

EINMAL IST KEINMAL

*(One time is as good as never)**e-Xplo with Jaime Lutzo*

SIDE 1

There will always be a time when time doesn't matter *(Robin Arthur)*

SIDE 2

There will always be a place where time doesn't matter *(Angelika Sautter)*

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*Recorded on June 20th, 2009 in Berlin
Scenario by e-Xplo and Jaime Lutzo*

When I was a boy I loved cross-dressing. I loved putting my mom's dresses on. Her funny 1960's pony-style wigs and make-up. Two details that I consistently incorporated in my masquerade were this Marilyn Monroe-like beauty mark and a five-inch long elegant, black plastic cigarette holder with a lit cigarette. I looked gorgeous and got a lot of attention when performing my act. One day, my parents were at work, and my friend and I prepared for another fantasy trip. We loved fantasy and I had a lot of it. It was the time when we got our first color TV set and it was the time when aliens started to attack planet earth, and our apartment frequently. That day, I wore my mom's wedding dress and my friend dressed as my groom. Actually, I think he looked more like a pimp and my father doesn't look like a pimp at all. We headed out to the street, me in high heels and my mother's wedding dress. I don't know how long we had been walking around, but I do remember that we stopped by my grandparents' house; they seemed very frightened. Suddenly, my Dad walked in and started to beat the shit out of me. That moment I literally shit in my Mom's wedding dress.

There once happened to be a fire with a little boy trapped right inside the flames. He could hardly breathe, nor see, but he was desperately looking for the box of matches he had been hiding under a heap of sand for days. He had stolen them from his grandparent's kitchen table. He couldn't cry, or maybe he did, but the heat and the smoke might have eaten his tears before they got a chance to materialize. But all of the sudden, the flames disappeared. And the little boy was still standing there with his box of matches.

Dabei ist allen großen Erzählern die Unbeschwertheit gemein, mit der sie auf den Sprossen ihrer Erfahrung wie auf einer Leiter sich auf und ab bewegen. Eine Leiter, die bis ins Erdinnere reicht und sich in den Wolken verliert, ist das Bild einer Kollektiverfahrung, für die selbst der tiefste Chock jeder individuellen, der Tod, keinerlei Anstoß und Schranke darstellt. (WB)

Cover photo: »Bacchus auf einem Ziegenbock«; Walter Benjamin Archiv, AdK, Berlin, WBA Ms 614. © Hamburger Stiftung zur Förderung von Wissenschaft und Kultur.

Ein Schulkollege, man kann es wohl so sagen, hatte eine etwas verpatzte Jugend gehabt. Drogen und so. Einmal musste er sich vor einem Richter für irgendeine Sache verantworten. Der Richter verlas die Anklageschrift und fragte ihn, was er denn zu seiner Verteidigung vorzubringen hätte. "Sie haben hier im Gerichtsgebäude wohl sehr niedrige Türstöcke," sagte mein Freund. Wie das zu verstehen sei, wollte der Richter wissen. "Naja," für er fort, "mir scheint, Sie sind öfter mal mit der Birne dagegengeknallt." Ich hab keine Ahnung, was dann kam.

Als der Ägypterkönig Psammenit von dem Perserkönig Kambyses geschlagen und gefangen genommen worden war, sah Kambyses es darauf ab, den Gefangenen zu demütigen. Er gab Befehl, Psammenit an der Straße aufzustellen, durch die sich der persische Triumphzug bewegen sollte. Und weiter richtete er es so ein, dass der Gefangene seine Tochter als Dienstmagd, die mit dem Krug zum Brunnen ging, vorbeikommen sah. Wie alle Ägypter über dieses Schauspiel klagten und jammerten, stand Psammenit allein wortlos und unbeweglich, die Augen auf den Boden geheftet; und als er bald darauf seinen Sohn sah, der zur Hinrichtung im Zuge mitgeführt wurde, blieb er gleichfalls unbewegt. Als er danach aber einen von seinen Dienern, einen alten, verarmten Mann, in den Reihen der Gefangenen erkannte, da schlug er mit den Fäusten an seinen Kopf und gab alle Zeichen der tiefsten Trauer.



The word Stimmung, as it is evident of its proximity to Stimme, voice, takes part in the origin of the acoustic-musical sphere. It is tied up semantically to speech/word as the Latin concentus and temperamentum and the Greek harmonia, and is valid in the original intonation, accordance, harmony. From this musical signification it unwinds, but without ever losing completely contact with its originary sense, to the modern sense of 'stato d'animo' [state of mind, mood]. One traces, that is, a word whose meaning has shifted over time, from the acoustic-musical sphere - which bound its proximity with the voice - to this psychological one. It will not be useless to reflect upon a few moments of its shift of place. The history of human culture is often none other than a history of all these shifts, of all the dislocations, and it is specifically because it is not possible to attend to these [shifts] that often the interpretations of categories and concepts of the past lead to many misunderstandings. (Giorgio Agamben)

I was in seventh grade or maybe younger. I was taking piano lessons at Mrs. Young's house. She had two huge grand pianos in her living room and the rest of the living room was crammed into a tiny space. Her husband was super whipped and would only occasionally come downstairs. She would yell at him and would go back upstairs. He was always home but you never saw him. I was always trying to get attention from her. I remember one time, ripping off all the stickers on a Rubik's cube while my friend Rachel was having her lesson. I put them back on the cube and told everyone I solved the puzzle. Rachel, who was very well adjusted, always had her lesson first and I would wait. She was way better at piano because she would always practice and had a piano at home. I never practiced and had a Casio keyboard at home. She was many levels ahead of me even though we started the lessons at the same time. So I would just sit there for one hour, waiting, being so bored. I started going into the bathroom on a regular basis and doing weird shit. One thing I used to do all the time was lay in the bathtub and stick my feet out of this small window that was at the end of it. But on one day in particular, I went in there and completely lost my mind. I remember being really angry and thinking, "Fuck this lady!" because she was always doting on Rachel and telling me I was such a disappointment. The first thing I did was rub her and her husband's toothbrush in the soap and put them back. Then I flushed a barrette of hers down the toilette. I pumped a half bottle of lotion into her hairdryer. At that point I was like, "Yeah! I'm into this!" Then I went into her office, which was next to the bathroom, and I started whitening out the faces of her grandkids in framed photos. I whitened out the keys on her computer keyboard. I drew a frown face on the computer monitor in white out. I did other things too, but I can't remember. Then I went and sat back down and waited for my lesson.

The voice is the flesh of the soul, its ineradicable materiality, by which the soul can never be rid of the body; it depends on this inner object which is but the ineffaceable trace of externality and heterogeneity, but by virtue of which the body can also never quite simply be the body, it is truncated body, a body cloven by the impossible rift between an interior and an exterior. The voice embodies the very impossibility of this division and acts as its operator. (Mladen Dolar)

When I was 8 or 9 years old my religion teacher at school asked us to write a story and be honest about the event. The next day, the next week - you don't have religion class everyday - the next time, he asked, "Who wants to read their story?" I was eager to be the first to stand up to recite from his notebook. There I was, standing, staring at the empty, open page and making up a full story. I don't remember if I was lying.

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All stories collected and written down in May and June 2009 by e-Xplo (Rene Gabari, Erin McGonigle, Heimo Latzner) and J. Lutzo.

Thank you to all the people who have shared their time and stories.

MONO
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EINMAL IST KEINMAL



It happened the first night I arrived in New York. I went to see a performance and got invited to join the after party that took place at the house of the Dalai Lama's manager. I was the first guest to arrive. It was a nicely furnished, medium sized New York City townhouse apartment. I was welcomed at the door and given at tour through all the rooms of the apartment, but actually, it turned out that I wasn't the first guest. In the library, on a sofa next to the bookshelf I spotted Laurie Anderson. I tried to ignore her, but she got up, reaching her hand out, grabbing mine, "Hi, I'm Laurie," she said. I kept pretending that I didn't know who she was. More guests arrived which made it easier for me to stay away from her. An hour or so later, the door opened and Lou Reed entered the scenario. It wasn't at all like the many meetings I've had with him in my imagination. He didn't wear his mirrored sunglasses and his black leather jacket; actually he wore blue jeans and a stupid wool sweater, so I left the party.

Die Kunst des Erzählens neigt ihrem Ende zu, weil die epische Seite der Wahrheit, die Weisheit, ausstirbt. (WB)

Ich war der Fan der immer an der Bühne stand und Raven O, die Königin der Drag-Queens anhimmelte. Eines Freitags, nachts, in einem Club in den man nach Ende der Performances im Bar d'O für gewöhnlich weiter zog, namens Squeeze-Box, lernte ich Raven O kennen und ich habe das getan, was jedes Groupie mit seinem Star macht, ich habe mich küssend in ihre Arme geworfen. In meiner letzten Nacht in der Stadt widmete mir Raven O ein Lied. Mein Lieblingslied von ihr: "Some-times You Feel Like A Motherless Child". Acappella!

Die Langeweile ist der Traumvogel, der das Ei der Erfahrung ausbrütet. Und das Rascheln im Blätterwald verbreit ihn. (WB)

I had planned it out. On the eve of the election day of November 2004, I was going to erect a large, hand-made banner that hung between two free-standing posts that once supported a sign by the major, in Coliseum Square Park. The park was perfectly situated on the only one-way street leading into the central business district for morning commuters. For two hours that night I pieced together blank sheets of paper to form a 6-foot wide banner that read, "Down with the degenerate Bush party of fascism and deceit." By the time I checked on it at about 6:30 in the morning on Election Day, it had already been torn down.

Counsel is less an answer to a question than a proposal concerning the continuation of a story which is just unfolding. To seek this counsel one would first have to be able to tell a story. (WB)

There's one thing you should remember my friend; he saved us 7.2 million. That's my relationship to politics. He was my friend. He fought for me. He fought for me like a lion. Today he walks on crutches, but once a year, we meet and drink.

My friend was on a trip in Louisiana and she was shopping in a grocery store. She was just looking at these different cans and she noticed a woman coming down the aisle who was walking really strangely. She couldn't tell if the woman was pregnant or sick, but she was walking really slow with her hands around her stomach, like she was holding it to support it. All of the sudden, a giant frozen ham slid across the aisle passed her feet. The woman screamed, "Who threw that ham!" in an accusatory tone.

Either things appear as they are; or they are not, and do not even appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. (Ariian of Nicomedia)

My mother once told me, "If it were possible, I would have made your body and your property free, never to be yoked down by any hindrance. But you can't forget it! This body is not yours! And since I was not able to do for you what I wanted, I can only give you a small portion of us, of this faculty to pursue an object and avoid it, the faculty of desire and aversion, and, in a word, the faculty of using the appearances of things. If you take care of this faculty and consider it your only possession, you will never be hindered and never meet with any impediments; you will not lament, you will not blame, and you will not flatter any person."

There was a misanthropic tailor. He did not dislike people as much as he just wanted to avoid them. He liked neither the noise they produced in groups, nor the conversations they initiated when they might encounter him alone. He had managed to find his own rhythm to minimize this kind of interaction. He had an assistant who would meet with customers by day and leave the work for him to do by night. On mornings, after work, he would take a walk, past the park, listening to birds sing their morning songs, even in the dead of winter. On most days, he would catch a glimpse of woman, always dressed simply, but beautifully, standing on the same corner. He was drawn and intrigued by her mysterious and beguiling appearance. With time, he became more and more curious, but his efforts to learn more about her, only drew from the same rumors and noise he avoided. And when he learned that the villagers called her by the name Satana, as in Satan, he was shocked. Daily he resisted the urge to speak with her, but on one morning, he could no longer contain himself. He approached her carefully, so as not appear to be invading her territory. He was awkward socially, but did his best to disown his own clumsiness. "Mad'am, I am sorry for my impropriety, but you are truly one of the most beautiful persons I have ever seen. And I cannot imagine why such a beautiful person would be named Satana?" She was not the least startled, but answered in the form of a reproachment or admonishment. "Your enemies never give you a good name."

The storytelling that thrives for a long time in the milieu of work- the rural, the maritime, and the urban- is itself an artisan form of communication. It does not aim to convey the pure essence of the thing, like information or a report. It sinks the thing into the life of the storyteller, in order to bring it out of him again. (WB)

There was a cobbler and his apprentice. They worked in the center of town. His shop had been there from days back old, and so as the town had grown around him, he had remained with his old shop. In a bad stretch, this cobbler had had difficulty keeping the store and in need of money, he had approached another local, who was known to be generous and quite well off. Although the cobbler had managed to keep his shop in the city he did not make enough money to pay back his debt. So each time the gentleman who had lent the money would come by to ask for payment, the cobbler would assure him, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, I will have it for you tomorrow, dear sir." One afternoon, the cobbler had to leave the shop to acquire some materials and left the assistant to tend the store. Concerned that the gentleman to whom he owed money would come while he was away, he instructed the young boy to assure the lender that he would have his money tomorrow. As it happened, the lender did stop by and seeing that the cobbler was not there, confided in the boy: "I have stopped by the shop on many occasions and the noble cobbler has assured me that he will have the money for me tomorrow. But each time, I have arrived, I have received not the money, only the same response. So tell me truly, does the cobbler intend to pay me back the money he owes." The boy looked at him and could not help but not follow the script given to him by the cobbler. He told him that his master will pay him only when donkeys begin to fly and the hundred year old tree stump which they have used as a workbench would suddenly disappear. After having received this prognosis, the gentleman quietly departed. Later that day, the cobbler returns and asks the apprentice if the kind gentleman has stopped by for the money. The boy tells him proudly, that he will not be bothered again and that he told the gentleman that he will only get paid when donkeys begin to fly and that wooden stump which has been the workbench for three generations will suddenly disappear. Alarmed and upset the cobbler reprimands the young boy, telling him that he should not have taken matters into his own hands. "Foolish boy, there may or may not come a day that donkeys will fly. And this stump of wood may or may not one day be removed. But tomorrow? There will always be tomorrow."

Sicher wurde die Zeit von den Wahrsagern, die ihr abfragten, was sie in ihrem Schöße birgt, weder als homogen noch als leer erfahren. Wer sich das vor Augen hält, kommt vielleicht zu einem Begriff davon, wie im Eingedenken die vergangene Zeit inf erfahren worden: nämlich ebenso. (WB)