

BLACK OBJECTS

Phase I:	Fascination	03. - 05.
Phase II:	Definition	05. – 07.
Phase III:	Substitution	07. – 19.
Phase IV:	Transformation	19. – 28.
Phase V:	Realisation	28. – 33.

She.

I.

Love - Stability - Togetherness – Dual Solitude – *Loneliness*.

I should have reached Happiness.

But She is apart from me.

The surface of the black ocean within me is still,

Reflecting the geometric sky.

Creating a dark secondary world.

Concentric chaos disturbs the entropic illusion.

It is a complex thought.

A thought that suggests abysmal possibilities still unfathomed,

This vastness is more than a thought it is also feeling; it is a mixture between vague temptation and cold reason.

It is strong.

It makes me restless.

My mind is troubled now.

It has been a long time, many years now, since I last kept a diary.

I only write about my innermost feelings and hidden desires, to rediscover lost lucidity.

I have found an object, a book that once belonged to my grandfather.

It was in a box together with other things that I had inherited from him. Triss had demanded that I sort out what I didn't want so that it could be thrown away before the New Year started. She of course was not throwing any of her stuff away but that is not what is troubling me. It was because of her annual cleaning compulsion that I discovered this strange book.

Now it is lying on the table in front of me.

It's compact, easy to hold in one hand and bound in simple brown linen. There is a single title printed on the cover in small capital letters.

“BLACK OBJECTS“

The very moment I laid eyes upon this book I felt something dangerous and eerily fascinating emanating from it. My grandfather was a preacher, a man who led a strict life, a life that to me, until that moment, had not included reading such a strange and foreboding book. He was a man who spoke little, who preached; who wrote a book about the black mountains that was never published. In his theological research he attempted to discover a link between body and soul, he made sculptures out of gnarled tree roots that he found in the dried up bed of a Scottish Loch. It is very tempting to think that behind all his unusual, eccentric activities, there lay a profound longing that he could never fully accept, that was suppressed by his conservative ideology.

The title of this book and its connection to my grandfather alone was sufficient to burn the question into my mind that now, even after reading its content, still remains acute and unanswered.

What is a “Black Object”?

—∞—

Black absorbs every spectrum of light. It is the colour of death, of despair and of evil. In the book, *Black Objects* are described as a destructive force. A warning is expressed against an undefined shadow, a nebulous entity that as soon as it looses is nebulous undefined quality takes away your faith. It is something dangerous, something that should not be thought of.

The book was written by a Christian. It is amusing how he managed to write an entire book about something that in his opinion is dangerous and best left alone.

I do not share his opinion. Instead of fear I feel curiosity. I am fascinated by the mechanism he describes, the mechanism caused by *Black Objects*, that results in the alteration or destruction of faith.

For me faith is a chosen form of perception, a wish that determines the nature of one's own perceptive reality. Of these wishes there are many, faith is a term that is not restricted to religion alone. *Black Objects* are a universal shadow, a phenomenon that affects everybody.

—∞—

I dreamt and woke feeling distanced from reality. It was as if I had left it behind by waking. The dream had something that utterly overshadowed my perceptive reality. My dream was more real than breakfast, more real than the routine conversation with my wife, more real than work. It was more real than all of today's waking world experiences that slipped by like colourless shadows.

I am naked

It is cold

I am alone

I am standing at a lake

In a valley surrounded by mountains

The mountainsides are covered with brown grass and faded heather

There are no trees

The sky is bright and clear

There is no sun

The sky and mountains are empty

I am exposed

There is no protection

I stand a lone pinnacle below the sky

The water of the lake is dead

I am alien here

Silence

The lake is mirror to the empty mountainsides and the cold sky

A sound wafts through the void

I dissolve

And disperse into the emptiness.

The memory of this sound keeps eluding me. It is impossible to reconstruct. For a fraction of a moment something far beyond my understanding broke in on my consciousness.

—∞—

I am absolutely certain that the dream I had yesterday is connected with my obsession for grandfather's book. It is possible that the elusive sound I experienced in my dream was a *Black Object*. I must find a way to give this nebulous expression a definition. I need lucidity.

—∞—

Black Objects: I have spent the most part of yesterday and today thinking about how to define this term. This has not changed the fact that *Black Objects* are immaterial and vague. However, my thoughts are more structured now. I have created a basis from which further thought is possible.

1. The material of a *Black Object* is not definable.
2. *Black Objects* manifest themselves in the perceptive reality of the recipient.
3. *Black Objects* alter perceptive realities.
4. A *Black Object* occurs only if a perceptive reality is altered.
5. A *Black Object* can have either a temporary or permanent effect.
6. A *Black Object* can cause substitution, destruction or transformation of perceptive reality.
7. *Black Objects* affect every perceptive reality differently.
8. An entity that forms a *Black Object* in one perceptive reality can be without effect for another.
9. This entity be it material or abstract, merely has the potential to trigger a *Black Object*.
10. Every perceptive reality can be altered by *Black Objects*.

—∞—

Image 1:

Colour photograph, depicting a fragile hand with dirty fingernails holding a small rounded stone lump in its palm. The photo was taken at night with a flashlight, the background is dark and blurred. It has been attached to the page with a paper clip.

I discovered something during our evening walk over the fields. It is a calcium carbonate concretion. This is a very peculiar stone, it is not rare but its formation is singular. This type of concretion grows in the earth, it materialises. When carbonic acid dissolves calcium in the earth, it combines with it and solidifies again as calcium carbonate around particles deeper down, forming these stones. The objects that are thus generated by chance are sometimes strikingly anthropomorphic and are called *loess puppets* or as in German *loess kinder*. Before it became possible to explain how these stones were formed, people believed that they were magical and contained animal spirits. They even believed that loess kinder increased fertility in a similar way as believed of the mandrake root. Even today, people with esoteric beliefs consider these stones special. My interest is mainly piqued by the fact that they have such peculiar forms. I like them.

—∞—

Although my holiday is over now and time is becoming scarce, my interest in this strangely nebulous concept is unabated. My office routine has become dreadfully dreary now that I have discovered something that is of such dear interest to me. I have started writing a text that attempts at simulating the encounter with a *Black Object*.

I have understood something important. I think that emotions are of vital importance for the occurrence of *Black Objects*. Emotions govern the shape of our reality. New worlds are formed when we feel despair or happiness. Everything around us - the colouring and light intensity of our perceptive reality - is governed by our feelings. *Black Objects* are emotional phenomena!

—∞—

Yesterday I neither had time to continue the object-text nor to make a diary entry. At the office everybody is working under time pressure on a new project. Despite that being the case, I found some time today. I rewrote what I had written until now, this time using an abstract second person perspective and present tense. I like it more this way! Additionally I have made a list of rules for the fabrication of *Black Object* simulation texts:

- Universal compatibility of the narration perspective:
 - Second person mode
 - Genderless narrator
 - No character names
 - No location names

- Reduction of situational description to the elements necessary for the *Black Object* experience
- Avoidance of unnecessary expressions
- Avoidance of metaphors

Using these rules will allow a high compatibility. Should someone read one of my simulation texts, they should be able to experience the described *Black Object* themselves.

At the moment I can't write more than one page a day. That is strange. When I attempt to write more, I get nervous and my attention is redirected into unimportant byplay. Today after I had finished changing what I had written, instead of continuing, I tidied up my desk. And now I am writing in my diary, also an activity that is unimportant to me in comparison to the creation of the simulation text ...

I think my concentration wavers easily because so much of my energy is absorbed by the office. If only I had more time, if I were not forced to earn money, I would be able to direct all my energy into this new task.

But I cannot free myself from these chains. I need to pay the loan on the new car, the rent and maintain the standard of life expected by my wife. As unhappy as my situation may make me, I have no other choice than to fulfil my mechanical purpose, carry on being a pinion in a mechanism I disdain.

—∞—

Included Text 1:

This entry consists of a document that was written carefully with green ink on expensive paper. The sheets have been inserted into the diary using sellotape.

BLACK OBJECT II

It was his delight in the bindweed-covered nettles that had given you the patience to let the garden grow wild.

Exhausted you sit down on the sunken bench. It is a white bench made of heavy iron. Where the white paint has started to peel off, the rainwater has stained rusty orange streaks into the white surface. When it was warm enough, he used to sit on the white bench reading and musing about the view over the unkempt garden and the river landscape beyond the old wooden fence.

Now the meadows and willow bordered river look grim and depressing. The rain has wetted the freshly turned clods of soil; they glisten like polished slabs of stone.

You are frustrated.

After his body had been cremated you had sat down on the bench and had let the wind scatter some of his ashes over the garden. What remains of his ashes is in the cemetery,

interred in a concrete shelf system, each compartment covered by an identical slab with a small nameplate.

You don't go to the cemetery.
The garden has always reminded you of him.

The moment you started digging up the garden you were convinced that changing it would help you to forget, to overcome your grief and eventually to start anew.

You are uncertain now
But it is too late to stop

You get up and continue digging.

The earth is red clay, ancient soil - rocks ground to dust by the glaciers of the ice ages, then swept away by the wind and deposited in the dells and valleys of this world. Your lonely garden lies upon an unusually mighty deposit of this special soil.

The spade hits something.
There is something in the earth.
Curiously you uncover the unexpected obstruction. It is made of stone, something large, beige coloured and organic looking.

You take off a dirty glove and touch it - carefully.
How exciting it feels!
Captivated, you stroke the sleek surface with your thumb.
With a careful movement you feel around a smooth dome. The slow circulating movement becomes ever smaller until it finally ends at the slightly pointed tip of the half sphere. Dreamily, you repeat the movement.

You remember how much he used to laugh. When he became ill, became weaker, had less energy, he changed. He became more and more silent and withdrawn as he watched how his body forced him into a more and more restricted area of movement. A zone, that towards the end was limited to his bed and finally reached the peak of its infringement at his death.

Your original intention to dig up the garden has become unimportant.
Your only desire now is to unearth the remaining portion of this thing. Carefully you begin excavating the object. It is very large. You work tirelessly for hours but hardly notice time slipping by. With every shovel of earth you remove, your fascination grows.

The following days the sun shines relentlessly and even occasional gusts of wind do not give reprieve from the sweltering heat. Often you sit on the white bench dreaming, admiring the object that lies before you in the pit. Never before have you seen anything so strange. When you observe it for a long time, it nearly feels human. Sometimes it resembles a being that has cramped itself into a painfully constricted coil. But then when the light or your mood has shifted, it looks as if it were sleeping calmly. Every time you see it, the object appears different. When its allure grows too strong to bear, you descend into the pit to touch it, to stroke over its smooth surface admiringly.

After you had completely excavated the object, you finished digging up the garden. The sunken bench now lies like an island in a plane of broken earth. It feels as if you have destroyed something that, up until now, had preserved your sanity and had protected you from despair. Ever stronger you feel your self reminded of him. The only pleasant warm and assuring things in your surrounding are the white bench and the stone. Only when you are sitting on the bench looking down into the pit, are you relieved from the fear and loneliness that now assail you again.

The sunny weather continues, it becomes even hotter and more humid. The earth has cracked. The air over the object shivers in the heat.

At last clouds build up on the horizon. Thunder can be heard in the distance. Drops of water fall from the sky. It smells of rain and dust.

You enjoy the refreshing smell; watch how the raindrops gradually darken the stone figure. Streams of water running over dry parts of the object's surface, give it a new sad intensity. You are so intrigued by this transformation that you hardly notice your clothes becoming drenched by the rain. Finally you feel cold, turn away and go into the house.

You are standing in your bedroom. The thunderstorm has darkened the sun prematurely. The black tiles on the floor and the oak panelled ceiling make you feel stifled. Slowly you pull off your clothes, everything is wet and sticks to your skin.

You are naked.
It is cold and you want to dry yourself. You pause.
You have a thought that excites you - your heart rate increases, the towel falls to the ground unused.

You can feel the sodden earth between your toes, the cold raindrops on your skin.
Brown water is flowing into the pit.
Carefully you descend.
The rain has not yet cooled the object.
You climb onto the figure, nestle against the warm smooth surface, move your arms and legs searching desiringly over the mammillations of the stone.

—∞—

I feel empty.
My desire has not been quenched, is still unsatisfied.
I will have to continue.

—∞—

I am writing on a new simulation text.
There is so much work to do at the office that I barely have time for it. To make things worse, Triss is complaining that I have so little time for her.

—∞—

I went to the theatre with Triss this evening. She enjoyed herself. It is important that I don't neglect her. I have so much on my mind at the moment and so little time.

—∞—

Image 2:

Colour photograph, depicting the small figure of a child. The child is wearing a red woollen bonnet that covers its entire head, only leaving the pale face unprotected. It is also wearing a worn red jacket, blue trousers and small black Velcro tape shoes. It is standing in an allotment garden covered with frost. The photo was attached to the page of the diary using a paperclip.

A child's perceptive reality is the most susceptible for *Black Objects*. While the development of human perception is in its larval state, many experiences are made that are of *Black Object* nature - many of which may well have contributed to our development. Certainly I have also experienced such moments. However, looking back upon my past, I cannot find anything that has not already lost its effect or would be of value to anybody else but me. My only hope lies in the fabricated simulation of *Black Objects*. By doing so I can gradually understand what they are.

I am still uncertain regarding the materiality of *Black Objects*. The occurrence of a *Black Object* is dependant on so many factors that they certainly cannot be reduced to a single material object. However, it is not unlikely that a certain object of material nature may trigger a *Black Object*. This trigger is not the *Black Object* itself since it is a very individual object that will probably only cause a single person to have a *Black Object* experience. A trigger that works on every perceptive reality is impossible to make. In fact, I believe it is unimaginable. If it were possible, it could only be generated by chance (or maybe by extra-terrestrial life forms). Only this kind of hypothetical trigger could be described as a material *Black Object*.

—∞—

Included Text 2:

This entry consists of a document that was written carefully with green ink on expensive paper. The sheets have been inserted into the diary using sellotape.

BLACK OBJECT III

Your body is small
The fragile body of a child
You feel cold
So cold
You are surrounded by coldness
You are afraid
Afraid
The coldness is diminishing
The freezing pain subsiding
You can feel warmth again
You are floating
Turning slowly in the current

A memory is surfacing within you.

When winter came
When it started to get cold
When the days grew darker and you were frightened
Then you hid a bucket filled with water in the courtyard
You hid a bucket filled with water in the courtyard
As soon as the water froze, you knew that the time had come
You got up earlier than the others
And you went to the river,
You went to the waterfall at the abandoned tannery
You needed to cross the narrow bridge
The bridge was not used anymore
You fell.
The handrail was rusty, it gave way.

The river is encased by high concrete walls
The water is green
It flows fast
Ice needles are drifting on the surface
Fine crystal whispers are created
The needles brush against the grey embankments.
Behind the next bend lies the weir
There is the waterfall.

Many years ago, armoured concrete fell into the water behind the weir.
Bent steel casings now loom out of the water
When it grows cold, when it freezes,
The spray from the waterfall becomes ice
Translucent sculptures are created encasing the rusty skeletons
You alone know of their existence.
You alone watched day by day how the icy figures grew.
How they were transformed, were different every time.

Your weakened body is swept down the concrete stair, your hand barely grasps the edge, a futile last resistance against the cold.

You feel how the current pushes you against the icy structure.
How ice needles crowd against your skin.
Between the looming brick walls of the factory you can see a narrow strip of blue sky.
A mercilessly narrow gap of empty space.
Boundless
Unreachable
Cold.

—∞—

All *Black Objects* lead to a moment of perception estrangement. The perception formally seen as real, appears foreign. This situation can be of short duration and be forgotten again, then the effect is temporary. When *Black Objects* are of a permanent nature, however, then they lead to a moment of realisation.

Realisation is the moment in which the perceptive reality adapts to incorporate the alteration caused by the *Black Object*. This moment of realization does not necessarily cause approximation to reality. The moment of realization caused by *Black Objects* can go both ways, it can lead to approximation or estrangement, usually unbeknown to the person experiencing it (We always tend to consider our perceptive reality as real no matter how far away from illusive reality our mind dwells).

Black Objects without a moment of realization are temporary.
Black Objects with a moment of realization are permanent.

—∞—

My mother-in-law died yesterday.
Triss has gone, she has left to take care of the funeral and execute her mother's will. She also wants to sell her parents' house. She will be gone for at least three weeks. I wanted to accompany her for the funeral at least, but I am not permitted to take time off at the moment since the project is not finished. After that we may go on holiday, they say. I guess that's the price I have to pay for my well-paid employment. Although my grandmother has always looked down upon me with no small measure of disdain, it is quite sad that she has died. Maybe I should have appreciated her more. Death is the most radical phenomenon of human existence. I do not believe in a life after death. Sometimes, like now, it makes me sad that my world has so little to offer regarding this magical dimension. The only mysterious component is my obsession for *Black Objects* and the hope of maybe experiencing one of them, and being altered by it. That would make me a fulfilled man.

I am on my own.
I can live out my obsession freely now.

—∞—

Image 3:

Colour photograph, a close-up depicting a badly scratched CD lying face downwards on a white surface. The picture is lying in the diary loosely.

I am working on a new simulation text. It is a difficult idea, partially autobiographical. It is painful to confront these memories. This is a *Black Object* I could have encountered myself.

—∞—

Included Text 3:

Similar to the last two insertions, this text is written with green ink on expensive paper and has been attached to the diary with sellotape.

BLACK OBJECT IV

The motorway is calm.
Soon the long journey will have ended.
In the distance the skyscrapers are looming above the horizon.
You smile and look into the rear mirror.
Next to you she is rummaging in a compartment.
You know what she is looking for.
You point at a panel below the car stereo.
The car is old. You learnt how to drive with it.
The four-lane highway bends gradually.
On both sides noise barriers obstruct the view, walls made of concrete that are covered with dead creeper plants.
Only ahead you can see into the distance.
There lies the city.
It is evening. In the rear mirror the sun is setting.
Ahead of you the sky has taken on a dark violet hue.
The glass-plated towers of the city reflect the red light of the sun.
Soon you will have reached your destination.

She has found what she was looking for.
Music, old discs that you listened to during your school days,
Relics that have remained untouched for years.
You watch how she pushes the disc into the slot.
Something raw and cold touches you.
There is only one word on the disc. You are not fast enough to read it.
But you recognize the cover.
You feel threatened.
You stare ahead at the endless asphalt of the road.
The CD is scratched. The first two tracks are not readable.

Helplessly you watch how she presses play for the third time.
The third track works.

Now that the music has begun, the violet sky and the gleaming red skyscrapers that are towering above the overgrown dead concrete walls have lost their beauty.

Now that the music has begun, you are collapsing.

Now that the music has begun, the glistening towers appear like teeth that pierce the bleeding sky.

The boy looks at you with blue eyes he says something and smiles.

You are in a dark room in front of a dismal green blackboard.

The light is brown.

You are sitting in the very back at a table with a scratched surface.

A horror has become possible, still uncertain, a vague concern, the momentum of which you can already feel.

The calming touch of a hand grazes your shoulders.

The muscles in your back contract.

This dissonant melody the mixture of two languages

It is bent distorted, unstable.

The traffic is moving ceaselessly.

The car is moving, is moving so fast.

You are alone. Nobody can see your transformation.

The outside world has become a crushing monstrosity.

The wall is made of grey concrete; the same casting mould was used for every segment.

You are aware of the repetitive surface structure far too quickly.

The floor is covered with a brown carpet.

You are alone here too. You feel empty.

In your nothingness, vacuity has come into existence. It threatens you, any moment it could tear what is left of you down into itself.

Around you they are crying. The horror has become reality.

Not far from the school lying on a grass covered slope there are two broken cars, crashed, entwined into each other.

Within, the deformed metal holds four cold bodies.

One of them, the body of the boy with the friendly blue eyes.

You had forgotten him, you had forgotten the music, you had hoped, waited, waited that one day the empty space within you would disappear.

It did not disappear; you only managed to forget that there is nothing, nothingness within you.

Now you are being devoured.

You are falling into your self.

You are falling whilst the road leads deeper and deeper into the city.

Red light - and still you are falling.

The nothingness is tearing
Pulling at you
Until Nothing is left.

—∞—

Ah, the last simulation attempt really depresses me. I had to call in sick today. I feel useless, indifferent; I simply could not go to work. I can't see any necessity, any use in what I do for my living. This feeling of futility only subsides when I let my thoughts circle around the *Black Objects*. I think this concept in itself has become a *Black Object* to me. It was a fateful moment when I picked up my grandfather's book. My perception has certainly changed since then.

Life is strange and strange are our transformations for we only notice them after they have taken effect.

Black Objects reach us from outside the borders of our perceptive reality. For us it is impossible to escape their effect. We can have both wonderful and terrible experiences through them. This is frightening because we have no power to influence what effect a *Black Object* will have on us. All the simulation texts that I have written so far are of a sinister nature. I used emotions such as grief, fear, resignation, desire and loneliness as basis for the objects to operate from. These are mostly negative feelings, and that is the reason why they all are so dismal and depressing. *Black Objects* based on love, hope and other happy emotions would certainly contribute to a better mood. The term *Black Objects* may sound negative, but is in fact neutral. They are black not because they are infused by demonic energy as proposed by the vague Christian in grandfather's book but because they come from beyond, from the dark unknown, outside our perception. Black is not only the colour of evil but also the colour of the unknown, of the unexperienced.

—∞—

Image 4:

Two connected segments torn out of a map. It shows a cluster of villages surrounded by fields and a large forest. Within the forest area are three small circular markings that were made with a biro. The map has been fastened in the diary with sellotape.

I have discovered an old map. It shows a region in which I used to live during my childhood. The markings in the forest don't make any sense to me ... Still, the map gave me an interesting idea.

—∞—

Included text 4

The text is written with green ink on expensive paper and has been attached to the diary with sellotape.

BLACK OBJECT V

From within it is impossible to recognize what is being advertised. The advertisements are meant for those outside the tram. All that you can see of them is a black net stuck over the window obstructing your view. When you focus your gaze on the net, the passing outside world appears as if it were segmented into geometric fields of colour and, if you focus on the outside world, everything is covered with a grey haze.

The sight makes you feel sick.

You turn away from the window.

You listen to the squeaking of the rubber segments between the wagons, hear the rattling of the wheels.

But these pure mechanical sounds are tarnished.

What does the inarticulate moaning of the old woman on the other side of the corridor mean? Do you empathize with her or are you annoyed that she had blocked your way with her walking aid before you got in? Did the old man who helped her feel annoyed? Is there a pattern? Is there some hidden mechanism behind these chaotic structures? What does the system of flattened chewing gum on the ground, or the badly shaved moustache of the man behind you reflected in the windowpane, want to express?

You get out of the train, walk around listlessly.

Sit down in a restaurant, choose a chair near the window, order nothing.

It is an Asian restaurant.

You look at the road outside the window.

It is a pedestrian zone.

You have not slept in days,

Always walking through alleyways, getting into random trains, trams,

Taking a bus, getting out at an unknown location.

It has been this way for days and you cannot find what you are looking for.

You don't know what you are looking for.

You are restless because out there, there must be something that can captivate you.

You leave the restaurant, walk down roads bordered by maple trees.

You walk until you reach a train station.

You get on a train.

Relentlessly your gaze searches for an answer.

Why is this yearning so strong?

Why are you so desperate to quench this thirst?

Where is this hunger coming from that has forced you onto the road for days – weeks on end?

Exhausted, you lean your head against the vibrating window.

You have a strange feeling, the train is completely empty and apart from you no one else is in the compartment. At last you close your eyes.

In the haze of your half sleeping, dozing mind you discover something foreign within you. Something that is moving towards the light at an exasperatingly slow pace.

You have not understood it yet, cannot yet recognize what it is. But you can feel that insight is coming towards you like a still silent avalanche.

It is as if you could smell damp earth and rotten leaves.

He had enquired after something in the village. It was about forgotten things. You are with him, inside the timbered farmhouse of an old farmer. It is one of the really ancient houses with two wooden horse heads on the gable. You are sitting next to an old green tiled oven. You are sitting silently listening to the talk of the grownups. The framer speaks of huge oak trees planted on the graves of fallen soldiers, of huge stone slabs leaning against each other. But there is another thing. Something your father has to keep secret, that is not to be talked about. A place no body should know exists. The old farmer continues in an awed whisper that you cannot understand. Your father nods his head secretively. He has understood the secret.

It is raining; the fir tree forest gives off a refreshing smell. He has left the footpath and is walking determinedly in a certain direction. He is looking for something. The forest around you is becoming denser. Your small Velcro tape shoes sink into the thick layer of needles. You can feel that he is tenser than usual. He seems to have seen something between two large yew trees in a dell. Slowly he descends into the depression. Chocking curiosity is surging through you. What is it that can make him, who hardly ever shows any sign of interest or tension, become so excited? How is it possible that someone who is usually so reserved can walk so carefully, take on such an awed expression? You know that there is something threatening down there. Something your father does not understand. Now you can see it, there is something in the ground between the trees, something ancient that is nearly completely submerged under the yew trees' rusty needles.

The train wobbles violently as it goes over a switch point. You are ripped out of your dream. Blinking you stare at the seat opposite you. The covering irritates you. During your many train journeys you had assumed the habit of looking for the repetitions in the patterns covering the seats. Here there is no repetition. Stunned you stare at the differently coloured stripes. Like coded characters they cover the pollsters everywhere with endless lines of uniqueness. Every day people sit here and nobody notices how singular their surrounding is, nobody perceives its beauty. By chance anything could be contained in the coding of this train's seatcovers.

At last you understand, that you had been searching for a forgotten feeling.

—∞—

I am a melancholic. The *Black Objects* that I am capable of fabricating are negative or like the most recent, based on indifference. I have attempted to think of something positive

all day, something beautiful that would enlighten my perception, but I could not find anything. However, there was one thought that kept coming back to me, no matter how much I rejected it. It is the memory of a girl I once knew years ago. It is sad to remember her; we lost each other in a moment of missed opportunity.

—∞—

Included text 5:

This text was written with a blue biro on a strip of squared paper. It has been fastened to the page with sellotape. Underneath there is an entry.

BLACKOBJECT VI

It is night
It has stopped raining
The ground is wet
You are walking along a road
Vehicles are splashing through the remaining pools of water
Cobblestones glisten in the passing headlights
She has taken off her high-heeled shoes, is walking barefoot on the wet pavement
She is younger than you
You feel drawn to her
But she is so young
She is grasping your arm
Your arms are touching each other
She drank too much
The body contact is necessary
But slowly it is falling apart
The necessity is slipping away
Is finally reduced to a fragile touch of your hands
The unreachable has become tangible

You feel touched, but cannot allow it
You are incapable of crossing this gap.

Finally the contact breaks apart and she moves beyond your reach

You feel pain, but cannot allow it
You are incapable of crossing this gap.

She is on the other side
You feel lost

You fall into the gap.

Her name was Tatyana. I was afraid. She was four years younger than I. I could do nothing more than admire her from afar. But when our gazes met there was something breathtakingly absorbing and beautiful. Maybe this came from my impression that these moments were forbidden. I don't know, but somehow it was special.

—∞—

I have phoned Tatyana. We have arranged to meet tomorrow evening. She has nearly finished studying and lives not too far away from here. Her voice sounded delicious. It is strange, this morning I woke and had the undeniable desire to see her again. Now this wish has become real and I am afraid of what might happen. Maybe she has become commonplace. Perhaps I am imperilling my beautiful memory of her. But I had no other choice I somehow know that this is important, important for my *Black Objects*.

—∞—

Even
Even
Even as a child
I noticed her
I noticed
That I cannot see her
Every body else could
They were ahead of me
They understood
What I cannot understand?
But today
Today I found her
She is beautiful
Beautiful
Beautiful

Beneath this text the author has sketched a crude flower.

Love makes simple

She has not become commonplace. Everything is still there, the intensity, the desire. We still seem to be fascinated by each other. Even though I told her that I am married now, and have been for the last two years, and that I have a normal boring office job, she could not believe that my life had turned routine and boring. Finally, I told her of my newly discovered interest in *Black Objects* and she could understand! I think I should not see her again. She has an extremely powerful destructive potential, which could endanger my marriage and many other social systems into which I am incorporated. It is likely that she will tear me down into a dangerous but immensely exiting abyss.

I already feel insurmountable resistance towards the notion of cancelling our next meeting tomorrow evening.

She wants to come and visit me
I want to see her
My world is altered.

Another flower.

—∞—

I am in a fever, what I feel when I kiss Tatyana's lips, is incredible. It is such a definitive, clear feeling of infatuation that it is hardly bearable to think of Beatrice. On the 12th she is going to return. I talked to her today. She and her sister have found a buyer for their parents' estate. I am betraying my wife. I have sacrificed my conscience to my beloved quest for *Black Objects*. But it is so beautiful!
What kind of a person would I be if I were to act differently, if I were to fence in my perceptive reality with a barrier of ignorance and would miss everything that lies beyond it? I would betray myself, I would betray everything that now makes my life so exhilarating and intense!

—∞—

Included text 6:

The text was written on both sides of a large slightly transparent piece of paper that has been folded in the middle twice. It is attached to the diary in such a way that it is easy to unfold. The author used black ink.

BLACK OBJEKT VII

I see lucidly

The mist is rising
The world is tearing open
Forms, colours
Still disfigured by white mist
Illuminated by the rising light

I see lucidly

A green plane of surging waves
Branches that are bending
Leaves glimmering in the wind

Should the trees, the grass in the wind
Not sing a rustling sound?
Should I not feel something touch my skin?

It is so still
I reach for the breeze
The fresh light
But what I gropingly find
Is cold
Glass
Separating me from wind and trees.

I see lucidly

Others like me beyond the glass
I see how they are emblazed by light
Flaming with glowing excitation
Then in darkness
In black water swimming
Cold and blue.

I see
But feel nothing
Only the cold glass touches me.
I seal my eyes
I wish to be blind
See nothing
Through me
I will walk the reaches of my thought

I see lucidly

Graphite twilight
Trees, fog, cold water
But the feeling of the wind is too far away
Beyond my reach, not experienced.
What I touch falls to dust
My fragile world is motionless

I feel lucidly

Warmth touching my skin
I open my eyes
What are you?
How did you get behind the glass?
The motionless world
Within me falls apart
I am free
By your smile
The glass is no more

I am happy

—∞—

Today it is raining
The light is weak, the sky overdrawn with blue grey clouds.
In the handcrafted double bed made of oak there lies another woman.
The only woman for whom I have ever truly felt a real inclination.
She is sleeping; her white skin seems iridescent, barely covered by the dark blue bedding. In front of the open window raindrops are pattering on the leaves of the evergreen Rhododendrons.
There is a beauty patch under her right nipple.
Tatyana - I am drunk from her sweet scent.

—∞—

Tatyana and I, we spent four days together. The last two days she became ever more silent. I was worried.
She seemed depressed, I did not understand why. It seemed as if she were burdened by something she did not want to speak about. And this morning when I woke she was gone.

I am sad.

—∞—

I am spending my time lying in bed. I appear to be suffering from what is commonly described as lovesickness. Everything around me is grey and void of interest. Nothing has any importance to me anymore now.

—∞—

Today a letter came. It is from Tatyana. It smells of her.

Included Image 5:

Still image taken from Francis Ford Coppolas "The Godfather". The still image shows Apollonia Vitelli, a dark haired beautiful young woman, wearing a red dress with a surprised, sensually opened mouth in front of an unfocused background covered with violet flower blossoms. On the white edge underneath the image, in female handwriting, it says:

"Apollonia Vitelli first sees Michael Corleone"

Included Image 6:

*Still image from Francis Ford Coppolas "The Godfather"
It shows Michael Corleone, a dark haired man with a scar on his left cheek with a surprised, sensitive expression. The shoulders of his bodyguards are partially visible on both sides of*

the image. On the white edge underneath the image, in the same handwriting as before, it says:

“Michael Corleone first sees Apollonia Vitelli”

Both images have been fixed to the diary one above each other using a paperclip.

Included Text 7

The letter is written in the same elegant female handwriting as the notes under the images. A biro was used and the sheets of paper seem to have been ruffled and then smoothed out again. The letter is lying in the diary loosely there is only one short additional entry for this day.

For me it was as if something materialized between the two of us. You would probably describe it as an architectural structure. I however believe it is something soft, gentle and beautiful, something into which we could merge and lose our self.

I've had two pictures printed for you. I will place my letter between them and put it into the envelope. I suppose you will recognise which scene in “The Godfather” they are from. We watched the movie together. It was your favourite moment in the movie. It is not my intention to describe how much I love you. You know the feelings I have toward you.

I write for a different, more painful reason.

I have an ever-stronger growing numbing feeling. It feels as if gradually something were dying within me, as if I were suffocating, as if I had a deficit of something without which my vitality is lost. This numbing feeling has become too strong! Everything that was once colourful and vibrant is slowly becoming grey. There is something bleeding me, destroying me.

Is it my love to you? Is it the insecurity, the instability of the object between us?

It is more than that.

The feeling started spreading within me after I read your first *Black Object*. It started so unobtrusively that I hardly noticed it at first. I did not understand that I was terrified by the possible existence of these things you describe as *Black Objects*. Now I shiver thinking of them, the awareness of them has changed the way I see the world. Since you introduced me to the prospect I feel naked and without protection, just as you did in the dream you told me about. This fear is so very strong, so strong that I have become desperate. This despair is connected to you. You have transformed my world into something laughably fragile that can be shattered by foreign forces at any moment. I know this was not your intention. I wish there were another solution then this. But the only thing capable of redeeming myself from this desperation is distance from you. I cannot accompany you on your melancholic quest for these objects. I need air, light and levity.

I will travel.

As a parting gift I want to give you something: Forget the profound and heavy thoughts about death and the desire for the unreachable. A *Black Object* is also that which lies between the images of Michael and Apollonia.

We shall not see each other again.

Tatyana

Additional Diary entry:

The woman that I love has fled out of fear of me.

—∞—

Today I collected Beatrice. I gave her theatre tickets. Just so as if everything were normal, as if nothing had happened. She did not notice the foreign smell in the bedclothes.

—∞—

In my mind there is nothing more than the white static of a television screen without a signal. I am empty, in me there is nothing: no determination, no desire, no curiosity. Nothing. I work as is required of me in the office, fulfil the routine at home, but my heart is not with me. My lucidity, if ever I had it, is utterly lost. My life consists of groping blindly through grey fog. I have no purpose.

—∞—

It is difficult to live disagreeing with part of oneself, part of one's own past decisions. It is difficult to understand how one could be so different to how one is now. I sometimes do not understand this discrepancy of my self at different points in time. How I could do things that now clearly appear to be mistakes. It is nearly as if it had been another who started the affair with Tatyana, another who looked for *Black Objects*, another who became employed in the agency. It is incredible how abstract the word "I" has become for me. What meaning does it still hold now? I has become a stranger to me. You and I, we and they, not I. We are many not one. Many lead my life. I only watches and writes about it.

—∞—

The verses were written into the book directly.

BLACK OBJECT VIII

I waited

She appears

We walked silently

The clouds are darkening

It starts to rain

We were drenched

She is beautiful
I admired her
But said nothing
The rain intensifies
Is turned to spray by the wind

Beyond the flooded causeway is protection
Endless dancing craters on the surface
We were running
It thunders
You are startled
I fell
You are lying on the asphalt
She griped my hand
She pulls you up from the wet road
She wanted to show me something special
She leads you – down into the darkness.

Flickering, the fluorescent lights turn on.
You are alone here
Your footsteps echo
Every chamber is empty
In the deepest level she stops
Her voice rings through the empty space
Dreamer
Dreamer
Nothing but a dreamer
She falls silent
You wipe tears from her cheeks
You put your arms around her
She kisses you

You spend nights – days
Together.

You go to the countryside
You are lying on a field
Wind blows through woman's hair
Yellow wheat fields stretch to the horizon
It smells of freshly cut grass
The sun shines glaringly
You are happy
In the distance I could hear sirens wailing.
She does not hear
She sleeps
The fields are golden
The sun is shining
You rest your head in the hay
Sirens wailing
She sleeps

The fields are melting
Sirens wailing
She sleeps
The sun is extinguished
Sirens wailing.
She smiles (in her sleep)
She disintegrates
Sirens
Siren wailing
So loud
That I awaken
The driver has fled
Her blood is flowing into the dancing puddle.

She died.

You never existed.

I live on.

—∞—

These verses are entered into the diary directly.

BLACK OBJECT IX

Phase I Obsession

Hardly ever
Change of routine
Destructiveness
Seldom
Blissfulness
Fear
Occasionally
Restlessness
Cluelessness
Always
Desire
Loneliness
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain

Intimacy
Rejection
Pain
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain
Intimacy
Rejection
Pain

Phase II Definition

No Intimacy, no Rejection,
No Rejection, no Pain,
No Pain, no Intimacy,
No Intimacy, Loneliness.

Phase III Substitution

Brothel visit
A service
Sallow love sheen
Animal for a moment
Regretting returning to human
Perseverance.

Phase IV Transformation

Snow sludge
Grey
Brown
Black
Frozen
Always dirty
Impure
Hidden under the wheel guard
Fallen onto white snow.

Phase V Realization

Fear of Intimacy
Fear of Loneliness
Fear of Pain
Fear of Life
Fear of black gravel between railway sleepers
Fear of polished steel
Fear of friction squealing,

Approaching leviathan,
Crushing and death.

—∞—

I called in ill today. I had horrible dreams and feel exhausted.

—∞—

Again, I did not go to the office today. I have a bad conscience; the agency is working on the second major project this year. But I simply couldn't go there. Within me heaviness has accumulated, the sedimentation of thoughts and deeds that I had better left unthought-of and uncommitted. Were I a religious man, of a similar disposition as my grandfather, I would speak of sin. He would describe my *Black Objects* as demons.

—∞—

Institutions, collectives - human conglomerates that fulfil a common purpose - how unimportant the individual becomes, how diminutive his responsibility, how little the physical presence, the conscience of the apparatus is affected by the single individual's fate. How unimportant the single galley slave is! If he perishes then he is replaced. If he goes on strike, then he is killed to exemplify the danger of resistance. Even if he is released, the galley continues existing without him as a slave driven object. Despite my unimportance I feel affiliation and loyalty, I shiver at admonishment and keep up the rhythm of the oars. I am one with the others. Were I not, I would lose my identity - my value would be lost. I have a purpose; I exist for the purpose of propulsion, of money acquisition. Without this purpose my life is pointless.

Today I left my galley. I now have no profession, no purpose to live for, and no source of income. I am now on my own, unemployed.

—∞—

Beatrice is nervous; she was far more upset about my dismissal than I. I am uncertain how I can calm her.

It is disappointing that she is incapable of separating between me and what I am, from what I did in the office. It is as if she thinks I am less now in comparison to what I was before my dismissal. It is exactly this false perception that put me in such a rage yesterday. I am expected to fulfil a purpose. There is a very strong threshold of inhibition that has to be overcome if one intends to separate oneself from this mechanical function.

There's an interesting play at the theatre the day after tomorrow. Triss loves the theatre, my socialization however is less refined than hers, and I have only become accustomed to going to plays through her. Triss loves musicals and comedies. I have a slightly different taste, but to make her happy I always accompany her. The upcoming play is

more to my taste than hers, but all the same I shall buy tickets for both of us. Maybe a nice evening together in the theatre will help us overcome these difficult times.

—∞—

It is dark. Only the curtain is illuminated. The diagonally divided half square absorbs the light filtering through the surrounding cloth. The square is like a half eclipsed sun over us. We sit in darkness. The shadows are pleasant. The eyes grow accustomed to the silence. Bright light forces up all our hands in a unanimous, instinctive movement to protect our eyes from the glare. The curtains have been torn open.

Blindingly the light shines down upon us. Glancing through my fingers I can see people against the light, throwing long motionless shadows over us. Grotesque shapes black against the light that stands vibrantly above them. The central costumed figure begins moving with slow precise mechanical movements. The figure raises its voice stuttering without rhythm. He bitterly laments the suns brightness. All figures move muttering in disharmony to the sound of screeching violins. The sun rules above them. The light reigns. Man is subordinate to it. The light appears as an absolute. Man however has strength. They throw chains at her. The sun descends to the ground. She is standing on the stage. She struts between the cowering humans and provokes them in a shrill voice. The angular figures attack. Two figures of strength with wide shoulders strike her. The sun is wounded. The sun is captured. The sun is sealed in concrete. Darkness falls, twilight without sunrays. The figures triumph, their movements - angular mechanisms - become quicker. Now that the stage lies in the twilight of the defeated sun, I can recognize that the costumes are colourful: Green, blue, brown, yellow. Red are the men of strength, who prance about drunk with victory: screaming and stuttering they proclaim the fall of a constant, the end of absolute dependency, the victory over the sun. Long live Darkness! Insanity! Freedom!

—∞—

Beatrice is sick; she disliked the performance yesterday and thinks it made her ill. I was so absorbed by the show that I hardly noticed her reaction to it. I understand why she could not like it, in some ways it is allegorical to my current circumstances. I am free and exposed to insecurity – darkness now. At least that's how she seems to perceive my situation. In fact I think there is really no reason to be worried, Beatrice has inherited a large sum of money, there is certainly no financial necessity to look for a job straight away. I now at last have the chance to funnel all my energy into my *Black Objects*.

Somehow I feel as if I am about to say or think something that is of real importance.

—∞—

Ever since watching the play I feel especially fascinated by darkness. Even as if I had adopted this fanatical conviction that darkness equals liberty from the characters of the play.

—∞—

My daily rhythm is changing; I am getting up later and staying awake at night. Beatrice complains of course, but I simply cannot sleep when it is dark outside. Instead I go for walks in the city and enjoy the night. Beatrice has invited guests for Sunday. She wants to get me back into the “real world”. Poor deluded woman!

—∞—

Getting up this evening I had an interesting idea, but I don't know how to realize it. It would be nice if I were to succeed in creating such a device, a material manifestation of a *Black Object*. Darkness that is visible from without. If I were to succeed in a satisfying manner, my search would have reached its final conclusion.

—∞—

How dreadfully dreary this teatime visit was. I had to justify myself twice for not having a job. Beatrice did not defend me in any way. She wanted it to be unpleasant for me! She just can't leave me alone. All I need is some time to dream, to search for paths into other worlds of perception, to find other dimensions, forms and colours of reality. I want to be free to go wherever I want!

But I gained something valuable by this visit: Insight. I have understood that I make Beatrice unhappy, that my seemingly lethargic behaviour is painful to her. Therefore I have decided that I will do something against this appearance. Beatrice is important to me. She is the necessary anchor that keeps me from drifting away into insanity.

—∞—

Today for the first time in a long while I have succeeded at getting up early again! I told Beatrice that I have a new job and spent the day going around the city in the underground, watching the darkness through the window. When I got home this evening she had cooked for me and smiled again.

—∞—

Black Objects, objects of world destruction, objects of world substitution, objects of world transformation, make us wander from one world to the next, show us a different earth, another sun, a different universe. Every self dies a thousand times and is reborn in a different perceptive reality, in another world. Our perception moves us from one sphere to the next, carries us through a chain of glittering pearls that are far, far away from what is real, for we who are imprisoned in our bodies cannot perceive reality: our flesh, our eyes, our limited brain, they feel, see and recognize never more than a fraction of what surrounds us. It is from what stays invisible to us, from this unknowable darkness, that *Black Objects* emerge.

—∞—

The one-sided mirror is a pane of glass that has been plated with a thin layer of metallic oxides. This plating causes a large portion of the light hitting the pane to be reflected allowing only about 20 per cent to enter. This physically speaking ineffective mirror has certain advantages, for example it is used in interrogation rooms and is described as a spy mirror. What originally interested me before I understood how it functions was the image notion, being able to use one of these spy mirrors to look into a dark space. Unfortunately, this is physically impossible. The mirror works both ways and is always reflective to the side with the most influx of light. In other words it is impossible to look into a dark room from a room that is brightly lit. All you can do with it is spy from a dark room into a brightly lit one. That is slightly disappointing, because I became very excited yesterday after watching a thriller in the cinema in which the, as I now know, impossible seemed real. Obviously the script for this movie was not well researched. Even if it is not possible with a one-sided mirror, I am delighted by the idea of being able to see into an utterly dark space from a lighted surrounding. I suppose that this is nigh on impossible.

—∞—

There is another way than the usage of mirrors; it is the phenomenon of absorption. There are types of glass that contain black particles, admixtures that absorb light. With this light absorbing glass it should be possible to make darkness visible. I have even found a suitable supplier for glass of this type. I think I will attempt to realize my idea.

—∞—

Included Image 7:

Photograph; two black stones lying on a white surface, one is of oval shape and has many pits and craters; the second is a sharp shard of a glass-like substance. The photo has been attached to the diary using a paperclip.

The glass panes have been ordered, I had to take out a credit on my wife's inherited fortune in order to be able to finance their manufacture. The glass panes are so expensive because I required them to use tektites as the source for the black pigment. Tektites are a form of natural glass, created at the impact of meteors: the explosion creates a crater and hurls matter from this crater up into space, and when this matter falls back onto the earth's surface, it does so as tektites. Most tektites are composed of black glass. They are not found commonly, but the main reason for the high cost of the ordered glass is finding the right formulation. This will require some experimentation and thus be expensive. I had suggested using obsidian, a volcanic glass, more or less the same as tektite. However, the latter contains a higher degree of water and tends to cause miniscule bubbles of air, thus making the glass mixture impossible to cut. According to my calculations, the mixture that is probably going to be most effective will need a strength of 15 centimetres to absorb >99.5 % of light influx.

—∞—

I have found the perfect location!

It is the former production hall of a textile manufacturer.

The hall has a size of 120 square meters and a very high ceiling that is supported by four square concrete pillars. The landlord was so happy to have found somebody who is willing to take on the utilities that he hardly asked any questions and only charges a small rent.

—∞—

I am repainting the hall. Whilst being occupied with this manual labour, my thoughts wander delightfully. One of the things I was thinking about is death. For me it is the most finite phase of life, naturally. For a religious individual, however, it is more like the transition to a new form of existence, a new form of perception. If one believes that there is life after death, then passing away is a process that could be describe as a *Black Object*. Without doubt, this is the most discussed and most universal *Black Object*. Possibly even the transition from being into not being fulfils my criteria. In that case it is a destructive and not, as religious individuals believe, a transformative *Black Object*. That is interesting somehow, even if this is not a thought that is totally new to me since most of my simulation texts incorporate death as a component. *Black Objects* are an emotional phenomenon. But they are also the cosmic coldness, the hostile inorganic machinations of space. They are both: entropy and creation, wonderful and horrific. *Black Objects* exasperate with their paradox quality.

My glass construction alone will not be sufficient to represent *Black Objects*.

Something is missing

I know that I will find it.

—∞—

Three layers of paint were necessary until walls, ceiling and pillars had the white that I wanted.

In future, I will need to wear felt slippers, so as to not spoil the white surface of the paint on the floor with dirt from my shoes.

—∞—

I have installed 26 full spectrum neon tubes. They are concentrated towards the middle of the hall. It is brightest in the area between the pillars; here there are hardly any shadows. I had to place tubes on all eight inward pillar sides to accomplish this.

—∞—

Today the forklift arrived. Everything is prepared for tomorrow.

—∞—

The glass components have arrived! It seems impossible to see through them. The glass has a deep darkness that is very, very beautiful. Every thing is as I specified. The edges are cut with absolute accuracy at 45 degrees. Returning home in an elated mood, my spirits were dampened by an unforeseen circumstance. Beatrice had stayed up and was expecting me. A bank letter reminding me of a payment that had been due a week ago lay opened on her lap. She has threatened me with divorce and demands seeing what her money was used for. She cried a lot and now I can't sleep, worrying about what to do next.

I have an idea.

I know how to solve this problem!

Tomorrow she can watch how I put the cube together.

Surely she will understand that I have created something necessary.

—∞—

Beatrice was strangely silent whilst I explained my project to her. And she continued her silence on the way to the rented hall. When I then showed her the perfect black glass segments and explained what I was trying to create, she became hysterical. Screaming, she attempted to break the glass, beating it with her bare hands.

I loved her, but she was incapable of understanding me. In this moment I understood what I had to do. The cube of blackened glass alone would never have sufficed. The most important component was missing. Beatrice.

The six glass plates are assembled. I have created a space of absolute freedom, a material *Black Object*. I am satisfied with it.

When I look into the darkness intently for a long time, I believe I can see Triss's white skin where it touches the glass, like white sandbanks looming out of an ocean of infinite darkness.

—∞—