

S a m  
uel Sch  
a a b

Samuel Schaub

Modifications

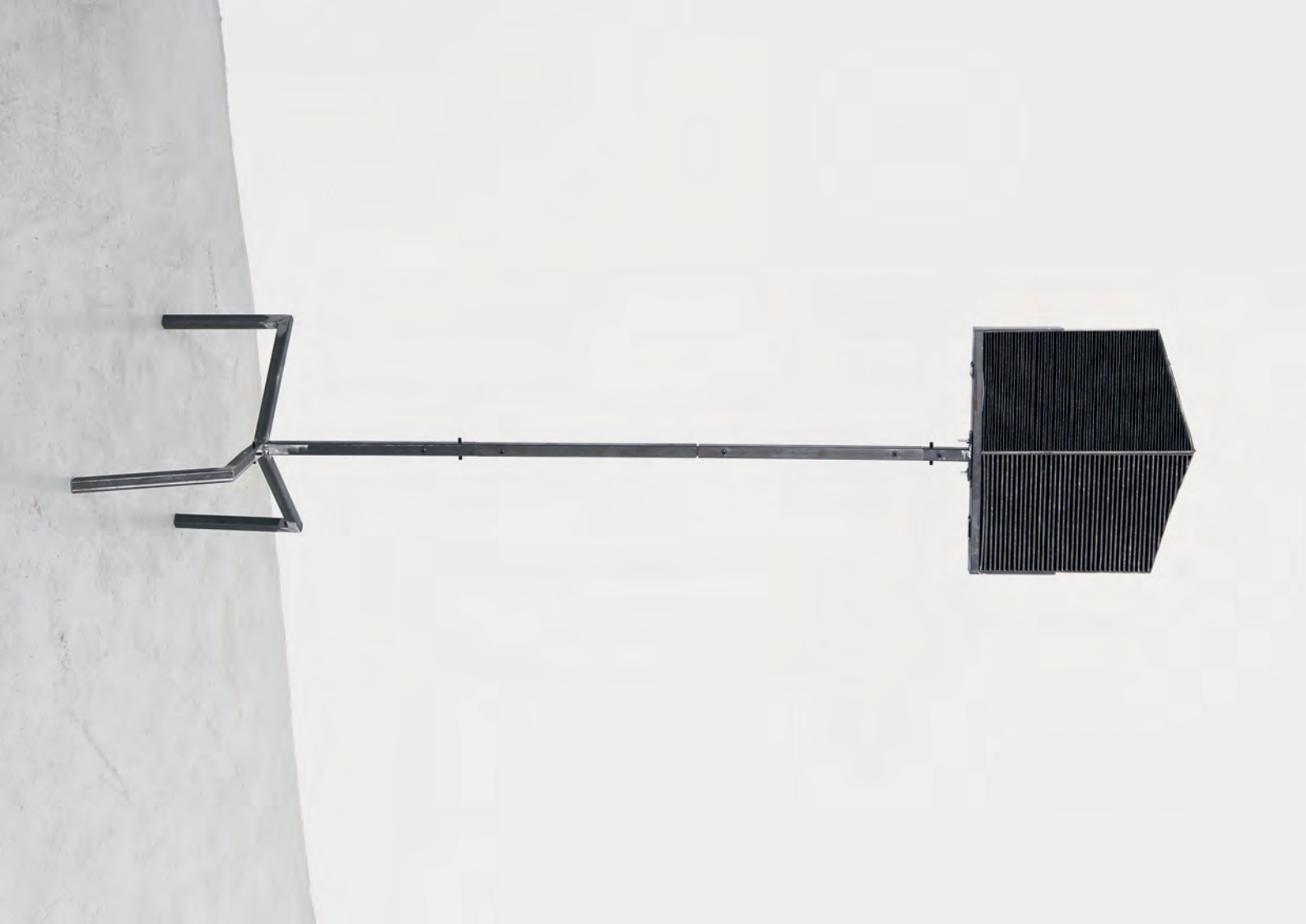
M o d i  
f i c a  
t i o n s

GALIM  
FÜR  
ROHST  
STEIN









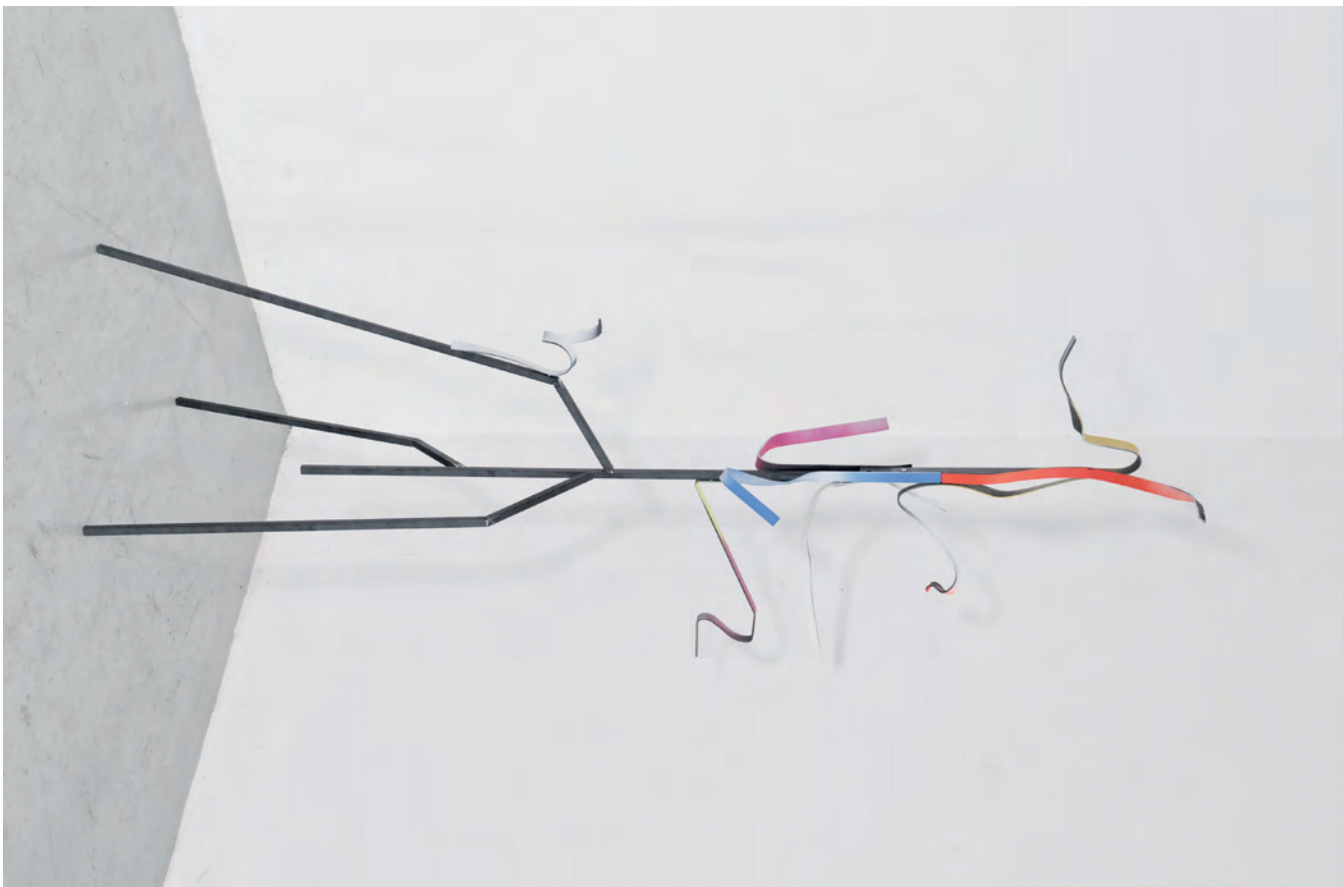
I  
find it too boring,

it's a waste

of my time

I can't do it







how  
random

random is







## Ensembles

Wenn sich ein Gitter löst und weder für Eingänge noch Ausgänge sorgt.

Die Symmetrien legen sich mit entscheidenden Unterbrechungen in die Begrenzung.

Der Stahl gibt vor gerade zu sein, doch vom Werk bis zur Werkstatt biegen viele an der Geraden.

Diese Verbiegung ist nicht wegzuschneiden, sie taucht unvermittelt im Winkel auf.

Doch dann schälen sich bananenartig die Farbblätter aus dem Raster.  
Die Loslösung, die Verfärbung,  
die Korrespondenz nach Außen!

Eine Ablage hält sich an zwei kleinen Krallen fest.

Die Horizontale ist schon gescheitert, es bleibt nur noch der vertikale Status Quo.  
Eigentlich war der Dienst an anderen Dingen die Grundlage.

Jetzt muss sie niemandem mehr dienen,  
aber dafür ist die Existenz auf ein schmales Band reduziert.

Die Gurte bleiben sauber und signalisieren maximale Anwesenheit, tragen müssen sie lediglich ihre eigene Verspannung.

Eine Bahre für Tiere, eine falsche Brücke,  
unbekanntes Zubehör.



Die Staubfalle ist aufgestellt, was sich einfangen lässt, wird fein pulverisiert und abgelagert.

Die Lamellen fragmentieren unsichtbar aber stetig neues Material.

Als Mistreiter schwebt ein grosses softäres Astloch über dem Boden.

Das Loch ist ihm besonders gut gelungen, es erzeugt das Vorhandensein eines

Außenrums.

Damit das Loch, übrigens auch eine Existenzvariante der Falle, bestmögliche Durchdringung vollziehen kann, wurden drei Couchfüße als Untersetzer installiert.

Jetzt schwebt die Öffnung über seiner eigenen Leere und wartet auf

Einfall.

Staub und Neutrinos bleiben die einzigen Gäste und Opfer dieses

Fallen

Ensembles.





after that everything is easy



## Ensembles

When a grating comes loose and serves  
neither as entrance nor exit.

The symmetries settle with critical  
interruptions in the perimeter.

The steel pretends to be straight,  
but from factory to workshop much of it bends into line.

There is no hiding this bending,  
it keeps popping up unexpectedly  
at the corners.

But then paint chips peel  
banana-like off the grid.

The detachment, the discoloration,  
the correspondence to the outside!

A shelf holds on tight to two small claws.

The horizontal has already failed,  
all that's left is the vertical status quo.  
Serving other things was actually the  
basis for the situation.

Now there is nothing left to hold on to,  
existence is reduced to a narrow band.

The belts stay clean and signal maximum presence,  
all they have to carry is their own tension.

A stretcher for animals, a false bridge, unknown fixture.

The filter trap is set, everything that can be caught  
is finally pulverized and deposited.

The fins fragment invisible but constantly new material.

An ally, a large solitary knothole hovers  
above the ground.

The hole is particularly well made,  
it creates the presence of an

outer rim.

To allow this hole, incidentally also a variant of  
the trap, to achieve the best possible penetration,  
three couch feet have been installed as coasters.  
The opening thus hovers above its own void,  
waiting for something to

fall in.

Dust and neutrinos remain the only guests and victims  
of this









we will  
the  
we look

look  
much  
now  
same

pretty  
as



schlagschattengewächse

wir leben in resten,  
in resten interstellarer begegnungen,  
in resten menschlicher begegnungen,  
objekte stoßen aneinander,

dazwischen sonnenwind,  
resonanzen,

klänge.

ein wind hat mir erzählt,  
von objekten, die ihm begegnet.  
hat mir erzählt von einer lamelle,  
von einer möbiusschleife,

der wind kennt die tücken der objekte.  
kennt glatte oberflächen, fransen,  
brüche menschlichen ursprungs.  
kennt halden, reste längst vergessener kulturen,  
streift durch die maschen

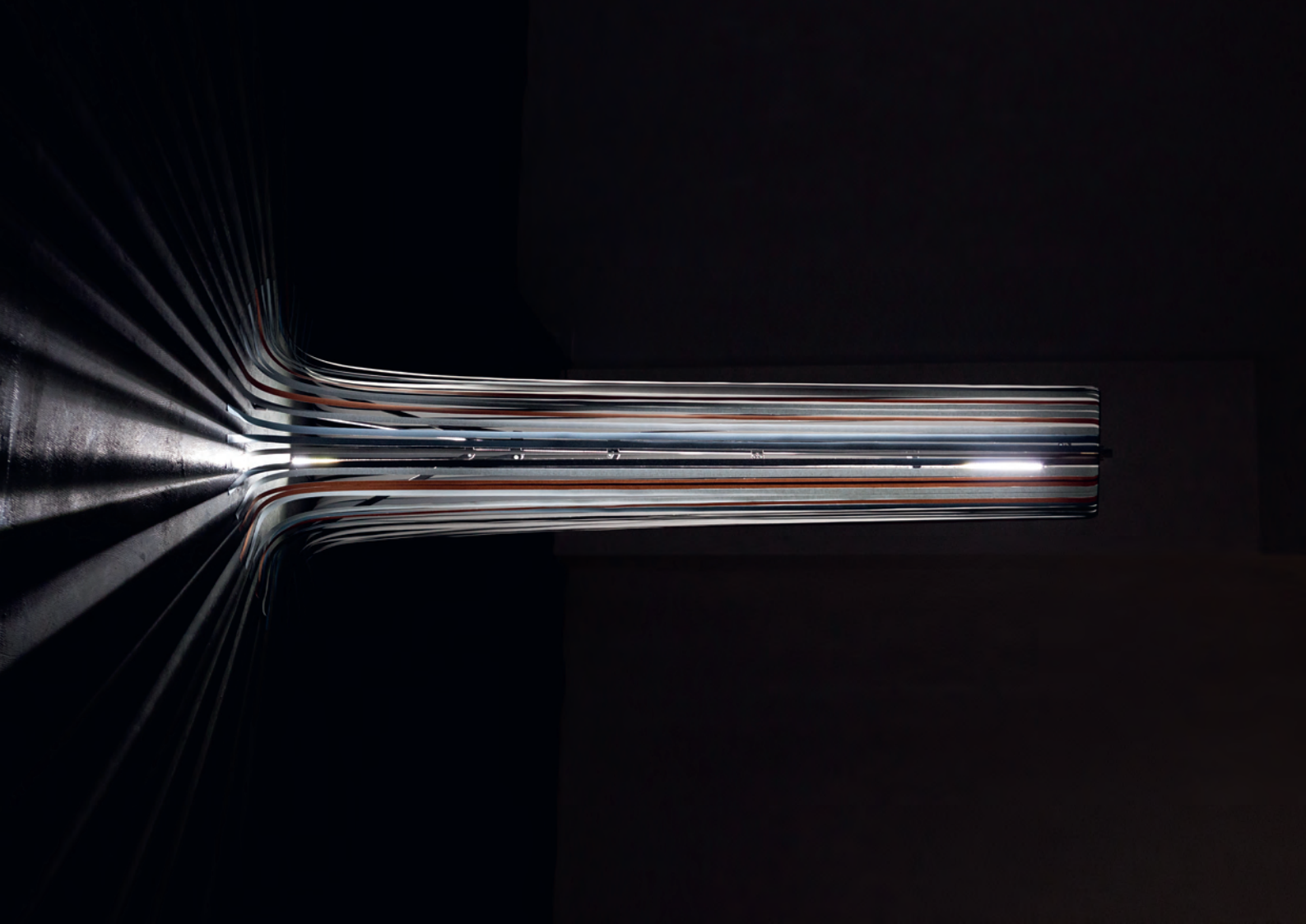
all der maschendrahte.

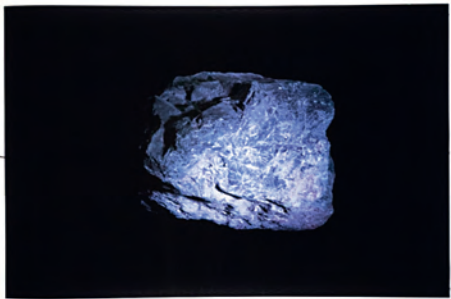
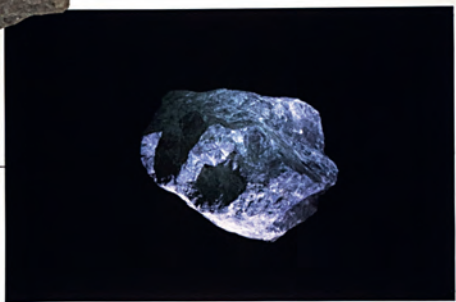
ruinen ruinöser beziehungen.

ferne lichter, reflektionen in der nacht.  
instrumente, die sich selbst beobachten,  
werkzeuge, die ihr eigenes werk.

alle lampen wollen sich hier selbst beleuchten,  
alle trommeln wollen sich spielen hören.  
wir senden von allen enden her.

erst wenn wir uns als abfallcontainer denken,  
fühlen wir uns ein bisschen weniger allein.







cast-shadow plants

we live in remnants,  
in remnants of interstellar encounters,  
in remnants of human encounters.  
objects collide,

amidst the solar wind,  
resonances,

sounds.

a wind told me  
of objects it encounters.

told me about a fin,  
about a möbius strip,

the wind knows all the objects' quirks.  
knows smooth surfaces, frayed edges,  
fractures of human origin.

knows waste heaps, remnants of long forgotten cultures,  
roams through the loops of

all the wire mesh.

ruins of ruinous relationships.

distant lights, reflections in the night.  
instruments that observe themselves,  
tools, being their own work.

all lamps want to illuminate themselves here,

all drums want to hear themselves play.  
we broadcast from all ends.

only when we start to see ourselves as a waste container  
do we feel a little less alone.



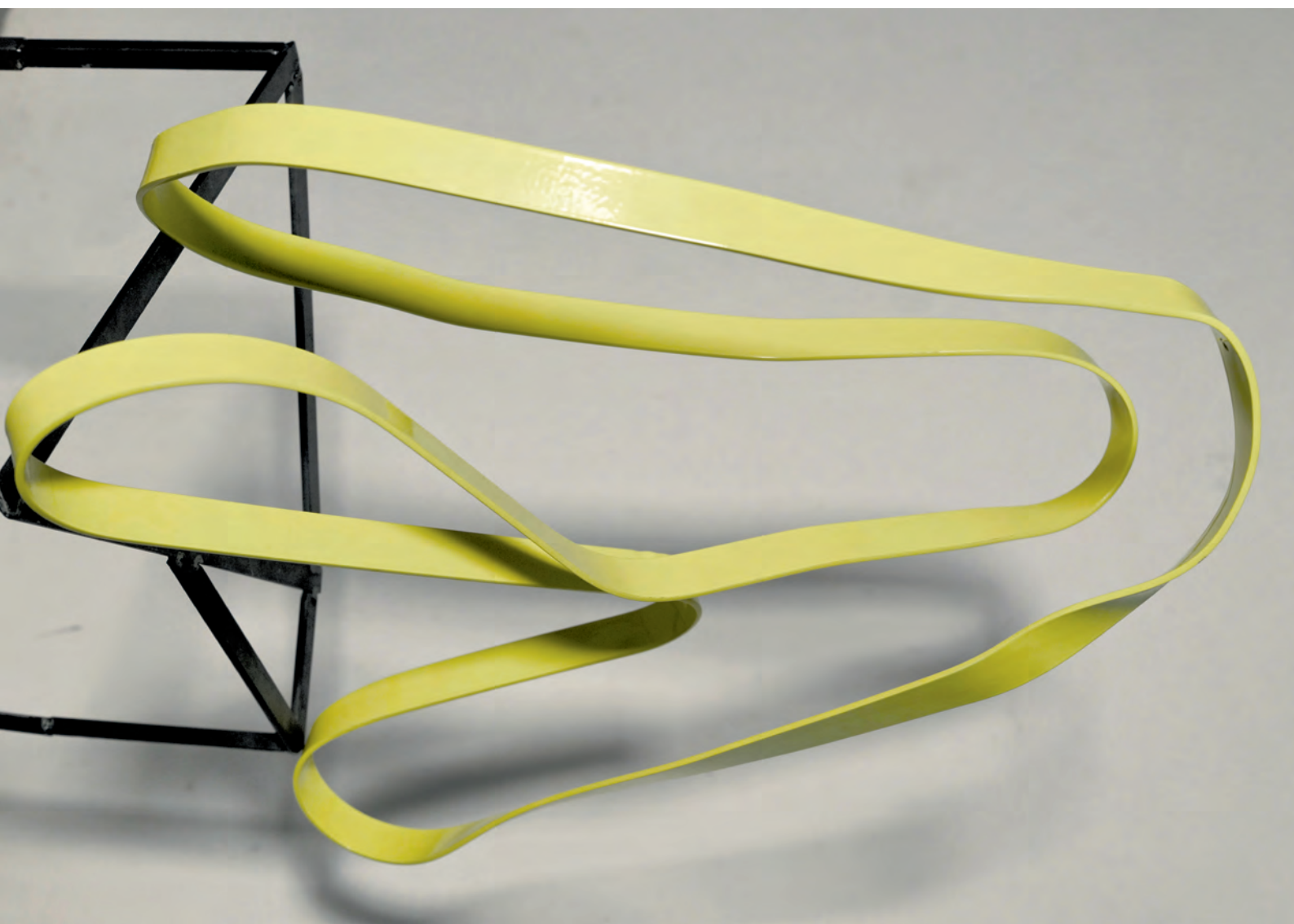


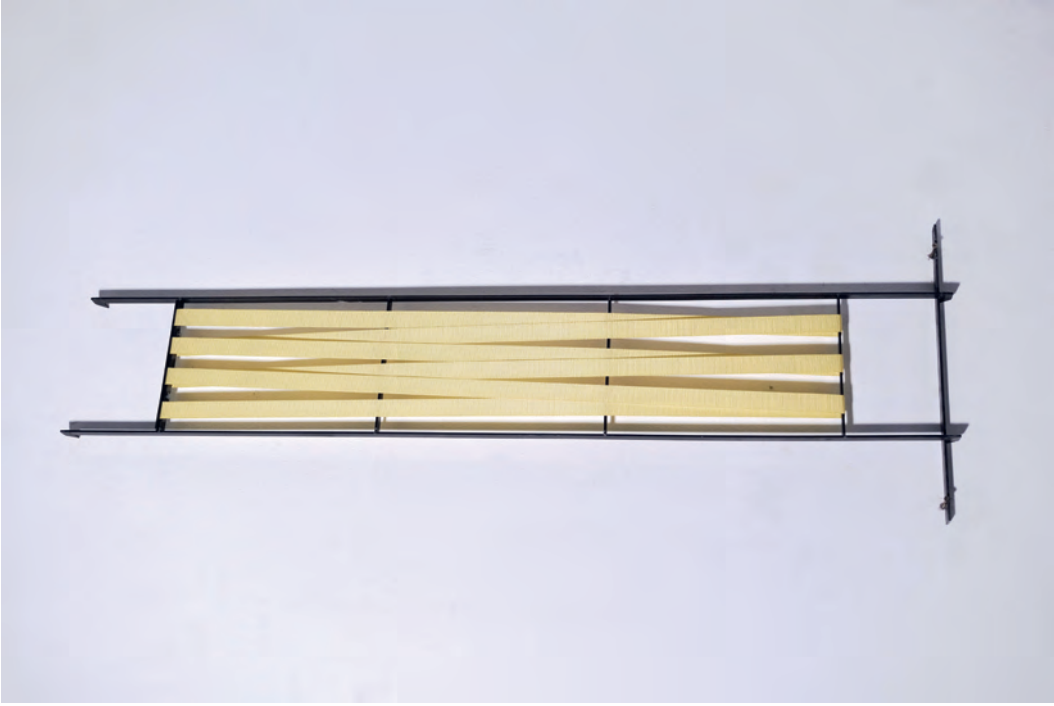


**unexplained**

**voices on the**

**tape**











**and  
that you are**

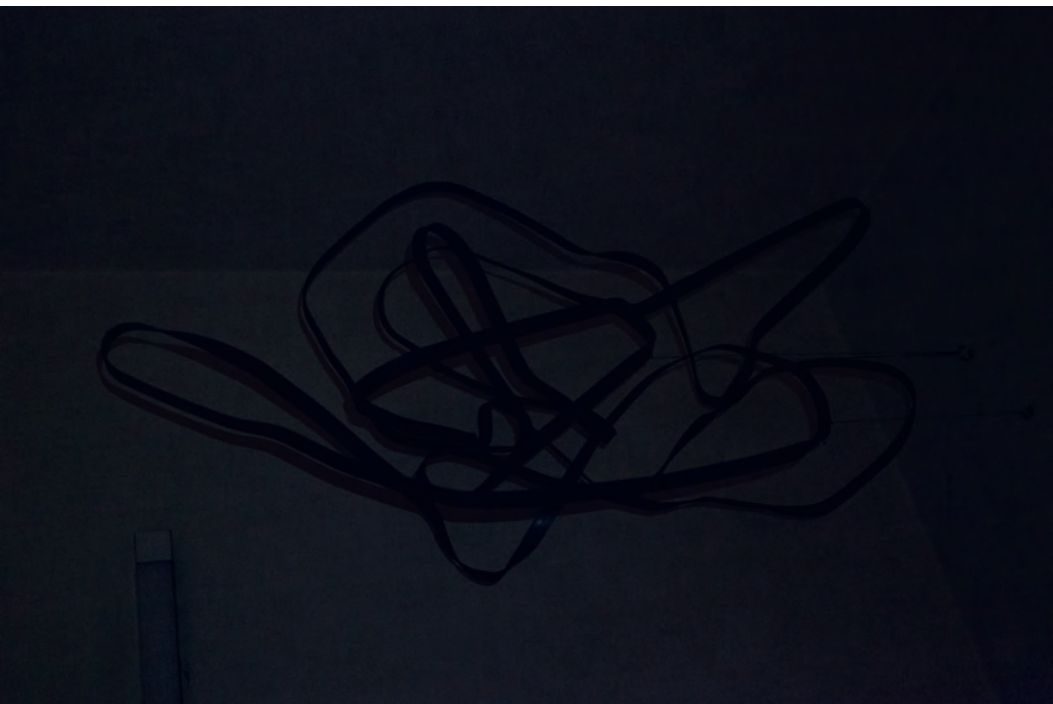
**the idea**

**a machine is just a**

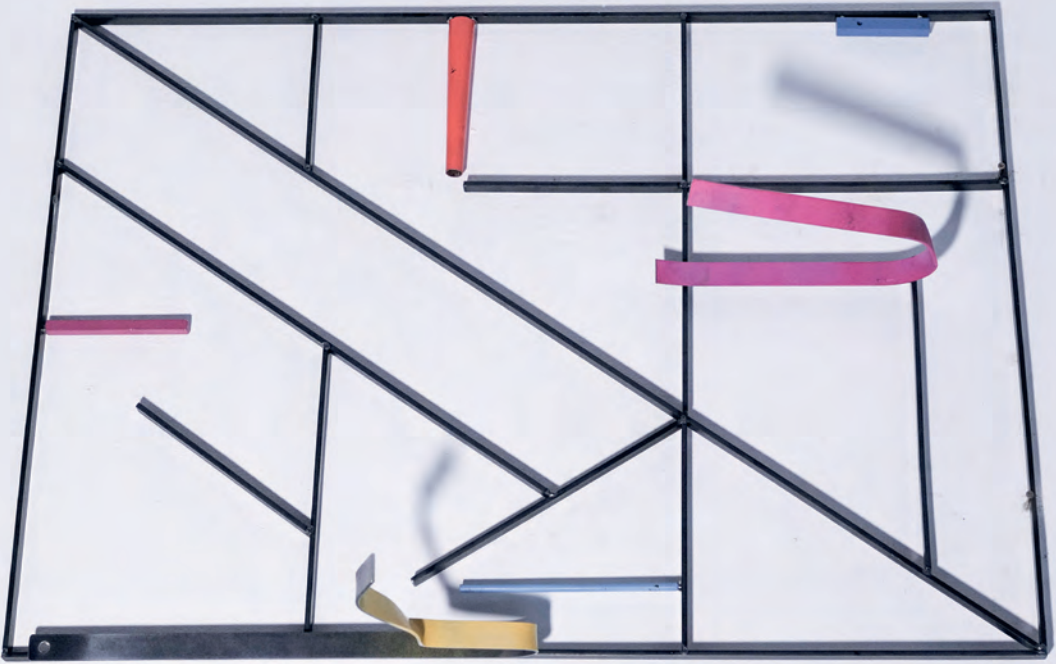
**machine too**











artificial intelligence

## Die Entropie der Objekte

Durch ihre schlichte Anwesenheit,  
legt sich ein Nebel leiser Seltankheiten  
um jede Gestalt im

Raum.

Wurde kein oder gar ein falscher  
Verwendungszweck angegeben,  
so hat alles seinen Sinn.

Das stetig anhaltende Gefühl,  
man müsse niesen, wird durch  
Möglichkeit provoziert.

Klarheit und Unklarheit werden getragen  
von Beinen, die Ungenahmes vorhaben.

Gebrauch und Abnutzung geraten in  
einen flauen Magen.

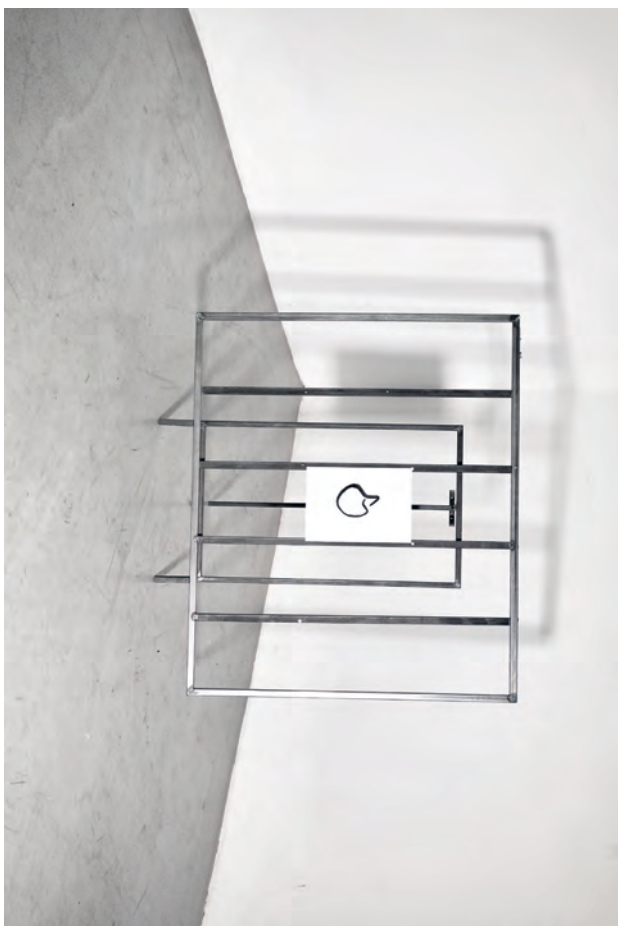
Wie Steine liegen sie da, zeigen ihre rauhen,  
wie auch glänzenden Abbruchstellen.

Die Struktur des Ganzen ist erkennbar  
und legt sich in die Geschichten eines  
zertürchten Gesichtes.

Die Ananas raucht zu viel.

Das Popcorn fliegt zielgenau in  
keine Richtung.

Die Willkür wählt präzise.



when people

worry

i am

happy





The entropy of objects

Their mere presence causes a fog of quiet anomalies to settle around

every form in the

room.

Even if no intended use has been specified,  
or even an incorrect one,  
everything still has a purpose.

The nagging feeling that you  
have to sneeze is provoked  
by possibility.

Clarity and obscurity are borne on legs that  
are planning something unexpected.

Use and wear end up in a queasy stomach.

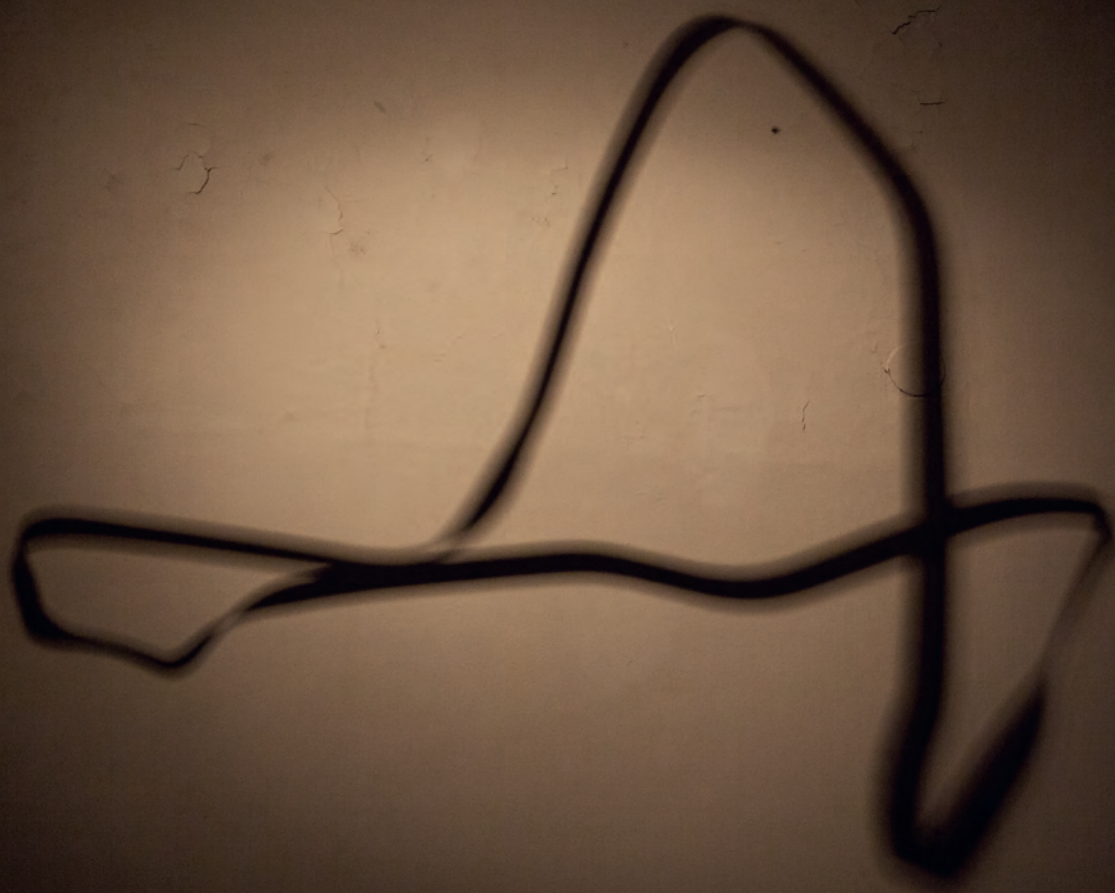
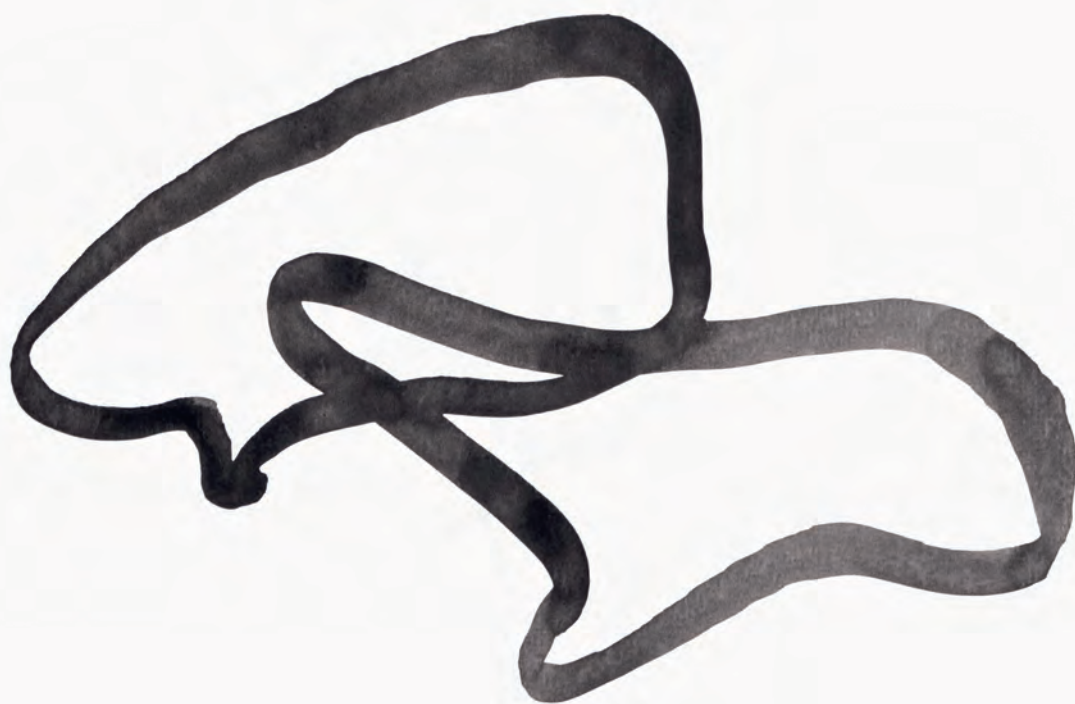
They lie there like stones, revealing fractures  
both rough and polished.

The structure of the whole is recognizable  
and inscribes itself in the tales told by a  
furrowed countenance.

The pineapple smokes too much.

The popcorn flies on an accurate  
trajectory in no particular direction.

Randomness chooses carefully.







our problem

is

collective







I spend

a lot of time







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