





POINT DE FUITE

VOLATILE BODIES

SUBWAY FORTUNES

OR

"ICH BIN BEREIT FÜR UNS-REN' 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

A STAGED SCENERY

NAVAL GAZING





There are many things I am unsure about, but one I can say with all certainty, I was unconditional and irrevocably [...] an old man. [1] There is no glossing over at this point anymore.

This of course is nothing that one would think comes as a surprise speaking as a 72 year old man.

Who wakes up every morning to be observed by eyes he has been observed by decades, sinking further into layering of dermis, with heterogenous patterns.

Age chases beauty from the body. [2]

Along toward disorder and death: wearing out, wrinkles and fatigue quickly invade the aging organism, and the stars become erased in the burst of their novas. [3]

I now feel the full back lash of growing out of the norm of western society.

But more and more if it is only a hint, a wink, a whisper, which it is easy for the glutted eye to glide over, and which will receive little in the way of amplification or explication until the final chapter, but it begins a decisive new phase. [4]

Where I feel, within the expression[s] [...] at times so tragic, that it seemed at certain moments as though [I] were on the verge of becoming an idiot or a deamon. [5]

[Age] becomes a monster. I have frequently experienced it. [6] Deemed to underlying the regimes of abolishing the old to give birth to the new, [...], this vanishing instant, from testifying to its fundamental difference from all forms. [...] is what I become. [7] Its time is that of increasing entropy, of that irreversible element which

Its time is that of increasing entropy, of that irreversible element which pushes the system toward death at maximum speed. Aging, for example, is a process that we are beginning to understand as a loss of redundancies and the drifting of information into background noise. [8]

-A point de fuite.



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. [12]

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, especially 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]

-They snickered.

[I] burst with laughter, and no one saw anything but fire. [23] His deep set eyes sparkled with anomalous youth. [22] And his expression [that] was [usually] too prim, too humorless, had faded away into some kind of madness of a progressive manner that had no foreseeable end figure, growing ever more youthful from the very ageing [...] world around it. [25]

I felt electrified, I felt alive, still laughing viciously, I kicked my chair out of the way. –I had to get out!

SUBWAY FORTUNES OR "ICH BIN BEREIT FÜR UNSREN′ PACKT ÜBER DIE EWIGKEIT" Pounding against my head there are my youngest sisters words, calling me drunk from the backseat of a Uber, probably already a decade ago: "Come back Bill this is the only [life] you have, come back Bill, remember!" [27]

I fiercely walk away from the Olympic stadion who's best years have already passd, the same as mine.

Quite fast my fierce walk, was replaced by a fierce pain along my lower back as I seemed to have not moved at this pace since I can't even remember when.

I porbabely should not have quit Pilates that early.

As the driver for my group "Thursdays at the Olympic site", would only pick us up at the parking lot infront of the Cafeteria, I was now bound to reaching out for other means of transport.

So I found my way onto a metro.

Squashed into the crambed subway, I just managed to slip on my FFP 2 mask, after no movement was possible anymore.

And to pitty myself even more, a man, also struck from some kind of insanity, came to stand next to myself and to make things even worse carrying his portable JBL box, playing Falcos "Out of the dark" on loop.

Muttering: "We go down twice into the same river, and yet into a different river." [28]

Time lifts the contradictions: we were living young yesterday, and tomorrow we die hoary; if childhood and white old age contradict each other [...] [but] this in no way matters to the time that gathers, connects, and units them. [29]

-refuse, recycling, memory, increase in complexities. The living organism, is of all times. This does not at all mean that it is eternal, but [... woven out of all the different times.[30]

Entropie irreversibility also changes direction and sign; negentropy goes back upstream. [31]

Then from just mouthing the words into various directions he turned at me, looking straight into my eyes, wich made me a hell of unconfortable.

-Then as Someone tried to offer me a seat.

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 I give up and close my eyes"? Out of the dark Hörst du die Stimme, die dir sagt

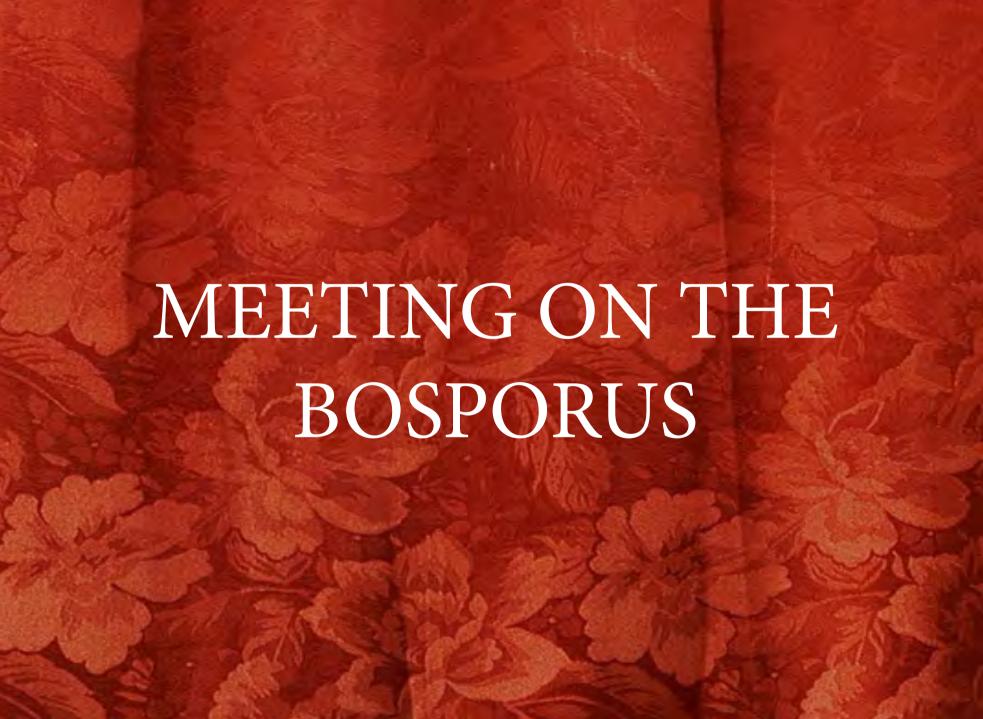
"Into the light I give up and you waste your tears"? To the night Ich bin bereit, denn ES IST ZEIT FÜR UNSEREN PACKT ÜBER DIE EWIGKEIT Du bist schon da, ganz nah Ich kann dich spüren Lass mich verführen, lass mich entfiihren Heute Nacht zum letzten Mal Ergeben deiner Macht Reich mir die Hand Mein Leben, nenn' mir den Preis Ich schenk' dir Gestern, Heut' und Morgen Dann schließt sich der Kreis, kein Weg zurück Das weiße Licht kommt näher, Stück für Stück Will mich ergeben Muss ich denn sterben Um zu leben? Out of the dark Hörst du die Stimme, die dir sagt Into the light" [32]

I left a letter containing the following words: "Having been for many years weary of existence and the disappointments it brings, I have willfully ended my useless life." [34]

- Let's leave for elsewhere, this life says, but let's construct, once having arrived, a new residence. [35]



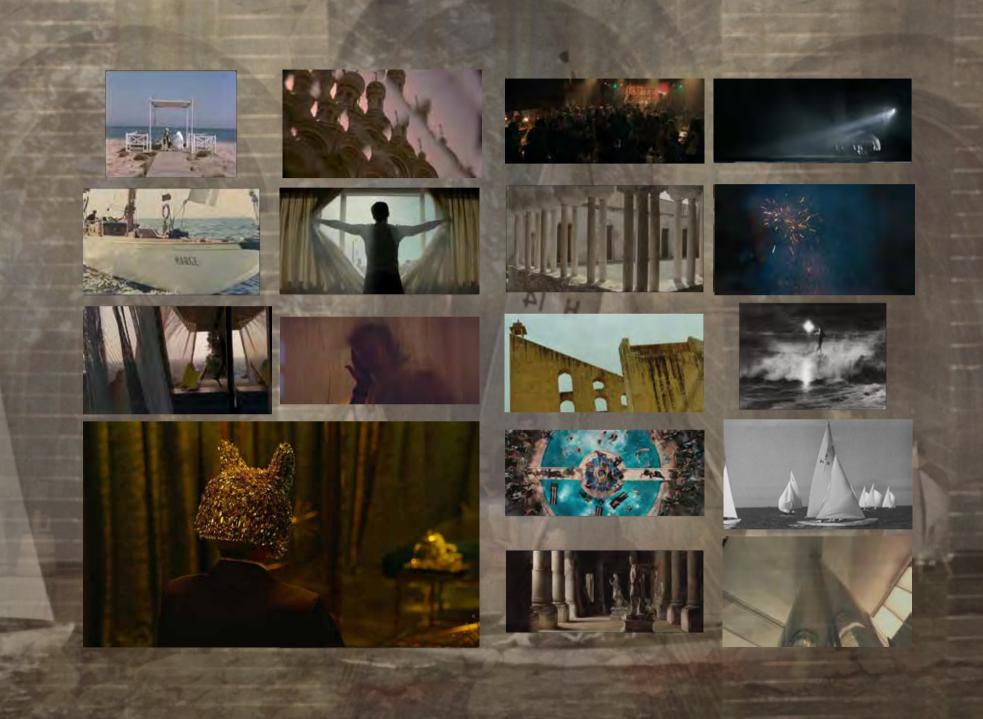












Tonight I felt like lighting up the golden mask again, it had been a while since I had invited someone through the portal of youth, to be my guest at the maidens tower.

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

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

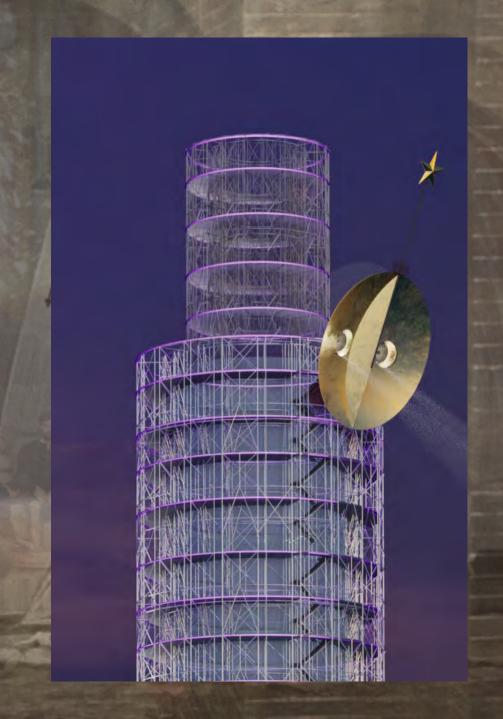
I turned the switch from 0 to 1.

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!

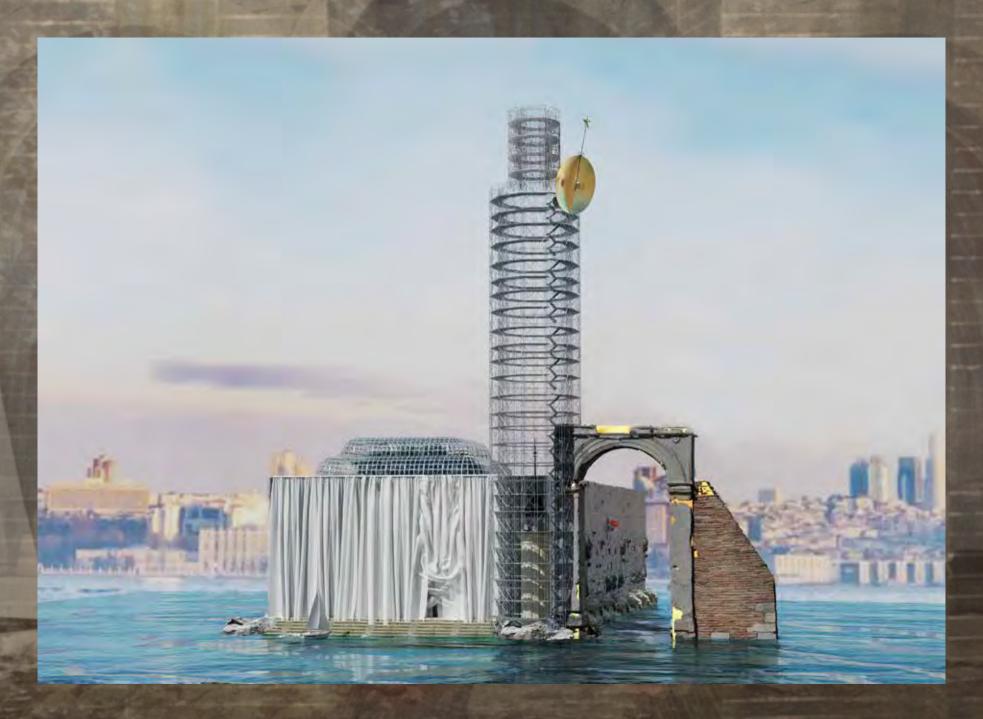
My boat jolted forward, sending [me] off on [my] way. Fly[ing] wildly [on my] burned wings towards that radiant portal.

I was gliding beneath a portal through which saints, kings, queens, archbishops, and nobles have passed. [47]

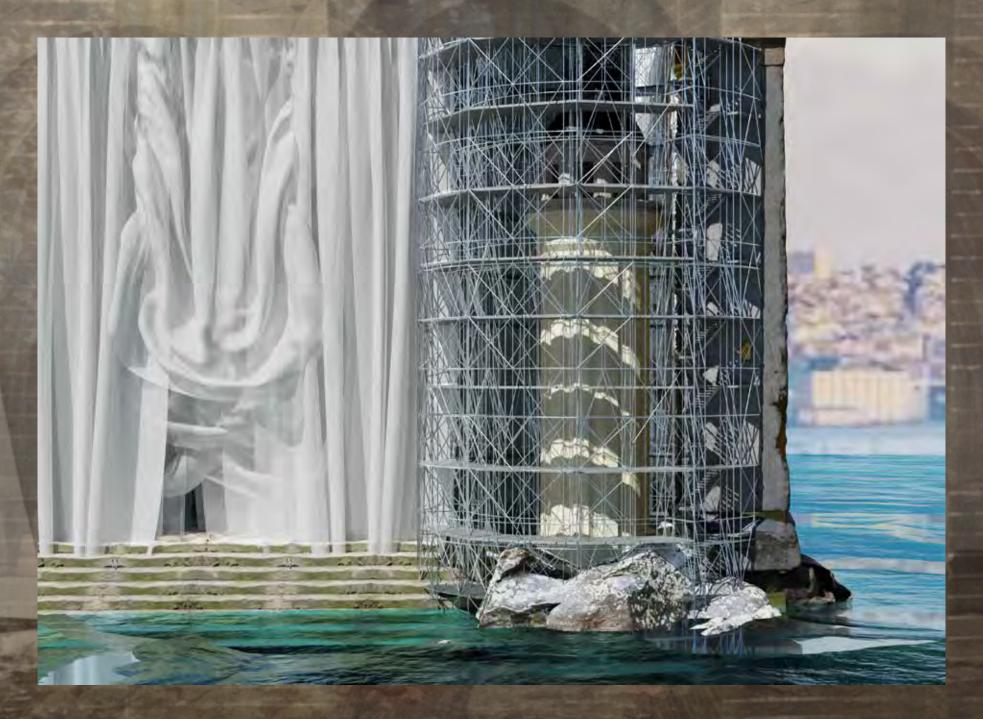
Would preceding make some other man than [myself] emerge from that portal? [41]

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

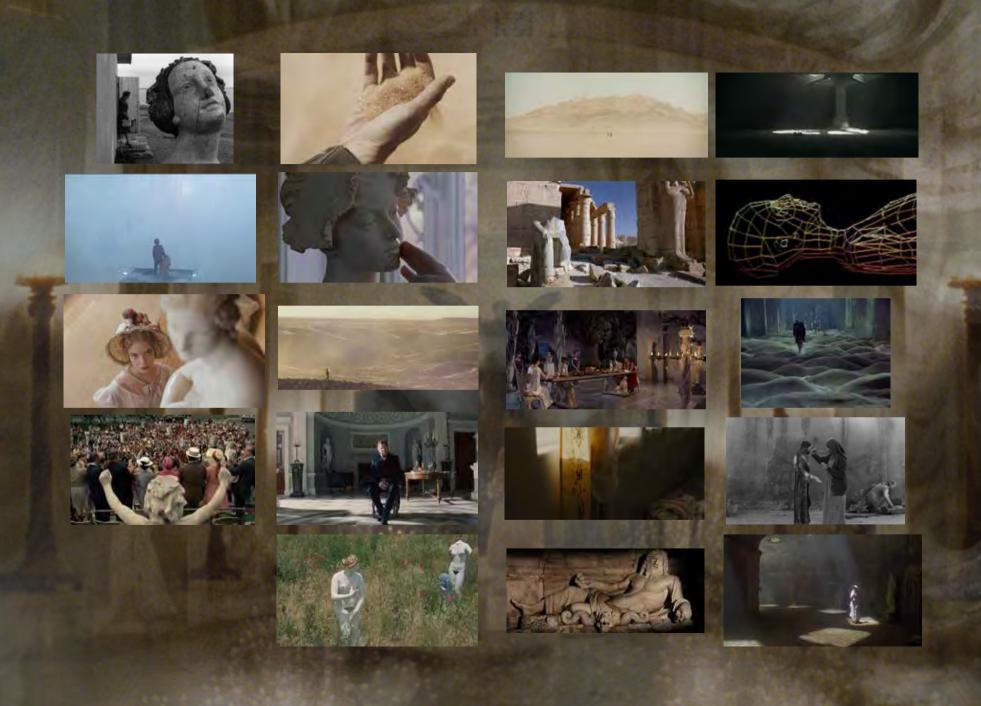




After a swim I enjoyed lying down on the vast and broad stone steps, heated by the sun, I indulged into sunbathing like lizards on boulders bordering the sea. [48] Hearing the rhythmic metallic slapping of halyards on my boats mast. My abandoned boat, lied tied to a brass hook at the lower end of the steps infront of the maidenstower [it was a pretty] local white sailboat, the dhow with its billowing spinnaker. [49]







Entering behind the young man, carrying several Amazon prime boxes.

Through layers over layers of heavy, waxy feeling white drapery.

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 atmosphere 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!"









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 100m 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.

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]

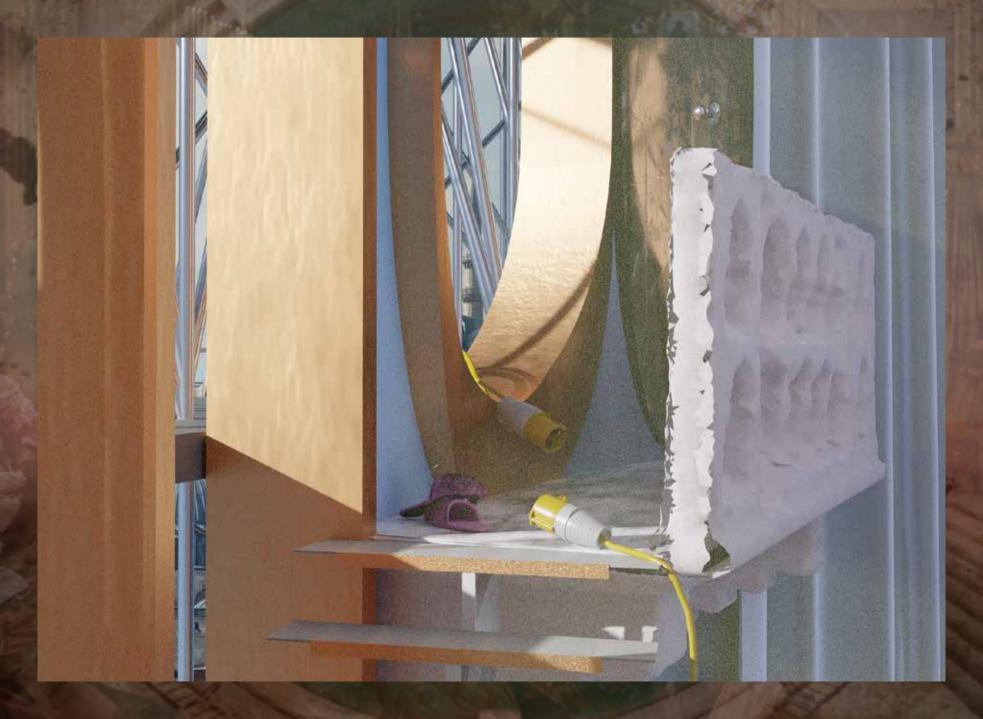




Massaging my body, I washed off foam and dead skin cells. I stepped out of the shower rubbing a fresh white towel over my body. Cautiously sparing out the still sensitive inked area of derma. I carefully dabbed on Tattoo-Ointment with a Q-tip. After having fully moisturized my body, I tip-toed over to the still unpacked Primark bags. And began to look for an outfit to suit my mood.























































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.













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]

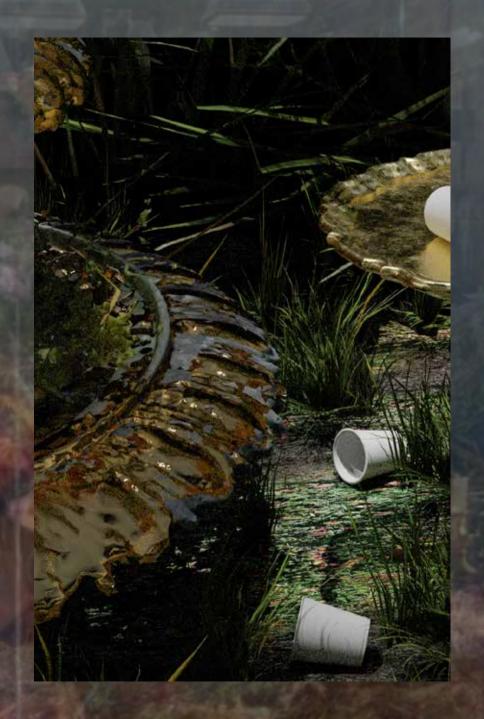
I got closer, as I followed the overgrowing path which led towards, the fountain of youth, *made out of gold brocade* (patterned or embroidered); [...] an ornated etagere.[68]

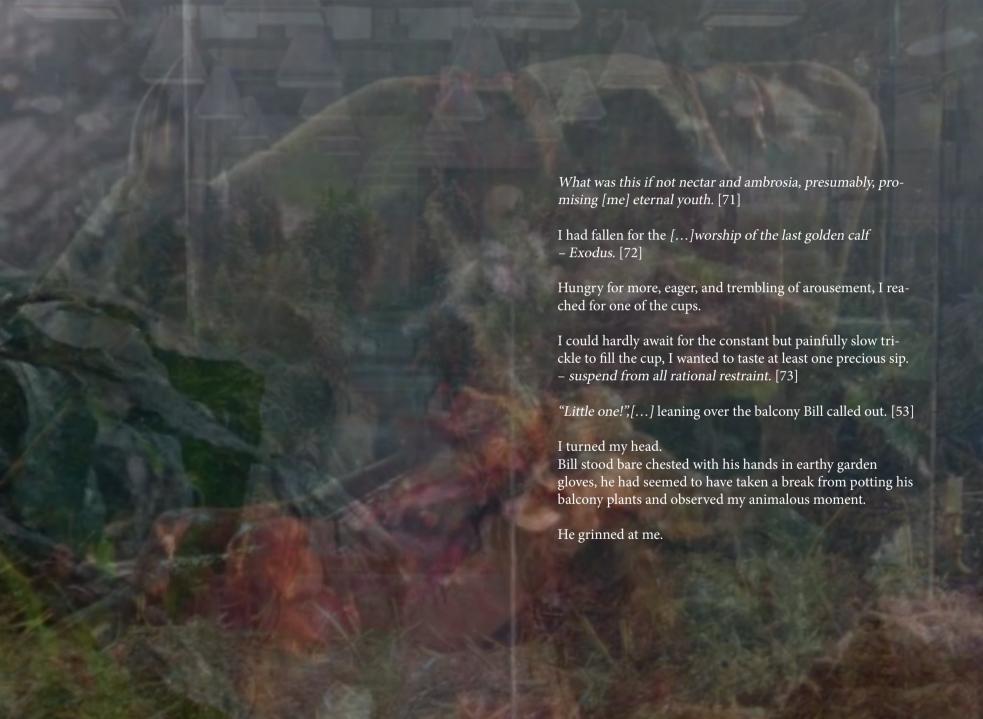
Water dripping slowly, like oil, from its [rims]. [38]

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.











[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 sweat 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.

AHH...

While sipping my juice I browsed through Onlyfans.











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 softly 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]

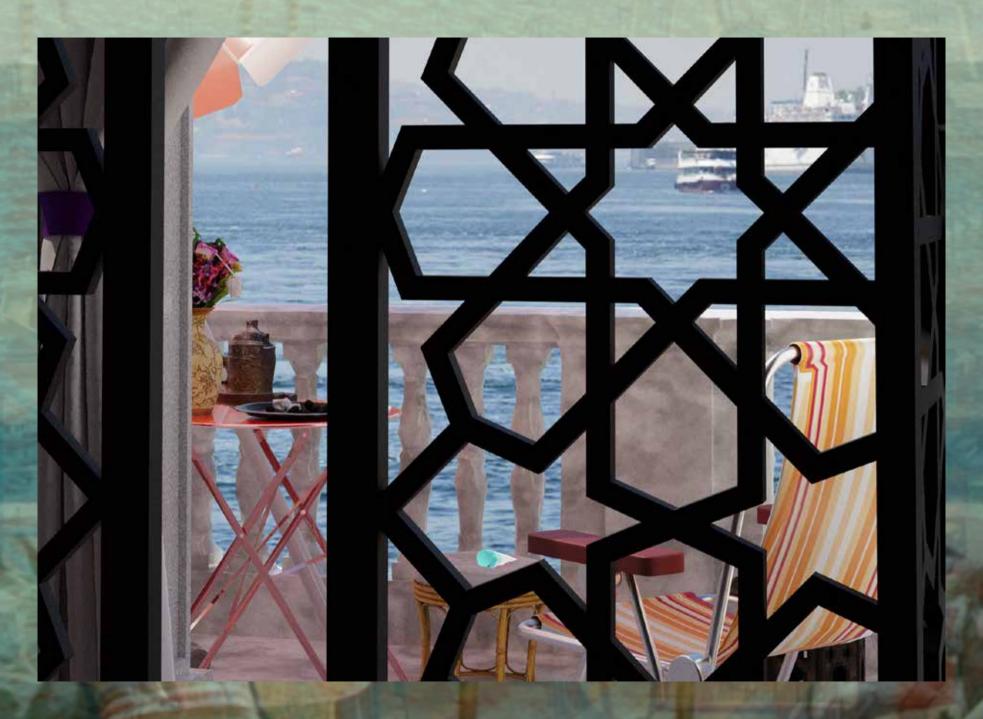
I let my glance roam, my thoughts [carrying] me away. [82]

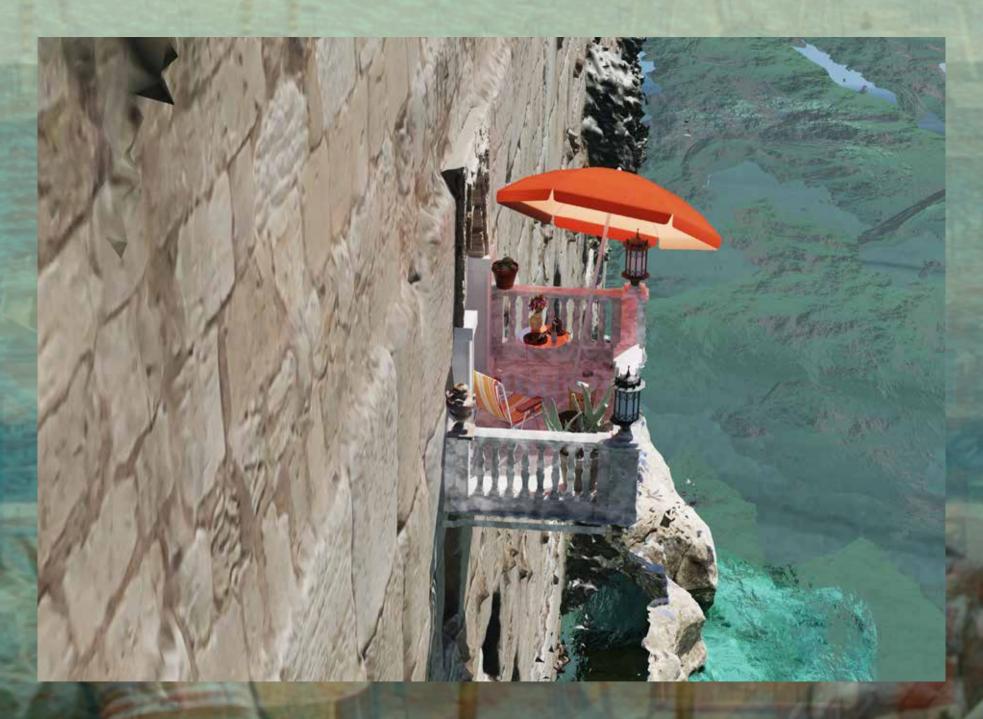
As my eyes found the horizon of the Marmara sea, over the silvery waves, frequented by silhouettes of boats and ships of various speeds and sizes.

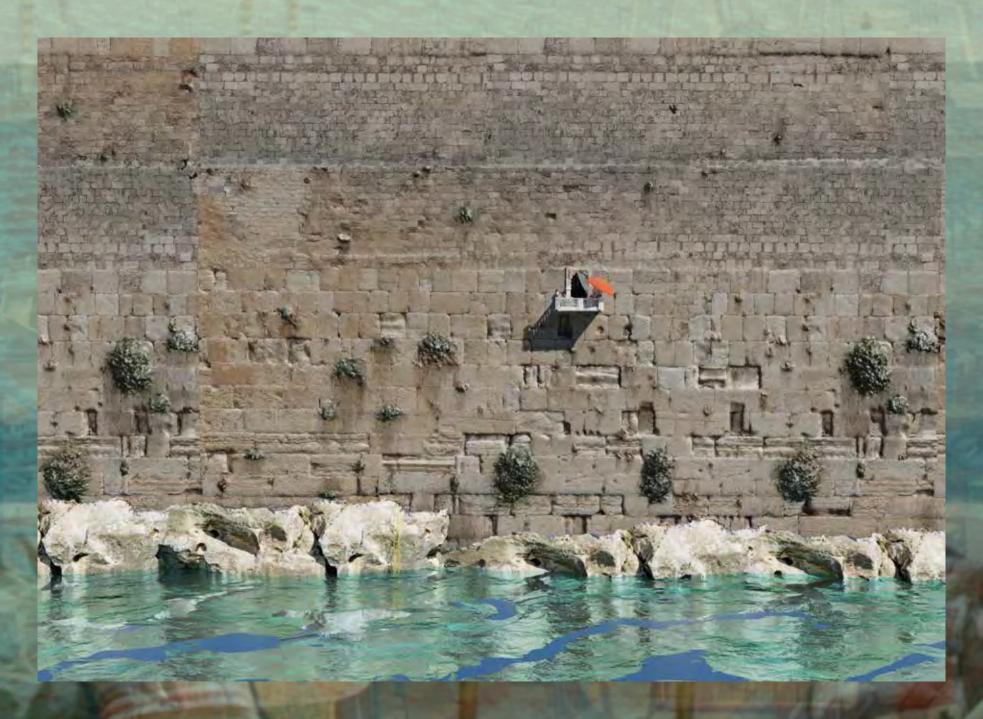
I started to wonder, where they were going and where they came from, what stories their steel bodies had aboard, I thought of deep seas and shallow turquoise waters. Hmmm..

I sighed.











- [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 1648 1815
- [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

- [69] Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge
- [70] Serres, Statues
- [71] Erasmus, Poems
- [72] Erasmus, Paraphrases on the Epistles to the Corinthians Ephesians Philippans Colossians and Thessalonians
- [73] Woolf, Orlando
- [74] Jung, Alchemical Studies
- [75] Lindsay, Aerotropolis The Way Well Live Next
- [76] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
- [77] Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Works
- [78] Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra
- [79] Darwin, The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex
- [80] Borges, Collected Fictions
- [81] Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities
- [82] Beccaria, On Crimes and Punishments and Other Writings
- [83] Hofstadter, I Am a Strange Loop
- [84] Eco, Baudolino

