

AN EPITAPH
FOR THE WORLD
WE ARE LEAVING
BEHIND

Percival Space

2012

An Epitaph for the World We are Leaving Behind

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1 for the past

1 for the future

Winter Solstice

21-12-12



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The image in Silje Linge Haalands work is from the book:
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Percival Space

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www.percivalspace.com

Oslo
2012

The days have been getting darker. Many have believed that the world we have been part of until now would come to an end this year, at winter solstice. Some have believed that at this ending, something new will begin. Others have believed that we first will go through a time of utter chaos. Others again, although very few, have believed that after this day there will be nothing more.

We all remember the past. We talk about art and literature, we talk about our childhood and our youth, our love and our loss of love. We talk about the days we have spent in each others company, and we talk about the days we have spent alone, walking the forests or the city streets.

Pretend for a moment that this past is no longer the fundament from which we build our future. Pretend we are leaving the past behind, as one leaves a lover or a language which no one any longer speaks. Pretend for a moment, that on this darkest of all days, we will indeed leave this world behind.

We, Percival Space, believe that the time to reinvent our ways has come. The structures of our society and our interactions can no longer go on the way they have. Marking our appreciation of the days that have been, we have invited artists and poets to participate in this epitaph for the world we are leaving behind.

21-12-12

RAGNHILD AAMÅS

OSLO

2012

her ligger vår jord

ikkje så mykje at verda fall frå kjedet og

fragmenterte, men heller slik: verda var i

barselposisjon, meir fødsel enn knus-død, verda

blir mor

\./

not so much the end of our planet as the end of a

reality constituted on temporality

like Ty having his arm removed, not a
meaningless loss, but a loss
the arm lives on, ohne body

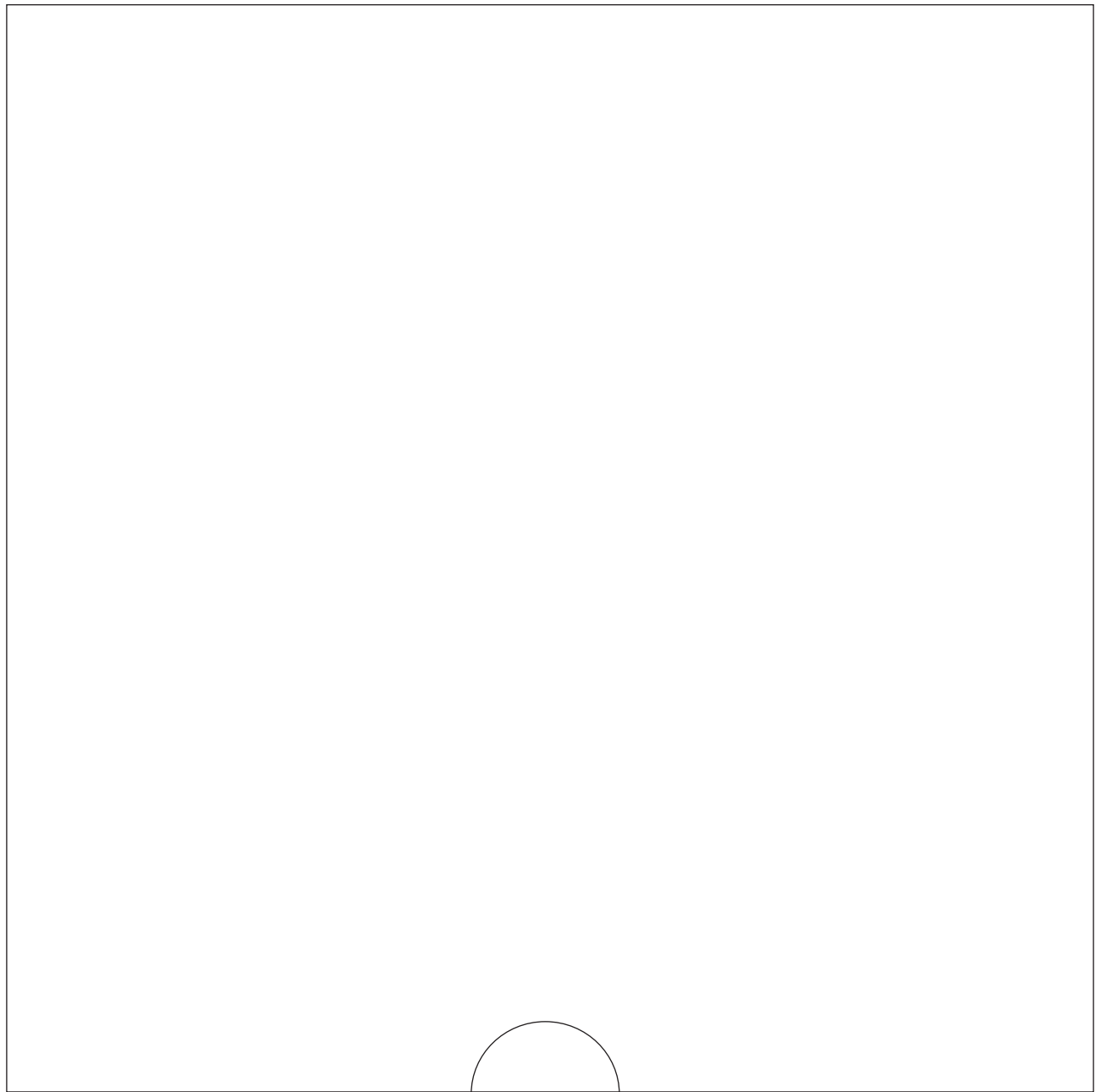
\\./

verda finn sin Id idet ein forstår, ein ser, at ein
tapar ikkje alle verder, kun ein mogleg (in)variant

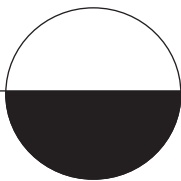
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så blir verda asfaltstøv
fordi vi likna verda mot naturen og naturaliserte
den som 'heime', som 'kvile', fryktar vi tapet,
men ver ikkje redd vakre, du skal sove utan
jordfeste, trygt i svev mlm lyse punkt

BIANCA BALDI



FRANKFURT



2012

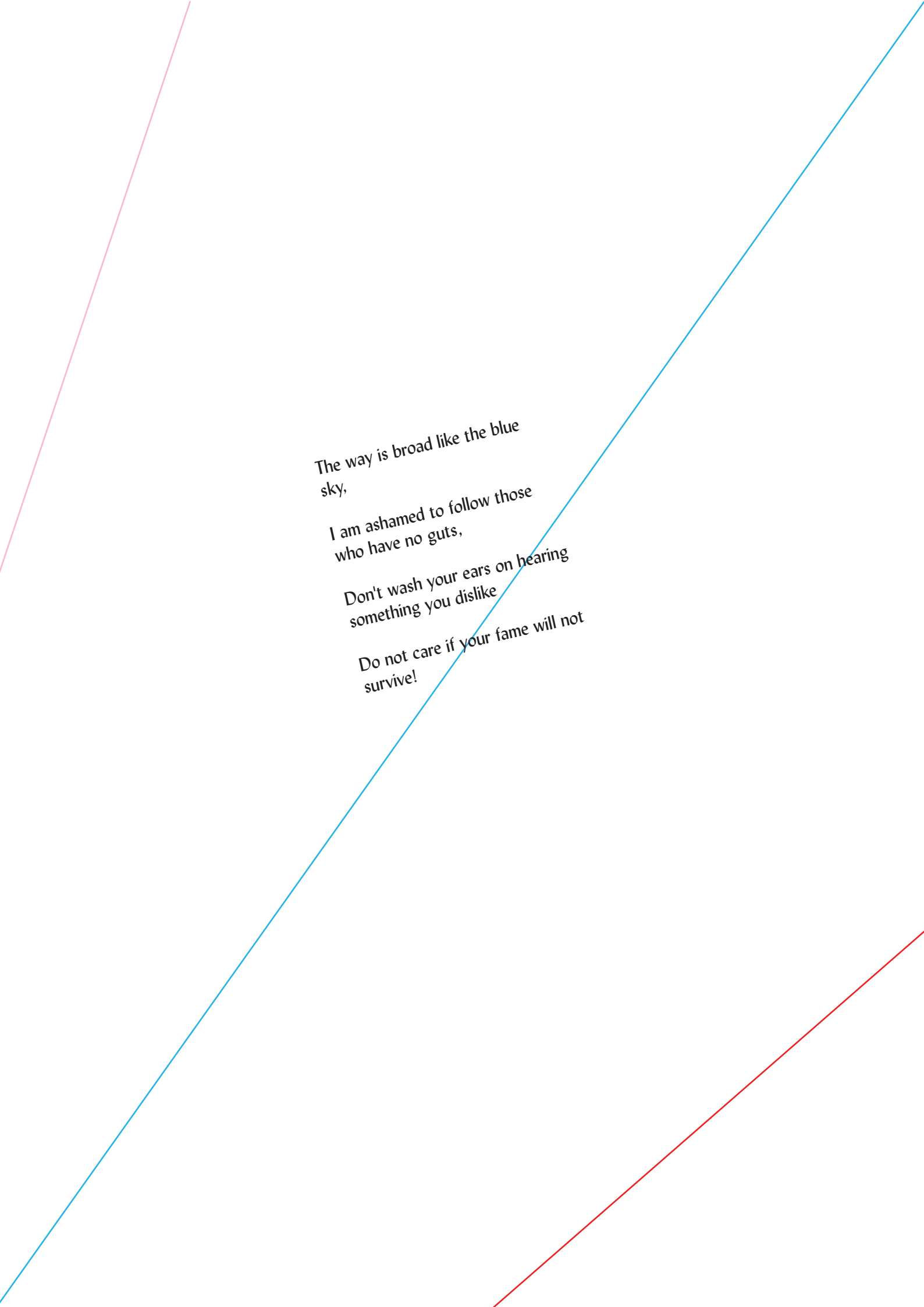
une mémoire pure de sang humain



ALEJANDRA SALINAS
& AERON BERGMAN

OSLO

2012



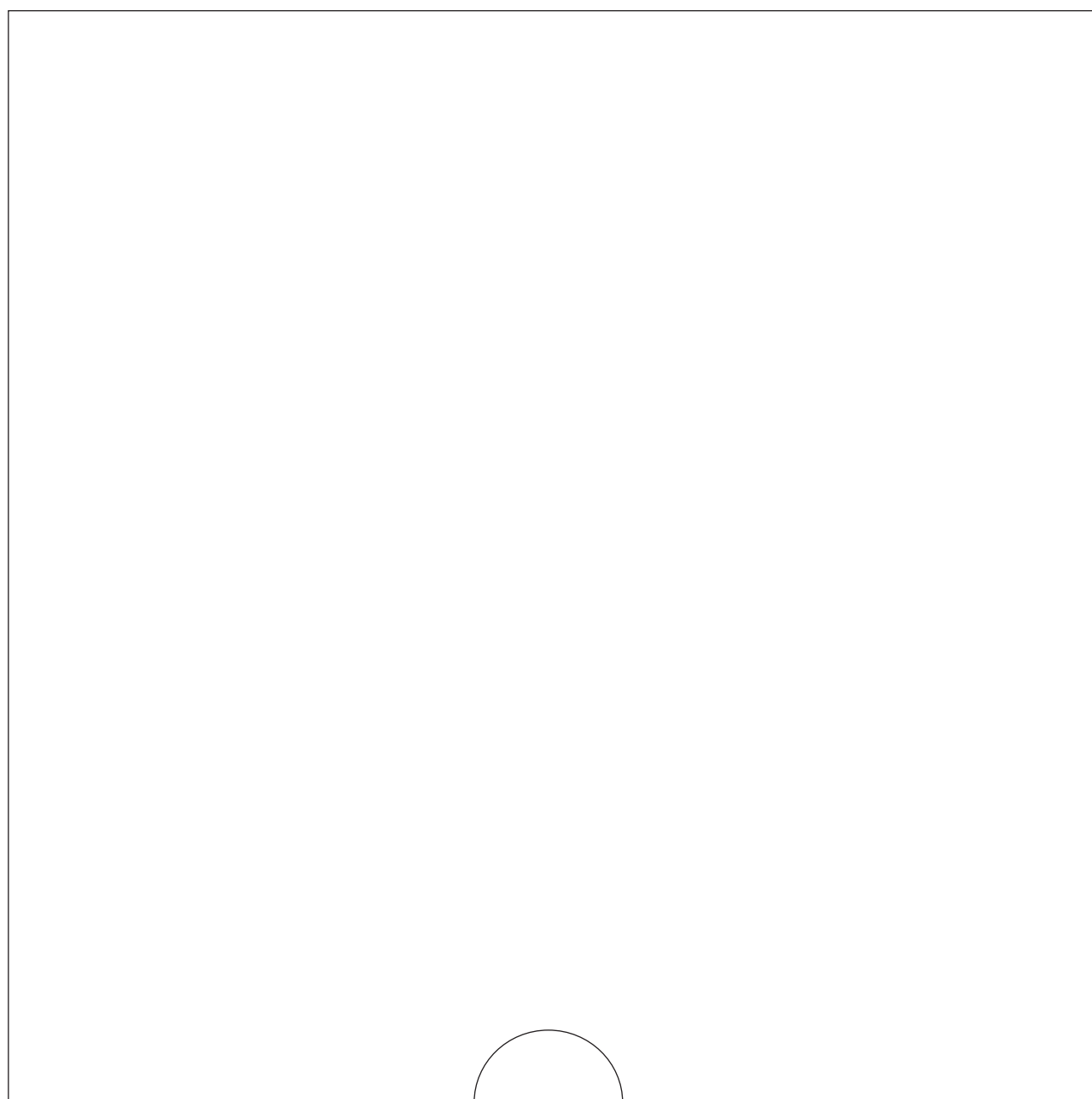
The way is broad like the blue
sky,

I am ashamed to follow those
who have no guts,

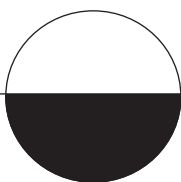
Don't wash your ears on hearing
something you dislike

Do not care if your fame will not
survive!

MARCO BRUZZONE



BERLIN



2012



L8R

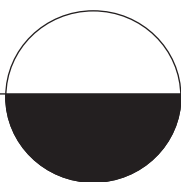
G8R

KARIN ERIXON

Strömlinjeformad

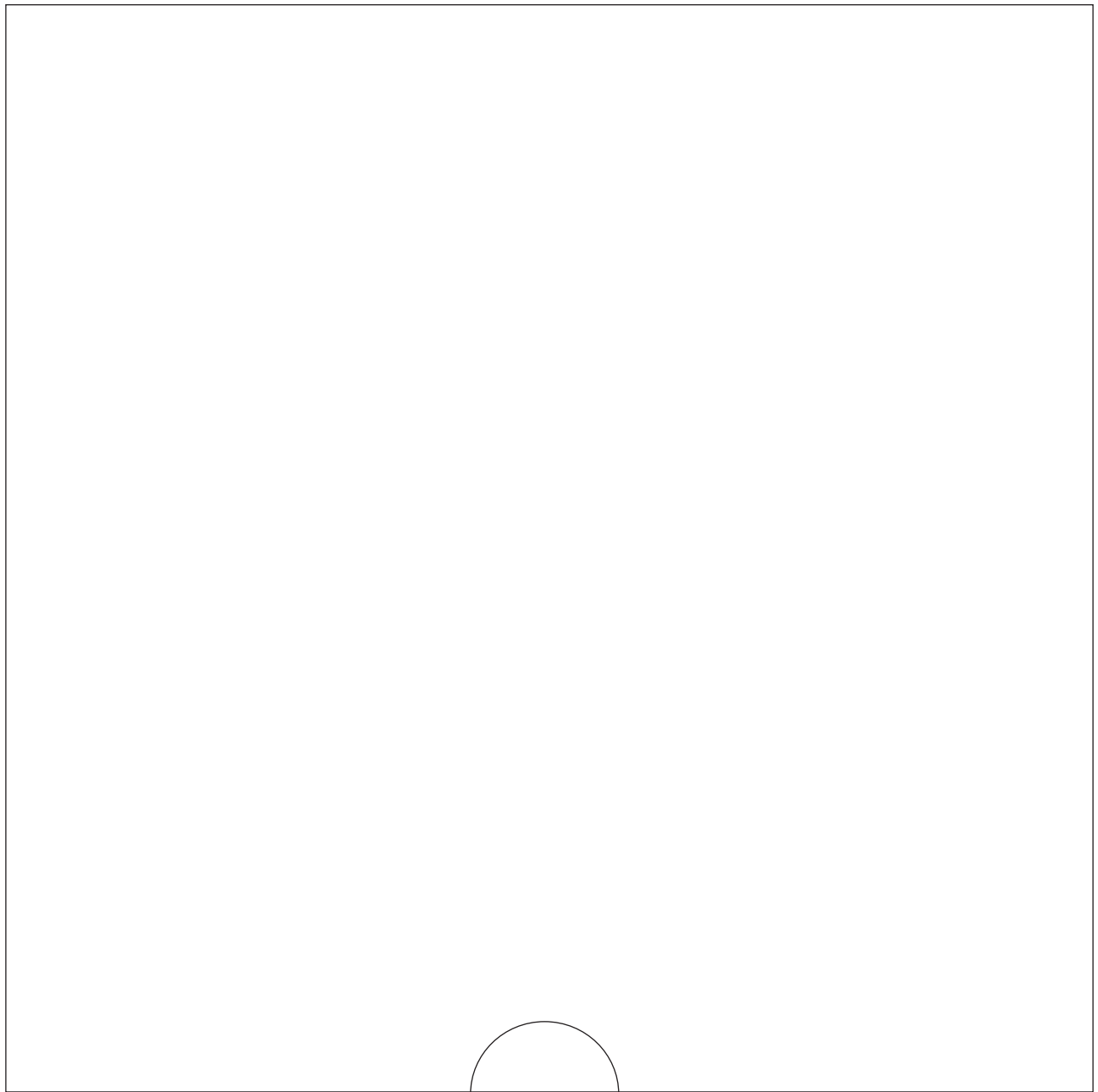
OSLO

2012



<http://www.percivalspace.com/stromlinjeformad.html>

ANDREW DE FREITAS



FRANKFURT

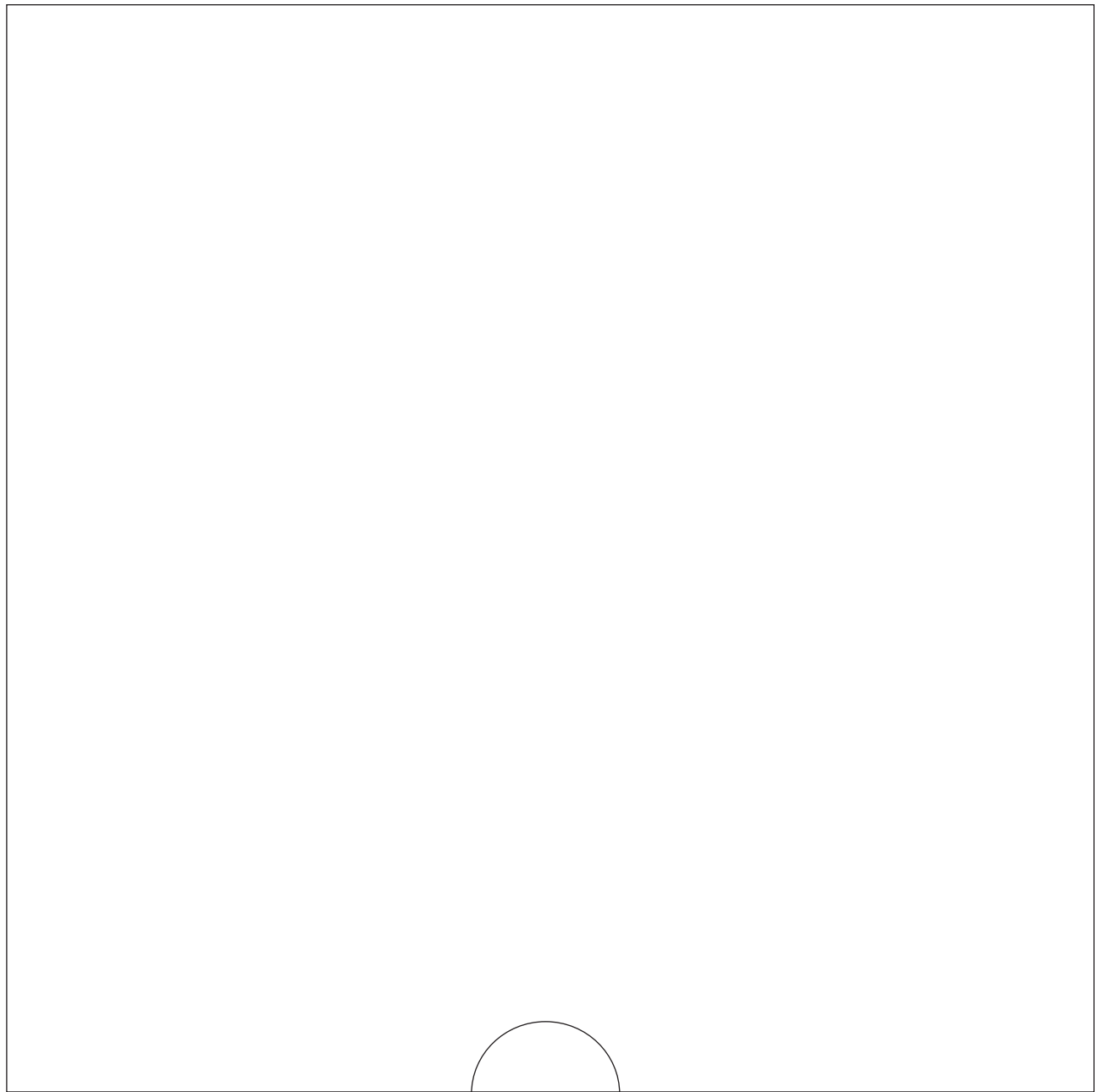
2012

Not really understanding how we've organized ourselves the way we've organized ourselves.

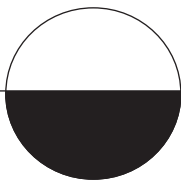


In the Bible they described how when someone died, people who were close to the deceased would tear off their clothes and put on sack cloth. Which must be very uncomfortable, and of course that was the intention. Something about being more aware of your flesh and your situation as living. So, you have this moment where a person you're capable of loving dies. Meaning they're no longer living. And there's a disconnect between what you think and feel and what you're capable of communicating, so you tear off your clothes. Even if they're all the clothes that you have. You've torn off your clothes and your skin is exposed. Death and then nudity. Your skin exposed to whatever's around you, and also everything else if you think about it that way. Then you find a rough dirty uncomfortable sack, tear holes in it, and wear it as a covering whilst you mourn. You don't really know how to mourn, what exactly to do. But after some time you'll be ready to go on living again anyway. You haven't any clothes but you'll organize some and then you'll go on living again. It's someone else who is dead but something definitely happened to you, too. It's difficult to try and think decisively about whether or not you love the world. But it's the world, as a setting, that makes loving possible. Maybe nothing has changed and maybe nothing will ever really change, but there is always death and there are sometimes moments when something rouses us to tear off our clothes and be naked for a moment. At least that's the way it used to be. Putting on sack cloth until things have settled in to a satisfactory flow. Then going out looking for something more comfortable to wear.

SILJE LINGE HAALAND



OSLO



2012

You know,
eksplosjonen begynner på toppen. Sprenger mot bakken.
Fargesprakende, så hvit lysstripe. Hundre farger, så ned
mot bakken og ned mot en farge og inn i pinnen.

Det begynte med røyk fra en sky. Tok lang tid, røyken sev
ut. Jeg tenker tiss i liten mengde, jeg tenker pfff. Sev ut.
Det skjedde høyt over oss, laaaangt opp. Det sev bare ut.
Ble grå røyksky over den hvite. Den hvite var stille. Den
grå gjallet. Did you hear the grey cloud, and how it made
a shrill, resonating sound? It echoed in the other clouds.
Like this. Not like that. Like this.

Under skyene folk i prosesjon. Tjue, tretti, fem og tjue
stykker. Gule, grønne, røde drakter. Svart hår. De
trampet i takt, frem med foten. Armene oppover nedover
bøyd. Strak hånd mot albuen. Pusten, hodet svinger mot
oss, mot de andre, mot oss, inn og ut med hodet, hører,
halsen bølget.

Prosesjonen tok plass. Vi sto mot kanten. En presset meg
mer mot kanten. Luktet sinnsykt godt. Prosesjonssoldatene
var kvinner og menn. Langt hår. Røyk fra munnen. Så
kom det gnister fra skyen. Så kom det ildregn, det regnet
ildregn. Folk skvatt, men ble lei. Det tok tid. De snakket.
Så kom eksplosjonen. Det drønnet under skyen, larmer i
hodet. Folk ble irritert, provosert. Noen gikk. Ristet på
hodet. Tre ristet på hodet.

Prosesjonen var uberørt av eksplosjonen, de var der for
noe mer. De øvde, holdt show. Jeg trodde de var der for
eksplosjonen. Han som presset var der for eksplosjonen.
Han var fra Serbia, snakket lite norsk, lite øst, lite vest.

Ekspljosjonen skjøt mot bakken. Svakt avtakende lyd.
Brukte tid, ble mindre i rykk, ikke smooth, ikke smooooth.
Men som fra stein til simkort. Traff gresset med en pinne.
Pinnen i et hull. Come over and worship the stick right?
Like at New Year's Eve, you worship the stick. You light
the stick and it explodes. Like this, right, aha, mhm.

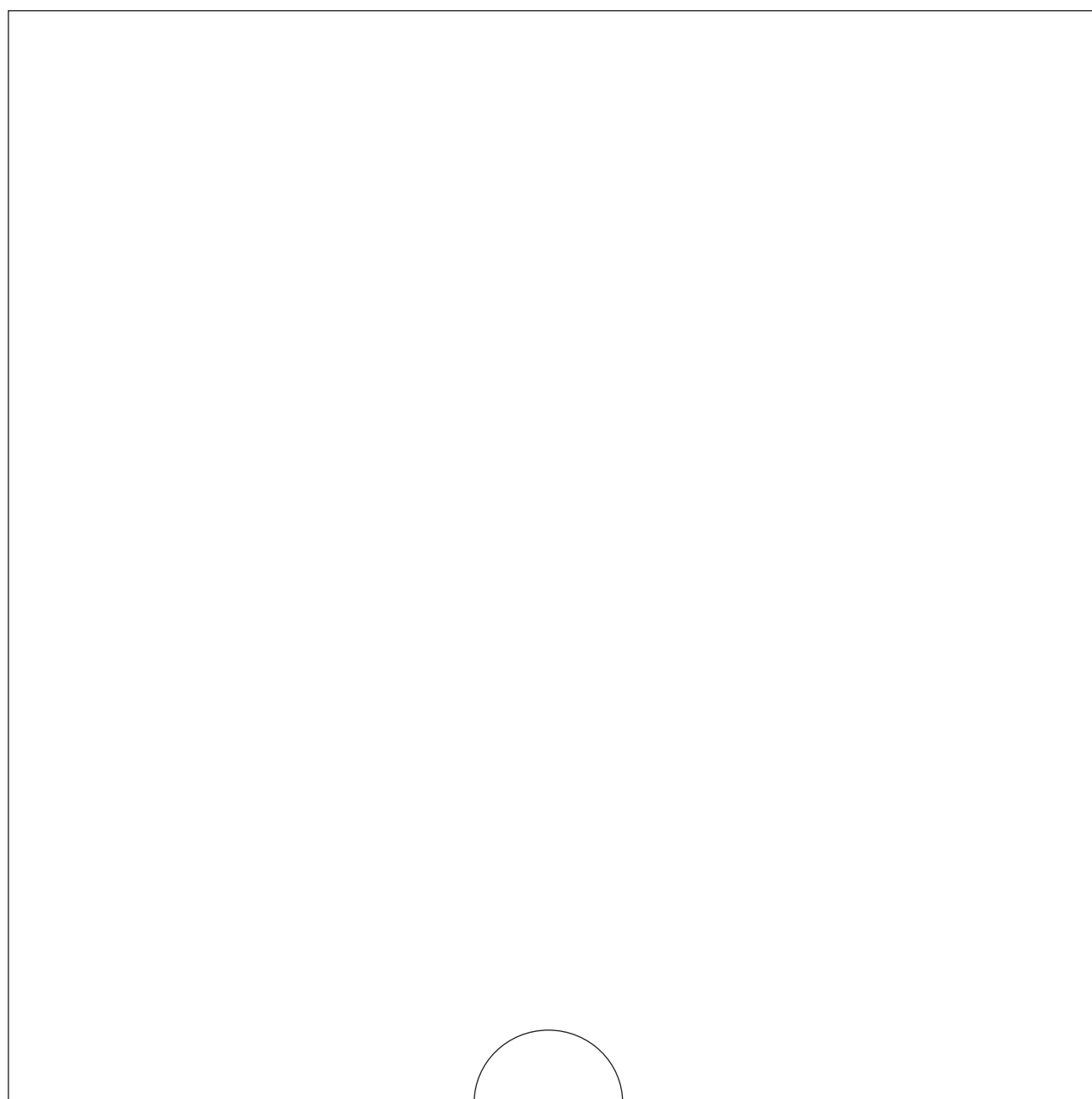
Pinnen var stafettens start. Ble raskt plukket opp av
han som sto nærmest. Han sprang. En runde. Shorts
og t-skjorte. Gul, syntetisk shorts. Han sprang en runde
rundt prosesjonen. Der sto en sprinter og trippet. Trippet
og hoppet med kroppen. Hånden og hodet bakover
mot pinnen. Folk kom foran. Vi så ikke mer. Men vi så
eksplosjonen. Men vi var skuffet. For dette som alt, endte
opp i stafett. Endte opp i stafett right? Did you see that
woman? The one in red. She had smoke coming out of
her mouth when she breathed.

Bærer hendene oppover bærer hendene forover bærer hendene sidelengs. Bil kommer opp, flekker på døren flekker i ansiktet flekker i håret til sjåføren. Det kommer eksos ut av bilen, det kommer eksos ut av munnen til han som kjører bilen.

Did you see it? Hello, excuse me – or what it is you say when you're sorry. Did you see it? Did you see the explosion? Jeg sto på toppen. Alt var bak meg, ingenting var foran, jeg bannet og ropte på gud. Min gud min gud hvorfor i helvete? Jeg lo og nikket, en stein falt, småstein for etter, steiner traff hverandre. Jeg svarte. Holdt en slange mot himmelen. Holdt en slange mot himmelen fra Adams tid.



FLAKA HALITI



FRANKFURT

2012

I tried to send you a message on your phone last night, read:

"I picked a star from the sky for you - here it is - pling - in your hands, goodnight kiss" but it did not get through - sending failed.

Please come here. I'm fed up of waiting. I don't understand. I miss you so much. I think you are special, and this is not because I like your face or your body (for sure I do)!

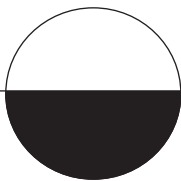
Haven't heard from you in an eternity. Sure, I missed you...What did you expect? What's this, no voice from you? What's up? Gosh, throw a pillow or say something, even sarcastic.

LIV KRISTIN HOLMBERG

Lyser fred over minnet

BERLIN

2012



I vår kultur er det slik at man helst må være død for å ha noe å si. De døde blir bedre hørt enn de levende. Du og jeg lever her sammen med de døde. Hva er det som forbinder oss til døden? Det er angsten og hukommelsen. Vi lukker øynene for det som er. Døden finnes ikke der noe er. Du er om døden ikke finnes. Dette er kulturens egentlige oppgave. Å tilby oss livet.

Senere denne kvelden er vi samlet. Under et kulturevenement i Oslo på grunn av sirkulerende angsttanker fra oldtiden. Mange venter på at noe skal skje. Denne venten er døden. Stillstand er uten liv. Tryggheten krever oss døde. Livet krever oss levende.

Jeg tror det alt har skjedd, det du venter på.

Det inntraff en gang i romantikken. Da vi fetisjerte hukommelsen som menneskets ypperste egenskap.

Selvsagt er det mye vi bør huske.

Kulturen er en symfoni dirigert av de døde. Vi levende, lever i minnet av det tapte. Av det store. Vi forsøker å gjøre oss fri, på alle mulige måter (ignorere, opponere, rabulere), men nei, historien sitter som limt til våre kropper. Vi er ikke frie. På grunn av den høyt skattede menneskelige egenskap – hukommelsen. Nietzsche påpekte dette for hundre år siden. Men det hjelper ikke. Å være bevisst at vi er fanget, er kanskje et steg nærmere friheten enn å tro at man *ikke* er fanget. Likevel, jeg tror, denne tiden vi er inne i, kanskje vil det vise seg at det likevel finnes en utvei. Til at vi kan bli levende før vi dør på ordentlig.

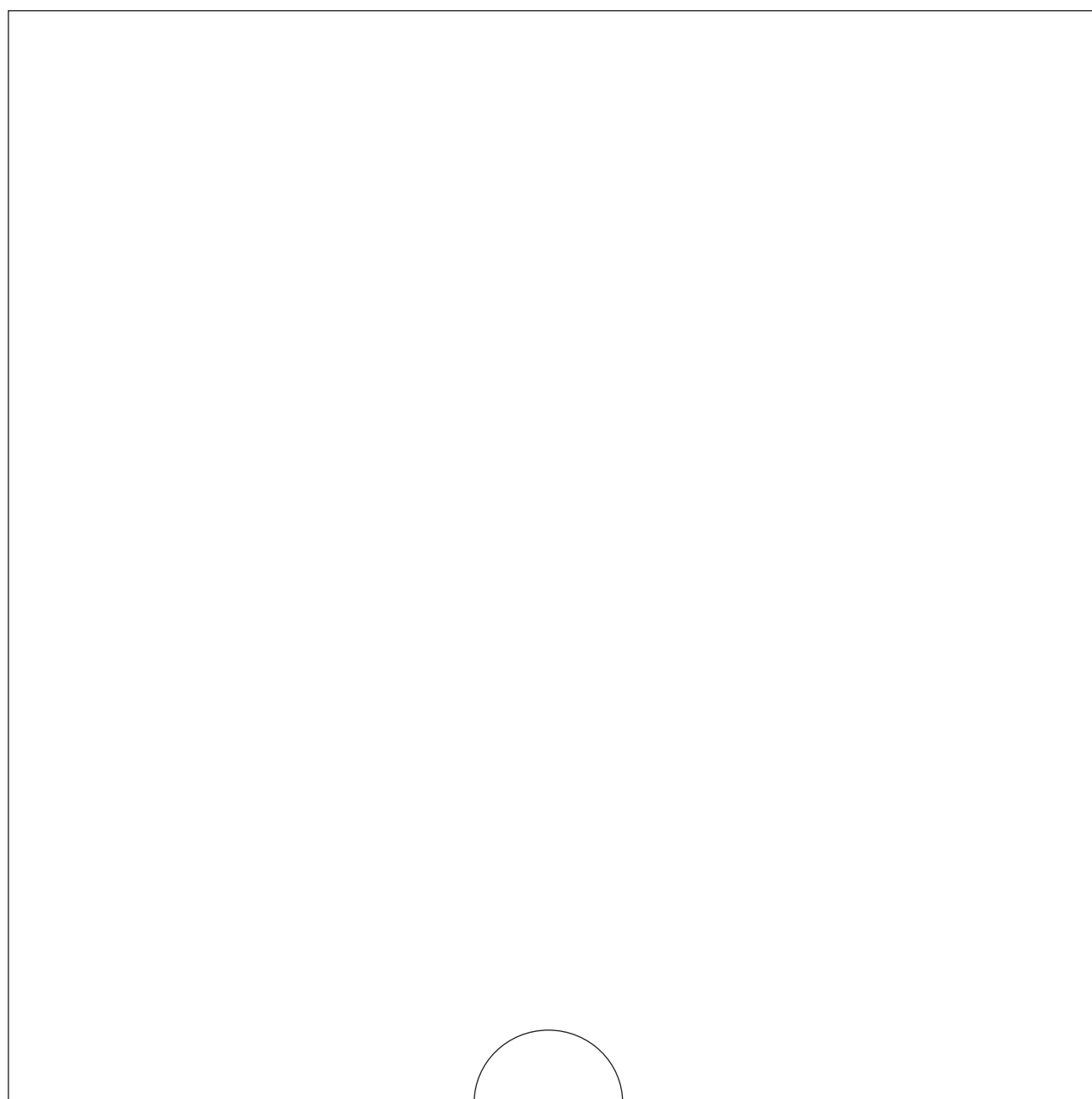
Kanskje er verden inne i en renselsesprosess, et paradigmeskifte, som skjer, sakte, sakte, i våre hjerner. Om vi vil. Om vi åpner opp for det.

Vi vet fra psykologiske eksperimenter at minner er noe som kan konstrueres. Med andre ord, fortiden kan gjenskapes i våre sinn. En fantastisk mulighet! Men jeg vil likevel påstå, det hjelper oss ikke. Siden det er selve minnet som står i veien for livet, som kleber oss til det allerede tapte. Men kan det være mulig å konstruere glemsel? Intensjonell glemsel? Du kan forsøke nå, glemme det du har gjort i dag. Glemme det du sa nå nettopp. Glemme det du hørte på radioen. Glemme det du lærte på skolen. Glemme ditt navn. Glemme den du elsker. Glemme språket. Glemme deg selv.

Jeg tror ikke vi trenger å dra det så langt. Det kan holde med én ting. Som en oppstart i glemselens kunst. For jeg tror nemlig det er noe du bør glemme, noe du virkelig ønsker å glemme, noe du lenge har forsøkt å glemme. En historie, en skyld, noe uopprettelig, et sort hull inni deg selv, av skam, av anger, av andres skam, av andres anger. Jeg vil at du skal finne dette sorte hullet, vi har det alle inni oss. Et sted i deg selv, som er som en knute. Som låser deg, holder deg tilbake. Holder tilbake det kommende. Holder deg tilbake fra livet.

Dette er ikke kunst. Dette er et forsøk på aktivere noe vi ellers ikke liker. Vi liker å holde fast i, ha kontroll. Hukommelsen hjelper oss med dette. Glemsel er det motsatte, glemsel er å slippe, slippe opp, slippe inn, slippe ut. Glemsel er farlig. Vi kan gjenta de dødes ugjerninger. Og vi kan miste det vi hadde fremfor å miste det vi har.

RUNHILD HUNDEIDE



OSLO

2012

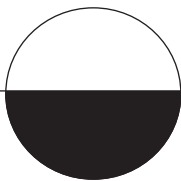
THE WIDOW NOW LEFT PUTREFYING DISSIPATED IN MULTIPLICITY PAVING THE WAY
AS BLOCKS OF ICE MELT BEFORE HOARDERS GATHER.
THIS INTRINSIC CALAMITY- STRIPPED SLAYED SKINNED.
ROAMING DISSOLVED DRENCHED BY OBLIVION, A VIRAL MASQUERADE, SENSED AND SEEN
YET NOT ACTED UPON YET NOT REACHED.
EONS OF SPUING HOLLOW MONOLITHIC TUBES UNTIL IN THE MIDST A SOLE SLIVER
UNCOILS AND THE SURFACE PERFORATES

INGELA IHRMAN

Tellus Ruber

STOCKHOLM

2012



Oroliga tider har varit.
Oroliga tider väntar oss nu.

Ur vidgade hål sprutar hetta och flammor.
Årtusenden efter årtusenden av utbrott.
Bolmande askgrå skitmoln.

Du spränger och vrålar av kraft.
Evigt kokande jord.

Så en dag skall ditt Ditt glödande svalna; Ditt
flytande stelna; Ditt röda bli grått, brunt och svart
och tillslut även grönt, blått och vitt och först då
får du vila.

Då, när den ljusa natten kyler din skorpa. Då, när
den ljumma vinden smeker ditt ömma sår. Sedan
skall regn falla och falla igen. Och där det våta
samlas skall livet på nytt uppstå.

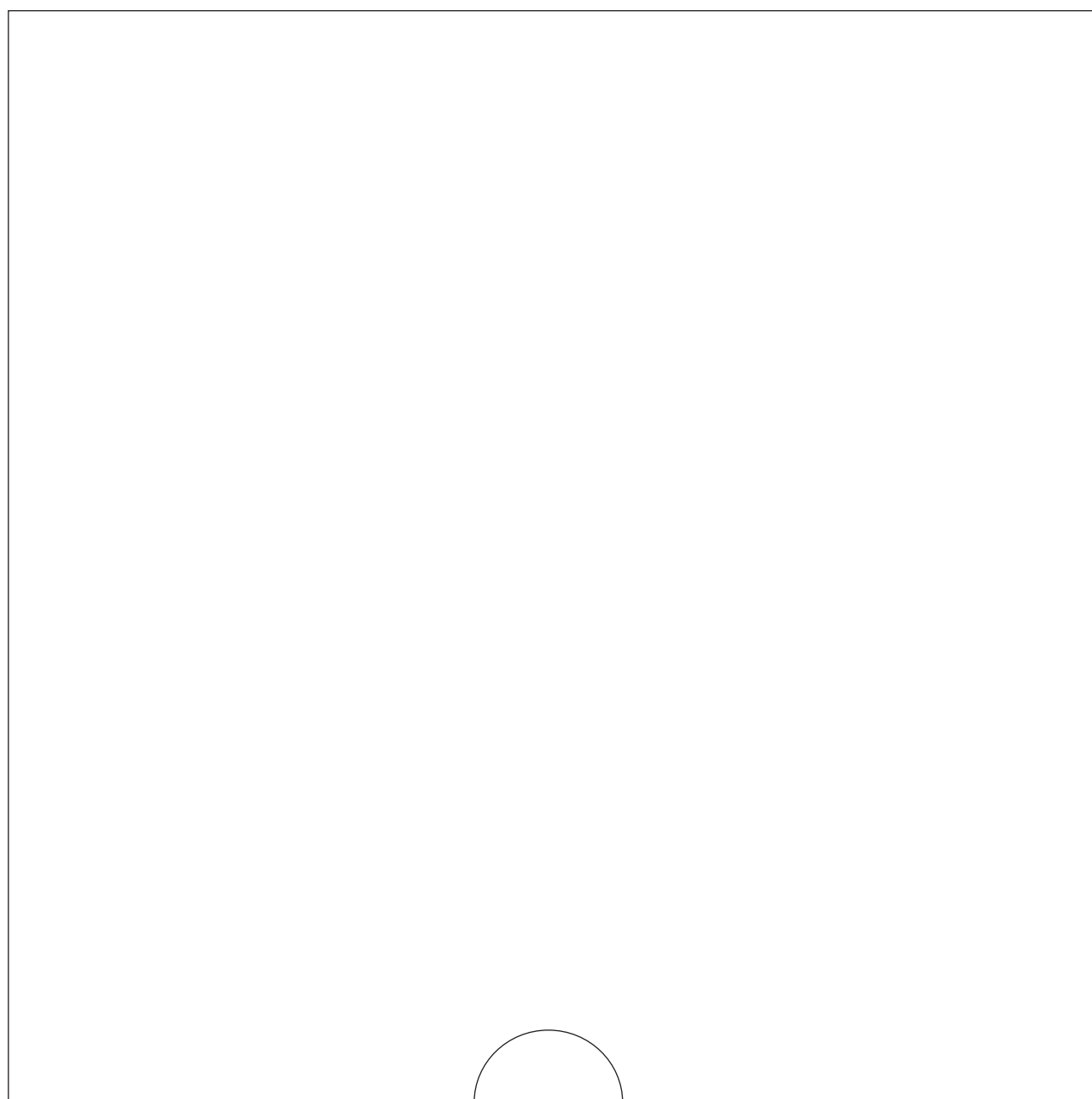
Allt som gror suger kraft ur din mylla. Suger kraft
ur din mylla och sträcker sig opp. Vecklar ut blad
på sina kvistar. Visar sina benvita blommor för
solen och för Dig. Och när tiden är inne skall
guldgula klot tynga trädens grenar mot marken.

Så skall barnen krossa trädets frukter i sina händer.
Så skall de unga samla saften i flaskor och glas för
att släcka sin hunger och sin törst. Så skall de gamla
skära gyllene kronor av frukternas skal och pryda
sig med dem. Så skall de som längtar i hemlighet
smörja sina kroppar med fruktens lena kött och
den blodröda saften skall fukta deras läppar. Sedan
skall de skölja sig rena och torka sig torra igen.



Blodapelsinen är en variant av citrusfrukten apelsin (*Citrus sinensis*) med vackert karmosinrött fruktkött. För att det röda pigmentet skall bildas krävs både sol och kyla under mognadsprocessen. Längre odlades blodapelsiner endast kring vulkanen Etna på Sicilien, där kombinationen av kalla soliga dagar, varma nätter och en jordmån bördig från 500 000 år av geotermisk aktivitet utgjorde idealiska odlingsförhållanden.

INGVILD HOVLAND KALDAL



MALMÖ

2012

23 nov 2012 kl. 08.14 skrev [REDACTED]

Hey [REDACTED]

I will come back on the 2 in the end of the day.

I'm really glad you had a nice time in the apartment, and thank you for taking good care of my place while I was gone. I hope the work on the pipes wasn't too much disagreement for you!

We should probably arrange again something with a friend of mine to get the keys back, if you leave before I get there! Let me know!

Best

[REDACTED]

26 nov 2012 kl. 19.40 skrev [REDACTED]

Hi,

I'll move out on the 29th, so I guess I just call your friend and give her one key and then leave the other in the mail box if that is ok for you. And yes, I have really loved living in the apartment.

[REDACTED]

17 des 2012 kl. 10.23 skrev [REDACTED]

Hey [REDACTED]

I'm back since a few weeks but I had a lot to do.. You too probably!

Thank you for leaving a really clean and tidy place! It was really nice to come back to a nice home! I'm glad you enjoyed it here too!

And I have one questions: In the bathroom, the light doesn't seem to work anymore. I tried to change the light bulb, but it didn't work. Do you know what happened? Is it an electric problem? Maybe the second bulb was also broken, it's possible..

I had a nice time in Helsinki, but I also love being back.

Thank you again for taking such good care of my apartment.

Best

[REDACTED]

21 des, 2012 kl 20:29 skrev [REDACTED]

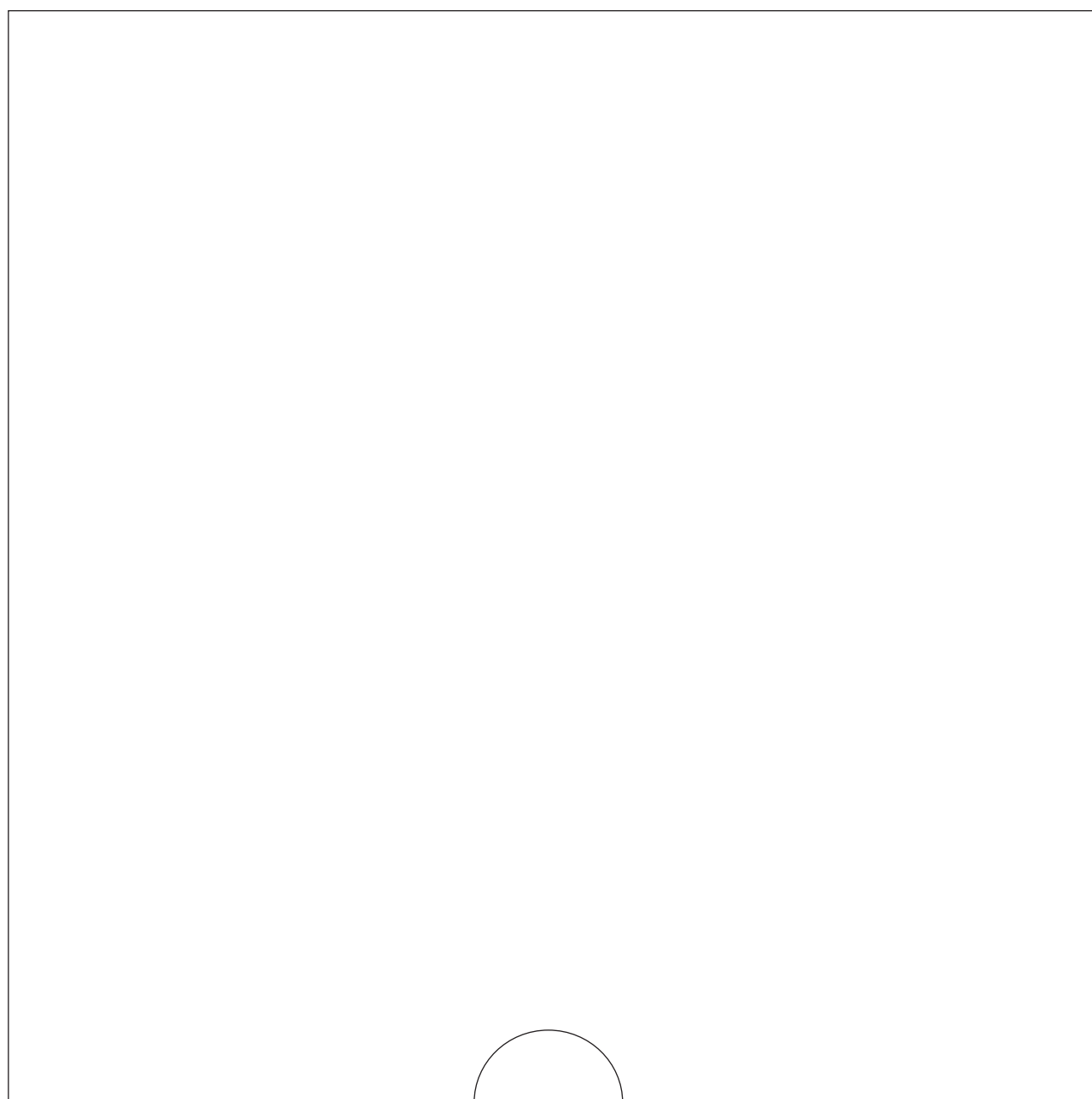
Hi again,

I am very sorry you are back. About the bulb in the bathroom I broke it on purpose the day before I left. I was planning on telling you it was already broken when I moved in. I really miss living in you apartment. You fucking bitch. I hate you so much! After I moved out everything have been like a living hell. I really hope you die in the apartment and that no one finds you. I hope you lie there and fucking rot for years. I HATE YOU SO MUCH YOU FUCKING BITCH! I HOPE ALL YOUR FRIENDS DIE, AND THAT YOU GET AIDS AND TRANSFER IT TO YOUR UNBORN CHILD. I really would have wanted that you would die in Helsinki on your Erasmus exchange. If I had the fucking chance I would have your fucking head on my wall. DO ME A FAVOR, AND FALL OF YOUR PERFECT BALCONY!

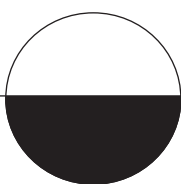
Thank you, for destroying my life.

/ [REDACTED]

KATLA



BERGEN



2012



So lite veit mann

So lite veit mann om verd forøvri
Mann leflar ei med tankar stóri enn han kan bera

Mann skò fara, lif skò endast
Og so veis mann

So mann vandrar laust i mitten
Ventande for ting å endast

Self-yverberande lif

Kvar dag sit som ein framand
Ventande i myrke krokar, tolmodig

Ventande på utbrott
Ventande på teppefall

Tíð

Det fyrste ljós so langt bakut
Det siste ljós so nær fyrut

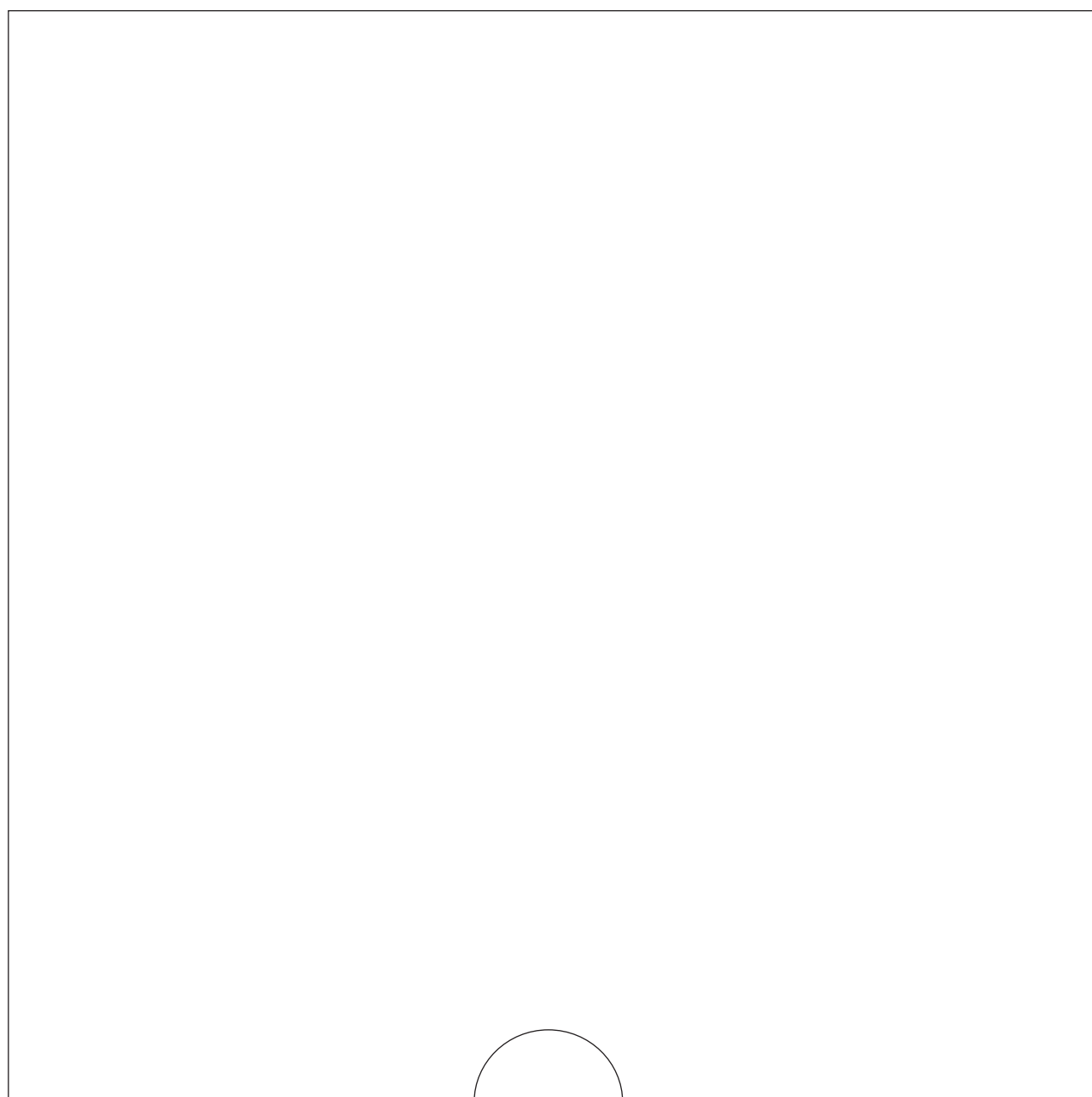
So nære

Lif skó fara, verd skó endast
Og so veis mann

Kann det heyrast?

Berre eit lite graaleg skin gegnum disen
Berre eit lite skin

BERNT KLAFSTAD



OSLO

1999

University of Cambridge
Mr. Andrew M. Dunn
(on behalf of S.W.Hawking)
Dept. of Applied Mathematics
Silver Street
Cambridge CB3 9EW
England

Oslo, February 12 - 1999.

Dear Sir.

Since our correspondence on a single Big Bang creation (March 8, 1989) and your orientation including the paper "The end in sight for Theoretical Physics" by S.W.Hawking, little has happened to prove either a Friedman or a Big Bang universe.

Having read Goldsmith's book "Einstein's Greatest Blunder" - his universal constant - we know excellent minds might be wrong and in this case Einstein said so himself -. Also Einstein never agreed with the quantum theories now accepted by most mathematicians including Hawking as I understand from his paper just mentioned. Hence, the probability of finding matter of fields carrying energy also must be accepted. ($E = mc^2$)

My question to you is related to quantum theory and gravity fields. Goldsmith makes his entire case on the type of universe we may find on the fact that "black matter" exists in space in the outer parts of galaxies and based on the motion of matter in the galaxies. This "black matter" has gravitational property. If it is detected in sizeable quantities a Friedman universe may well be proved. However, proof of such "black matter" is just as remote today as it was in the late 80ies when Goldsmith predicted this would be proved within the next 20 years. Matter in Black Holes could be significant but these structures are too special to account for the amount of "50 times more than ordinary matter" in order for the universe to be controlled by it. Antimatter has gravity of the same kind as matter and should be counted in the picture of forming our universe. But my question is as follows:

To me it looks like physicists are too occupied with the matter-question in order to prove gravity in connection with finding the main force which structures the universe. Rather the force in gravity fields instead of matter in space should be investigated. Potential matter in gravity fields exerts gravity forces on ordinary matter which itself has nucleus matter made up of quantum gravity or quarks. The nature of gravitational energy of fields in space should be defined. Do mathematicians operate with gravity in space independent of matter ?

1. 1/2

To prove that gravity independent of matter exist in space only point to galactic motion - p.150 in Goldsmith.

2. 1/2

Again, I should be happy to receive your answer to this "field question".

12 05 89

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

**Department of Applied mathematics and Theoretical
Physics
Silver Street, Cambridge, England CB3 9EW**

S W Hawking CH CBE FRS
Lucasian professor of Mathematics

Date as postmark

Professor S W Hawking is always glad to receive letters and appreciates your writing to him. He hopes you will understand that, because of his severe disabilities, he is unable to reply to you personally. Please accept our apologies for this form of reply.

Yours faithfully

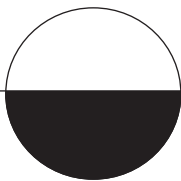
A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'S. Hawking', written in a cursive style.

MIKKO KUORINKI

Five Sentences

HELSINKI

2012



I raise the curtain and level my head

the bench of the cemetery is full of ants

a fat man and a skeleton man both enjoy their
bubble bath

please reverse the accident

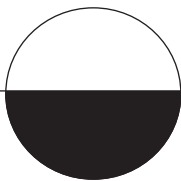
every rug will count

SIRI LEIRA

Voie de la Fenêtre

OSLO

2012





A Københavngata 4, Oslo, Norge

B Pic de Bugarach, Bugarach, Frankrike



[Legg til bestemmelsessted](#) - [Vis alternativer](#)

FÅ VEIBESKRIVELSE

Veibeskrivelser for fotgjengere er i betaversjon.

Vær forsiktig – denne ruten kan mangle fortau eller gangveier.

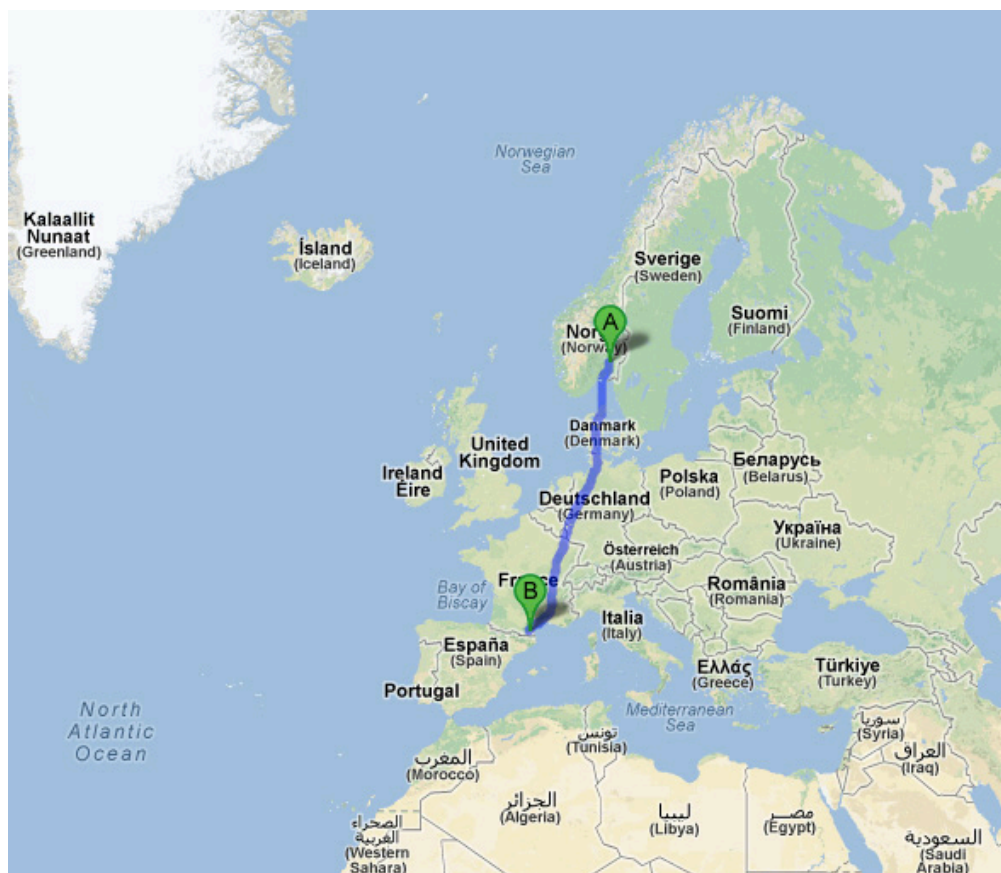
▼ **Foreslåtte ruter**

Larvik, NO - Hirtshals, DK 2 286 km, 440 timer

Larvik, NO - Hirtshals, DK 2 306 km, 443 timer
og Rute 13

Veibeskrivelse for gange til Pic de Bugarach

Denne ruten omfatter en ferge.
Denne ruten går gjennom flere land.

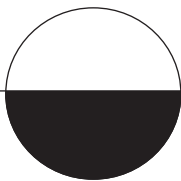


CHLOE LEWIS & ANDREW TAGGART

Two Black Holes in Beacon, New York, USA

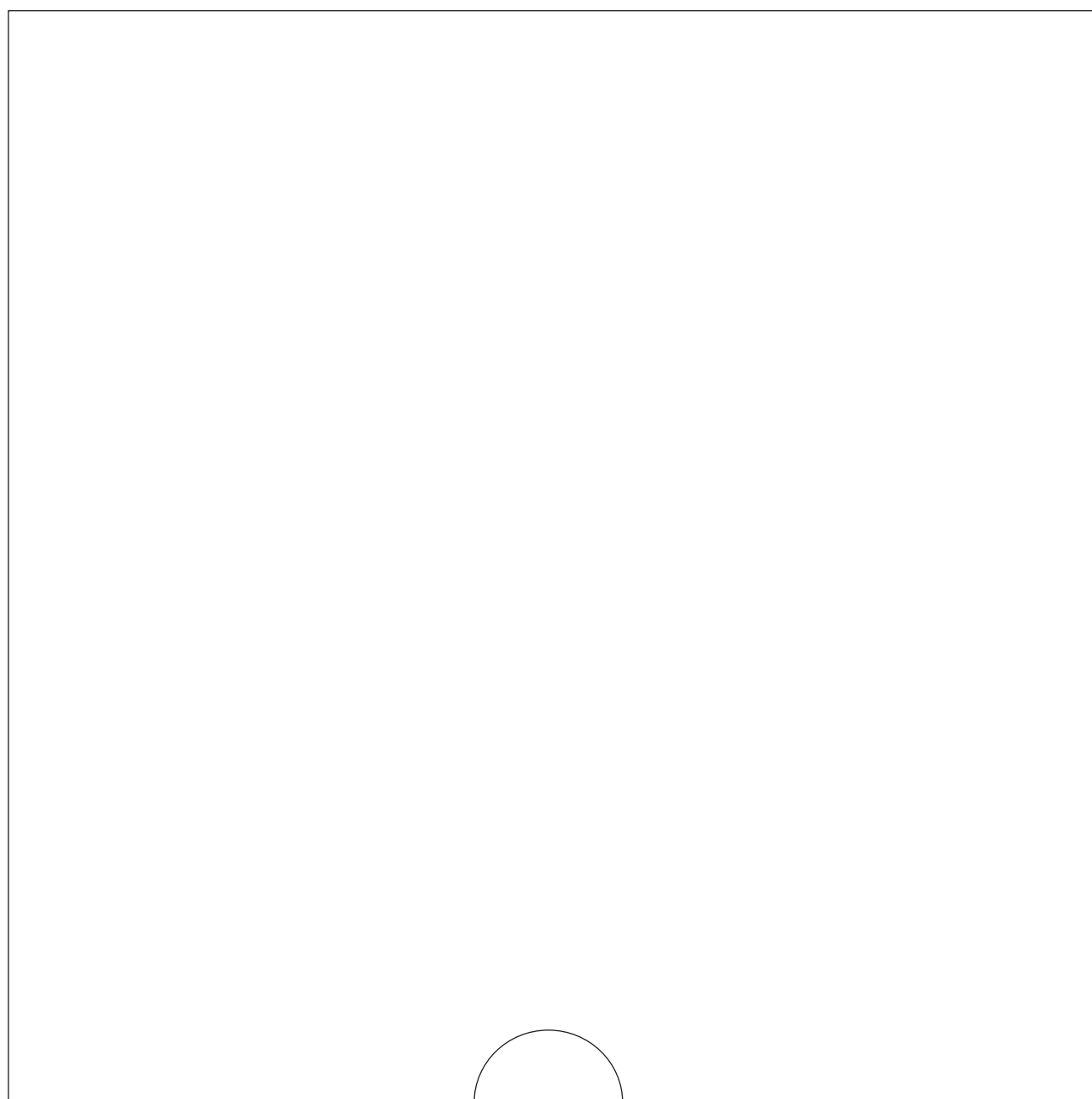
BERGEN

2012

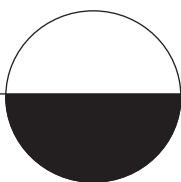




INGER WOLD LUND



BERLIN



2012

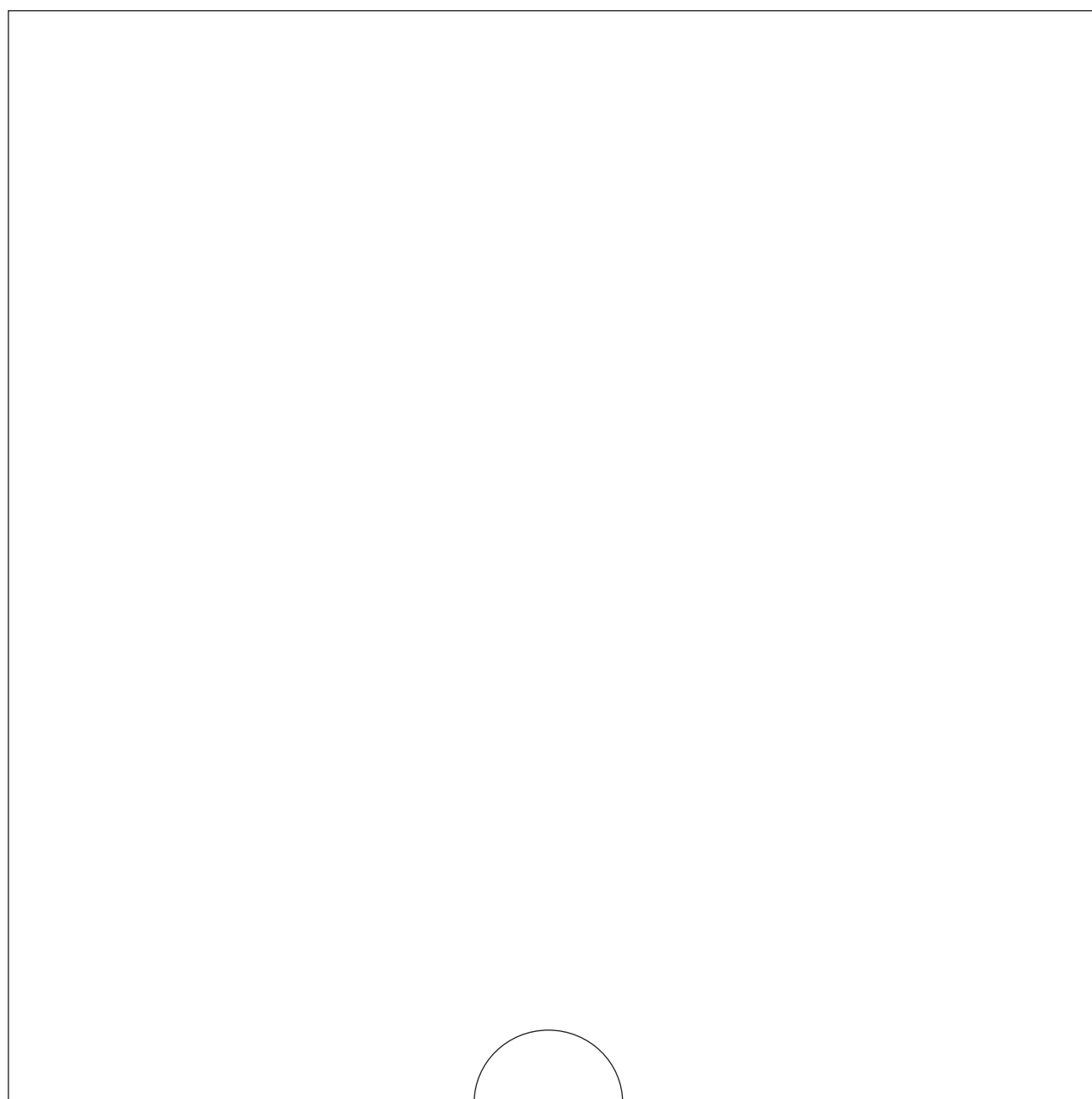
If you

go away

I will

go away

NAUToFON

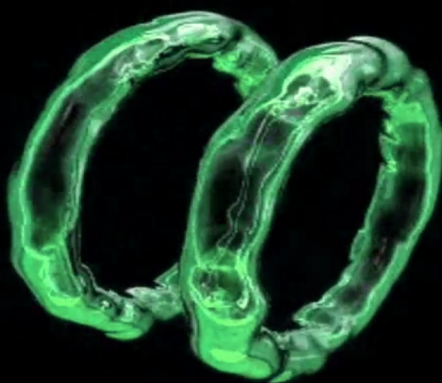


STOCKHOLM

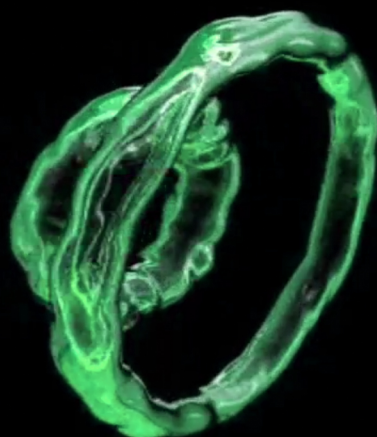
2012



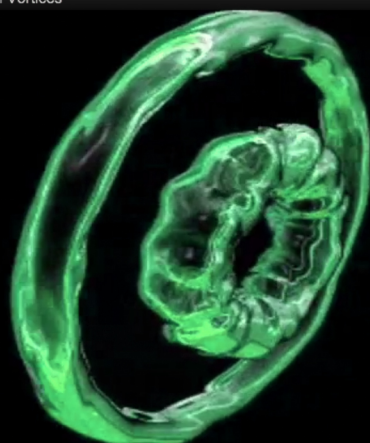
Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



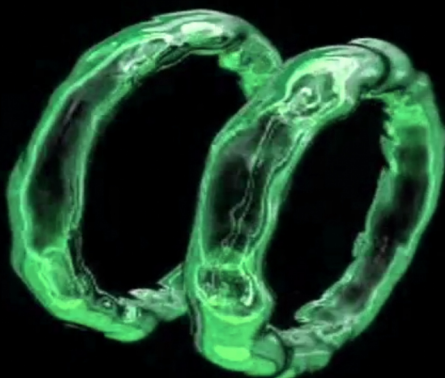
Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



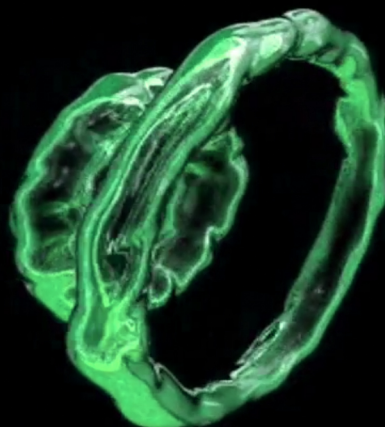
Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



Extraordinary Toroidal Vortices



MARIJN OTTENHOF

Dust

DEN HAAG

2012



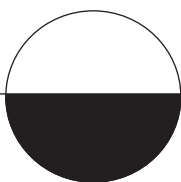


MARTHE ELISE STRAMRUD

Stikling (Hedera Helix)

BERGEN

2012





ELLEN HENRIETTE SUHRKE

An American Obituary

Excerpt from found obituary. Found photograph.

Per Wangel came from Norway
with German origins
He was working at a paper mill in Trondheim,
Norway,
when he found an opportunity to travel West

His destination was a bleak sagebrush county
where only coyotes and Indians could live

Per spoke several languages
and it soon became possible to understand the
Indians.
They placed confidence in him
and soon he was a translator and a friend

He married Margaret
who was a good woman
but one that could not have any children

They were married for many years
but Per felt his life was not complete
without posterity

She granted him a divorce
so that he could have a family

He then met Susan
and they married when she was twenty-five
He was fifty-seven

They had four children
and Per was in his glory
Two of their children died as infants
Per studied psychology
and applied it daily
He took his children seriously
and taught them way beyond their years

Seems they were always as old as they were
when their father died

Susan was not very happy
She came from beautiful Switzerland
and sagebrush did not charm her

She felt there was too much difference
in their lives
and became difficult

Per had lived a life
and was content to read and write
He wrote much that disturbed her

He loved to dance
and danced four nights
before he died

He never got over the Grandeur
of the New World



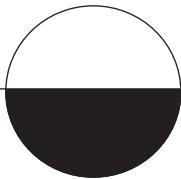


MARTIJN IN 'T VELD

A Bottle of Ocean Water

BERLIN

2010



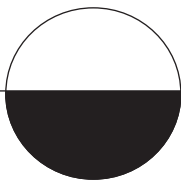


KIM WESTERSTRÖM

Bergtagen

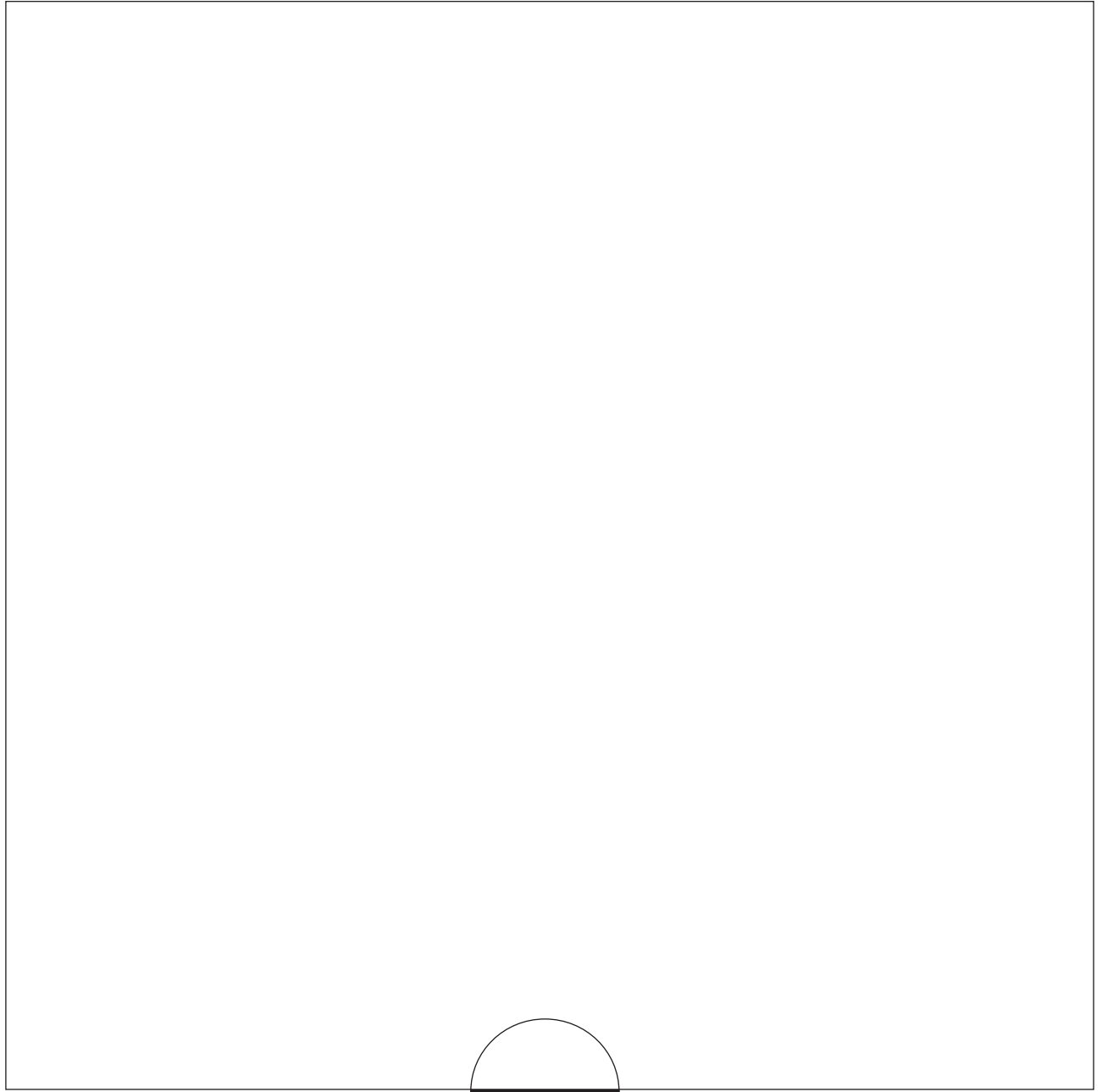
MALMÖ

2012



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85. 10. 03			
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86. 02 15			
86. 03. 08			
86. 04. 13			
87. 12 07			
88. 05 11			
89. 04 03			
89. 04 27			
1989 -09- 12			
F19			
89. 10. 20			
90 -11 09			

DIDEM YAZICI



FRANKFURT

2012

For Seher and Hervé

I.

From nocturnal to daylight.
14 to 19, days with no ending, from ataraxy to fuss
From hearthtrob to complete rest

we run
till almost die
we go to bed with sun.
when the night is spent at a police station
in somewhere
where the kids not behave and the prostitutes are
beaten up
as daily exercise.
when we thought that the time was larger
Tattooing oneself portrait on our arms
Let's say, someone standing next to you
when hotels felt as home

The times we thought we knew
That toy guns were harmless
only loud enough to make a bird die

Embrace the absence
It is gone
the bubble got burst
Pacifism – that we kept between us
has vanished.
Aeroplanes destined to crash.
Fume and fussiness
We are left heavy-hearted
troubled.

II.

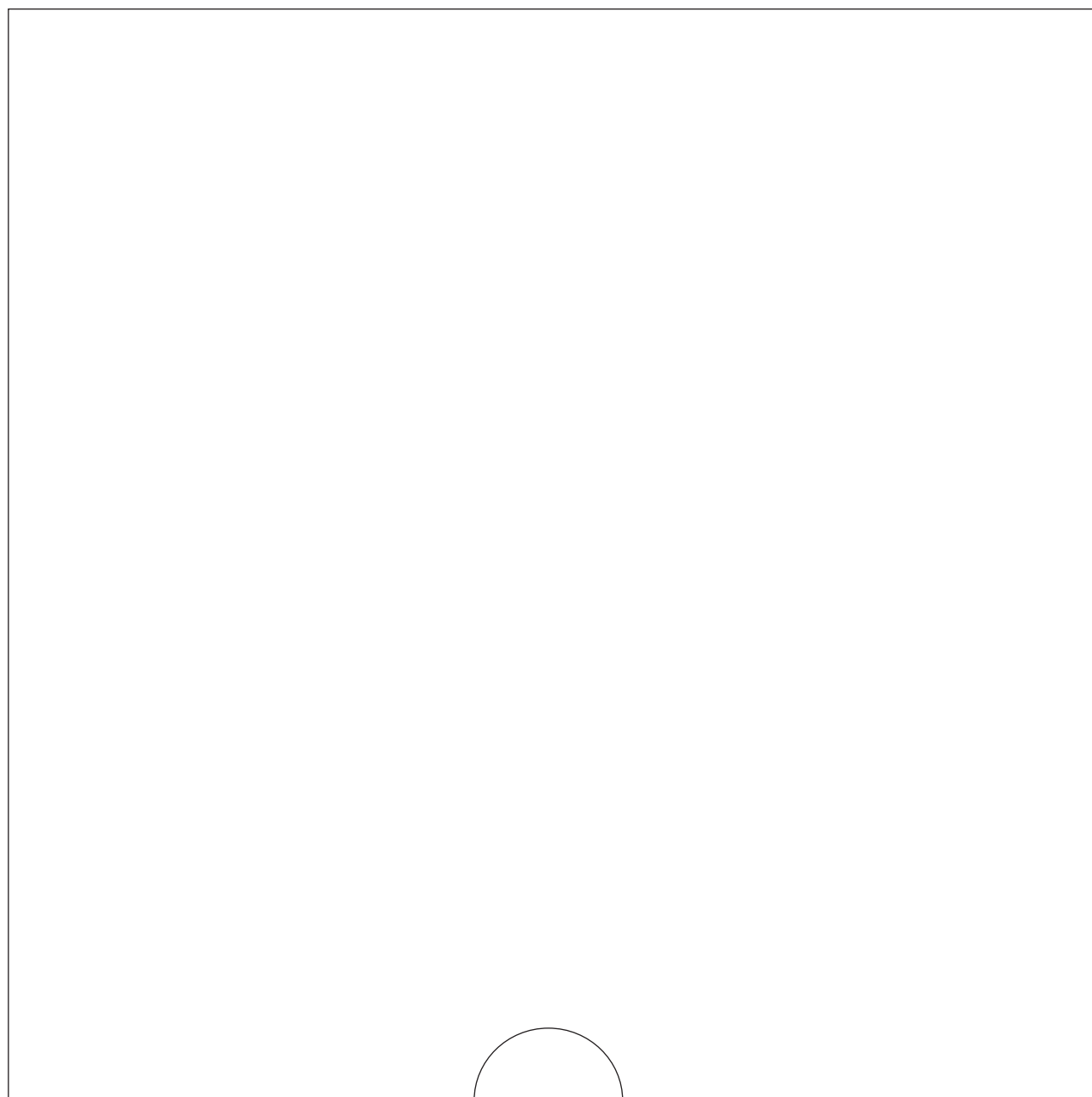
Poise is failure
– this was not told us before –
Extremism was glory

Small hours
Always in between moments
Always already unphotographable

The gap between Istanbul – Izmir and
Constantinople – Smyrna
is as big as the gap that grew between our ages
– without letting us know –
alcoholism has always been a dear friend of wild,
clumsy animals

How were we to know
that we were capable of breaking it all down and
welcoming forever absence

LENE BAADSVIG ØRMEN



OSLO

2012

Visse ting lærer man bare å kjenne i en tilstand av ruiner



Winter Solstice

2012

