



while waiting
-
fragments

]

]

meanwhile I wake up in the middle of the night

]

]

with the urge of reliving my teenage years

]

not that I would do so much differently

but I would like to see

another version of myself growing

out of the different experiences

like a sea-cucumber

a loaf of bread

a biological vacuum cleaner

]

and also like

]

the perlfish that enters the sea-cucumber's anus

to live inside all day

]

Bed & Breakfast

]

I would not cry so much about my lovers who didn't love me back

and I would

]

]

]

I have read an article in the paris review
about the art of monstrous men

]

]

]

and one answer in the conversation got stuck in my head, it is from
Ari Shapiro:

]

I think about -
sometimes when people ask me about eating meat,
the answer

I kind of irreverently give is that
I'll eat anything
as long as I feel
guilty
about it.

]

]

]

I eat so much

]

]

and I feel guality about so many things

]

]

]

]

]

I also feel guilty about not being able to flirt

]

I don't get the concept

]

mine is more like

]

]

feeding the animals from the palm of your hand

and never cut off a young woman's voice

I am thinking about

how deep your love is

and that there is no such thing as repetition.

]

you can't repeat

you are moving in waves

and every wave

is connected to the other

not making a straight line

not making a circle

heartbreaker
dreammaker
lovetaker

I always wanted to be a chorus
placing my own story among other stories
rather than offering any single perspective.

]

I always wanted to put away the grotesque costume
that clearly doesn't fit.
and amplify my input and allow the soft-spoken to be heard

]

I always wanted to stop sucking out whatever oxygen
there was to start with
and become zombie-like

]

acknowledging the possibility of becoming monstrous as well as
do not absorb and standardize

]

the street is the place where we meet under the soles of the foot, next
to dog shit and cigarette stubs

when I was 29 I have found myself the first time in a girl gang
we went to the forrest to draw triangles on stones

I felt for some hours like

a free spirit

a tree hugger

]

my gang name

was Toto

]

]

]

]

]

like Toto playing Africa

]

]

]

The wild dogs cry out in the night.
As they grow restless, longing for some solitary company
I know that I must do what's right
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti
I seek to cure what's deep inside,
frightened of this thing
that I've become
]
]
or pizza Toto
(tomato, cheese, onions)
]
]
it was the pizza
who named me
]
which is partially a relief
and partially a lie
]
]
]

]

I did become a zombie while
dancing to the drums and rhythms
of this 80's pop song
wanting to believe that

David Paich

(who wrote this song after watching UNICEF commercials on TV
and telling a romanticized story about a social worker
that was over there (meaning Africa),
that falls in love and can't
is having kind of a paradox
trying to tear himself away from Africa to actually
have a life)

—

actually wanted to evoke more a feeling
than constructing a cohesive narrative
and longed for a permission for catharsis.

]

like a meme of a good boy doggo captioned
'Too pure for this world'

]

]

]

]

We are living in very strange times right now.

]

]

]

I haven't found my community yet

]

]

Marshall McLuhan wrote: pickled gods and archetypes

I wonder what

]

]

I wonder what a pickled god would look like ?

]

]

but also what could we pickle here?

]

]

]

just everything, so it could last forever?

that is a horrible thought and so is a pickled god.

]

]

]

]

even though fermentation is en vogue right now -

my shoes under the table look like dead mice

]

I should pickle them

]

]

sometimes I feel like a verb.

sometimes I seem to be an adjective

]

]

I am dancing like a small snail would dance
and I never forget to scream when breathing out.

I put salt in your eyes

I rub it deep inside and you enjoy it

I make it your baby, you watch it grow under your eyes and heart

I spend some time with your online friends

I collect all the hair from your brush and make a wig out of it.

I mail it to your lover

I remember the white part of the egg, why did you forget about it?

I move towards something you miss

I touch something the same way you would touch it

I carry something the same way you would remember it

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]

You become a song

I sing

]

it is alright to be a chameleon.

]

]

]

except if there is a bigger predator around.
an eagle for example or a hungry mother tiger.
she would eat your arms in a second and swallow

]

– Marshall McLuhan also said:
The future masters of technology
will have to be light-hearted and intelligent.
The machine easily masters the grim and the dumb

]

and Jessica Rylan said:
there are a lot of guys that hate women and it's not right, but it is a fact
in society.

I guess it is authentic

]

]

]

the question is not who but
where
is the chamaleon
now?

]

]

]

RESISTANCE

is missing

]

]

(unfortunately)

]

]

]

I am not helping either

]

]

]

because

I don't like uppers.

]

]

I like

collective sleeping

like puppies

like unborn baby sheep

unfolding their bodies inside a body

]

]

my sleeping position is called

the heron

]

sleepjunkie.org tells me that because of the position

I seek peace and quiet

as well as stability

]

]]
so I become an interior
]]
an interior heron
]]
which is fine because
this whole world is gone indoors
anyway
we look on the internet
watch tv
read books
watch movies
take drugs
whatever
]]
its all very interior
we don't spend any time in the world
]]
we are not interested.
]]
]]
]]
]]
]]
I am a lonely heron
in bed.
]]
]]

]

]

]

where you turn to me mid-night

soft cheek on soft cheek

and murmur in my ear:

I don't trust people who never took cocaine in their life.

I nod and say nothing,

because I want you to trust me,

but I never did cocaine.

I want you to trust me so badly

I would try

but I know

that my body will fall apart.

]

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will you still love me even though I don't do coke?

]

]

asking for a friend

]

]

]

]

of course you do

]

]

]

sleeping

]

]

]

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]

]

] fate and free will

]

]

]

noise and chaos

]

]

]

noise is an event which is random

it has no memory of the past

you flip a coin and it is always

head or tails

and it doesn't matter what happened before

]

the rules of chaos

are so complicated so you can't predict the future

even though the past determines it

]

]

when music starts

]

why should it stop

]

]

]

]

I do make
decision

but I make
them

secretly

]

they are

texture and

feeling

]

]

]

]]]]]]]]

it's noise

This text was written as a result of the residency at Artists Unlimited and is part of the exhibition HEARTBREAKER DREAMMAKER.

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Eva Funk



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