

Tanja Widmann

Selection
of
Scripts, Texts
(Excerpts)

Version
Original Size

Form the moment
communication is taken
up as as such the
display of our linguistic
capacity,,

the possibility begins
with of transformation
means a discursive
2012/2014

Performance
on the occasion of
Ephemeropterae
at TBA 21

Artist's Book (upcoming)
in collaboration with
David Jourdan

INTRO
SAMPLE

performance these days has once again become a term equaling presence, live-ness, singularity and originality. performance as a one night event. the artist is present is the code that brings it down to the point. the designer is present is the program code which provides it down to the point. performance then means to non stop produce a self that can circulate as value, distributed as .jpg and chitchat, that is unpredictable in a predictable, smooth and well fashioned way, a self that is one could say: entertaining. that is certainly capricious in the expected, smooth as well as properly created way, some sort of personal data that is certainly you could declare: interesting. a self that is one could say: fun. performance in this sense realizes the present conditions of immaterial labor in utmost virtuosity and brings to the fore the economic understanding of the term: successful operation, achievement, functioning.

remember it's a performance. you have to pretend you're charming. doesn't matter if the jokes are weak. keep it loose. doesn't issue in the event the pranks usually are fragile. hold it unfastened.// deliberately bad jokes – its kind of genius. explains a lot. the PR guys in veep s02e05 misunderstand each other yet they perfectly understand. when asked to perform – for an evening, at a dinner or an opening, for the sake of an art event –, somebody wants to be entertained. the question would then be how to entertain without entertaining, how to communicate without communication. the most effective method to impart without. so what better way to accomplish the task than to tell generic jokes, light bulb jokes, that due to their structure are nothing else but an empty form of communication filled with ever new standards of offenses. that because of their design are practically nothing else but an empty form of transmission loaded with always fresh standards of lapses. we thus assembled an endless script that anyone could use when asked – implicitly or explicitly – to perform. by nature the script can be reproduced, redistributed, reinterpreted, replicated. it will thus be a ready made script, a perfect script for anyone in any situation while of course nobody has to stick to the script. it will in this way be an instant script, an immaculate script for anybody in any scenario. you don't even have to perform yourself, you might delegate it – preferably to an artist or a model. anyone don't even have to perform your self, you might use outsourcing for it – preferably to a designer or maybe a style. one way to do the script would be to make this performance last at least half an hour with the threat pending that this could go on forever. at a certain point one could change the rhetoric, one could throw in something not belonging to the series of jokes something that is speaking about the situation itself. one could change the address, one could toss in something that does not belong to the series of cracks that are talking about the same situation. when Kippenberger performed his bad jokes routine he emptied spaces because he was able to turn the situation against itself. it was his way to criticize art that is an institution e.g. every single one and all. it was his approach to criticize art that is certainly a good establishment. these days one should not be too surprised if the room stays crowded. but it's still worth the try. sometimes one might be lucky and the consensus cracks.

Q: How many Dell Tech Support people does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring

Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring
Ring-ring
ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring
ring-ring
Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring
Ring-ring
ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring Ring-ring ring-ring.....

Q: How many college football players does it take to change a light bulb?

A: The entire team! And they all get a semester's credit for it!

Q: How many thought police does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None.... There never **was** any light bulb, don't you remember?

Q: How many feminists does it take to change a light bulb?

A: That's not funny!

Q: How many cops does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None. It turns itself in.

Q: How many doctors does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Three: One to find a bulb specialist, one to find a bulb installation specialist, and one to bill it all to Medicare.

Q: How many Marxists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None: The light bulb contains the seeds of its own revolution.

Q: How many nuclear engineers does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Seven: One to install the new bulb, and six to figure what to do with the old one for the next 10,000 years.

Q: How many consultants does it take to change a light bulb?

A: I'll have an estimate for you a week from Monday

Q: How many civil servants does it take to change the light bulb? A: 45. One to change the bulb, and 44 to do the

paperwork. Q: How many Federal employees does it take to screw in a light bulb? A: Sorry, that item has been cut from the budget!

Q: How many Marxists does it take to screw in a light bulb? A: None, the seeds of revolution and change are within the lightbulb itself. Q: How many Sparts does it take to change a light bulb? A: You can't CHANGE a light

bulb! Note: Sparts = Spartacus Youth League, a leftist fringe group that believes in violent revolution. Attributed to Michael Anderson '83, a student activist at Harvard.

(And in a similar vein...) Q: How many Trotskyists does it take to change a lightbulb ? (Cue typical sarcastic angry Alexei Sayle voice) A: It's no use trying to CHANGE it, it's



eine von euch
2012/13

Video
Installation

at
[Grazer Kunstverein](#)
[Badischer Kunstverein](#)
[saprophyt](#)
[tranzitdisplay](#)

set up
in collaboration
with
Johannes Porsch

SCRIPT (EXCERPT)

Day 1

in the jungle, overcast

Behavior,
functional anatomy/sex,
ecology/economy –
all has to be correlated in any explanatory story.

One
Behavior

She's a wonderful animal
Oh yeah

Get some juice,
good girl,
ok,
good girl
and so different now
before
most of the time she was lying around
doing nothing at all,
she systematically opposed everything
after a few

Our relationship changed at the time when I started to take care of her
or did I take care for her? She got involved into activities that she had always
refused.
Now one can see her play volleyball, Ping-Pong,
checkers or check, play check, go swimming or play chess, one could meet her
in the painting studio,

one can see her at the shooting for an amateur film, play check,
go swimming or play chess, play checkers or check, play check,
she is even playing a part in a theatre piece,
even though the only role that was found for her was to be shtum,
one can see her at the shooting of an amateur film, in the painting studio
now that's a good girl she is

Keilor, sailor think, im blogs the blog.

Once you're right thats
get be some reason sense.

Like well see, whether given, another quotthe.

Be some reason sense, me source working life everyday. Wifegifts, top picks
tools compare prices find. Well see whether given another.

Later on we decided to use a recording device each time we met.

I was sporting to push the button when I thought that our dialog led into a dead
end or, say, when I was bugged by something.

She's a wonderful animal

Oh yeah

Get some juice,
good girl,
ok,
press the button,
get some more juice
Get some juice,
good girl,
ok,
press the button,
get some more juice

It felt as if a third person was present.

Her personal romances alleged battles with bulimia alcohol.

Be interested following pictures videos partner reports. better still, avoid entirely harder!

Going everything shown in probably exclude require give their passwords!

In lindsay reveals some secrets straight media kit, licensing. Full path executed matched by absolute pathname note leading, slash. Life grammys photo video also on popular demi moore.

Fontaine, emilie, bernadette heidi, klum helena? Executed matched by, absolute pathname note leading.

It's out of the question, to linger with content.

We never did that.

Even though the temptation of course was always there.

What?

Hein?

You've made me do this

Do you think this makes sense.

Do you think I should perform better

I'm so run down. They really should make a webstream out of my brains.

I mean who's still watching a video in an exhibition

There's a lot of pressure you know. There are younger ones everywhere.

Most of the times I'm really sad and depressed.

Now listen, this is really boring.

At the end of the day its talent that's lacking, no?

Or do you think I could ever be one of you

Have a banana no have two bananas

Life, like networking, is a group show.

Do you think this a joke?

Do you think this will then release my pain
or your pain?

Do you think this is only for insiders?

Have a banana no have two bananas

Do you think I speak for myself?

Every failed successful attempt variables discarded save term columns.

Line generally cmd file instead containing. Incoming removes obsolete any given. Maximum number

During the first sessions, she repeatedly got angry.

The opposition against all and everything was the recorded voice what? Hein?
etc. was directed against herself. The recorded voice what? Hein? etc., the
hesitation, the disruption, the endless incoherencies agitated her,

Has said that talked all, night long after! There not human being, could?

Being could than those girls.

As career got underway. Stars however newfound fame, merely due.

Right that's get be some reason sense me source working. Dropped, out pursue,
school years. Dancer defied worked her way, as!

Writer part owner dolce? Writer part owner, dolce enoteca.

This made it easy for me to
make it clear to her, that it was
that

in reality she was confusing things.

And look at her

She's a wonderful animal

Oh yeah

Get some juice,

good girl,

ok,

press the button,

Thus I suggested copying something.

Thus I suggested copying something.

And I explained to her that it didn't matter whether she understood anything or not,

the copy in itself was the important thing.

Art as a performative chessboard optimized to

facilitate social relations./

Wow what a sentence

you think

i speak for myself?

or

that I'm concrete like your sub-human mass of

networked flesh/

or

that I have personality and am tactile like an

iphone skin/

that i make\$ free, doily

that I'm textures and abstract pptrns which my

blog/italian dealer can dig/

or

that I am a language of my own

or that

words and paintings, both seek homes

you think this is not very original?

you think this has been done before

On canvas

you think this isn't radical enough

you want to shut down your blog now?

Come one

This time

It's probably not worth

the noise

life, like networking, is a group show

or

that I am a language of my own

or that

words and paintings, both seek homes

you think this is not very original?

you think this has been done before

On canvas

you think this isn't radical enough

you want to shut down your blog now?

Come on

life, like networking, is a group show.

She's a wonderful animal

Oh yeah

Get some juice,

yet another level in the structure had to be found

At first I tried to have her read aloud

but this was impractical

I have no opinion or position of my own

I cling to my copies

Anything I can copy now

Do you think this just looks like art?

I cling to my copies

And to the right bunch of people

I should be safe there

And my career too

I will just not speak out or if so

Try a radical pose that pleases all

This *is* critical

Ya sure

This suits my skills of imitation. I'm the ideal collaborator/

Unfortunately Im not telling you this for the first time

In reality there was a feint in this that she noticed only later.

Well fact was that she did cling to the copy and now it is almost finished./

Coherence was restored

During our meetings I interrupted her and suggested: you could write this
down/

and then I repeated word for word what she had just said/

(most of the time she was not in a position, she was not able/
to remember herself).

Am I a hater?

Am I bored already?

Will mainstream love me?

This is too cool, to be true.

Do you think this just looks like art?

Do you think we pegged the latest trend again this week
aren't you impressed by the outfit,

Or by our revolutionary chic

Do you think we should all quit

Networking or art-working or

copying or maybe just give up

that radical pose

Do you think this is embarrassing?

Do you think we should do something more useful?

Do you think this is not very original?

Or do you think I should stop working on this
and put my energy into something more professional

I can understand that of course

Roughly said I was playing the recording device.

This correlated with the fact that she herself was the machine/

Trying to break open the structure was quickly leading to a failure. She was

falling in love/ with someone

and of course the harsh reality was unveiled by a bitter emotional realization of

the blankness/ of her own situation.

Oscar stars big, bling bing!

Only am causes scene nyc.

Celeb scoop today cbs, news early.

Talk edit unix line, programs built-ins more file file system cd.

Hours worlds families day

today.

Rep pid of pill ps sleep time top watchuser?

Looks pageant readymiss america converge, las.

Function undefined, else type of adv path type of vtag btag.

Good, bad ugly.

Think love supportin royal vows.

Again I started from scratch

Thus I suggested to her to light a fire in my fireside. She tried and when she

finally/ succeeded/

it was not without some satisfaction.

Get some juice,

good girl,

get some more juice

When our relationship was restored, she maintained this initiative.

In regard to her technical skills I asked her to copy whatever we had used in our meetings/ systematically.

She changed the original, corrected it,

made comments and rearranged all that we had worked on together.

It became her own

work of art.

Now she goes on with this practice day by day,

and sometimes she brings works that she has made along.

I accept that she is writing my email.

I also accept that she is doing my own work of art.

I have changed my attitude.

Today the situation is different.



Hard Currency. Revaluation. 2010/2013

Video
Installation

on the occasion
of
Manifesta 8
Murcia Spain

and
Unrest of Form. Imagining the Political Subject
Secession, Vienna

in collaboration
with
Johannes Porsch

Ihu Anyanwu
Verena Dengler
Sofia Goskinski

Matthias Halibrand
Matthias Ermert
Carlo Peters

SCRIPT (EXCERPT)

I was as always in an indifferent, couldn't care less mode.

The truth is that everyone is bored, and devotes themselves to cultivating habits. So do I

Legs are the most important thing to me, the curves of my legs, legs.
My friends are the most important thing to me, the network of my friends, friends.

You have to look through it metaphorically, It's there, It's a part of our culture whether you like it or not.
I speak through these metaphors and I'm going to speak through them no matter what...

Immaturity I tell you is my maturity.

I'm always ready to give my dislikes a free rein. I'm frank, easygoing, avantgarde you know.

I can't stand artificiality, theatricality, and you, you are constantly striking poses.

Could you please try to sit in a way that is NOW, look relaxed and daring?

You are a bore.

You are insecure and you are so weak.

You will never be modern.

Me, I'm doubly young – first by youth and then by modernity.
Art helps with this. It makes my form.

Sports agility arrogance legs wantonness yoga.
This is my language my own modern language.

And you'll be here seven sharp, sure, yeah, no, fine, you're an idiot,

Profound changes are afoot.
A great revolution in forms, these are subterranean upheavals and we're riding upon them.

People are impressionable: they snatch random emotions out of the air. and It's not about the outcome because that's just decoration.

I'm living currency.
But you understand nothing yet.

I am die moderne, I am the young girl, I am the night club going jock, the second-generation african girl painted up to look pornstar old, I am the spirited telecom

retiree, the metropolitan single too caught up in his career in consulting, and art will always be the avantgarde. I am the model citizen.
I do resemble my foto and I swim in deja vues. I'm an optical illusion.

This is too cool, to be true.

Yet why do you think that I should understand you?
You think I'm seductive don't you. For sure.
I am optimistic, delighted, positive, enthusiastic, content, happy.
I will do my best, I guarantee.
Most of the times I'm really sad and depressed.
I Just Want You To Know That I'm Pro-Life And Anti Drugs...
I'm sick of this place: everyone reeks of sweat, is pretentious and has terrible posture.
Admire the discipline that is involved in my good looks
Basically, I'm up for collaborating with anybody.
At thirteen I just wanted to be the same as everyone else.
But I always stood out because I couldn't match the originals perfectly.
When I got older, it became kind of cool, because at that point you want to be more individual.

All of a sudden I was fashionable.

I mean whats so interesting about the private life.
Its just another product thats all, it just should look nice on somebody thats it
Take off those underpants or take on your pants
This is my matter-of-factness
Contemporary Art challenges us, it broadens our horizons, it asks us to think beyond the limits of conventional wisdom.
For a fantastic weekend hanging out with your girlfriends, it works.
Hiho to the point of selfeffacement for the sake of style
Its my hair and I can do what I want with it.
A straight line on the side of one's head is not devoid of meaning. The line, nobody will ever know why, is something modern.

No not necessarily, hell, sure, I'm sorry, wait a minute

You think you're my comrade in modernity and my contemporary, you think you can join me?

Your pose is solidifying by the minute.
Why are you sitting here leaning to one side?
What are you waiting for?

This is the antithesis of modernity. You are the antithesis of modernity.

You probably think you should listen to this for the sake of the artists loneliness,

the artists work, mission, role or suffering,
the artists originality or calling
or maybe even for the sake of the artists soul,
but strangely enough even in this context you never think of the calves of my legs.
You never think that I would try to seduce you with my modernity. Or do you?

But look at the clear cut contour of my form, that cold demarcation line, the form!

You have some business with me?

Do you think under the cover of darkness I might find you useful?
In the pale dawn or the dawnful dawn, the new dawn and the new dawning.

This era of struggle or struggle of an era.
This troublesome era and young era

Yet this is behind beauty, behind the perfection of craft,
the inner logic of composition,
the ironclad sequence of associations,
behind the awareness of class struggle,
behind struggle,
behind the dawning of history and other similar, objective, anti-leg matters

You are a scrawny, minor-league dreamer.

You're such a clown, a poser, an ape, a baroque formalist, a prankster, you just cant get rid of expression.

Well, please, you don't have to ..., I know you, but I just keep forgetting who you are.
Nobody I know who seems important knows you.

Was this an easy decision. No.

How strangely whole worlds can crystallize between two peoples carves

I only take up with other modern ones.

Do you think I should perform better?

I will intensify my modern charms with the refined cruelty of a magpie.

Just to please myself and my professionalism I will become more impudent,
selfassured and selfcontained, lithe, sporty, leggy, seductive and out of reach.

Because, I can assure you, that after thoroughly testing the framing facts, anything else seemed impossible to me.

Does this really make sense to you?

I have no need of ideals, I am myself an ideal.

This is why you want to disfigure my face, put out of shape that little nose, cut it off, don't you?

Yet, you know, the nose has little place for the nose. My nose is a pose

Forward and away, giddy-up, giddy-up, ride roughshod over style, that's what you want!

But you know the fruit compote made it all clear to me.

You think your dissolute pap will destroy my modernity.

But I'm so well disciplined in style, so much on guard in solitude as in public.
Work work work, keep busy work hard.

Wow, we have been busy.

So don't bother me I don't have time.

Self-sufficient, efficient and detached I will continue.

Yet why are you still here, why are you not doing your lessons, bring about some form, some style, do some sports, converse, be attractive, be affective.
And don't make me believe that this has a hidden meaning or that you can dance conceptually because you have the right to,
like H.G. Wells in the dance of his own invention before Charlie Chaplin

When I was 12 years old I decided to be beautiful.

I look into the mirror and start doing my very best.

All with a quick precise motion, all action,
all swiftness, precision, dexterity

Talking a lot or being terribly surprised is not within the modern way

So could you please shut up?

As all this goes without saying

I'll give you an expression of supermodern cynicism, there's nothing humorous in my gestures
(of tousling your hair, my hair)

It's my hair and I can do what I want with it

All this just to the roar of wretched reality, to style bursting open?

In the silence the nonsense is stifling

A modern yet murky, black, dramatic and tragic sense
But it's high time to interrupt, to cease, to emerge from the greenery

I WILL HAVE TO clarify, rationalize, substantiate, explain and systematize
I must provide analytic, synthetic, and philosophical comments so you will now understand which is which and I will not be accused of not knowing my own goals

But perhaps my work comes from
Imitating masterworks
From a part
From a particle
From thin air?

And the magazine of my body: Me and my breasts, my belly-button, my butt, my legs!
Is the carpentry solid?
The clothes silky? Are you doing alright?

Beauty doesn't fall from the sky," that is, it's the fruit of labor.
I don't wanna get attached, you know?
I mean: What's a good fuck?

When I giggle, I'm still at work.
and yet of course I express nothing, this is all just decorum

I'm going into a big construction period which will
push me towards the future energetically.

I'll run into it all:
luck, creativity, popularity.

My seductiveness brings me lots of positive feedback.

Waitress, model, advertiser, executive, coordinating agent, artist. I can use my seductive power, there is no limit to my freedom.

Whether from the countryside, the ghetto, or the expensive neighborhoods: Be yourself ! (It pays)

I have no opinion or position of my own; I
take shelter as quickly as possible in the shadow of whoever wins.

This suits my skills of imitation. I'm the ideal collaborator

I esteem "sincerity," a "good heart," "kindness," "simplicity," "frankness," "modesty."

Untitled for Solo Voice (Automarken mit O)
After Charlemagne Palestine, Betty Ballhaus
2012

Video
for
Johannes Porsch ft. Tanja Widmann
Unter den Schwarzen

at Stadtgalerie Schwaz
2012

in collaboration
with
Matthias Halibrand
Karin Lischka
Johannes Porsch

POSTER

Upcoming

Untitled for Solo Voice
Charlemagne Palestine, Live at The Kitchen, NY
1979

SING 3'30". Break: I wanna do something different. I wanna feel close to something. Music, NEW music always feels so abstract, so distant. (Laughter). And so I said this is the perfect moment to do it. Ah this is the symbolic moment. This is ... I'll come here and I'll do it. And I sat up here and I listend to my arena, in the dark. I listended to my arena. /Excuse me to what? / Arena, Arena, Arena. (Laughter/ Laughter CP). ARENA. ARENA. ARENA. No wonder repetitive things have come into fashion. (REALLY LOUD LAUGHTER/ Laughter CP). If we were all very quick we could go on to something else. (Laughter, alsoCP).Sigh. Hm. /Now What?/Sigh. Hm. I'm only a laugh/allowed? 15 minutes. (Laughter, also CP) So let's not get to close./Ok, you're times up.— You should have 17. — Certainly no going back./ Feedback. Sigh. Transition. SING 20". Fade out. All 5'52". Break 2'.

Video by Tanja Widmann
Performance Karin Lischka
Camera Matthias Halibrand



Sich in diesem Sinne ähnlich machen/
To make Oneself Similar in this Sense

4/4

Mmmm papi

Performance

at
por choice
Wien
2011

in collaboration
with
David Jourdan
Johannes Porsch
Ilja Widmann

SCRIPT (EXCERPT)

Mmm papee.
To make oneself similar in this sense.

Version text edit
Voice: Vicky

Introudicng: Atomic Fart

Performance
Tanja Widmann.
Ilja Widmann.
Johannes Porsch.
David Jourdan.

Britney Spears Lyrics. – Mmm papee Song Words..
Song Words by Artist / Band : Britney Spears.
Lyrics Title : Mmm papee
Available on Album : Circus
Released : 2008.
Music Genre : Pop.

Baby, I can be your sweet baby.
When things get crazy
Be sure you come and save me.
With this fast car
I can really get far
And don't break my heart.
Let's make out.
Let's make out let's make out.

...
For example. the complex axis:

S on the left, objet petit a on the right.

the subject on the one hand and its objects on the other.

...
Who can come take me away?
There's no pressure
Play all day.
Grab me tight and don't let go.
Mmm papa love you
Mmm papa love you.

...

First.
Second.
this is significant.
It struck me.

...
Love you when you're freaking out.
Things get rough and there's no doubt
You will always be there for me.
Mmm papa love you.
Mmm papa love you.

...
And on the neutral axis, below the subject comes the moi. and below
the objet petit a comes the Autre.

...
Stuck in the middle of it all.
Too many people around me.
Can you hear me call.
I look this way and you're not there.
If you don't mind
My soul I bare.
Mmm papa, mmm papa, mmm papa.

...
First.
Second.
this is significant.
It struck me.

...
Who can come take me away?
There's no pressure
Play all day
Grab me tight and don't let go.
Mmm papa love you
Mmm papa love you.

...
Another version of inside/outside. this axis plots the ego's submission
to the social, the Law.
First.
Second.
this is significant.
It struck me.

...
Love you when you're freakin out.
Things get rough and there's no doubt.
You will always be there for me.
Mmm papa love you
Mmm papa love you.

...
First.
Second.
this is significant.
It struck me.

...
Mmm papa, mmm papa
Mmm papee, mmm papee.
Mmm papee, mmm papee
Ooh lovey, oh lovey
Ooh papee
Ouuuw!
Further, this scheme displays the diagonal, mirroring relationships...
that map the way the ego identifies with its objects. a as the "same"
as a'. the ego reflecting and reflected by objet petit a.

First.
Second.
this is significant.
It struck me.

...
You will always be there for me
You will always be there for me.
Love you when you're freakin out.
Things get rough and there's no doubt
Love you when you're freakin out.
Things get rough and there's no doubt
Mmm papa love you, mmm papa love you.

...
There's no mistaking it, for it is spelled out in this scheme as the
"relation imaginaire"—the mirror connection.

...
Who can come take me away?
There's no pressure
Play all day.
Grab me tight and don't let go

Sich in diesem Sinne ähnlich machen/
To make Oneself Similar in this Sense
3/4

Clever & Smart, Nr. 39
Artist's book
2010

in collaboration
with
David Jourdan
Johannes Porsch

<http://www.westphalie.com>



Sich in diesem Sinne ähnlich machen/
To make Oneself Similar in this Sense

2/4

Video
Installation

at
[kunstraum lakeside](#)
Klagenfurt
2008

a remediation of
1/4

at
Jet
Berlin
2007

in collaboration
with

Johannes Porsch
Ilja Widmann

Markus Krottendorfer
Constanze Schweiger

TEXTS (EXCERPT)

Weil der Spracherwerb auf der Entdeckung der Abwesenheit basiert, welche der Ordnung des Imaginären und nicht des realen angehört, bildet er nicht nur das konstitutive Moment bei der Herausbildung des kindlichen Kastrationskomplexes, sondern auch den Angelpunkt, an dem die Mutter ihre Kastration und ihren negativen Eintritt in Sprache und Kultur „wieder-erkennt“. Während der vorgrammatikalischen Sprechperiode (das heißt, bevor Syntax angewendet wird) entwickelt sich innerhalb der intersubjektiven Mutter-Kind-Beziehung ein sehr spezieller Signifikationsprozeß. Die Einwort-Äußerungen des Kindes werden von der Mutter als Holophrasen, also als gedanklich vollständige Sätze verstanden. In dem Augenblick, wo dem Kind die Verwendung von Syntax geläufig wird (das heißt strukturiertes Sprechen beginnt), findet die „Entwöhnung“ von der Holophrase statt, welche für die Mutter den Mangel des Objekts (das heißt das Kind als Phallus) wiederholt. Dies ist genau der rätselhafte Angelpunkt, welcher die mütterliche Äußerung „Warum verstehe ich nicht“ provoziert und einmal mehr die Zufälligkeit der „natürlichen Fähigkeit“ zur Mutterschaft demonstriert. Insofern als dieser Angelpunkt stets mit einer weiteren Äußerung kombiniert ist, nimmt er die kindliche Fähigkeit vorweg, sich grammatikalisch auszudrücken und schließlich auch ohne die Vermittlung durch die mütterliche Signifikate verstanden zu werden.

Bezeichnenderweise fällt das Auftauchen der Syntax – ungefähr um den 13. Lebensmonat – mit dem Ende des Spiegelstadiums zusammen. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt kann das Kind sein eigenes Spiegelbild wieder in sich aufnehmen und internalisieren, was im/ihr erlaubt, eine imaginäre und libidinöse Beziehung zur Mutter „in der Welt“ zu entwickeln. Das schließlich „entwöhnt“ die Mutter von dem/der anderen, welche/r vorher ein Teil ihrer selbst war, und zwar insofern, als sie nicht mehr als ein Spiegel des Kindes fungiert, der sein/ihr Spiegelbild mit dem eigenen Blick bestätigt oder seine/ihre Worte mit Bedeutungen ausstattet. Daher muß die Mutter ihre narzißtische Objektwahl gemäß einer Identifikation mit dem Kind als dem, was sie gerne möchte, neu begründen.

Für das Kind schließt der imaginäre Andere des Spiegelstadiums auch eine imaginäre Identifikation mit dem „Imago“ des Vaters mit ein. Diese Tatsache löst ein ambivalentes Konkurrenzverhalten aus, bei dem das Kind an die Stelle des Vaters als des von der Mutter begehrten Anderen besetzen; gleichzeitig will es aber auch die Stelle der Mutter, welche Signifikant des Begehrens des Vaters ist, einnehmen. Im ersteren Fall kommt noch hinzu, daß der Vater den Platz des Kindes begehrt, weil dieses Signifikant des Begehrens der Mutter ist; im zweiten Fall begehrt die Mutter die Stelle des Vaters, weil er für das Begehren des Kindes der Andere ist. Diese Konflikte, welche die Herausbildung des Ödipuskomplexes charakterisieren, können – wenn überhaupt – nur dann gelöst werden wenn das Kind eine männliche oder weibliche Position in der Sprache einnimmt.

19.17. ER TRITT VON DER SEITE AUF DAS PODEST, RICHTET SICH DANN NACH VORNE AUS, ES FOLGT EIN KURZES TONLOSES LACHEN UND SCHON ZUGLEICH SETZT ER ZUR BEWEGUNG AN. ER SCHWINGT BEIDE ARME VOM ELLBOGEN AN AUFWÄRTS NACH RECHTS. WÄHREND DIE HÜFTE SICH LEICHT NACH UNTEN UND LINKS SENKT, BEWEGT ER DIE ARME IM SCHWUNG NACH UNTEN UND DURCHSTÖßT IN DER FOLGE WIEDERHOLT DIE LUFT IN DER GEGEBENEN AUSRICHTUNG NACH VORNE UND UNTEN, WÄHREND DIE HÜFTE NUN EHER EINE BEWEGUNG NACH RECHTS UND LINKS AUFNIMMT. DER KOPF SCHWINGT DABEI NACH VORNE, SODANN AUF UND AB, SCHEINBAR SYNCHRON MIT DEN BEWEGUNGEN DER ARME, DIE HAARE FLIEGEN EIN BISSCHEN. DIESES DURCHGÄNGIGE AUF UND AB WIRD DANN DURCH EINE SEITLICHE BEWEGUNG DER HÜFTE VARIERT. DIE ARME BEWEGEN SICH WEITERHIN IN DEN BESCHRIEBENEN AUSFÜHRUNGEN NACH VORNE UND UNTEN, ÖFFNEN SICH DABEI ABER AUCH ZUNEHMEND NACH AUßEN. IM HEBEN DER ARME WIRD DIE WAAGRECHTE KAUM ÜBERSCHRITTEN. EIN KURZER BLICK AUF DEN I-POD, EIN NIEDERSCHLAGEN DER AUGEN, WÄHREND DIE BEWEGUNG SICH FORTSETZT. (19.30) KURZ DARAUF DANN DER BLICK WIEDER NACH VORNE GERICHTET, IN RICHTUNG ABER DOCH AUCH LEICHT NEBEN DIE KAMERA. NUN BEGINNT EINE INTENSIVERE PHASE, IN DER BEWEGUNG VON OBEN NACH UNTEN AUSGERICHTET DEN GANZEN KÖRPER ERGREIFT. AUCH DER OBERKÖRPER WIRD ERFASST, DIE BEINE GEKNICKT UND WIEDER GESTRECKT, DIE ARME ÄHNLICH WIE IN DER ANFANGSPHASE VON DEN ELLBOGEN AN WIEDERHOLT NACH UNTEN GESTOßEN, DER KOPF BEWEGT SICH SYNCHRON. NUR DIE HÜFTE HÄLT DIE RECHTS-LINKS AUSRICHTUNG IN DER BEWEGUNG BEI. DIES WIRD FÜR EINIGE ZEIT BEIBEHALTEN, DIE AUSFÜHRUNGEN WERDEN WIEDERHOLT. DABEI LÄSST SICH AUCH EINE INTENSIVIERUNG VERZEICHNEN, WAS DURCH KURZFRISTIGES NIEDERSCHLAGEN DER AUGEN SOWIE ZEITWEISER FALTUNG DER STIRN UNTERSTÜTZT WIRD. DIE FÜßE HEBEN DABEI GANZ SELTEN EIN WENIG VOM BODEN AB. EIN KURZER UND FLÜCHTIGER, SCHEINBAR UNGELENKTER BLICK NACH LINKS AUS DEM BILDRAHMEN HINAUS. (19.46) DANN EINE KLEINE VERSCHIEBUNG IN DIESER BEWEGUNG, DIE HÜFTE SETZT ZU EINER RASCHEREN, KLEINTEILIGEREN RUCKELBEWEGUNG AN. DIES SICH WEITERHIN AN DIESE STELLE LEICHT NEBEN DER KAMERA.

Hast du das wirklich auch gezeigt? Gehört das dazu? ...

Ach so, du wolltest das alles? Ah, da ist wieder diese komische Musik.

Du hast mich ausgetrickst, weil ich wusste da gar nicht, dass die Kamera auch an ist.

Was schaust du eigentlich?

Wie das Bild aussieht.

Ach so, du siehst das jetzt auch?

Nein, nicht wie die Arbeit aussieht, sondern wie das Bild von dir jetzt hier aussieht.

Ach du nimmst das auf?

Ja genau.

Der Computer wird mir langsam zu heiß.

Ok dann gebe ich dir was drunter.

Aber du hast ja gar nichts rausgeschnitten. In der Szene mit mir.

Ja. Ja das stimmt. Aber ich habe auch im ersten Stück nichts rausgeschnitten. ich habe nur eine Passage genommen, in der wir die Kamera mehrmals an- und ausgemacht haben.

Aha.

Aber halt den Laptop bitte so, dass er dir nicht runterrutscht.

Jetzt ist es kleiner geworden.

Das macht aber nichts, oder?

Oje jetzt bin ich zurückgegangen, ganz zurück.

...

Wenn du nicht mehr magst, kannst du auch Schluss machen.

Ok.

So, ich habe aber auch noch ein paar Fragen an dich.

Wie findest du also die Arbeit, oder anders: was denkst du dir, wenn du die Arbeit ansiehst.

Ich finde es interessant. Weil es um Farben geht, und es bunt ist.

Das Video selber?

Ja genau. Und dass du das erzählst.

Aber am Anfang, findest du, da sind lauter Fehler?

Nein. Ich meinte, du hast aufgenommen, ohne dass ich das wusste.

Es war aber doch immer auch klar, dass wir aufnehmen. Wir haben ja auch gewartet bis die Musik aufhört.

Ja, aber ich dachte du würdest das nicht aufnehmen.

Oder vielleicht, ich würde das nicht verwenden?

Ja.

Und wie findest du das.

Lustig



No Friends Cowhands

Performed
at

Lot 25
TURBOBOOSTER

Prater Wien
2009

on the occasion
of
SALONGSO LONG

in collaboration
with
Melanie Ohnemus

Text
(excerpt, using an excerpt from
Bernadette Corporation's Reena Spaulings)

No Friends Cowhands

Yes it's lonely to be a cowhand, you know? Huh? I know they always say that but unless you're REALLY busy, no matter where you are, you can't help but end up looken out into the distance far, far ahead of you and all around you.

...

Just a' look an' LOOKen.

He darts across the cemetary lawn, dodging left an right, running a pattern that even casual fans of football might recognize as the "47 Notre Dame Y-fork." Penetrating the deepest, darkest cluster of tombs, he ... does an extravagant end-zone victory dance – squatting and waddling, arms flapping, thigh slapping, just short of laying an egg and crowing. Meanwhile ... His movements speak of zombie slowness and zombie singlemindedness.

I reckon I need m' space, but once you start into all that looken.... I sometimes can git lonely jess looken downward toward the grass or at some lonely insects on the earth. Sometimes I'm jess desperate an I cry out, ,I'll take anyone as a friend! Just come along! Just appear to me!' ,Hurry!'.

The first cowboy, a fine and alive athletic specimen, notices the transformation of his sidekick and punches him back down. ... Satisfied that this is the end of that, the cowboy turns away, forgetting his dance, looking in the distance for something like a lost thread.

...

don't want any friends . They won't know how to treat me. How to touch me. And if I have a friend, I'll need to be

touched. And in the right way! Don't just jab at me, friend, GRIP me. Keep it on there nice and firm. Careful not to tickle m'hide by stroken to lightly, and don't vex m' flesh muscle-meat by a lot of unintroducted jabben/grabben.

...

And don't call me on the phone. If you want to see me, come on over just give me a holler when you see me. Once you find me, don't ask me a lot of questions. Don't PROBE me. But don't be uninterested in what I'm tellen you either. And it's ok to just sit without talken.

...

I've had a friend come along, try to find solutions to m' problems instead of just listenen to me complain. They'd end up lecturen me, tryen to boss me or tell me what I SHOULD do. I SHOULD look at it different, I SHOULD take some sort of action agin m' problems, I SHOULD go to a church or stopp thinken about m'self s'much, to start to thinken of others. Don't tell me what to do, friend. And never ask me: what do YOU bring in?

...

He darts across the cemetary lawn, dodging left an right, running a pattern that even casual fans of football might recognize as the "47 Notre Dame Y-fork." Penetrating the deepest, darkest clsuter of tombs, he ... does an extravagant end-zone victory dance – squatting and waddling, arms flapping, thigh slapping, just short of laying an egg and crowing. Meanwhile ... His movements speak of zombie slowness and zombie singlemindedness.

