# VOLATILE BODIES ENCOUNTERING YOUTH \& OLD AGE 



## PROLOGUE

POINT DE FUITE VOLATILE BODIES SUBWAY FORTUNES OR
„ICH BIN BEREIT FÜR UNSREN ${ }^{\prime}$ PACKT ÜBER DIE EWIG

## KEIT"

## ENCOUNTERING YOUTH \& OLD AGE

## THE NEW RESIDENCE

CONSTRUCTED PROMISES MINGLING WITH HUSKS FOAMY INCARNATIONS

## REFLECTIVE ENCOUNTERS

GARDEN OF THE LAST
GOLDEN CALF





As every Thursday we met at the cafeteria with a glazed wall facing the olympic training hall for synchrony water jumping.
Two beautiful, statuesque women, with narrow waists, jutting breasts, firm bottoms and strong legs, in strict navy blue one piece swimming costumes [...] are training on the trampoline. They train as they do every day: they jump together, facing each other [...] [moving] symmetrically, as if they were imitating each other, as if a mirror were separating them. [9]
[Their] whole person, permeated with the joy of youth, [...] and of beauty, [but] breathed forth a splendid melancholy [towards me]. [5] The young [...] is no longer a parasite but is parasited [by age]. [11] As I could hardly keep my eyes from these toned bodys, I deep down still desired. These young women whipping their ponytails.

## Their soft, gummy smiles,

Their delicate derma
[Has not] witness[ed] a ray [too much of harmful UVB and UVA]
From posed, high
Pelvic bridges.
Pearly bone ridges.

I got carried away.....when I found back to my self I wished I'd stayed anywhere else. I don't even know why my sons tell me to go to these Group meetings.
I sat at the same chair as I always do with the same fellow elders, from whom['s bodies] youth [had] disappeared, [...]; [it] replaced [their] teeth with buffooneries, [their] hair with mirth, [their] health with [bitter] irony[...]. [13]
I sat across a woman, and they seem to age more badly than man, espe cially if they where of beauty in their young days. And [she] must have been very beautiful in [her] youth. [14]
[She] was like an old dowager still wearing the jewels of her youth but upon a body that was wrinkled and wattled. [14]
And what had been [head turning] in her youth had become transparency in her maturity, and this diaphaneity, although I'd rather not admit it has seemed to caught us all, becoming the ghosts who we are, deemed to mingle along other ghosts. [16]

Weary age facing flamboyant youth.[...]I found implied that the older man, who was I, had passed his prime. [14]
I caught grasp of a conversation between two especially ugly hunched backed ghosts across the table.
A:„Hes been dead now as long as he has been alive" [18]
B:„The grave has closed over a dear friend, the friend of my youth. " [19] Then the conversation trickled of into the condition of their prostate. So this is what I Bill Murray have become?- A Dissloving man to join the other leaking bodies in prostate conversation.
I could not stand the muttering of old mouths surrounding my self - becoming ever louder and more and more my own, leaking bodies emmitting smells of soap and urin. It all seemed to bring ugliness and death, [this] twisted mask of tragedy, swirling more and more becoming a raptide infront of my eyes. [20]

I rapidly stood up, spilling the tea that had gotten cold and odorless hours ago.
The muttering arround the table of shadowy, ghostly bodies stopped. Aging faces; [with] powdery skin, [...], [giving] the impression that a finger touching [them] would be left with a spot of white dust. [21]
Turned shriveling arround and upwards to observe me.
In the silence of the room wich only consisted of two waitresses and our table of powdery faces.
I heard the voices of the waitress referring to her colleague :
I'm clear, you understand, but Mr.Murray is an older man and he's got to the age when they get a little desperate. They need their youth back, or something. [22]


I felt the same heat to the head I had felt before and started to join in singing at the top of my lungs, wich luckily had only been corroded by years of smoking and not battled Covid.
„Ich krieg' von dir niemals genug Du bist in jedem Atemzug
Alles dreht sich nur um dich Warum ausgerechnet ich? Zähl' die Stunden, die Sekunden Doch die Zeit scheint still zu stehen Hab' mich geschunden, gewunden Lass' mich gehen Was willst du noch? Willst du meine Tage zählen? Warum musst du mich Mit meiner Sehnsucht quälen? Deine Hölle brennt in mir Du bist mein Überlebenselixier Ich bin zerrissen
Wann kommst du meine Wunden küssen? Out of the dark Hörst du die Stimme, die dir sagt "Into the light Out of the dark Hörst du die Stimme, die dir sagt
$\begin{array}{rr}\text { die dir sagt } & \text { Stück für Stück } \\ \text { Will mich ergeben }\end{array}$
"Into the light
I give up and you waste your tears"? To the night Ich bin bereit, denn ES IST ZEIT FÜR UNSEREN PACKT ÜBER DIE EWIGKEIT
Du bist schon da, ganz nah Ich kann dich spüren Lass mich verführen, lass mich entführen Heute Nacht zum letzten Mal Ergeben deiner Macht Reich mir die Hand Mein Leben, nenn ${ }^{`}$ mir den Preis Ich schenk dir Gestern, Heut ${ }^{〔}$ und Morgen Dann schließt sich der Kreis, kein W) W8 Weg zurück Das weiße Licht kommt näher, Das weiße Licht kommt näher,
Stück für Stück
Will mich ergeben

# ENCOUNTERING <br> YOUTH \& OLD AGE 

I am longing in vain. I feel shelter and intimacy, with you.

Rather the perversion of shelter and intimacy.[37]

## Observing.

- There will always be a zone of dispute.

In the end, [progress] is based on never ending discussion.
Why did you start talking to me now?
I trust and love you! [37] I miss you.
"Life, "[...]How sweet was life! [38]
We are one, I never left.
Youth says.
Then let this to be a catalyst for change.
Age says.
Lets do it together. -reason can repaire. [39]

## MEETING ON THE

 BOSPORUS

## THE NEW RESIDENCE

## CONSTRUCTED PROMISES



Tonight I felt like lighting up the golden mask again, it had been a while since I had invited someone through the portal of youth, to be my guest at the maidens tower.

Therefore I plugged in the power supply for the high voltage LEDs.

The wind had meanwhile gotten quite strong at 100 m hight and rustled on my body.

I turned the switch from 0 to 1.
The golden mask burst into life, its beam alight the golden mending of the portal whose fires gleam here and there, pranked in the darkness of the sky. [40]

Just now I saw the bear amount of various boats, much as if bees were swarming from a hive. [41]

I sometimes felt a strange state of light headedness and arousal, then the mask took over the search for the next right candidate, I had to meet.

The mask, [...] somewhat of an oracle, [...] had [...] spoken. [41]


We waited. Dusk arose.
Then when the moon was just about to set, [the round golden mask], [...] suddenly burst into the indentation of shadow like a vast promontory of light. [42] I held my breath.

The beam soared above our heads like a hunters searchlight, the prey voluntarily offer[ing] itself; the game seeks the hunter. [43]
[I became] the hunter and the prey. [44]
A sacrificial lamb for youth.
Around me a party began. - full of extortion and excess. [45]
I blinked, and everything had Burst into flame, [...] fires of a blazing inferno. [46]

Glazing white light, burning down into the sockets of my eyes.
I felt blinded, trembling.
HORNS BLASTING. An anthem tuned in.
I was the chosen one!
My boat jolted forward, sending [me] off on [my] way. Fly[ing] wildly [on my] burned wings towards that radiant portal.
I was gliding beneath a portal through which saints, kings, queens, archbishops, and nobles have passed. [47]

Would preceding make some other man than [myself] emerge from that portal? [41]

Tingling with excitement. I touch through the arches peak. My eyes tightly shut.


After a swim I enjoyed lying down on the vast and broad stone steps, heated by the sun, I indulged into sunbathing like lizards on boulders bordering the sea. [48]

Hearing the rhythmic metallic slapping of halyards on my boats mast.

My abandoned boat, lied tied to a brass hook at the lower end of the steps infront of the maidenstower [it was a pretty] local white sailboat, the dhow with its billowing spinnaker. [49]


## MINGLING WITH HUSKS



Entering behind the young man, carrying several Amazon prime boxes.
Through layers over layers of heavy, waxy feeling white dra-
pery.
I looked down.
My feet had touched onto sand, that seemed to leak from the room ahead.
I followed him into a place that contained more the atmo-
sphere of a sunken garden.
As I moved further, I found my self surrounded by gigantic statues,
replica[s] of larger proportions, [than] to be [perceived] an original.[50]

Their outlines obscured by some kind of heavy and warthting, artificial, mist, leaving a dull and synthetic, plasticky aroma on the tongue.

- I swallowed.


The air was humming with muffled electrical, and mechanical noise.
Looking upwards, it was emitted by room high 3D-printers at work, layering this milk become [...] filament. [51], * .

I thought of the purpose without which the statue[s] would . not have been made.[52]
What they did they have in common?



They where philosophers and poets giv[ing] forth ideas that have been uttered, or may be uttered, [till today]. [52]

I examined a staue of Aristoteles rising from the sandy ground.
Their mind was a peculiar medium; the ideas that passed through it issued forth [through time]. [53]

And even if now their bodies are nothing but husks.
What [still] billows are [their] ideas! [41]
And therefore become immortal and eternal. [54]

Now reinterpretations out of PLA, PETG or Neon-Filamente. Old [men speaking] youth. [52]

Is this Bill Murrays face?
„You still want to enter?"
The boy with his prime shirt, made his way back towards me through the sand.
„Sure!"


FOAMY
INCARNATIONS


She said further:
"How beautiful you are underneath here, soft like a young animal. Are you young? I don't understand the age of a man. Are you young?"
-"I am young, my love, I am just born." [84]
[...] Then [...] in the atrium.[55]
Of out 100 m height.
I felt sweet and pleasant in [my] morning gown of loose [pink silk].[56]
I liked how my new ankle tattoo showed off, as the silk rim just hit my calf at the right height.

I dropped my morning gown, being stripped bare and untied, the moment of true casting off. [57]
Completely naked, now bending down I turned on the golden tap, at the shallow basins rim.

I placed myself in the basins centre.

## Ahh..!

The first drop hit my face.
I felt it splattering across my right cheek.
ak Then more followed, those countless drops, which are carried down by a falling shower, spilling over my body. [52]

Like pearls falling off a string.

## Foaming up,

drenching cascade[s] of white foam over my face, submerging myself in a white flower[s] [...] powerful odour. [58] Clouds of foam in its light, airborne mass, [...] spilling [into and] over the [basins] ledge. [58]










## REFLECTIVE

## ENCOUNTERS



I felt a shiver and held my breath in the gallery of mirrors anything might materialize in those velvety depths, monsters, beauties, my own grown self. [60]

Lost in thought I heard the smacking of someone eating, something juicy. Until now I had thought I was alone. I stood up.

I followed the curvature of the room, which just seemed to become even vaster, until.
"Ah! You are here"- it was Bill enjoying a possibly overly ripe tomato „I actually intended to wait, but as I didn't hear you coming I started off with a small stater"- he nodded towards the tomato which dripped down his fingers, which he quickly licked. „I suggest we start!"
-„Let me adjust the mirrors."

The mirrors started to spin after I sat down on the other end of the table.

Therefore I could no longer see myself clearly.
These [...] mirrors, reflecting not the person's face but what lies behind it. [61]
In their spinning motion they became a blur of both the Harlikens different masks.
-Until they steadied.




I observed Bill.

Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors [...], his not, his fellow faces. [62]

There [where] mirrors that turn[ed his] faces to the right, and mirrors that turn[ed] them to the left, others twist[ed] and even invert[ed] them. [52]

I asked Bill: „When did you first use [these] mirror[s]?" [63]
Bill: „Hmm... I guess at some point I realized, talking to oneself, didn't seem to be, the source of self knowledge." [64]

He continued: „And there are mirrors for the face but none for the mind." $[50]$
„[They] are [like] conversations with abrupt turns, in which the perspective changes suddenly. " [41]
„Have you awakened, perhaps, with a new perspective, a new thought?", Bill asked. [65]

I paused. And thought.





## GARDEN OF THE LAST GOLDEN CALF



Leaving the black marble pedestal, I set my bare feet onto the lush grass of this wild paradise. [66]
Nothing more wild and solitary than this garden could be imagined. [67]

I paused and looked around.
Moving giant leaves of different varieties aside, the untamed gras growing as high as up to my waist, I run my hand over the ears of gras while walking, more and more covered by the tall tropical plants [of different] contrasts. [67]

I got closer, as I followed the overgrowing path which led towards, the fountain of youth, made out of gold brocade (patterned or embroidered); [...] an ornated etagere.[68]

Water dripping slowly, like oil, from its [rims]. [38]
Enticed by this sight, I stretched my fingers forward, the slowly falling droplets now shimmering on my lined skin. Here I am in turn, [...], at the pinnacle of power, at the very instant of committing the sin. [69]
An internal law rules up to a threshold, after which the law is changed. [...] Now it is a question of going beyond. [70]

Without a further thought, I licked my fingers.


What was this if not nectar and ambrosia, presumably, promising [me] eternal youth. [71]

I had fallen for the [...] worship of the last golden calf - Exodus. [72]

Hungry for more, eager, and trembling of arousement, I reached for one of the cups.

I could hardly await for the constant but painfully slow trickle to fill the cup, I wanted to taste at least one precious sip. - suspend from all rational restraint. [73]
"Little one!",[...] leaning over the balcony Bill called out. [53]
I turned my head.
Bill stood bare chested with his hands in earthy garden gloves, he had seemed to have taken a break from potting his balcony plants and observed my animalous moment.

## He grinned at me



## A STAGED SCENERY A


[I] yawned and stretched luxuriously. [65] ©
Surveilling the gigantic tropical garden, I had always manifested.

A garden in, eternal spring, the new world, the Paradise to come. [74]
I unrolled my Yoga mat and started my vinyasa flow.
After my stretches. I padded my sfeat dry with a fluffy towel.
"[I] crave an organic heirloom tomato that has never known the touch of Monsanto and tastes all the better because of it. " [75]
I picked a ripe one.
What Is It Like to Be a Tomato? [...]
I wondered.

Well...
To me, a tomato is a desireless, soulless, non-conscious entity, and I have no qualms about doing with its "body" as I like. [83]
I threw one after another into the blender, with perfectly formed Ice cubes.
And watched it being crushed and sucked downwards in a circular motion.
[I poured] the aromatic juice [...] into a chilled [glas]. [56]
Grinding some Vitamins.
I Covered my drink with the powder, and took a big sip.

While sipping my juice I browsed through Onlyfans.



A HIVE OF MEMORIES


## A Catalogue of 10, 000 stars. [76]

After a long day had come to an end, I retired, withdrawing my self into my most private.
I entered into the darkness of the room.
The door fell shut, everything seemed to revolve around soft-
ly swaying deep blue veils, defining a circle.
Illuminated from within.

I settled in, sinking deep into the cushioning of the chair. The beamers above my head made a soft, shuffling noise. [...]
The [projections] gleamed with a soft light. [65]
I put on the chiffon eye mask.
My memories, started to be displayed around me.
The loss of eyes strengthens the memory. [77]
The noisy echo of a thousand voices, the white light with all its changing colors.
The tune [that] followed [next], [...] aided the memory considerably. [66]

I then separated the memory of [today] from the [man of tonight]. [41]
[It now was ready to get] imprinted into [my] vast memory banks. [65]

A Sweet memory, [is one] which has vanished [from the conscious]! [41]

Archived! There was room for new!

I drifted away into sleep.




One [of these hot summer] day[s], [where the heat was shimmering] [and the slight breeze blowing along the Bosporus came as a relief [I] had fallen asleep under [the red parasol], with[my] arms over [my]face. [78]

Awakening I squinted into the bright rays that formed glares around the rim of my lashes, every time that the parasol slightly moved. [79]

After shortly feeling dislocated, this feeling of indulging comfort spread through my body, feeling the sun glazing onto my closed lids and trenching my visual perception into bright red.

I turned my head to the right into the shade, [I] looked out through the bars of the balcony. [80]
Onto the glittering ripples on the surface of the Bosporus. Every now and then I heard the scream of a distant sea gull, And some chattering of a couple more wich must have gathered on the towers ancient walls.

The slight breeze carrying the usual humm of the city, [...] now and then disrupted by the blowing horn of one of the passing tourists ferries, approaching the pier in front of Hagia Sofia. [81]
I let my glance roam, my thoughts [carrying] me away. [82]
As my eyes found the horizon of the Marmara sea, over the silvery waves, frequented by silhouettes of boats and ships of various speeds and sizes.
I started to wonder, where they were going and where they came from, what stories their steel bodies had aboard, I thought of deep seas and shallow turquoise waters.
Hmmm..

I sighed.




1] Meyer, Twilight
[2] Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India
[3] Serres, Geometry
[4] Serres, The Five Senses
[5] Hugo, Les Miserables
[6] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
[7] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
[8] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
[9] Serres, The Five Senses
[11] Serres, The Parasite
[12] J.J. Kneer
[13] Hugo, Les Miserables
[14] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[16] Hugo, Les Miserables
[18] Murray, Interview CBS
[19] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
[20] Serres, The Five Senses
[21] Rand, The Fountainhead
[22] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[23] Hugo, Les Miserables
[25] Foucault, History of Madness
[27] Murray, Interview CBS
[28] Seneca, Complete Works
[29] Serres, Statues
[30] Serres, Variations on the Body
[31] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
[32] Falco, Out of the dark
[33] Seneca, Complete Works
[34] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and
Cruelty Venus in Furs
[35] Serres, Hominescence
[36] Mozart, Le nozze di Figaro
[37] Selbach,Horizonte
[38] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
[39] Spenser, The Faerie Queene
[40] Chaucer, The Canterbury
[41] Hugo, Les Miserables
[42] Galilei, The Essential Galileo
[43] Michelet, The History of France Vol 2
[44] Calasso, Ardor
[45] King, James Bible
[46] Virgil, Aeneid
[47] Saunders, The Art and Architecture of London
[48] Krell, The Sea A Philosophical Encounter
[49] Jencks, The Story of Post Modernism
[50] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 16481815
[51] Derrida, Signature
[52] Seneca, Complete Works
[53] Hugo, Notre Dame de Paris
[54] Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work
[55] Le Corbusier, Towards A New Architecture
[56] Carter, The Bloody Chamber
[57] Serres, The Natural Contract
[58] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt,
Twentieth Century Architecture
[59] Pliny, Natural History Volume 3
[60] Carter, Shaking A Leg
[61] Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos
[62] Joyce, Ulysses
[63] Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City
[64] Petrarch, The Canzoniere
[65] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[66] Homer, Iliad
[67] Gothein, A History of Garden Art
[68] Burckhardt, The Architecture of the Italian
Renaissance


