

# PRIVATE NADA

BY

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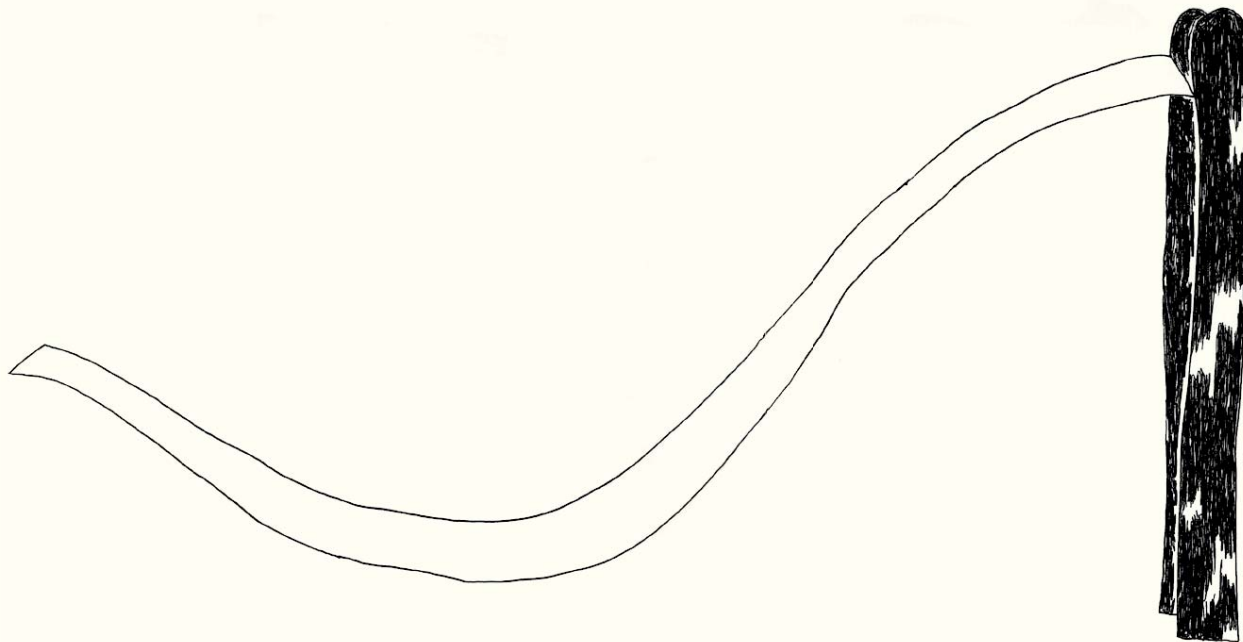
Our time is your time,  
your recollection, your memory.  
Set out with us in search of your Nada.

Childhood is a time when everything seems brilliant and unique.



One finds oneself at the centre of this uniqueness and there is no filter to dim the impressions or experiences.

Everything takes place suddenly and immediately.





Only much later does one appreciate that the mere attempt somehow to approach this immediacy consists of conveying it.

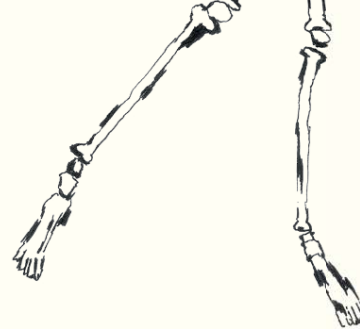
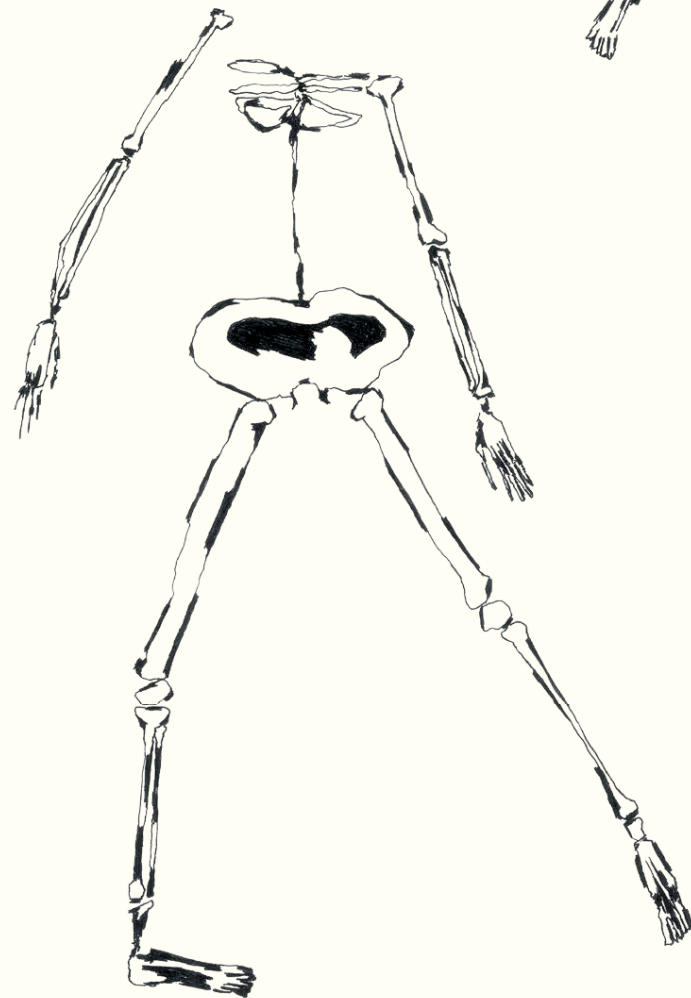
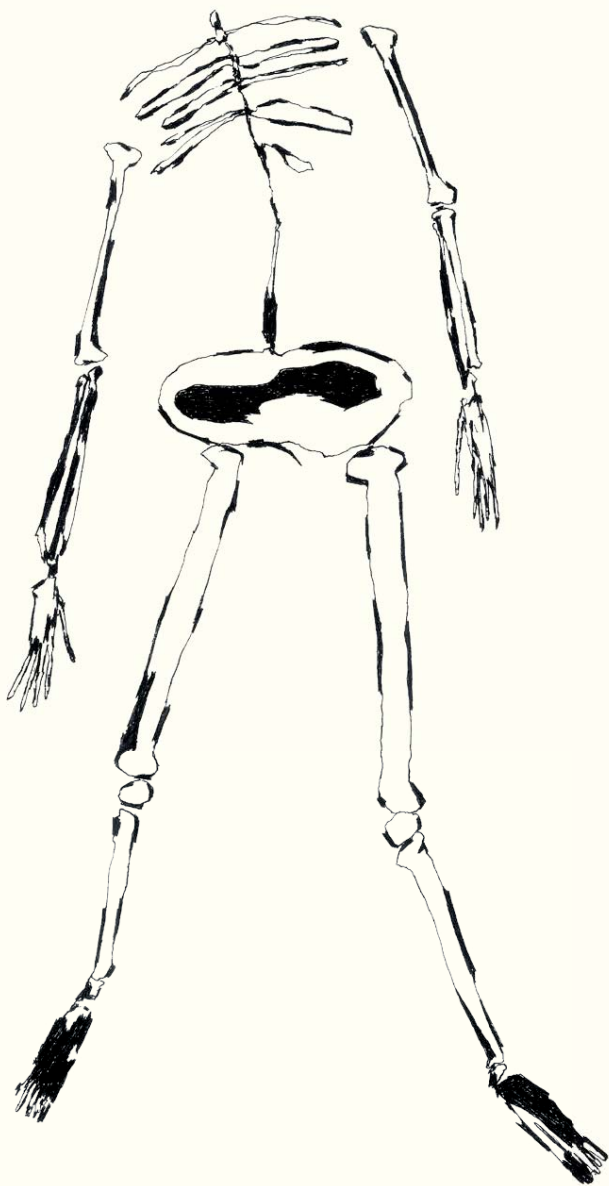
Art  
is  
craving  
for  
life





2008. I lost someone close to me. My mother died of cancer. I nursed her for half a year and said farewell to her during that time. The initial shock was slowly succeeded by other feelings – responsibility and care, for example, and the wish to give back some of what she had given me.

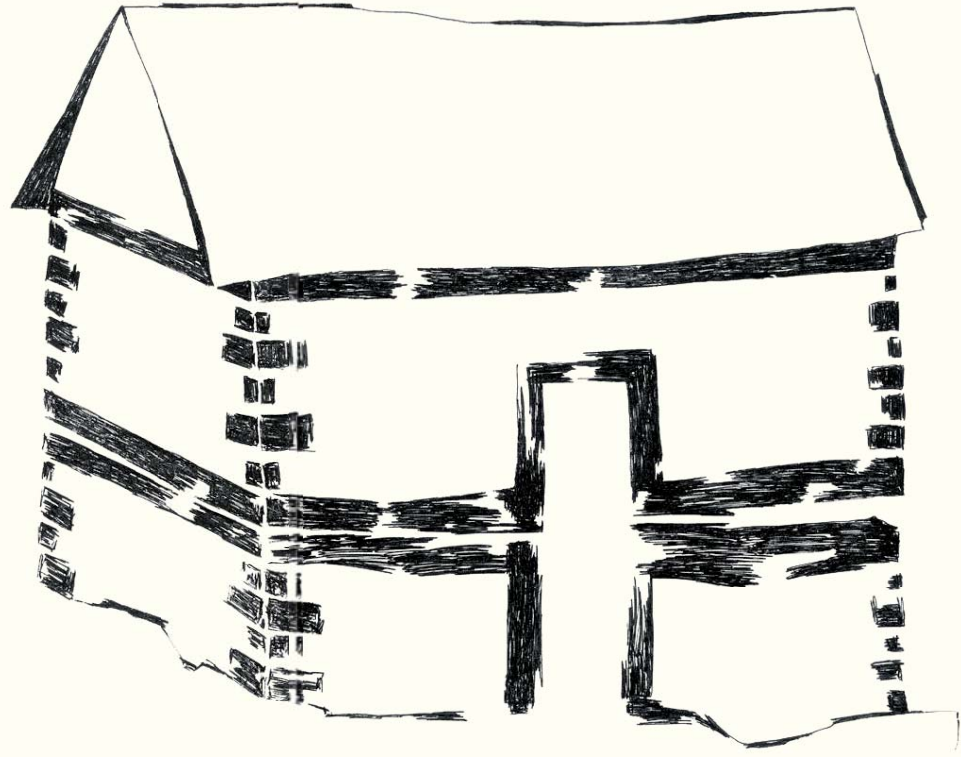






Places are measured.  
Places are delimited.  
Every place tells a story.  
Every place leads to No Place.









once again

once again each year

crocuses

snow drops

anemones

once again each year

easter

each spring

a new beginning

there's a certain sense

to rituals

rituals

cushion

impacts







Do memories first leave you, or do they then come back to you with complete clarity after the ego? Sometimes I want to remind myself of myself, just like when one peeps briefly behind the curtain and knows that one must draw it closed again. Because every thing has its time and belongs only there.

The human being as an individual

What determines the character of each individual? Personal history? Inherited attributes? Or the social environment?

Time is both benefactor and malefactor at once.

Flashbulb memories are only suitable within limits. Because there are limits when it comes to images. And there are limits when it comes to language. The individual wanders through a private universe of flashbulb memories in search of recollection. There are limits to flashbulb memories.

My teddy bear, with just one arm, one eye and one ear, was everything to me. Because he was totally ragged, my mother threw him away without my knowledge. It was like the end of the world for me, so she promised to buy me a new one. One in particular caught my eye at the toy shop. It was the biggest there, bigger than I was – I could never have carried it. But I didn't care. I wouldn't budge.

In the end I got a tiny, plain one who I was told would be very sad if I didn't take him. That was it: with a heavy heart, I left the big one behind. A lousy deal for my old teddy...









## How I discovered Nadation

On odd-numbered dates, the school bus always used to drive through many villages, over many hills, along many valleys. That meant an hour's journey.

The drive did not agree with my stomach, and I got into an awful state. But at some point I invented a way of making the pain vanish.

I always asked myself the same four questions, because I wanted to achieve an understanding of this pain, whereby it was important to sense and give a name to the feeling as precisely as possible.



## Four questions for the pain

### *1. What is this feeling precisely?*

I found out that the 'feeling' always came and went over intervals of equal length. It pulled itself together and stretched out, and it was a short, cutting pain.

### *2. Where do you feel the pain?*

It was in the stomach area, and then I would observe where it was located just then. I pursued it with determination.

### *3. What does the pain look like?*

It was like a ring.

#### *4. What are its colours?*

Depending on its character at the time  
I would assign it a colour.

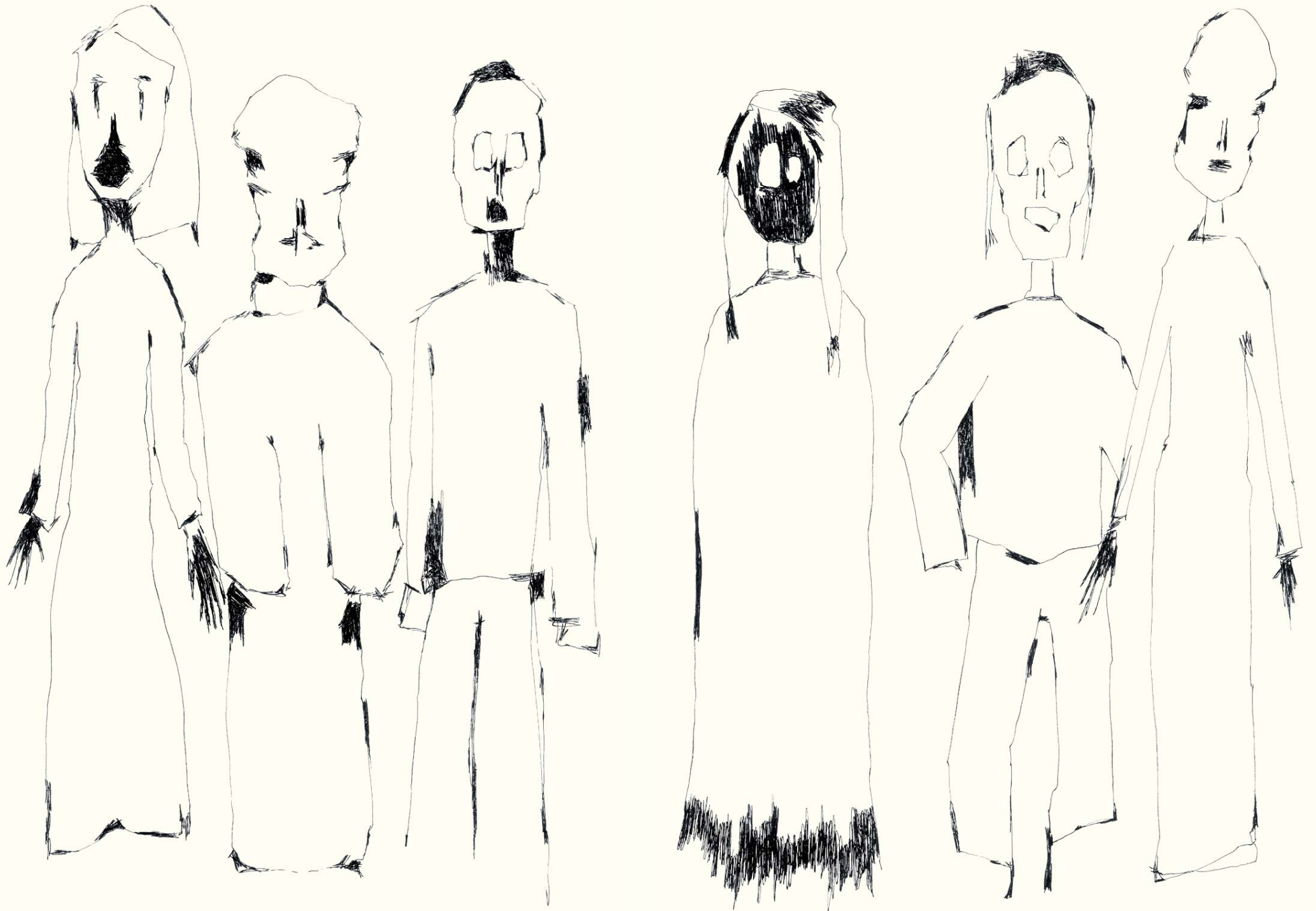
With time I was able to say exactly how it would progress: that it would suddenly be there, that it would also diminish, that I would wait for when it might start again, that it would most probably feel like a ring again, that it would presumably have a different colour.

#### Next level

I now knew all about the sequence of events and suddenly had the idea that I wanted to control the pain for as long as necessary to make it go away.

When it came on, I imagined its location, duration and the likely interval till it would next resume, along with its colour.

At some point I noticed that I could imagine the pain away if I concentrated on it totally and completely. It vanished. Now I could take possession of it and had the capability to repeat this at will.





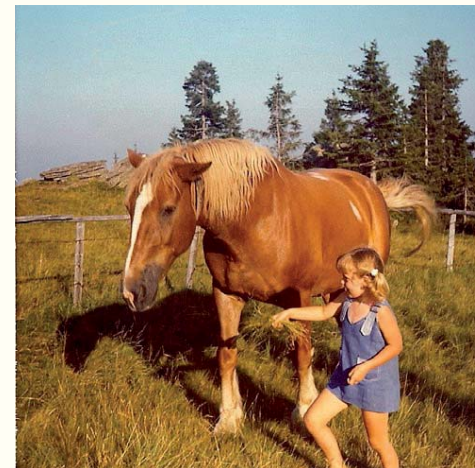


## Overwhelming

We all walk our path, and everyone has his or her own fears.

Fear is an overwhelming protector.

How much courage is required to let it go?



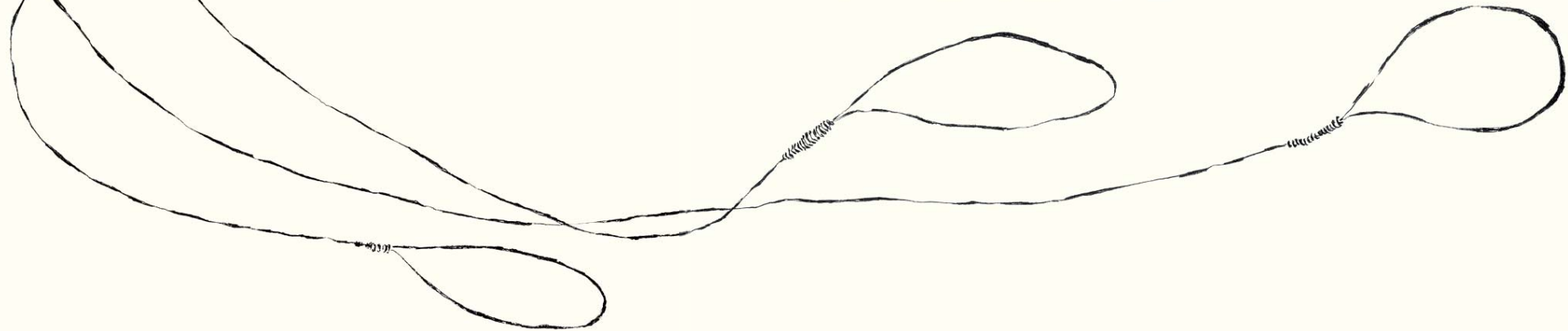
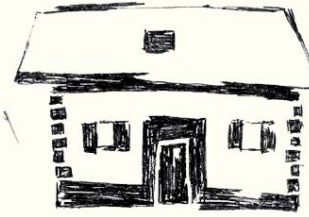


### The sense of Lebing

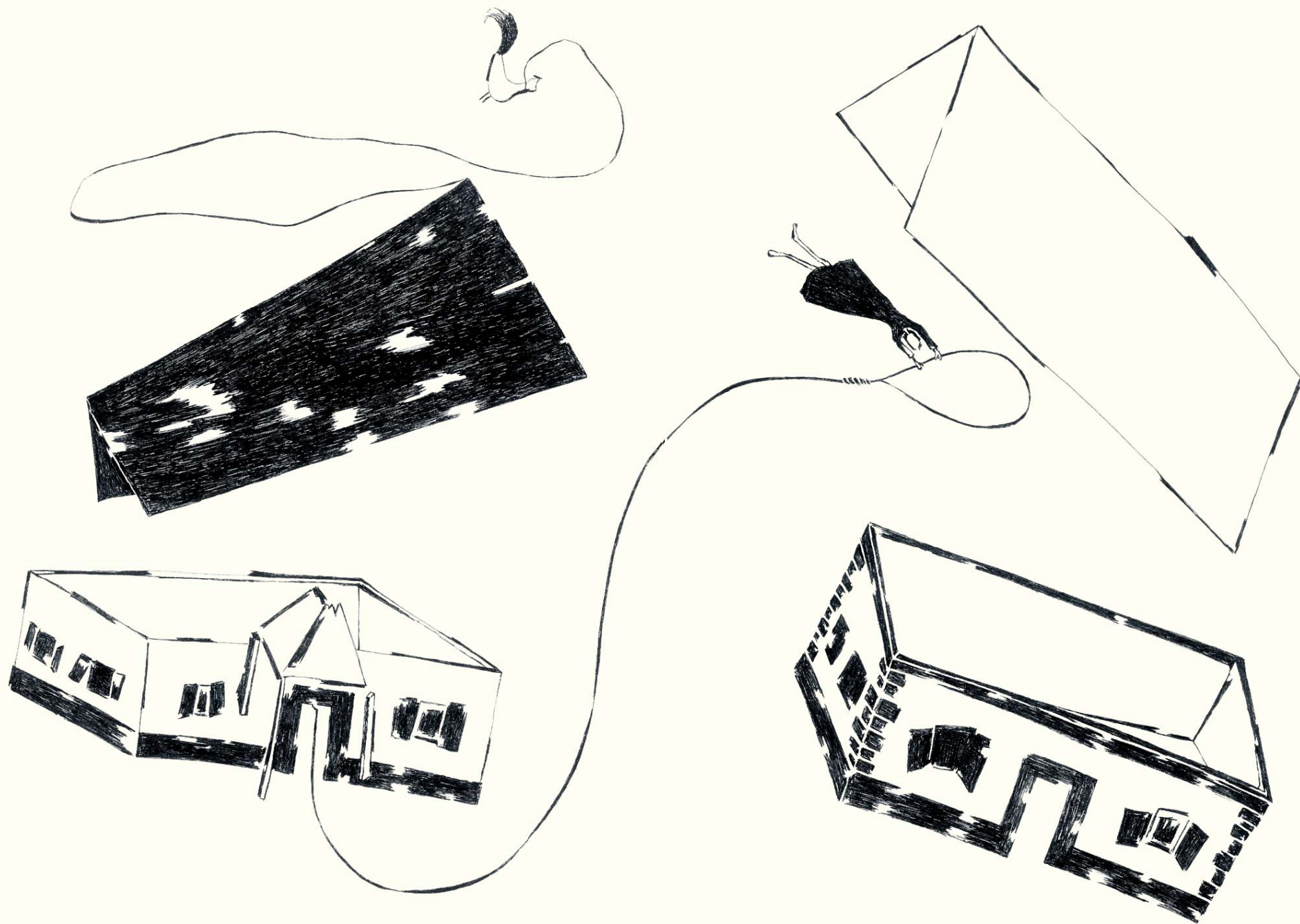
Lebing is the village of my birth. The German word 'leben' means to live. So can one indeed say that the sense of Lebing is the same as the sense of living? My recollection begins with living, and yet also with dying. When I was three and a half years old, with my mother I visited our neighbour and we found her hanged.

There is no sense of living, and yet it does indeed exist. It all depends on the implicature and context. The personal context in other contexts. I believe that whoever commits suicide has ceased to compare. Committing suicide also indicates that one can't deal with anything anymore – one has actually already dealt with all the possibilities. Placeability as a category is rejected; every context is destroyed through isolation. So such a person can no longer deal with things and instead deals with herself or himself, because the ego no longer counts.

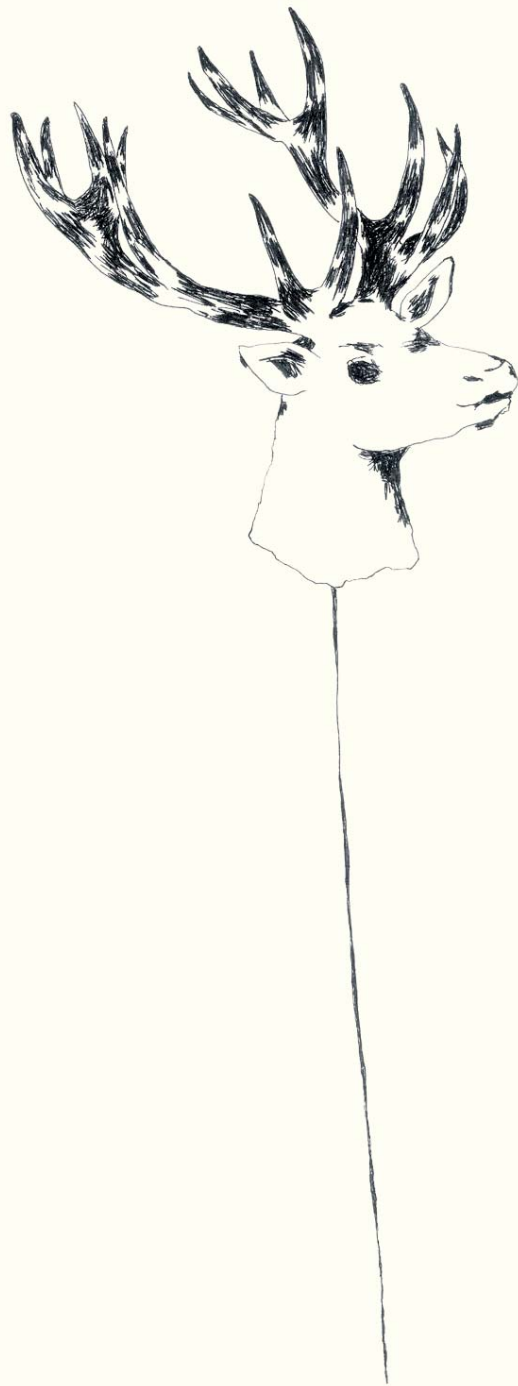




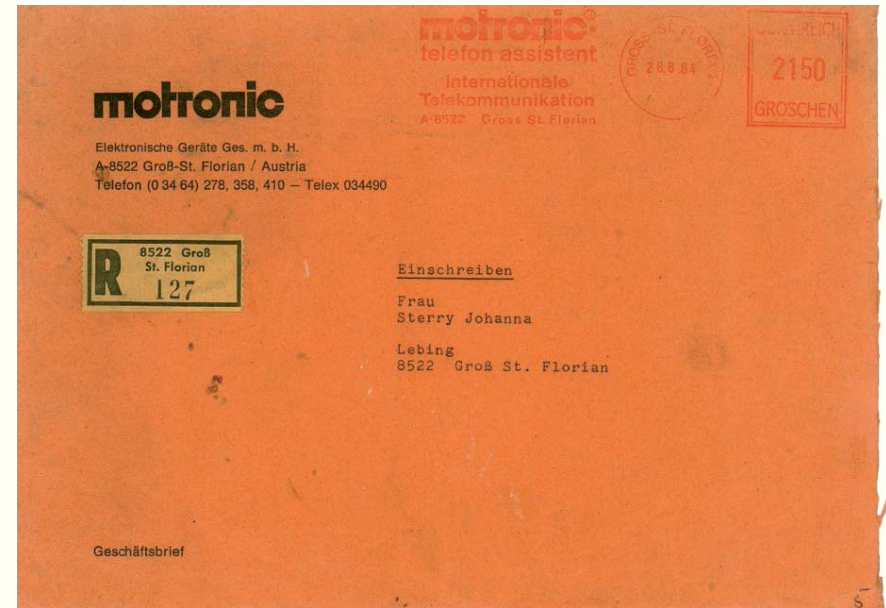




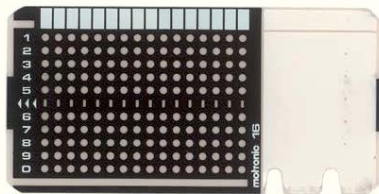
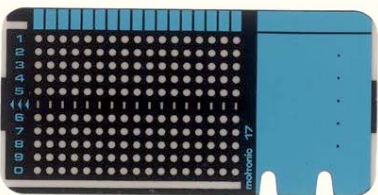
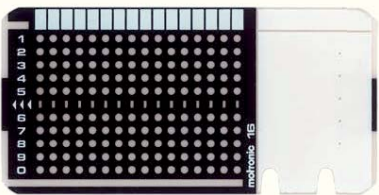
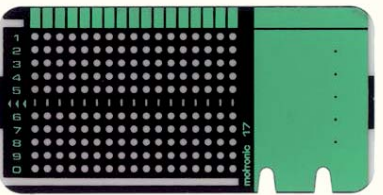
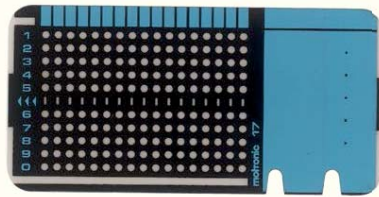
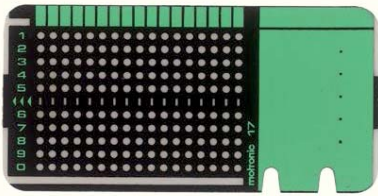
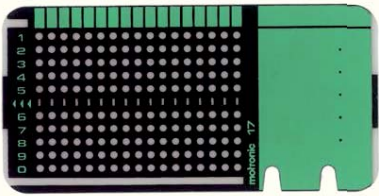
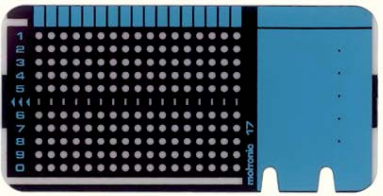
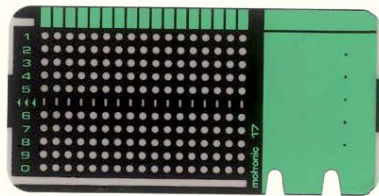
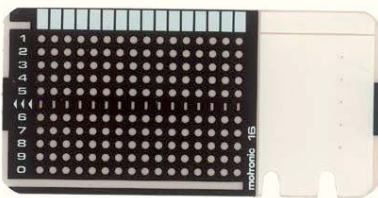
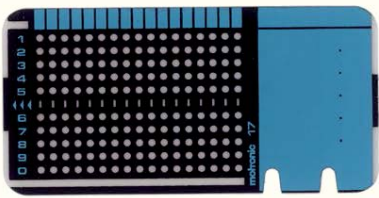
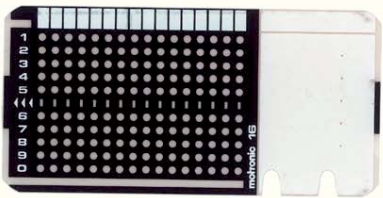
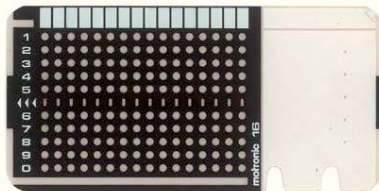
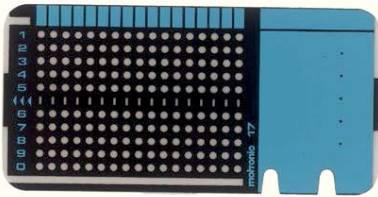
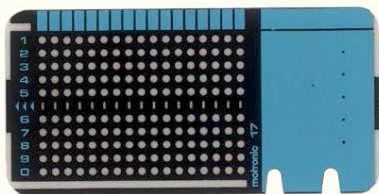
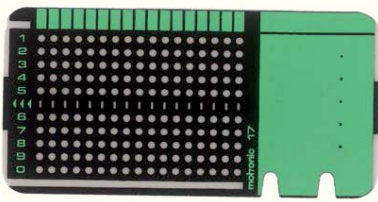




My mother and her sister on Christmas Eve. In the background, belling deer. We had no concept of art. We had this picture on the wall to make the place look lived-in. I often tried to gaze really far into this place to see how far back the forest and lake actually went. While doing this, I just ignored the deer.



The Motronic company was an important part of our lives – in an active sense for my mother whilst passive for me. She left the house at ten past six every morning and returned home at half past four. Avalanche beepers and telephony aids were manufactured through piecework at Motronic.





Return to paradise

We were driven out of paradise.

But we have conquered it once more.

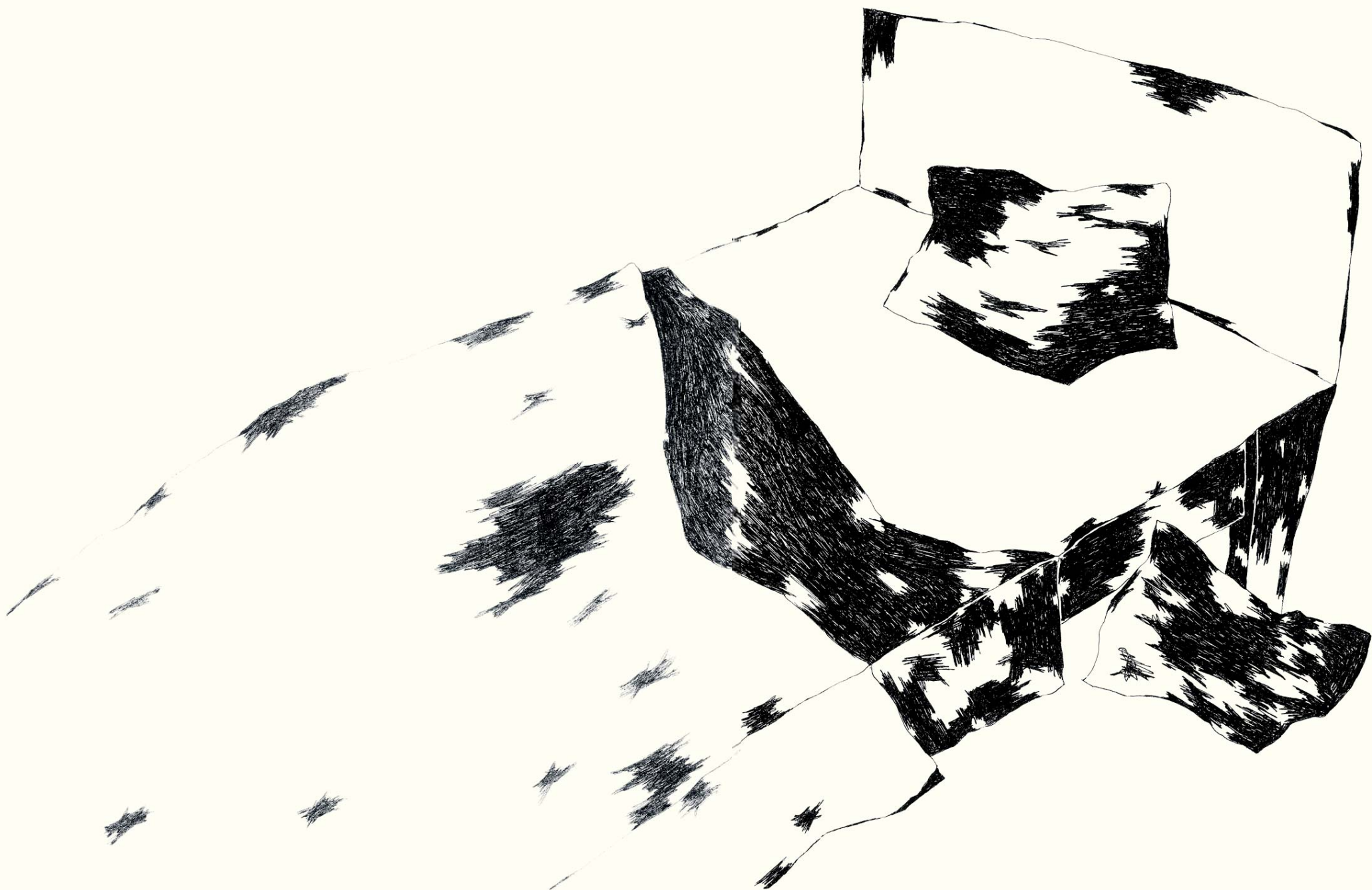


Harvest festival

Giving thanks for an occasion of joy.  
Celebrating the harvest festival over  
a little cart full of vegetables, with the  
fruit of the womb running behind.









Riddle

Which desire may one not disguise?



## Feeling secure

One day my mother was worried about me and said that perhaps it wasn't good for a child to have no father. And that perhaps just a mother alone was altogether insufficient for an upbringing.

Feeling uneasy, I resolved to improve myself. I still remember how I told her, full of consternation, what I had read in a magazine for grown-ups: namely that one person is also completely sufficient for a child's well-being, because a child basically needs only one parent.





## Jumping

Why it is better to jump than to float. We are destined to fall, even if the landing may be hard. We always land, that's a fact. On the other hand, if we float, we always have to worry as to whether we will actually land. Looking at it that way, it is better to have a hard landing than no landing.



Those who stop dreaming  
have not appreciated  
that the new must first  
encounter resistance.

Those losing themselves  
in their dreams  
have not appreciated  
that every failure  
implies a new start.

Let us put aside  
the stones  
placed in our way.



NADATE  
YOURSELF!