

*Titania Seidl / X. marks the spot
(a trifle)*

*installation views, paintings, book, text
ARY Kofu, Japan, 2014*





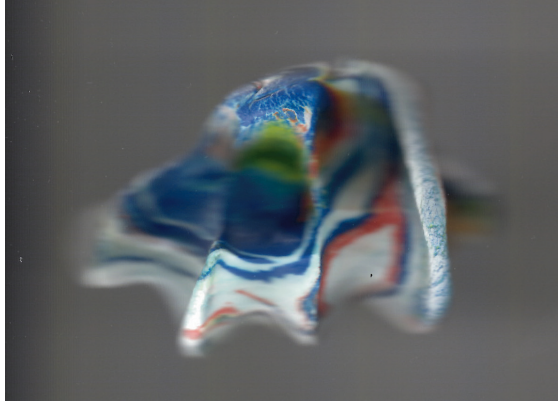


Ihre Augen schauen nichts Bestimmtes an, sie scheint eher in ihren eigenen Kopf hineinzuschauen, nicht ins Leere, wie man so sagt, sondern im Gegenteil, denn in ihrem Kopf scheint sich viel abzuspielen. Natürlich können wir, die wir zuschauen, nicht sagen, was genau da drinnen passiert. Wir können es vielleicht anhand ihres Gesichtsausdrucks erraten, in dem wir, wenn wir genau hinschauen, leichte Veränderungen wahrnehmen können. Die Protagonistin schneidet keine Grimassen, aber ab und zu schlägt sie ihre Stirn in leichte Falten, die sich langsam wieder glätten, manchmal kann man auch den einen oder den anderen Mundwinkel zucken sehen, und hinter ihren geschlossenen Lippen sieht der aufmerksame Betrachter, wie sich ihr Unterkiefer leicht bewegt.

Zeit vergeht. Draußen, auf der anderen Seite des Fensters, ändert sich der Stand der Sonne, die allerdings nur als helle Scheibe hinter einer halbdurchsichtigen grauen Wolkendecke sichtbar ist. Die Wolken bewegen sich zwar sichtbar in eine Richtung, aber sie geben nie den Blick auf die Sonne oder gar blauen Himmel frei, hinter den Wolken kommen immer neue Wolken nach. Ein paar undefinierbare Vögel fliegen lautlos vorbei, wir können aber davon ausgehen, dass es gewöhnliche Tauben sind. Wenn wir genau hinhören, können wir am Rauschen des vorbeifahrenden Verkehrs erkennen, wann die Ampel an der Kreuzung um die Ecke auf Grün schaltet, und in welche Richtung.











To cut a long story short: I had no idea what to do anymore. I had been looking for X. for weeks, months even, not only without finding X., but without even finding a single clue as to X.'s identity or whereabouts. I couldn't find any photos of X., I knew nothing about X.'s biography, I had met a few people who claimed to have personally met X., but their stories were inconsistent and didn't help me any further. The only concrete evidence that X. truly existed was X.'s personal email address.

In a desperate move, I started writing to X. I introduced myself, wrote a few trite lines and pressed the send button. The problem was that, starting with that first short text, I couldn't keep myself from writing X. again and again. Not as a reply to anything X. wrote, there was never an answer. I have no doubt that my messages were received and even read, but never did I receive any kind of answer. I must have been acting under the influence of some sort of delusion. But I kept on writing.

What was it that I had to say? Nothing. Nothing at all. I described my daily routine to X., I told X. about a big white dog I had seen on the street, not on a leash, just running in one direction, the owner nowhere in sight. I described how I went to the supermarket and what the woman at the check-out looked like. I explained how I was sometimes lying in bed at night waiting to fall asleep, and how I would get up again to fetch a glass of water to put beside my bed, how that could sometimes be crucial if you didn't want to wake up dessicated and sere.

I would write X. several times a day, whenever I sat down at my computer I would feel the strong desire to recount my life to X. I wasn't thinking, I was addicted to retelling my own life.

Gradually I felt myself not experiencing the events in my life as the protagonist, but as the narrator, even when things were happening around me, I thought only about how to put them into words, not about how I as a person should react to them. I felt less like a body moving through the world but like a filter between reality and story. Reality would be pressed through me, entering my body through the senses and then leaving it again through my fingertips typing on a computer keyboard, the evidence of reality as small black signs on a white rectangle on a screen emanating a blue glow.

Feverishly I typed, until after I don't know how long, the urgency to do so had suddenly gone away. But I had come no closer to finding X.

