

NAUTILUS.UNIVERSE
CONSTRUCTIVE MICROCOSM

texts first part
translations Anna Galt



It is only when the child falls into the well...

... when the gloom of the depths envelops him, when the link gets thinner and thinner to outside, to air to breathe, to the loud brightness of the treetops, to mother and father, becomes as thin as a thread, until finally it breaks completely. When the vehemence of the heart then finally surrenders, with one last leap, and allows the silence in, this pure silence here on the bottom, where the water, heavy as lead, crushes every movement of the body. Then, I am sure, the child will realise for himself that he should cast off his now useless shell.

Fearfully groping at first, weightless, but gradually growing more confident, he will awaken with childlike curiosity as if from a strange dream. Then and there, he will ready himself with pulsating wings to explore this new, unknown freedom.

He will find a world that is wonderful and unique, invisible from the outside, so that the memory in his eyes of the loss of father and mother and what has passed will not weigh so heavily compared to the wonder at all these miracles of nature.

He will let himself be swept along through the glass arteries, feeling the soft, comforting pulse that carries him forward. On interwoven pathways, pausing for a moment here and there, he will climb upwards on fleshy branches until he reaches the cooling umbrellas of the water lilies above him, the golden rays drawing him above the surface of the water, to emerge into the glistening light.

From there he continues higher, soaring with the birds above the clouds through the clear, bright air, then down into the dark cover of the woods, sharing a moment with a mosquito on a bouncy maple leaf among the branches...

...a tiny soul, a blood cell in the circulation of nature.

Contemplation

Let yourself be led astray, to come down towards the grass, very close to the earth and to be still for a moment. With a little patience, you will soon see a miniature spectacle appear before your very eyes. The first actors enter, each playing their role with total dedication, more will follow. The longer you watch, the more members of the cast you will discover, **who now intervene in the others' actions too**. The spectacle on your stage will become livelier and livelier until it reaches a level of bustling activity and complexity that seems positively strange to you, making you wonder why you never noticed this invisible swarming beneath your feet before. However, you might just as well take a look at a pond, up at the treetops or dig down into the earth.

There is a polymorphic intelligence that exists secretly, unnoticed beneath our feet, even beneath the surface of our hands, which goes about its own business unimpressed by its taller neighbours, humans.

Their paths cross by chance, but very rarely do they stand face to face, pausing eye to eye, facing the strangeness of the other. A quiet notion overcomes them for a moment and raises the strange out of its insignificance. They recognise each other as equals.

For ultimately, all worlds that seem strange to us are interconnected parts in a cycle belonging to a much bigger form of organisation.

Spiritus in Machina

Five generator chambers are connected to the system's circuit. Each individual chamber is an independent little world equipped with its own self-sustaining functions. Metabolism and energy supply are organised by the system.

In each chamber there is a living piece of nature, a green cushion of moss. The moss cultures are placed dry on top of a pad. They are provided with light from a lamp above them. The chambers are periodically flooded, so that the moss cushions can absorb all the water they need. Then fresh air is pumped in, the chambers empty. Excess water can drain off from the moss cushions.

Every world has its own rhythm of life. And each is isolated from its neighbouring worlds by a heavy layer of water.

Each microcosm exists only for itself; seen from within, the parallel worlds are purely hypothetical and exist outside of the world's own range of possible perception. And yet they are all part of a greater whole. They are seemingly independent buds in a branching, invisible network.

The periodic flooding of the chambers ensures the living cultures' metabolism; this is reminiscent of the movement of pistons in a five-cylinder engine.

The periodic oscillation in the biological rhythm of the cultures produces energetic fields around the chamber, which affect each other. Tension is built up and then the system seeks to regain equilibrium. The discharges seek a path out of the system, although it must be assumed that these biological movements of energy leave traces in the system's material and energetic cycles.

The little worlds communicate basically unconsciously via the system, for they are an integral part of the system.

The world of our human perception is one of these five chambers.

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Might it be possible to study such traces of autonomous expressions of life for the information they contain, to decode them or make them audible?

Each generator chamber is linked to an acoustic sound generator via a control mechanism, the "floating shower heads". The whole thing is like a fantastical receiver detector that can receive biological radio waves from the ether.

We use huge radio telescopes to try to pick up sounds from space, so we might discover other lifeforms, our distant relatives in the loneliness of the universe.

With the water lily generator, we eavesdrop on sounds from the inner space of our world and discover a polymorphic, complex network of parallel microcosms.

Quiet crackling or whispering sounds can be heard from the five separate exits of the system, "shower heads", each assigned to one chamber. They are informative patterns, signs of life from worlds that exist parallel to our own. We start to get a sense of the overall connectedness of things, the secret network of living things.

We are not alone.

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Along with their acoustic functions, the shower heads are also the exits for the **technical system's** circulation of fluids. They can be used to connect different circulatory systems to each other.

Hanging from their mounting brackets, liquid is released above the shower heads. Water drips down onto the water lilies floating in the basin. It flows down over the water lilies into the basin and then over the edge of the basin down the glass sides into a drain, after which it is pumped back into the **system's circulation. The water is in constant flow.**

The installation is divided into two parts. The metaphoric object "Nautilus Basin" with the water lilies and generator chamber system should be placed separately so that it stands out. A bundle of nine supply lines leads from it to an external control centre. This is placed a little to the side and consists of a simple work bench with the elementary components required to sustain life along with the acoustic equipment.

A.) Control timer

- Controls the flooding and air release vents.

B.) Compressor

- Fresh air supply/Forces the water out of the chambers using air pressure

C.) Water pump

D.) Sound generation unit

(One per Nautilus Basin, multiplies according to the number of basins if there are several objects)

D1.) CD player or computer, five sound channels

D2.) Five-channel amplifier

D3.) Plexiglas box with five separate chambers

- Each with one loudspeaker and one acoustic horn per chamber

- Sound conductor to the Nautilus Basin via acoustic tubes

Black holes

This time I didn't run as I passed through the two posts at the weir. **I called this spot "The Gates to Hell", a little pretentious, I admit. But** the name just stuck. It was the spot where I was supposed to start running again, after I had allowed myself to rest and explore the twists and turns of little park, where I gathered all my strength one last time for the last leg. Twice a week, whatever the weather. Conquering myself, a test of will, meditation. It was like that because I had inflicted it upon myself following the law of stoical repetition. Habit. It was my familiar ritual – something certain in the maelstrom of uncontrollable events.

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Get some air into your lungs and your head, I told myself. Look around, I thought. I had to earn the chance to look around, it felt good. I lingered, my gaze lost in the green ciphers of my hideout, landmarks, the ornamentation of leaves, a secret coordinate system, the pathways of ants. I knew the sight well, my old friend, the park, offered me its cloak, this texture, like a friendly invitation. The internal and the external, it murmured with the wink of an eye. I slipped inside. Breathe!

The image other members of my species going about their busy activities extended off into the distance, grew frayed or slipped hazily by. Hopefully no one would ask. Their line of ancestors seemed as strange to me as that of Homo erectus – erect man. I had to laugh unconsciously; our lines had **branched off from each other around 200,000 years ago. We didn't have much in common anymore.** Gradually I grew transparent when I stopped moving, contourless, just a hallucination. Faded.

Scraps of sky broke down from above through the cool roof of leaves, scattering gentle blue on my skin, a blue to disappear into, a blue to die for. Children laughing and dappled sunlight. The pattern of the sun spots covered the things on the ground like a shimmering film, interweaving my body parts with blades of grass, roots and earth, eye to eye with the little things. The life of insects, I thought.

The shadow play drew a hidden network of pathways, raising it out of its insignificance. The tiny details of the bustling activity amazed me every time. Organised chaos, I thought. A constant taking off and landing, an unmistakable will, the continuous transport of materials, metabolism and communication. The swarming microcosm under our feet followed a plan that was older than ourselves. Tiny tremors reverberated until they reached my eyelashes.

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There was a lot I was familiar with and a lot that was unexplained at the three springs where I did my exercises. It had been the same procedure for many years – exercises and being still. While I was still, I also laid my hand flat on the earth. **If I concentrated, I could feel Gaia's pulse. I felt our currents** flowing into each other, how for a short liberating moment, I was united with her.

Since I had been working on the DAISY.WORLD project, Gaia had been very present for me, Gaia, the great living body of the Earth, in whose organism the human species was just one tiny part along with many other tiny parts.

I knew the rules and I knew where I could make a connection. I was drawn there when I felt depressed, when I no longer saw the point in continuing to run on the hamster wheel. Was running the only constant thing? I felt like a race horse in an arena that had been forgotten about.

I actually wasn't that interested in esoteric stuff. I didn't believe in the supernatural, I believed in quarks and black holes, as Woody Allen once said. But this method worked, even if it didn't fit in with my scientific ideas.

I came to the park to seek advice and find comfort, support and reassurance. Lead me to the path of the righteous, the path of those who have not lost their way! I thanked myself for the happy moments and strokes of fate, the small gifts I was permitted to experience.

I also buried my little Emilia bean there (a prophecy a friend had once told me that had not yet come true). I had to water it regularly. I hid a paper cup in a secret spot for that.

Yes, our existence consisted of rules, order in the dancing chaos all around us. Things had the habit of dissolving, disintegrating. They call it the state of increasing entropy. How can we endure the fact that our existence is nothing more than a pattern?

What is the river? Not the water that ceaselessly flows – but the form through which it flows, the width and depth the moment it flows by.

Note: every second, the elementary particles of our bodies, atoms, transform in ever-changing chemical bonds – not just the liquid ones, but the solid molecules of our bones, teeth and fingernails too. A never-ending flow of materials through us according to a permanent plan. This plan, order or pattern is what makes us what we are. It keeps us together, delineates us against chaos and stops the flow of materials breaking its banks.

Viewed in terms of longer periods of time, the organisational pattern is not in fact rigid, but flexible, it can adapt to changing external conditions – evolution.

The thingliness of our world is an illusion. Everything is in flux and chaos threatens from every direction. It seemed I could tame the chaos for a brief moment and force it to arrange itself as it circulated through me. Was it I that tamed it?

The current also drives a little flywheel that was washed up by evolution by chance. It hums away quietly. (We don't know yet if this little thing is a useful invention.) That is our consciousness.

Suddenly, I found myself on that humming little hamster wheel again. I ran as long as the power lasted. I ran for my life. That was me.

Beads of sweat appeared on my forehead, the knowledge hit me like an electric shock. So that was my existence? A dynamo powering a lamp. Burning weakly in the darkness.

I saw myself mustering all the strength in the world, but just continued to run in circles. My lamp glowed bravely into the ravenous, black abyss of an endless universe and soon it would be extinguished, along with me. My throat tightened. **That wasn't what I wanted!**

What about Leonardo, Newton, Shakespeare, Stravinsky, Einstein, oh, and my own puny demands/expectations? I didn't want to owe my existence to the random chance of the universe. I wanted to be free. I wanted force the atoms to acknowledge a trace of my existence.

I felt an intense longing to be just like the atoms, to let myself collapse into chaos and surrender to exhausting entropy.

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It was my friend, the park, which shook me awake. It rustled with movement, with its branches and leaves, cleared its throat and shook a flurry of foliage onto me. "Too much thinking will bring you down, my friend!" it growled. It pulled me back from my mental journey to reality – to its green, mysterious reality, to my reality.

One thing was certain: that little word 'reality' is as useless as the word 'real' or the idea of 'things'. They were only individually coloured interpretative models of whatever our perception allowed us to interpret, nothing more. They were probably solely to blame for humans' deep need to figure out

their place in the world. Apparently, we had an innate need to bring order to the chaos of images. When the light suddenly goes on, the monkeys get curious and play with the buttons.

But it was those images that produced the little flywheel, reflections of the huge flux of materials, on whose waves the little flywheel spun merrily. We began to give the images names, arbitrary names, to interpret. Anyone could do it.

Now I recognised the freedom and greatness of this idea. My green friend winked at me encouragingly through a hole in a branch, swayed its treetops.

An inexplicable freak event in the universe had allowed the maelstrom of atoms to produce a blossom. A vulnerable entity full of beauty and transience. A second in eternity. This creature was a prisoner in itself, lonely and full of doubt. But using the power of its imagination, it could create any world it wanted.

It needed no justification, no proof and it was the only possibility that could give its existence meaning. No version was better or worse than any other if it made life easier.

That was us, humans, ever since the flywheel spun for the first time.

The dynamo powered the lamp and it lit up the darkness with the light of humans like Leonardo, Newton, Shakespeare, Stravinsky and Einstein.

Whether it burned brightly or glowed only dimly, we alone were responsible for it. It shone for no one but ourselves.

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This time I didn't run as I passed through The Gates of Hell. I had broken the rule, I knew it. I was emotionally torn – I felt sublime and melancholy all at once. Let go? Or throw myself into the wheel once again, running – running as if the devil were at my heels. There was no other way to cope with it, this life, art, my expectations.

The little wheel spun, the dynamo powered the lamp. Should it burn a little less brightly? Should it burn at all? Who needs this light? I knew, only I could answer this question for myself. I alone was responsible for it. It shone for one wonderful second into eternity. The eccentric mood of an individualist.

People asked me **why I didn't** publish something again. Something entertaining from the world of the culture-makers. **What do you write when you can't breathe?** When the fridge is empty and the bailiff **can't** find anything to repossess **either?** **That's unpopular and embarrassing.** No one wants to read anything like that! Anyway, everyone feels that way.

This morning on the radio, I heard one of our local councillors talking about the closure of a local arts centre. **That we shouldn't throw money down the toilet for a centre that's already broke.** It makes me think of de Maistre's cynical quote:

Every nation gets the government it deserves.

And every nation gets the culture it deserves too!

Grinding my teeth and stiff-necked like an old coach horse who knows no different, I started to move my tired limbs. The law of repetition. He who stays still rusts! The last third of my jog called me back to my duties. There was still a lot to do. Work in the studio gradually pulled me back into her magical energetic field. In my mind, I was already working on a detailed solution, calculating the figures. The landscape paled. It is possible after all, I heard someone say.

The Gates of Hell were behind me. **I hadn't been struck by lightning, my arteries hadn't exploded** and the sticky remains of Nicolai the artist were not strewn all over the trees and benches in Luisenpark. Neither was there any stink that might soften the conscience of a nation, nor headlines in the paper. Just a panting middle-aged man in worn-out sportswear with sweat patches, running around the next corner of the street.

Night wanderer

It had been raining for two days. Although it had reduced the temperature outside to a bearable level, the humidity had not let up at all. The eternal film of sweat that covered the surface of my body like a second skin made the few pieces of clothing I was wearing stick to me. Where my trousers were tight, my skin was turning red. Movement caused friction, it was better to reduce everyday movement to the minimum required.

Thinking causes friction too, but in the head. My weary flow of thoughts through the nerve pathways of the convolutions of my brain rubbed against the molecular conductors. The muggy humidity prevented the regular dissipation of heat outwards. I felt the blockage of the heat.

The warm damp in my head mashed my nerve pathways and synapses into one sticky lump. The transfer of information for my higher functions collapsed and my autopilot switched the system down one level, to the vegetative conducting level.

With a quiet hum, the machinery in the upper levels of my consciousness was powered down. Sharp outlines of things became blurry, images rearranged themselves. The basic functions, however, **continued to fulfil their duties. I didn't** need to worry, this was a process that had been tried and tested over millions of years, verified crisis management.

Higher developed primates would never have been able to survive as long without the solid foundation of a much older organisational form.

Were the almost two and a half million years not merely something like a test run, measured by the length of time life usually needs to develop, to release a new, competitive model onto the market?

Our human intelligence was just the prototype for a whole series with new features. Our intelligence was still in its baby shoes. It was not yet capable of meeting all the demands.

My instinct once again took control of managing the processes. The ship that was my body lay in the opaque water, sure **on its course. I couldn't think clearly** no matter how hard I tried.

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You can safely leave thinking up to the crickets, someone once said to me. Their chirping came from all sides, from all corners and the underground tunnels. It was a kind of primal background noise.

The crickets have always been here! Now who was it who said that to me?

The atmosphere stretched out to the edges. I moved my eyeball in different directions. There were bright impressions on my retina. The view from the inside grew distorted when I looked into the corners.

Yet the room seemed empty. Could I recognise little black spots through the haze?

The high frequency hum of the crickets seemed to never cease. Or was it the rain again?

The crickets were everywhere, I recalled vaguely. I tried to quickly catch a glimpse of these winged arthropods. **It wasn't that easy.**

We have described them, taken them apart, dissected them, analysed them. We have given them names, a label, an address and a house number: arthropod/insect/flying insect/hemiptera/cicada. Taxonomy like this was something for obsessive aesthetes. They identified the subtle differences and laid it all out clearly on the table.

What differentiates us from the common, what characterises our hierarchy from the lower levels to the higher?

The pharmacist's cupboard, his drawers were full of plausible explanations. But I couldn't find a single one of them.

I calculated roughly: in ten to twenty million years, they will probably only smile condescendingly about the things that played out in my consciousness.

Born a few million years too early. **It's just like it was with power cuts**, which our grandparents regularly had to endure. And now I wanted to catch a cricket. Did I really want to? Who asked me to?

The remaining currents in my outer brain had played a trick on me. I dug down deep inside, where the currents and juices still flowed freely.

What was I here for? Who was here before me? And what the hell was my purpose here?

At the end of the day, I had to do something meaningful. The same way, every day and every week, I ended the day feeling satisfied that my life had a meaningful justification when I had completed my tasks for the day and lay down in my bed. And it was good that way.

The days had been passing quickly recently, their hours were suspiciously fluid, as if someone had turned on the tap. I faintly remembered how one hour could be so thick you could cut through it, a healthy thing you could touch, like a loaf of bread.

But now everything was in flux, as if hanging from a single thread. That made me nervous.

I had spent the last few weeks, well with what? Yet there was also a feeling of necessity there.

It must somehow be right that I spent day after day in this city with endless underground train journeys, marching here and there on foot, ceaselessly moving from one place to another.

I felt the need to find my way into every nook. I did have to deal with people. Communication was a tough business.

Most of the time, however, I observed them. I swam in their society without belonging to it. A tiny little amoeba in the sea.

I absorbed and excreted materials and information.

All the other individuals around me organised themselves into colonies, built themselves little shell houses, which gave them a close connection. They submitted to their state structures with aims and functions that I did not understand.

In actual fact, I was the only individual far and wide. I lacked the ability to attach. I had no sockets free to connect to. My outer shells were all full of the stuff I carried around with me, memories, habits, judgements, arguments.

Couldn't I let go of some of them to make space for a connection?

Whenever I did, I felt like I was being absorbed by the system. So I would just remain single in my lonely amoeba life.

Maybe I didn't need to keep asking myself the same question anymore: what am I here for?

I would be given an answer. I would be given a task and a function within the community and then I would participate in that community, in their ideals and their collective comfort.

No one would ask that other unnerving question. Who was here before me? Kiyomi . . . ?

Perhaps I should have sucked **that mother's** milk with deep, animalistic satisfaction, like a member of a litter, lying cosily back to belly with the others. Then perhaps I wouldn't **have known this restlessness** that forces me to travel miles and sea miles in hollow underground tunnels.

Suddenly I saw them, they stared at me with their wide compound eyes. They were everywhere, why **couldn't have seen** them sooner? They clung to the walls, hid in cracks between the walls. Wherever objects cast a shadow, they were hiding.

I could only vaguely make their outline out against the pattern of the wallpaper. They could also barely be differentiated from tree bark.

Yet now I saw them more clearly than ever. There were so many of them, they rustled their wings, watching me.

Had they only been waiting for my innate need to rationally interpret things to finally subside, so I could finally look beyond the surface of things?

Apparently still, however, they incessantly broadcast their unique mating call made by the sound membranes on the sides of their abdomen.

Were these alluring calls, which I **couldn't stop thinking about**, meant for me? I would have liked to have asked someone beside me if he heard the crickets too. But there was no one there I could ask.

Some cicadas have 13- and 17-year life cycles. But they only spend a single month of their lives above ground.

I read that once in an encyclopaedia. For some strange reason, it suddenly occurred to me now. And there it was again, the unnerving question. Who was here before me? This time it pointed unmistakably to the answer. The crickets have always been here.

Somebody had just said that to me a few minutes before, I had almost forgotten. Who had spoken to me?

I tried to concentrate; it took a lot of strength to remember. Kiyomi?

A strange question that filled me with fear, **indeed a question I hadn't even consciously asked, and an answer I didn't understand**.

I **couldn't** grasp whatever was being played out, shadowlike, behind the sweltering curtain of humidity outside my head, in clear images or words.

The external areas of my mental apparatus were switched off. Only reactive currents and single discharges escaped over the brain casing. **This wasn't going to get me anywhere!**

I felt the sweat running down my body, wrapped around me like a damp cloth. I felt exhausted. The endless rain had worn me out.

Did I really have to investigate everything? And if somebody invisible was already **speaking to me...** and then these insects too, staring at me as if I were one of them.

I felt a strong urge to drink from the collective milk, shake everything off, my tormenting questions, to insert myself into the system and switch off just like everyone else. If it had been possible, I would now have given up my amoeba existence and willingly handed over everything, so that I could lie back to belly with the others and suck at those large, refreshing breasts.

A delicate hand reached in through the misty veil, demanding me to act. It grabbed the sleeves of my shirt and pulled me towards it.

The doors of the carriage hissed loudly as it closed behind me. The train rushed away and disappeared into the depths of the underground tunnels with a roar.

Had I been dreaming? I was still standing dazed behind the safety line on the train platform. I carefully felt under my shirt. The sweat was still running down my body, nothing had changed about that.

A petite woman belonged to the delicate hand that had pulled me out of the carriage. I looked at her like she was an alien.

She was standing in front of me dancing on the spot. A little impatiently, she ordered me to finally follow her. Why not?

It seemed we had come together and also had a shared goal. The woman then grabbed me by the arm and pulled me off.

I decided not to ask any confusing questions for now. She spoke English, but she was Japanese. I **didn't speak Japanese**, so it had to be English. **It wasn't my native language** though.

I heard myself answering casually, **answers that wouldn't have** occurred to me in my sleep.

I searched inside myself for scraps of memory. Then I recalled her name: Kiyomi?

I said it softly to myself. The woman peered at me from the side as she walked and answered with a: **"Yes?"**

"Oh nothing!" I replied and gave her a kiss on the cheek out of habit. I was no longer wondering why.

The Three Lives of Gaia-Louisa /
First Life

As always, I came around the corner walking home from the 100-Yen shop. I had been shopping before breakfast, nothing special, two of those Japanese cakes in plastic wrappers, some jam, margarine, sliced bread, a frugal portion of cheese, a sausage the size of my middle finger, probably made of tofu or one of these inventive Japanese meat substitutes. I also had water, maybe some fruit juice, sometimes we treated ourselves to some, and a few other bits and pieces that were to last us for the next few days.

I entered our shabby Hermes House, cheerful as usual. That was the name of the building for foreigners, backpackers passing through who got stuck there or world travellers who had decided to hang around for a while, self-proclaimed cultural ambassadors and vagabonds of the seven seas. Actually pretty cool to be one of them, I thought to myself.

So in great mood as usual, I entered our cheery little concrete block. Blinded by the bright summer morning light, I scampered into the stairwell, black as the night. The metal doors screeched. I could still hear the echo as I took the second set of steps, a total of four to reach our cosy one-roomed honeycomb cell.

I was late; yet again I had let myself get distracted and stopped at every corner to observe those busy little people going about their strange customs. To me, they were a mystery I wanted to fathom. But Kiyomi had already been waiting almost an hour.

At the top of the stairs, I smelled the fresh coffee through the door. Of course, **it wasn't anything we'd** normally imagine when we think of a door. It was more of a flimsy screen made of wooden slats and paper. In these latitudes, **you didn't need doors that closed tightly**. It was warm and humid most of the time, the inhabitants were happy to feel a bit of a breeze. We had a little steel padlock for when we went out, although it was only symbolic, just so the others knew no one was home.

Smells and sounds spread quickly between the permeable living cubicles and throughout the whole building. Hermes House was as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

This made it feel like we were all living **very close together**. **You knew your neighbours' habits and they probably knew yours**. As a foreigner, you had to get used to this at first, but I thought it was fine. It was fascinatingly different from what I was familiar with from my German middle-class home. Since the apartments – each resident actually only had a 9 sqm-room – since these chambers were all very close together, with their thin walls and paper doors, I felt like I was in a honeycomb cell, like a diligent little bee in a beehive.

The smell of freshly brewed coffee wafted from our little cell and I bent the top edge of the door **slightly inwards so I could slip inside**. **You couldn't open the door fully anyway, since the bed was right behind it**. Admittedly, the bed was only a standard mattress that filled the entire width of the room. **There wasn't enough space for a proper bed. I found that exotic and exciting too and had no problem with it**. Kiyomi was a small, cuddly Japanese girl, which had its advantages – very cuddly, if you know what I mean.

She was sitting under the table watching TV as she always did. She liked to do it and it saved space. The breakfast was ready on the table.

"Hi Kiyomi!" "Hi Nico, well, you took your time!" She cast me a forceful look with a frown. Then she raised her delicate eyebrows and smiled at me. Japanese women **didn't** bear grudges for long. At least **mine didn't and that was one of the reasons I was always so cheerful**.

She sure was a sight to behold, lounging underneath my breakfast table, I thought to myself, this petite, foreign, dark-skinned woman in her sheer yukata. I could smell her as I approached her, I longed to pull her into bed. But the smell of coffee reminded me that the breakfast was waiting on the table.

I emptied my bag onto the table and divided up the purchases I had brought. Last up was the packets of sliced bread for toast. One loaf on the table, rip it open, into the toaster. The other... there was no more space on the table, nor on the shelf. Hmmm... what to do? I didn't think about it for too long and placed the soft little packet on the pillow in the bed. I liked to think up fantastical, silly situations, so I liked the sight of it. Then I tucked my little loaf of sliced bread in under our soft bedcovers, as gently as if it were a baby, and gave it a little stroke, like a loving father.

Kiyomi watched me in silence. Her antennae had pricked up almost imperceptibly. She feigned indifference and watched the scene from the corner of her almond-shaped eyes. "What is that German idiot doing with the bread?"

I had her hooked, I sensed it somehow. So I upped the ante and started gently murmuring to our little baby bread, as if I wanted to lull it to sleep. Kiyomi sat in her den like a female panther hypnotised by Kaa the snake and didn't make a peep.

So it seemed that my Japanese girl's obstinately denied maternal instincts had caused the hidden hairs on the back of her neck to stand up after all? Yes, we were a couple, but at the same time we weren't, considering the fact that I would soon return to Germany. It was out of the question and that was the deal we had. We weren't thinking about tomorrow. We had a good time, as best we could. It was cool, this exotic life with this German man, with this Japanese woman. But we weren't really thinking about a future together.

This went through my head and I regretted the game with the bad little bread for a brief moment. I didn't want to cause any sentimental struggles of conscience. But when I saw her sitting at the table completely normally and she began to talk about light-hearted matters and clatter the dishes, I immediately forgot my concern. I wanted to finally have breakfast.

After breakfast, the bed caught our eye again. There in the middle, sleeping contentedly like a little angel... was a packet of Japanese sliced bread, "Texas Toast" brand. Really stupid name, I thought. The Japanese had Romantic ideas about the wide frontiers of America, they didn't have anything like that.

Kiyomi carefully pushed the Texas Toast to the side, against the wall, but not completely out of the bed. The little bundle was still under the covers like it was before, its little head peering out at the top. Then she pulled me down to her and we had sex.

Oh, life showed its sunny side. I really can't complain, but I don't want to boast here either.

Afterwards, I lay there like a happy May beetle, sleepily gazing at the fake wooden panelling of our little beehive cell with a satisfied smile on my face. I was about to light myself a cigarette, when the tender embrace was released from one side and I heard the crinkly sound of a soft loaf of sliced bread being pushed between me and my Japanese lover.

Kiyomi looked at me a little recalcitrantly from the side. I wouldn't let it get to me, not now. I allowed it to happen and we lay there for another endless, tiny eternity together like a cosy little family.

From that day on, the loaf of sliced bread was our companion. At first a little carelessly and incidentally, as though it had been left there by accident, but then more and more unquestioningly. It demanded attention and we were less and less able to refuse it. It just wasn't possible to take the small squishy bundle of bread out of its little bed, let alone to open it and eat it.

In the beginning, we still pushed the packet of toast carefully to the side when we wanted to sleep.

Gradually, we began to feel unconscious resistance and guilt about pushing this fragile creature away

so roughly. We increasingly took great care to hold its little head when we moved it around in the **bed, lifting it up from underneath with our arms, so that its little arms and legs weren't left hanging** there. The loose slices of bread in their plastic packaging did actually behave exactly like the body of a small newborn, soft and sensitive, warm and cuddly. **It probably wouldn't have worked with a doll or a teddy bear, but it did with a loaf of bread.**

The more we fell into our roles, the more alive the little bundle became in our minds, as a full member of our exotic relationship commune. After all, we were only human too, whether we were drop-outs or squares. Our biological clocks ticked exactly as they always had for millennia.

Just like a newborn baby that has just emerged from the unconsciousness of its prenatal world in the womb, but gradually discovers the colourful shadows and alluring responses of this world in its cradle, so too our packet of sliced bread unnoticeably transformed into a living being with its own character and needs. And the more we spoke to it and playfully imagined its reactions, the more it became an independent little personality, which of course also reflected the characteristics of its mother and its father just as it would have in the real world.

The packet of bread had snuck into our world because of a silly mood, had settled in our subconscious somewhere between latent parenthood, a guilty conscience and the suppressed desire for responsibility and harmony. This little thing, our personified fetish, had managed to attain power over us, which we willingly surrendered.

We **just couldn't bear the idea** of withdrawing our attention, rejecting this agile little creature and sending it back to the bleak world of dead things.

When we left the house, we put our little bread to bed as though it absolutely had to sleep and **couldn't** be woken up in the next few hours under any circumstances. While we went about our business, we looked forward to returning home and could barely wait to check if it was already awake or if it was still sleeping peacefully in its little bed in the room.

Whenever we went on longer trips, we got used to taking our baby with us in a bag, so no one would notice. We took pleasure in it like two secret accomplices when we saw it wrapped in a blanket, unnoticed by the busy passersby all around us.

At some point, we began to only go out at night. Under the cover of darkness and the general bustle **of Japanese cities, no one noticed that there wasn't a real baby in the sling we carried it in.**

We **hadn't given our loaf of bread a name, we just called it "our baby girl"**. Probably because we **secretly knew, even if we didn't admit it, that it couldn't be like this forever.** If we had given our baby a name like a real child, then it probably would have broken our hearts one day. We sensed that and we suppressed the thought as best we could.

Of course you'll probably ask, justifiably: "Doesn't food have a best-before date?" Our packet of bread had one too and it had passed a long time ago.

Like two worried parents, **silently watching the progress of their child's incurable disease,** we too saw the ominous process of transformation taking place under the plastic that wrapped the slices of bread. **It didn't even help when we wrapped our little baby girl in a second, thicker plastic bag and put on a brightly coloured babygro over it.**

A horrible process of decay had begun to take its irreversible effect inside our daughter. The same random chance that had given us these turbulent, wonderful few weeks, now demanded its gift be returned with silent indifference. Nature swallowed nature back up, in order to give birth to new life. Every miracle has its time and must pass. But **this eternal law of nature couldn't stop our love either.**

And so one evening, we sat down together to think about the inevitable farewell to our little daughter. Swallowing our tears, we talked about the different options. Throwing out the plastic package in a normal way was out of the question. We had to bury our baby girl somewhere. But where, where could we have the funeral? In Tokyo, in our district? At a holy shrine in Iriya? On Odaiba Island? We had often taken trips there. It was an artificial island beyond the famous Rainbow Bridge. We liked the idea. It was beyond the rainbow. Odaiba was a kind of outpost in the Bay of Tokyo. And it was the gateway to the open sea.

Kiyomi was Japanese and like all Japanese people, she had a close bond to the sea. The food they ate came from the sea. Kiyomi had grown up by the sea. Thus it made perfect sense to entrust our little baby to the mighty ocean on her final journey. We made the decision that same night.

We wept as each of us wrote a goodbye letter with our personal wishes for her great journey and with requests to the merciful gods to always watch over our little girl.

We sealed the letters like messages in a bottle and found an especially strong plastic bag, which we put on under her babygro.

During our last night together, she lay between us as always. Neither of us could get a wink of sleep. Like the very first time, we felt the endless, precious, tiny eternity. And we held each other tight like a little family.

The next morning we set off. Kiyomi held the little thing tied in a sling close to her chest the whole way. Rain ran down the windows, drawing faint lines in the milky mist on the glass. Now and then, a few timid rays of sunlight broke through the skyscrapers. The people and buildings rushed by in a blur, like in a half-forgotten dream. We cried silently into the rainy world, held hands and felt the dull, **nameless pain. We didn't care what the other people who passed us thought.**

When we arrived in Odaiba, we wandered around aimlessly for quite a long time. There were ships **everywhere and sailors or workers from the port. It wasn't easy to find a quiet place by the water's** edge. Shyly, we kept watch for **other people out on walks. We didn't want any involuntary witnesses** and were also a little afraid that if they saw us putting a little bundle into the sea, they would misunderstand.

Finally, we found a suitable place behind quays. An abandoned mooring painted white with an old rowing boat and a rusty, faded sign beside it that said: "No swimming". The boat lay upside down on the beach and was tied to one of the posts, which stood in the water like a guard of honour.

It was a rainy day. No people out walking had lost their way there that day. We were completely alone. We looked at each other in silence, then I untied the old rope. It took quite a bit of effort to get the rickety old tub into the water. Luckily the oars were under the boat.

Kiyomi was already heading out into the water with our little baby, I jumped on last. I rowed for a **little while in the direction of the open sea. We didn't want to go out too far.** There were huge container ships all over the place. A puddle was forming at our feet, but we only noticed that later. Gradually it got dark and suddenly it stopped raining.

The evening sun was setting into the sea and cheered us up a little. We kissed our little baby girl one more time and silently, carefully placed her into the waves, which gently bathed her and then took her away with them.

I turned the boat around and we didn't look back.

..

An indifferent fate ebbs away without morals or pity. All the person left behind can do is be happy about the good times and not complain about the pain.

Like a rushing current, the elements of the cosmos flow into all spaces and all times. All kinds of colourful swirls might form upon it, which the human imagination raises to incredible heights. Yet these impulses only blossom inside us.

What is “colourful”? **There is no “colourful” for the universe, no “good” and no “beautiful”.** Colour and sound are human perceptions of electromagnetic vibrations. Our world exists only in our minds. The swirls that touches our hearts, we have created ourselves.

What we call “our world” are quantum effects. These quantum effects are snapshots, frozen images of our observation. They exist only for us and only when the human eye is capable of looking. **But if we don’t look**, even if we only look for a tiny moment, we and the universe remain that eternal, formless, simultaneous flux, which is its true nature.

DOMINANT CULTURE /
THE UNITY OF THE OCCIDENT

*Exhibition project as part of the Erfurt celebrations for the 1250th anniversary of the death of Saint Boniface,
Group exhibition by the artists collective "5-Raum-Wohnung",
Installation in the cellar vaults of the Kunsthalle Erfurt 2004*

Our city is currently looking back to the year 754, the year in which Saint Boniface died, a man often referred to as the "architect of Christian Europe" and credited by historians with the first documented mention of the city of Erfurt (Erphesfurt) in the year 742. We are commemorating this hero of our Western culture, who lived during a time of significant upheaval in power relations in the Early Middle Ages and was one of the most influential figures in bringing about these changes.

We view ourselves as heirs to this early Christian occidental culture and celebrate the memory of the pioneers who dedicated their lives to spreading our current ideals. However, if we take a closer look, might we have to admit that the collective self-assurance of our community of shared values is actually based on rather unstable foundations?

If other forces had **been victorious in history's struggle, would we be remembering other names** today, from the perspective of a different set of values?
Would we not still be celebrating and honouring other heroes, even if those were values that completely opposed the ones we have now?

1. DOMINANT CULTURE

A society tends to draw on its historical roots and historically important figures as a foundation for its sense of identity.

In the process, it often overlooks the fact that its set of values usually only developed later due to the course taken by history and cannot be claimed as a virtually universal truth.

It also overlooks that its community of shared values was only one of several other alternatives, which managed to prevail over the others, and that its dominance is not necessarily evidence of the superiority of these values.

If this were not true, then there would only be one community of values, which, as the better model, would have eventually spread to dominate the entire world.

On the other hand, when we look very closely, do we not find a fundamental human canon of values shared by most religious communities?⁽¹⁾

2. THE QUEST FOR UNITY

Christian thinking did not in fact first spread north of the Alps in the eighth century at the time of Saint Boniface.

The Germanic tribes, who had invaded the borders of the Roman Empire when they were forced out of their kingdoms by bands of Huns on horseback in the fourth century, established their dominance

on Roman territory in the following century and often had their power legitimised by the Byzantine Emperor.

Thus, these dynasties were incorporated into the Roman Empire and gradually took over the cultures of the people they conquered as well as their claims to power and religion.⁽²⁾

All the tribes that settled **in the Empire's territory soon followed Christian teachings**. The Merovingian ruler, Clovis, was baptised along with his army in Reims in 496 and adopted the Catholic faith according to the Roman model. During the sixth century, the Merovingian dynasty expanded their **Frankish kingdom far beyond the borders of today's France**. In 511, still under Clovis, the Catholic Church became the official church of the Frankish Empire.

The 40-year-old Benedictine monk, Winfrid of Wessex, had set out for the European mainland, like his Irish predecessors, to convert the remaining heathens using the power of the word and the sword. In 719, as Boniface, he was officially charged with a mission to the Germanic tribes by Pope Gregory II. In subsequent years, he proved to be such a fervent missionary and loyal follower of the Holy See that Pope Gregory III not only ordained him Archbishop in 732, but also appointed him Vicar of Jesus Christ for the entire east Frankish missionary area.

Two important factors were the driving forces for social change during the time of Saint Boniface in the eighth century. The first factor in relation to nascent Europe was the Roman papacy, which had been striving for spiritual supremacy as the exclusive representative of Christ and successor of Saint Peter on earth since the fourth century.

This claim to power, something we would now never question, was not simply accepted without any opposition during the eighth century. In fact, this long phase of papal emancipation was characterised by a smouldering rivalry to the Byzantine Catholic Church, but also the indomitability of the non-Roman regional Churches, which had been founded by the royal houses as sovereign territorial churches, who forbade any interference in their territorial interests.

The strengthened Frankish duchy, ruled by the Merovingian Majordomo Charles Martel, especially, ruled its own territory in any ecclesiastical questions according to its own discretion and without any consideration for Rome until **Martel's** death in 741.

What followed was a kind of race of the Christian missions. By founding monasteries and dioceses, the papacy strove to cover the Germanic territories with a dense network of papal Churches and to weave the indomitable regional Churches into the web, so to speak, or to reduce them to insignificance. In the years 732-742, the zealous Boniface founded eight dioceses and a number of monasteries.⁽³⁾

The second driving force of historical transformation in the eighth century was the growing power of the Carolingian line, the former Merovingian Majordomos.⁽⁴⁾

After the decline of the Merovingians under Clovis's successors, the duchy of the Carolingians was established, and it acquired increasing influence since the seventh century and the defeat of Charles Martel.

The expulsion of Muslims from the central Frankish territories east of the Pyrenees, in particular, **strengthened Charles Martel's prestige and claims to power as the "Saviour of the Christian Frankish Empire"**.⁽⁵⁾

It also had far-reaching consequences that Charles Martel had his sons Karlmann and Pippin raised by Roman Catholic missionaries, so that only **two years after their father's death, the first German synod "Concilium Germanicum" was convened by Boniface**. The Bishops of Austrasia and Neustrasia swore allegiance to the pope in the synods.⁽⁶⁾

Pippin the Short recognised that the link to the Roman papacy held the key his house achieving political dominance, legitimised by a successor of Saint Peter, in the Frankish kingdom. Subsequently, Pippin gradually committed to the apostolic see and became willing to submit in **ecclesiastical questions. Boniface took on the role of diplomatic communicator as “Envoy of Saint Peter”**.

In 751, Pippin the Short wrote a famous letter to Pope Zachary, in which he asked, **“whether it was good someone was called a king although he no longer possessed any royal authority?”** Zachary promptly replied: **“It would be better the man who was called king also possessed the power of a king. Order would in this way be re-established.”**

Upon receiving the reply, Pippin had the head of the last Merovingian, Childeric III, shaved, banished him to a monastery and had himself elected king by the Franks in Soisson.

And so it continued: In 754, Pippin was declared **“Patricius Romanorum”** by Pope Stephen II in St. Denis, along with **Pippin’s sons, in order to secure the succession for the future.**

In 756, the **“Donation of Pippin”** of the **“Patrimonium Petri”** became the foundation of the church state under the protective power of the Frankish-Roman royal house.

The final step towards the ideal of unity being pursued according to the model of the Roman Empire **was the coronation of Charles the Great by Pope Leo III in the year 800 in St Peter’s Basilica, making him “Imperator Romanorum”,** the Roman Emperor of Christianity.

3. DOMINATION AND ASSIMILATION

The story of the papal missionary Boniface is sophisticated and reads like a thriller. Fundamentally, it is not the story of Christianisation, the spread of Christian values in the realm of European culture, but the story of the form of power that legitimised its claim to power with those values.

It is the clever and cold-blooded creation of complete political facts claiming exclusivity – the forging of a ring of Christian unity around the people of nascent Europe. This ring represents this unity under the primacy of a spiritual and worldly protective power – the pope and the emperor.

4. OCTOGON RING

The art installation symbolised this imaginary ring, a heavy, solid and at the same time translucent relic made of steel, glass and water. It encircles the central column of the cellar vaults and illuminates the darkness from within.

The medium water, so important for life on this earth and one of the four mystical, primal elements, pulses and flows **through the ring’s outer shell, but at the same time is externally solidified** in a monolithic form.

In this form, its elementary force seems overpowering, a transparent, but self-contained barrier. The observer intuitively senses the enormous weight slowly spreading out before them. The flowing, formless mass of ten tonnes of water is frozen by steel and glass and cast in a mythical form.

The RING is a powerful symbol of domination, the uncompromising will to power. It articulates our claim to our own superiority.

An image opposite to that which yields and balances, the RING is the symbol for that which demands and excludes.

Another theme of the RING is the instinct to spread immanent to every living thing, which goes beyond pure survival (perhaps the survival instinct once it has become autonomous?), **the individual's** urge to spread its own genes or its own state of existence as widely as possible.⁽⁷⁾

Weightless, floating particles can be identified in the depths of the barrier of water. The water object acts like a prism and bends the light, distorting the image from inside the basin and throughout it. It confuses our perception.

Behind the bright wall of water, things seem unreal, as if from another world. Everything moves almost unnoticeably according to a silent choreography. A frozen state, an imaginary snapshot as if everything has just been swept away by the flood.

The captured distance to our own presence enables us to observe from the outside – to observe the foreign? Or the foreign observing itself?

5. COMPETITION OR THE BATTLE OF CULTURES

Throughout history, at all times and in all places, there has been cultural and religious missionary **activity. Even the ancient Greek tragedies describe the Greeks' influence on the so-called barbarians.** Without any missionary efforts, without the desire to assimilate other ethnic groups, it is very unlikely that any form of religion could have developed in significance and size across regions. However, it was usually the power of the sword rather than the word that was used to convince people of the right faith and spread it.

The RING questions, both from a historical and contemporary perspective, the moral justification of the concept of missionary activity and whether the means used to achieve this were appropriate.

For human beings to live together in a society, it is without doubt necessary that the individual must submit to the conventions of some sort of ethical system, which enables them to differentiate between right and wrong, good and bad, and that their fellow members of society are expected to stick to these rules too.

Anything else would erode peace within that society, **assuming that 'peaceful coexistence'** is our highest priority.

Because we believe that these internalised values are right, the human psyche is offended by wrongdoing and is always ready to fight against any perceived injustice. In this sense, it seems almost desirable to establish a canon of values that is valid everywhere throughout human society.

The mission/missionary work can in fact be a useful tool to adjust value systems in a society and to help us to live together more harmoniously.

Providing that only peaceful means based on persuasion are used, missionary work can be a legitimate means of forming opinions and moral education.

Despite our hopes to live together harmoniously, we must however assume that in our globalised world a number of cultural communities, coherent in themselves, are coming into contact with each other, often resulting in conflicts of ideas about how to live.

These cultural communities have always gone through their own, long-winding historical process of polishing, shaping and refining. In that sense, we must recognise that each of these different attitudes to life has a right to exist within their existing structures.

No community can compare their own convictions with those of another. Economic arguments alone are not enough to one view precedence over all the others.

Instead, we can only identify binding guidelines for the future through a respectful discourse that values each side equally, guidelines that all the different cultural identities would willingly follow.

In light of current events especially,⁽⁸⁾ we need to realise that hegemonic claims, oppression or large-scale interventions in the conflict of interests between cultures can cause huge damage. We must accept that in our global diversity of values there must be a place for every outlook that is prepared to coexist peacefully with neighbours!

Note 1)

Golden rule: "Treat others as you wish to be treated", willingness to help, community solidarity, respect for life and other people's property.

Note 2)

The Vandals in North Africa, the Visigoths in Spain and southern Gaul, the Ostrogoths, the Lombards in Italy, the Burgundians and Franks in northern Galicia, the Anglos and Saxons in England, the Alemanni and Saxons north of the Alps.

Note 3)

Dioceses in Bavaria: Salzburg, Freising, Regensburg, Passau - in Franconia: Eichstätt - in Hessen: Büraburg - in Thuringia: Erfurt, Würzburg.

Note 4)

Army commanders and the highest ranking officials in the Merovingian court.

Note 5)

732 Battle of Tours and Poitiers:

The Frankish army, supported by its Saxon and Lombard allies, under the command of Charles Martel managed to stop the Arabs' advance from Spain and to force them back over the Pyrenees.

Had the Franks been defeated, Islamic expansion into Western Europe would probably have been unstoppable.

Even now, people in the Islamic world believe that they almost succeeded in completely conquering Christian Western culture.

Note 6)

743 "Concilium Germanicum" synod for Austrasia, eastern France

744 Synode of Soisson for Neustrasia, western France.

Note 7)

Cf. the fundamental tendency of life to evolve p. XXX / "The Fatal Gene" (Utopia.Genealogica).

Note 8)

The Afghanistan War from 2001 to today, the Iraq War 2003, the current war against ISIS, the Syrian War, the Ukrainian conflict, the conflict in the South China Sea.

The Measure of Things

We are at the start of a new century. Where is our world going? What have we achieved? Technological progress has given us previously unimaginable wealth. Thanks to scientific knowledge, today we are healthier, we have easier lives and we grow older than our forefathers ever could have dared to dream.

But that's only the tip of the iceberg. Technological potential is only fully unfolding in a few highly developed parts of all of human civilisation. However, former developing countries are catching up too.

More and more people are turning to the convenience that technological progress offers its consumers. More and more people dream of living just as people in rich countries show them they can. Why should anyone stop them?

But will our way of thinking centred around wealth, apparently our most important yardstick, be sustainable in the long-term? What if our resources run out?

Can we leave our children a world that is just as rich and diverse as the one we inherited from our forefathers with a clean conscience?

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Human civilisation has spread like a fungus across the entire surface of the planet and reached the limits of its expansion. Because of its hunger for natural resources, the globe has shrunk. These days it seems small and fragile.

In its untouched state, nature only exists in protected nature reserves. They are disappearing islands in a carpet of human civilisation that is growing always denser.

Nature's ability to regenerate has been exhausted under the influence of human beings and her equilibrium has now been disturbed. However, for thousands of years, we humans have been accustomed to spreading and developing further to meet our growing needs.

We know the dangers we are heading towards, but we are barely able to look up from our own desire for wealth and take a good look at the global ecological situation.

Where does this dangerous arrogance towards our own resources come from?

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The earth created humans as one part of its overall system, one species among many – *primus inter pares*. Archaic humans lived harmoniously with the other species they shared their environment with, with their food resources and their natural enemies.

Four million years ago, our forefathers, highly developed primates, crossed the threshold of consciousness, and with this strategic advantage, they gradually climbed to the top of the food chain.

In ancient pre-history, nature was still the source of all things in the human imagination. Nature was the mother of our earthly gardens and gave birth to the family of deities, personifications of natural phenomena.

There were many different deities, who, either working together or in conflict with each other, ruled all aspects of the workings of the world.⁽¹⁾

It was a mystical world. When human beings looked around, they did not see the mechanical effects of natural laws. They sensed the power of an almighty God in every twig, in every cloud, a God on whom they were dependent and compared to whom they were very small indeed.

Humans had a very close, practical relationship to their gods. They were dependent on their protection and their favour as they dealt with their daily struggle to survive. The merciful gods granted them access to their earthly goods. They rewarded them with the fruits of their garden if they humbly bowed down to the higher order.

It was a mutually beneficial trade, a complex relationship of dependency in which humans continuously had to reposition and prove themselves. They made use of the rights they had been granted with a constant awareness of the higher responsibility that had been placed on their shoulders.

They were guests. The earth was a temporary abode.

As humans developed, they emancipated themselves and broke away from this relationship. Man began to form his image of the world with increasing egocentricity.

He sought justification for his claims to ownership and tried to withdraw from the complex web of responsibilities he had towards his family of gods.

With all its earthly and heavenly goods, the world was now to be focussed on only one single reference point: a new order **according to man's design!**

In this new, monotheistic world, man positioned himself as a creation of supernatural, universal power on the same level as the creation of nature. The old interconnected relationship between the earth, nature and human beings, with its variety of horizontal power relations between forces became a hierarchical system, in which power clearly operated from the top down.

God created the heavens and the earth, after that He created living nature. The final pinnacle of His creation was man, in his own likeness.

Instead of the many different, equal levels of connection, with which human beings had to arrange themselves, there was now only one – the connection to their universal creator.

The human being had cut the umbilical cord to his origin, cut the cord to nature.

The new world had been enlightened, there was now only a clear divide between above and below – the creator above things, the world, and the nature that had been entrusted to mankind.

Modern man saw himself as God's image. His Creator had laid the world at his feet.

This fundamental paradigm shift in how human beings imagined the origin of things and the creation of the world has defined our relationship to the environment until today.

We still carry the inheritance of this early shift in positions in human cultural history in us today.

We no longer to feel connected to our world; we stand upon it, above it.

We have forgotten what it feels like to be part of an invisible web of inexplicable "forces of fate".

We modern humans no longer feel like we are little cogs in the workings of the world, parts in the web of relationships between conflicting forces.

We feel strong, self-confident and independent. We feel we were born with the right to self-determination and self-realisation.

We believe that the world was created for our benefit.

Despite global climate change and the drastic increase in natural catastrophes, we still believe it is our mission to shape the world for our benefit.

The edifice of the world has been built around human beings for too long. It is starting to crumble. It is threatening to collapse.

In the sixteenth century, we were forced to realise that the Earth was not the fixed centre of the universe, but that it was part of a bigger whole, moving along with the other heavenly bodies. Today we must accept that our species is a part of a bigger whole and must not stand in the way of the movement of the whole.

It is a painful realisation that our false understanding of ourselves, our focus on wealth and our right to self-realisation will not provide us with a way out of the dead end.

The only way is to return to a time when we once felt connected to the flowing forces of nature.

The way out is to renounce the arrogant right to ownership of the larger organism to which we owe our origin and our existence.

Note 1)

In the animistic beliefs of today's primitive peoples and high cultures of the past, right up until Judaism, but also after it (Germanic, Celtic, Greek, Roman culture etc.), there is a complex, polytheistic family of gods, whose protagonists are often equated with natural phenomena.

The line dividing polytheism and monotheism also marks an equally dramatic, long-underestimated break and paradigm shift in human cultural history, the effects of which can still be felt today, just as the dividing line between prokaryotic and eukaryotic cell forms had such huge consequences for evolution (mortality, sexuality, etc.).

Deus ex machina

As the symbol of our belief in progress, the machine is the instrument of our domination of the world. We use it to destructively exploit our resources. The consequences of this can no longer be fully grasped and the necessity of renouncing the egocentricity of our world view is more urgent than ever. I am certain that modern religiousness can help us to reintegrate human beings into **the world's** natural cycles.

Progress cannot be stopped, at a rapid pace, it already points to the next century. Its symbol, the machine, will supposedly also serve human beings in the future. As a consequence of a change in thinking, the machine has been given a new, communicative function. As a link between emancipated humans and the world that feeds them, it can serve their symbiosis.

This is the missionary message of the ROSE COURT CHAPEL. Removed from worldly arrogance and material desires like a lonely monastery, it invites visitors to contemplate the stillness of nature. It is a place of devotion to and reflection on our sources of life.

The magical machine inside it is an artificial human construct of the spirit of technical progress. In its harmonious integration into natural cycles, it helps to us converge with them once again.

DAISY.WORLD

Scientific context

The idea and title, or rather the quote, come from the development of the GAIA theory (or GAIA hypothesis) in the '60s/'70s of the last century. The formulation of the GAIA theory was an expression of a gradual change in the scientific view of the world towards the end of the last century – especially ideas about what we are: LIFE.

It was one piece in the puzzle of the ongoing paradigm shift in our understanding of science and ourselves towards complexity, thinking in terms of networks and holistic scientific observation.

The GAIA theory is a new interpretative model in the interdisciplinary field of Life Sciences. It is the scientific foundation of and inspiration for a new ecological understanding of our world.

The starting point for this project was my realisation of permanently changing environmental conditions. Our world is always drifting.

GAIA

The British atmospheric chemist, James Lovelock, and the American molecular biologist, Lynn Margulis, two of the most inspiring scientists in the new discipline of Life Sciences, developed the GAIA theory based on each of their specific areas.

They discovered and gathered a wide range of data to support the hypothesis that the complex microbial networks in our biosphere should be viewed from a higher perspective as a single, self-regulating, living organism – a superorganism.

They later expanded their definition of the geophysiological system GAIA¹ to include the entirety of all organic/biological elements (life forms) created in reciprocal co-evolutionary change and their inorganic/geophysical conditions (the atmosphere, oceans, layers of earth).

The most important aspect of this new way of looking at things, seeing the Earth as one single, huge organism, was the question of self-regulating mechanisms. (Do such mechanisms exist in and of themselves; what are their effects?)

According to generally accepted theory, life has the capacity for homeostasis. This means that a living organism has the ability to regulate and stabilise its internal physical state so that its cycle of internal essential biological processes can be optimally maintained when external conditions change.

= Control over its internal life.

The idea of homeostatic behaviour in the higher level of organisation in GAIA, transferred to all levels of the internal parts of the superorganism, the level of its internal organs and cells,² in this sense to the **planet's individual populations and species and therefore also** in terms of human beings – is a controversial scientific idea!

Thus, if the internal organs and cells control their own existence and environments within a superordinate control mechanism, then that would mean:

Living populations/species do not just control themselves, but also their surrounding dead geophysical conditions.

Life would therefore have not merely colonised an unchanging dead planet (it would not just be sitting on top of it, so to speak), rather it would have shaped the appearance of the previously dead planet significantly to its own advantage.

= Terraforming by life itself.

Finally, one would have to conclude: both components, dead and living matter in the lower level of organisation, together form a living thing on the higher level: GAIA.

The idea of a living Earth is much more popular today than it was in the twentieth century:³ every earthly life form, every species or symbiotic community, including human society, is a part or a particle like an organ or a cell in the larger organism that is our planet Earth.

Almost everyone has heard of this theory. And yet we seem to really want to suppress this knowledge with our old, misunderstood experience of our dominant position in nature. The human categories **'domination' and 'superiority' are deceptive, wishful ideas.**

There are no hierarchies in the networks of life – only equal connections in all directions. Each component is dependent on all the others and contributes to the survival of all the others. If you move one component in this network it has a knock-on effect on all the others.

In GAIA's **network, the 'higher'**, highly specialised life forms only play a cursory role – perhaps comparable to a very rare cactus flower, which only blooms under very specific conditions. **Measured in the dimensions of Earth's history, these** curious flowers of evolution with a tendency to autonomisation have rarely survived for a very long time.⁴

Only those life forms that remain a part of the organism and benefit it have the right to stay. Proliferation in the system is halted by homeostatic compensatory adjustments. Life forms that proliferate unchecked undermine their own foundations for living.

Everyone should be aware of this, especially in our times, since climatic equilibrium is changing to our own detriment. Climate is just one aspect of the overall geophysiological network – in that sense also one of GAIA's **faces.**

DAISYWORLD

In his research on our planet's **self**-regulating mechanisms, James Lovelock set up a computer simulation called DAISYWORLD. It is a mathematical model for a simplified ecosystem.

Working with his scientific team, James Lovelock programmed a real-time simulation – a virtual model of our real world with its cosmic, geophysical and biological parameters. However, his model only has two life forms, two populations of flowers: black and white daisies = DAISYWORLD.

The programme, the artificial ecosystem, works completely autonomously, independently of external influences or any interference by the scientists.

This is a summary of what happened: the black flowers are able to grow and spread while it is still too cold for the white flowers. They form a dark carpet across the planet and spread from the equator to

the polar caps. The dark carpet absorbs energy from the sun and increasingly heats up the atmosphere. Gradually it starts to get too hot for the black flowers. The carpet of flowers develops holes near the equator, the population migrates towards the two polar caps or shrinks. Now the white flowers can take over the terrain and spread. Their white surface reflects the sunlight; they are better able to deal with the heat. As the white flowers spread, the atmosphere cools down.

The populations change depending on changes to the external conditions. When it gets hotter, the white flowers grow and form a protective shield. When it gets colder, the black flowers form an absorbing carpet.

Lovelock's experiments have shown: the more complex many populations are, with different requirements of their living environment, the stronger the self-regulating effect.

The result is both astounding and revealing. The populations and symbiotic communities grow and spread across the Earth or shrink and die out.

Life is permanently drifting.

It is subject to constant changes, caused by changing external conditions.

However, the growth/spreading and shrinking/extinction have a fundamental effect on the climate. Everything is a condition of everything else, is linked to each other in feedback loops and only as a whole forms the ecosystem.

One can see that the way the different populations grow corresponding to every external change and vice versa, how the populations absorb the harmful effects.

The alternation between blooming and dying stabilises precisely those climatic conditions that are necessary for the survival of all the populations overall.⁵

The DAISYWORLD experiment revealed the autonomous self-regulating character of the web of life and its mechanisms in a simple way.

It shows us clearly how life is capable of resisting both external and internal harmful influences and to rebalance itself without the intervention of a higher power.

Life does not need a "protective hand", nor a "creator", to constitute and later sustain itself as a self-organising endeavour of the forces of the universe.

The DAISYWORLD experiment gives us an understanding of the drifting that occurs in symbiotic communities as a fundamental condition of a living, self-sustaining ecosystem.

However, it also illustrates to us how fragile this dynamic balance is. It reacts very sensitively to every change, inside or outside the system (also those caused by humans).

In this sense, the moral consequence of this knowledge is: a foresighted awareness of ecological relationships and a conscious, sustainable obligation to take care of nature.

The art project DAISY.WORLD seeks to contribute to people learning about this.

Note 1)

Geophysiological (not geophysical), taken from Biology and Medicine, since it is a living system;

The physiology of the Earth (coined by J. Lovelock) – the study of the physical and biochemical processes in the planetary organism, the Earth – viewed as all of the biological processes working together, from the molecular to the organic functional level of the biosphere (from this perspective, the organs are the large

geophysical, biological entities such as rain forests, ocean currents, deserts, polar caps, the ozone layer, etc.).

Note 2)

Cells – in reference to biological body cells (red and white blood cells, nerve cells, muscle cells etc.) – structurally distinct units of function on the level of (what are known as) individuals – on a higher functional level as in cell biology acting as complex tissue structures.

Note 3)

...even if often only in its mystically romanticised, personified forms as an omnipresent deity (e.g. the film AVATAR) not as a scientific, causal principle.

Note 4)

The history of human culture in the higher sense begins with the Neolithic Period around 10,000 years ago. The human (Homo) species' cultural practices date back around 80,000 years for making art (The Grotte de Pigeons, Morocco) and 400,000 years for religion (the first burial rituals). The first members of our species were born around 2.5 million years ago (Homo rudolfensis). GAIA is more than a thousand times our age, around 3.6 billion years old. Our planet, as a dead, geophysical formation, came into existence around 4.5 billion years ago.

Note 5)

As might be expected, these self-regulating mechanisms only work within certain existential limits for these external conditions – “the window of life”. When these limits are passed, the system collapses and the entire organism dies.

DAISY.WORLD

Technical realisation

The flower populations of the DAISY.WORLD installation are orange and blue.¹

The public art installation should be installed vertically on an urban structure or building, which should have a large, flat surface and be clearly visible from a distance within its urban surroundings. It may have curves and angles.²

Some options would be towers, the façades of buildings, walls or large-scale bridge elements. It should give the impression that the building has been taken over by an artificial landscape of flowers.

TECHNICAL MATRIX

The design should be realised using a technical matrix, which will be projected onto the surface of the building like a second skin. This consists of the following components:

1. Supporting structure

This can be a solid, standing structure (e.g. a standard scaffolding structure) or a hanging, web-like steel cable structure (lighter and more transparent) attached to the building. The supporting structure provides a stable platform for the functional hardware components without damaging or impairing their function.³

Furthermore, it must be possible to access each intersecting point manually to carry out maintenance or adjustments.

2. Pneumatic system

The pneumatic system is the energy source for the movement of the installation.

At each intersection of the technical matrix, air pressure can be released via a system of tubes and controllable outlet valves. There is always a certain amount of pressure, provided by a compressor with a pressure control tank/mechanism. The compressor should be positioned a little to the side. It only starts up to balance out a drop in pressure.⁴

3. Effectors/flower heads/kinetic pixels

There is a pneumatic effector at each intersection of the technical matrix, i.e. at each outlet valve in the pneumatic system in the form of an artificial blossom object (see drawings).

This is a capsule-like object with an opening to allow air in (an inlet valve) and an air-release opening, which also has a controllable valve.

The flower heads also have star-shaped openings, in which there are inflatable rubber tubes with rounded ends.

The tube capsules are hard-wearing, weather-resistant, translucently coloured (should be lit up from inside) and have a high elasticity.⁵

They form an airtight seal in the cell-shaped objects and can expand to form long rubber arms as when the inlet valve opens and air enters. They shrink back to their original capsule shapes when the outlet valve opens and the air can escape again.

4. Data network

The data network exchanges information between the sensor system, the computer simulation and the effector matrix. Information about changing environmental parameters is fed into the computer simulation. Information about growth or shrinking is sent to each point in the real flower matrix by the virtual simulation. A bus system controls the inlet and outlet valves in the matrix.

5. Sensor system

A network of sensors records current values for specific environmental factors essential for life. The values measured are interpolated onto the positions that have not been measured between the sensors in the network. Each position is thus assigned its own value. The sensors also record other events.

Sensor system => data network => computer simulation => data network => effectors

CONTROL

The effectors, i.e. the artificial flower landscape, can be controlled via only two stimuli:

1. Open air-inlet valve / inflation / blooming / growth / spreading
2. Open air-outlet valve / deflation / wilting / dying / shrinking

The technical matrix is a hardware structure comparable to a computer screen.⁶

Each flower head is a binary pixel and can take on one of either of the states described above:

1. ON / growth
2. OFF / dying

The public art installation is controlled via an interactive real-time computer simulation just like in **Lovelock's experiment**.⁷

The programme analyses each point in series in the virtual coordinate system in certain time intervals according to a defined **"window of life"**, i.e. existential environmental parameters, as well as the mathematical growth/shrinking rules for the current growth values for each point/pixel.

A. Basic existential conditions/window of life

Various environmental conditions that can be recorded by the sensors have been specifically selected as exemplary conditions (e.g. temperature, light, air humidity/rain, wind, etc.; the simulation is a simplified model). An upper and a lower limit necessary for survival are defined for each environmental condition and species. All the environmental parameters measured must fall within the window of life for each species in order to initiate the stimulus for growth. If even one factor necessary for life is missing, life cannot develop. The more optimal the conditions are, the higher the growth values and the more abundant the spread.

B. Influences/growth and shrinking rules

These are made up of:

- A - Logical conditions/events
- B - Natural environmental conditions taken into account
(via the sensors)
- C - Hypothetical environmental conditions similar to those in nature
(without sensors, only programmed)
- D - Conditions inherent to the system similar to natural conditions/
types of behaviour

Using the growth/shrinking rules, positive or negative growth coefficients (pos./neg. GCs) are determined; these **influence the pixel's growth and correspond to both advantageous and harmful** environmental factors.

pos. GC = factor > 1 = growth value increases = better growth conditions
neg. GC = factor < 1 = growth value decreases = worse growth conditions

C. Growth and shrinking stimulus/trigger point

There is a defined critical growth value that determines the binary state of the pixel. This critical value defines the average growth environment, in which the population would begin to develop naturally – defined as 1.

If the growth value is determined to be higher than 1 in any of the cycles, this means ON for that pixel, if it is less than 1, this means OFF.

Each time, the programme compares the previous value with the current one and, if it has changed, sends a positive (growth) or negative (shrinking) stimulus to the corresponding valve of the real flower network.

The programme carries out its growth calculations for both populations, since at each point in the technical matrix there are two flower heads – one orange-coloured one and one blue. Each field in the coordinate system can be occupied by either of the two species.

There are four theoretical possibilities for the pixel field:

1. OFF - neither of the two species can exist
2. ORANGE - the orange-coloured flower grows
3. BLUE - the blue flower grows
4. ORANGE or BLUE - both species could exist, but only one will prevail (depending on the rule for each case)

Once the programme has started up, the installation works completely autonomously without further human intervention. As a system, the installation is linked to its environment and together with it forms a superordinate closed system.

The flower landscapes' growth develops its own dynamic, which can no longer be understood by us observing from the outside.

Note 1)

Brightly coloured attention-grabbing effect as an urban eye-catcher, complementary colours (the largest possible colour contrast)

DAISY.WORLD is an entertaining art installation in public space. The colours Lovelock originally chose, black and white, are not as suitable.

Lovelock's experiment was about studying real geophysical, biological mechanisms (the population-dependent ice-albedo feedback process in the radiation budget of planets, i.e. climatic effects).

The DAISY.WORLD art project is a simplified and easy to understand model of ecological relationships for the public.

Its aim is to educate people and raise awareness. As a counterweight to an outdated and misunderstood anthropocentrism (which in turn replaced the theocentric world view), its purpose is to help to spread a new ecological worldview.

Note 2)

The surface of the building should not have any small spatial structures that would break up the overall surface (protrusions, bay windows, cantilevers, gaps or cavities, technical fixtures).

Note 3)

Since the installation is only temporary, reduced visibility of the outside from inside the building and vice versa will have to be tolerated. It should still be possible to open and close the windows, however.

If necessary, the supporting structure could be left out if the installation's hardware can be fixed directly onto the building without any disadvantages (if there is already a superimposed structure, e.g. shading elements, scaffolding for advertising, open coverings).

Note 4)

Compressed air need only be provided to individual flowers in intervals of seconds to minutes. Although the actual requirement is very low, the extensive system must be permanently pressurised. Loss of pressure must be equalised.

The growth of the flower populations on the building's surface happens very slowly, but faster than in the real world. The simulation must be programmed, i.e. the trigger values of the environmental parameters measured must be carefully adjusted and manipulated so that the result is an overall movement that is striking and fascinating for members of the public – not too fast, but without completely stopping for a longer period of time, which would be counterproductive.

Passersby will only notice the changes if they take a second look – the flowers appear not to be moving, however they are constantly, almost imperceptibly changing, just like in nature itself. Permanent drift – like the tides, sunset, moonrise and the appearance of the stars, etc.

Note 5)

A big challenge is the right material with the most effective form and optimal qualities.

The material that will most likely meet all the requirements is a special silicone rubber. Qualities of materials must be compared and optimised, special mixtures could possibly be commissioned and tested (I have enquired with various chemicals companies).

Work with the Deutschen Institut für Kautschuktechnologie e.V. in Hannover, and possibly with the technical department of Wacker Chemie AG in Munich – extrusion of tubes with various mixed materials and materials tests are necessary.

Requirements:

- *UV-resistant (natural rubber starts to disintegrate in sunlight)*
- *Temperature resistance from around -20°C to 40°C*
- *Tear resistance*
- *Resistant to wind, rain and snow*
- *Highly elastic*
- *Low additional shrinkage (there is no material that fully reverts back into its original shape)*
- *A good ratio between the lengthwise and widthwise expansion of the tube, one-dimensional expansion/stretching only lengthwise if possible*
- *The material must be easily dyeable, with strong a colour effect, also when stretched*
- *Translucence, must be possible to light up the tubes from inside*

(See drawings and calculations)

Note 6)

Screens, digital advertising walls or conventional media façades are two-dimensional light media. Three-dimensional effects are only illusions and are not real.

The DAISY.WORLD installation uses new media technology that goes beyond a flat illusion. The medium actually physically grows out of the surface. The installation controls the three-dimensional movement of real objects.

Note 7)

The interaction is between the real natural environment and the virtual, autonomous computer programme on the one hand and between the programme and the real, artificial flower world on the other. I use the term 'interactive' in the sense that it is usually used nowadays.

However, in a narrower sense, it is only a "reactive" system, since the simulation only has the option to react by doing something in the artificial flower world.

A true interaction would be the case if activity in the flower world could also in turn have an effect on the real environment.

Our ecosystem is a real interaction between the populations and their environment.

The interaction ultimately always stabilises the system (a living system) – even if it sometimes appears to be tipped off balance, as is the case today.

Today's imbalance has two possible consequences: A) The destructive element in the network ceases its behaviour that is damaging to the system. B) The destructive element is damned to extinction. Throughout its long history, the ecosystem as a whole has survived far worse catastrophes than the proliferation of the human species in the last hundred years (see also: "The Fatal Gene", p. X).

Why realism?

Proto Realism [Manifesto]

It's time for a change! After a century of destroying the classical ideal: dissolution of form, art removed from its pedestal, away from the noble materials, away from the artistic craft, away from the ornament, connecting art with life, every man is an artist ... (nothing against the creative potential of the individual, but we are not all architects, scholars or statesmen).

The old concept of art has been stretched and extended close to its breaking point for over a 100 years. It has been trimmed to fit life. Gradually a great longing for the old ideal grows - a new seriousness, a new carefulness, a new spiritual consciousness, a reverence for the particular, an attractive force of the sublime, which reaches beyond our daily existence. After having brought heaven down to earth, it now seems very small, insufficient to satisfy our deep longing. This tendency is evident everywhere in society.

Maybe it started with a gradual revival of figuration as seen with the Leipzig School. Then came the big blockbuster exhibitions of ancient art - a gradual shift away from the school of "les Fauves". The subcultures have for some time been making use of overflowing ornamentation and figuration.

Clearly, what is growing here is no pure historicism - the rediscovery of values once laid aside is mixing with the modern world - as it always has!

The ornamentation of street art, the language of the street, is woven into a vibrant network of overlapping, layering and serial patterns, quantum mechanics and digital codes. Today's figuration speaks a completely different language than a century ago. If you draw your beliefs solely from textbooks it is impossible to understand the new language - an observer unable to follow the new developments.

The pioneers of classical modernism were tired of the figurative mainstream of their time. This is thoroughly understandable, considering the yawning boredom they encountered in the salons: endless mannered sophistries, bon mots on never changing subjects - the same approach, the same method, today as yesterday. What can we still add to this?

We want something shockingly new! If the destructive revolution has become a fashion, it doesn't hurt anymore! A complacent attitude of lawlessness has ensconced itself in the galleries, in the collections and in the mind. We want what is out of fashion!

Today's rebellion is the restoration of the visible - a fundamental realism that is aware of its uncertainty. Reality is the illusory attempt at an interpretation of what our perception allows for interpretation. But it is beautiful! Just because we know that it exists only in our imagination.

We create reality by looking closely.

This is form-finding rather than dissolution of form, this is differentiation instead of leveling, this is content instead of emptiness, this is temperance instead of immoderation - a new set of rules, a new system of values, concentration by limitation.

(translation Lennard Ortmann)

Notes on Changing Values / PROTO.REALISM

New Realism, New Renaissance, New Sincerity – there are many descriptions for this phenomenon in recent art history.

I have talked to several colleagues and friends about it. I have searched the contemporary independent art scene, the art market and the established institutions of the art world (museums, biennales, auctions, art criticism) for clues.

A slow paradigm shift is taking place – a gradual return to values we believed had been lost. The signs of this secret renaissance are also slowly trickling down into the commercial art world.¹

The shift in values since classical Modernism/
new values:

1. New **sincerity**
 - Was considered too intellectually laboured, narcissistic/self-satisfied, humourless, too cerebral
 - Sincerity as a counterweight to informality and spontaneity
 - Playfulness was previously valued more highly
2. New **accuracy** in the creative process
 - Was considered petit bourgeois and compulsive
 - This attitude was accused of being obsessed with detail
 - Lack of generosity in artistic creativity
3. A new understanding of **order**
 - Order/being orderly/neatness were considered bourgeois and uncreative
 - **“The genius controls chaos”**
 - Possibly as a result of discourse in science about structures of order in chaos, the connotations of order is changing, the idea of **‘order’** is being re-evaluated
 - A trend moving away from chaotic expression to ordered structures can also be identified in artistic processes
 - Structures, patterns, details appear, form crystallises out of the formless
 - This trend has led to the rediscovery/re-evaluation of ornamentation, later also of visual opulence
4. A new appreciation of **slowness**
 - In contrast to the dynamic creativity and spontaneity in Modernism
 - The Modernists celebrated speed and their belief in progress (Futurists)
 - Screeching motors, smoking chimneys, the noise of machinery and radioactivity are today no longer viewed as symbols of the advance of civilisation as they were in the early twentieth century
 - The incessant barrage of information in our media society creates an additional weariness of speed – larger and larger amounts of data must be processed in shorter amounts of time (limited ability of the brain to process this)
 - The human ability to take in visual and acoustic stimuli is overwhelmed – this leads to a re-evaluation of the concept of **‘slowness’**
 - In a time when we live our lives at such speed, slowness is once again considered restorative

- Slowness becomes an expression of authenticity
Slowness creates the conditions for sincerity and accuracy, both in a conceptual sense and in the craftsmanship of producing the artistic object
 - I find it dubious and over-the-top when established artists produce their wares as if at a conveyer belt²
5. New appreciation for [craftsmanship](#)
- An emphasis on craftsmanship in art was previously considered bourgeois and mediocrally outdated
 - From the perspective of Modernism, art and crafts were two opposing categories that could not be united
 - Craftsmanship was too strictly bound to rules and traditional methods
 - For a long time there was no model for artists to orientate their independent artistic development around
 - Craftsmanship embodies ideas like sincerity, accuracy, orderliness and slowness
 - As a result of the re-evaluation of these ideas, the ideals of craftsmanship are also being newly appreciated
6. A new understanding of [materials](#)
- **Rediscovery of “valuable materials”**
 - They were considered bourgeois, associated with aristocratic or clerical decadence
 - The shift to Modernism called valuable materials into question, viewing them as having been abused to impress and for the ruling class to maintain power
 - On the other hand, **“materials with little value”** were considered cool, rebellious, anti-bourgeois, critical of the establishment (punk)
 - After a long period of rebellion, the time is ripe for a re-evaluation
7. New relationship to [ornamentation](#)
- **Ornamentation was a “crime” (Adolf Loos)**
 - Was considered too playful and superficial
 - Was associated with cake-icing, sweet and kitsch
 - The rediscovery of ornamentation linked to new scientific discoveries like network theory, chaos theory, fractal geometry, nanotechnology, new materials, wave/particle duality (see point 3)
 - Also mutually influenced by new trends in music such as serial music, techno, sampling, etc.
8. A new relationship to [opulence](#)
- Previously the maxim **“less is more”** applied
 - Along with the rediscovery of ornamentation and the visualisation of scientific and technical concepts, there is also a growing understanding and interest for **“visual opulence”** as opposed to **“clarity and emptiness”**
 - The pulsating excess of form in subculture and pop culture (graffiti, tattoos, manga, anime, techno, layered sampling)
9. Rediscovery of a concept of [beauty](#)
- For a long time, a **“beautiful artwork”** was frowned upon and was seen as **“kitsch”**
 - Beauty was considered superficial
 - **The “beauty of the ugly” was propagated**
 - The new receptivity for beauty is also an indication for our wounded and agitated soul (see point 4).

10. Rehabilitation of the [pedestal](#)

- The pedestal symbolises the sublime, the admiration for what is special, the extraordinary
- In the period of early Modernism, traditional art had hardly anything to do with people's real lives anymore
- Pomposity, vanity, narcissism and megalomania were associated with the pedestal
- That is why Modernism called for **"artworks to be pulled down from their pedestals" and to "link art and life with each other again"**
- **In the meantime, this attitude along with the rejection of "valuable materials" has become outmoded**
- A new appreciation for the special is felt
- The efforts to bring everything onto one level of before has now once again become a tendency towards differentiation

11. A new attraction to [spirituality](#)

- Was considered sentimental esotericism
- Rediscovery of private spiritual feelings
- Personal **rituals and intimate forms of "private religion"** meet a new need for transcendence (surpassing earthly experience)
- The search for connection/belonging in a higher order
- This trend is also a result of the re-evaluation of order and chaos (see point 3).
- The retreat into the private is an expression of the growing discomfort with our fast-moving and over-stimulating society (see point 4).

It is time that we finally stop trying to destroy and extend the concept of art. There is not much left of it. An expanding universe will eventually die, and then everything is gone. The universe must now contract again – come back to an appropriate human dimension, before it can expand again in the next generation.

I have borrowed the militant language of Modernism – to make it clear: we are just as dissatisfied today as we were back then. We are also rebelling against a seemingly unmoveable establishment.

..

[We create reality for ourselves by observing it.](#)

This statement is a poetic abbreviation and like all reductionist statements incomplete. It can be understood if one wants to – one can also deliberately misunderstand it.

.

I have tried to integrate one of the core ideas from [quantum theory](#) into concept of Realism: measurement itself (observation) influences the result of measurement (the state of the world). The moment we take a measurement, the wave model collapses into a particle model – physicists talk about the world becoming grainy in this moment – particles can be located, clear contours identified.

Before the measurement, when we are not looking, the world is in a state of nebulous probability distribution. In this probability model, a particle can be located everywhere – It is everywhere at the same time until the moment when we measure it, when we look at it.

The habitual assumption that reality exists independently of our observation can no longer be sustained from this perspective. To certain extents, reality is dependent on our observation.

It is therefore clear that we do not play a passive role in the world, but rather we intervene in the world through our observation – in a way give it a form/contour it did not have before.

My concept of Realism also takes inspiration from the [theory of autopoiesis](#): living systems are networks of production processes immanent to the system, in which each part has the function of participating in the production or transformation of other parts of the network.

In this sense, perception is the representation of an external reality, but equally the production of reciprocal relationships within the network and based on structural links with the external world to the internal one.

Thus, it is not an independently existing, objective external world that is being reflected, much rather an external world is being created internally that corresponds to the essential nature of the autopoietic network. Perceived reality is a projection of one's own being.

Most people describe “looking/observing” as a subjective image of an objective external reality – as a passive act of reflection.

In my interpretation, the act of looking is an active process of creating reality, even if this only exists in our minds.

The tragedy of this is that we do not know much more about this reality than that it is an illusion.

Since art has existed, artists believed they were creating images of the world. Having grown weary of this leisurely habit, the artists did not merely want to create images, but also invent.

Today we know – we can only invent it for ourselves.

That is a completely **new artistic perspective on “Realism”**.

Many paths lead to the truth; there are alternative ways of thinking that we can weigh up against each other.

Even if it is hard for us to grasp what is really happening out there – we cave dwellers will not cease to **ask questions and we will not grow tired of interpreting our observations of the shadows on the cave’s wall.**

A model of thought or belief does not get any better if we keep simply repeating it like a mantra.

Only when we demolish the old doctrines, will the path be cleared for something new.

Note 1)

Not to be confused with Michael Triegel, but rather strong contemporary positions like Barry X Ball, Marc Quinn, Ron Mueck, Berlinde De Bruyckere and others.

Note 2)

The business that is Damian Hirst includes 200 employees and along with pictures and objects, also produces books, jewellery, souvenirs and fashion items.

For his series of pictures "Spot Paintings" for example, which by now includes 1,500 pictures, numerous people have been employed for many years to do nothing else but paint small coloured dots on canvases according to a randomly generated pattern.

(www.damienhirst.com, www.othercriteria.com)

Even Stephan Balkenhol (whom I actually quite admire) produces 100 sculptures a year/around one every three days (profile "Das Wagner-Denkmal von Stephan Balkenhol", Euromaxx Magazin/Deutsche Welle, 2013)

Holy Benignus of Bischleben

Patron Saint of the Parish Church in Erfurt-Bischleben

Benignus standing in front of the Roman tribunal, behind him the murmuring crowd. The potentates waiting for the revokement threateningly.

So much time passed by since the young Benignus was sent towards Gaul from Smyrna in the East by his old spiritual mentor. Go out into the wide world but never lock up your heart! In this mission the Apostolic Father Policarp said goodbye to his young fellow. **Benignus didn't go out to convert people** - the contract was to remain human, to salvage his own humanity. On the long and arduous journey **Benignus was always true to his old masters words. He suffered many wounds but he didn't become hardened.**

Actually his compassion for the infirm and the excluded made the difference to everybody else. His **sensitive character couldn't bear all the injustice in a world of dog-eat-dog.** He felt the suffering of others like his own.

This compassion of a stranger could touch people and offered them a spark of hope.

He didn't have to convince people once the people began to listen to him. He set a good example about what's right and wrong. The people followed him in his belief.

What was it, in which they believed these people? He was not sure about. Was it the right religious faith of his teacher Polycarp?

Benignus looked at the poor devils which he gave a spark of hope. A mysterious shine arose from these people since they accompanied him, a smile which let them stand their daily struggle. Benignus **couldn't push them back into their old destiny! No, he couldn't get out of the story, he couldn't run away as much as he wanted to!**

Benignus foresees the painful torture ahead. It makes his stomach turn, his legs become weak. He is **petrified in the fact of the coming agony. He could just run away? ... Only a little word? ...**

A look at those who confided in him. Their eyes like embers trained on him, entreating, fluctuating, awaiting, loving.

Benignus straightens himself up a last time, struggling against his mortal fear. His anger rising. Suddenly he knows that he will die for these poor souls, for their love and for their mysterious light. Facing inescapable death his eyes drift away into the distance. The people are waiting.

Upright, defying death and with a gaze of horror Benignus made his choice. Silently giving his body over to the martyrdom.

THE FATAL GENE / UTOPIA GENEALOGICA

The warning signal

We are currently experiencing a **silent wave of protest at the gates of Europe**. The call **“Refugees Welcome”** passed like a jolt throughout all third world countries that have been rattled by crisis and bombed to destruction. Thousands are responding to the call every day. The dam has been broken. Every day, thousands of people set off on the great journey towards the north and no danger, no sea, no storm, no border fence and no rumour will stop them now.

We are experiencing an influx of refugees from regions of hardship and war in North Africa and the Middle East never seen before who are flooding into wealthy Western European democratic countries and stoically demanding to their share in the wealth of the society of surplus.

Until now, Western economic nations have always managed to regain control and secure their hegemony using robust crisis management and clever political alliances. But the mood has turned sour. The geopolitical interests of the actors on the world stage are clashing violently with each other. Stronger autocratic regimes and new tiger economies hungry for resources are staking their claims.

Military interventions have been leaving a bitter taste in the mouths of those who have been **“liberated” for a long time now**. And the schools and hospitals riddled with bullets flicker like ghostly tabernacles on our TV screens every night. They are burned deep into our collective consciousness. The flag over the ‘commonwealth’ still flies before sundown. GROWTH is still written there in large letters. But it is stained and tattered in the twenty-first century. The good old times are not coming back. We look away in shame or act as if it is nothing to do with us. But **can the “Golf generation”** sacrifice its shiny chrome way of life?

There is resistance both inside and outside of us. The moral scruples of affluent citizens cast long shadows in the glass facades of their glossy metropolises. For the third world is vehemently forcing itself into our awareness and our news reports. How long more can we look in the mirror in the morning with a clear conscience and talk down the gaping wound in our hearts?

The curse of humanity

There are many ideas about how to overcome the evil this world suffers from. The existential hardship in the poorest regions of the globe – the lack of food, water and basic medical care, the lack of basic rights, the permanent fear for survival in those troubled regions it seems cannot be subdued – that is what drives people to leave their homes and demand their most fundamental human right to life in the rich countries.

Do the rich countries have the capacity to take in all of the **world's people in need**? Will **"Fortress Europe"** fire at refugees? The waves of refugees will only be stopped without violence if the rich countries finally become willing to share a portion of their wealth.

"Basic income for all!" is one of the ideas that have recently been ignited in many people's minds. Another is the demand for **"fair trade"**, or much rather that of a **"fair prosperity"**, equal opportunities in economic development for the entire human community, not just a few privileged, well-armed industrial nations.

How can the exclusivity, with which the technologically advanced minority defends their way of life, be justified in future? **"America first"**? What moral privilege can we use to back this up?

Are a European's human rights worth more than those of an African?

Is there a human right to wealth? The desire for it is perfectly understandable, since it is one of life's basic impetuses, shared by all the individuals on our planet. ^(Note 1)

A redistribution of our world's wealth appears to be unavoidable from a moral perspective.

If we want to defuse the smouldering powder keg, heal the body of humanity that is bleeding from so many wounds, we must overcome the **"clash of cultures"**! ^(Note 3)

We human beings must cease to view the world from our conflicting economic, ethnic or religious value systems.

We must think as a collective species!

Wars have always been waged for economic interests. And these were always the interests of the political or religious elites, who slyly disguised them so they could write them on the flags of the common man and so that the common man believed they were his own ideals and that he was fighting for a just cause.

No human being voluntarily takes part in a military invasion if it is not suggested to them beforehand. No human being just decides to blow themselves up. It is foreign to the nature of the individual to defend abstract, ideal values like freedom, democracy or faith and to risk their own lives in the process, if it does not directly serve to protect their own existence and that of their offspring. People want to live and be with their families and friends. Yet people also allow themselves to be manipulated and are prepared to do horrific things if they think it will protect their community. ^(Note 1)

In fact, it is even evident that people without property and without the right to participate in society's wealth are not good soldiers, because the manipulation of their identity, their patriotism and their willingness to sacrifice themselves does not work. If you do not give the poorest people in society the tiniest ray of hope that they can participate, then they will have no hope at all. They have nothing to defend.

Hope is a **light in the darkness**. It is the idea that one's own fate can be changed for the better. The feeling of hope is always connected to a person's existential plight or that of their loved-ones. Once the danger has been averted, the feeling of hope disappears, for it is no longer needed. The poorest people do not know what hope is, but neither do the privileged.

People with prospects of a small amount of wealth and personal happiness are the more passionate soldiers, both in developing countries and industrial nations. They are easier to seduce, because they must always fear that someone, whoever that enemy may be, could take their small amount of prosperity away again. They know the misery of those who own nothing, which privileged wealthy citizens do not. The more fragile their small amount of happiness is, the more heavily it weighs upon their shoulders. This fear clouds their judgement and makes them blind to the real danger. Ethnic and religious differences between people make it easy to construct images of **“the enemy”**. People with hope are easier to manipulate and instil hatred for each other in.

Military interventions in far-flung countries display a similar pattern to plundering campaigns and their motive is not economic hardship, but the prospects of ownership and economic gain. Throughout history, hardship has always caused people to set off on these journeys themselves. Out of hunger for power, they send their rapid reaction forces, drones and soldiers of God.

The mechanisms that lead to the outbreak of **today’s geopolitical conflicts are not “wars of liberation”, nor the protest of the people’s souls**, born out of hardship. They are all about the increasingly scarce natural resources on our planet. Seven billion hungry mouths, which love prosperity, are simply too many! Once there were spacious buffer zones between cultural communities, today they are violently clashing.

Today’s geopolitical conflicts are a battle for spheres of influence, ultimately for the economic interests and political power of competing economic or religious value systems.

If we gave the destitute Palestinians in the West Bank a basic income, they would not give up their claim to the Holy City. But surely it would relieve some of the pressure, for the more wealthy shop-owners in the Muslim quarter of Jerusalem are less radical than their fellow Muslims in Bethlehem or Ramallah. However, they would still mercilessly oppose each other, both the Israelis and the Arabs, whether they had a basic income or not.

It’s no different in the Ukraine, in Syria, in Iraq, in Yemen, in the South China Sea, in all the hot spots in the world. It’s about this: who put their foot on this piece of land first? Who can stay and who has to go? Who owns the pastures, the plantations, the fishing grounds, the water resources, the oil fields, **the rare soil? Who can gain access to our world’s natural riches via corrupt despots and mining rights?** Greed. That little word sums it all up. The dog has broken its chain now. I am using the biblical word for human hubris: greed.

A redistribution of our world’s wealth seems unavoidable from a moral perspective. Yet by putting an end to existential hardship, we will not eliminate the lust for power or the motivation to acquire more wealth, an instinct which is fundamentally inherent to life in evolutionary terms. (Note 1)

This remarkable gene, which has no doubt navigated us higher primates through the winding paths of evolution, begins to turn against us as soon as we feel we have outgrown our basic instincts and we revert to our animalistic natures. In the safe harbour of our growing civilisations, it is the time-bomb ticking in our cells all the time and will eventually destroy the civilisations we have built.

[The virulent gene, the ownership gene, the consumption gene, the enrichment gene, the power gene.](#) We can only keep it in check if we become aware of the demon in our own flesh.

Anm. 1)

Basic instincts determined by evolutionary history
/ Biological impetuses / Main tendencies of life:

First basic evolutionary instinct:

Protect one's own life and that of one's offspring /
Preservation of one's own state of existence

- *The evolutionary echo of Lenz's Law*

Second basic evolutionary instinct:

To spread one's own life form/species (one's own genes) /
Maximum reduplication of the self

- *A strategy of the first basic instinct*

Third basic evolutionary instinct:

Protection of one's own energy resources when there is sufficient food/safety is secured

- *Also known as "the path of least resistance"*

- *Strategy of the first basic evolutionary instinct*

Fourth basic evolutionary instinct:

The drive to improve individual biological resources

"The drive to acquisition and occupation" is the aggressive form of this

"The desire for wealth" is the non-confrontational form

- *Life takes energy economics and risk into account*

(although not in every case, only when the energy invested appears to promise success and the risks associated are reasonable)

- *Ultimately serves to create a better energy budget and minimise risk in the organism or the community*

- *Appears to conflict with the third basic instinct*

- *A strategy of the first basic instinct*

- *Tendency to acquire more resources than actually needed can be observed in higher life forms.*

(Note 2)

- *From the strategy of "providing for the future/stockpiling" via the "instinct to occupy" to "greed" (Note 2)*

Fifth basic evolutionary instinct:

Protecting one's individual resources

- *Life takes into energy economics and risk account (see fourth EBI)*

- *Serves the energy budget and the minimisation of risk*

- *The reverse conclusion of the fourth basic instinct*

- *A strategy of the first energy impulse*

Sixth basic evolutionary instinct:

Spatial expansion

- *Is a manifestation of both the second and the fourth basic instinct*

- *A strategy of the first instinct*

The virulent gene

Everything always comes back to the fatal ownership gene. It truly is Pandora's Box. But our beautiful world has become too small for our insatiable human hunger for resources, too small for the many mouths, for the clash of cultures and the irreconcilable, perpetually smouldering conflict of interests between different ethnic and religious groups or political powers.

Our world cannot find peace. The bickering of so many people over a slice of the ever-decreasing cake will not cease. The Earth has turned against us and it wants to shake off this voracious human virus. The Earth is tossing in the fever of global warming. Her white glaciers and polar ice caps are melting. Man has not heeded the warning. He has nothing better to do than to watchfully eye his fellow man, while rattling his sabre, to see who will be the first to place his boot on the soon to be accessible Polar Regions, to start tapping the slumbering gas and oil reserves there. Untouched polar caps serve the homeostatic planetary immune system, which has been able to maintain the sensitive temperature balance of the biosphere since primitive times.

Yet our dominant little species, which has spread like a sticky, brown psoriasis into every corner of the world and its last natural biotope, will not come to its senses. It grows and grows, displacing every other species in its way; it feeds and discharges its industrial excrement into the atmosphere, which further exacerbates the greenhouse effect.

I have already expressed the idea of the just redistribution of natural resources.

"We can no longer view the world from the perspective of our value systems.

We must think as a species." ... In my opinion, it's too late for that!

We must finally realise what we are, what we are not and what we should be! We have not been *primus inter pares*, one species among equals, in a relationship of delicate balance with its neighbours, since the Neolithic period. ^(Note 4)

We are the all-dominating virus that occupies and swallows up everything without any consideration for losses, without thinking of the future or of our own offspring. We are the virus that endangers the **host and which will now be vomited out to ensure the host's survival.**

We are supposedly the dominant life form on this, our planet. We are the lords of creation, and for us the garden of paradise, Eden, was laid at our feet, to wander in like lords, making every stone and every beast our subjects.

Understandably, it is difficult, after 400,000 years of staring at our own naval – that is the time that has passed since our ancestors, Homo heidelbergensis, began to think about existence and the afterlife, since we invented religion.

Of course we find it difficult after 10,000 years of cultural society and 4,000 years of monotheism to think outside our box and recognise the most essential fact: where we belong.

10,000 years ago, we did not yet have a problem with our planet or vice versa. The debacle began when we passed the two billion mark at the start of the last century and continued to grow exponentially.

It seems we have almost reached the point of no return. There is no going back after that. As everyone must have noticed, our host is fighting back and is cutting off our lifelines.

No, we cannot even think from the perspective of the dominant species anymore!

We must learn to think from the perspective of one species woven into the network of the entire biosphere!

If we want to survive, we must think of ourselves as a small part of the great superorganism GAIA!

Primus inter pares

A final, horrendous consequence, horrendous from our familiar human perspective, must not remain unsaid:

There is no place for the virulent ownership gene in our new world.

Not with seven billion people.

Ownership, property? How does that make sense? Ownership of what? Of parts of the densely woven, self-regulating, geophysical, biospherical network? The representatives of a species that is primus inter pares claims ownership of its host organism? Ridiculous!

The primus inter pares is itself a host organism and would surely be baffled if our subordinate parts began to claim dominance over our being. Sometimes they do actually do that and take over our essential organs. Then the hours of the primus inter pares are numbered – we call it cancer.

It is better when the smaller parts of our organism are in balance with all the others. It is better for the superorganism Earth – or GAIA – too.

All parts are of equal importance in the network of the whole. If one single knot in the web is shifted, it has an effect on all the others. The impulse reverberates throughout the whole system like a wave until, after numerous feedback loops, the organism readapts.

The secret is biodiversity – thousands of different species all linked. There are a myriad of individuals like you and I. This mechanism keeps the great host organism and regulates its metabolism (= homeostasis).

This is how the composition of the atmosphere is regulated, this is how the oceans stay the way they are, this is how the climate works. This is how everything stays the way it is, although it always has to decay again (Second Law of Thermodynamics).

It is a perfect immune system. Thanks to it, the whole system is protected from harmful external and internal influences and the stay state equilibrium is maintained. The system protects itself from within through the equal cooperation of all its parts together.

One species in this myriad network, the human species, must once again figure out its place if it wants to remain part of the network.

By freak evolutionary chance, two and half million years ago, the network created a little bud among the primates, the human species, in whose perception its own existence and the entire universe is reflected. A little miracle.

From the unique perspective of this bud, it seemed to the human species that everything revolved around it. And that could only lead to one conclusion, because when the being reflects on everything that exists, everything that exists is reflected back on this one bud in the middle of the universe – namely that it is the centre of the universe.

A fatal error. Which the human species would only grasp gradually in a laborious struggle with itself.

This arduous process of its self-knowledge still continues.

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Note 2)

Where does greed come from?

The oft-cited cliché of “harmony in the animal kingdom” is not quite accurate: “Every animal (individual) only takes as much as they need for their own survival.”

However, self-regulatory mechanisms in food chain networks/the biotope mean that behavioural patterns involving the excessive acquisition of resources among individuals and symbiotic communities balance each other out and are therefore less apparent. Surplus only makes sense if it fulfils a function. There is no waste in nature, since it places stress on the energy budget of the individual (see third evolutionary basic instinct).

Yet where does this impulse to appropriate more than we actually need come from? Where does GREED come from?

Trend A: Energy efficiency / Third evolutionary basic instinct (EBI)

All individuals must ingest chemical nutrients from outside their bodies to maintain their biological processes. In the process, they permanently swap their body's own molecules for foreign ones. During these chemical reactions, energy is acquired for all the work the individual has to do, including for producing energy itself. It is therefore not effective to waste energy on searching for food that is not required in the end.

(For example: a leopard hunts an antelope that is larger than its daily requirement so it can hide it in a tree to eat over the next few days. However, it does not hunt any other antelopes that would rot before they could be eaten. That would have no benefit; it would merely be an unnecessary risk and waste of energy.)

Trend B: Qualitative acquisition of resources / Fourth EBI / Tendency to greed

The drive to improve one's own biological resources is a fundamental biological instinct, which is likely to have developed with the earliest life forms more than three billion years ago (sulphur bacteria, cyanobacteria). Following this instinct, the individual is always attracted to the better biological environment. (For example: plants grow towards light, herds seek out better pastures.)

Harmful influences, competitors for food and scarcity of resources always have the tendency to impair the acquisition of resources and threaten survival. Thus, a counterbalancing instinct was required to motivate the acquisition of resources.

It is solely this immanent drive to not be satisfied with the resources available, but to search for better ones that we have to thank for life surviving on our planet despite all the odds.

The two instincts alternate with each other and remain in balance in simple life forms. In times of scarcity, instinct B has the upper hand and forces the life form to search harder for food. When there is sufficient food available, instinct A halts this activity.

Trend C: Quantitative acquisition of resources / Special case of the fourth EBI / Development of greed

The evolution of higher life forms on our planet follows the development from the “lone wolf” to “society formation” by individual groups (swarm/herd, pack, harems, formation of tribes) and “state formation”. Very early on, this led to individuals not just providing for their own survival, but their survival instinct also included other individuals. (For example: the way marsupials care for their young around 125 million years ago, state-forming termites around 150 million years ago.)

As the group grows stronger, the strategies of “stockpiling” and “oversupply” seem to turn into an evolutionary advantage, which also manifests genetically in the long-term.

Group-specific social behaviour such as the shared care and rearing of the young, searching for food, **defence and care for the elderly (= division of labour) require a rejection of the “providing for the self” principle in favour of “collectively providing for the future”.**

In the behavioural pattern of the SWARM and the HERD, the simplest group models, we still encounter a number of **“self-providers”**. However, **these strategies of living together do offer greater protection that those of the “lone wolf”**.

On the contrary, in the behavioural pattern of the PACK, for the first time we find the complex **principle of “collectively providing for the future”**.

There are also beneficial functions in the group for weak and older members of the group unable to hunt. They are not ejected from the group, instead they are given some of the surplus food from the stronger members (with the exception of aging pack leaders, who are driven away by the new alpha male).

Once the individual has been energetically disconnected from the search for food and this principle becomes a complex behavioural pattern involving shared labour in the group, the third evolutionary basic instinct is also undermined. The energy budget is no longer defined via the individual but via the group. Some members of the group waste more energy acquiring food than they need for their own survival, because they are providing for other members of the group. The members of the group specialised in acquiring food have to produce a surplus that would not make sense, but would in fact be harmful, **for a lone individual providing for themselves. This is how the “oversupply” instinct manifests.**

It is likely that we encounter the first behavioural sign of GREED in HAREMS, which is a further step in the development towards complex social behavioural and available resource distribution patterns. A further disconnection takes place here, which was previously an inseparable unit: the separation of biological resources from the act of acquiring them and the preservation of the individual. Previously, there is always a direct connection between resources and the survival instinct.

In animal harems, where the dominant male no longer participates in acquiring resources, but does however control the yield, the resource becomes a commodity, something speculative, an available object. The group members specialised in searching for food are also no longer directly linked to the results of their actions. They have to deliver the food they have hunted and gathered. Only then does the dominant male give them their portion. He controls the availability of all the resources. In times of food scarcity or in competition with other harem groups, the more energetically the dominant male forces the others to increase their yield, the more advantageous it is for survival.

Here we can gradually start to identify an advantage of the behavioural pattern GREED.

It is also more advantageous for other group members to assert themselves energetically when the resources are being distributed.

Since property is largely dependent on its owners being sedentary, one can only observe this aspiration in the behavioural patterns of nomadic tribes to a limited extent. Only when the early high cultures formed in the Neolithic period and tribal chiefs began to put resource surplus on show to demonstrate status, did the GREED behavioural pattern become fully established in its own right and begin to be passed on.

The trend of “society formation” by individual groups develops in parallel to “state formation” (primarily insects, with the exception of the snapping shrimp and the naked mole rat) on various evolutionary levels and independently from one another. Thus the development of state-forming animals and their social structures **is comparable with those of “societies”** (groups that have formed societies), but not identical.

Although the principles of the division of labour, stockpiling and collectively providing for the group can be found in all higher group models, the behavioural pattern of state formation in the animal kingdom (eusociality) has a more totalitarian and altruistic structure, right up to the infertility of the worker and soldier insects. The position and function of the group members (castes) are not interchangeable, but are genetically determined. The character traits and individuality of group members are not important, since they are all genetically identical (twins, genetically closer than offspring). **Social behaviour in "states" is managed by neurotransmitters, behavioural patterns and chemical signals and is most probably also genetically fixed.** There is therefore no such thing as free will or self-determination for the individual members. The superorganism behaves like one individual life form.

This may be a possible reason why the GREED behavioural **pattern does not develop in "states"**.

Social behaviour in "societies", on the other hand, is a complex system of dependence between individual personalities with relatively free wills. The social position of the group members might be hierarchically determined, yet the individuals have a desire to improve their position in this collective structure (see fourth EBI). Their position and function in the group is not fixed, but can always be slightly adjusted in little power struggles within the group.

The speculative commodity of the resource plays a large role in the group's complex structure of relationships and distribution. In more highly organised group models, a surplus of resources becomes an indication of social position (status symbol) and a replacement for mutual bonds between the group members (barter trade).

The growing desires for the speculative commodity of the resource increase the GREED behavioural pattern.

Note 3)

"Clash of cultures"

See "*Clash of Civilisations*", Samuel P. Huntington

Note 4)

Primus inter pares – Latin, meaning "first among equals".

Member of a group consisting of other equal members, without any special rights, however with an emphasised position of honour within the group.