

NON-BIFURCATED DIARY

Anna-Nicole Ziesche

Fragments of the artist's personal journal being read in the film:

My head is empty. I want to stop treating this like a diary but it's hard. I find myself staring at my camera; will I ever do a project this year? Well, I've got to. I have to find a title and then I'll be fine. As long as I can describe the project in one sentence and that sentence sounds interesting...

Not knowing is a bad state yet, it's meant to be creative...mostly it's unkind and destroys oneself progressively ... I have to go back to the beginning, to my beginning. What do I want? What am I trying to do? These questions come far too quickly.

My work is more important to me than a relationship at the moment. Having both in my mind drives me insane. It is good. I am happy realizing that my work is important to me as I didn't think it was.

Vibrating weaves of music glide through the air from the back of the purple house where men and women with cardboard-hair squeeze through the door, a universe of young diamonds, needles and piss. A wheezing crowd gathers in the garden, a man opens his mouth and white semen shoot out, not stopping, his body remains motionless. What am I doing here? Kill my creativity while puking up endless mental-shit, just like him...motionless.

Everything and everybody disappears into drops of sticky liquor and all I can do is try to store the fresh memory in my mind. But my mind fails to function it mixes pieces of thread with bits of fluff knitting a tight curtain inside my head.

Everything is a mistake and nothing is a piece of cake. My dad said he does not want to be 'stuck under my skin'. He knows about my mind-cages. Cage and cake go hand in hand.

The reason why I don't like building dreams is that I have trouble dividing them from the 'real' world.

Darkness inside and outside, something one cannot hold with hands, yet, it effects my feelings so much. There are so many non-physical but powerful things in the world.

It's astonishing how little I know about me, who I am and what I want. Everyone else seems to think I know...Circle in and out, no ending and no beginning

No melted feta cheese, eggs and posh red long peppers this morning, it's too early. It's true, it is too early and nothing is wrong with organic oats, apple, Californian raisins and sweetened Soya milk. However, it is Sunday and I like having different things on Sundays - my only day off.

Dungeness, I have to go. It is just the perfect place for my mood, our mood, our relationship. I have to go. Compromise. I did it. I do it.

I feel there are so many things I can't say. Is that how it is like? I look at women walking alongside their personal relationships and think you are all the same, you just shut up. At least now I am able to say this whereas before, I went through the streets on my own thinking there are too many couples in the world.

Pathetic reason, pathetic love, pathetic argument, this word's sound is damn uncomfortable and breaks any partner. Being alone in my room and bed again is peaceful and effortless. The same electric-blue plastic bag hangs still from the ceiling.

Does love exist only in love songs? Eternity or spotless minds do not exist in love or not in mine. There are so many shadows, casts of the million clouds running across our planet that any attempt of finding love feels hopeless. What can we do? Just continue to run in different circles. Not everyone comes in a pair. Some were split before they stepped out into this paired world.

We stay together forever or we are stuck together forever with our bifurcated opinions about our equal rights.

Time after time he tells me that he can't keep entertaining me always. He is not the first one who says that. What impression do I leave on them? I don't expect to be entertained by anyone. I can entertain myself and I have done so most of my life.

Fruit-juice or love-juice, tomato or tomato, big plate or small plate. This is a relationship of small things making an effort. I wanted to run away, but where to? These days I could run anywhere.

Am I doing my projects to entertain myself? No, but maybe for other people. Galleries are places for entertainment after all. People used to promenade in their cages in pleasure gardens to entertain themselves. 'Seeing and being seen' is another cage gently embracing us.

Or is it me who puts on the cage myself? Is it us who put on the cage of femininity? Whatever that means...

The cage gives me enough space to spread my legs apart and let things come in. But I collide with everything around me. I don't move. He moves.

Society, conditions, feminine, masculine, signifier etc. sit all on the non-bifurcated cage. Somehow we have given up wearing 'associations-garments', it's not worth the struggle. But the gracious, floating walk is also forgotten. Each era is marked by its walk and postures. We are the embodiment of dynamic and don't have the space for floating non-bifurcated cages.

Empty, without a body, laying on the ground the cage has become a two-dimensional circle. All its associations and critical power have vanished, just a shapeless, big pan-cake is left behind. Maybe that's with many things the case when the other element leaves, it becomes amorphous.

The crinoline is almost completed. I like it. It transforms any body into a new organic vessel re-writing its proportions and gravity. It controls every movement, all one can do is following its commands once pulled on.

Skirt is the tangible embodiment of feminine. Women in skirts are feminine. Men in skirts are feminine. But we want to be divided into two parts, women and men, feminine and masculine. The skirt carries an enormous weight of gender issues and other historical implications, it makes it almost impossible to wear.

Different noises everywhere; his stomach is complaining, the pen insists scratching across the page, the airplane's engine rumbles and the squirrels run above our heads. His green puffy eyes think without sound but I can feel it. Golden days and copper hair, short-living Eden; these are the moments we have to emboss in our minds.

He finally fell asleep again and his stomach, too. But the words still don't run out of my pen, they drip. A dripping piffle of words leaving pointless marks behind.

Circles and cycles everywhere but not vicious just present with reason just like the seasons. Squeezing nipples or his tapping teeth, I am not sure what makes my small paradise more complete. This is a happy alignment of words. Best wishes or kisses.

He mumbles on but my mind is still not listening. He doesn't notice or he doesn't care, he just likes mumbling and sometimes singing. He tells me what I just told him ... no ending, no beginning; no beginning, no ending.

Squeezing, sucking, butterflies – he is kissing me.

Our lips have learned to match all the time ...

Swinging, spinning, rotating, is what I do and my head does every time from new. But one day I will wake up and I will walk a straight line. A line I can trace back and forward and see beginning and end.

Text is written by Anna-Nicole Ziesche and read by Michele Smith in the film