

## **FM – or What is a radio?**

I was asked to bring something along tonight, and though I am no poet, writer, artist or scientist I'll have to be a little of them all now. As I am mainly dealing with words, professionally and otherwise, I brought some of those, some words on waves, a spoken text.

I am my father's son, in picking manically my facial hair for example, or in the shared enjoyment of giving speeches. But not when it comes to the sciences. He was a physics professor and I had to muster all my cheating skills to pass the subject in school. It seemed to make sense intuitively but trying to do the maths didn't add up. I dropped the subject as soon as I could.

So when diving into the waves of the interweb, searching for clues what I could bring here tonight, on waves, I was quickly lost in basic physic tutorials, diagrams, terms and definitions.

Vaguely.

What comes now has three parts (or three and a half, or four and a half).

A warm up poem. Then part two on wave politics. Then part three on waves of emotion.

A micro interlude. An then ebbing out towards the end.

Thus now, I present you with an old, slightly edited text of mine, of which my friend Marko said it could be the product of a genius 14 year old (I was about twice as old when I wrote it).

I had randomly encountered on the internet the profile of a young Singaporean woman who interned in Italy, and I decided to write her a poem. It's called

**"A young proletarian with big dreams"**

who would believe  
but spontaneity breaks the world, again and again,  
and if perturbation is another word for keeping the world spinning  
then let it be so

when the chest hurts and the back aches  
you know that there is something wrong with your posture  
but then the blue sky helps  
to turn your head up  
and fall back into the infinity  
that is the neural capacity of your brain

so the word comes  
circulates around the globe  
once, twice, millions a time  
eternally if necessary  
and you sit there  
at your desk  
enjoy that food  
"gorging it en masse"  
and you cannot escape the word  
the world  
that suddenly  
so violently  
so irresistibly  
so  
naive, embarrassing, infantile, insoluble  
-ly

comes over you  
takes hold, occupies, invades,  
whatever has been you  
then  
parallax  
the world shifts  
your eyes turn  
and there: a face, an image, a life from wherever

and you close your eyes  
he hands rest in your lap  
though sweaty  
will it go away again  
will it leave you  
will you be alone again  
will anyone know  
has somebody really looked into your head??

## **II. Wave Politics**

I started thinking about this wave issue in the time before the election, and much that was talked about had to do with the new right party. What came to my mind was how, in this newly polarized situation – polarized meaning: the political field has been stretched out again and opposing positions at each end create tension – the positions had reversed. The left was defensive, the right critical. It was as if, over the time of a generation, the wave had changed direction. Is it some kind of dialectic? Is it that as we have to decide where to position ourselves in the flow of events that create history, we produce oppositions, but since we cannot cover all, but be only a part, our contradiction comes back at us. The wave gets reflected, what was up is now down, and vice versa. Wrong?

Waves make islands, islands make waves

Rocks make waves, the surf,

Tree tops in the wind

Wogen, wiegen, rocking

Dunes are downs which also means hill in some Celtic variants

The wave is both, up and down, hear and there, a thread binding both together as it moves to and fro, rocks up and down, undulates between two states.

Valley and hill create the wave; the wave is both, valley and hill.

### **The political dimension of vaguely**

waving, wavering, weaving,

inundating ,undulating , ,

doubting, drifting,

downing, drowning

mourning, mending, meaning, meandering

heaving, sighing, breathing, soothing

smoothing, smothering,

dithering

drop

drip

drop

### **III. Waves of emotion (Critical functions)**

This part should really be the biggest. So much could be said about waves and emotions. But it is too big a topic to deal with, so it is short. Suffice it to say that at some point I realized that my states of emotions are not states at all but phases which can be graphed like waves. At least, once the thought was in my mind, I felt I could draw an inner line that corresponded to my feelings, taking the shape of a wave. Not a neat sine wave, and not necessarily very regular, more fluid, but of course with the characteristic highs and lows. The equation for its function is ever changing, as I'm steering through the environments of every new day, relating and disconnecting what comes my way. The vital functions of my body system churn out – hopefully – rhythmic lines – breathing, heartbeat, blood pressure. I am carried by the waves of my emotions, the colour of molecules, the shadows of my soul.

#### **Strange waves**

Is it

Going in the wrong direction

Surrounding myself with the wrong people

Making bad choices

Or just like

The weather?

#### **IV. EBBING OUT**

Seeing is the perception of electromagnetic waves, our hearing that of mechanical waves. We are enmeshed in a world of waves, everything, living and non-living is vibrating, from atoms to cosmic radiation. The wave can be totalitarian, all encompassing, and we find ourselves just as flecks in a mass. But as creatures of freedom, we don't just receive but also emit our own frequencies. Ecstasy is the ejaculation from static noise, white pink brown red.

#### SOME final WAVES

Wave length,  
Minimal wave  
Micro wave  
New wave  
Monster wave  
Sine wave  
Dark wave  
Heat wave  
New wave  
No wave  
Air wave s  
Cold wave  
Ground wave  
Silent wave

#### BREAKING THE WAVES

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