



33^e SÉRIE

VOYAGES AÉRIENS

JÜRGEN PLOOG

73
les
75,

A MUSEUM OF SPOKEN PICTURES

virent
voirs
la ch
un n

Jürgen Ploog

ns le vestibule... les rése

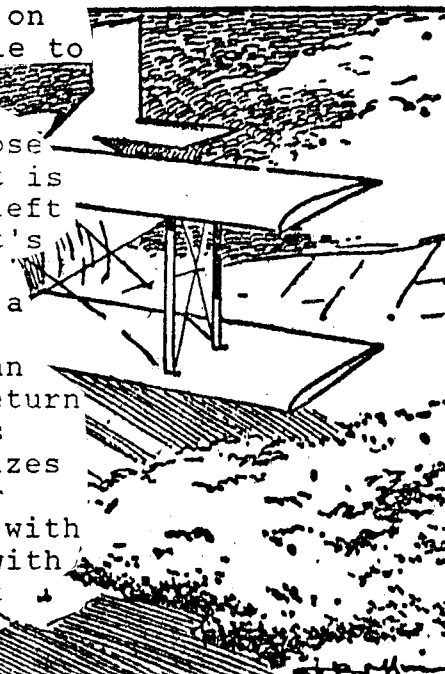
A MUSEUM OF SPOKEN PICTURES

ra
pmer

...nement le poste de M. Latourette.

A long time ago I took to flying to get in on the time struggle. To find a way out, to be able to stay & view the within.

Time is what will make us all obsolete, as personae, as a species. Occasionally after a dose of anti-time the landscape of myth surfaces. It is a kraut version of veins, arteries & conduits left behind in the Ufa-studios of wartime Berlin. It's called Nights of Fear & reveals a close-up of timeless sexuality, of girls in uniform taking a piss in a summernight's dream, the final scene showing a bunch of dead human parasites under an empty sky. Totally unmagical. Later the dead return disguised as sleepers in a museum of grey words fighting off some kind of virus which materializes as a mutated transparent cockroach & goes after their genitals. The dead sleepers are fighting with a grim lust for survival. It is a blind fight with no friends & no enemies. It is a terminal fight fought to beat the drowning tide of time.



You see Germany is a kraut version of night. The close-up image of a stashed-up battleground. There are always screams around, & once the screams die a deadly silence sets in. All dreams are a sum of this nightmare. In a history universe, memory is the opium of chance. To go on, to get out...to stay behind & sit it out.

PLOOG

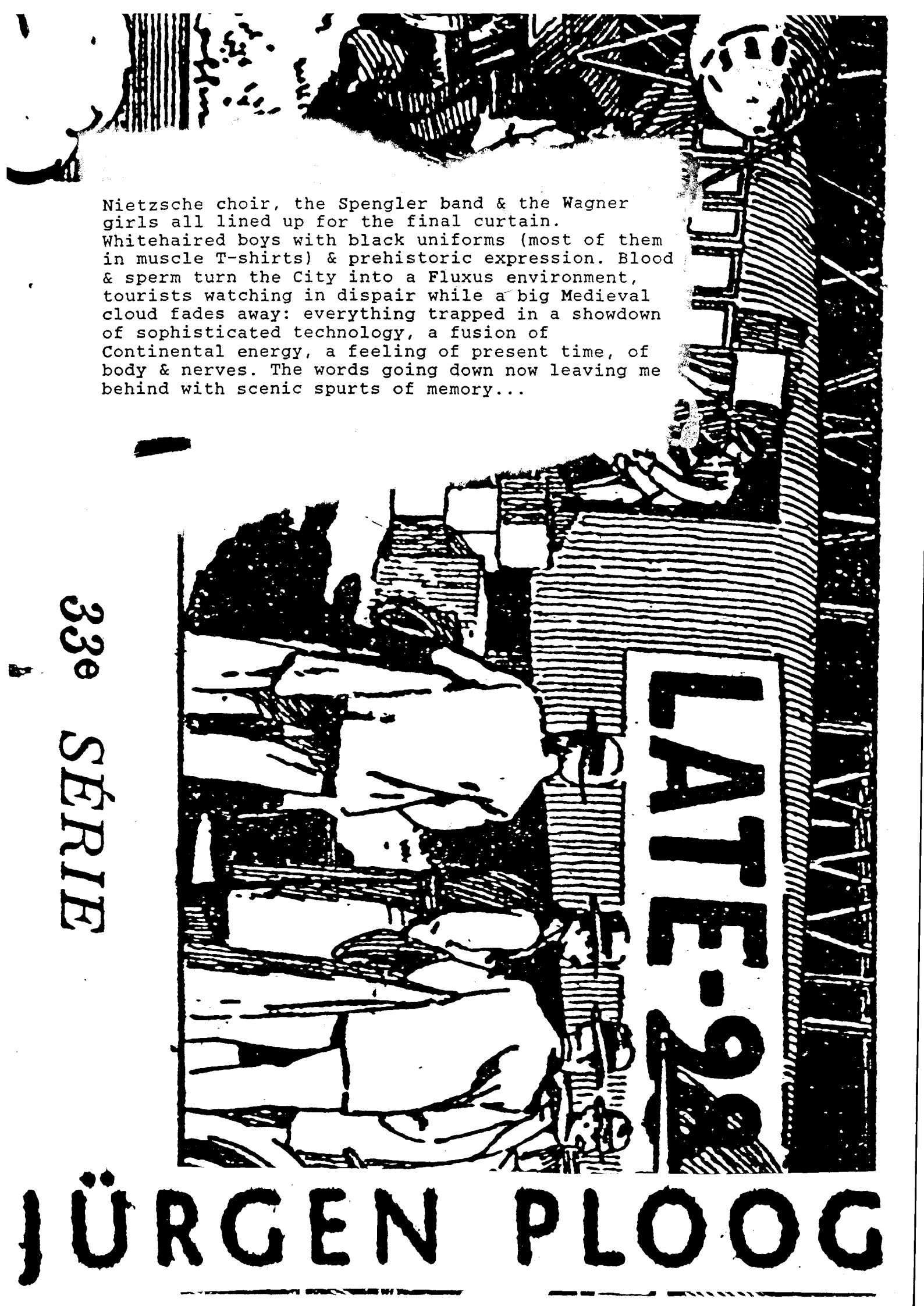
So the restless kids are always asking questions of survival. With no answers in mind they drift out into a landscape of signs, & maybe there is another chance for the lost order of time.

Perhaps I've fallen behind. In my dreams there is a scream of no hope. A sort of pictorial cynicism. I found Berlin a dead place, strong, masculine & angular with rigid curfews for black minds & bodies. With secret & senseless activities to kick the habit of time. Everyone there is working on a sigil for junk (which is exactly what the swastika had been). The wall, the smell of dead souls & the invisible raids of the Latah Corps. The old Expressionistic Magic is still alive. Streets are torn down & rebuilt overnight. Strange ritualistic abortions take place. "We want to make sure how the next generation **will look.**"

On Frankenstein Day they all come out with their little werwolves to show the world where the biological crisis is heading. The dead souls, the consciousness raids, the moonshine radiation, the smell of distortion. A place where all dreams meet for an apocalyptic werwolf horror show. A huge magical suicide camp with all night dancing to the sound of abstract perception. The barn fires, the

the swastika is a sigil for junk

jürgen ploog



Nietzsche choir, the Spengler band & the Wagner girls all lined up for the final curtain. Whitehaired boys with black uniforms (most of them in muscle T-shirts) & prehistoric expression. Blood & sperm turn the City into a Fluxus environment, tourists watching in despair while a big Medieval cloud fades away: everything trapped in a showdown of sophisticated technology, a fusion of Continental energy, a feeling of present time, of body & nerves. The words going down now leaving me behind with scenic spurts of memory...

33e
SÉRIE

JÜRGEN PLOOG