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A room with a view



I'm a prisoner of my **perception**. It is obvious at a glance.
 Behind my back the daunting jail of Stein an der Donau brings it to my mind.
 There is no escape; I might turn it how I like.
 Simultaneously, I can seize the chance by coming back to all the **impressions** I have.
Instance and **instant** sound alike. I am an instance **producing** instants of **perception**: a **signal box**!
 It is a choice, a freed decision. It makes the difference. I see it at first hand; I know what happens to me.
 I can't change my spots. Primarily it is against my will: sense **anticipates** senses – a shadow play.
 Here, from day to day, looking out of the window, reflexion opens the indistinct field of 'tohu wabohu',
 this crucial moment before refraction of light takes place instead of my **own** place, my **point of view**.
 I have to rebound in the blink of my eye, turning on the criss-cross of the **synaptic** networking in my mind.
 Here and now, I am for an instant the recurring instance of **impressions** and **expressions**.
 That's evidence I call into question. It is the salient point, the pendular motion of emotions!
Materia prima of my work, of my inquiries, cauldron of my curiosity, motif of my motivation.
 Am I software? Am I hard-core? If only I knew, hence don't ask me for more.

There is no longer a chicken-and-egg-dilemma, when I appoint the **relation** (or connection)
 as an essential and existential premise. Thereby I can't walk into the **ontological** trap slapdash,
 meanwhile I accept the **embeddedness** with its **conditions** and **possibilities**.

*"It's a **pun!**" the King added in an offended tone, and everybody laughed.
 'Let the jury consider their verdict,' the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.
 'No, no!' said the Queen. '**Sentence** first—**verdict** afterwards.'
 'Stuff and nonsense!' said Alice loudly. 'The idea of having the sentence **first!**
 'Hold your tongue!' said the Queen, turning purple.
 '**I won't!**' said Alice.
 'Off with her head!' the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. **Nobody** moved.
 'Who cares for you?' said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.)
 'You're **nothing** but a pack of cards!'"*

Second hand

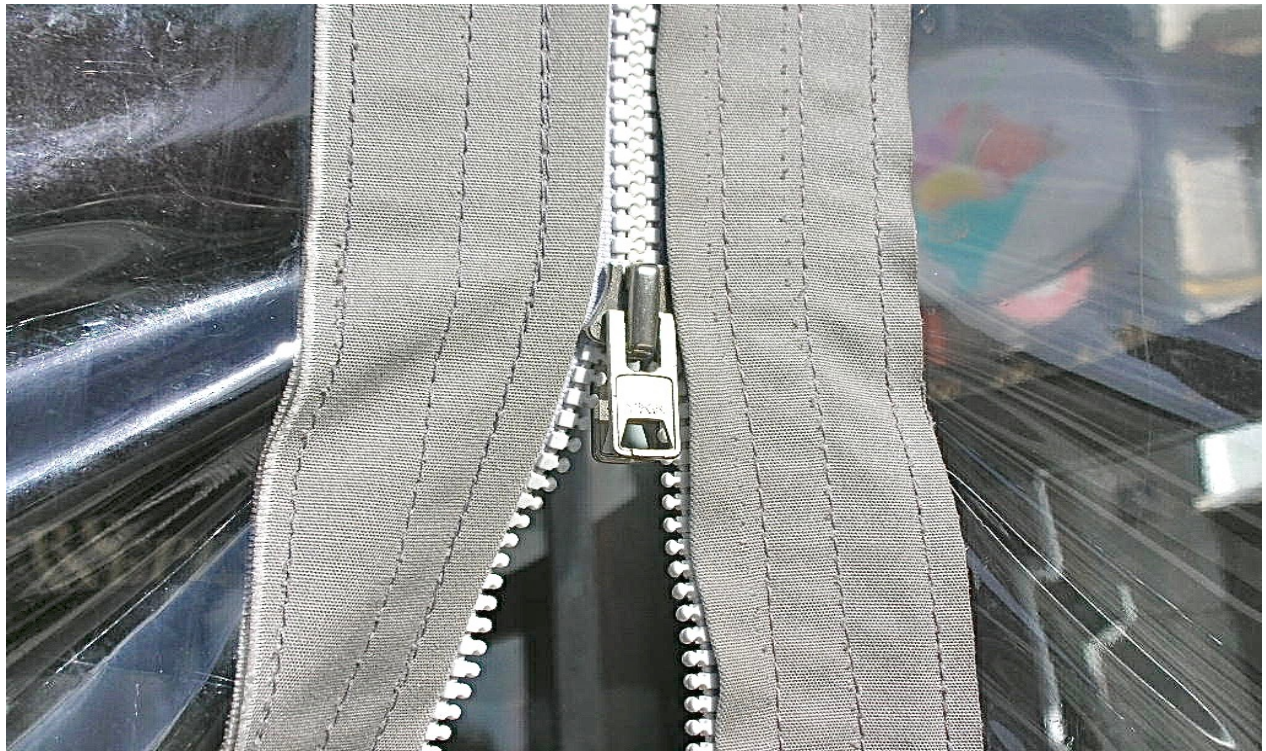


Among other preoccupations, I've taken with me the first draft of a **new essay** I'm working on. It is in line with a manifesto about the customs and conventions of daily round language. A falsehood! **'No we without me!'** [Kein Wir – ohne mich!] The heading opens unexpected perspectives. Ludically. The legendary riposte of Melville's *'Bartleby, The Scrivener'*, breaks the ground: *'I would prefer not to!'* And *Ich nicht* comes back to the vertiginous approaches of the state of ego and identity, Johann Gottlieb Fichte advanced in his *'Wissenschaftstheorie'*, already in the 19th century. We've got used to trusting words and **expressions** without taking breath before. We're always so busy and in hurry! So heroic, immunized and pretentious by facing occurrences. Unfortunately many of our affectionate **expressions** on the tip of the tongue are so sweet as to be inedible. Obsolete and out-dated like dusty antiquities, an obstacle to be **open-minded** and non-judgmental. These **expressions** don't match longer with the **complexity** or richness of our **impressions** and **experiences**. Mania of discourse leaves us out in the cold. Run for your lives. Fasten your seatbelt! With the luggage of classical **paradigms** of **categories** und **criteria** we remain empty-handed. Lost paradise. Rain and tears. Language for rent. Hollow words for free. On all channels. Game over! Redundancy is the stowaway of the **systems of representation** in one form or another. Mainly in Europe. Do we really need longer the **false friend we** as a sinister and insidious carrier of ideological meaning? Where is the emergency exit? I'm on a promising track. Fishing expedition. Without parachute.

*"Goodness knows what the end will be
Oh I don't know where I'm at
It looks as if we two will never be one
Something must be done
You say either and I say either
You say neither and I say neither
Either, either, neither, neither
Let's call the whole thing off
You like potato and I like potahto
You like tomato and I like tomahto
Potato, potahto, tomato, tomahto
Let's call the whole thing off."*

George and Ira Gershwin, Let's call the whole Thing off, 1937.

Mind the gap



‘Wenn ich Kunst sage, meine ich das Ganze.’

The decisive guideline is written here on the wall of the museum.

Blowing over I take notice of this welcome reminder.

As a mongrel or nomad my favourite residence is **in-between**.

Both and as well as, either, neither nor: *‘l’entre-deux’* put forward by Maurice Merleau-Ponty in 1945 in his *‘Phénoménologie de la perception’*.

As an artist and author I turn everything topsy-turvy.

Higgledy-piggledy, head or tail, matter matters in like manners.

Furtively, I replace the conventional habit of **describing** adventures

by the thrilling **adventure of doing**, underhand, focussed on the surprise of work in progress.

Anything, I get in touch with, may be **formed**, **transformed**, **reformed**, **informed**, **deformed**...

by the aesthetical, poetical and pictural rules of the artistic game. **Exceptions** are welcome.

That makes sense for all senses in a synesthetic entirety.

‘When attitudes become form!’ Willingly, I insist on the credo of my friend Harald Szeemann

I had the chance to work with about the exhibition of *‘Der Hang zum Gesamtkunstwerk’* in the 80th.

Soma, the body; **sema**, the sign. Cognitive Sciences, for years, emphasize the door- or mind-step that empowers us to swing back and forth, to wax and wane as an uninterrupted shifting of **self-mediation**. I move, so I am. By the way, I leave signs. I take it as it comes. As a **presence** in the **present**. Straightaway.

*“It is the pervading law of all things
organic and inorganic,
of all things physical and metaphysical,
of all things human and all things super-human –
of all true **manifestations**
of the **head**, of the **heart**, of the **soul**,
that the life is recognizable in its expression,
that **form** ever follows **function**.
This is the **law**.”*

Louis Sullivan, The Tall Office Building Artistically considered, in: Lippincott’s Magazine, 1896.

University? Diversities!



In his pioneering diaries Leonardo da Vinci swings off the current systems of representation. Science is the future. He intones ‘Fly me to the moon’. Wings can grow by spacing-out, by outperforming the current patterns of art. ‘The message is the message!’ Marshall McLuhan turns upside-down the ‘Annunciazione’. Angels are human now. Friedrich Nietzsche chases rainbows to attempt a perfect overview. He dreams about adopting a look on human fact. There is nothing new under the sun. So Universities didn’t change their naming for **diversity**! Lost opportunity. Implacably, they claim the power of the **doctrine of unity**: ‘Interpretations-Hoheit’ in German.

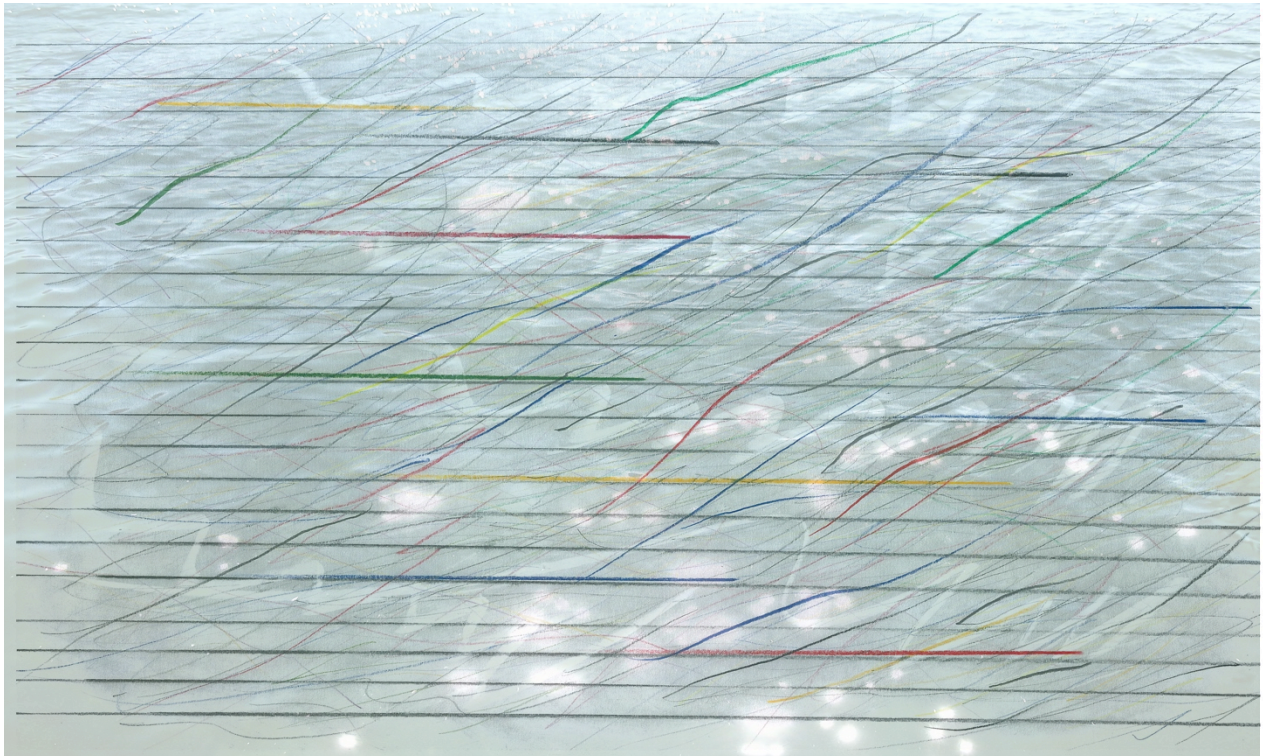
Old wine in new bottles: The disaster starts with Platon in his virtual dialogues. First fake news, bushwa! He is obsessed by the **one** and **lonely**. No trial, no error, the cul-de-sac of **truth**. For him, the aesthetical **temptation** has to be banished from his **totalitarian** Republic for God (sic) and all! He bars the way to the open-source of **variables** and **varieties**, spawn of the devil. Craftsmen, artists, poets have to keep mum. There is no room left for **otherness**. To hell with that! But he **question of form** will always boil down to **diversity**. In each an every case imagination involves options. Significantly, the campus of Stein is located in a former tobacco-factory, a real memorial of ‘Wiener Werkstätten’.

By committing **impressions** to paper, following the syntactical structure, I have to face the abundance of possibilities. As Nabokov does, I have to attract **expressions** like butterflies. With Nathalie Sarraute I stammer and stumble. Mercifully, Walter Benjamin is the guardian angel of the **passage** from a staggering **impression** to a firm **expression**. With my dear pupils, in front of the white sheet of paper, we deal with the **diversity of expressions**, step by step. Often it ends with a new beginning from scratch. The process of writing is a **physical** happening. The **body** takes part. So many **bifurcations** define the **ways** of doing. Sometimes we take the stairs to the stars!

*“Let us take any common instance; there are beds and tables in the world...
 ...Beds, then, are of three kinds, and there are three artists who superintend them:
 God, **the maker of the bed, the carpenter and the painter**. Yes, there are three of them.
 God, whether from choice or from necessity, made **one bed in nature and one only**;
 two or more such ideal beds neither ever have been nor ever will be made by God...
 Because even if **He** had made but two, a third would still appear behind them
 which both of them would have for their idea, and that would be the ideal bed...
 ...God knew this, and **He** desired to be the **real maker of a real bed, not a particular maker**
 of a **particular bed**, and therefore **He** created a bed which is essentially and by nature **one only**”...*

Platon, The Republic, ≈ 400 AC.

Begin the Beguine (Cole Porter 1935)



Languages with their idioms, manacles and mind-cuffs are like glasses. Blind spot dwells invisible. Undoubtedly, **expressions** have already brought ordinance and structure into the flood of **impressions**. So many words can't be translated in an appropriate way, as we know. All.

'**Apprivoiser**' is a keyword of '*Le petit Prince*'. 'To tame' in English is not tender enough, I'm sorry. 'Vergegenwärtigung' in German. 'Concomitance' in French. 'Serendipity' in English. It is never-ending. Language – especially in its **written pathway** – brings up statements before I have the first say. The accomplishment of shaping is the order page for me as a **researcher** with a mother and a father tongue, but as well as a **coach** for my dear youngsters I meet at school where we figure out a life on other planets. For a coming publication and a presentation in St. Pölten.

« - *Qu'est-ce que signifie "apprivoiser" ?*
 - *Tu n'es pas d'ici, dit le renard, que cherches-tu ?*
 - *Je cherche les hommes, dit le petit prince. Qu'est-ce que signifie "apprivoiser" ?*
 - *Les hommes, dit le renard, ils ont des fusils et ils chassent. C'est bien gênant !*
Ils élèvent aussi des poules. C'est leur seul intérêt. Tu cherches des poules ?
 - *Non, dit le petit prince. **Je cherche des amis.** Qu'est-ce que signifie "apprivoiser" ?*
 - *C'est une chose trop oubliée, dit le renard. Ça signifie "créer des liens..."*
 - **Créer des liens ?**
 - *Bien sûr, dit le renard.*
Tu n'es encore pour moi qu'un petit garçon tout semblable à cent mille petits garçons.
Et je n'ai pas besoin de toi. Et tu n'as pas besoin de moi non plus.
Je ne suis pour toi qu'un renard semblable à cent mille renards.
Mais, si tu m'apprivoises, nous aurons besoin l'un de l'autre.
*Tu seras pour moi **unique** au monde. Je serai pour toi **unique** au monde...*
 - *Je commence à comprendre, dit le petit prince. Il y a une fleur... je crois qu'elle m'a apprivoisé...*
 - *C'est possible, dit le renard. On voit sur la Terre toutes sortes de choses...*
 - *Oh! ce n'est pas sur la Terre, dit le petit prince.*
Le renard parut très intrigué :
 - **Sur une autre planète ?**
 - *Oui. »*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Le Petit Prince*, 1943.

Time after time



Time is my mana and my mantra. I need so much time to stay **no one**, a real 'Nowhere Man' the Beatles sings about. Being **somebody** is so captious and strenuous. Even when I try to cope with the wayward personality I meet. At school for example, where I have had to be awoken, attentive and heartening with my writing partners. Then, all day long, I have practiced in the room with a view the **breathe-in** before I went over to **doing**. In silence. Shower of intuition, inspirations and ideas? Enough and to spare! Wait and see: **nothing** changes **everything**. Important innovations and rare findings start by an incubation bath, *le degré zero de l'écriture*, stillness the ego shouldn't disturb by his laborious fuss and his vain troubles. I've got the rhythm of the place, in particular in Stein. History is an evergreen of fervour and fragility. Good sound of the old stones to wave and find an empty lap in the gap. For a cup of tea or half pint on happy hours.

“1 To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
2 A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
3 A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
6 A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
7 A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
8 A time to love, and a time to hate;
a time of war, and a time of peace.”

Old Testament, Ecclesiastes, 3.1/8 (which is originally the **diary** of the bon vivant and wise Salomon).

...A time to **stay** and a time to **leave**, a time to **say hello** and a time to **say goodbye**.

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