

The
script and
Dr. Zhivago.

It is probably a quite usual procedure for any writer to start the text with a paragraph about the circumstances in which the text is going to be conducted. For me now here and now it is almost an issue of living or dying. Where am I? On the green patio. I don't know exactly what a patio is, but I guess the space that I'm observing right now and that I observed all the terrible unproductive days that preceded- since I received the news that the very last deadline is looming over my writer's block. It is the year of the three autumns and now in my green painted space in the middle of the house I have reached the third one. The green color is prevailing everywhere I look at except the many leaves that fall down onto the floor, that lost their green and turned into yellow. The room is an interior room in many ways except it has no ceiling. Some violet blossoms are looking down over the wall every day even in the late autumn and still I gravitate more and more into the corner of the big room from trying to be in the sun first and later preferring the darker parts as if trying to avoid any possible public sighting. In the extremely strong contrast between a very light side of the space and the darkness of the shadowy corner that predicts the time after the end of the autumn. But the autumn is not the only obvious and hard hitting phenomenon that expresses both beauty and angst of signs of temporality. The surfaces of the old house have many traces of decades, the combination of wall, glass and metal and the old green terracotta floor with the little glass bricks in between can sometimes make me nervous about my present own condition, specially while trying to push myself into a new writing exercise. But the quality of exercising play with sentences is impossible in such deadline panic condition. I'm sitting on the side of the patio now, I go back, I take a cigarette and enter the extreme strong and bedazzling light on the other side of the room. The deadline. The deadline. The deadline. The deadline. Quite for some time I tried deadline therapy but its not the deadline panic alone, it is the writers block that has to be healed at the end of the year without writing. I keep dictating into the skype contact person, interrupting me: "maybe I should type faster so you can just talk instead of 'writing', then you just go back and fix words later" "Ok, and maybe we write that down too" I say.

Ok, so I look up to the sky as we want to focus on a thought without perceiving what we see, but here I'd perceive and it sounds too heavy in the middle of my patio almost narcissistic writing meditations, and I didn't want to mention that, but there are around me these 15 floor high rise buildings, although much later built than the house I am in, they all look very crumbled from the bad earthquake a short time ago. Like most of them in the district, nobody is allowed to enter any more. And the whole district seems quite deserted and only a few people walking by. And I am in the despicable situation to think of my interior year of not being able to get into the flow of writing my impressions or whatever down. It seems all like an important wearisome interview to me and I was always unable to answer questions that seem decisive. My only hope for doing this was since a week an old interview with Joan Didion I found and to take a little healing inspiration from it. I was thinking to take her answers and make them, turn them, into questions on my own writing and answer just her and not think of anyone else and not of the place where the text will go to but only as she suggest in the interview to look at the place where the writer exercises.

She is saying for instance, and that when she looks at her own text it reads more like a transcript for talking technically about herself and her writing modes, that it more sounds like as if done by an apprentice plumber of fiction. And later she adds, that writing appears to her actually in general as if it was a hostile act to the reader. Why is it a hostile act? Asks her interviewer. Because it is like the same as telling somebody your dream or your nightmare. And as we all know, she answers, nobody wants to hear about someone else's dream, good or bad. Nobody wants to walk around with your dream. So the writer is always tricking the reader into listening to the dream.

Of course now I am asking myself in my green patio after slowly moving into the most shadowy corner with my chair, that there is no writing left for me even if it would be to tell the worse thing, the dream. Yes? Anyhow the topic I was supposed to write about is what is a script. I guess the questions means, what is the hidden script in the text? - especially if it is as boring and annoying and painful and hostile to be read.

After many months of shifting the deadline I thought that there is a solution for me and my writing in what could be my script for a text. It seems only possible to me to find a script for a text, if it is well connected to my own life and that the script is a script of my or your own life. So it struck me that I suddenly remembered that some books one might have read, independent from their quality sometimes develop such an intense unconscious impact that the script of the book appears as the script of ones own life, as if it would be an almost metaphysical script for it. As I took some days ago a plane haunted by the deadline duty, I remembered that the possible script for me might be the Doctor Zhivago novel by Boris Pasternak. And instead I have many years ago forgotten to finish the book and stopped reading it short before its last chapter, or in other words the description of the last eight to ten years of the life of Doctor Zhivago. So on the whole way to the house here, on the plane and already in the taxi, I read it as if I would follow the events of the last years of a tortured life and how he lost his quite civilized attitudes towards end of life in an historic situation of the most poor conditions and the last things he produced were little booklets with notes on life and on science and many other quite random topics, sometimes mingled with little exercises of poetic thoughts.

my
script with
hundertwasser

We were driving through endless deserts for hours facing out the window watching the posts of electricity pass one of them following the other. "come il mio lavoro", as if lacking strategy, lacking concept, but following some imagination just putting one post into the earth and when it is done putting the next without being preoccupied making endless lines in the desert. The electric pass lines made me believe, I had not done wrong. On waking up It was raining and looking at my balcony I saw that it was like a boat in the rain and since it was my working room too, my studio in front of the window, quite dangerous to fall down, even really deep down, I thought, but did not like the metaphor. I started to paint over the white lines in the letters stiched onto a new jacket, spelling dallas cowboys. As my father pulled me along the rainy square in of city, in the center, between the many grey coats and the pale masks of their faces I recognized the man we met briefly earlier on, who gave me a weird wild excitement. He was passing by and as I felt immediately with great sadness was pretending not to have seen us, as if avoiding to again contact me. He disappeared between everyone else as he went erect and looked up his eyes moving left and right above us. This moment was to me like, look the sweetest uncle, he comes down the hill already he is singing and dancing, but then he was just missing me. I did not know what a painter and artist he was, but remembered his name was hundertwasser. A year later I started hating school I started hating the straight lines of the proposals for the future and suddenly saw him again in the newspaper on the sofa in a photo as he was sitting on his boat with a painting on his knees like a laptop. As always everyone around me talked about him split between slightly funny and with some admiration about his most recent public adventures and that he lives and works on his boat and goes to far away lands, his works were expensive and he had not to worry like us about material life. Maybe Maybe Maybe.

I would like to write, but now I am an artist and I am not sure what to do. Only except that I like the fateful photograph and the painter in it. Nobody else seemed to really have liked him within the institutions.

And I also thought of him as the good uncle. I often lied many times, when I asked someone, what you think about Hundertwasser, they just laughed „that is not art“ and I joined but my heart it was bleeding.

In such betrayal if repressed the great fact that once long ago I felt suddenly through him there was another place in my life as if very close to us but so unrelated, that much later the to me so fateful photo of him on his boat turned into my own line of life and after crisis and crisis its impact made me believe i could be an artist myself.

The photo became the leading star, the comet that I followed.

WHYHW

As his boat and the photo, HW, the rich artist and mysterious uncle, disappeared from imagination but I traveled with my immaterial studio, never really having an actual one myself, once I came to live in between the endless traveling in an apartment and found always next to me on the sofa or on the bed, a HW book put there for the pleasure of the passing through visitors. Maybe he tried to write his own biography, maybe somebody else wrote it, I do not even remember that, but describing when he was as a very young man, how he survived the years before 45 in Vienna by pretending he was an active member of HJ the youth of the nazi movement and by exaggerating such an act, as he did for many years, and suffered so greatly telling himself that HJ instead means to him in his loneliness, 'half jew' fearing constantly the revelation of his identity. In the last days of the war the group of young nazi's around his house were ordered into an earth hole to defend the city against the incoming liberation armies. When the other young men came to his house to pick him up to go there, it came out of him against all his fears and terror, that he yelled from the window 'HJ means I am half jew!' That moment he felt he did not want to do such a statement but still it came out of him. The young Nazis ran away themselves in fear and terror suddenly of him, it was impossible to join and so he stayed away from them. The next day he heard the whole group went to the earth hole and a bomb fell in the same minute and they were dead. From then on he frequented the streets as a young man, experienced the liberation, and felt that he could not do anything else or do as the others. Then he started traveling, first to Italy and then he traveled north Africa, to Tunisia, Maroc etc and occupied himself with making watercolors. He got some knowledge of Klee and he once said he was on foot and saw the blue port at night out doors and he painted it. It was the first night outdoors amongst the rocks above the sea. The freedom from bed and house was new to him and he was alone and completely overwhelmed, he said. That day he made the first precursors of the spiral. „I was surprised at how simple it was and then wanted to persuade everybody to paint that beautifully too. It was my key, my crucial picture. From then on I was a painter. From then on I was free. I had found the way back to myself“ said HW.