

Hello everyone. I'm thrilled to see you. Do you say that? To see all of you! Hi. This is *Drives drive*. *Drives drive*, 2018. (God, I am glad 2017 is over. I'm a Pig and 2017 was a Rooster year. Too limiting<sup>1</sup>. No good. I spare you the details, though) There was a *Drives drive*, 2014. A text written for *The Garage Picture*. It was conceived for the part of my Viennese gallery's first location, that used to be a garage. A yellow text concerned with drives. All drives are death drives.<sup>2</sup> Remember? The picture, I mean. Around the time I was writing that text the film *her* came out, and quite naturally something about *her* moved in there. This text comes with a few rather digressing/ambient?<sup>3</sup> footnotes, which I leave out now, but you'll find them in the pdf. Is yellow a good colour for death? Dead wan yellow? Is beige? That I was busy with this text around the release of *her* was an accident, of course. But what really happens by accident? *Her* features Joaquin Phoenix and desire and a west-coast with no cars. These *her*-residues kept in here render this young text somehow old, act as a time stamp. I'm old enough to find River Phoenix hot, to remember he was there before. But tonight, tonight I am young and we're not in a garage and this is *Drives drive*, 2018. Finally 2018! 2018 is super. All good or soooooon!?!? A year to love again. I am excited. I am nervous. I want to be, I am happy like cold peanut butter on a steamy hot toast. I am here. We're all so different, for some cold peanut butter is a thread to bread.<sup>4</sup> Not me. This is a toast to 2018. To love. *To Paint Is To Love Again*.<sup>5</sup> And sorry for this being in English, schon wieder. It does annoy me too, at times. You cannot order a coffee or buy second hand designer clothes, or listen to a performance in this young town, or at least where I seem to move, without running into a waiter or salesperson or artist/audience who more or less kindly reminds you that she/he/it doesn't speak German. I do. But this text is only eventually funny in English. If at all. I love English. You. I want to be funny. I am funny. Your clown. Tender? Although this text is of course even funnier when read in a garage. But we're in Germany, grinning car country, so maybe that's funny enough, or ok too. What happens when a text is exposed to a voice and thus distinct mobility? Or just pretend we/you/they are in a garage. Ok, now, for you *Drives drive*.

<sup>1</sup><https://www.yourchineseastrology.com/horoscope/pig/yearly.htm> 2017 Predictions \* The prediction is valid for 2017 (year of the Rooster) starting from January 28, 2017 and lasting to February 15, 2018. Overall Rating: In the previous year, you people under the zodiac sign of Pig had clash with Tai Sui (the deity in charge of people's fortune in the year); in 2017, you will get improved luck but still need to face the impact of bad luck and have great limits in terms of love, career or wealth acquisition. That is because you are affected by too many inauspicious stars in 2017, under the influence of which you will find it's difficult to develop the interpersonal relationship and your relatives may pass away or fall ill; your health will be under threat and you may have disputes with others.

<sup>2</sup>"One can see parallels between Lacan's idea that the drive to maintain jouissance is auto-erotic and his description of all drives as death drives. Because meaning is never adequate to satisfy the demands of desire, the imaginary takes up the slack, taking appearance for truth or reality, making perceptual consistencies out of the visible. But in the life game where no one wins finally or completely, real pieces of words and images coat meaning with the only "essence" Lacan admits: jouissance. Indeed, anxiety links the death drive to fantasy (and thus to the desire for jouissance) precisely around the fear of losing the identifications that constitute the libido as a real, yet invisible, organ in the body." *Essays on the Pleasures of Death~ From Freud to Lacan*, Ellie Ragland, 1995

<sup>3</sup>Read Tan Lin!

<sup>4</sup>"There's there's there's this whole convenience thing with sandwiches, you know little slices of meat, slices of cheese, pickle slices, well why aren't there peanut butter slices? A) there's no mess, and B) it's just done for you. That makes me insane. So I found that if you take peanut butter and spread it sort of in in little ?sackage? just a block across some parchment paper, and you can do three big ?gluddies? or gulbies, whatever you wanna call them, but be sure to put an i-e-s on the end. Cause it makes it cute (chuckles), oh really. Then (sighs) just pull this over the top, fold it over. Grab your rolling pin, go over it just a couple of times, and then that's that in the freezer she goes. The next morning it's frozen ha (shrieks), and then you can take kitchen shears and cut little squares out of it and then, just throw them back into the freezer and you have a stack of peanut butter slices whom you slapping on, it's just great for you, and it's not gonna rip your bread. Perfect. Now it comes to room temperature semi quickly, but you have time to drizzle maybe some honey over the top, some chocolate sprinkles, kids love it. Can I have a bite? Oh-kay, can you split it with me. Mmmmm, oh that's yum. Look it works too, yummy." Behold the brilliant peanut butter hack you never knew you needed! #momwins with Bev Cooks. <https://www.facebook.com/FoodNetwork/videos/1015499481333672/>

<sup>5</sup>*To Paint Is To Love Again*, Henry Miller, 1960

Drives drive  
Drives thrive repeatedly  
they drive quite unlike you  
I enjoy enjoy driving  
I am a slow driver (sometimes I spit against the winds)  
and young young and happy when I drive I am not there there  
I enjoy enjoy driving  
I enjoy my drives your thighs, your/my sighs  
We enjoy Bloody Marys  
I slip against preliminaries  
For now we live we laugh  
We enjoy enjoy this sparkling rain we're skinny-dipping in  
champagne blushing bashfully  
Who eats? Drinks! Who else?  
I drive – boy whoa I am a slow driver  
But yes but yes and love and love enjoy<sup>6</sup>  
Boy  
I would buy his iphone app for my car. (Read Wolfgang Breuers  
recent press release for Jenny's<sup>7</sup>.)  
I drive fast  
I don't complain  
I'm incomplete in this afternoon rain  
A time lag porous  
You wash my car your car our car  
I drive you thrive  
I see their cars  
I see her cars his car  
There are no cars in *her* or  
I'm nearly here  
Jean Fautrier wore snakeskin shoes<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup>“So then, so then, and love, and love, is it always reciprocal? But yes, but yes!” The Seminar of Jacques Lacan, BOOK XX *Encore*, 1972-1973

<sup>7</sup><http://jennys.us/wp-content/uploads/2017/11/Wolfgang-Breuer-Press-Release.pdf>

<sup>8</sup>“Just as he sported snakeskin shoes at the opening of his *Otages* show...” *Les otages* (The hostages): *Peintures et sculptures de Jean Fautrier*, Galerie René Drouin, Paris (October 26-November 17, 1945), Yve-Alain Bois, *The Falling Trapeze in Jean Fautrier 1898-1964*, p.59, Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 2002

All drives are death drives. Pending deaths. Chrysanthemums are the flowers of November and death. We die later. There is no narrative, no name. Or Coherence. Or it's elusive. Vanilla? When is vanilla ever true? It's complicated. Nothing's really only vanilla. In life most things are not resolved, or never truly. We're nood-ly stumbling amidst loose ends at best. What is a good catch? Your beautiful touching innocent morning glance, curious, vulnerable? Good-morning-troubled though happy, or almost. One text bleeds into the next. Nothing really ends, except everything in death. Life mostly doesn't turn out how we thought. It stays relational and strange, a wild, callous, thriving soup, less than kind, or mean at times. And still I am in awe of life. Intrigued, curious and angry, still. Is this where my need of expression comes from? Or is it a lack of attention, or simply questions? Ask me something. Or an aim to get it? Get what? Why hustle through this again? Here? You? I don't have a story to tell, or too many and lacking the skills. I'm losing my balls, my balance, too quickly. I die and die, deadly? I pity a pale vegetable me. I write. *You read*. I want to make you laugh. Clowns are falling down down. I write it/me/you/all down. Rain is pouring down. Why do I find so much sexiness in snakeskin shoes? Was it your wearing cowboy boots? You don't have a valid driving license and it doesn't bother you. I love you. You move me. You call my balls. I/we thrive.

Your yoghurt car your breakfast hoody my yearning body my peanut butter smile  
Drives drive dogs shit not you I read (yet again)  
You eat me  
Teeth don't remember anything  
Drives drive  
Are you ..  
What we call  
You call my balls my youth my souls  
You are like a wish or  
Drives drive  
Drives try try why I  
Nuts  
I'm young here here  
River Phoenix I cry a river I cry rivers you drive  
I thought I should drive someone else's cars whose cars her cars his fucking cars  
Her cars his cars monochrome cars  
I should drive fast  
I drive you drive my cars your/their cars I blush  
I'm in the garage  
River Phoenix drives his cars  
And oh I'm always crashing naked relentlessly naked naked  
in your car your cars the same car your car  
My living body this body in pieces  
More crashes  
And then again now I feel my hairy unshaved drooping balls  
You call my balls  
You make me honk and horny  
She does who does he does  
I thought I should drive her cars his cars  
I never get a ticket  
I'd like to see Frieda Toranzo Jaeger's cars<sup>9</sup> live  
His car going places  
Her cars going places  
I crawl I don't crawl  
Come on  
Drives drive they rarely change directions  
I am young here here  
My balls roll/rule  
Your ..  
Is it .. why me?  
Say more  
and Joaquin Phoenix' hair in *her*  
I yet have to wash my hair

<sup>9</sup>Frieda Toranzo Jaeger, *Die Windschutzscheibe*, Reena Spaulings, Nov 12 - Dec 17, 2017, <http://www.reenaspaulings.com/about2.htm>

Drives drive. Some taste dead like cheap chicken meat when it rains. Or something else. I become unreadable. Porous. I am not there. Jean Fautrier is dead. Others die too. I write because I cannot paint, not really. Love again? What makes a picture a picture and one leads to another. Desire? I take pictures mostly, and I write. Writing in any case seems to be more imaginative, more primal than photography, more direct, maybe, for sure. Even if and in lacking intention or ends. And more and less clarifying, I guess. Less passive aggressive, or at least it may be. No? Can a text act as a painting? And how much? Can it heal? Although chatty? What I love about pictures is also their silence. Yellow? Beige? Would it really be more sexy, if I would read from my phone or i-pad? More contemporary and/or critical? What is the relation between technology, power, me and desire? What about my outfit? Would I need props or more make-up? A performative self? To be registered by who? My body, this text. Being read. How sexy is my voice if amplified? How erratic? I/We've been there, sorry. And my accent? You? Listen. This text is porous with me. My sweat, tears, vomit, and what I don't say. What is unsayable? Will I know? Is it palpable in my tone? I already did feel like death warmed over. Not now. Not anymore. Is this candour? Is my regular use of English (passive) aggressive, regressive (in its only approximate proper use/limited vocabulary) funny, embarrassing, or bold, or just more distant, dead? And only for me? As much as I do love to look at pictures, and even more paintings, I love to read. Or it makes me think and write, seem in contact, context even if only in an imagined one, or one wished for. Not alone or less so. And a text still seems to hold more authority than a picture or painting, although to make a painting is to make money and to write is probably not, anyway this seeming authority naturally calls for well-fed mistrust. Trust me. I enjoy messing with some apparent authority, and it's relation to me/you. How do I act in absence, on my absence? My supposed death. Can the writer be also the mother? A writing mother? (Disappear into the/a mother?)<sup>10</sup> Does this need brackets? Do I play a body? I am not there. I may only read. I don't eat. This is an opening.

<sup>10</sup>“The writer is someone who plays with his mother's body.”, *The Pleasure of the Text*, Roland Barthes, 1973



I drive I am a slow driver – boy  
This drive walks my drives walk talk talk  
I crawl  
I share my drives my jealous drives my naked drives  
Park park  
In this garage my hand sweats against a microphone my  
hands sweat my hands against my hand  
Fuck young girls  
I ate/eat the young  
I am always opposite or across from a parking lot (like  
American Fine Arts in the 80s? *really???*)  
I want to park  
I walk  
with River Phoenix  
I walk  
Is it me?  
We don't talk  
We talk Hamlet we blush  
We talk theory young girls young girls blush *I do love you*  
hands against hands against who  
I am young I know  
I hope the weather  
I'm closer now or so it seems  
A time to eat  
I ate ate ate ate ate  
I blush  
Nothing in a drive should  
Oh  
Just drive  
Drive! (We're not in a garage)

\_Lisa Holzer, January 2018