

I need the Trauma.

Back in the time I moved from Hamburg to Basel I swapped my loft for just a small room. To bring a lot of things hadn't made sense at all. There was no time and space to give them their permit. How life goes, later I regretted not having brought more with me, missed things, my Hitachi stereo and my homemade loud speakers, but also books and records (*PIL*). Only my pictures were stored at my parent's house untouched as my parents kept them patiently. Then, some several years ago, I realised they had got tired of having my blunt around. So I requested to free themselves of mine those canvases, which I had rolled into a considerable roll. However, then again I forgot that I had let mom and dad get rid of it. Hence, for the following years I still was inhaling a work I thought existed as part of myself and in my dreams I was unrolling it once I had enough space to expose my so long hidden treasures. This Christmas, eventually, I've done figuring out - that dream would never again come true. My that acclaimed wonder went forever. No hidden treasures, only a disillusioning reality; as remnants of my academy years all what is left are just four frugal pictures fit on stretcher frames. I took them home by train yesterday.