

i don't remember what i was looking for, when i got there. There was something but i kind of lost it on the way and got stuck. Maybe it was a need for an overview, to be able to relativize things, to put expectations into proportion. Or to open up things and affect a structure that felt too rigid; to get an idea of something, not knowing what, but what i might have missed somehow. Probably I just wanted to look up something. In the end, i can't say if i got what I wanted, if that's how an overview feels like or if things rather became more blurry. Rather i left with an amount of information that is hard to map out. It seemed that it built up a membrane around me; a shaded fog, in which i am not even sure if affects can get through. i could make out no constellation or concrete objects, but for a dusty cloud. It's not even that there are clear singular particles, that the things are dissolving. Rather they are not even things that could dissolve: no language wants me to identify anything. Usually i should be used to being short sighted.

Weirdly things often seem to be more clear, when i can't really see them. As if there is a balance to hold between what my eyes see and what i imagine from within. It feels true even though there is less of a proof for it and i am wondering about whether there actually can be an objectivity in images and in how far one's own imagination is an essential part in figuring things out. To see doesn't seem to be a physical process anymore – not distinguishable from the image my mind created.

dreamy figures, distorted corporealities, shapes running through,  
glares, Bokeh, lense flare

I know there is a romanticization in being blinded; blinded to an incapacity of analytical senses. And this has many potentials for idealising things. But wouldn't that just be the case when trying to make objective sense of it and take for granted that there is no other? When the things are sorted into a central perspective room, constructed, cleaned out, clear. A room which defines my position in certain spots of control, a room which I would assume to be more than the world that I created and which confirms what I was intending, when I constructed it, but with no way of me reacting to it. A mathematical geometrical model tries to simulate the work of the eye, but one where there is no focus, because everything is sharp anyway.

In 17th, 18th century still lifes, things were painted unusually hyper realistically. At least in the sense that they confront you with an insane amount of detail compared to what you would actually expect to see. Detail that lets one wonder what the picture is actually about. Even though everything was sharp there were many moments that countered the idea that it was just about the apples, grapes or cups. Instead details were dislocating the focus of the beholder. The moment of excitement left the delicacy of the fruits towards reflections in the grapes, showing the room behind, or the painter painting the still life, or the maggots that questioning the delicacy you expected from the first sight. This over saturation of details shifts the attention and distorts the ability to locate oneself as a viewer. Time is as much confused as space. i wonder if within that there was already a starting critic of an insisting transparency of epistemology and against the tools that were invented to let us see sharper. Instead of looking far, these still lifes were actually holding one in short distance, in a forced macro, in little niches and even the little hints or windows into exactly that room, where they are laying, were producing a claustrophobic limbo. A moment where this amount of information and its idea of transparency feels like an opaque sticky surface (even though it's hard to tell for what) with no way out.

i remember that i hated this moment at the optician, when i was trying on the new glasses that were specially made to offer me a better sight. But instead of clarity everything became flat. There was no

background or foreground which distinguished what is closer. Before, everything that was sharp was in a way intimate. And i loved the permanent confrontation with things that i couldn't quite yet figure out. i would have to do an effort to discover them. This unconsciousness allowed me to hope for alternatives. And what i saw seemed to be rather about relations, not about defined entities – a moment when i paradoxically allow to identify things within these relations. There was no need to draw edges, because fades were connecting everything. But in this moment everything seemed flat and static, while in its amount hectic. Suddenly I got this urge for either control or escape. Less feeling, no depth, no offering of ideas of things that could be graspable. Rather i then saw that everything was visible and that i had to simultaneously hunt behind it to get a glimpse of what i could have felt if i/t just had been directly there. I didn't have an intention or expectations that could be either succeeded and fulfilled or missed, but this transparency, this clarity put me in distance.

Here i am writing with an i that is not capitalized. That isn't sitting, but also not moving. that is a stroke with a flying dot on top, a little figure that only partly tries to find orientation. A dot that is no vanishing point, because there are no vanishing lines, but one to which lines could be drawn through or around. Even though it's hard to accept that also the small i is standing on one spot, it seemed more wrong to let it move into one or the other direction all alone. But the I seemed to be the vanishing line that constructs the space, that is a measurement, a segment between two markings. It is one that could be moving in one direction, but has no chance to distort in several.

Sometimes i try to change the order in which the things in my room are staged. just to confront myself with this bit of the other – to get away from the I and my point of control. i liked it to try to relocalize myself without the need to find my position. But when everything is sharp I am also kind of everywhere. Over time I became used to it, and managed to get a bigger overview. Less intimidated I am trying to see myself from many points, a bit distorted. But i/I am still trying to find this flexible identification, this reflection on the surface of the things or this extra information that isn't articulated; this idea of an abstract blurry and unsharp localization in things that present themselves to me as in fact obviously clear.

