

AS I MET YOU IN PARADISE

Du bewegst dich nicht. Du hältst einen toten Fisch in deinen Händen. Er glänzt. Er ist glitschig. Er ist groß. Dein Körper ist mit weißer Farbe bemalt. Ein roter Strich führt von deinem Hals bis zu deinem Bauchnabel. Du trägst eine Maske. Dein Gesicht ist

vollkommen

wir befinden uns unter einem Baldachin
und du nennst ihn Himmel

*und wir sind Teil einer
Prozession*

ich male mit Asche

*stehe auf einem Tuch
liege
gehe*

*und du verteilst Rosen
in einem Kreis
auf dem Boden*

es zeigt sich ein Traumbild

und der Spiegel
auf dem ein Spiegel

das Blau

und dann:

Ebe Oke und du und ich und
Chrysanthemen

Performanz
barfuß

meditierend
singend
schweigend
sehend

Michael: You know this notion of being a „body artist“ is something that continuously recurses my work, whether I am performing or not performing. The presence of the body is there, throughout.

So there are images of the body, there are sculptures of the body, there are performances, which involve the body moving through time.

it wasn't real

when they preach finding

in the temple

the sun was dying

You are an artist and cultural engineer who decodes dominant cultural mythologies and re-codes them into contemporary fictions. Your work is divided into four streams: THE RELIGION VIRUS (an invented queer religion and prehistory), PUNC ARKÆOLOGY (a pedagogical software system), CRYSTAL MYTHOPOESIS (crypto-fictional meta-mythologies) and THE MUSEUM OF ARTIFICIAL HISTORIES (an imaginary institution housing artifacts and alternate information systems).

Michael: I recently read a text that was sort of looking at the old testament as a body. So what section of the old testament was the liver, what section was the heart, what section was the brain – like dividing the sort of conceptual arena of this body of literature into each is the different organ of the body and I sort of look at things with that lens. Trying is one organ, sculpture is another organ. They all have the ability and potential to sort of illuminate different aspects of the same phenomenon and so I look at it in a way of excavation. So the text spanned most of the other works, but than I can see traces of the performance in earlier tryings and so this notion of time being very relative. It's like the work actually communicates to itself, sort of sense signals and I am just attempting to correlate them. You know, I attempting to understand what they are saying to each other and increasingly I feel one thing that I really like, that I stumbled across, was the notion – in the bible they talk about the beast of seven heads in the apocalypse and thinking of post-maternity as a metaphor for that it's complexity, right. It's complexity, simultaneity, multiplicity, all those things occurring at the same time and that's something really scary for religions and ideas that try to contain multiplicity. So it's important for me to work in multiple areas, in multiple medias, I am trying to see how they speak together, because I need to embrace multiplicity and I am attempting to make the text. And it's not just like texts, sometimes I do performances, sometimes I do laboratory. Whatever I create I trying contradictory simultaneity. It's sort of a mission.

Geräusche

Klänge

Stimmen

Stimmungen und Gesten

connecting

being a medium

Atem

Sphären

Gebet

Haltung

und *wir befinden uns* in einem sakralen Raum

tiefe Töne

Bewegung

hohe und

und wir sind Besucher

Beobachter

teilnahmslos

teilnehmend *neugierig* irritiert

irritierend

und unaufhörlich

Kontexte überlappen sich

Übersetzungen

Interpretationen

und wir verstehen nicht

wir fühlen [nicht] ausschließlich sind bewegt werden bewegt

Landschaft innen und außen

Berührungen Hingabe und der Duft
umhüllt meinen Körper dringt in
ihn ein

[listen to MONGOLIAN THROAT SINGING by Batzorig Vaanchig]
3'52"

und die Hand reicht zum Himmel nach oben

unten

durchlässig sein

empfänglich

Transformation

der Klang

grenzenlos

ten

9 Minu-
und 35 Sekunden

ein Wirken

Schnitt

Einwirken während du dich
um den Spiegel anordnest im Licht Scheinwerfer

und du beginnst zu leuchten

und ich stelle das Teufelskraut in einer Reihe auf

und befestige die Stoffe an der Decke undurchlässig in Bahnen
im Viereck
im Kreis

und ich trete hinein

und nie wieder

heraus

[in der Mitte leuchtet ein Licht]

und du hältst deine Hände hin

Igshaan: I think the best compliment I've ever received: „This thing I don't get, there is something about that, I see, but I have no idea what it is. I have no idea what it means.“ And that kind of response is really exciting to me.

(What do you know? I mean, what can you know? *You know nothing at all.*)

Igshaan: In the beginning my work had a lot to do with my identity. I tried to figure things out. I had grown up in a highly christian home being muslim. These early experiences and influences and people was initially what I looked at. And so this became very comfortable from using it from a representational side and I was intrigued by the abstract because *I feel it takes it somewhere else.*

(It's another form of hyperrealism, high sensitive art, *I call it.*)

Igshaan: I think abstraction has that immediate emotional possibility. I don't consider myself a Sufi necessarily, you know.

I am muslim. I was born muslim and I see the world through those lenses. For me I think Islam or Sufism it's like a tool kit. I am not necessarily a religious person. I don't practice as I should, *but I do believe.*

Igshaan: The way I have inserted the Sufis concepts into the work is, of course, titles is a good way of kind of pointing to what I am dealing with. For instance *Al Latif* (اللطيف) meaning „the settled one“ was a deeply spiritual concept that I had inserting with. I mean I had been reflecting it for years. The blue work I titled around a specific concept from the Koran where it speaks of these two seas we will meet and that there is a partition between them and they two shall meet but they are never mixed like two forces might meet, but they can not both at the same time *be in control.*

Igshaan: Another idea would be the letter that you see on the wall. In the Koran there is about 144 chapters if I am not mistaken. There is about 29 of them starts with these mysterious letters that nobody really knows what exactly it stands for or what it means. They are most likely represent the 99 qualities of god. *Al Latif* (اللطيف) is one of them. *An Nur* (النور) which is „the light“, which is represented by these letter. A noble truth we can never fully know.

(Geheimnis oder: Schatz, also)

I like the mystic thing. The pinkish one in the corner they has been stained with red wine, but I cooked out the alcohol first. There was also something symbolic about doing that. For this particular body of work it deals more with the universal.

[Buttermilch an den Fenstern]

„Eintrüben“ meint
die Sicht schwächen
(Textur)

Igshaan: I'm having the desire to want to go back a little bit. One of the performance I am thinking about is with my brother. It would be very much on spiritual kind of glancing and of forgiveness, humility, near those ideas, around brotherhood, which I think could be quite potent as a topic.

*I am my greatest mystery to myself and
I want to know about the parts of myself
that are hidden.*

und dann:

I am no more

perception

being muslim being homosexual being mixed race
domestic environment and how I was produced by that environment

patterns of thinking

Igshaan: For this text I had a very basic thought of connecting the process of weaving to the process of praying. Because I do think that it leads to the same result internally at least you do it consciously. Just like in praying, there is this repetition. You do it five times a day. You do this repeated movement. And everything is done with consciousness and understanding. The rhythm of the movement, it's also in the weaving, you know, there is constant repetition. And so internally what often happens, you push against the feeling to give up. It's quite daunting to take on the task of weaving something huge. And so you have to push against those feeling you want to give up and that's something I experience when I pray, too. Meditate or focus on certain phrases of parts of the Koran ... it has an effect.

Igshaan: It (the title) is related to anybody who has an interest in spirituality, because we all realize that there is egoistic side, this mind thing, this very strong dominant force within us, that controls us. I think the process of enlightenment, I guess, will be about „killing of that“ and so, previously I did a performance actually with my father, where he washes and prepares my body in an islamic ritual as if I had died. It was about „killing of“ a version of myself, which was no longer useful. I need it to let go, I guess in an initial version of myself. In order to forgive I needed to let go off something.

und du hast die Perlen aufgefädelt

[arrangement]

pearls as a metaphor

as we are

collected

The beads are associated with culture and with ritual and with adornment with the body.

as an artist
you often try to
slow people down

und du hast Teppiche am Boden aufgelegt

viele übereinander

[weicher Untergrund]

ohne Schuhe bewegst du dich über den Boden

gehst auf Mustern

stehst auf Stickereien
auf

Ornamenten

[acceleration]

[INITIATION by AA Bronson]

pouring out

it took me in
fact five years to
figure out what
do with that

to

we lived our lives in a kind of public and semi-fictional narrative kind of way
life and art were very much into twined
we lived in the media it was a very appropriate way to end as well

get hold of this space this is our general idea kind of corporate
and anonymous and we liked the idea of trying to avoid what we called the myth of the individual
genius and be a more collaborative, a more horizontal kind of working group

100 miles high and
5000 miles long

be as visible as possible

healing with your hands

it's a unique space intensity

amazing collections

the magic mountain

community *evolving*

developing a project, which is a sort of hybrid project where I use some of the subjects I am interested in such as shamanism, queer theory, spiritualism etc.

subject of heritage I address in a more spiritual level and some of that is very much involved in the relationship to the body and to ritualistic behavior and the cult

we are covered in whiteness

und ich halte die Luft an

[watch THE GOSPEL OF OKE by Ebe Oke]

4'28"

Now, let's meditate with Mooji:

be strict with yourself
don't entertain the mind
there is nothing to destroy just go deeper

empty

empty

empty

empty

there is no need to go into form

don't take any shape

stay

as awareness

only

deeper still

breathing

all this is visible to you

you are its weakness

floating

in infinite space

you are none of this

though it arises within you

stay only as the awareness

you are neither a person nor are you personal

breathing

there are no stories

no facets

neither is there time

[you are only to recognize this]

you are already *here*

breathing

seeking as a mode of consciousness

you are beyond

[positioning]

breathing

in *this* place
there is no struggle
only you may confirm

empty

empty

empty

[our natural state]

you are capable of receiving *this*
honor yourself

more dreaming is not needed

and yet
it is complete

be in the place of the weakness

no past
no future
beyond need

Who are *you*?

Are you an *object*?

– appearing in front of the lens of perception?

or behind?

or both?

or beyond?

[truth has no story]

Why are you afraid?

vanishing

– your greatest joy
appearing as your greatest fear

breathing

breathing

[verifying]

I don't believe any stories.

x (all) is false
momentary

dreamed

unreliable

inconsistent

How much time is wasted?

[staying on the mountain top of your own being]

there is nothing personal

leave waiting aside now

leave your imagining aside

[
(identity)]

there is no need to destroy

leave it

remain is what
remains

[mo_ve_ment]

reentering your own source

[*this* is the world]

emptiness

completion

overflowing

through

x
(direct experience)

come inside

alone

take nothing with you

[evidence]

and

*you
will
know*

[presence]

you are filled with

” “

(HOLY SPIRIT)

breathing

[join the INFINITE LOVE MEDITATION CLUB]

I am here with you

jetzt mach den Mund auf weit auf
this is the weakness of life
und du hörst mit deinen Händen
siehst mit deinen Ohren
riechst mit deinen Augen

be_come formless

DRAWING RESTRAINT series (1987–ongoing)

endlessly looped

[rising]

tell me your name

„Haschebaad“

THE NIGHT CHANT

Rauch steigt auf

„Verachte nicht die Asche, denn sie ist das Diadem deines Herzens und die Asche der Dinge, die überdauern“. Zitat des Morenius im ROSARIUM; Illustration (hier nicht abgebildet) aus dem alchemistischen Manuskript DONUM DEI, 15. Jahrhundert, Frankreich.

[Cramoisi Supérieur]

Unter den Sommerrosen,
wenn das unverhohlene Purpur
in der Dämmerung
der wilden, roten Blätter lauert, ...

(Carl Sandburg, UNTER DEM ERNTEMOND)

Los: Schmückt unser Bankett mit Rosen...
(Horaz, ODEN, 1,36,15)

SMELL = SEE = THINK = ART = WISH

1000+ WISHES

THE WISH MACHINE
by Chrysanne Stathacos (1999)

I WISH...

beginnings that begin, endings that end, and good in-betweens...

all people will be more sensitive to the needs and desires of
other people, animals, and the planet itself...

that our hearts which have been so broken could be mended...

ROSE = LOVE
ROSEMARY = HOME

I could breath under water...

Let's browse through the collection of black and white photographs of THE MAGIC FOREST, a wooded area between the Fire Island communities of Cherry Grove and The Pines. "It is here", writes AA, "that the two very different communities meet for sex. There is a volunteer group of mostly older men, survivors from the '80s and '90s, who tend the paths faithfully, adding white sand, cutting out dangerously low-hanging branches, removing trash, and hanging handy bags of condoms in the trees. Through this moist and misty universe float the spirits of the past, the many men who died here, and who came here to die."

[remember *me* as the one who woke up late but woke up nonetheless]

you are a healer
don't forget

Invocation,
Breathe Into,
Skin I,
Belly,
Skin II,
Water,
and Skin III.

und ich habe dir einen Kranz aus Rosen aufgesetzt

LUCKY YOU!
LUCKY ME!

the healing comes *from inside*
and *I am witness to that healing*, you say

[desire for healing]

listening

*und du durchläuft verschiedene
Stadien des Bewusstseins*

transformierend

[
Metamorphose

die Rosen auf deinem Kopf wachsen weiter
sie bilden Ranken um deinen Hals, deine Brust, deinen rechten Arm,
deinen linken Arm, deinen Bauch, deinen Rücken und über deine Beine
in den Boden in den Himmel
sie tragen dich

jetzt ist noch nicht Morgen
und jetzt ist noch nicht alles klar

Endlich.
Die Schwalben sind gekommen.

[pharmacon noise]

*und du atmest
atmest und schlüpfst selbst aus deinem Mund*

transcription

[listen to ICARO FOR THE SUN AND RAINBOW by Herlinda Augustin Fernandez]

2'16"

“In the beginning, there was only darkness, and in the middle of that darkness was a giant anaconda named Ronin, who encircled the Tree of Life in the Shipibo universe. This anaconda reflected back on her beautiful skin and began to sing the geometric patterns she saw, which then materialized to create the heavens, the stars, the earth, sun and moon, and all the creatures that inhabit these realms. A world made of song was the result of this action, and now every person and every living thing is imbued with their own distinct song pattern.”

To weave is to sing and to sing is to heal. And so goes the timeless process that the Shipibo shamans have used to heal their people for countless generations. They do this by using a variety of curing songs, called icaros, along with elaborate woven healing cloths, and the numerous plants and herbal remedies they cultivate in their rainforest enclaves. Every plant, herb, animal, and elemental spirit has its own icaro, which are learned by the shamans in their dreams, as a way of harnessing that spirit's curing power. This cosmology is explained best in the Shipibo creation myth about their main totem animal, the anaconda.

The word icaro is derived from the Quechua verb *ikaray*, which means “to blow smoke in order to heal”, a reference to the shamanic use of tobacco in their curing ceremonies. The icaro comes to the shaman either in dreams, or from drinking ayahuasca tea, the powerful sacrament that defines Amazonian shamanism. The icaro is heard in the spirit voice of the plant or animal spirit, at the same time as it appears as a geometric pattern in the mind of the shaman. This process, called synesthesia in western terminology, is where the song and its corresponding pattern are literally experienced at the same time, the pattern becoming the inspiration for the woven song cloths. The icaro song patterns are then woven into their garments and healing cloths, in a way that allows them to literally wear their music.

[blessings on the way]

you're facing the gardens of the gods

I can hear your voice_s

this present moment

lots of talks about

[silence the wild]

X
(even more silence)

searching for knowledge
which is lost

your mother used to read poetry to you

Gary: I remember Robert Browning's poem Pippa's Song

春の朝 ブラウニング

The year's at the spring, And day's at the noon; morning's at seven;
The hill - side's dew - pearl'd; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on
the thorn; God's in His heaven - All's right with the world !

(From dramatic poem "Pippa Passes") 時は春、日は朝 (あし

た)、朝 (あした) は七時、片岡 (かたをか) に露みち
て、揚雲雀 (あげひばり) なのりいで、蝸牛 (かたつむ
り) 枝に這 (は) ひ、神、そらに知ろしめす。すべて世は
事も無し。(劇詩“ピパ過ぎゆく”より)

[you are all hooked]

building small manageable groups

we need to fracture

[watch [EXEGESIS by Michael Dudeck](#)
8'39"

returning to a more ritual based society

we need to remove

I guess I have sort of a fantasy of how it can happen.

imagining Apocalypse in a beautiful way
you recognize slowly

that you are part of
PORTABLE GARDEN (2009–2013)
by Nicolás Paris

[TEXT *HIER* EINFÜGEN]

I feel like I would want to

[leere Hülle]

Fuckboy

(dabei denke ich an Johannes von Dassel)

MAYBE

You said wounded and then I didn't hear anything.

[saw it in a vision]

(Bestimme an dieser Stelle für dich selbst, wie die Figuren aussehen. Sie sind nicht ungewöhnlich groß oder klein, so viel kann ich sagen. Den *Titel* darfst du dir „AUS DEN MÜDEN AUGEN“ von Monika Rinck aussuchen: „Freiheit und Heimsuchung sind zwei Seiten / der gleichen Erfahrung. Wenn man eine Zukunft / voller Vergangenheit heraufbeschwört, gewährleistet / eine von Geistern heimgesuchte Freiheit, dass man / weitermachen und sich zugleich erinnern kann. – Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing: DER PILZ AM ENDE DER WELT. / Aus den müden Augen quillt der neue Tag. / Aus oder in? Mehrspurigkeit. Türen im Tunnel. / Verkehrsleitsystem. Müdigkeit am Morgen. / Weitermachen. Warum das nicht schneller geht? / Bohren. In den Sorgen bohren. Der Körper / macht das ganz fantastisch. Gib mir deinen Kopf.)

Ich knetete seinen Kopf und hoffte,
dass er meine Aufregung nicht riechen
würde, aber er erschlaffte schon bald in
meinem Schoß.

Dort lag er, zwischen meinen Beinen,
mit dem Kopf auf meinem Bauch.

Und er lag lange dort.

Ich wünschte mir, *du* wärst hier.

Du!

[growing pains]

und: Harmonie

IT IS FATE, MY FRIEND

[spit]

photos I wish I'd taken of you:

- submerged & peaceful face in the bath, hair flowing around you
- you sleeping on my shoulder in the tube
- you posing in front of Wolfgang Tillmans photo
- you with lasers
- you hysterical
- you in just Harvard sweatshirt and

[I masturbated today and didn't come.]

[listen to [I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE](#) by Dorit Chrysler]

3'35"



[*finally* listen to A HAPPY PLACE: BALANCE, CONTRAST, TENSION AND RESOLUTION by
Dorit Chrysler and don't expect anything else]

2'11"

just be comfortable

close your eyes

[presence]

bring your attention to that sense
there is a natural easyness with yourself

stop thinking

noticing

don't follow any thought

just be *here*

[there is no need to do something else]

[be aware what is going on within you]

staying like this

[completion]

If you feel a feeling of sleepyness or tiredness
in your body. It's ok. Don't identify with *this*.
You also observing *this*.

images are within you

Don't hold on to any idea or image. Don't describe, project, create, imagine.
[effortlessness]

There is too much there there. There is not enough of nothing in it.

5'00" Are you deaf
(by nature, choice, desire)
or can you hear
(externals, tympani, labyrinths in whack?)

10" By no means.

20"

(Hiss)

Eventually those

that were

not

30''

changing

begin suddenly

to change

40''

et vice versa ad infinitum.

A technique to be useful (skillful, that is)

must be such that it fails

50''

to control

the elements subjected to it. Otherwise

it is apt to become unclear.

And listening is best

in a state of mental

emptiness.

/SILENCE

TEXT *OBEN* EINFÜGEN:

It's magic!

[something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue]

We own a shrine of forgotten memories, but there were clear signs of faith and devotion throughout the space. Blue was contemplative like the sky towards which we dream and the sea in which we reflect. The idea was to keep us grounded between aspiration and impression, right?

und du trägst Federn
um deinen Körper.

(— a deitylike figurine covered with a painted had and cosmic

iconography.)

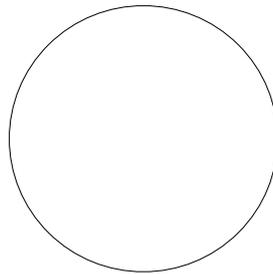
You spend a lifetime wishing, hoping, praying.

und du verteilst bunte Blüten
um einen blauen Spiegel
in der Mitte des Raumes.

Blatt für Blatt ordnest du sie
gleich einem Muster im Kreis an.
auch der Spiegel ist

[wieder diese Szene
die wir schon einmal
gesehen haben]

behutsam und
ohne Eile, es dauert
Stunden



über den Boden unsere
Zehen und Füße hoch
die Beine entlang bis über
den Kopf ranken die Pflanzen weiter
vollständig bedeckt, auch die Decke erreichen sie,

die Wand wird beinahe
bilden feingliederige Rhythmen

[Ornament]

erklingt
füllt sie den Raum

[ganz leise]

bis eine sonderbare Musik
von weit her

von Zeit zu Zeit etwas lauter

füllt die Körper

(übertoll)

ein Ineinander-übergehen-eingehen-fließen
Grenzen gibt es nicht
und du spürst ein leichtes Vibrieren unter deinem kleinen Zeh
und es wächst sich aus [langsam] zu einem Wummern
es könnte sich dabei um Stunden handeln
sicher ist das nicht oder von Bedeutung

genieße noch eine Weile diese Freiheit
dieses Aufgelöst-sein

nicht verorten

My *body* is my space suit.

I love how some poems just start doing themselves to you
and you don't even know what's happening, and it's not
until they're over that you go, fuck, I think that was a poem!

[leading from alternate nostril breathing to eating dirt]

call them: „Die Herrenlosen“
[processions]

und plötzlich breitet sich dein Land aus
unter dir ganz weit den Horizont kannst
du nicht sehen auch nicht erahnen lässt
er sich du vermutest er ist endlos

und die Wasser beginnen dich zu umspülen
trage dich fort hinein in das weite
Land deines doch nicht nur und
fast unmerklich ein Zittern dein Zittern
doch nicht nur es berührt
auch andere anderes [hier] in deinem Land
das jetzt nicht mehr unter dir ist

es hat dich bereits vollständig umschlossen

Bettina Landl [Text]
Times New Roman [Font]

AA Bronson's Sacre du Printemps
26.9–29.11.2015, Grazer Kunstverein
AA Bronson's Garden of Earthly Delights
19.9.–22.11.2015, Salzburger Kunstverein
[Bezüge]

Igshaan Adams, Interview 2019; Interview 2018
Michael Dudek, Interview 2018
Mooji, *Just remain empty, guided meditation* 2018
Edit 76, Herbst 2018
AA Bronson, Interview 2014
John Cage, *Silence. Lectures and Writings*, 1961
[Materialien]

Weitere Referenzen fortlaufend im Text.