. He said that he wouldn't guarantee the safety of 3 Europeans in a favella. Cabral, the drug-boss was much more interested in the project than the local police boss. Cabral thought that it was incredible that 3 white western Europeans came to Rio to work and live in the slums, his slums. Shortly after sundown the streets would fill with armed people. Every Friday evening the drug mafia would organise a huge party at a samba school, which would be at an enormously big hall inside the favella. On these Fridays the favella would be open to the people of the city, because the drug lords had bribed the local police. The people from the city could then come and buy and take drugs without being threatened by the police.

What were we doing there?

We wanted to drift away from old patterns of work, together with the group, slowly away from our clichés about spectacle, theatre and dance. We wanted to experience and to take a risk, essential to our understanding of work. It was the only way out of our encrusted aesthetic convictions and beliefs about work, method, structure and content.

Klaus Vetter took the risk and supported this work!

At the premiere of "(nao) se pode falar" that took place at an empty space inside the favella I got scared. I was amazed how the kids managed to confront their oppressive families and bring their feelings into their performances, at this evening when all external noises seemed a thousand times more cacophonous than ever before. Two camera teams from the German television were there, but their high tech cameras couldn't see anything in the dark. We left the next day, after 3 months of work and one day before the premiere of the performance in a bourgeois theatre in the town. We had a great final party with plenty of drugs. When we left for the airport, we tried not to be seen by anyone of the favella anymore. Somehow we got scared and I think each of us individually realised that this experience might have been way more traumatising than what we initially thought. We were exposed to such an extreme level of violence in a scenario that had nothing idyllic at all. And with all our efforts to abstract and conceptualise, still stays the garbage mountain full of rats and cockroaches stayed. A left over from the city.

"We, we endlessly risked, what time we call our own!" wrote Rilke in his Sonnets to Orpheus. We were on our way out of the underworld, trying not to look back
Forced Entertainment said it in *The Travels*: "Orpheus Street is strictly one way"

>The 17th of August Klaus wrote:

Dear Tom.

I found, that the premiere in the theatre and the following performances were impressive. The kids are cheerful and dance with a lot of engagement and passion. But: A dance performance without music, light and without current aesthetic clichés and no visual narrative lines is still an avantgarde novum in Rio and because of this less and less people came to see the show. We'll have to wait how it will continue until end of August. I think that, taking into account the strictness of the performance we had to and have to expect those reactions. I can only repeat myself in saying that the kids are impressive. They deal with each other wonderfully easily and playfully. The whole thing is coherent-as it was planned and foreseen by you.

How are you, how are the others? How was Vienna? Please drop me a line if you have the chance.

The last week with you all was wonderfully intensive and beautiful. After you've left I really missed you.

In this sense a big hug and a kiss

Yours Klaus

One only owns, what is already owned. Not only owned by another, because the other is only a mediator and has in the extreme case no existence at his disposal. But owned by a dead, owned by the ghosts, writes Deleuze.

Klaus commits suicide the 25th of January 2002 by hanging himself in his bathroom. Katrin and I are completely numb after the news.

3rd address

Silence and incest, Frankfurt 1994-95

I wonder whether I would go to pee before killing myself. I wonder whether I would eat something, smoke a cigarette or say goodbye to the dog. I wonder how quickly I can get familiar with the act of suicide.

My relationship towards family has changed radically as well as my relationship towards art. Everything got very close, private life and work, I could not see any difference anymore. I didn't want to see a difference anymore.

There were only few things that I could stay interested in: the loss of subjectivity through the use of chance operations in Cage's works and the possible perception of transcendence in the stepping out of the single voice in Monteverdi's 'Orfeo'.

The formal structure of this opera fuses into the figure of Orpheus. The opera is marked by reversals and Orpheus' song in the centre in the middle of the 3rd act is the axis where everything moves backwards. Monteverdi's Orfeo is a highly artistic portrait of human failure. The return back to earth in the 4th act is accompanied by a continuo bass that is painting the scenery with sounds. Orpheus walks up followed by Eurydice and sings a very simple melody like a child that is afraid of the dark. In the moment of Orpheus' first doubt the accompanying lyre stops and the singing turns into a recitativo. The continuously ongoing bass is climactically and noisily distorted by cembalo, viola da braccio and chitarrone. In the dramatic moment when Orpheus turns back and looks into the eyes of Eurydice, in this very instant of happy emergence an organo di legno is heard. Orpheus is not happy due to this divine music but because of his anticipation of Eurydice. After the second and final loss of her, his depression increases until a suicide attempt in the 5th act. All opera as a form is a reference to Orpheus until Eurydice turns back.

>Insert

1984 five years after being called a "real" boy, my family moved from a small apartment in Freising to a small house in Herrsching. In the cellar was a small room which was furnished as a hobby bar with some workout machines and piles of laundry to iron. A Harmony Korine scenario, except, that nobody went there to party or to workout. I claimed this space as my first studio. At this time, 12 years old, I was already drawing a lot and wanted to get into "serious" painting: canvas and oil. My

parents were supportive of my interest in art and subscribed me to an art newspaper called "ART". I brought some of them with me for my little ART carpet here. My parents had a restaurant and sometimes when we were out of eggs or things, they sent my sister or me to go get some at the supermarket when they had no time. So one day I went with my bike to get milk. At the supermarket, because it was autumn I guess, there was a bargain counter with wool blend tights. I didn't think twice, now 6 years after this "real" Christmas I bought my own first "real" pair of tights. Regarding the missing money I managed to invent some excuse. As I was afraid that my mother might hold it against me I hid the tights in a box under my bed and washed them myself. I was 12 years old and I wanted to be a painter. Every day after school I worked in my parents restaurant and with the money I earned I bought cigarettes, records and oil colours. I had no idea how to paint with oil, and because of my lack of technique all my paintings were brown. I painted all of the colours on top of each other. My mother, my first critic and the only one in the family interested in my art always liked them although she asked me why they were so "pessimistic". Maybe lack of technique and the colour brown represent "pessimism" for my mother. One day there was an essential change. For the first time I titled one of my paintings. I went to my mother and presented it to her. It was brown as usual and titled " the transvestite sings his sad song in the meadow". This title made my mother see something in the picture that made her search through all my things in my room together with my sister when I wasn't there. They found the tights of course. Camouflage, intimidation, travesty. I had no idea, not of art, not of travesty. I was asked to have a talk with my father, man to man. I didn't listen to what he said. I remember that I saw a picture of Anselm Kiefer in the art magazine and that I kind of referenced it in my painting. It was a photograph of him, standing in a dress on a bathtub his right arm erected to the Nazi greeting. Brown painting, brown greeting. "The transvestite sings his sad song in the meadow". About art and travesty I still have only suspicions.

4th address

Checkpoint melancholy

Doing nothing and not doing

At the beginning of 2001 Martin Nachbar whom I barely knew at that time asked me to lead a two days workshop that should be part of a 10 days ongoing experiment at the Beursschouwburg. The whole experiment was called Tom Plischke/BDC & friends. During the 10 days all the participants and the visitors could eat and sleep in the theatre and work on different projects. Besides the workshop program there were performances, concerts, parties and projects by a couple of artists who could

use the whole space for their work during the 10 days. The description sounded really good to me like something I had been waiting for, for quite a long time. I chose out of four workshop themes the one on illegal experience and proposed to do it together with Stefanie.

The subject was seducing. Illegal experience. Stefanie and me, we wanted to perform the workshop as members of our label, the Diskursive Poliklinik, so we were preparing something at the borderline of theory and practise. We brought a lot of stuff: Sophokles' Antigone, texts of Hegel, Kristeva and Deleuze, Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland as well as texts of the Baader-Meinhof group and some actual newspapers that were showing how fictitious biographies are constructed in our times to use them for political statements. We dressed in our white medical discourse shirts. We tried to get the participants of the workshop involved in self invented games where they could find the rules and then start to break the rules. We wanted to show that there is no such thing as illegal action outside a predetermined system of rules.

"I wanted to 'bear' the hunger strike and now the thirst strike by means of reactionary self-discipline. It is clear that I won't break / that I won't break off neither the hs nor the ts and that I will / that I have to get away from 'bearing'.

To stamp out the lie."

Is it already illegal to do an experience in our highly capitalistic neo liberally organized society? Is it impossible to do an experience, anyway? Is experience something that you don't do but that passes you?

The ten days in the Beursschowburg were on the borderline of what can be called illegal because the people broke with some basic rules of work that are constructed towards a functional economic production even common in art processes. I met a lot of people during these days with whom I still like to work. Martin Hargreaves whose voice you are listening to at this moment was one of them.

I also met Thomas there and we immediately conspired with each other without knowing what we did. We met each other one day before the event started. We all were still at a hotel and joined for dinner. Afterwards we drunk in a bar and then went all into Thomas' room to smoke and drink champagne. Before we were all leaving to go to sleep Thomas said that everybody could take a pair of his tights as a present. I didn't think for very long and took a pair of warm grey woollen tights. I

didn't recognize that I was the only person who took some. I couldn't imagine how this change of clothes would change my life. Before sleeping I asked Stefanie whether she considered the present a serious one or whether I might to have give it back the next day. She calmed me down and said that presents are always made seriously. The next morning I put the tights on and my eyes met Thomas' at breakfast and the pact was reached. We went to the Beursschowburg and prepared for the 10 days trying to deal with the cold. At one moment I got close to Thomas and showed him the tights I was wearing. He nodded and smiled so the pact was confirmed.

Since Brussels we have worked together to perform this conspiracy publicly. We irritated a lot of people who were dealing with theory as well as with practise. We irritated ourselves through our work and got ourselves out of routines. We started to work in a field with people that were open enough to deal with the matter that this conspiracy was based on a shared trauma tissue.

We stopped working with the methods we already knew. All we know about method is that when we are not working we sometimes think we know something. But when we are working, it is quite clear that we know nothing.

eporue-film.