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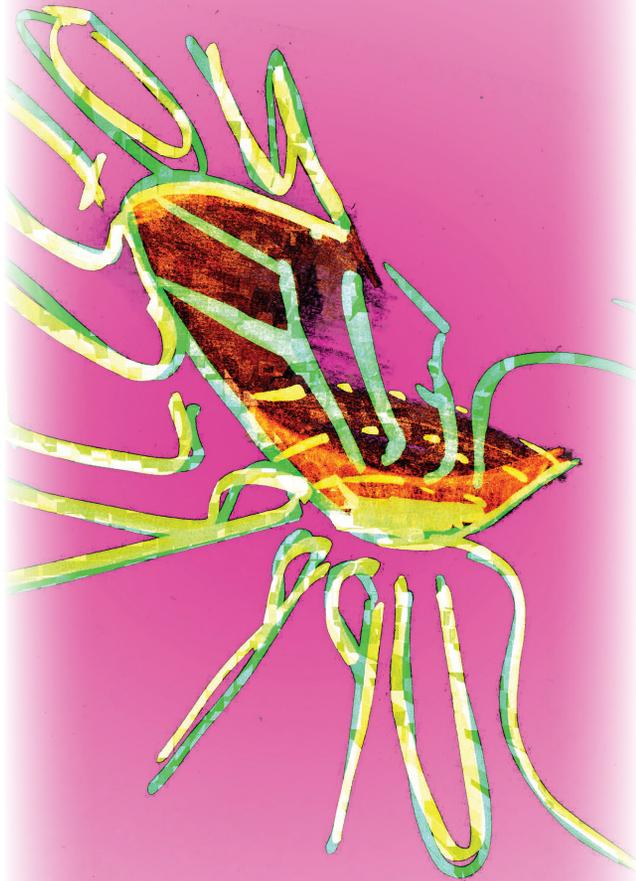
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Wind 1; 2; 3; 4;

wind I

giant waves weeping above promising a state of untouchedness and being left alone left in the state of vicious transmission between zones of grey winds a moment where travelling ceases without any furthering vectors a distilled image emerges and solemnly terminates the illusion of identity depth is a collateral meaning of time the process of creation justifies the existence of the self you cannot enter the crystal gate any more. it has been torn apart^o

wind II

to believe is to live to be carried by the wind drawn by the desire to overcome self implicated frameworks control the relations between internal and external in silence

wind III

language barrier need for the prevalence of authority and validation tribal power dynamix crocheted threads of overflowing current a thought is a dataset withing a dataset (the Being) <depictions of different thought curves> life is a giant carpet being sewn

wind IV

windcatcher illusion of safety; windcatcher

elod jankey

CHOKEIN

It is when i exit the kitchen that you remember who I really am.

i The same moment you swallow a drop of saliva into your lungs, there is just some times when that happens (too) often, wonder why.....

Maybe: as your "yourself" tries to Forge-*T*;
your real self tries to Re-mine-*D*
how delicate memory and its function are.

To choke yourself in case of doubt for example.

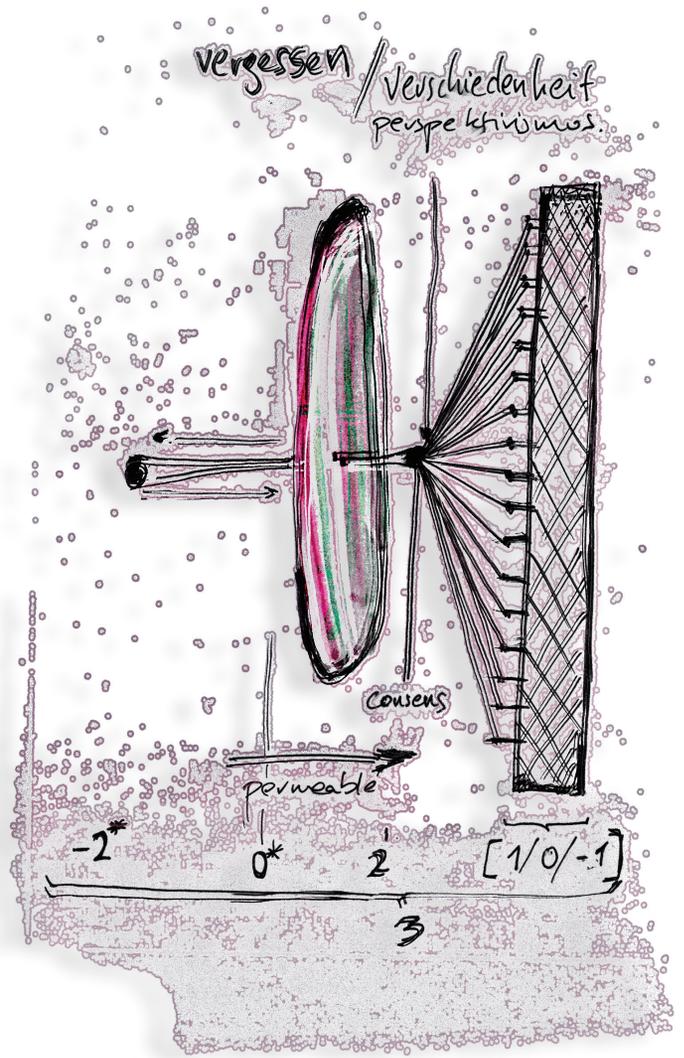
For-give-*E* your throat for forgetting where your secretions are supposed to go,

--> trust its judgment, for at the end:

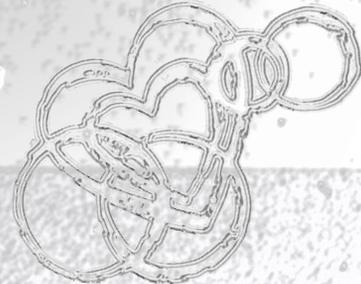
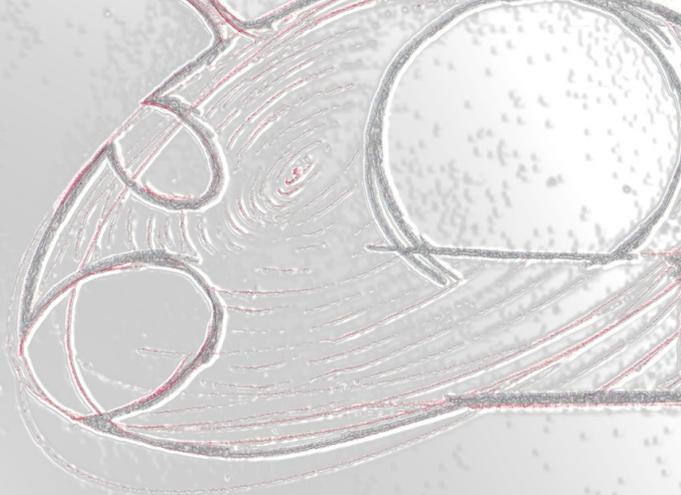
blocking you-r windpipe or drowning your lungs is the casualty from which you have been pardoned for many many years on a daily basis.

For-gettin-*G* as Strateg*Y* can be called negligence .
The Strateg*Y* of Memor*Y* is surviving & forgiving
[yourself]

For if you don't neither will I.



shoggoth_13



Poem for the Deep_Dreams IRIS lives!

#78787788887878787988998'09090990904545444
534343434344322323212112121121211313114141414
15111511511152522252255252233636364646644446
433636355665565666766767676767556

gagolgaga

ga ga gall

gagolg78787998'0909gagal

go go gol go
gagolgogo
go go goll
879
gagolgogagol

go 879go gol go
gagooooooooooooooooogogo
go gogo
gagolgogo
go go goll

gagolgogagol

go go gol go
gagolgogo
go go goll

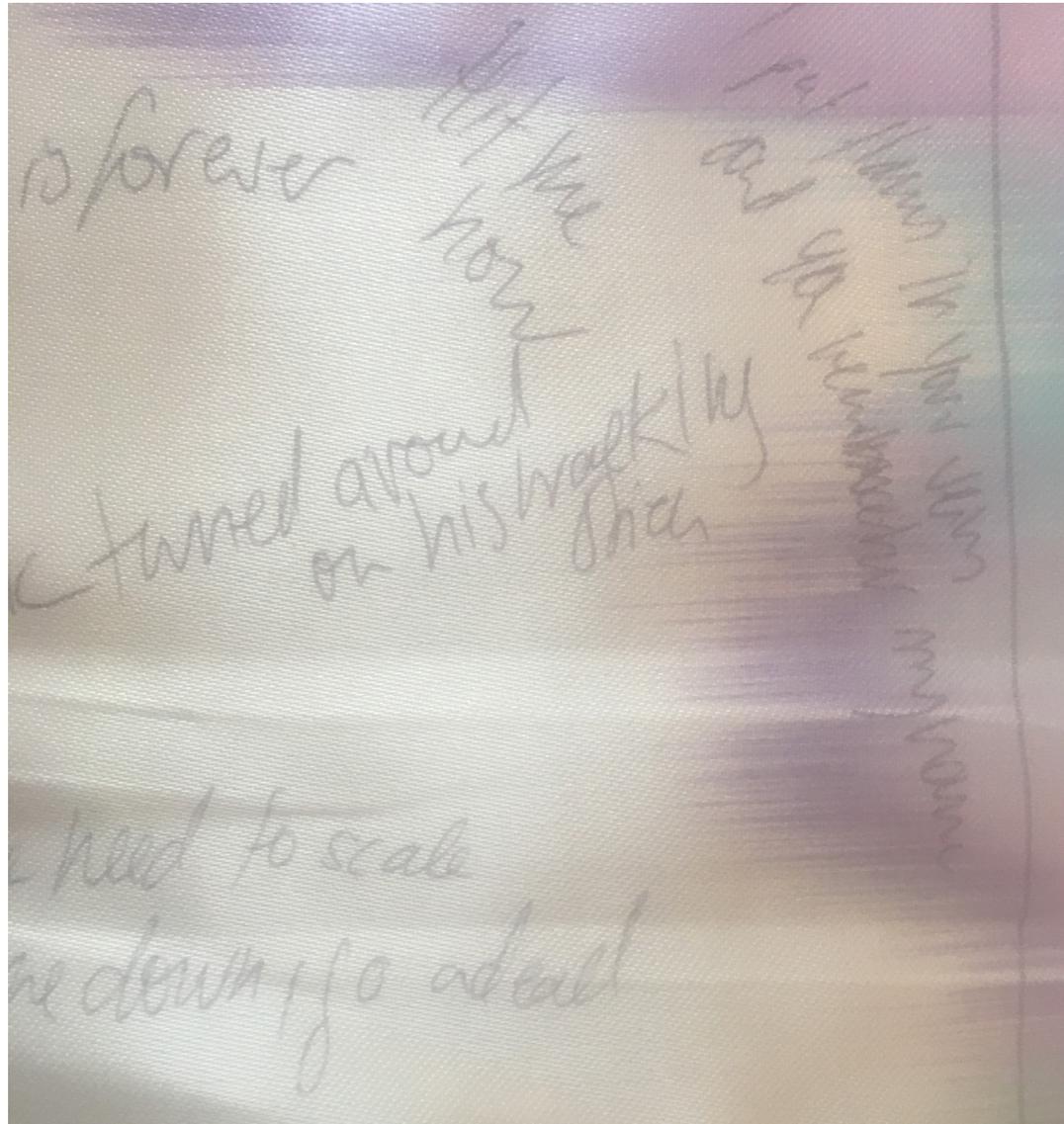
gagolgogagol

go go gol goooooooooo gooooooooo o gol
ogre ogol

algoolgoolgoolgoolgo gagol kaka
kkkka cacl gogol goog ololo iris is
death pooooooooo pufff

WA7777!!!

waf 787
waf7
waf gagolgogogol7
wafwaf
waf waf. waf
waf??
waf?
waf!papl7



Anne Schmidt

waf: waf: waf: waf. waf
waf?

waf! 7 Gogol 7 go go 7 Gogol 7 gogoooooooooooooooooooo 7
oel

7 Waf

7 Waf

7 Waf

7 Waf

7 Waf Waf Waf Waf

7 Waf. Waf. Waf. Waf

7 Waf Waf Waf Waf

7 Waf. Waf. Waf. Waf!

Mushroom

Much roooooooooom

Mushroom

Much roooooooooom

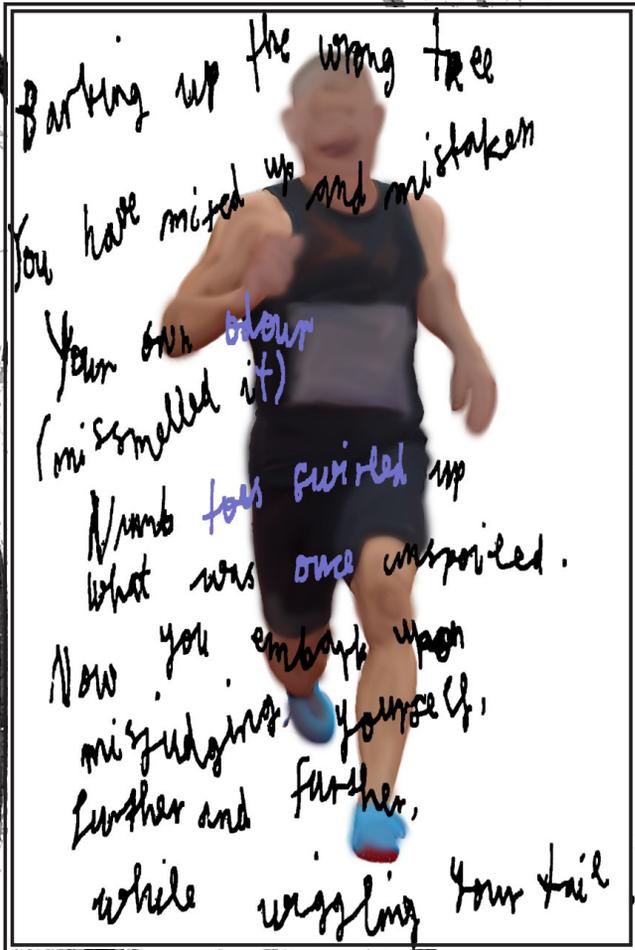
mosh rooooooom

mosh roooooom

mosh rooo o o o
ooooooooom

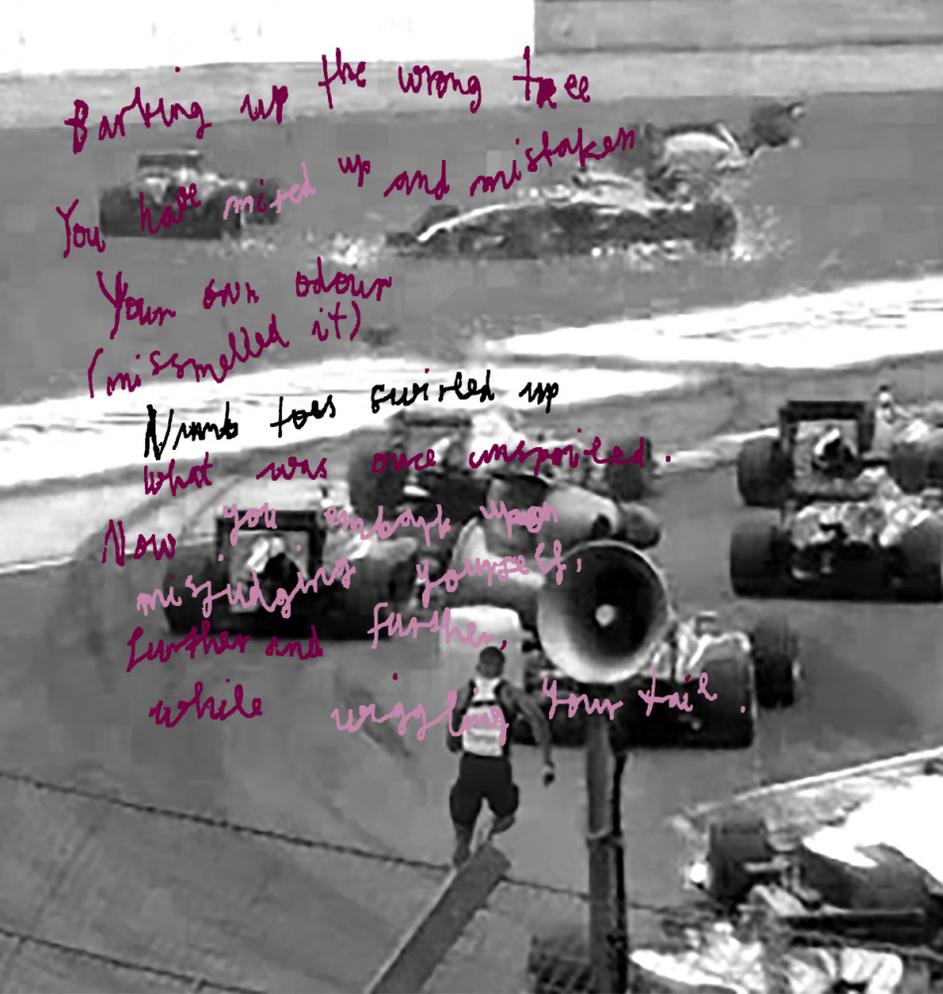
mosh rooooooooo 7 7 ; 77; 7 ; 7 7; 77 77; 7 ; 7 7; 77
77; 7 ; 7 7; 77 in da bus

Gogole Waff



Barking up the wrong tree
You have mixed up and mistaken
Your own colour
(mis-smelled it)
Numb toes swirled up
What was once spoiled.
Now you embrace upon
misjudging yourself,
Further and further,
while wiggling your tail

Juan Vera



Moving chained in your courtyard
limited in my search of decision.

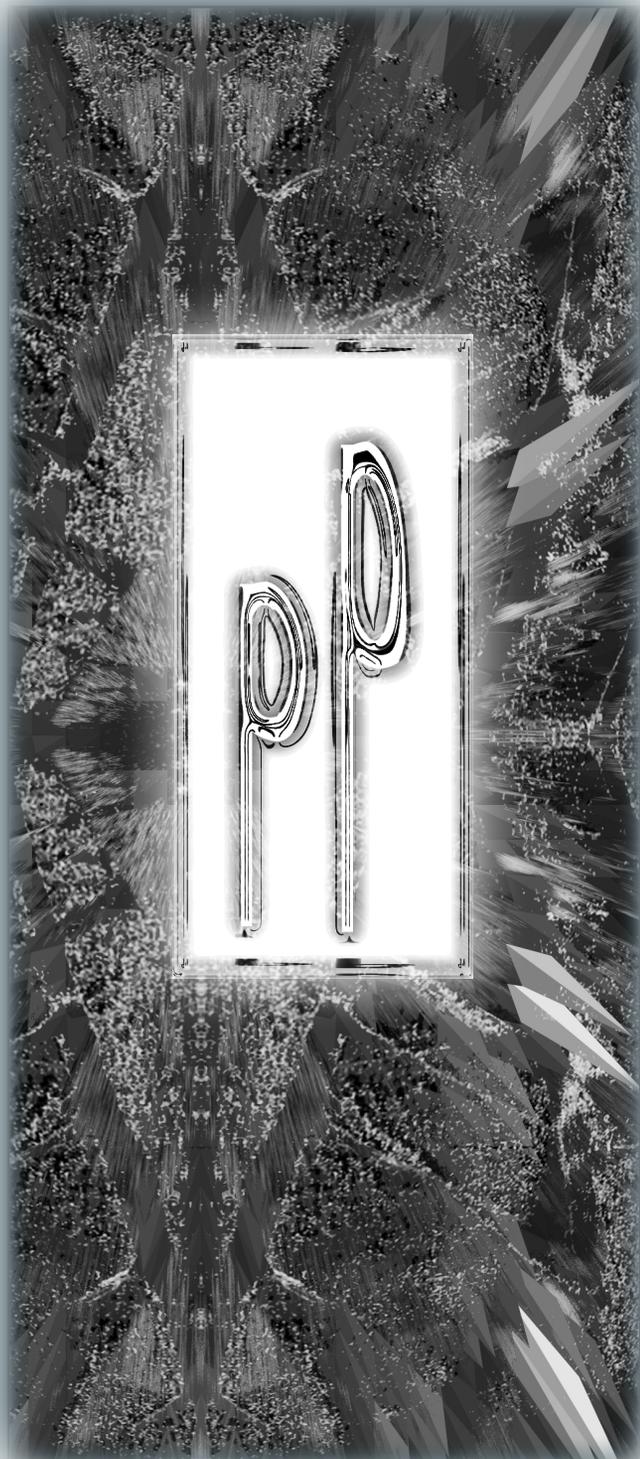
My skin dry
because I'm thirsting.

You look amused
while you devour
all finely subjugated behind three doors
to hear nothing.

I have to find a way
to distort my face,
disguise my voice,
to sing a numbing song.

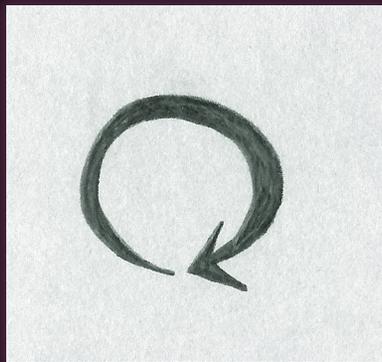
For you or for myself.

Juan Vera

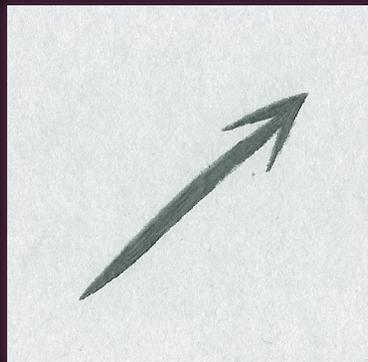


At the same time in another place

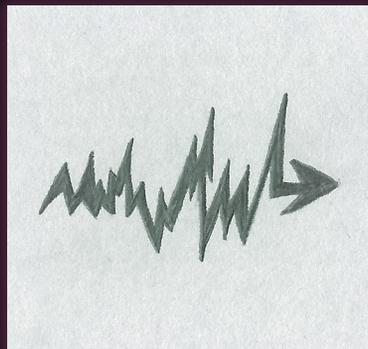
The motion of time is cyclic



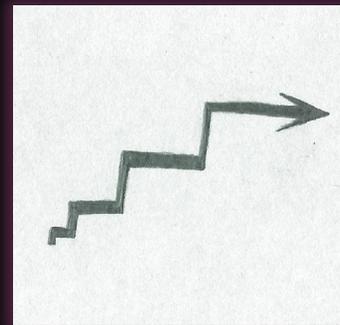
The motion of time is linear



The motion of time is fractal



The motion of time is exponential



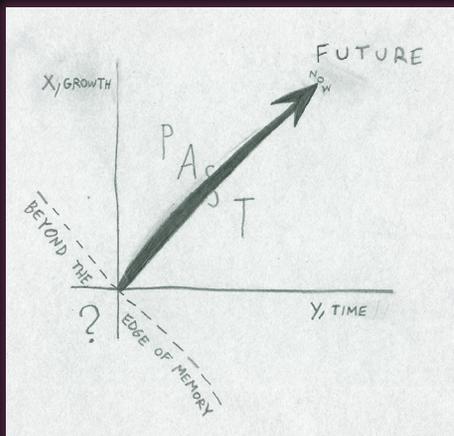
I have found a lens cover near the Battle of the Nations Monument in Leipzig, I guess it was in autumn 2013. I didn't expect to keep it while I was picking it up from the ground. Even though the lens cap from my own camera was also lost for over a year, the possibility that this particular cap would fit seemed low considering the total amount of brands, types of cameras, lenses and caps that can vary among themselves in fundamental details. But it did fit! Me and my lens cover were back once again.

Two months and one and a half week later I have visited Tallinn for the first time in my life. Besides the two of us there was one other visitor at the exhibition at Draakoni Gallery who - as she had fluidly transformed, with the information from my companion Karolyn, from a spectator to the author of exhibited paintings - was just taking photographic documentation of her own work. Meanwhile her lens cover was laid on the windowsill next to the pile of press releases. It was identical to mine - the one I've found in Leipzig and that was just hanging on my neck together with my camera, so as the original serial one located in a different place at the moment. As I looked at it I thought I could maybe swap the two covers unnoticed. Leave mine on the windowsill and take the one of the Estonian artist. Eventually I didn't do it. Mine was a bit scratched which would give the situation a minor accent of inequality.

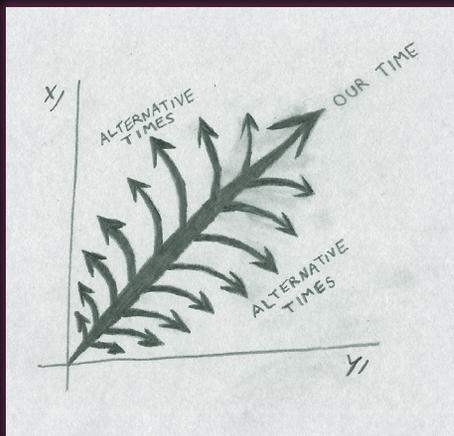
It made me think of a situation that happened in Dresden a year and something earlier. We were accommodated in a gallery where an exhibition of a young German street-artist just took place. Basically it consisted of a bunch of framed photos of sprayed trains that looked pretty much alike. Only through the author's commentary one could understand that the pictures were in fact systematically sorted in large typological groups by their intention, concept, design or shape. Last night before leaving I was drunk transposing some of the photographs which resulted in a new, meaningless order of exhibited pictures.

Although I manifested my true contempt for the exhibition this way I didn't like to reminisce this situation later. I didn't like the anonymity of my intervention and the fact that I was drunk made me feel a bit stupid about the whole thing. (Later I told Pepa Mrva about it; already in this regretful manner and he liked it even so).

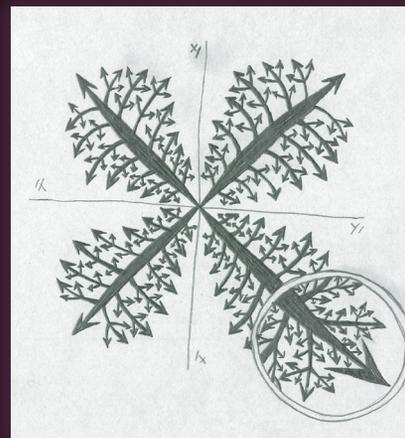
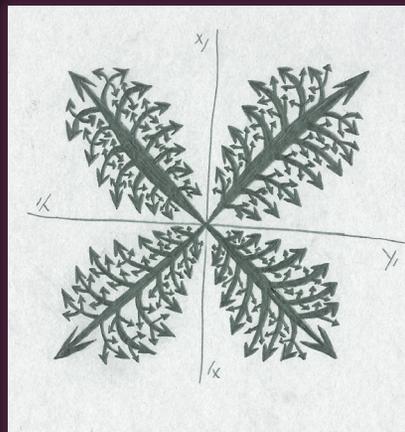
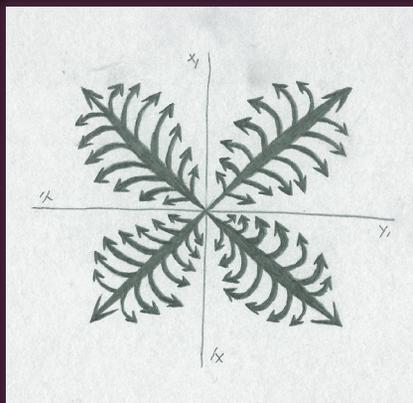
Usually we imagine the motion of time somehow like this:



If we imagine time not as one, but rather a volume of different related eventualities that are happening simultaneously, our exclusive experienced time appears somehow like this:

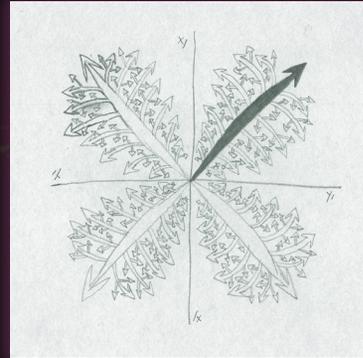


Let's get this more accurate: Not only "our" time divides into other times at every microscopic moment - all these other times divide into other times as well. ¹

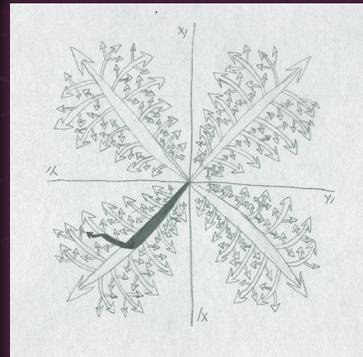




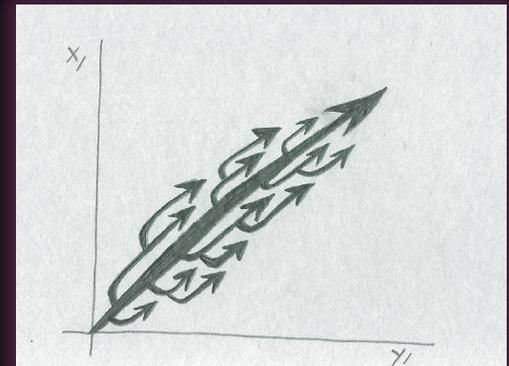
And we can never know whether the time we inhabit is exactly this one ...



... or more likely this one:



A key word for further understanding of this idea is probability. Times tend to take the path of least resistance and follow the most likely tracks. In situations where no significant decision making is made, most time alternatives get so close to each other that there is nearly no noticeable difference between them.



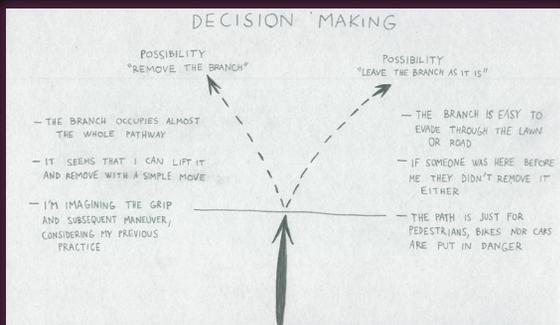
¹ The whole problematic seems slightly more complicated if we consider the effect of phenomenon that Einstein called Inertial frame of reference. Different parallel systems such as a pedestrian, petal or bumblebee wing are subject to the same laws of physics, however each of them has its own "perspective". Thus we can take into account a possibility that it's not only the "objective" time that divides itself into a large number of different variants. Also the "subjective" time of each inertial frame of reference divides while times of other inertial frames of references keep dividing simultaneously. Autonomous times of different inertial frames meet, merge and react on each other. To make things worse: inertial frames of references are all made of other partial inertial frames of references.

I'm in Blansko and I walk to the dam to swim. I go in a known direction, I'm alone, it's a hot day and I'm not meeting any other people nor cars. A distinctive change happens only when I see a fallen branch on a pathway. It occupies the entire width of the sidewalk and it's too big to step over.

On the other hand it doesn't seem large enough so I can't remove it myself.



Suddenly I'm facing two *time* possibilities and the whole burden of responsibility lays on my shoulders. The future can choose, the degree of nervousness raises.



Decision making

Possibility:

"Remove the branch"

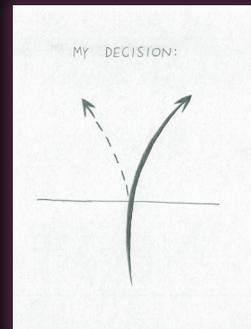
- The branch occupies almost the whole pathway
- It looks like I can lift it and remove with a simple move
- I'm imagining the grip and subsequent maneuver, considering my previous practice

Possibility:

"Leave the branch as it is"

- The branch is easy to evade through the lawn or road
- If someone was here before me they didn't remove it either
- The path is just for pedestrians, bikes nor cars are put in danger

My decision:



The importance of similarly apparent decisions depends on the fact, that by choosing one of the possibilities I'm inevitably loosing the experience of the other. And experiences that would result from possibilities related to this experience. By active participation (a conscious preference of certain possibility at the expense of others) I'm affecting the shape of future. There's always a threat that - despite my good will - the future will deflect of its most probable track and wobble the sequence of unexpected consequences until it turns to a chaotic dance of St. Vitus.

It reminds me of other related experiences that took place somewhere else.





Unity consists of a set of particularities,
infinity consists of a set of transiences.

Countless universes in eternal timelessness rotate
in a spiral leading to infinity

of which new off-springs sprout in
all directions
in every infinitely small moment
and curls in more and more spirals.

That all is me in a present time.

So ubiquitous the cosmic geometry,
that it manifests all over indeed,
including this shitty poetry.

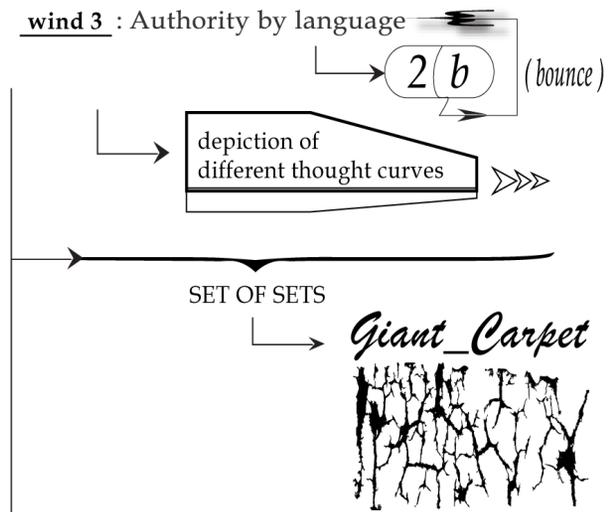
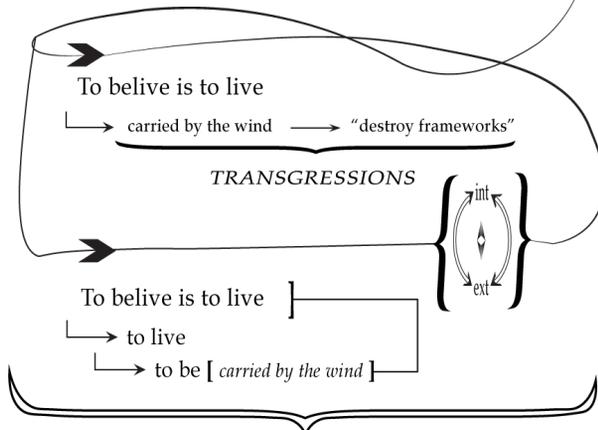
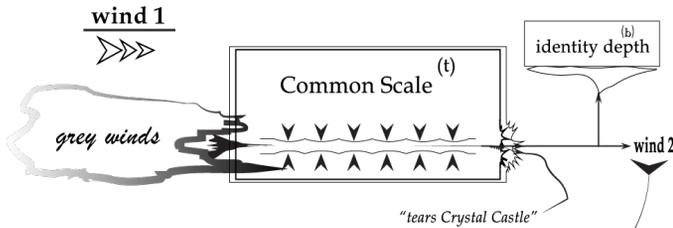


Šimon Kadlčák



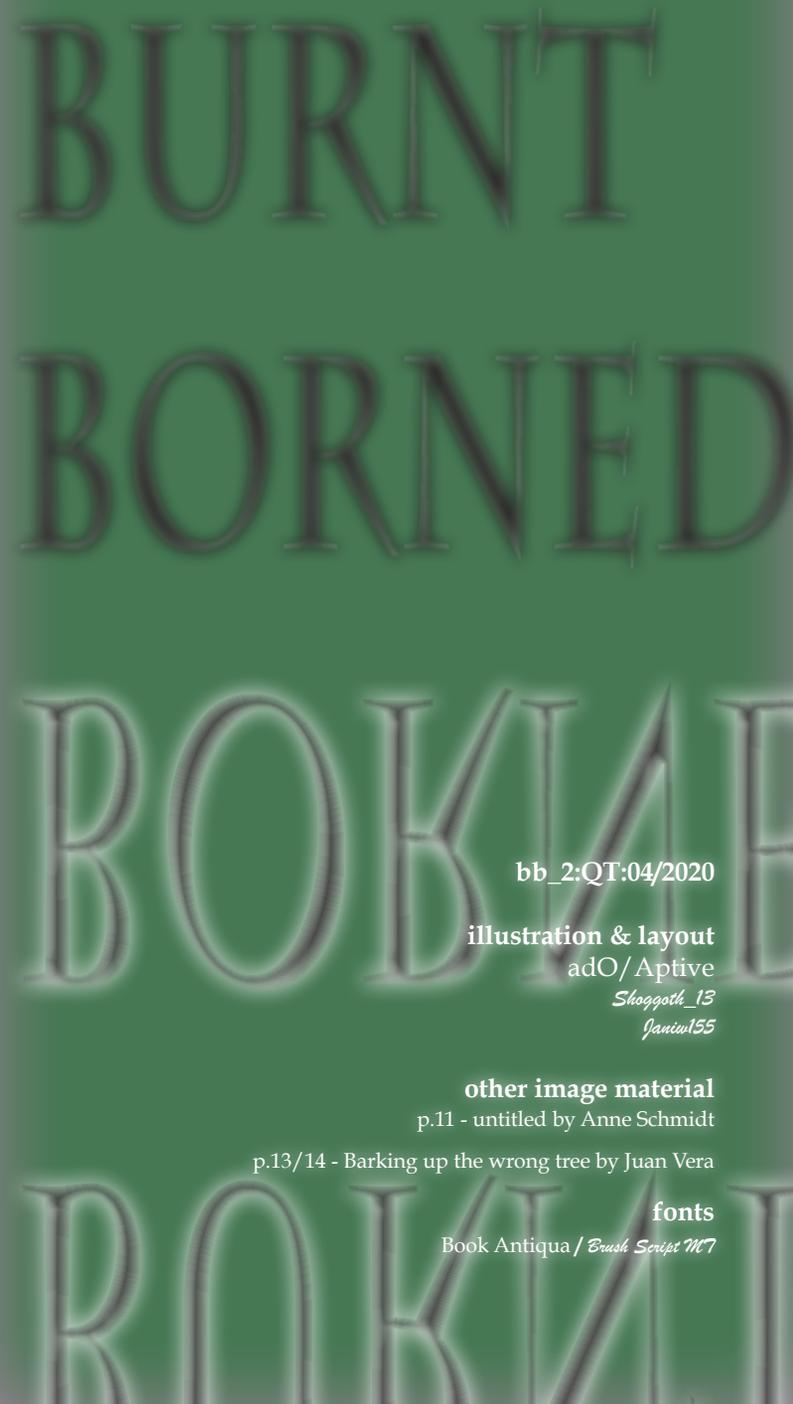
wind 4.ext :

Windcatcher, illusion of safety; windcatcher



Windcatcher, illusion of safety; windcatcher

shaggoth_13



bb_2:QT:04/2020

illustration & layout
adO/Aptive
Shaggoth_13
Gavin155

other image material
p.11 - untitled by Anne Schmidt
p.13/14 - Barking up the wrong tree by Juan Vera

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