



HE HAS LOOKED AT EVERYONE, YOU SAY! WHY NOT? BUT
EVERYONE LOOKED AT HIM, TOO. AND DENIES IT. — —

RINUS VAN DE VELDE

A FICTIONAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY II

HANNIBAL







IT SHIMMERS AND IT TINGLES, IT SHINES AND GLOWS BUT I DON'T BELIEVE
ANY OF IT. AND THAT AT A TIME WHEN YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR THE REAL THING. TOTALLY
NOT DONE: HE TOLD ME.

Lost Landscape

EN

A.M. Homes

I am making a man in a green sweater.
What do you make first, the man or the sweater?
The man, because I don't yet know what size sweater.
What kind of a man?

A blue man, in blue pants, and blue of mind.
If I wanted to meet him, where would I look?
Off center.

I used to think
There was something I wanted to tell myself.
But then I couldn't remember who I was
Or what I wanted to say.

Is the blue man an athlete? A winner at Wimbledon?
Would you like him to be? If so, he should be wearing white.
Or maybe a scuba diver, searching for Poseidon's trident?
Riding sea horses and braiding the octopus's arms?

Where is the light coming from?
It's a reflection.
What is certainty at a time like this?
One can never know.

I knew one day we'd meet.
We'd stay up late.
Stripes on a wall.
Clouds at sunset.
Geese flying south.
And why does no one talk about them flying north for the summer?
No one asks geese—where do you summer?

We each took an edible, a blue pill gummy.
It couldn't have happened any other way.

I painted you, phosphorescent, glow-in-the-dark and Prussian blue.
When Jimi Hendrix played, "And The Wind Cries Mary", we did a tango.
You pretended it never happened.

What else have you taken?

I have taken a melancholic passage
And turned it on its head.
I have made a Rothko into a merry-go-round.
I have taken from the hands of others,
A certain shade of—
A gesture
A flick of the wrist, brush in hand,
I borrowed a right angle,
And an adjective. *Ebullient*.

I was surprised when you took the tender leaves from the fig tree
and ate them, claiming they added flavor, hints of walnut and vanilla.
I asked—What are you trying to tell me?
You said it was unfair that I used history against you.

I hoped we would be on the same page.
The algorithm.
But apparently, it was only in my imagination
That we could fly.
Escapism.
They've ruled it out.



EVEN THOUGH I COME HERE EVERY SINGLE DAY, STILL I AM NOT SURE
I SHOULD TRUST THE PATH I REMEMBER.



IN TIME, THE ENTIRE FLOOR OF MY OUTSIDE STUDIO WILL BE COVERED IN BRIGHT COLORS.



WHEN I ARRIVED HERE THIS AFTERNOON, I NOTICED TO MY SURPRISE THAT THIS PLACE HAD SUDDENLY BECOME INCREDIBLY POPULAR. PROBABLY THE EXHIBITION OF MY RECENTLY PAINTED WORKS HERE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.



YES SURE, I AGREE. BUT THE OTHER DAY, YOU SAID
SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. YES, YOU ALWAYS
TAKE IT SO LITERALLY, OH BOY, THAT'S SO UNCLEAR.







DAMN IT MILTON, CAN WE TALK IT OUT ONCE AND
FOR ALL. WE ARE JUST LOOKING AT THE SAME SCENE.
WE ARE WORKING SIDE BY SIDE. THIS IS NOT ABOUT ORIGINALITY

Verloren landschap

NL

A.M. Homes

Ik maak een man in een groene trui.
Wat maak je eerst, de man of de trui?
De man, want ik weet nog niet welke maat.
Wat voor een man?

Een blauwe man, in blauwe broek en blauw van geest.
Als ik hem wilde ontmoeten, waar zou ik dan zoeken?
Buiten het midden.

Vroeger dacht ik
Dat er iets was dat ik mezelf wilde vertellen.
Maar toen vergat ik wie ik was
Of wat ik wilde zeggen.

Is de blauwe man een atleet? Een winnaar op Wimbledon?
Zou je dat willen? Dan zou hij wit moeten dragen.
Of misschien een duiker, die zoekt naar de drietand van Poseidon?
En rijdt op zeepaardjes en octopusarmen in vlechten legt?

Waar komt het licht vandaan?
Het is een reflectie.
Wat is zekerheid in een tijd als deze?
Niemand die het weet.

Ik wist dat we elkaar ooit zouden ontmoeten.
We bleven op tot laat.
Strepen op een muur.
Wolken bij zonsondergang.
Ganzen die naar het zuiden vliegen.
En waarom praat niemand over hun tocht naar het noorden in de zomer?
Niemand vraagt hen: waar breng je de zomer door?

We namen elk een blauw wietsnoepje.
Het had niet anders kunnen gebeuren.

Ik schilderde jou, fosforescerend, lichtgevend en in Pruisisch blauw.
Toen Jimi Hendrix 'And the Wind Cries Mary' speelde, dansten we een tango.
Jij deed alsof het nooit gebeurde.

Wat heb je nog meer genomen?

Ik nam een melancholisch fragment
En zette dat op zijn kop.
Ik maakte een draaimolen van een Rothko.
Ik stal uit andermans handen,
Een zekere schaduw –
Een gebaar
Een draai van de pols, penseel in de hand,
Ik leende een rechte hoek,
En een adjectief. *Uitbundig*.

Ik was verbaasd toen je de tere vijgenbladeren plukte
En ze opat, en beweerde dat ze smaak toevoegden, van walnoot en vanille.
Ik vroeg wat je me probeerde te vertellen.
Je zei dat het oneerlijk was dat ik de geschiedenis tegen jou gebruikte.

Ik hoopte dat we op dezelfde golflengte zouden zitten.
Het algoritme.
Maar blijktbaar was het alleen in mijn verbeelding
Dat we konden vliegen.
Escapisme.
Ze hebben het uitgesloten.



NOTHING, REALLY NOTHING CAME TO ME. A BLANK CANVAS THAT WILL NEVER BE FILLED, NOT EVEN BY A FEW DASHES OR SPOTS, UNTIL I REALIZED THAT THIS INFINITE WHITE MAY BE THE ULTIMATE GOAL AFTER ALL.



I SIT RIGHT OPPOSITE YOU BUT YOU'RE NOT HERE IN THE END. AND
EXACTLY THAT ABSENCE MAKES US CLOSER TO EACH OTHER ANYWAY. OUR PAINTED
IMAGES MIRRORED



I WANT TO BE A HAPPY ARTIST.



NORBERT, NORBERT, ... I KNOW YOU'RE HOME. I CAN SEE YOUR
LIGHT ON FROM MILES AWAY, I'LL COME OVER AND WE'LL MAKE TIME FOR
EACH OTHER IN THE HOPE THAT WE CAN MOVE FORWARD TOGETHER.







AND PERHAPS WE WILL NEVER REALLY MEET SOMEWHERE ON
THE MAINLAND, ALFRED, AND WE WILL REMAIN WAVING AND
CALLING SHORT SENTENCES AND OF COURSE DRAWING EACH OTHER.



SEE YOU, in



Paysage perdu

FR

A.M. Homes

Je fabrique un homme en pull vert.
Par quoi commences-tu, par l'homme ou par le pull ?
Par l'homme, car j'ignore encore la taille de son pull.
Quelle sorte d'homme ?

Un homme bleu, avec un pantalon bleu, et un coup de blues.
Si je voulais le rencontrer, où irais-je chercher ?
Hors du centre.

Avant, je pensais souvent
Que j'avais quelque chose à me dire.
Et puis je ne me rappelais plus qui j'étais
Ou ce que je voulais dire.

L'homme bleu est-il un sportif ? Un champion à Wimbledon ?
Tu aimerais qu'il le soit ? Alors, il devrait porter du blanc.
Ou un plongeur à la recherche du trident de Poséidon ?
Chevauchant des hippocampes et tressant les bras de la pieuvre ?

D'où vient la lumière ?
C'est un reflet.
Qu'est-ce que la certitude en des temps comme ceux-ci ?
On ne peut jamais savoir.

Je savais qu'un jour nous nous rencontrerions.
Que nous veillerions tard.
Des rayures sur un mur.
Des nuages au coucher du soleil.
Des oies volant vers le sud.
Pourquoi personne ne parle de leur vol vers le nord pour l'été ?
Personne ne demande aux oies : où estivez-vous ?

Nous avons pris chacun une pilule bleue en boule de gomme.
Ça ne pouvait pas se passer autrement.

Je t'ai peinte, phosphorescente, luminescente en bleu de Prusse.
Jimi Hendrix a joué *And The Wind Cries Mary* et nous avons dansé le tango.
Et tu as prétendu que ce n'était jamais arrivé.

Qu'as-tu pris d'autre ?

J'ai pris un passage mélancolique
Et je l'ai retourné.
J'ai fait d'un Rothko un carrousel.
J'ai pris dans la main des autres
Une certaine nuance de...
Un geste
Un mouvement du poignet, pinceau à la main,
J'ai emprunté un angle droit
Et un adjectif. *Bouillonnant*.

J'ai été surpris quand tu as pris et mangé les feuilles tendres du figuier
Tu as dit qu'elles ajoutaient une saveur, une note de châtaigne et de vanille.
J'ai demandé : qu'essaies-tu de me dire ?
Tu as répondu qu'il était injuste que j'utilise l'histoire contre toi.

J'espérais que nous serions sur la même longueur d'onde.
L'algorithme.
Mais apparemment ce n'était que dans mon imagination
Que nous pouvions voler.
Évasion.
Ils l'ont exclu.







I SOUGHT SOLACE IN THIS ENCHANTED AND AWE-INSPIRING FOREST. LETTING MY IMAGINATION INTER-
CHANGE HERE, SO DIDN'T MY PALETTE. STILL MY PAINTINGS COULD BE SEEN AS A KALEIDOSCOPE OF MY NEVER CH-
I ENCOUNTER



WINE WITH THE NATURAL WORLD. AS THE SEASONS DIDN'T
CHANGING EMOTIONS, REFLECTING THE NEVER CHANGING LANDSCAPE
RED EVERY DAY AT THE SAME TIME AT THE EXACT SAME SPOT.

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Photo: Antoine Van Kaam and Museum Voorlinden



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Photo: Tim Van Laere Gallery
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Photo: Seowon Nam
Courtesy Art Sonje Center
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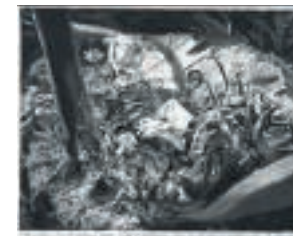
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Courtesy Galerie Max Hetzler,
Berlin | Paris | London | Marfa

Colophon

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