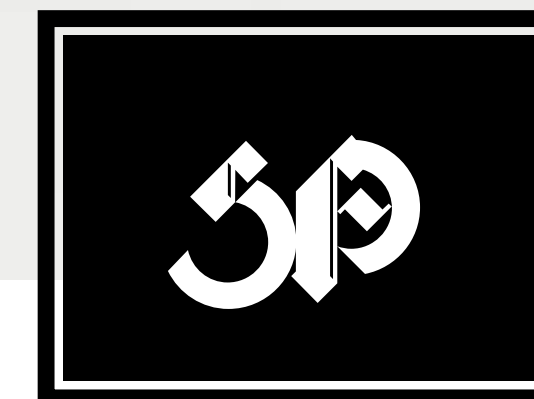


# Dear Judith,



It seems so strange to write to you in English, why would I do that? What strange exercise is that? I think it's ok for this exercise but I feel like we lose a lot of subtleties in the way we structure language and story telling in our mother tongue. So let me think, what we need. We need a category of things that can only be said in German:

## Things that can only be said in German:

Das hier ist vielleicht so etwas wie eine Sammlung, eine Übung, die hoffentlich hinterlässt, was man gerne wieder aufgreifen möchte. Und im Besten Falle vielleicht etwas, was wir beide benutzen könnten um darüber zu sprechen, was wir vielleicht einmal zusammen machen könnten.

Heute als ich in der U-Bahn saß, fiel mir auf, dass ich viel deutschsprachige Musik höre und es könnte daran liegen, dass ich diese Zeit, das Hiersein als Zwischenzeit, zwischen vergangenem Nichthiersein und zukünftigem Nichthiersein wahrnehme, dass obwohl ich mich oft wundere, dass ich mich ganz distanzlos fühle, nicht mehr über die andere Sprache nachdenke zum Beispiel, ich oft an die Zukunft denke, die nicht hier stattfindet.

## This artist we have been talking about

**Bas Jan Ader**, you told me about his three-minute black-and-white silent film, *I'm too sad to tell you* and how he tried to cross the ocean in a little boat and disappeared.

## Music

I got this weird habit at the moment listening to a lot of chamber music. As always I'm really lazy when it comes to finding music so that leaves me with the The Baroque 50: Spotify Picks mainly. It might sound a bit crazy, but in a way I can understand that aristocrat mentality that vibes with that music. I think it's because of this shitty show that I'm watching, *Versaille*, about Louis XIV. I mean sometimes I'm so sick of this post-structuralist repugnancy, that I come to realize that I gradually might be considered a reactionary, with me still sticking to my 70s Simone de Beauvoir Existentialism.



## *A Thing to Say to a Diary*

*You know I hate to end relationships, especially when it has to be on a a bad note. But I finally mangaged to end the one I was telling you about when we sat in the crazy lunchtime heat of Karlsruhe at Kühler Krug. I finally ended that. And it's good.*

*It's even sort of a heart-warming feeling to know you have alomost something like an enemy very close to you. But this story still wouldn't fit into the next category*

If I every feel like it, I also want to have a category to vent a bit. This would be it.

Why not set it in  
*Gill Sans* and *Headlines* in  
*Bastard*, by Virusfonts.