

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, here 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

Timon Mürer, Berlin October 2017