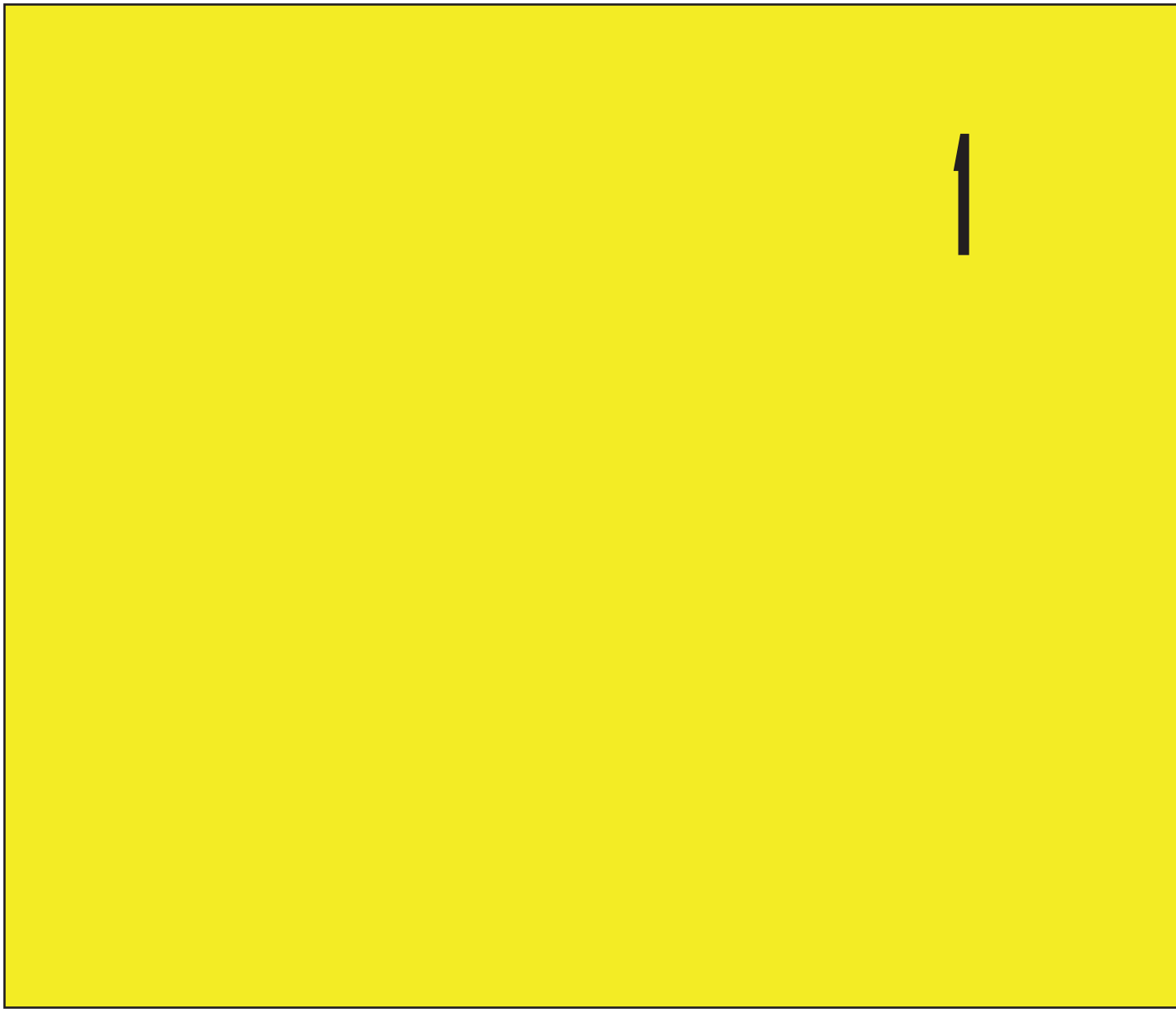
Thank you to all my friends who helped me make this book. Thank you, Xi and May for your patience and skills. Thank you, Camilo, for always helping me find my way.

“Friendship is the only cure for hatred, the only guarantee of peace.”

Buddha



Anomie


1

The first time I stepped into the Art Academy in Maastricht, my mind felt split. The first thing I had noticed was the row of classical sculptures right behind the modern glass façade inside the lobby. I was immediately thrown back into my childhood and the extensive family vacations in Italy that had fueled my love for ancient history and art. But sitting on the reception couch, waiting, I felt ashamed. I had dropped out of European Studies after a year. I was older than most people starting their bachelor. And I was being overcome by serious doubts. I contemplated if I had the talent, or even the right to study in this place. I felt like an impostor, I knew what art had to offer, but I had no idea what I had to offer to art.

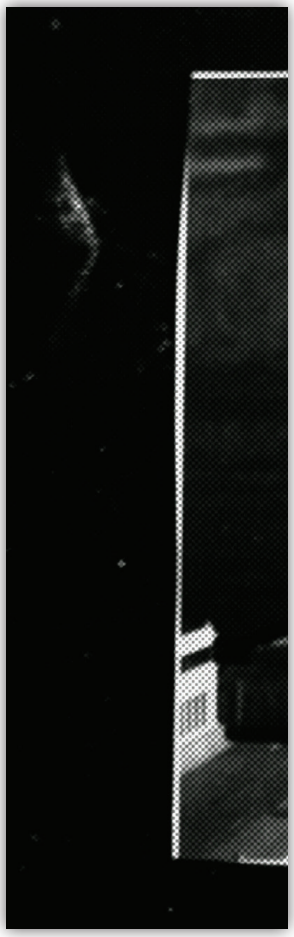
第一次进入马斯特里赫特的艺术学院时，我的思绪有点抽离。第一个吸引我注意力的是在接待区旁现代玻璃幕墙后面的一排古典雕塑。感觉就像回到了童年那些在意大利悠闲的家庭度假时光，那些日子也燃起了我对古代历史和艺术充满热爱。但坐在接待处沙发上等待时，我却感到惭愧。我念了欧洲研究学一年就放弃了。我比大多数本科新生的年龄都大。而且我被严重的自我怀疑所困扰，我真的有天赋吗？我配在这里学习吗？我觉得自己像是个冒牌者，我知道艺术能给我带来什么，但我却不知道我有什么是能献给艺术的。

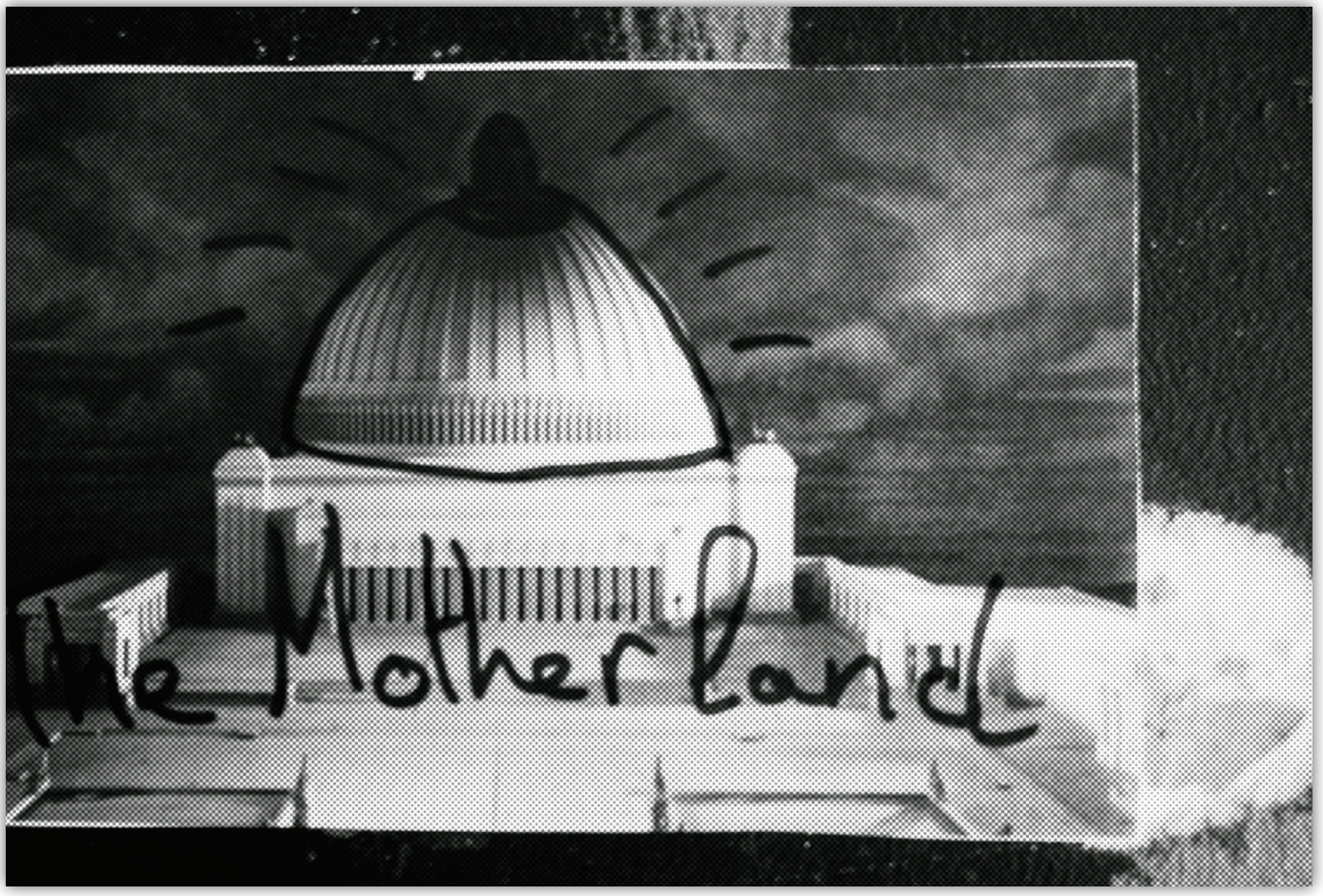
La primera vez que pisé la Academia de Arte en Maastricht, mi mente se sintió dividida. Lo primero que noté, fue la hilera de esculturas clásicas justo detrás de la moderna fachada de vidrio junto al área de recepción. Esto provocó una regresión hacia mi infancia y las extensas vacaciones familiares en Italia, que alimentaron mi amor por la historia antigua y el arte. Pero sentado en el sofá de la recepción, me sentía avergonzado; Había abandonado Estudios Europeos luego de un año, era mayor que el promedio de gente al comenzar un bachillerato y serias dudas me superaban. Me cuestioné si poseía el talento, o incluso el derecho de estudiar en este sitio. Me sentía un impostor. Sabía lo que el arte tenía para ofrecer, sin embargo, no sabía qué podía llegar a ofrecer yo en términos artísticos.

我自己的无能感引起了某种弗洛伊德式的回到子宫的欲望。但是，我内心的艺术家却仍在挣扎。我花了几个月时间来重新体验那种创造不熟悉的东西的痴迷。我觉得我有诉求，但缺乏能力。

Looking back, its hardly surprising that my first year at the academy was spent in duality. My own feelings of incompetence fed a desire for some sort of Freudian return to the womb. But something else, my inner artist maybe, was clawing its way out. I spent many days rehashing old obsessions while I experimented and experienced a kind of freedom to create that I wasn't used to. Some people try to give their art a voice, I was trying to give my voice an art.

Mis propios sentimientos de incompetencia alimentaron el deseo de algún tipo de retorno Freudiano al útero. Pero algo más, mi artista interno tal vez, desgarraba su camino a la superficie. Pasé meses reciclando viejas obsesiones mientras experimentaba una libertad de crear a la que no estaba acostumbrado. Sentí que tenía una voz, pero me faltaba “maniera”.





Motherland

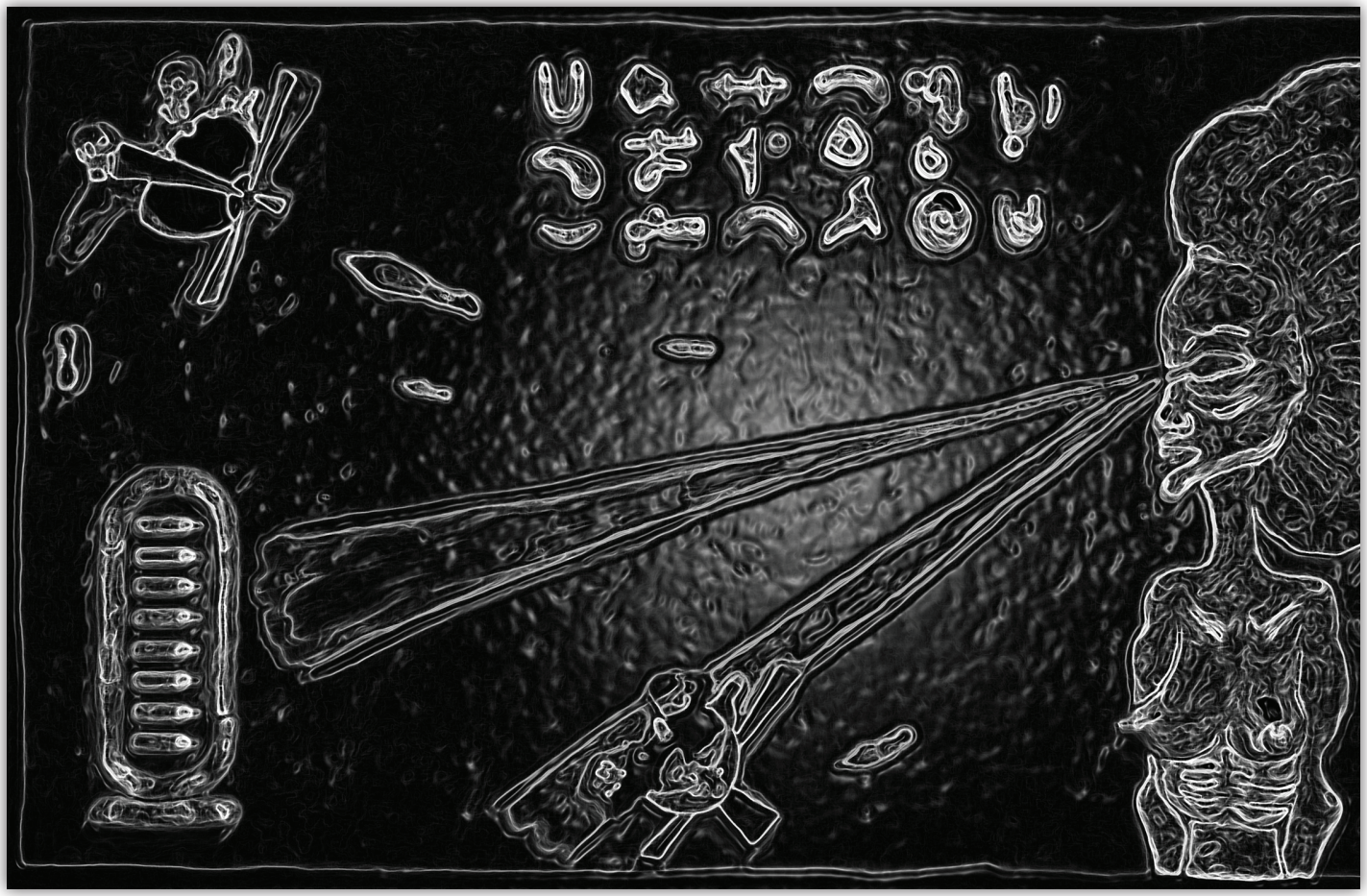
Mi madre representó una obsesión. Su fortaleza, su debilidad, su increíble dedicación, su resiliencia y su rechazo a ser subyugada, me moldearon de formas que continúo descubriendo. Las cosas que tenemos, las que hemos sufrido, las que superamos y amamos, contienen un gran significado para mí.

其中一种是对于我母亲的敬佩。她的力量，她的脆弱，她那难以置信的奉献精神，她的坚韧和不屈，都在潜移默化的影响着我。那些我们共同承受，享受，征服和热爱过的事情，都对我有着极为重要的意义。

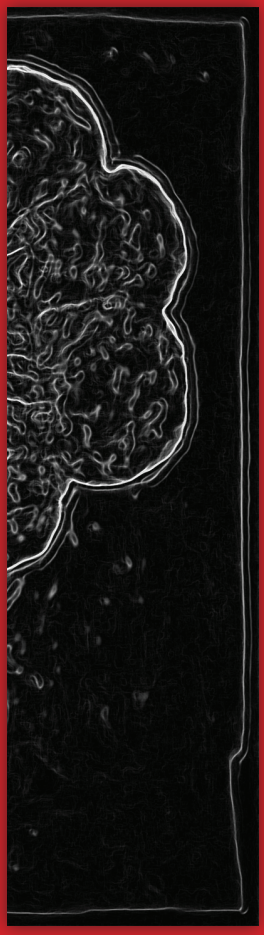
One obsession was my Mother. My mother's strength, her weakness, her incredible dedication, her resilience and refusal to be subjugated, have shaped me in ways I am still discovering. The things we have suffered, enjoyed, overcome and loved, hold a great deal of meaning to me.



Iconology



Necrotitie III



There are two memories of my mother that stands out from the rest. The first comes from when I was eight years old while traveling in Egypt, we visited Dayr al-Bahri where Djeser-Djeseru stands as an eternal homage to the intelligence and might ow women. At the time I only vaguely understood why seeing this perfect architecture of power made my mother light up as she did, but her face that day has edged itself deep into my memory. Now I understand better why, a woman like my mother, an architect, an artist, an avid reader, would see this as so important. I also understand now that memory is flawed. Maybe my mother wasn't that excited at all. Maybe my memory has edited itself, the way jealous men tried to hack and scratch Hatshepsut out of history.

Hay dos recuerdos de mi madre que sobresalen del resto. El primero, es de cuando tenía ocho años de edad; mientras viajabamos en Egipto, visitamos Dayr al-Bahri, donde Djeser-Djeseru se destaca como un eterno homenaje a la inteligencia y la fuerza de las mujeres. En su momento, vagamente comprendí por qué al contemplar esa perfecta arquitectura de poder, mi madre se iluminó de la forma en la que lo hizo, pero su rostro de aquel día se ha adentrado en mi memoria. Ahora entiendo mejor por qué, una mujer como mi madre, una arquitecta, una artista y ávida lectora, consideraría esto como algo tan importante. También comprendo que la memoria es defectuosa. Tal vez, mi madre ni siquiera estaba tan emocionada. Tal vez, mi memoria se haya editado sola, como los hombres celosos intentaron hachar y sacar a Hatshepsut de la historia.

所有对于母亲的记忆中，有两段故事让我刻苦铭心。第一件事是在我八岁参观埃及时，我与母亲一同参观了代尔埃尔巴哈里，那里的哈特谢普苏特太平间寺庙象征着对女性智慧和力量的永恒敬意。当时我还不太明白为什么母亲看到这样完美的建筑会面露喜色，但她的神情已经深深的镌刻在我的记忆里。现在的我终于明白，像母亲这样的人：建筑师，艺术家 和狂热的读者，当时的那一刻是多么的有意义。我同样明白记忆是不可靠的，或许我的母亲根本没有那么激动。

第二段回忆是最近发生的。当时我坐在我母亲旁边的副驾上。我们的生活刚发生了难以想象的变故。尽管我没有勇气去提起这件事，但我还是感到我们失去了一切。我很感到恐慌和害怕。但是在驾驶座上的妈妈，感受着同样的恐惧，却流露出一股坚定。我从未见过如此强大或坚定的人。那天，我看着我的母亲，仿佛就像她曾经看着哈特谢普苏特那样，沉默而崇敬。

The second memory is much more recent. I was sitting in the driver´s seat next to my mother. Our lives had just taken a turn I could have never imagined. and even though I didn´t dare to say it, I felt that everything was lost. I was afraid. But there was my mom, in the driver´s seat, feeling the same fear as me, yet, radiating certainty. I had never seen someone so strong or determined. That day I looked at my mother the same way she had looked at Djeser-Djeseru, silent and in awe.

El segundo recuerdo es mucho más reciente. Estaba sentado en el asiento de pasajero junto a mi madre. Nuestras vidas acababan de dar un giro que

nunca hubiese imaginado y aunque no me atreví a decirlo, sentí que todo estaba perdido. Tenía miedo. Pero ahí estaba ella, en el asiento de conductor, sintiendo el mismo miedo que yo, sin embargo, irradiando certidumbre. Nunca había visto a alguien tan fuerte o determinado. Ese día miré a mi madre del mismo modo en que ella había mirado a Djeser-Djeseru; en silencio y con asombro.

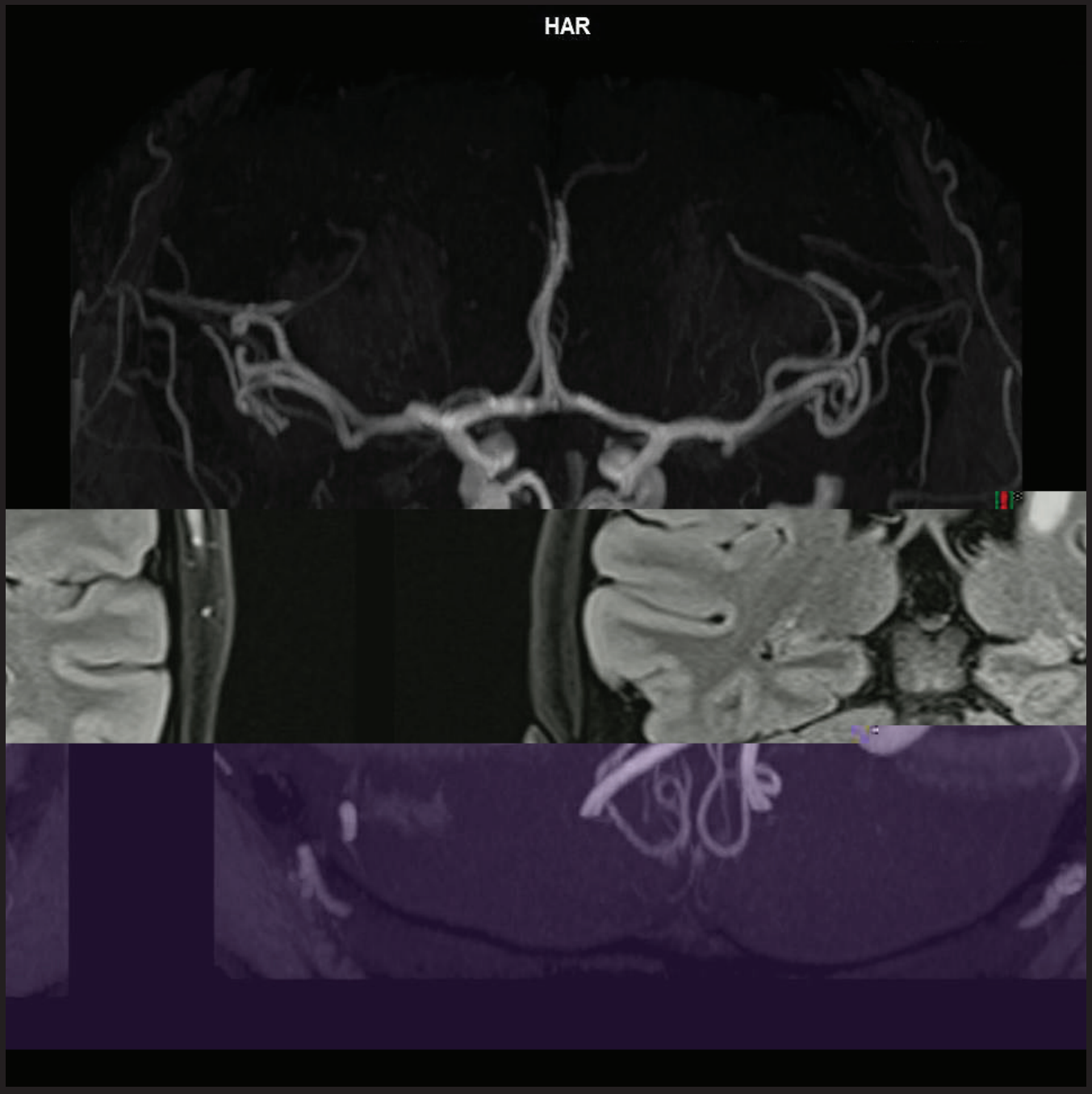
By 2016 I felt the world was spinning out of control. I wasn't surprised by the American elections, but I felt jaded. Any chance of me being a clean-lined artist (which was what I thought an artist had to be) was eviscerated by the anger and frustration I felt. I began to create more political art. But my art became messy. My brain was humming, and my hands were hesitant. Worst of all, I felt disconnected, I felt foreign to everything and everybody. Then I had my seizure.

Para el 2016 sentí que el mundo estaba fuera de control. No me sorprendieron las elecciones estadounidenses, pero me sentía hastiado. Cualquier posibilidad de ser un artista alineado (que era lo que yo pensaba que un artista debía ser), fue eviscerada por la ira y la frustración que sentía. Comencé a crear arte más político. Pero mi arte se volvió desordenado. Mi cerebro estaba zumbando, y mis manos vacilaban. Lo peor de todo, fue sentirme desconectado. Me sentía ajeno a todo y todos. Entonces tuve mi convulsión.

2016年，我察觉到世界正在失控。我对美国大选结果并不感到惊讶，只是觉得厌倦。任何成为一名精准而完美的艺术家（这正是我所认为艺术家必须成为的）的念头都被我的愤怒和挫折感所粉碎。我开始创造更多有关于政治的艺术。但是我的艺术却变得凌乱了。我的大脑嗡嗡作响，我的双手犹豫不决。最糟糕的是，我感到一种脱离，我对所有事情和每个人都感到陌生。于是我的癫痫发作了。



GN



Disconect

Acostado en un escáner de resonancia magnética, me hice más consciente de mi mortalidad. Pensé que era gracioso darme cuenta de esto dentro de una máquina gigante, de todos los lugares posibles. Se desencadenó algún deseo renovado de saber quién soy. La producción maníaca de autorretratos que siguieron, me permitió abrazar el caos y dejar atrás la precisión. El resultado fue un enfoque recién adquirido en concepto y significado. Lying in an MRI scanner, I became more aware of my mortality. I thought it was funny I was realizing this inside a giant machine of all places. It triggered some renewed wish to know who I am. The manic production of self-portraits that followed, allowed me to embrace the chaos and to leave precision behind. The result was a newly gained focus on concept and meaning. 躺在核磁共振仪中，我越来越感知到我的死亡。我觉得有趣的是在世界所有地方中我竟然是在这样一个巨大的机器中意识到了这一点。它引发了我一些重新认识自己的愿望。接下来我那些狂躁的自画像让我拥抱了混乱，并把精确度抛在脑后。结果是我立刻获得了对概念和意义的专注。Lying in an MRI scanner, I became more aware of my mortality. I thought it was funny I was realizing this inside a giant machine of all places. It triggered some renewed wish to know who I am. The manic production of self-portraits that followed, allowed me to embrace the chaos and to leave precision behind. The result was a newly gained focus on concept and meaning.

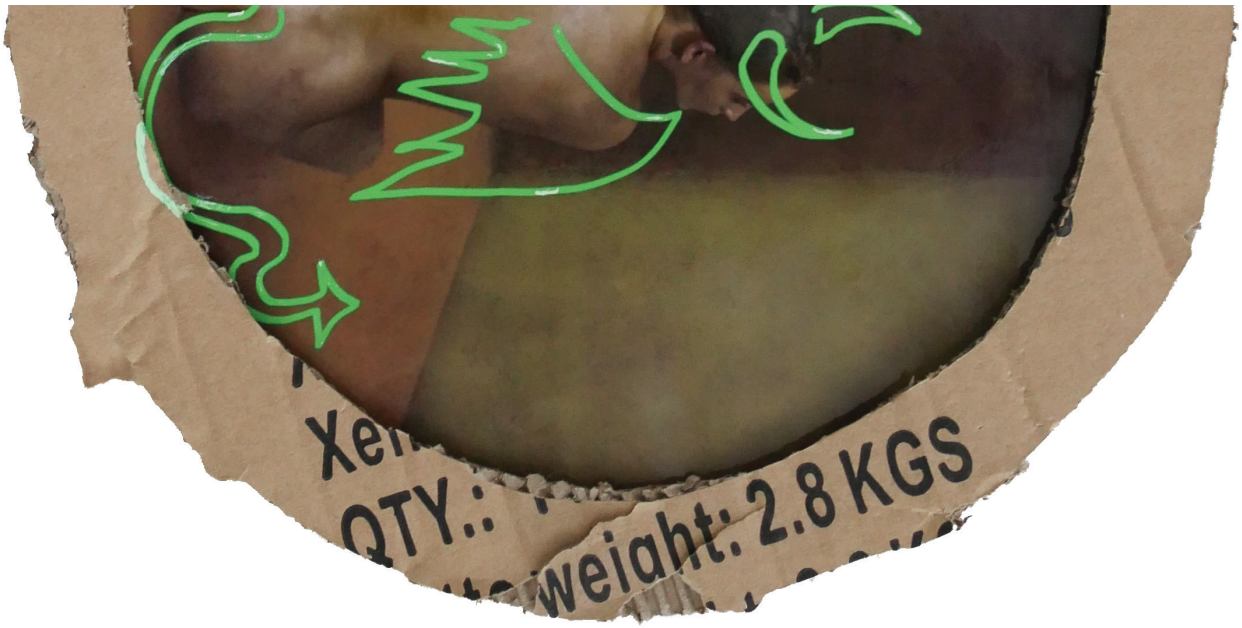
I began to read a lot about women and their representation in art. This interest in how women are looked at in history and art was fueled by the growing discussions that were happening around the globe. But I suspect some subconscious continuation of my earlier obsessions is present here. Either way, it eventually led me to choose to minor in art history, where I focused on the male gaze.

Comencé a leer mucho sobre las mujeres y su representación en el arte. El interés en cómo se ve a las mujeres en la historia y el arte, fue alimentado por las crecientes discusiones que estaban ocurriendo en todo el mundo. Pero sospecho que aquí hay una continuación subconsciente de mis obsesiones anteriores. De cualquier manera, esto me llevó eventualmente a elegir una especialización en historia del arte, donde me centré en la mirada masculina.

我开始阅读很多关于女性及其在艺术中表现的内容。我对历史和艺术中男性看待女性的方式的兴趣受到了全球日益广泛的讨论的推动。但我怀疑这可能只是我早期痴迷的潜意识延续。无论哪种可能，都最终使我选择了辅修艺术史，并钻研于其中男性的角度。



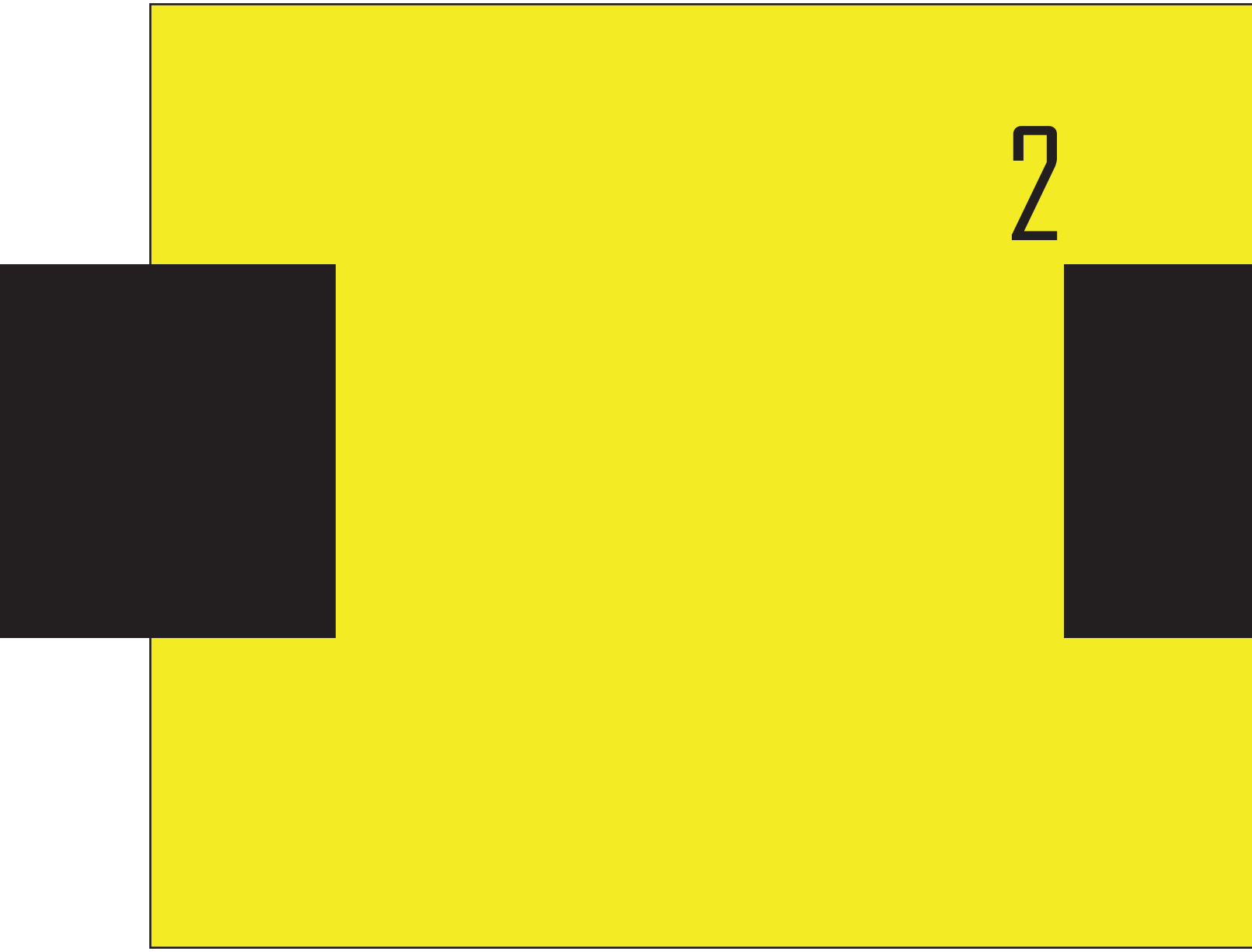
He said “don't be such a prude”





Self-portrait as a tomb

死亡

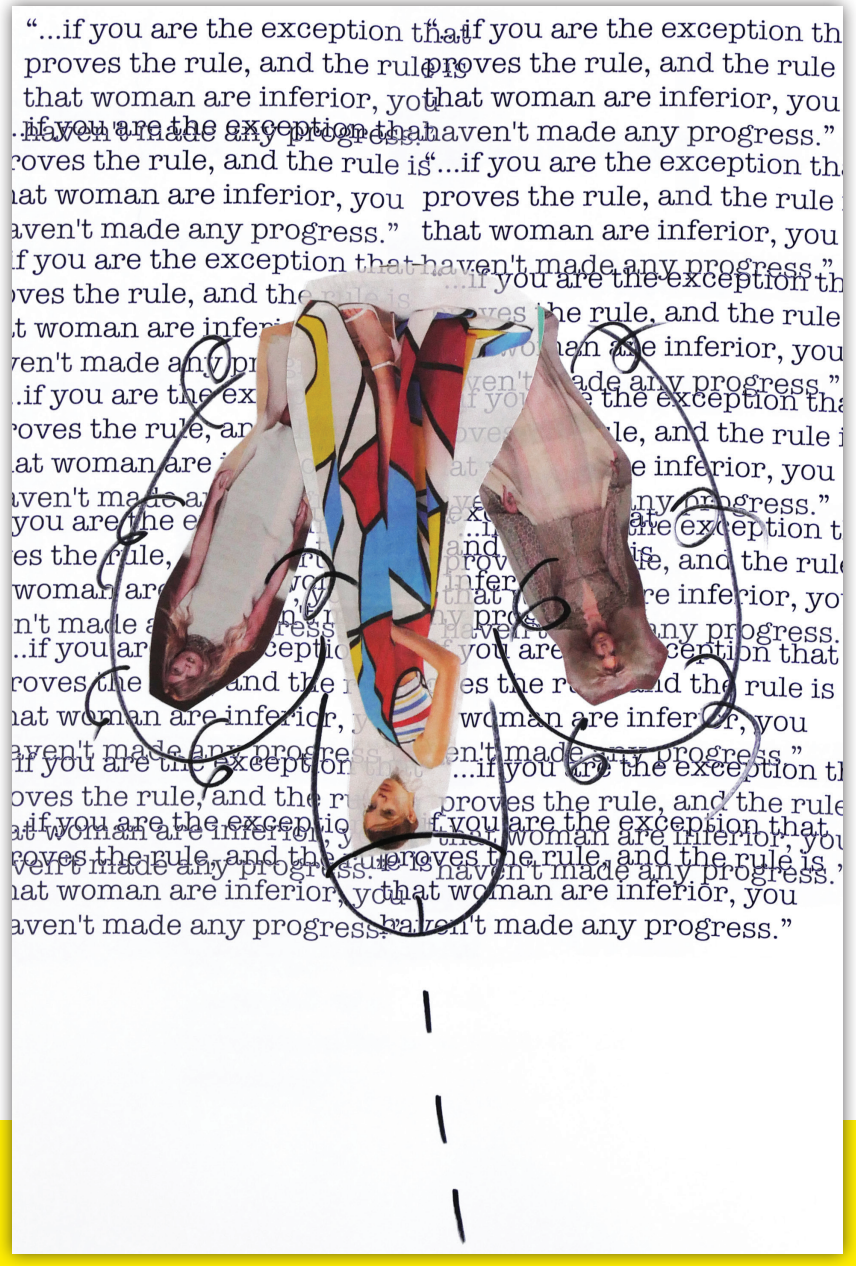

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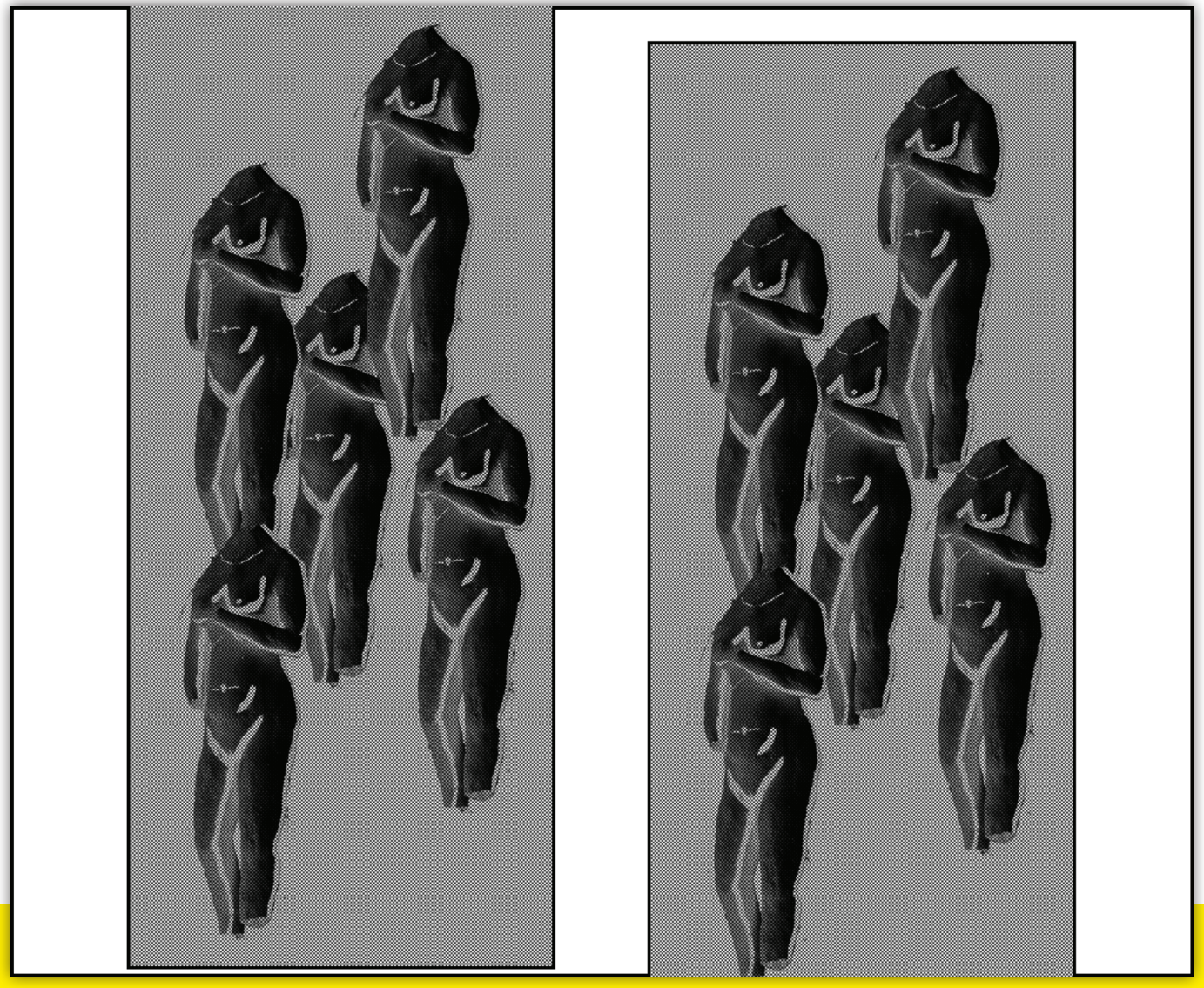




Picasso was a Pig


"...if you are the exception that
proves the rule, and the rule is
that woman are inferior, you
haven't made any progress."

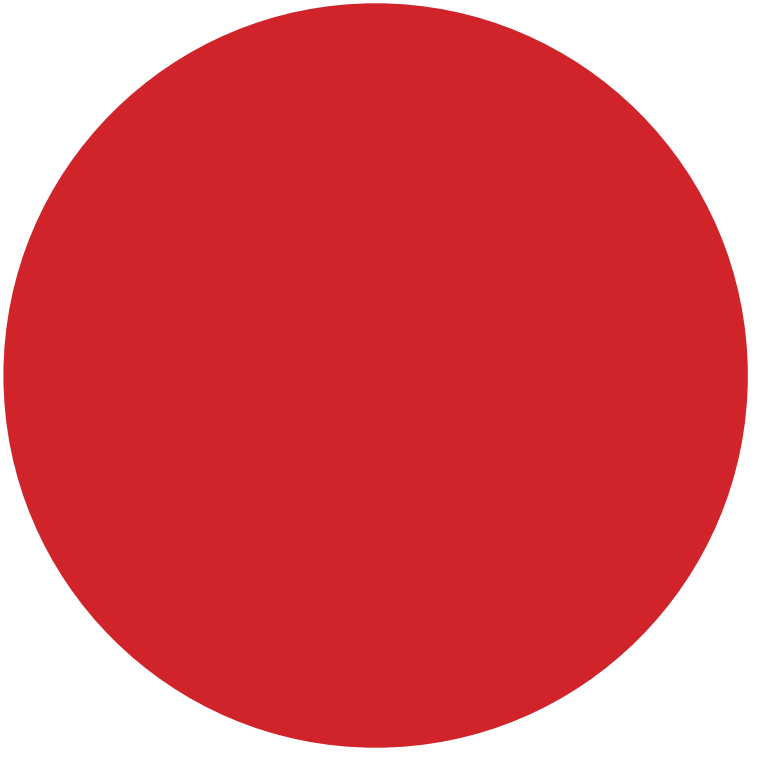
Progress



I hate Popart and Popart hates me

Cicada Trill

THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS
STROKE THE BACK OF
MY HEAD,
IT LOOKS INTENTLY,
THROUGH THE
WINDOW
FLAT
CICADAS
TRILL.



UNDER THE RED BLANKET
AT 12:23
WALLS ARE
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ING,
I THINK,
IT STANDS AT THE DOOR
MY THIGHS FEEL
BROAD

WHITE HEAT PACKS MY
LUNGS



Phallic Compensation



Lady



Supreme in her comand of the southern armies.

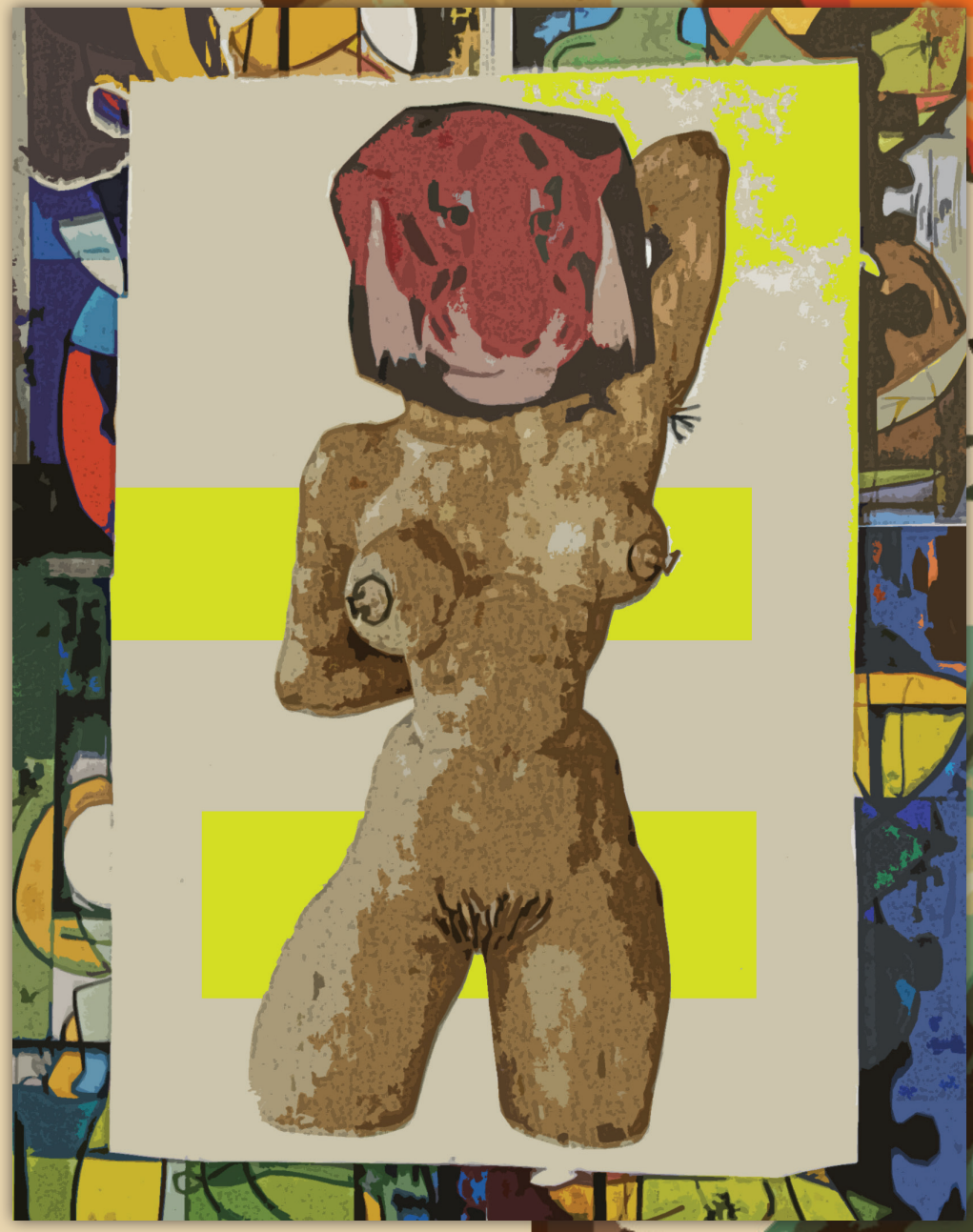
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V



Conquered Bodies (Sekhme



Memorialized


Self





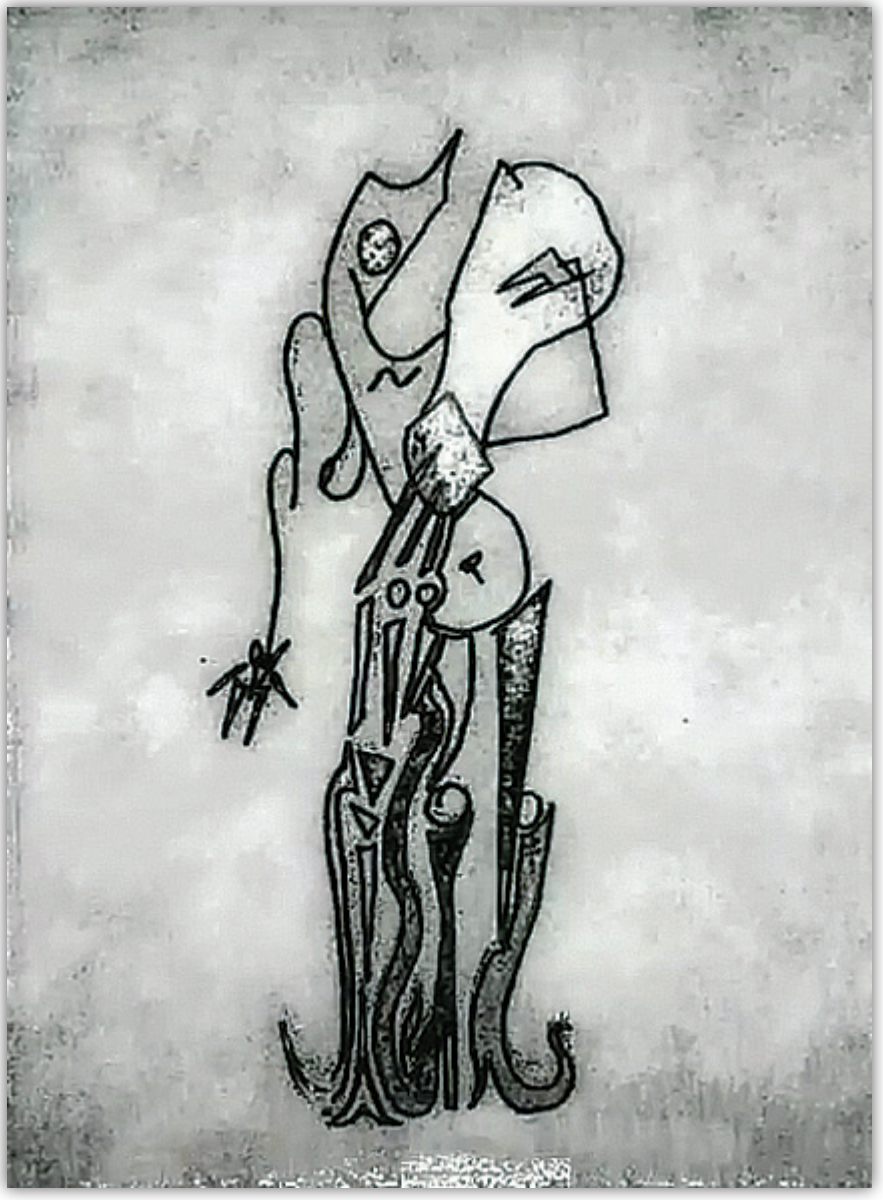
Self-Portrait

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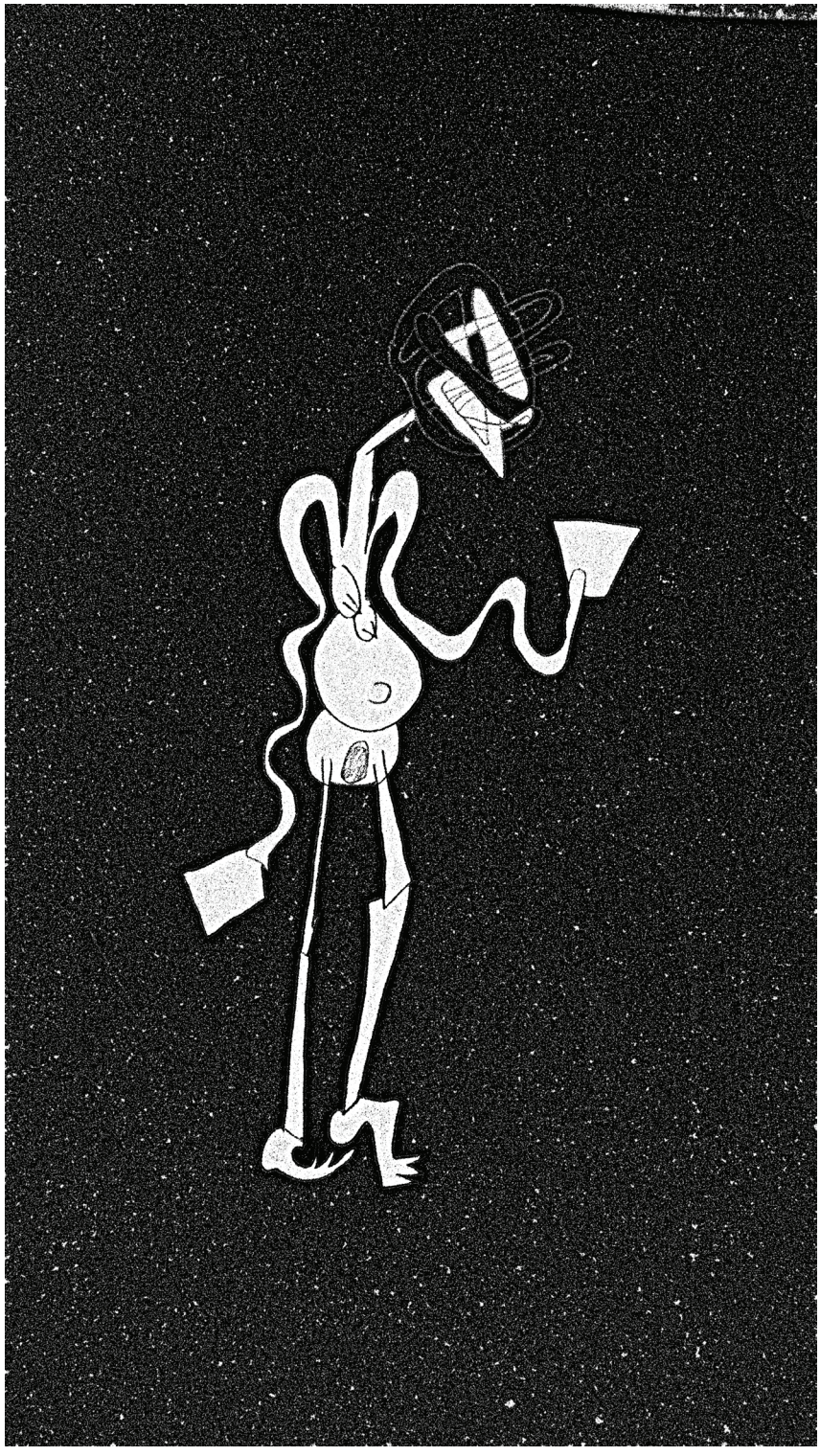
dancing
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skilling
gaining

empty
pricy
pointless

pop
pills
games
nothing



Aquarius



Flytrap



YAOTL



Apis Bull



Self-Portrait



To the Marrow



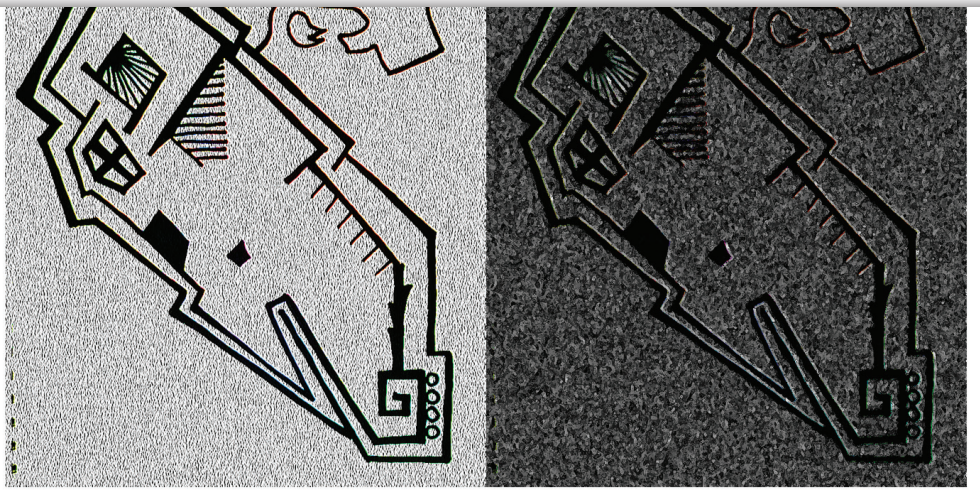
Fluid Human

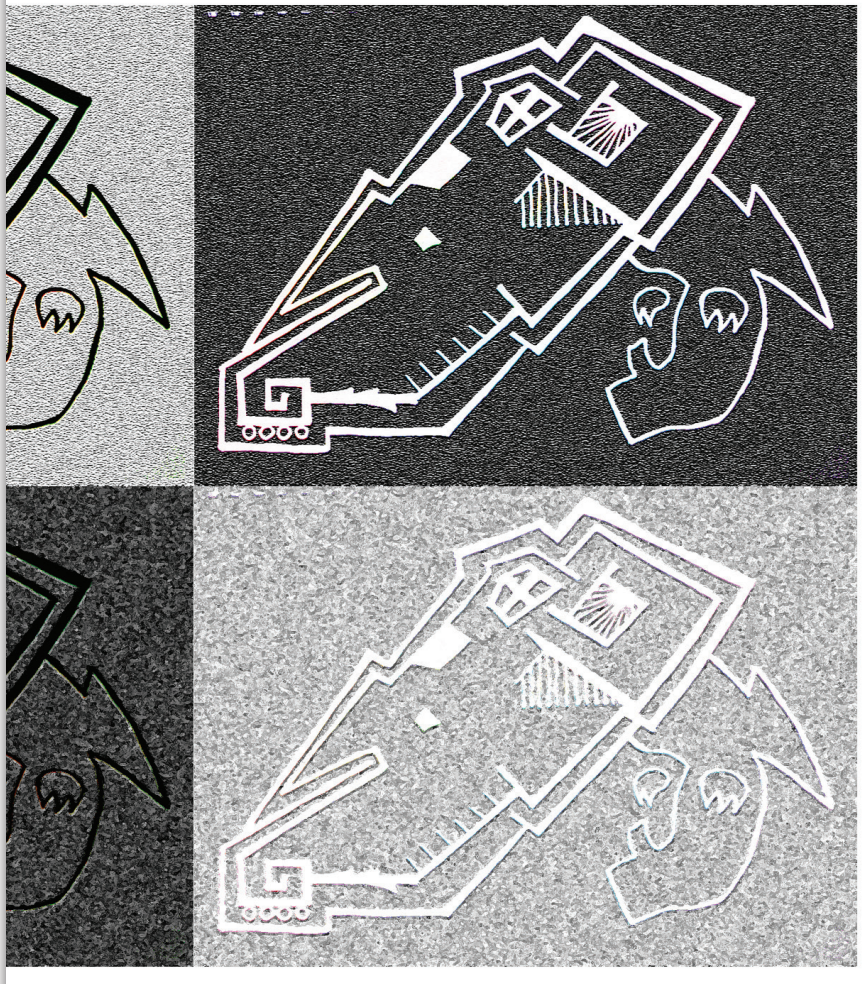


(S)aints (I)n (H)ell

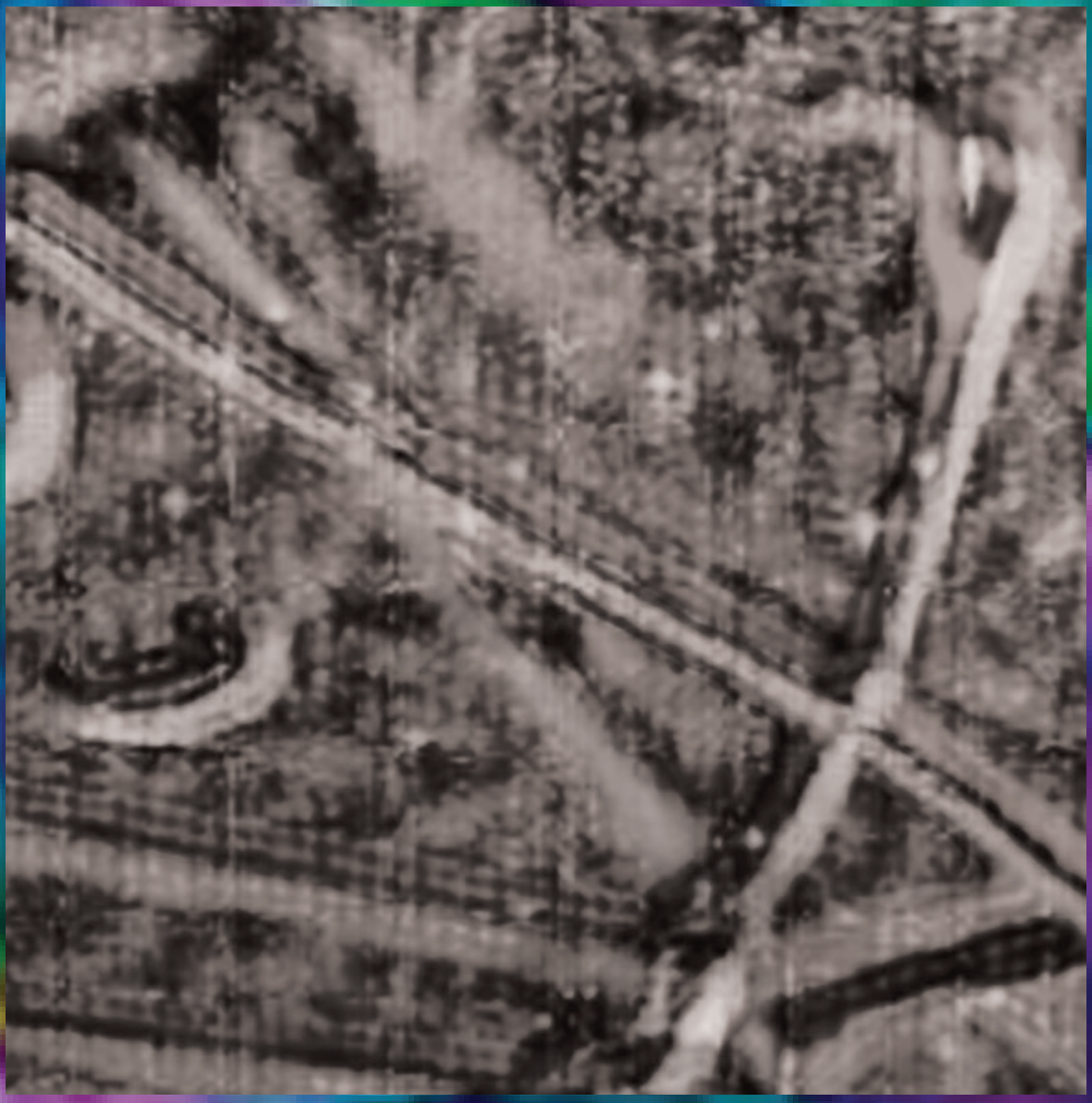


Cannonical





Skulls



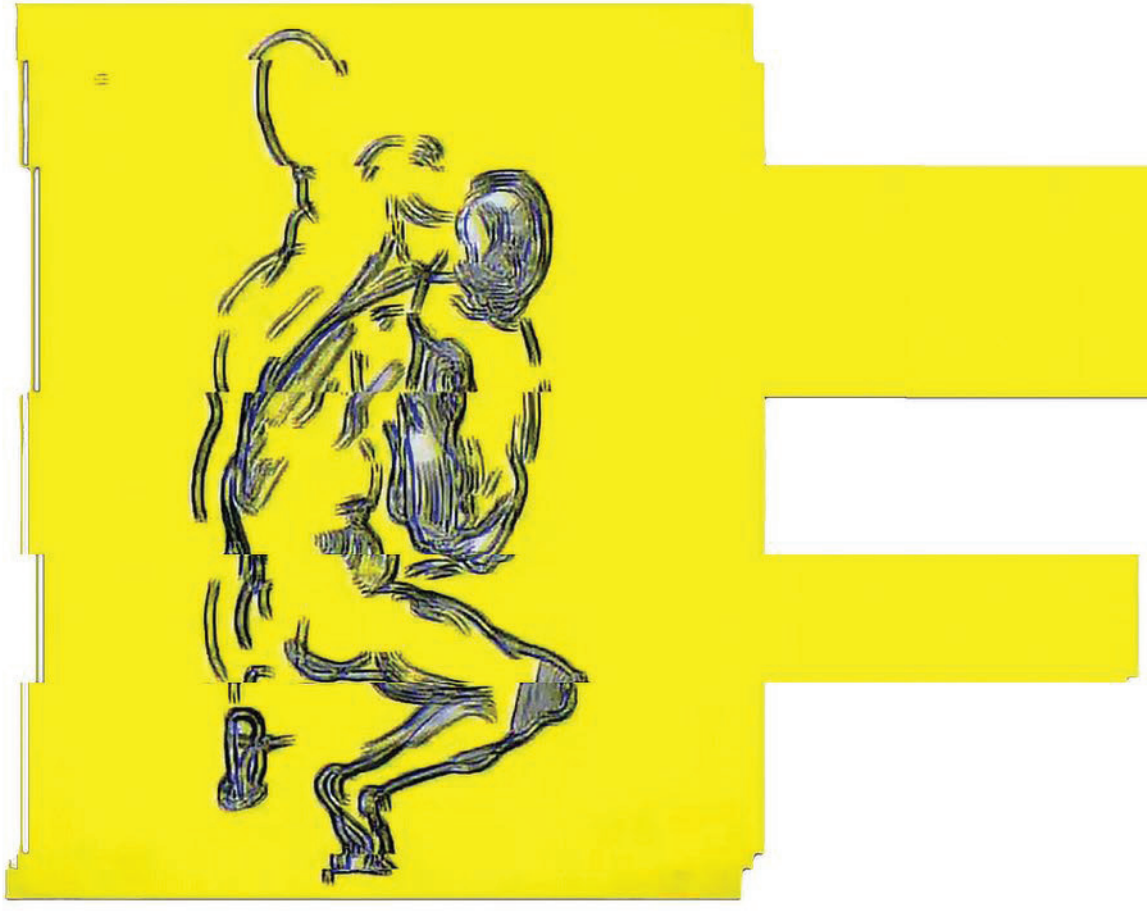

Distancia



JACK



CC



Taking

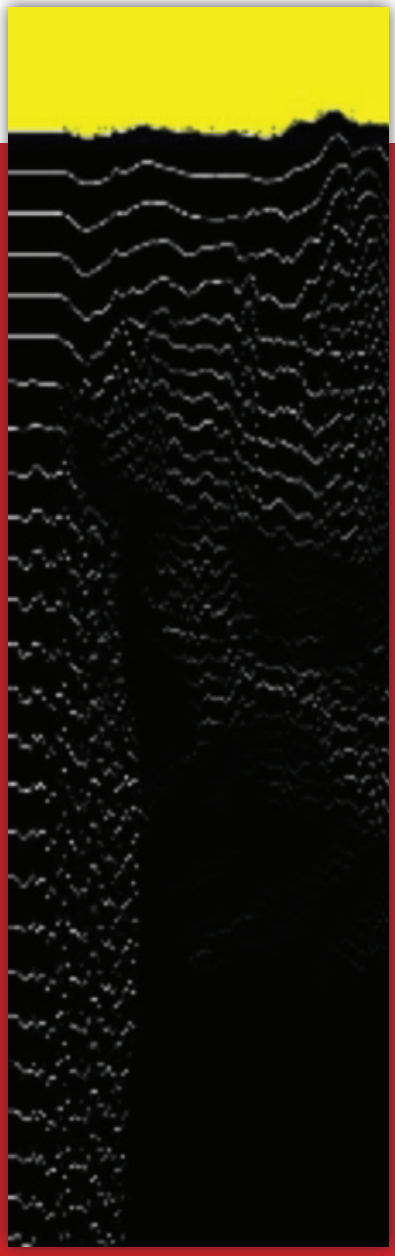
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are ours
to give



don't be his friend

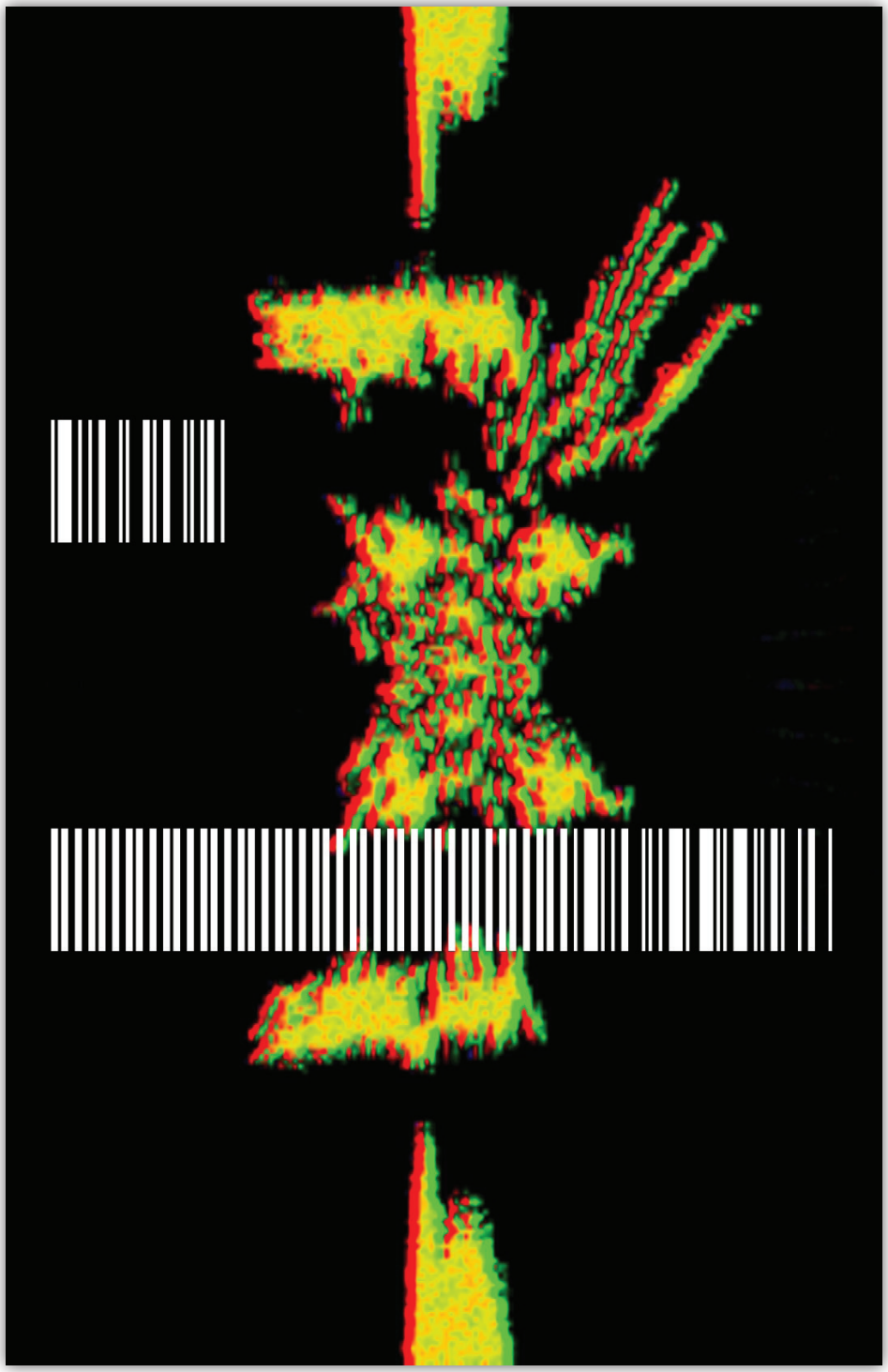


What's that supossed to mean?





sun-strip



sin-stir

“life has no intrinsic worth, but is kept in motion merely by desire and illusion.” -Arthur Schopenhauer



Horapollo



كيفَ متنوعً، ماذا فعلت!



over fired sand far off the lap- wing's cry,

wet plastic fiber shal- low riv- er ox- ide red wash- ing

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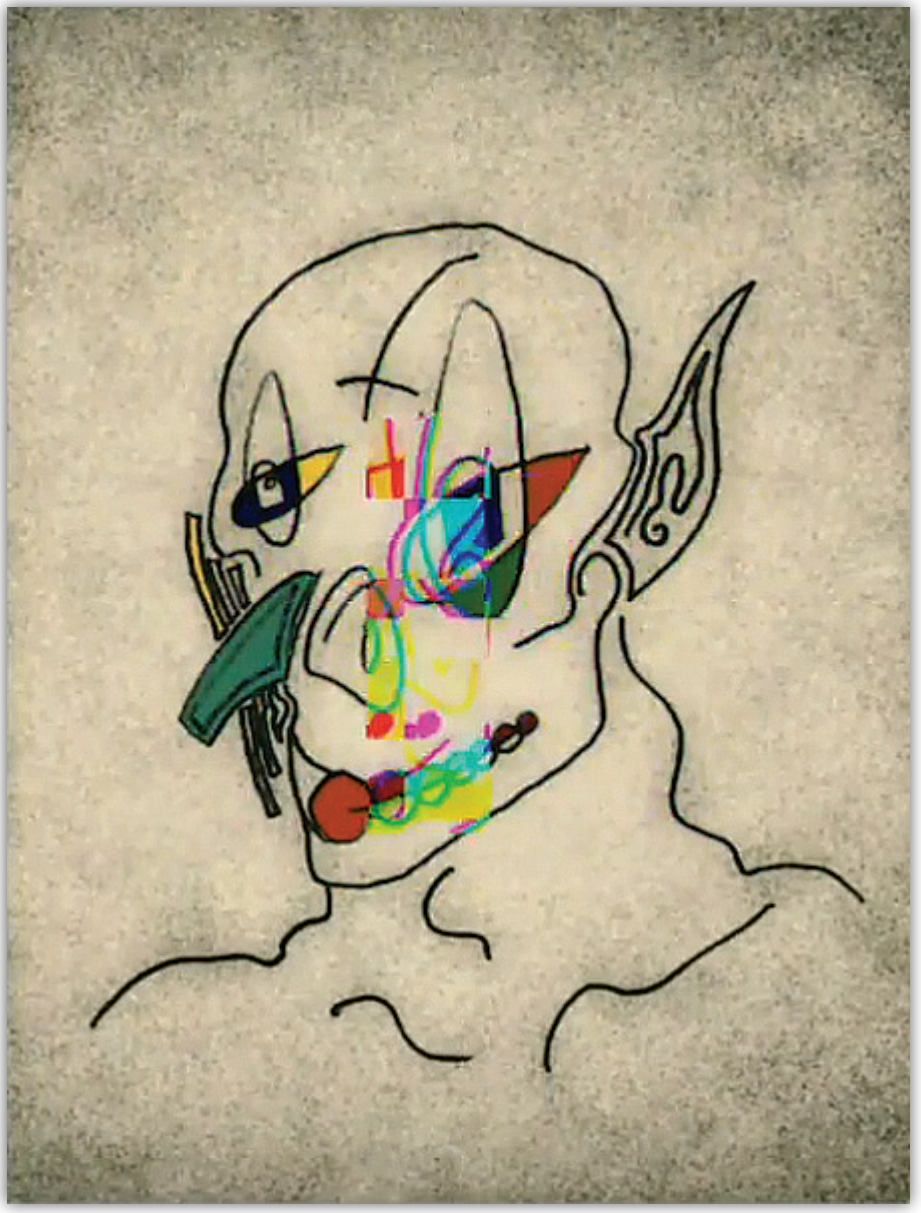
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Portrait of Amy

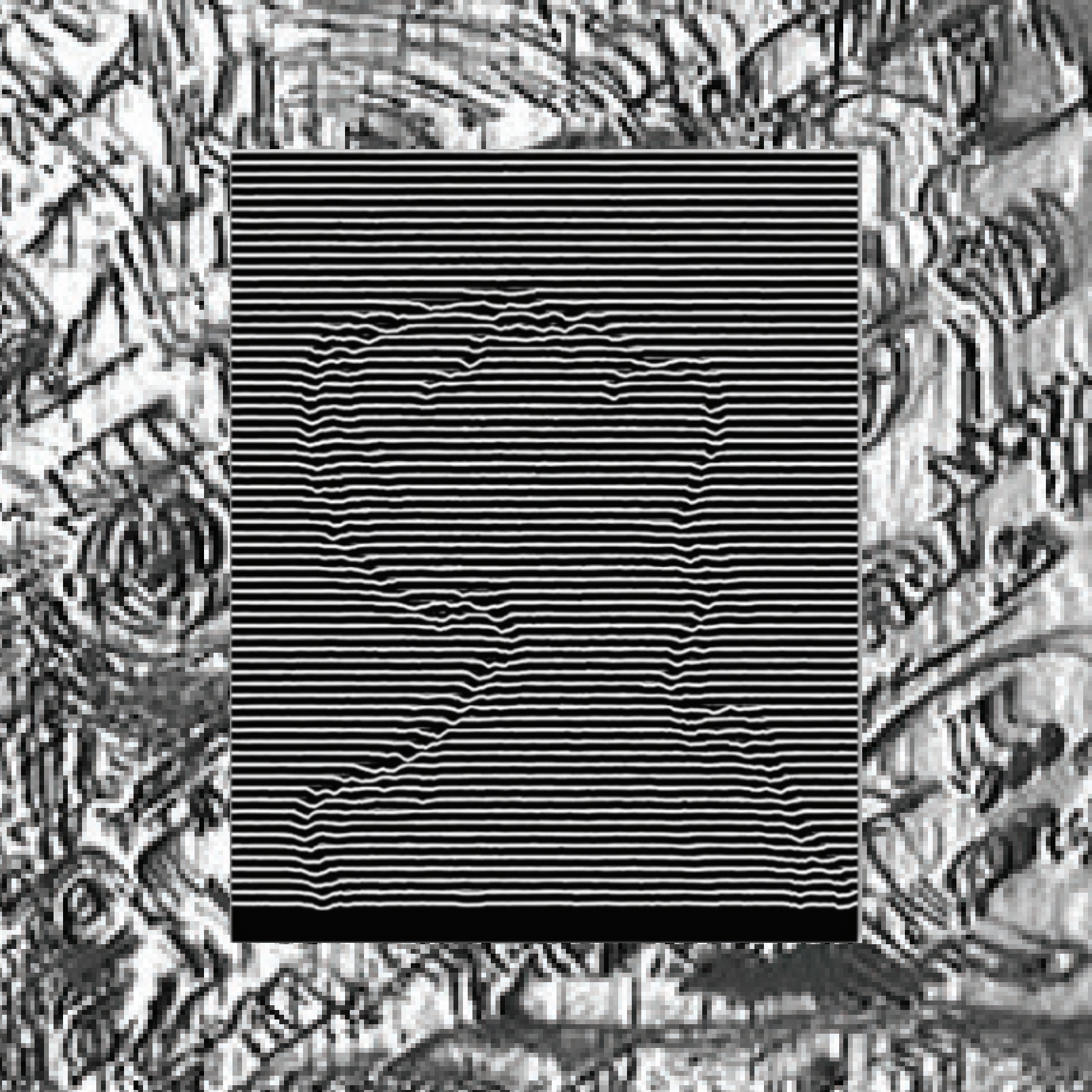
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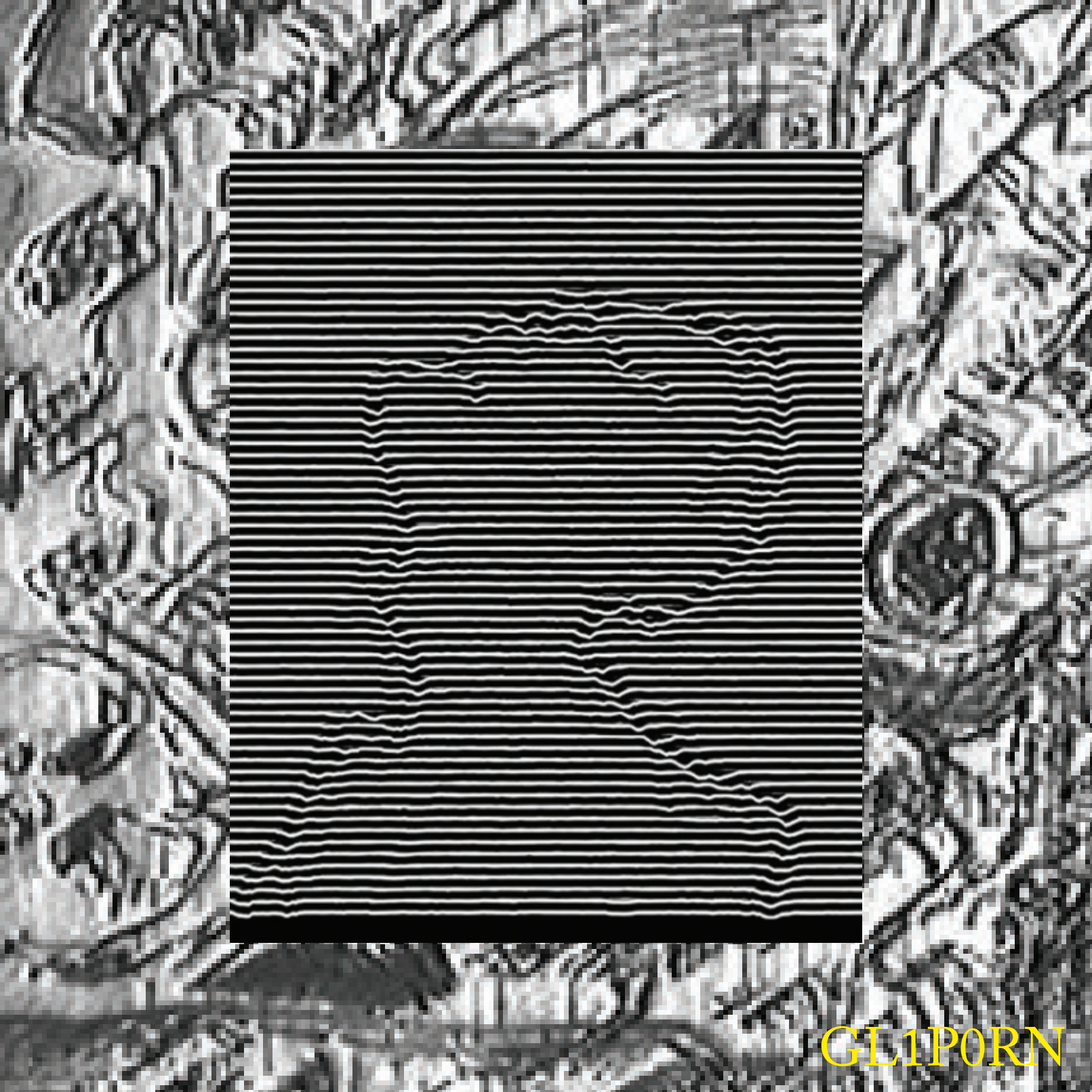


Jousting



Nothing Scares Me Anymore




GL1P0RN

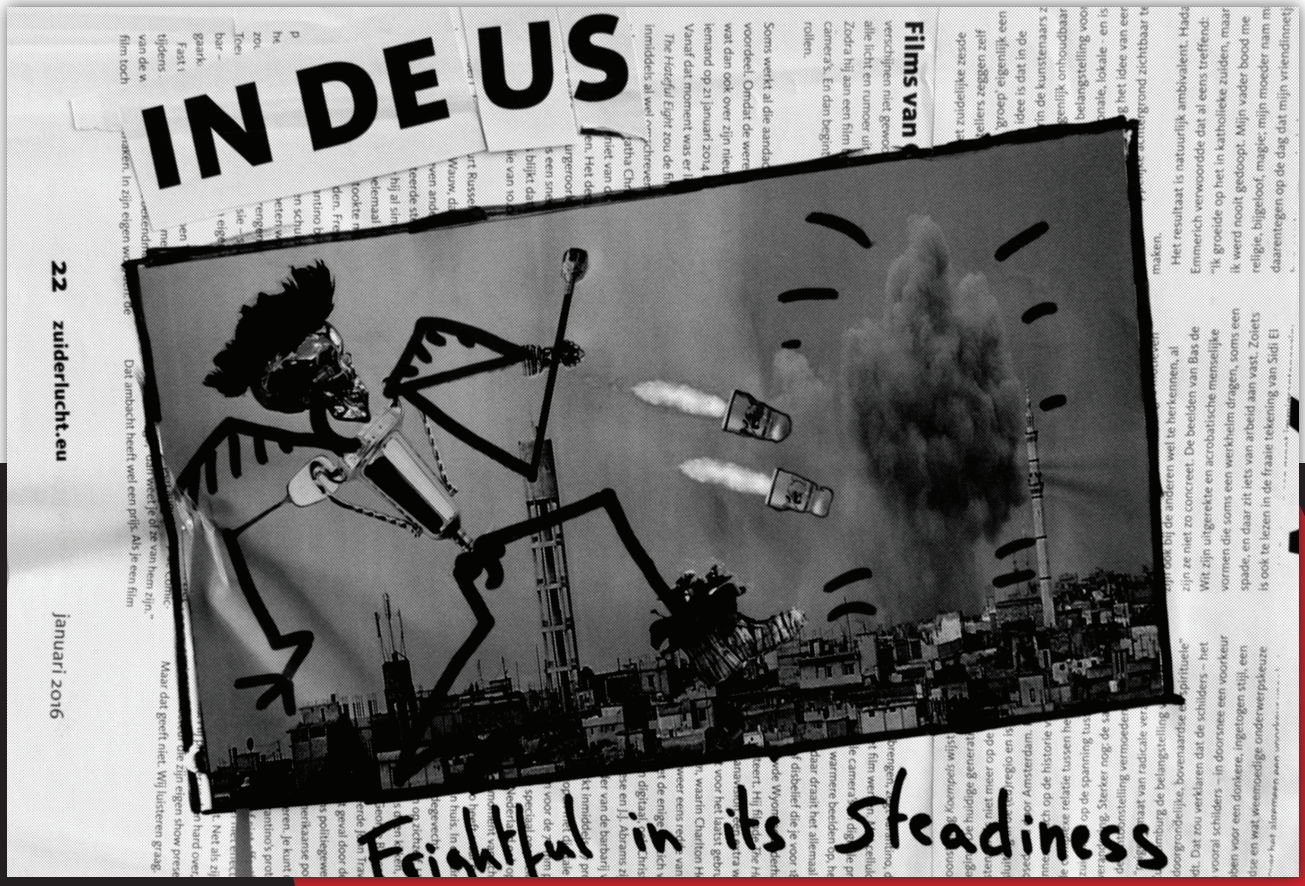
Pol

itics


TRU
MAKE AMERICA


JMP
A GREAT AGAIN!

INDEUS


IN DE US
Frightful in its Steadiness
22 zuiderlucht.eu
januari 2016

Interpretatio Americana



The legacy man condi-
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KOK

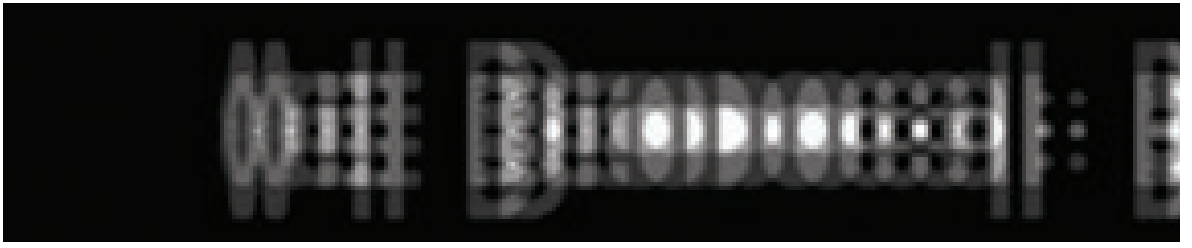
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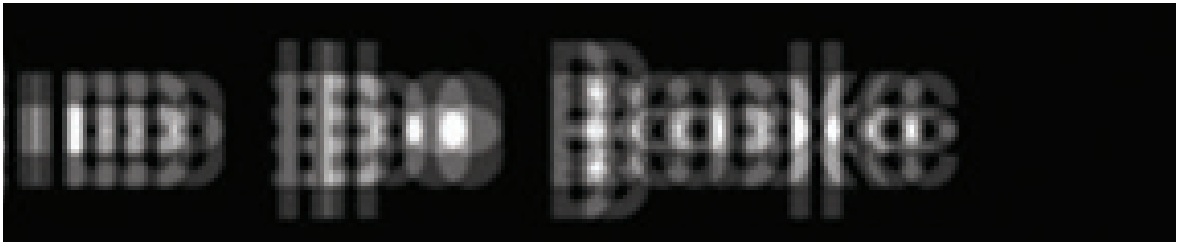


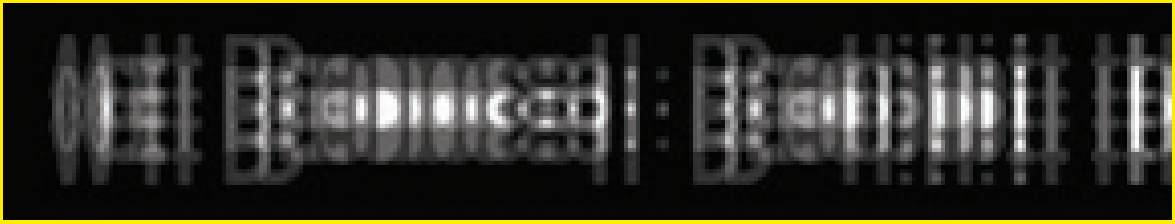
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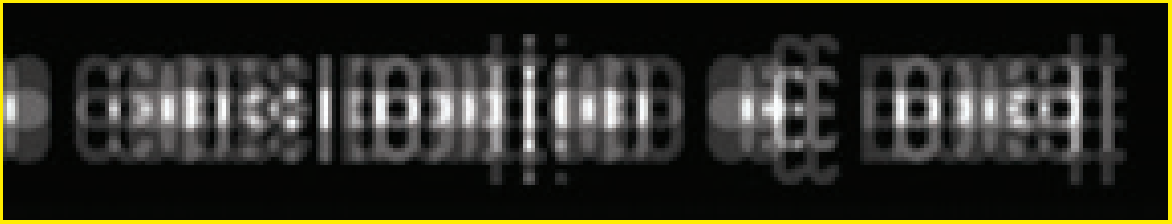


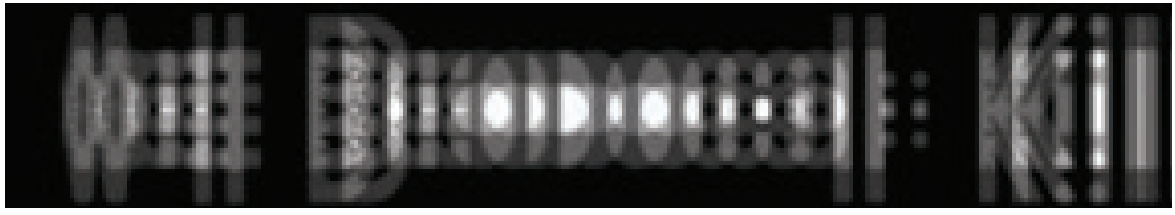
TIMES

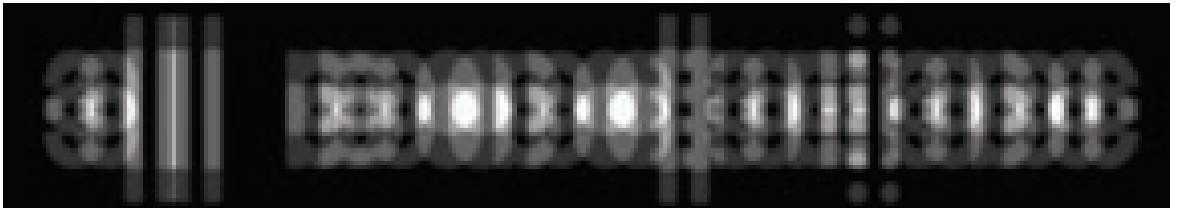






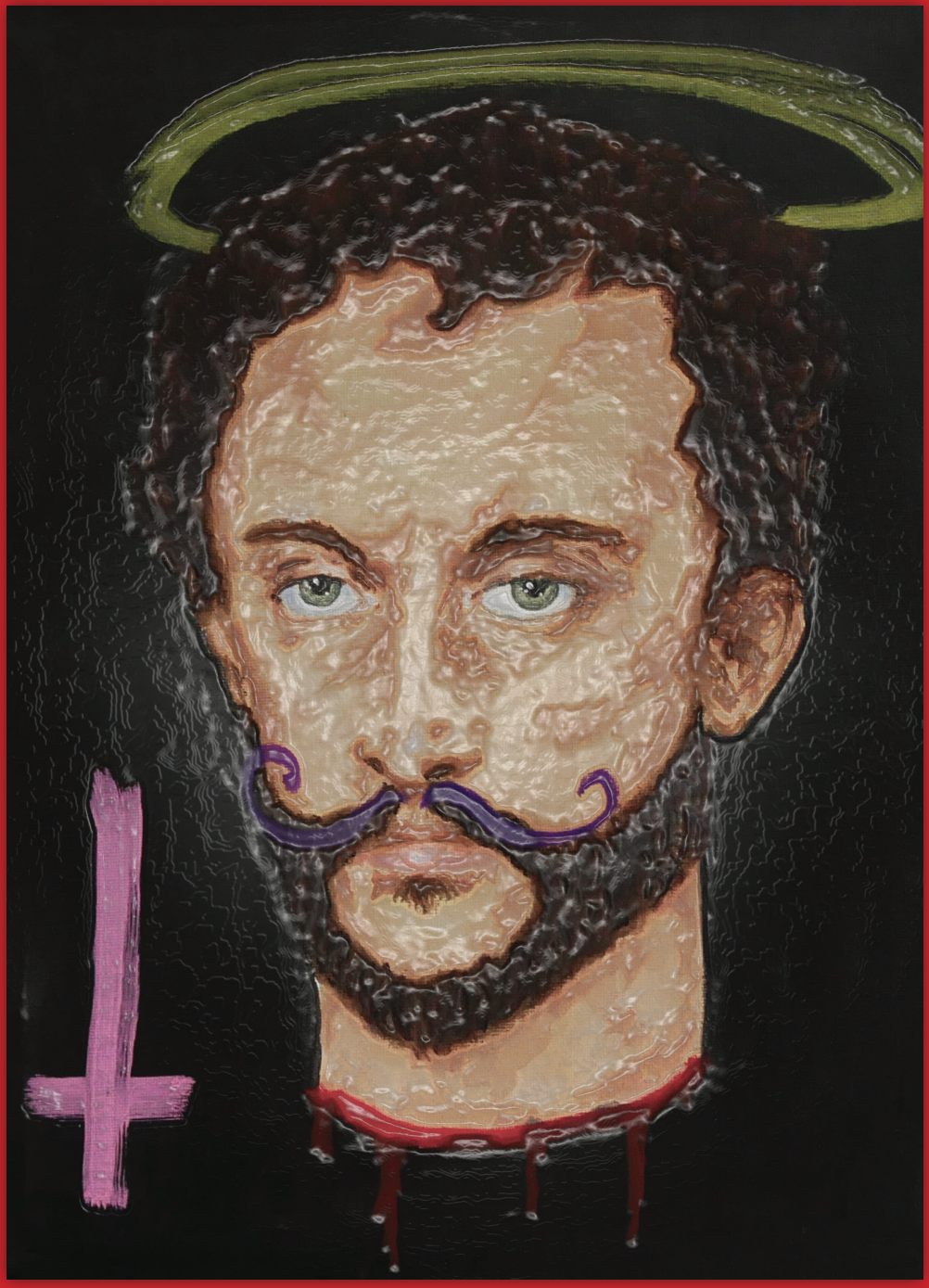








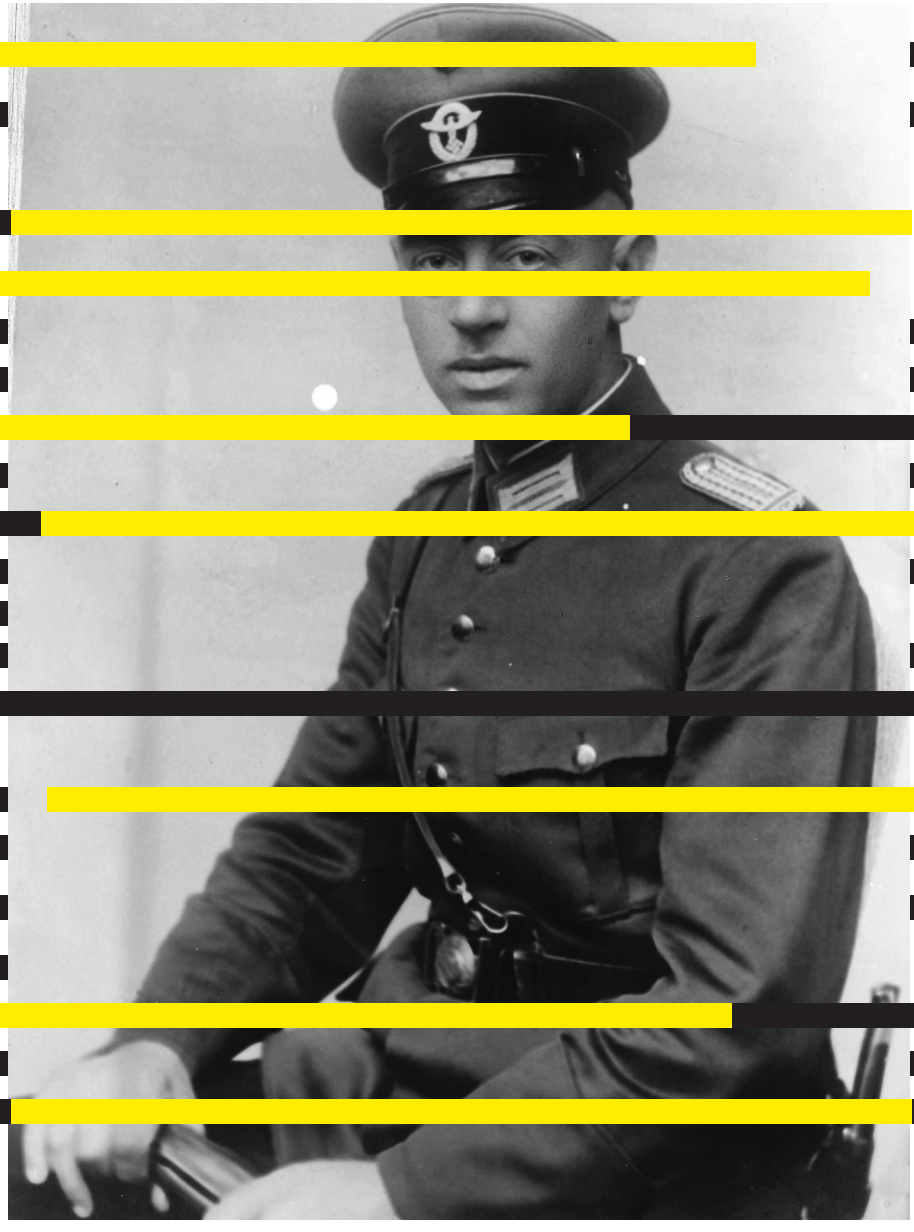
Pirate



French guys are always asking for head



3



This project began as an exploration of my own position as a white cis/straight-passing man in art and academia. It evolved into a sort of exploration of the "homecoming effect" that I have experienced ever since returning to Europe 5 years ago. As such it is an investigation of the globality of whiteness and vice versa. But it is also an obsession with self, with the inescapability of the past and the impossibility of future. It is in many ways a manic and desperate clawing for meaning and at the same time an attempt at objectively documenting this process. It is also a reflection on what these binary dynamics mean for me as an individual, as a mirror of society, and as an object. As such I seek to deconstruct myself in these three functions to permit the viewer to ascertain if personal meaning holds value in the face of gaze. In the process of framing this project I incorporated the following conceptual framework: Neoliberal nonrepresentative politics, corporate capitalism, and monetary-postmodernism have been accelerated by the advancement of technology. Meaning is inseparable from systems of dominance, and our neoliberal systems of dominance are inseparable from their means of production. Identity is shaped through systems of meaning (conceptual frameworks that identify the possibilities of future through virtuality). The acceleration of production has necessitated an acceleration of meaning-making. As political and economic systems adapt to changing geopolitical situations, the accelerated processes of meaning-making have thrown the identity-forming process into dishevel. The economic realities of body and mind that humans endure under the neoliberal world order have caused degeneration of the shared human psyche. Put simply: Everybody's psychological dereliction has become part of our own personal politics of being. We are like the lost marine, unable to experience the present as more than a meaningless moment, unable to have a future beyond the virtuality of concepts.

Este proyecto comenzó en la búsqueda de mi propia posición como hombre cisgénero blanco en el arte y el mundo académico. Evolucionó en una especie de exploración del "efecto de regreso a casa" que he experimentado desde que regresé a Europa hace 5 años. Como tal, es una exploración de la globalidad de la blancura y viceversa, pero también es una obsesión con uno mismo; con la ineludibilidad del pasado y la imposibilidad del futuro. Es en muchos sentidos, un maníaco y desesperado arañazo por significado, y al mismo tiempo, un intento de documentar objetivamente este proceso. Es además, una reflexión sobre lo que estas dinámicas binarias significan para mí como individuo, como espejo de la sociedad y como objeto. Como tal, busco deconstruirme en estas tres funciones para permitir al espectador determinar, si el significado personal tiene valor frente a la contemplación.

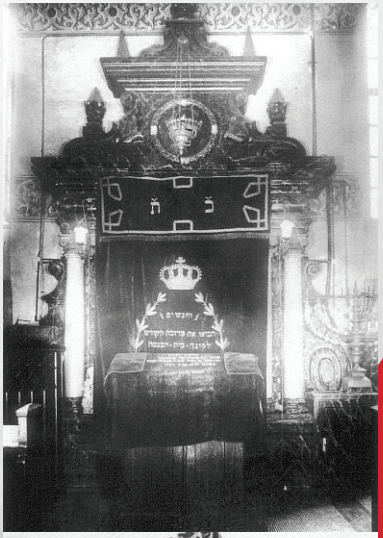
En el proceso de enmarcar este proyecto, incorporé el siguiente marco conceptual: La política neoliberal no representativa, el capitalismo corporativo y el posmodernismo monetario se han acelerado por el avance de la tecnología. El significado es inseparable de los sistemas de dominancia y nuestros sistemas neoliberales de dominancia son inseparables de sus medios de producción. La identidad se configura a través de sistemas de significado [marcos conceptuales que identifican las posibilidades de futuro a través de la virtualidad]. La aceleración de la producción, ha requerido una aceleración de la creación de sentido. A medida que los sistemas políticos y económicos se adaptan a las situaciones geopolíticas cambiantes, los procesos acelerados de creación de significado han hecho que el proceso de formación de identidad se desmorone. Las realidades económicas del cuerpo y la mente que los humanos soportan bajo el orden mundial neoliberal, han causado una degeneración de la psique humana compartida. En pocas palabras: la negligencia psicológica de todos, se ha convertido en parte de nuestra propia política personal de ser. Somos como la marina perdida: incapaces de experimentar el presente como algo más que un momento sin sentido. Incapaces de tener un futuro más allá de la virtualidad de los conceptos.

这个项目的开始是为了探索我自己在艺术和学术界中作为白人顺性男/貌似直男的位置。它演变成了一种对回到欧洲五年以来我所经历过的“归途效应”的探索。因此，它是对白度全球性的探索，反之亦然。但它也是对自我的执着，带着过去的不可避免性和未来的不可能性。它在许多方面是一种对意义的狂躁而绝望的渴求，同时也是对客观记录这一过程的一种尝试。

这也是对二元动态之于我作为独立个体，社会的镜子，以及一个客体的意义的一种反思。因此，我试图在这三个功能中解构自己，让观众确定个人意义是否在凝视面前具有价值。

在构建这个项目的过程中，我整合了以下概念框架：

新技术的进步加速了新自由主义的非代表性政治，企业资本主义和货币后现代主义。意义与支配制度是不可分割的，我们的新自由主义统治体系与其生产资料也是不可分割的。身份是通过意义系统（通过虚拟化确定未来可能性的概念框架）形成的。生产的加速需要意义创造的加速。随着政治和经济制度适应不断变化的地缘政治局势，加速的意义创造的过程使身份形成过程陷入混乱。人类在新自由主义世界秩序下所忍受的身心经济现实导致了人类共同心理的退化。简单地说：每个人的心理失职已经成为我们个人存在政治的一部分。我们就像迷路的海军，无法体验到现在不仅仅是一个毫无意义的时刻，也无法拥有超越概念虚拟性的未来。





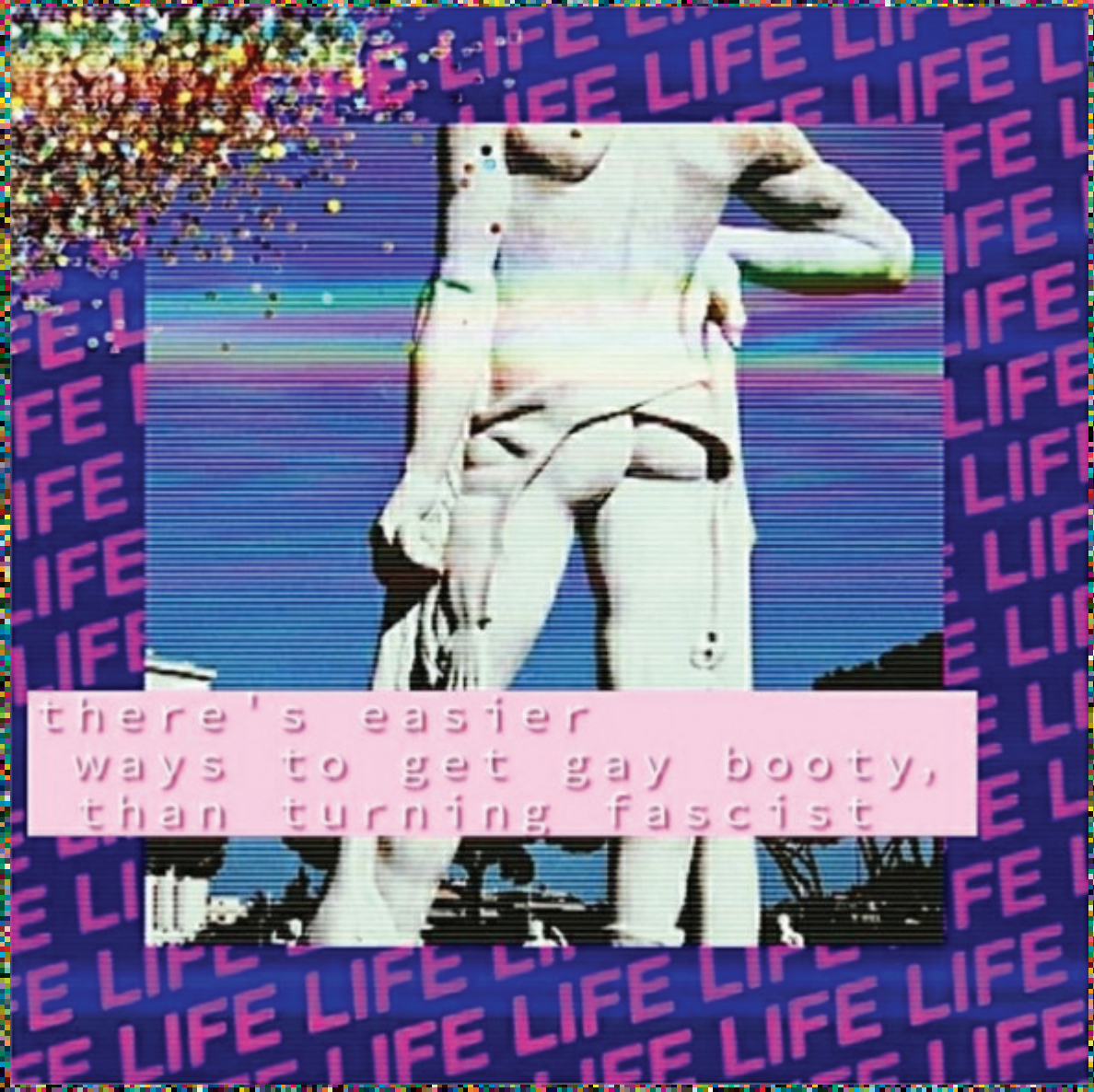


“ ... es widerspricht dem öffentlichen Interesse, dass in Bad Kreuznach eine Stätte geschaffen wird, in der sich rassefremde Elemente versammeln. Wiederholte Kundgebungen und Äu□erungen nationalbewusster Deutscher in Bad Kreuznach haben gezeigt, dass jede, wenn auch nur vorübergehende Anwesenheit von Juden hier unerwünscht ist. Es widerspricht nationalsozialistischer Weltanschauung, für Juden, deren Abzug nur im öffentlichen und volkswirtschaftlichen Interesse liegt, eine Herberge zu schaffen, von der bestimmt anzunehmen ist, dass bewusst und gewollt ein gesundes Deutschland bekämpft wird. Haben Juden das Bedürfnis sich zu versammeln oder Reisen zu unternehmen, so sollen sie nach Palästina auswandern.”

The reason I wanted to explore these themes, was the resurgence of right-wing ideology over the last few years. I had been confronted with this daily over the internet. This also meant a confrontation with my family's past. My great-grandfather was Captain of the Fire-Police of Bad Kreuznach under the Nazi regime. He avoided many of the horrors of the war while actively helping the police in rounding up unwanted minorities and dissidents. After the war, my great grandfather and grandfather continued the family business of making and repairing roofs. War damage and American commissions in the occupied city meant good business. As a result, they ascended from working class to the higher middle class in the span of one generation, a feat that was only possible through the use and abuse of their privileges as white men and their alliance to the Nazi regime, and the exploitation of the subsequent catastrophe.

La razón por la que quise explorar en estos temas, fue el resurgimiento de la ideología de derecha en los últimos años. Me había enfrentado a esto a diario a través de internet. Esto también significó una confrontación con el pasado de mi familia. Mi bisabuelo fue el capitán de la Policía de Bomberos de Bad Kreuznach bajo el régimen Nazi. Evitó muchos de los horrores de la guerra mientras ayudaba activamente a la policía a detener a las minorías y disidentes no deseados. Después de la guerra, mi bisabuelo y mi abuelo continuaron el negocio familiar de reparar y construir techos. El daño de la guerra y las comisiones estadounidenses en la ciudad ocupada desarrollaron un buen negocio. Como resultado, ascendieron de la clase trabajadora a la clase media alta en el lapso de una generación, una hazaña que sólo fue posible, mediante el uso y abuso de sus privilegios como hombres blancos y su alianza con el régimen Nazi y la explotación de La catástrofe subsiguiente.

我之所以想探讨这些主题,是因为过去几年右翼意识形态重新抬头。我每天都会在网上面对这个问题。这也意味着与我家庭的过去发生对抗。我的曾祖父是纳粹政权统治下的巴特克罗伊茨纳赫消防警察队长。他在积极帮助警察围捕不受欢迎的少数族裔和持不同政见者的时避免了许多战争的恐怖。战争结束后，我的曾祖父和祖父继续从事制作和修理屋顶的家族生意。战争的破坏和美国人在占领城市的佣金意味着良好的生意。因此,他们在一代人的时间里从工人阶级上升到高级中产阶级，实现了只有通过使用和滥用他们作为白人的特权和与纳粹政权的联盟,以及对随后的灾难的利用的壮举。


there's easier
ways to get gay booty,
than turning fascist


real men plant trees,
not discord

[redacted]




Educatie
Transpor
Inrichtin
- Ontwe
- Produc
Rondvra
Nieuwe
Post-fact
Gender identity

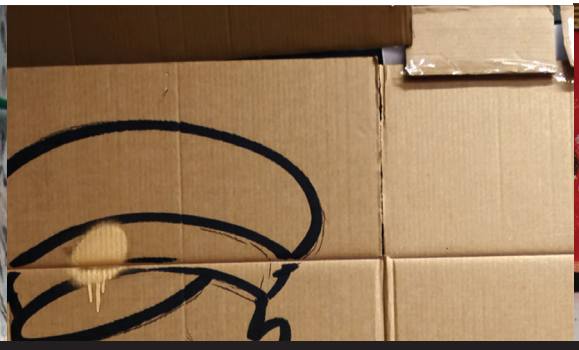









Cuck


"The future will not take place"





"The future did not take place"

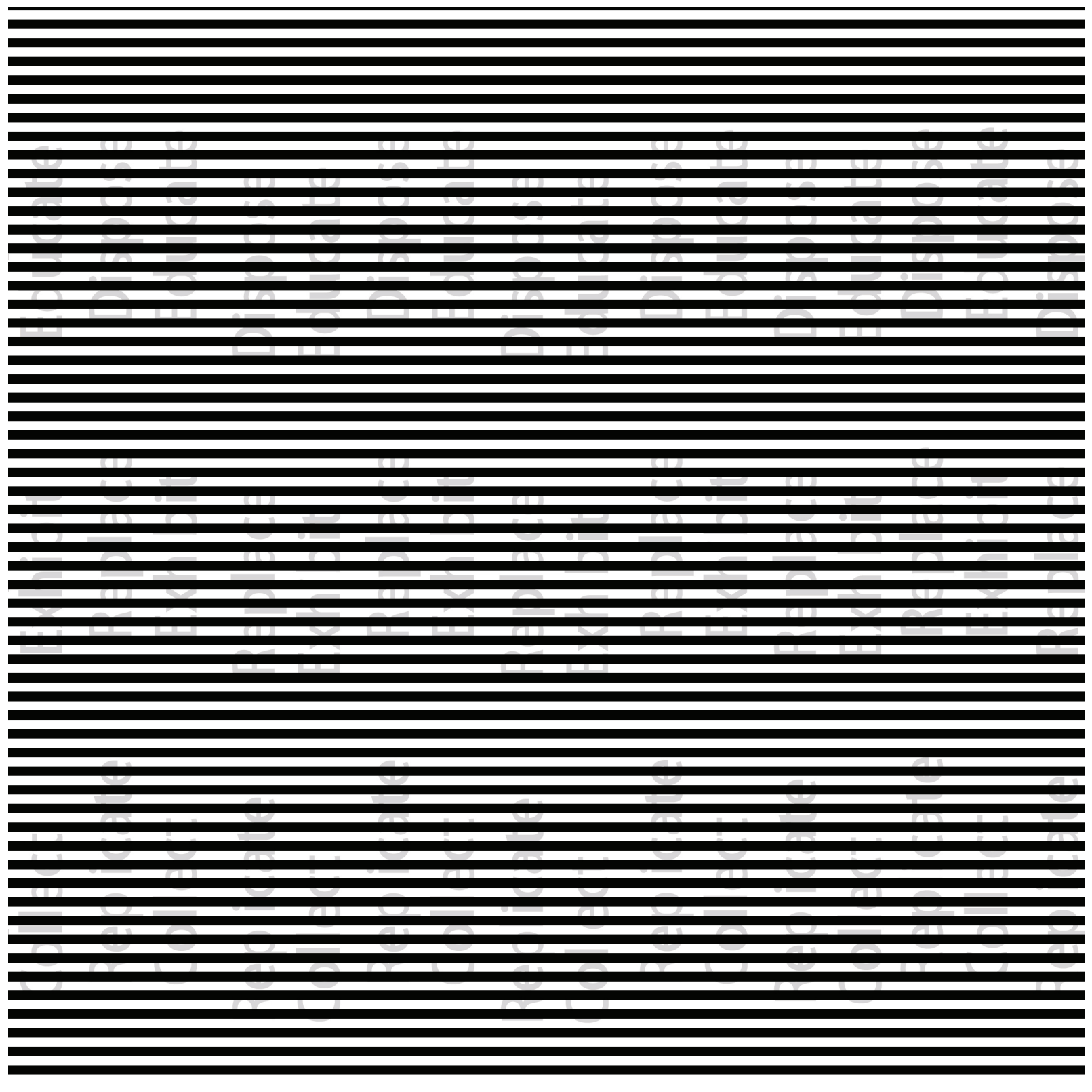




"The future is not really taking place"








THE WORD FOR WORLD IS WHITE


Ego Columba Nigra SVM


DARK
ESPRESSO
PROFESSIONAL


K
ETCETERA

K

ALWAYS PRAYING NORTH

FATE DRIVES MEN OFF CLIFFS

TO PERSIST IN SPITE

AND SPITEFULLY

HUBS OF HOMELESS MINDS

TO WEEP THE WHOLE

HARDENED SCARCE FEARFUL THUNDER

MADE SOUR MILK

THESE LIVES

POTENTIALLY

IGNORANT


My contact