

1

The myth of glass as a "supercooled liquid" is misleading: it was once thought old glass-paned windows of medieval times had melted to a denser bottom, creating rippled views like car window in the rain. Rather than an indication of gravities effect on the material, scientists and restorative architects have proven this points to a much less magical, much more human conclusion: the imprecision of early glass-making. But in naivet , to further the thought experiment: if the same eyeglasses were worn for an extraterrestrial lifetime, perhaps they could make natural bifocals - as old age came nearer, a book on a lap would become clearer, through thick, slow-moving glass.

An earthly lifetime reduced to glass.

Humid plant respiration and exhalation mixed with smoke transform from gas to liquid upon introduction to a cool surface. Suspended until the weight of fluid accumulation becomes heavy. The car, the lounge, the greenhouse. There is a sense of heaviness that often lacks in the description of those facades. Not that a literature about the brutality of modernism isn't existing; in facts it is a historically approved thread. What I would like to convey though is a sense of these feature of the modernist environment that does not resort to the categories of the sublime, the critical, or the sociological. The particular shade, stained by substances stepped in, and in turn lending itself to the mottled mix of colors designed to do just this; to hide the memories of footsteps gone by and always appear corporately uniform. This corporate uniformity travels through, floor after floor, block after block. Always the same, fitted in squares. A jumble of joins. Some more faded than others, as the occasional square becomes stained beyond repair. Once replaced the square almost glows, standing out in a way it never should. High performing would probably be the word used to describe by the telesales marketer, which lies not in the fact that you like the sturdy looped, corduroy-esque appearance but more down to the ability to camouflage the gum, chewed until all flavor is lost, discarded, and then worked into the groves and threads as the dirt sticks and it's color goes from white to grey. Flecks of dirt, stones, holes hole-punched, staples, the occasional drawing pin, all trodden into the woven trenches.

*My routine is to watch movie. I never stop watching before the end. If the movie is not interesting after the first 20 to 30 minutes, I just listen to it while playing snake. Because there might be a cool dialogue, or something visually striking at some point.*

...

*I shouldn't make waves for them not to realize that they are being recorded; It's a ground work where I shouldn't be looking like I'm seeking something, are trying to get something from them. Even if I do hope I'll get something.*

2

To talk about dreams and fantasies, while simultaneously thinking of you, is difficult. We've spent days sharing dreams, and then sharing videos, and asking questions. Is it a fantasy if it is a possibility? Must a fantasy be unattainable? Have you ever been able to control your dreams?

Does darkness enable you to access your insides? We notice you work in the dark, and read in the dark. Have you ever crushed your teeth in a dream? We try to imagine your

dreams, and we see darkness. We think about our fantasies, and your fantasies, and your dreams. Are dreams related to real expectations, or shames?

They say in sleeping dreams, you cannot see or look at yourself. Perhaps that means an essential characteristic of them is that there is a becoming something or someone else.

When you have dreams and fantasies, does it mean you are discontent? Are you discontent? Have we contributed to your discontent?

How often do you close your eyes in the daytime?

We've made a video playlist for you. Probably, you will not like any of it.

The lane is uninterrupted by cars. Two in a forty minutes ride toward dusk. He hears about a cure for leukemia developed by the university of New Jersey which would be sold by Novartis for 400 grands a dose and obviously the demographic response that this would raise. Had to steer to dodge a pole. There are still trees which leaves have not fallen entirely. The ride would be fluent if not for a sharp sound from the trunk of the car appearing when crossing some small crack in the asphalt.

Starting from the point it has the shape of an helix made by two pieces of bent metal, partly leveled by powder coating. The rod is made out of steel manche, colored grey. Smokes from the factory are still detectable. It's 101,5 cm long and can make holes 100mm wide. A sticker on the side shows an image with blurry background of bushes. We can't recognize where exactly the photo would have been taken. Green leaves separated with a narrow white line, two of which lying one above the other with a slightly offset looking like drips of tear that have frozen at the moment when...

3

I can't remember very clearly, but I remember I saw my ex boyfriend, my first boyfriend, and his family.

*Were you getting along with the boyfriend?*

I remember us kissing.

*When did you date him?*

Between 2004-2006

...

The whole experience of having a living organism inside me. That has been a very important time of his maturation, and that it's inside me, and that I am feeling it, and while I'm feeling myself I'm also feeling somebody else, it's really beautiful.

*Have you ever had a virus?*

No

...

Another one of my fantasies is to be old. And I'm not playing video games now, but I know that when I'll be super old, too old to do sports, I will restart playing video games.

...

I've just read the dream about my uncle and I forgot one part. He started to kill people, I was having a monologue with him – he was just a selfish asshole – this huge monologue. He pulled out a gun and put it in his mouth, and I said no don't do that – and after a moment, he doesn't do that, and he kills myself. So it is because of me that he doesn't kill himself and instead he kills my friend.

4

Having to delay lunch not earlier than 13.35 I opted for a walk in the park. I would have met Diana there, in a blinding ephemeral late morning, amidst tiny bubble rays peering through the vegetation on the sidewalk.

This idea of 3d printing 3d printer comes from an anonymous twitter account named 'not Beatrix Ruf' the original tweet is the following one : « Who will be the first Städelschtudent to 3D-print a 3D-printer? #singularity ». I decided to take that grotesque idea and create a narrative through what this 3d printed 3printed could actually produce.

Städelschtudent have always been the target of many insiders joke. I felt like the joke was funny, I wanted to use that joke, turn it into something unrelated to Städel through another narrative that follows the absurdist aspect of it.

First Year is the year to try out as many things as possible, and from these I'll hack out and reassemble my Second Year Frankfurt.

In an article in the news of my hometown dating from 1954, the witness said that mushrooms he had never seen before appeared where the flying saucer landed. Three private investigators discussed their approach to breaking the bad news to clients that they have been cheated on; how to make the bitter pill easier to swallow? The three private investigators practiced the news-breaking on a stuffed dog (a stand-in for that potential client). The initial settlement of the court about the matter was scheduled for December 13, having to be postponed after the Christmas festivities. At that time a new wave of sobriety would have descended upon the city, and the surrounding suburbs. It is surprising how much countryside is still present outside of a city like New York. Once you get pushed to the outside it becomes practically almost impossible to return back.

## Editorial

In this text I have collected excerpts from material produced by my fellow students, mainly from Lili and Teddy, as well as little lines from material Janis' and mine. The material has been arranged according to atmospheric suggestions aiming at creating a hint or at least a background for a narrative, the influence of which is mainly traceable to David Foster Wallace. In doing so I have operated minimal but unmarked editing, trying to glue them in a cohesive if still extraniating passage. I have tried to keep the excerpts fragmentary when the cohesion would have sounded too artifact.