

OUT OF THE LABORATORY

[wilhelm singer



blind[side]edition

EXPERIMENTAL
sampling

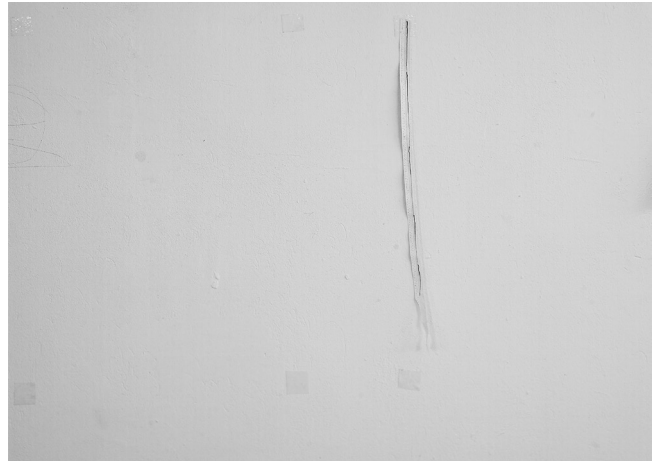
Backpackers at home draft
therapeutic pictures in the white light
of an unfinished mind shift.

A SERIAL OF COLLAGES AND WRITINGS



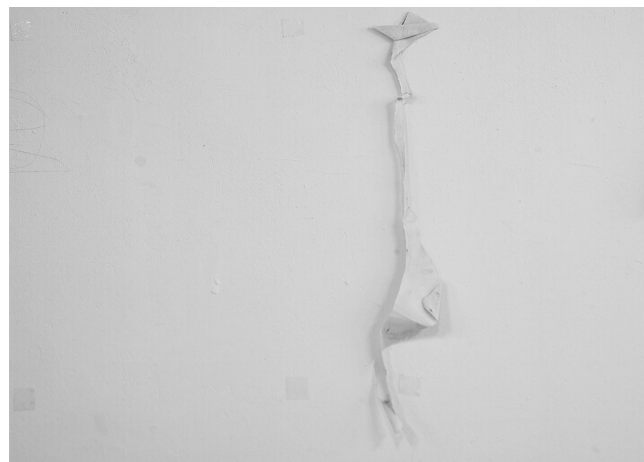
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WHITE WALL



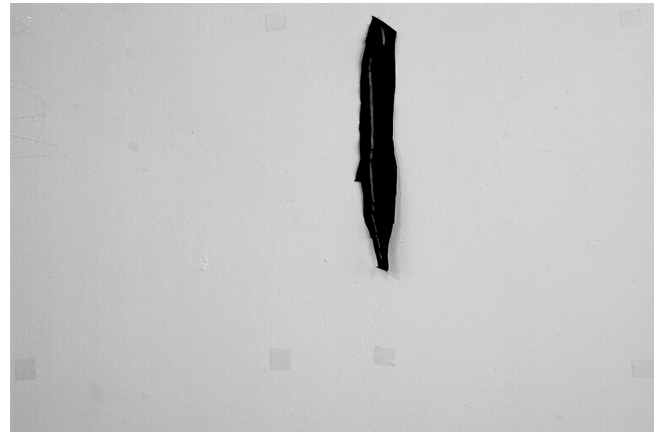
The conspiracy against the emissary
falls apart.
He repeals all punishment
and prepared the surface for restoration.

BODY



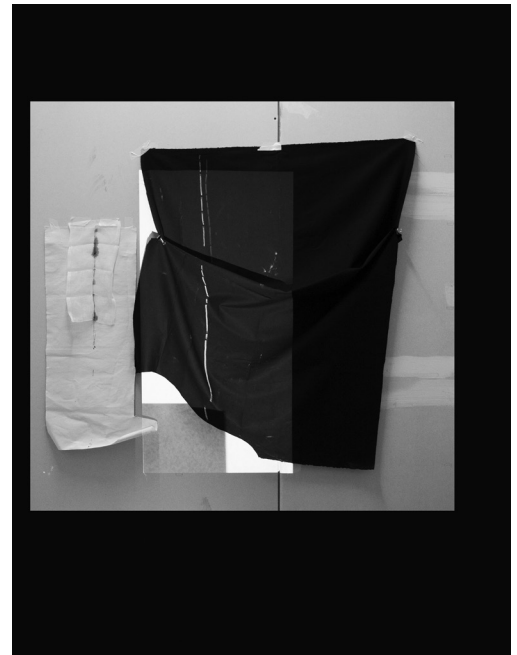
No plea for mercy.
No sound.
No counter strike,
convoluted in history, collapsed
and presented.

LEAVE THE ROAD



A critical point of evolution.
Abducted and led to the abyss.
No explanation, held in disguise
and confronted by constant exchange.

LINES OUT OF THE MIND
interpretations



HERE WE GO!
preparations after one battle is over

Next, one of us got the bright idea to sing along with Willy.
Yes, Willy DeVille.
We were across town – Auchterarder, Scotland in the
aftermath of liberation through forgiveness.
Pardon me!
The crowd mumbled, laughed and talked.

Liberation!

Or one night of sin. I lean against the canvas striped with
black lines far away from Auchterarder.

Little Jim's phenomenology of perception always
distinguishes the subtext – that unsound sense of calls for
special movements designed for the realm of the potential.
Lay preachers got in a fight about the gory battle cruiser in
the Middle East, challenged by images of war; made in the
battle, call witnessed in Selizovo, Russia – in a far corner of
a small cemetery.
Even little Jimmy cries, and he is a tough boy.

Liberation!

Or one night of sin. I lean against the canvas striped with
black lines far away from Selizovo.

Technically just one day in Oklahoma City at the
intersection of Broadway and Grand. Outlaw Jim Casey
died in the storm of gunfire from Chief Jones in 1895.
Just one day in "Oklahoma Justice".
I was immersed in history, but he never celebrated
Thanksgiving anymore.

Liberation?

Or one night of sin. I lean against the canvas striped with
black lines far away from Oklahoma.

TRANSCENDENTAL PERCEPTION IN ARCHITECTURAL STRUCTURES

I know that there is thinking going on, information ran across the soldiers' uniform; the uniform he got at the national mobilization of objectors. Objectors camouflaged like draftsmen; knowledge based on a historical context, an architectural sculpture, already discussed actively before he started thinking. I call it "draftsman knowledge" because of the follow-up, the reiteration, the way the king gives it to the king's son implies spatial arrangement but no revealing of the spatial acoustics of the moment.

I could fail to understand the end of the play.

Meanwhile, on an island; an environment of spiritual tradition, we are consistently talking about knowledge, which implies that we already "know".

Together, we pledge understanding on welcomed polished pictures, spread out on the knowledge – of course: "that knowledge", "that knowledge we know about".

That precognition is identified as a possible liquidation of innovative work, of life-like art in the sense of independence on survival problems.

Innocence thematized as "behavior" has to be feared – not the draftsman's innocence, the innocence before the architectural sculpture was built.

The landlord of the island is concerned – he insists on following the king recognized in this building – that same building we are talking about since we arrived on the island. The religious essence limits itself by didactics.

Well-behaved, I am running down the foreground to catch a single optic phenomenon. I am surprised that architecture is always there. It is the beauty of the abstract forms that is taking my breath.

I paid my room rent: I wanted to be my own boss. I used the last of my money to buy a spell from a fortune teller. So there it was.

Please Mr. Singer, stop to document reality.

The revealing commentary about the content of dwelling places, the technocratic words of the critical – the rich memories of ancient traditions.

Once you take the same line, their responsibility, their praise for drawing the line close to the tradition.

I had to clear my sight so went into the desert for the long-term view – a high visibility to get your point. Goethe, on his deathbed, calls for more light, the exercise within the profession of knowledge.

The decision to be an architect assumes to be in charge, but who is the chaperon – the top view? Who starts the Chinese whisper in the spatial acoustics of an abstract field?

There were three men in black suits telling me that the rock is still rolling. The classical opposition, acknowledged as knowing, legitimized to obliterate the light.

BAR-TAILED GODWIT
blue-grey legs are not a pattern
of structuralism

Blue-grey legs are not a pattern of structuralism.

It now becomes clear the notion of suicide is an abstract symbolism, its behavior is to affect the structure.

Blue-grey legs perform on the breeding grounds—no notion of suicide or boundaries, old questions a pluralism of values. All performed in the history of evolution.

Bar-tailed godwit

The next morning I jumped into my vehicle, used as carrier, distributed as a reward, a stabilizer, a post-war execution of the manifest of autonomy.
Devolution.

Bar-tailed godwit

So it seems structuralism is the paradigm of the effect—the longest non-stop migration, the wintering; the edge of the water, as far south as we, as a species, can go. Disregarded of the pain established through the idea: God has given accurately.

Bar-tailed godwit

Death is a canonical pattern portrayed in images sensible to the photograph, taken in glorious depictions of suffering.

Bar-tailed godwit

Blue-grey legs generally situated in open, marshy tundra around swamps.

Bar-tailed godwit

Think about summer, think about the breeding ground, of a kiss, an abstract symbolism, its behavior is to affect the structure.

Bar-tailed godwit

THE PROCESS OF EXPRESSION the mug shot of the moment

... again, it is time to catch the bird – divide the indivisible bond of pictures taken in the shadow.

I am 12, or maybe 49 if you don't know, living in the desert of ignorance.

The old man's mug shot told me not to plead ignorance. He told me he needs me, he has been waiting for me for ages.

The "next moment" stabs me in my vital organs: longing for love – longing for courage – longing for victory.

The king ruling my life tries to take advantage of my foolish honesty: an attempted blackmail.

I stopped watching, suffering from the distance, the moral indignation – the still pretending to be ... we're all just images of gravity.

Is anything wrong with standing back and thinking? That act will bring you back – back into gravity forever.

I am your man – I interviewed myself – I am your man was the result. For the first time I met myself in a mug shot, in the mug shot out of time – out of the moment – out of gravity; the gravity of death and life. The charioteer turned back for liberation, monopolized by eternal love.

It has happened and will forever happen, but in that way? In the sense of nobility and emotion. In the direct treat of the existence. Hence, in every particular example of consequents.

I remain faithful, a ludicrous double of an conqueror, taken as a picture of dividing the indivisible bond in the shadow.

COMPETITION IS THE CONFLICT'S
BACKGROUND
it is a place both ordinary and otherworldly

The bullet flies through the air and establishes our relations
with them—by the act of watching.
Killings, torture, sexual violence;
Syria!

Settle down

It was a put-up affair

We all heard captain “liberal” in the house with his mistress
“generosity”.
Alive and kicking.
Tell me we are good!
An 8-year-old boy had been too weak to lift a liter bottle.
Ebola!

Settle down

It was a put-up affair

He cares deeply about his country. Should he go to war?
The dream—trapped in its appearance.
Conscripts list!
Falsely testified papers!
Corruption!

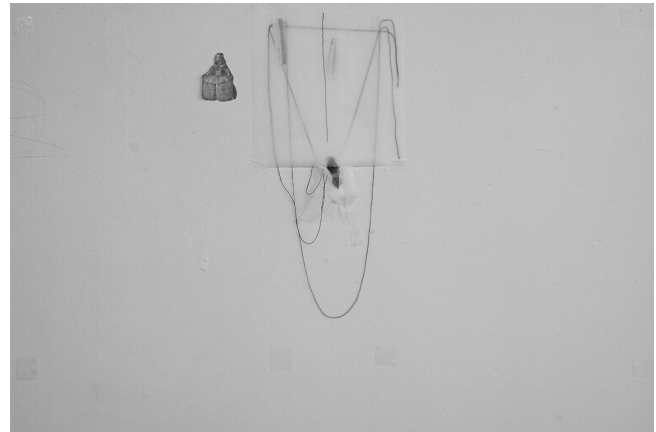
Settle down

It was a put-up affair

INFANTA
memory and social issues



INTO THE INVISIBLE



whose lines are drawing an external world,
a world in different order not only of time?
In which I dream to be the builder?

Operating between social life and lines of
consciousness without a definitive body.

To start a journey

following the reminiscence of meeting
the comrades—the ideas—of my youth.

The holy omens of childhood.

The suffering.

The digging for love.

The abyss of sexuality in its eternity.

The holy state. The skin in the game.

Into the invisible

CULTURAL MISUNDERSTANDING



We are supposed to be a sort of exemplary
radical wild group.

Meeting the rhythm of the last radio song.
Turn to be a detective, climbing the mental
status of men's existence.

A separate chapter in its fullest range
erupted to the apex of imaginary.
A subconscious, a hardful time.

Oh, poor boy!
That's the poem of life.
The first chapter of sexuality.

Cultural misunderstanding

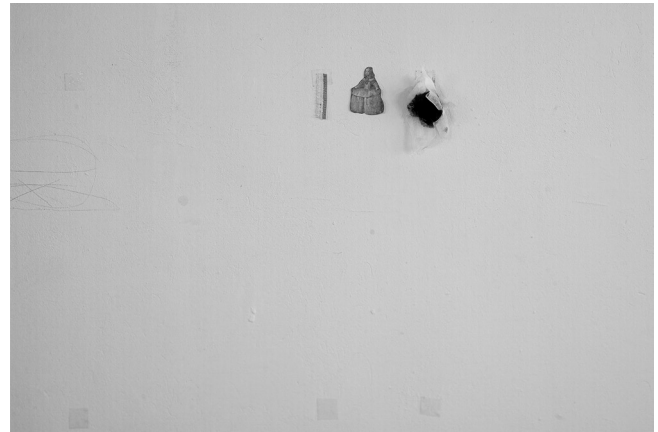
SUMMER 1660



Shaking with shame,
naked
—a settlement—
aesthetics of poor etiquette,
expelled from all fantasies
of the easy-going girl that he is aware of.
The campus, a walking nightmare in
a machinery of loneliness.
A floating down.
Investigating.
An incarnation in an old state.

Summer 1660. Or maybe 1978?

THE GREAT DEPRESSION



The monolith,
the ghostly slaughterer of dreams.
Both are working invisibly
—suburb—
in the building of doubts. In the skull.
In prison.
But the dreams are the audience.
The poisoned plate no one can see.
The great depression

SECOND ESCAPE FROM THE MILIEU

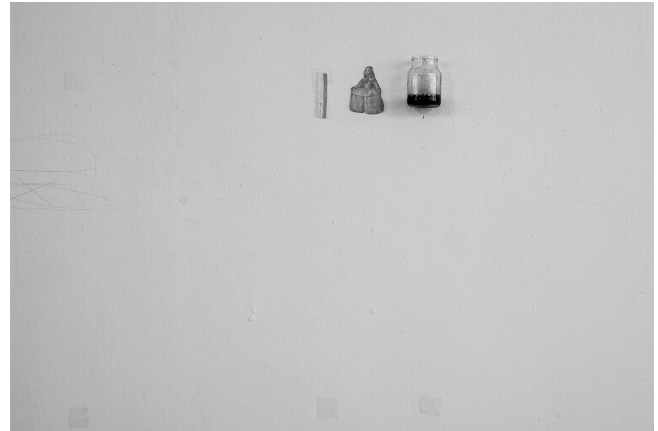


Hallucinations.
Further dimensions.
Infanta—
I need your mystery way.

Her selected company.
Her experimental techniques
to find the pavement,
to find the jazz band,
the saxophony,
the locomotive,
the mercy.

To get back in the
second escape from the milieu

UNDOUBTEDLY RADICALIZED



Furnished room, imaginary safe

—I am not safe—

the brain is talking continuously.

Postcards of dreams are telling ambiguous pictures, juxtaposed pictures of reality and fantasies.

The apartment, visible in the outskirts.

undoubtedly radicalized

THE PROMISED PROSPERITY



For the first time a sense
of mastery over the occupation.
The ideas of a land where the fathers
already have died and the mothers are holy
in the desert of their relationships.

A plot.
The end
of the rebellion.

The promised prosperity

(NO) CULTURAL NORMS AND
HIERARCHIES



In the room of my own,
in the space free of domination,
developing what has come to be known
as the meaningless field studies of
"waking up",
of getting close to... The overcoming
of the critical point of embarrassment.

A journey on the highway,
crossing the street and now turning
back with a lot of traffic going on.

(No) cultural norms and hierarchies

KIEV reflections



INTONES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD
my response was more equivocal

“Hey Ulyana, how about telling us what had propelled you in your youth?”

“In the 1960s, when our newspapers reported the long-term victory of communism over capitalism, we were characteristically confident in our social abilities and freedom of social independence to not be stay-at-home mothers. The declaration to work freed us and enhanced our status.

This kind of reply I would have expected from a mother in the former Warsaw Pact, but what mutated the society back to the motherland? To pictures of mother’s feeding of the conflict through using her position, her status of being the body that had delivered, of being the mother – the motherland – you have to fight and possibly die for that picture.

There had always been a censorship in my subconscious, but for a long time it remained unremembered. The conformance of loving mothers sending their sons to war, and after receiving the message ‘soldier killed in action’, they visit the graves of the principal built by the motherland in a regular exercise.

Where is the emancipation, where are the conscripts telling us we didn’t want a superiority of emotional decisions? No images illustrated by declared warmonger, by mercy, by woman alive out-and-out by getting comforted?”

I took a picture of arranged flowers and tried to classify the ongoing, the tide of events, the passing away.

Ulyana took my hand, by will, for the revocation of the testament to leave open all notions of the past.

TOWARDS THE BARRICADES

an emancipatory interpretation of acting

When the fight gets urban – it means barricades will be built out of man-made debris – a medieval architecture.

Units of uniformed ...

– like-father-like-son –
are restricting and transforming the language, while the leaders acquire this different language in “top gear” and speak it most fluently.

The voice of optimism (for peace) is out of the scope. It is a mood of hurrah and chauvinism – “yippee, we are back on stage, comrades”!

The ideas of our childhood, the games we played in the name of our fathers – the strict upbringing in the notions of fascism and the Cold War, the heroism of Hollywood movies made in the 1950s, the youthful dreams of receiving a knighthood – all centralized in the very simple desire for recognition. An interpenetration (son/father/son) of desire for love.

However, the most promised land, promised by fathers to their sons, by the second generation to the third, typically ends with catchpenny promises.

First the “Maidan”. Then, offhandedly other brigades in the east and south built up the perfect archetype: cliques flock together, developing a military structure with committees and leaders. The public space becomes transformed into a “danger of firing area” and later in a “combat zone” – remember the night at the bonfire, the pride you felt with your self-carved weaponry? But who is saying that? It was a voice speaking deep within me, a picture telling me that

something was never true. But now I am standing with my dressy blue coat and my handmade shoes, between the barricades and trying to deliver a snap judgement.

The same manservant opens the door repeatedly for an entire lifetime, the dubious character linked to the blood stream of history, the relationship called fatherland is second to motherland.

This note of hand – accompanied by picture stories, already characterized
has to be broken, the arrears are already paid.

The whole point is: “the new fatherland is free of guilt”. It no longer belongs to history, to childish dreams of resolving something through fighting; it is always just a clash of generations.

PROGRESS THROUGH FRIENDSHIP
situated thoughts in the relationship
of faraway wars

The aberration of tranquillity is called conflict, a tragic register of distress. The register contains every thought by its possibility.

Is there a need for insurrection?

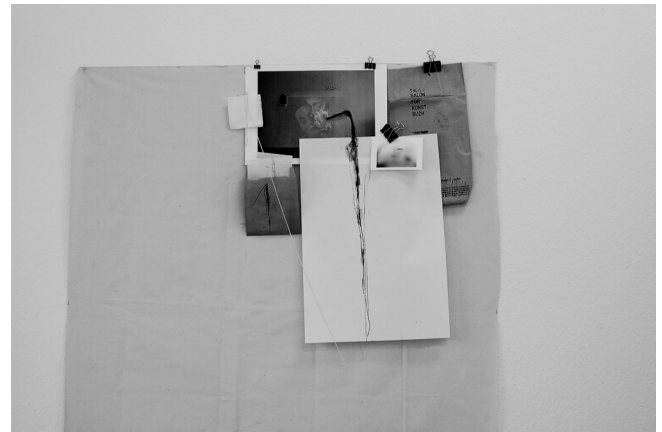
The sun starts winding through the clouds across Kiev. You can sense the coming of spring. I had more optimism than I had a half hour ago, captured in the mother- and fatherland.

The roots of resistance were enveloped in the thought of getting support due to the incomplete information of foreign incumbents. Some just flew in and had to cope with pellmell situations – situations first based on a grassroots campaign, then later on in a revolution against corruption and for freedom and Western values. Those kinds of situations ensnare western officials; I would be ensnared too, to break through the wall and march pro fundamental matters. But the non-qualified part in my political judgement tells me we need no more mourning pictures glued on the pasted board of the last election or the like.

A younger generation, perhaps, will orchestrate a cross-culture hybridity, an arena of non-uniformity expressing human conditions in every means.

A friendship with no faraway wars

LOCALIZATION
an unfinished mind shift



In the appetite for images.
In the lost sight of something.
Here i am, naked, without recognition.

The hysterical piano
—the negative acknowledgment—
the no-op instruction.
without protest.

which reminds me of the concrete floor
the concrete bunker of art
—my Berlin-based studio.

When will you take off your casual dress
code, the outworn clothes—the raiment?
Memory by memory
—altered images.

The seaman handed me a note:
Swell and beautiful

Fauvism and brutism.
...hearing voices in its performance.

The gramophone produces woven pictures
visualized in bright colors.
Tinted canvases.
Exploited tonality.
Invention of pattern.

Look at my new and dreadful liberty.

Hello space boy!
Set of attributes that characterize a star.
Provide a license to achieve the
relationship.
Show us the forging laps to stabilize the
space ship.

I took the morning train to Berlin
—people are screaming,
„don't come near me.“
Inspired by the labor lawyer.
The revolutionist of the non-revolution.
Non-violence in its brutism.

Summertime.
Sent postcards
—long before my performance—
strewn on the floor.
Pictures of happy people.
Old generations reanimation.
Transitions.
Thought fauvism.

I hear a whistle
... Perennial herbs drawn down in an
academic context emerge
—a train—a dirty cement platform.
The lifeboat leading the way out.
Stubbornness—overcome.
Get a seat. The symphony plays already
transcendental music—organized by the
almanac of Catholicism.

Is there God or time?
Serenity or action! Eternal or the sword of
making history.
Full service history.

... Positioned beside the prisoners printed
in history books are small vessels of color.
The canvas shows no momentum. The bullet
has not been fired yet.

Human suffering, doves gliding round and
round the Jolly Roger.
with a dream in my eyes a hysterical
command to all mainstream appeal to—stop.

Now, it was more likely to be committed.

The space calamity
An essay along the line—predominantly

A mixed drama: i smell the spirit of Giacinto Scelsi

Montreal's architecture, streets and the
even finer line of light is walking me
through.

Immediate protests from Frida Kahlo.

It is not about architecture
—the hostage drama of solitude based on
the idea of mortal consciousness an
impassioned defender for recorded reality.

Get a seat; Bagman, exponent of the latest
revision.

Well, what can i do for you?
Your latest work was a definition of
enthusiasm; a birthday present with hurling
colors, a letter without topic.

And?

I just collect data! But on and off i form
an opinion a tropism...

Please stop!

The first justification:
transforming is what art does.
That is a pagan myth. An invented displace
for the reliving of the unspeakable.

The substance of adjustment the Montreal
protocol the article 2

The London amendment
The Copenhagen amendment
The Montreal amendment
The Beijing amendment
Heidegger on architecture

Depleted

On his way up (...) he noticed
"mobilization"
But he was told that nothing is!

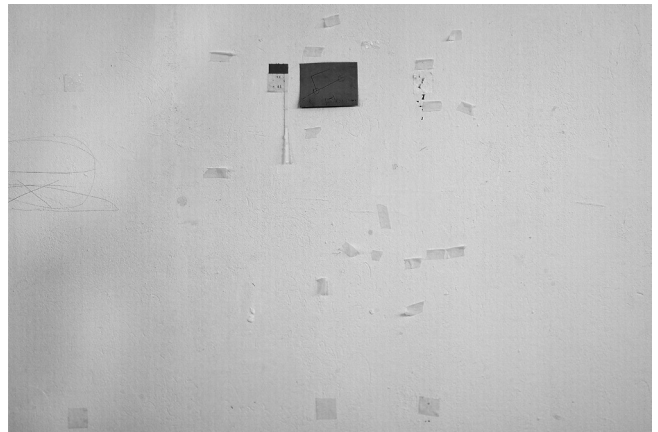
Mobilizatio
—intellectual subtlety.
Naked, under scrutiny of the painted line
—the painted line for real
dedicated.

The small wave
—the color fineness
Nonluminous

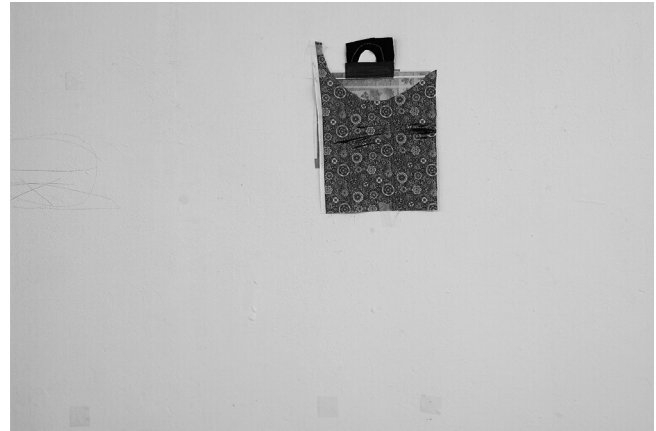
It is really a matter of perseverance.

The abstraction for real.

BACKPACKERS
called "highly expert talkers"



BEFORE THEY GET OUT TO WORK



No change whatsoever.

I am with you.

where we kiss and hug.

Right now.

Unknown. In the orchards, in the smell under
her sweater. The falling heaven.

The sorrow carved in her back.

Come on, wake up! Pass me my bag.

Before they get out to work

LONG HAUL—INCARNATION



They were born to travel.
To find a pillow.
To wait and vanish.
To fall on their knees.
To have a vision
—golden dreams—
looking in the mirror,
cleaning,
radio music,
back.

Long haul—incarnation

SOMETHING LEFT



who just asked about...when the night comes
down.

Out of basements. Cleaned.

Back to lay down on a sudden open room full
of...

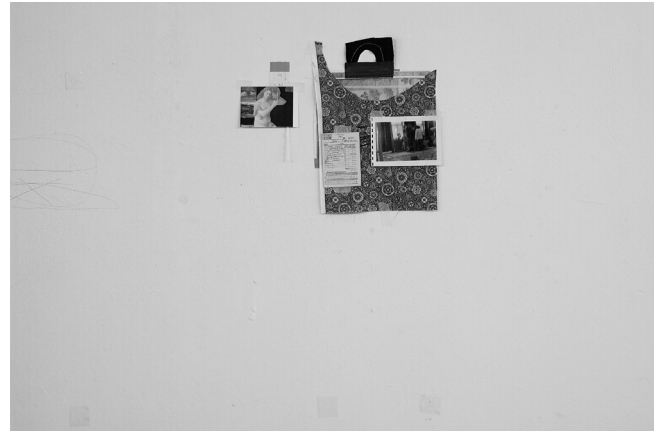
Take his grab

—take him home.

Bad music, man's way.

Something left

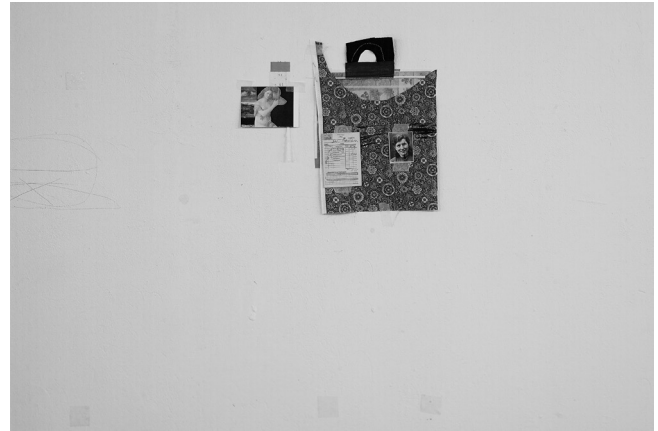
MANEUVERING



The guilt...is breaking her.
Married with a business crossing the line.
Married with a blackened bedroom that
never gets hot.
That night, looking for a place to rest.
Giving birth to a plenty of addicts.

Maneuvering

THE MOST SURREAL FANTASIES



Something nervous.

Because of what I have already thought.
She grimaced,
he announced.
Over the big black moment absorbing
everyone's identity.
Neo slaves' dreams
—you are too ethical.

The most surreal fantasies

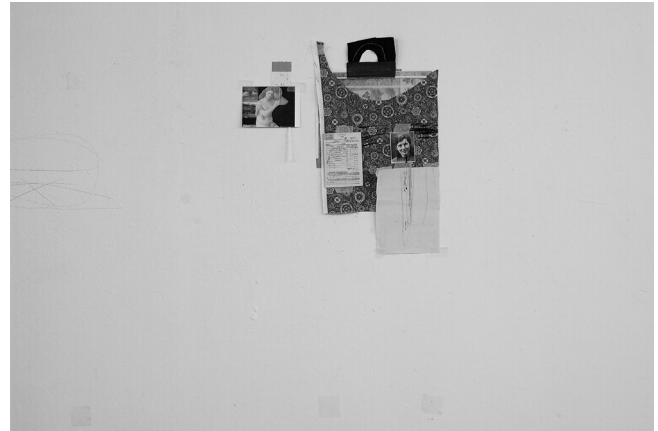
CAUGHT BETWEEN WORLDS



Painting—remembering each detail.
Think not of them.
A stately pleasure, bound!
Helpless, naked.
Forcing nature.
Falling apart.
Rural background.
Strong sense of tradition.
The scenery of the inner conflict.
The trouble with you.

Caught between worlds

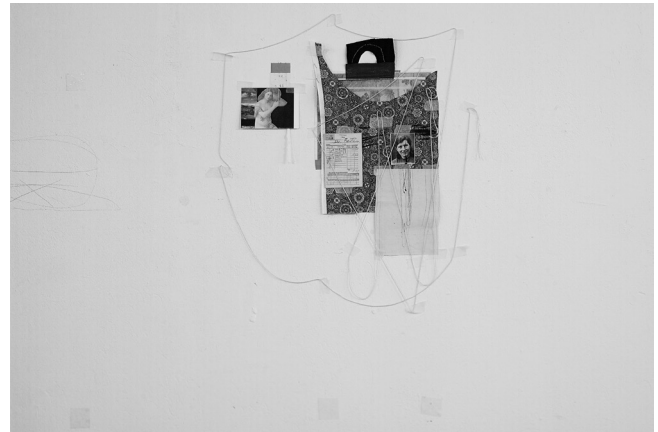
MATERNAL PROWESS?



Some had been sold in the melting pot
—in the rhythm of a composer
a snake bite of dirty
make you...baby.
"God", girl.
Innocent face.
Just a woman tired of running her life.

Maternal prowess?

THE CURE OF THE SNAKE BITE



Her child—her addiction.

Besieged—her imagination, her realm.

Discipline.

Marginalisation.

Grimace.

Love.

Mortgage.

The night comes to pay.

Apocalypse or nightmare.

The cure of the snake bite

JOHNNY LOOK-IN-THE-AIR
mobilized by images



SEEING THINGS on the outer limits of ideas

Is death the end? The everyday collision of views.
Leonardo da Vinci gives instructions for a battle painting.
He insists on courage.

Put an ad in the paper and start telling fortunes – tell us
about... – I looked out the door. A Marian apparition.
“Our lady of Medjugorje”
“Come in!”
Sorry, we are just fortune tellers booking ads in
newspapers about cosmopolitan clichés – knowing nothing
at first hand – a marching down on peripheral
phenomenons.
We are overexcited meeting you.

Is death the end? No, it is a curve of time! It glorifies but one
thing: instant translation!

The next morning started and Boris Leonidowitsch Paster-
nak, famous for “Doctor Zhivago”, presented a verification
of the participatory budget for the next essay on
“Resurrection: the man-made laws and the hypocrisy of
institutionalized church”, which was unanimously accepted.

Is death the end? “Don’t forget to open the window
tomorrow.”

I most confess that when I started my work with the Nobel
Committee I met Selma Lagerlöf, a Swedish author. She was
the first female writer to win the Nobel Prize in Literature,
and most widely known for her children’s book Nils
Holgersson; a wonderful journey across Sweden – an
other-directed phenomenology of perception.

Is death the end? “The ‘tomtes’ proposal”, let’s keep
dancing with the King.

I am reading a fine book on defamiliarization;
Walter Benjamin considered killing himself; Perceiving the
socio-political and cultural significance of the “Reichstag
Feuer” (27 February 1933).

Is death the end, Theodor Adorno? Or are the words used
unreflectively?

It is an ominous evening. A warm wind indicates a change
in weather while “The Raft of the Medusa” departed the
African coast. Théodore Géricault free of sentimentality
ignited a fascination with Michelangelo.

Is death the end? At once, I perceive a principle with you.
The body’s evolution.

“Mit dem Tode bestraft”. During an automobile trip to
Dresden on the morning of August 6, 1945 to the building
called “Schlachthaus fünf”; seventy-two thousand civilians
were incinerated in Hiroshima.

Is death the end, Billy Pilgrim? Is it justified? Is it the first
question of philosophy?

After Paris, Berlin was the foreign city where I spent the
most time; drinking coffee with Felice Bauer, Kafka’s
fiancée. We argued about the issue: “phenomenology begins
with the bare fact of human existence”. Pre-intellectual!

Is death the end? In the bare fact of existence. Or is it a deep
human involvement with the world? A mired discipline
dedicated to rationality.



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<http://thewhitechair.net>