

Mr.Knabbitz' eye view

a rodent with banks. My friend. My sole companion. Hair like fur and long fingernails. I look up to him but also sometimes down on him. We only communicate through the eyes. He looks like Gary Oldman in the fifth element. Hair is sprouting like grass.

We eat together. Something like a corn on the Cobb, but instead of cornets nuts. mr. Knabbitz. Macadamia nuts. But formed to an artificial Cobb of corn.

I eat his food.

Rebirth. Spirit taking on another body. That off an animal. Humans and animals don't speak the same language.

I said „Do you speak-a my language?“.

He smiled.

Animals and humans live parallel lives. Nature/culture. Parallel Like balusters.

Round turned wooden columns of soft and fluid like aesthetic. Geometric combinations of spheres, cylinders and cones form these parallels. Outward swelling and inward curving. Animals translate between humans and their source. Jimminy cricket, the wooden boy and maester Eder.

Inward curving outward swelling taking to each other, forming a little society. A garden where all creatures live together.

Geometric forms, shadow play, silhouettes. Outlines.

we are are speaking a figurative language, that of metaphors.

view. And feel. What does my gut tell me?

We speak through the eyes, not the mouth. The mouth is for eating.

We Come from the land behind the horizon.

Emotions were the first motive for us to talk.

All creatures in friendly relations in one camp the woven garden fence that I once painted. Living together or parallel to each other. In peace but also fightingly. Fighting is part of it. But also kiss and make up!

Jörg said:

Dont like to compare!

Every artist is still better than every soldier!