

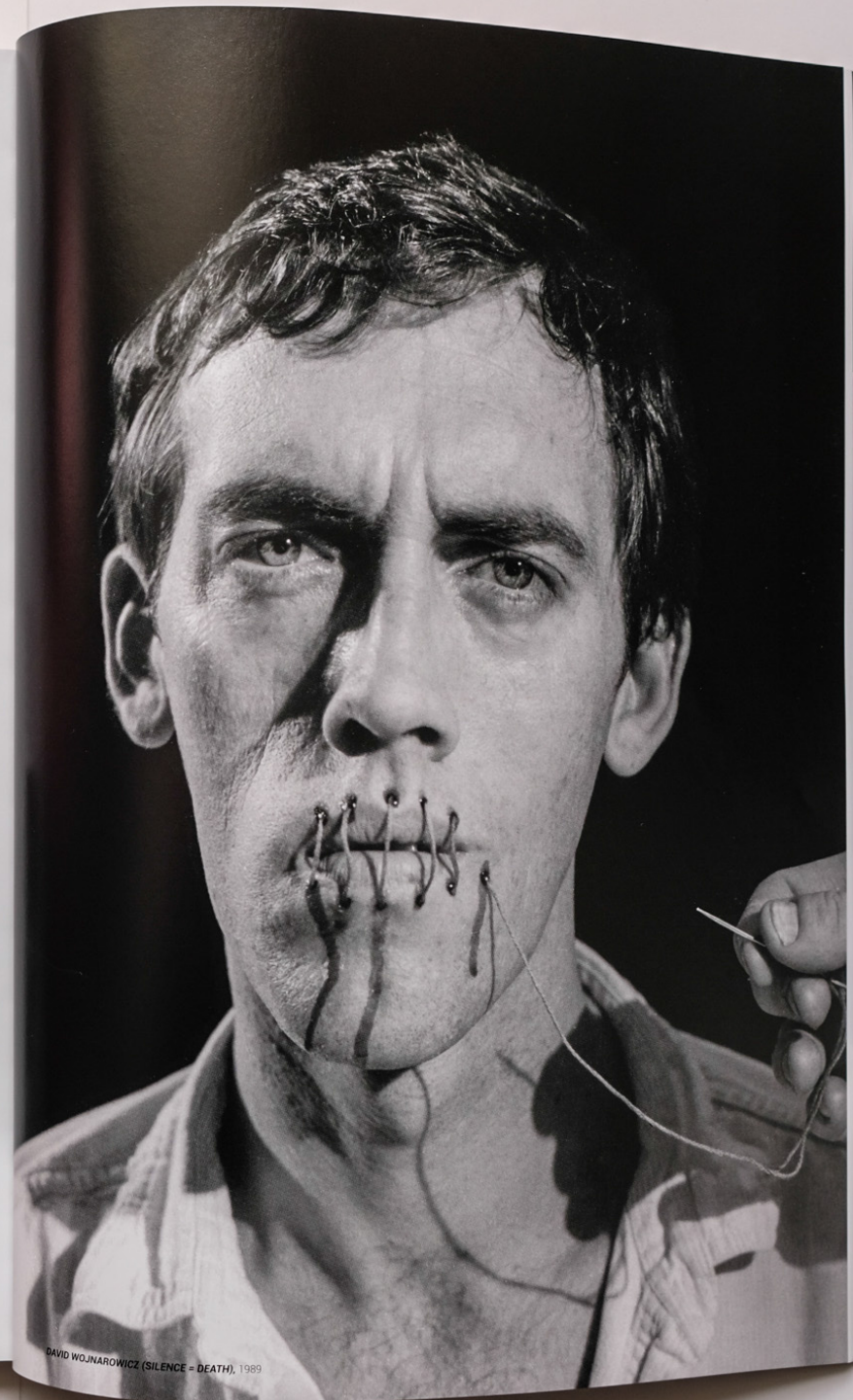
DAVID WOJNAROWICZ & FRANK WAGNER

KRIST GRUIJTHUIJSEN
BY NORA HAGDAL

What I first noticed walking into KW Institute Director Krist Gruijthuisen's office was a pair of armchairs. "*Porn, right?*" he says and laughs. In general the room looks more or less like the office of any director at a contemporary art institution; a bookshelf packed with literature and carefully furnished with sophisticated mid-century design resonating the idea of a "*contemporary curator*." In the otherwise composed milieu, a pair of armchairs breaks the general impression with its postmodern ironic aesthetic. The silhouette resembles some kind of generic Danish-design Emma stool with a bold leopard faux fur cover. As we get along talking I realise how the chairs together with the room somehow illustrate my impression of Krist, being both bold and serious. Raw and, at the same time, thoughtful.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF DAVID WOJNAROWICZ BY ANDREAS STERZING



DAVID WOJNAROWICZ (SILENCE = DEATH), 1989

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DAVID WOJNAROWICZ AND MIKE BIDLO AT PIER 34, 1983

So how did your interest in curating begin?

God, that makes me have to go back. I have a background working as an artist, but [I] always also organised exhibitions. Part of my practice as an artist was to create frameworks. I think my interest in curating stems from an interest in theatre that I had with me since a very young age. I was fascinated by what theatre could bring, which at its core is basically about framing things.

Your curatorial style has by others been described as minimalist and academic. How would you describe yourself as a curator?

(Laughs) Not an academic, not a minimalist. I believe my role as a curator is to challenge and work with artists. To give them voices and platforms. Even though the frames I create are quite curatorial, how one operates within those frames is very much based on what the artist wants, or a collaborative process between artist and curator. In terms of how I profile myself, I would say I've always worked and chosen artists that have been pure. I've chosen a very clear position, whether it's spectacular or unspectacular. I fight for artists that are not immediately considered to be urgent. Urgency is so very tied to what is happening around us today and I don't think contemporary art centres need to show only artists that deal with 'topics of today', so to speak.

For this issue you have curated a piece with images of the artist David Wojnarowicz and the curator Frank Wagner. Tell us about it!

I decided to use the pages that I was offered to give space to two people I think have been important and crucial in the emancipation of the sick body, the rejected body, the queer body and the gay body. David Wojnarowicz was an important artist who died in 1992 of AIDS related disease. Frank himself was also HIV-positive and died of cancer in 2016. They both fought for the rights of HIV-positive people in the late 80s and early 90s, and were both central figures in the AIDS-activist movement during that time. I wanted to show portraits of these two men that worked together and both put their asses on the line to fight for emancipation.

The spread in the magazine is linked to the two upcoming exhibitions at Kunstwerke about Frank, David and the AIDS-activism around the late 80s and the 90s. Berlin is known for its big queer and gay scene, what does it mean to show the work of early queer and gay activists here?

I want to make it very clear to a younger generation that this is not over. This is not to be boxed in as history. HIV and AIDS is not over – it has just taken on a different position in society. I was born with fear as a gay man due to AIDS and HIV growing up in the 80s and 90s. Today I find there is a whole different mental state among young people largely because HIV is not anymore considered a deadly disease. I think it is of importance for a younger audience to understand another time, where you had fear of your own and other bodies. [It was] a time that followed from a sexual revolution, that I feel resembles a new sort of revolution rising today with the development PrEP. It is wonderful for a young generation but unfortunately also causes naivety.

Do you feel that young people in Berlin are naive when it comes to sex?

I'm not here to be preachy at all. But condoms don't exist in this city. KW has a very young audience and I want to show them these two characters that were extremely brilliant and fought with artistic expression for a cause that made us where we are today. And we should never take that shift for granted. By ignorance, coming from the luxury of not having fear, people stop fighting. I think that is counterproductive. On top of that, we are speaking from a very privileged Western context here. In the Middle East, Eastern Europe and Russia, HIV is expanding massively because people are afraid to express the fact that they are positive and they therefore often don't go and get tested.

And the stigma around HIV is still very visible in all parts of the world today, including the West.

You are considered to be a sick body and, still today, therefore face extreme discrimination. I mean, if you fly to the US and mark yourself as being positive you have the chance of being rejected. Everybody fought hard to get where we are and there is a lot of improvement but I still think it is not just a subject of the past.



I'm very interested in the time surrounding David and Frank in the late 80s and 90s. It's not often seen as the most political time in art history, a bit shaded by the '70s with all its social revolutions and very straight forward political art.

The 80s was the most political time in my opinion. It represents the implosion of decadence and capitalism. The 50s, 60s and 70s are basically a celebration of modernisation. The 80s is a result of and, let's say, the backlash of those decades meaning capitalism and greed at their fullest form. It resulted in many different forms of war and terrorism, AIDS being one of the carriers throughout the 80s but politically completely ignored. If you look at Reagan and Thatcher they build models for the rich to get richer and basically ignoring the rest of the world.

Do you think there is similarities between this time and today? I think so, and that's also why I find it relevant to look back at that time.

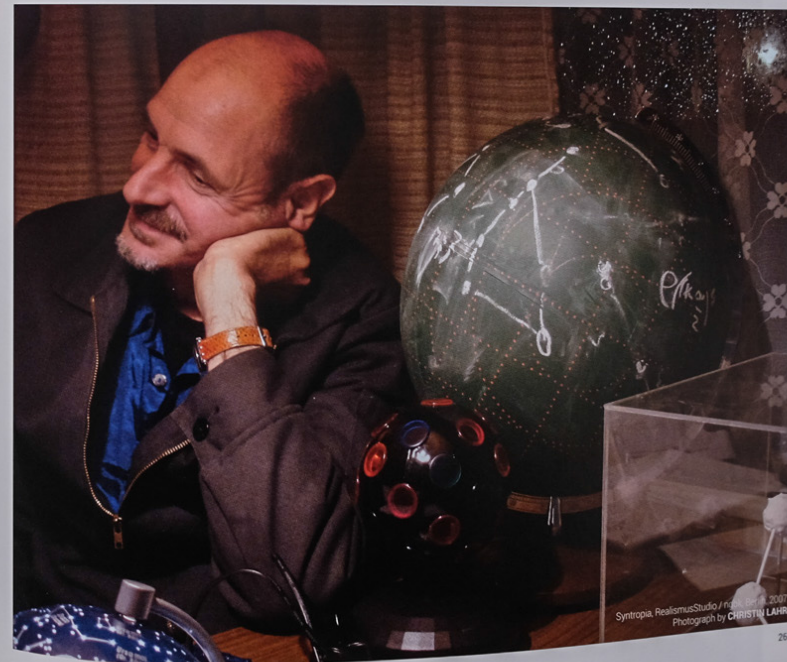
There are enormous amounts of similarities. And you can see all that political art coming from that time is all about this idea of the disintegrated bodies, the rejection, the politics, the "nobody gives a shit about me" kind of attitude. You see this feeling of loss or not being acknowledged. And also there is a lot of anger in these works. The anger of not being a part of a society and being rejected because of that. The 80s and early 90s [as a] period is very important in terms of what is happening to us today because gaps are growing as big as they were in that time. We live in a time where politics has taken this most narcissistic egocentric form. It's a very similar thing with Reagan and Thatcher. I don't really see huge differences between Reagan and Trump, for example.

Both then and now are very defined by hyper-capitalism, permeating society in all its parts.

We live in a hyper individualised system. People today are at a very young age specialising themselves, which results in the lack of understanding of the basics of general knowledge. That's why we have all these new startups, something that again resemble the 80s a lot. On top of that we also have Internet today, meaning that everything that was considered to be far away from you is as close as it can be. I think the Internet, aside all its greatness, made us highly aware of our own position in the world; whether it's through Facebooking, making selfies of yourself all day long, or commodifying this or that part of yourself. This enormous amount of self-interest is what leads us to where we are today. A very intensely superficial society that believes it needs to go to a yoga retreat to go to find its inner self. I fear that today it's all about testing the morals of humanity over and over again. Because you know, the 80s is about collapse. And today it's also basically about tearing down everything.

It's sad.

I know it's sad. Let's say you fight for 50 fucking years for gay rights and then you have 12 idiots standing up being voted to lead the country and those rights are out in a year.



Syntropia, RealismusStudio/Reinhold Messiaen, 2017. Photograph by CHRISTIN LAHR





DAVID WOJNAROWICZ, 42nd Street, New York 1984



DAVID WOJNAROWICZ, 42nd Street, New York 1984



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DAVID WOJNAROWICZ AND FRIENDS, Mike Bidlo's Factory at P.S.1, New York 1984



DAVID WOJNAROWICZ AND PETER HUJAR, East Village 1984

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FELIX GONZÁLEZ-TORRES (1957-1996), REALISMUSSTUDIO / ANSA / GEPH, 1996
Photograph by JÜRGEN HENSCHSEL

TEXT BY FRANK WAGNER

Good evening,

I'm very pleased to be able to welcome you this evening.

With the help of the BAH and the Kultursenat, I've installed a memorial room for [the New York-based artist] David Wojnarowicz in the Kunstwerke's rooms. He was good friend and colleague of mine. And after I heard of his death, I wanted to commemorate him [here in Berlin] somehow.

David Wojnarowicz died on the 22nd July 1992 at the age of 37 as a result of AIDS related complications. He was one of the most frequently exhibited artists in the struggle against AIDS in the USA. At the beginning of the eighties, he was closely associated with the art of the East Village in New York. He was someone who never made much effort to make his work sellable. This is what allowed him to be so radical, so intense. His work constantly revolved around sexuality, discrimination, isolation, and ecstasy. After the death of his boyfriend and mentor, Peter Hujar, in 1987, the illness increasingly became a theme in his work as well as a metaphor for the inadequacy of human life and social injustice. He was one of the earliest [militant] AIDS activists and one of the founding members of ACT UP! Alongside paintings, drawings, cartoons, films, and videos, he also made photographic works, developed performances and composed many texts in his idiosyncratic style.

In the exhibition this evening, I'd like to lay the focus on David's literary abilities. He was always narrative, in all of his photographic works and the large-format paintings.

In his texts, which have remained largely under-appreciated until now, he worked with forms of montage and uninterrupted narrative flow, while abstaining from punctuation and composing the texts in large blocks without paragraphs. This in turn accelerated the speed of reading, not allowing for any pause or interruption, [achieving] an incredible intensity.

As a reader, I have never experienced anything quite like his fusion of sexuality, desire, and ecstasy with moments of isolation, feelings of exclusion and discrimination in relation to AIDS into feelings of anxiety and rage about the state's inaction

[and politics] and the behavior of his fellow humans, which despite its dense and emotionally charged form, never once seems bloated or pity-seeking. Despite an occasional scattering of surrealism, David always stays real and close to life. [He is always autobiographical or fictively autobiographical, waking/dreaming, mixing desires and fears with the reality of life.]

Since the exhibition "*Kunst und Schwule Kultur im AIDS-Zeitalter - Vier Künstler aus New York*" [Art and Gay Culture in the Era of AIDS - Four Artists from New York] (1990) at the NGBK at the latest, he has ceased to be unknown in Berlin. That exhibition was, by the way, organized by the Schwules Museum in collaboration with Magnus, the BAH, the DAH, and Positiv Leben. Before that, he participated in the exhibition VOLLBILD AIDS [FULLSCREEN AIDS] at the Kulturbahnhof Westend in 1988/89. In 1990, he then designed a poster for the Stop AIDS Project, roughly 5000 copies of which were plastered on advertising columns and subway stations throughout Berlin.

[David often copied his own texts, mailed them out, exhibited them, or pasted them as posters on the street. One of these copy posters hangs in the back of the space to the right. Thus, the decision to hang the photocopies on this paper.] It will occur to you that many of the texts installed here are in English. This is because none of his books and only a few of his texts have been translated into German until now. The translation of his texts into German would be an art in its own right. But due to the shortness of time and lack of financial means, I have had to forgo this. Nonetheless, I would plead for a publisher brave enough to at least make his most important book, "*Close to the Knives*," available to German readers.

Today is World AIDS Day 1992, and this room is not only one of mourning and commemoration for a dead artist, but it is also a room about life. Life, love, passion, desire, and sexuality are parts of our person[alities] and our relationships to others. We cannot allow our hard-won, diverse ways of living to be taken away again, be they gay, lesbian, or heterosexual. We must find a way to live with this disease [in the world] and to make our lives worth living. This is why we have to keep on fighting, like David Wojnarowicz did. [And we have to learn how to keep our memories alive. (Too many are dying.)

I would like to thank everyone who has helped me to realise the exhibition.

The Kunstwerke and its advisory board, who endorsed the project without hesitation and immediately made the space available.

[1]
LIVING CLOSE TO THE KNIVES
[A Chapter From "SELL" - PORTRAIT IN 23 ROUNDS: A Psychic Walkabout]
(c) copyright 1988 New York City David Wojnarowicz

I'm sitting in his hospital room so high in the upper reaches of the building that when I walk the halls or sit in the room or wander to the waiting room to have a cigarette, it's the gradual turn of the earth outside the windows: the distant plains filled with buildings that have a look of fiction because from this perspective they flatten out against one another on into the distance until there are thousands of windows (each one containing an into one human being that shows no signs of life) looking like small models of a train set with postcard perfect reproductions of late winter skies and sunsets; the yellowing of sparse clouds and miniature waterfalls, and leaning against the glass of the window of his room I see dizzily down into the street and wonder what it is to fall such distances. I'm afraid he's really dying, when we brought him in here it was just for some routine tests because he wasn't pissing for days and the slightest movement of an arm or leg brought nausea and he was expected to stay for only two or three days now it's been a week and he barely opens his eyes for more than a few seconds - coming into the room this morning: the door swinging open to pale light and that steady figure outlining the sheets: his breath was coming in rapid-fire bursts like a machine gun. I turn from silence and the window and look at him and an iris appears beneath one half-lifted eyelid and its strength bores right through me. I turn away almost embarrassed having as much life in me as he hasn't; I turn away like I'm carrying this excess of life compared to his. The iris was the size of the room; it dwarfed the winter light filling the streets outside the window; it radiated across the heavy clouds with fifty thousand windows reflecting the blue of sky through it.

Whales can descend to a depth of five thousand feet where they can and must sustain a pressure of 140 tons on every square foot of their bodies.

He seemed to wake for a moment; drifted soundlessly for a while, then asked me in sounds that took five minutes to translate to help him into the nearby bathroom so he could shit or something. I manipulated the machinery in the structure of the bed so that his upper body rose towards me and his legs sank away. I placed my hands beneath his back it was hot and sweaty and I pulled him into a sitting position, then took one paralyzed leg after the other pulling them over the side of the bed. Then I realized he was going nowhere - he was limp and his eyes were closed and his mouth exhaled my arm breathing wet sounds - I felt my body thrumming with the sound of vessels of blood and muscles contracting and the sounds of aging and of disintegration the sound of something made ridiculous with language; the sound of loving and the sense of fear. I looked into his face; the irises expanding and filling the room; the curtains of eyelids shutting down over them to lift again and again. I tried to explain that he was too weak to make the trip three feet away to the bathroom - I was scared suddenly and embarrassed again. I'm not strong enough; I said, tilting his head back the sounds of nurses and hospital gurneys far away in the halls but he said nothing - his dark eyes just staring and flickering back and forth from side to side in strobe motion; was he dreaming what thoughts lay behind them what pictures forming do blind men have visual dreams; dreams of color dreams of form?

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After giving birth a female whale produces more than two hundred gallons of milk a day.

And in the yellowing dusk the red bricks of the buildings go to sleep; fade into the shadows of streets and only the uppermost windows show the slow night coming on and I can place myself out there in the sky; lie down in that texture and dream of years and years of sleep and I talk inside my head of change and of rest and of peace for this body beside me of life for this body beside me of belief in these inalterable positions in the shifting state of things; of disbelief; of need for something to suddenly and abruptly take place, like that last scene of some antonioni film where the young woman looks at the house her father built and because of her gaze it explodes not once but twice in slow motion huge fireballs of rupturing stainless steel and couches and tables and chairs splintering into waves of shards and light and glass drifting in glittering helixes and even the entire contents of the family refrigerator are lovingly spilling out towards the eye in rage; a perfect rage that I was beginning to understand feeling myself hovering in the atmosphere outside the buildings walls and wanting a shout to come from my throat that would rip open all the buildings or else have a strength in my hands where I could rip open the earth like cheap fabric and release a windscreen of lava and heat or with the fists banging against my thighs create shockwaves that would cause all the manufacturings of the pre-invented world to go tumbling down in a slow and terrifying beauty till all the earth was level.

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or maybe just to have some water pour from my head.

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One night I asked Kiki to come back with me to Peter's house and dance. It was the end of the third day of his death and according to some tibetan papers Lynn had given me it was the day that the spirit would leave the body and stop wandering around trying to communicate to friends. So I wanted to show his some joy some celebration and it was sprinkling rain a bit we turned on a few lights in his place; each day I come in there's a little less of him in the house. I took the box of photographs of his life from a shelf and spread them out on his bed. He'd thrown the entire box out but Lynn rescued them the day when he was still strong enough to continue his clearing out of his life. They're amazing photographs starting from one of him at age seven or eight; a tiny faded image of a kid propped into a stamped brass frame and one of him at age fifteen he's in this rowboat set on the top of the photo to the bottom leaves overhanging in a cascade from his laugh or to wave away he's gesturing with his left hand whether to cover his ear and he's naked the person holding the camera and his other hand is on an ear and he's naked but for the camera shorts and his naked laugh and the structure of his interior body pressing against flesh and in looking at this photo I thought: how could his mother not love this boy - I'd received a small typed note from Linda in the mail a few days after the funeral saying: "Did you know that when Peter was in his teens he would always choose the seat on the bus as far away from the other passengers as possible because he didn't want them to have to look at how ugly he was?"

So I spread his history across the surface of the bed the candle in his funeral shrine burning and put on the record Lynn had found to use for his general mass and Kiki and I tried to dance I felt so wrought with self-consciousness and tried to follow her simple foot movements one large step sideways two small steps one large again turn swing large two the windows started the record again stopped turned all the lights off opmned this stiff body of mine and started to dance again I felt so disappointed in this stiff body of mine wanted to dance freely but all this stuff of years circling whirling in the space and I did the finally Kiki let go of my hands and started whirling in the space and driving same as I was dizzy from not eating all day whirling and jumping and blowing out our ladies through the darkness the windows and curtains and swinging carlights rain the rain in the streets illuminated by lamplight and rolling rain and for a moment roaring in huge sheets and walls across the theatre lights below her body swirling like dervishes through the room her bare feet my bare feet and for a moment racing in the temples and the rain and I was beaming; some kind of joy and I was happy for him that he could be seeing this naive body starting to loosen up. This man and this woman whirling in an invisible flutter of cloth and flesh.

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I go into these rages periodically that can find no real form where I end up hitting the backs of my hands against the television set; instead of diving in to my real urge which is to rip the thing out of the wall and toss it blowing out the window into traffic. Or I wake up from daydreams of tipping certain politicians or nazi-preachers or government health-care officials or the rabid strangers parading against AIDS clinics in the nightly news suburbs. I carry this rage in moments like some kind of panic and yes I am horrified that I feel this desire for murder but it all starts with a revolting screen of memories that mixes past and present; that contains the faces and bodies of people I loved struggling for life; people I loved and people who I thought made a real difference in the world; at least some kind of balance to those whose images and intents we get served daily through medias. It starts with an organized social structure that would kill you spiritually or physically every chance it has. I remember the first time some 19 year old neighbors kid brought me up the elevator to the rooftop I was eight and a half and under the summer night sky he placed my face against his dick and I almost lost consciousness because of the power of all these unconscious desires suddenly surfaced into form and how for a week afterwards this eight year old plotted murder because of fears that the guy would tell someone and I'd be locked up or institutionalized and given electro-shock and how I studied my face in the mirror day after day to see if what I'd experienced was written there and the confusion that I'd become this hateful thing and yet my face remained the same. And the months afterwards of searching the public library for information on my "condition" and finding only sections of novels or manuals that described me as either a speedfreak sitting on a child's swing in a playground at dusk inventing new words for faggot: "...butterfly, whisp..." or that people like me spoke with lisp and not bothered in their asses and wore dresses and had limp wrists and in every novel I read that had reference to queers they were people who killed or destroyed themselves for no other reason but that they realized how terrible these shapes and characteristics. And growing up living a schizophrenic existence in the family and social structure with every ad in every newspaper t.v. and magazine a promotion for heterosexual coupling amidst musclebeads and beach bunnies and in every playground invariably the kid boy or girl that screamed: faggot! in frustration at another kid and the sound of it resonating in my show and that instant solitude that breathing glass well no one else saw. And endless news stories of murder around the nation where the defendant claims self-defense because this queer tried to touch him and the defendant being freed and I'm lying here on this bed of Peter's that was the scene of an intense illness and the channel of the t.v. has been turned to some show about the cost of AIDS and I'm watching a group of people die on camera because they can't afford the drugs that might extend their lives and some folks in the healthcare system in Texas is being interviewed; I can't even remember what he looks like because I reached through the television screen and ripped his face in half; he's saying: "If I had a dollar to spend for healthcare I'd rather spend it on a baby or person with some illness or defect not of their own responsibility; not some person with aids..." and I recall Phillips description of finding someone he knew almost dead on a bench in Tompkins Square Park because no hospital would take him in because he had aids and no health insurance and the newspaper stories about the governor of Texas saying on the radio: to solve the problem of AIDS just shoot the queers..." and his press secretary claimed the governor just didn't know the microphone was on and besides they didn't really think this would affect his chances for reelection; and the

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memory of Peter eating alone one morning a couple months before he died at Bruno's Restaurant on Second Avenue and 12th Street and Bruno himself in the middle of the packed restaurant coming up to Peter and asking: Are you ready to eat and Peter saying: Yes, but why? and Bruno saying: Are you ready to eat? Just put your money in here, and Peter taking out a paper bag and saying: why just put your money in here. And Peter put five dollars in the bag and Bruno went behind the counter and brought back his change in another paper bag and tossed it onto the table. And what all this says in an instant, I at first wanted to go into Bruno's at rush hour and pour ten gallons of cows blood into the grill and simply say: You know why. But that was something I might have done ten years ago instead I went in during a crowded lunch hour and screamed at Bruno demanding an explanation and every time a waitress or Bruno asked me to lower my voice I got louder and angrier until Bruno was covering in the back of the kitchen and every knife and fork in the place stopped moving. But even then it wasn't enough to erase this rage; and hearing that the Chief Counsel of H.R.A. in a private city meeting on housing for poor people with Aids said: "what you want is a little place; an island where you can isolate these people so they can bang each other up with this aids virus..." and hearing that statements like this are not uncommon in government meetings and how the city of New York is dragging its feet on this disease just like every other city and just enough money so on paper it looks good; not good, but at least on paper their asses are covered so in the future when the finger points in their direction in terms of responsibility they can say: but we did something, and the government is not only withholding money but drugs and information; and the aids across the country are turning themselves into human test tubes; some of them are compiling so much information that they can call government agencies and pass themselves off as research scientists and suddenly have access to all the information that has been withheld and then they go on to turn their test tubes into laboratories mixing up chemicals and passing them out freely to all friends and strangers to help prolong lives; people are subjecting themselves to odd and sometimes dangerous alternative therapies; injections of viruses and consumption of certain chemicals used for gardening all in order to live. And then you get these self-righteous walking swastika's claiming this is god's punishment and Buckley in the daily newspaper asking for a program to take people with aids and laouche in California actually getting a bill up for vote that would isolate people with aids in camps and when I react with feelings of murder I feel horrified and tell myself this is fascist to want to murder these people and in my horror of my feelings I attempt to rationalize this murder further and saying but in this culture we accept murder as self-defense against those who try and murder us and what's going on here but public and social murder on a daily basis and its happening in our midst and not very many people seem to say or do anything; not even an acknowledgement of this murder from most of my friends; and on the evening news I'm told that violent acts against homosexuals are up 61 percent over the last year and to get away from all this I go to a cinema in the neighborhood to see a movie and it's called Hollywood Shuffle and it's about the plight of certain minorities in the movie industry and halfway through the film I have to watch this stereotypic rag with a dick and designer perfume for a brain since his way through his lines and I want to throw up because we're supposed to quietly and politely make house in this killing machine called america and pay taxes to support our own slow murder and I'm amazed we're not running amok in the streets, and that we can still be capable of gestures of loving after lifetimes of all this.

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At one time it was where in the last week before I left the city to go someplace else for a long period what time the city suddenly changed; it suddenly revealed to me as if I had let go of something that was keeping it hidden; the more wonderful things tended to happen or reveal themselves in the days before departure; life or living seemed quite an amazing spectacle - there was humanity beneath every gesture moving along the sidewalks. It was a sudden vision of the world; a transient position of the body or in relation to the Other World. So I came to understand that to give up ones environment was to also give up biography and all the encoded daily movements; the false reassurance of the railing outside the door. This was the beginning of a definition of the world for me. A place that might be described as interior where boundaries were negotiable; where boundaries were stretch- ed or obliterated; no walls, borders, language or fear.

With the appearance of Aids and the sense of mortality I now find every- thing revealing itself to me in this way; the sense that came out in moments of departure only now I don't even have to go anywhere - it's the possibility of departure in a final sense; a sense called death that is now opening up a warm gate. Once I felt acutely alone; now it's more like an immersion in a body of water and the water that surrounds me is air is breathing is life itself. I'm acutely aware of myself alive and witnessing; like a long distance runner who suddenly finds himself in the solitude of distance among trees and light friends that died; I'm breathing this air that they can't breathe; I see and I see the sight and sounds of friends and I can reach out and touch it like they this ratty monkey in a cheap mexican circus wearing a red and blue embroidered jacket and it's collecting coins and I can reach out and touch it like they jacket and I'm collecting coins and I joke and say that I feel I've taken out can't. And time is now compressed; on this vehicle of sound and motion, and every painting or photograph or film I make I make with the sense that it may be the last thing I do and so I try and pull everything in to the surface of that action. I work quickly now and feel there is no time for the tools and growth allow. And in the better moments I can see as clearly as bulb hairs; cut straight to the heart of the sun's rays and map it out as transparently of their faces maybe over my shoulder or superimposed on the surfaces of my eyes; thus I'm more aware of myself - seeing myself see from a distance; seeing myself see others I can almost see my own breath see my internal organs functioning pump pumping like a worm halo of a worm halo of mortality; the edge of death and dying around everything I see like a light sometimes dim sometimes irradiated - I see myself seeing death; I go through his breath sometimes dim myself in accompanying myself everywhere I go a transparent celluloid image of myself and I see breath coming from my chest and I see my friends and I see myself and I see breath coming from my chest and everything plants are drinking it and I see breath coming from the sun goes down. I see a shadow that may disappear as the sun goes down.

