

We set out to work and produce didactically, along the way despite our best efforts this became difficult and then impossible. Hopefully something from this didactic momentum remains, and not only in the title, as it is something we believe in. Apparently this decade feels familiar. We started with some general categories; athletics, technology, quantity, recordings and villainy. We were not able to maintain all these categories but in general a spirit of competition and measurement remains, the spirit of numbers.

Some of this began during an unexpected attempted blackmailing over an apartment. This got connected with a free and poorly attended midnight screening of G.W. Pabsts's *Die Dreigroschenoper*, both happened during a heatwave. The general criminality of our society and our relationships and our bosses somehow became more thuggish and also more cartoonish. The athleisure, instagram accounts and coke habits of real estate agents became top hats and orphans.

There was a desire to bring writing in which we managed with a device. This solution to the ongoing writing problem presents its own problems. Namely the perversion of the so called rules of the game. This is a dilemma because we believe in the rules and find them helpful. In this case we decided to go ahead anyway and there is subsequently a disorder that is hopefully not too narcissistic.

On the other hand, the paintings might have a more direct relationship to cinema. To follow its metabolism of painting with their own degraded assemblage. Speaking of light and projection, we have seen recently the industrial avant garde push forward. Extreme ultraviolet lithography, a process so capital intensive that only a handful of firms worldwide can manage to produce the machinery. At the moment ASML in the Netherlands prevails, the head of a spider-like supply chain that wraps around the world. Included in its web is the German lens manufacturer Zeiss AG, once the technological pride of the DDR. But that is all no longer. For now we need more chips, faster, smaller, deeper down into the cobalt mines of the Congo. Planetariums, knife fights, rivers. It's called currency for a reason.

Social war, total war, all against all. There was no more point in isolation, so the canvases started to fill with figures and faces again. Some kind of voice spoke to me, destroy he said, it's 5am, time to answer your emails. An avalanche of violent and unmeasured encroachments. Stupid old Germany I hate it here, but at least we can see what is going on. And that is what we are trying to do, to see again. I have to regulate, I have no wish to be antisocial. I confess I confess I confess. And there is something to see. A nation in revolt, that is teaching us to live, with poetry and with guns. The white phosphorus burns on my son's legs, parking fines.

The automated ordering screens are covered in grease. And the grease makes all kinds of compositions, organisations, who does what. Who wears which uniform. Spontaneity and organisation, too much freedom is dangerous. The Sonnenallee is militarised. Police on every corner. Each week things are more expensive. At some point in dealing with images you begin to feel them as much as see them. Can you feel a price like you feel a painting. We are making movies, this is a small cinema. We made it with our friends, we are looking for new friends, in the 20's in the 60's, now, seeing now together. They were prisoners addicted to prisons.

The paintings fill with smoke, some more some less. Cigarettes, chimneys, vapes, trains going past. So many new tracks and so much steel to melt. So many bonds, so many joint stock companies. Charlie Chaplin helped sell War Bonds for America in 1918, he even bankrolled and produced a short propaganda film. They deported him anyway, he spent the rest of his days in Switzerland, comfortable, isolated, semi-retired. Walls are the new railways, they go up everywhere, with a wall you are not moving, you are one side or the other. The train ride produces the ultimate panorama, the invention of cinema, Eisenstein thought maybe the theatre screen could have been vertical.

No more movement, just walls and phones, smoke, deeper into the earth. The crowds, the masses, one of us, three more deliveries today, two more degrees next week. The spirit of Monet and Cezanne passed directly to the Lumière brothers, and when I look out my window, I still see a Lumière shot. This means we share the same world. But this sight cannot be captured the same way, how many calories did it burn to write this, what kind of metabolism can exist, we open the newspaper at McDonalds, a great but disappointing image.