

# Wolfgang Tillmans

Wako Book 3



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Wolfgang  
Tillmans  
ヴォルフガング・テイルマンス

# Wolfgang Tillmans

## Wako Book 3

edited and designed by Wolfgang Tillmans





To: lars.cnik.dk  
Date: Tuesday 10th August 2004 9:36

aha lars eriga, i will come to copenhagen on thursday + more sad for i've been warned to expect nothing? :-)& forward to seeing you. Wolf  
To: anders  
Date: Monday 09th August 2004 10:41

gute nacht goldbar cooco + i went for late swim to refresh, i got five mosquito bites on my head + one on the walk back we saw wild boars and got well scared, only show him, woms to get more scared. sleep gut and (aw, aw to wolfgang breuer  
Date: Sunday 08th August 2004 11:20

hallo hallo, ich bin in Berlin, deshalb waesser die blumen bitte. ruf mal an wenn du im stadt bist. beste gruesse wolfgang  
From: wolfgang breuer  
Date: Sunday 08th August 2004 7:46

HALLO WOLFGANG! ICH BIN IN BERLIN, DUESSHALB WAESSER DIE BLUMEN BITTE. RUF MAL AN WENN DU IM STADT BIST. BESTE GRUESSE WOLFGANG  
From: C.F. MOH  
Date: Sunday 15th June 2004 10:26

endlich angekommen, war prima in den Urlaub nach an die see  
From: ALEX MOH  
Date: Sunday 13th June 2004 8:57

Tafelbergwunder, because it's slow east. Wo treffen? Muss links quer gucken. Guter was in gelb? Ich kann gerückt. Freue mich schon sehr  
To: C.F. MOH  
Date: Sunday 13th June 2004 6:58

have you tried the gently carbonated variety yet? but an aquina, hangover fast geholt. guten tag und kuenst bald wieder wolf  
From: C.F. MOH  
Date: Sunday 13th June 2004 6:27

LI is happy to announce 45min delay, I feel ok. best enjoyed gently slopped apple juice retained with some cinnamon and clove leaf from stapleton farm in devon. &  
From: ALEX MOH  
Date: Sunday 13th June 2004 1:29

Guten tag, Becken gehen schluss?  
To: ALEX MOH  
Date: Sunday 14th June 2004 7:27

yo wolf, spass wenn du in die bahn steigt. dann kuennt's bearmuergen  
From: +4479579439  
Date: Saturday 12th June 2004 10:52

Hi wolf! kuennt man auf 45 min auf  
To: C.F. MOH  
Date: Saturday 12th June 2004 10:34

room herzu, schlaaf aus und wenn du mehr zeit verbringen willst kein problem. bin frach auf und schau kurz am yaghi vorher mit mir was bereich. esal, cooco wiert.  
To: DOMALD MOH  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 8:14

cooco, thanks so much for the shirt! prewash only adds authenticity, so real, so bunch, love wolfgang  
From: anders  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 3:06

Hallo wolf. Glad to hear she turned out nice. Alles gut hier working at the studio and fixing boring paperwork. You have a nice open fire and more good fun. Ciao  
To: C.F. MOH  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 3:02

hab mir erlaub, but an horse zu schicken, ich dachte das sollte er wissen, denn daddy would be crazy if LI. & knows what his baby is spending his live DOLLAR?  
To: anders  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 2:37

guddentag anders, greetings from london. just picked up photos from verus, she gorgeous. last night best mag party, good fun, hope to wed, good weekend, xx  
From: ALEX MOH  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 11:44

Wird das spiel im george pub gehen? Wenn nein, such ich halt in sports bar...

To: ALEX MOH  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 11:36

oh hier. ich wuerde das spiel eher in georgepub sehen. mit schraen mal p.d. wasser. kuennt es sein fragen. freudeball gucken. dann er, gucken?  
From: ALEX MOH  
Date: Friday 11th June 2004 10:16

Bist du zurueck. wulf mats? Konntest heute abend. Um 19:45 startet engl-frank spiel. Vielleicht ing gucken, wenn peb? Unde freudeball gucken? in betriebe.  
To: Lars.cnik.dk  
Date: Thursday 10th June 2004 11:48

hi lars, thurs. I'm out from school. was nice to meet him getting a new house. hell. am spending time in berlin, having it. last week in london. by way, xx  
From: loren at work  
Date: Thursday 10th June 2004 11:14

im stuck in traffic in Rome, couldn't see what problems, and suddenly the Pope came round corner! A few feet away, and he looks so serene. xox  
From: C.F. MOH  
Date: Thursday 10th June 2004 9:04

[ox, My L] arrived. P.m. things of schedule at 3.5 pm GMT in LHR. freudeball  
From: Jap.Hat  
Date: Thursday 10th June 2004 1:15

lovely! Will bring you stuff.  
To: Jap.Hat  
Date: Thursday 10th June 2004 12:17

to pep. must go to a dinner tonight. will be at 555 from 7. am you bring me a copy or two of the new hat. I want to sniff it. wolfgang xx  
From: thilo  
Date: Wednesday 09th June 2004 10:27

Dank auch nochmal für selbste geschickte xx  
From: NADIR MOH  
Date: Wednesday 09th June 2004 6:41

exciting about summers  
From: C.F. MOH  
Date: Wednesday 09th June 2004 12:45

Bin in belgien, geht heute abend mit bus zu gen 7.  
To: LIZ MOH  
Date: Wednesday 09th June 2004 11:04

solange es keine blutmesse ist. das waere eine mesothelle. wir messen heute interview machen. bin am 2 in london. studies, draugster draugung  
From: LIZ MOH  
Date: Wednesday 09th June 2004 10:29

Huhu! schuld draugung? Drucker an freichen vor sich hin  
To: thilo  
Date: Friday 29th May 2004 5:21

hallochen, wie sprach es mich denn mit neuem chef, and vertrauten. schneid? war noch bis 5:30 in einem keller, jeh nachher, aber mit dem mussen den treffen. xx  
To: anders  
Date: Friday 28th May 2004 5:17

Inland, gut, schlafen! sollen wir uns treffen heute abend? wolfgang x  
From: thilo  
Date: Friday 28th May 2004 5:27

WHAT A NIGHT! HEN GANZ SCHÖN LABIERT. ERSTE FRAGE HEUTE MORGEN: WOBEN ZUM WIL WASSER IN NAMM? &  
From: wotz mob  
Date: Friday 28th May 2004 1:52

[ox] bunten tag, the lady.  
From: thilo  
Date: Thursday 27th May 2004 11:34

HELLO MICHAEL WENN DU ROCKE HAST  
From: thilo  
Date: Thursday 27th May 2004 11:44

BISTE SCHON IN BERLIN?  
From: thilo  
Date: Thursday 27th May 2004 11:44

To: anders.dk Date: Wednesday 01st September 2004 10:56  
 subject: in wasserhose in a bus woff -----  
 From: anders.dk Date: Wednesday 01st September 2004 10:37

Schönste wasserwurm on the way towards london glänze sich dein schmeckenhaare geschluss offen 23.40 oder so  
 Hab noch eye with the imbeded genpool. wienuskuss xxx.a -----  
 From: anders Date: Friday 27th August 2004 12:24

Finding out where to meet the two dopes for a beer. Little tired though. Und du liebe Lust A -----  
 To: anders Date: Friday 27th August 2004 12:19

was macht der liebe stern? -----  
 From: anders Date: Thursday 26th August 2004 11:07

The vase here would fit perfectly in your case. It looks like a buttpug. Will see if ever steel it then these old DDBH  
 wafers are all over. Later. A -----  
 To: anders Date: Thursday 26th August 2004 10:09

Wieder so wild up there in the clouds? In the little regen-wurm to the right below of the mercedes star  
 wienuskuss/wienuskuss -----  
 From: anders Date: Thursday 26th August 2004 09:15

Merz helene dobbelt stern\*\*  
 if that your eyes i can see in the burrow next to mercedes star? Moon is fantastic but you shine even more  
 In re tower with you. No -----  
 From: scot.moh Date: Wednesday 25th August 2004 11:50

On the nights I don't see you, I pull out a part of American I am tight, pour a tin of spaghetti sauce into the gessel,  
 and rub jry self on neighbour's bedges -----  
 From: Date: Wednesday 25th August 2004 8:29

Your account is approaching its credit limit. To avoid interruption to your service, please call 156 to make a  
 payment. Thank you -----  
 To: anders.dk Date: Tuesday 17th August 2004 10:05

gute nacht mein amica isurals, can see a slight shine in the northern sky. is that you? Luste. Inform xxx -----  
 From: anders.dk Date: Tuesday 17th August 2004 6:15

Where is my wolfout its not in my pocket where it belongs so i can hold it in my hand and look at it in the  
 sunlight. Move it all ready. On my way to arhus. 2884154 Kuss für dein arschloch und Stimmrohr. Viel spass  
 was stilles xxx.a -----  
 From: L.L.L.Z. M.O.B Date: Monday 16th August 2004 4:51

Und dush hygehy, es belan sich. Alles luste auch gebuetstag -----  
 From: L.L.L.Z. M.O.B Date: Saturday 14th August 2004 7:18

Schick kopfe gerade eben saubergen allen agnethafileskog so and netepoch aus und da karst du nie glitch in den  
 sren berzehl -----  
 To: L.L.L.Z. M.O.B Date: Saturday 14th August 2004 11:26

huhu den in geggenlagen, was in in in in kugessel fahren alles in in in in was macht der liebe stern, woff! -----  
 From: L.L.L.Z. M.O.B Date: Saturday 14th August 2004 7:41

Was a Sit in gressenland, woff, woff, woff, woff, woff. Alles ok bei dir? -----  
 To: anders Date: Wednesday 11th August 2004 10:55

guten morgen hier ist deine waldschrecke, die eine grosse schlenksper durch dein gesicht sieht. have a super day  
 xxx.a xxx.a xxx.a -----  
 From: des.erkick Date: Wednesday 11th August 2004 8:29

Du eschtane. Erac mach. Und er wird ganz sik glänze sich. xxx.a xxx.a -----



Anders & Conor, Plötzensee, 2004  
 Dan & Maureen, Teufelsee, 2004



Truth Study Centre





Silver Installation (in process), 2002  
page 10,11: untitled, 2004





am I nostalgic?, 2004

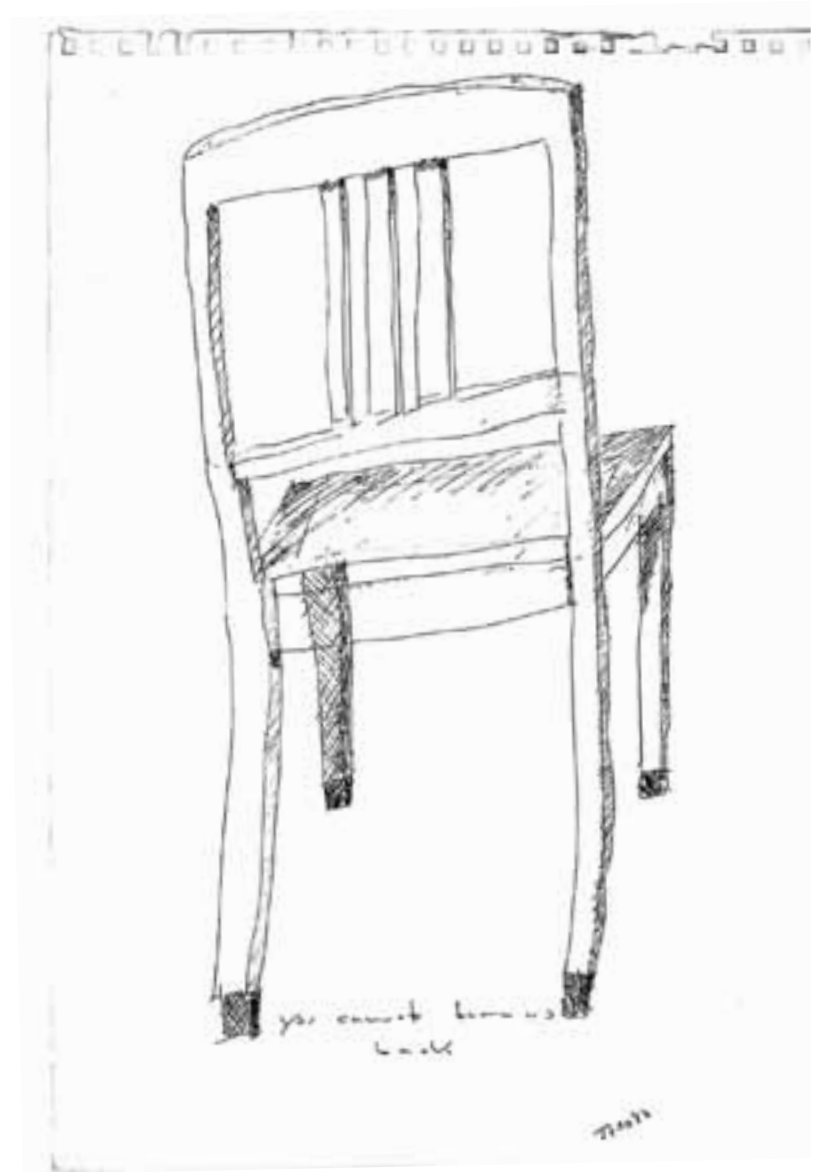


Anders pulling a splinter from his foot, 2004





Genom, 2002



untitled, 1988  
page 16-17: Freischwimmer 58, 2004



painting in sunlight, 2000



balls from behind, 2002





tree filling window, 2002  
page 25: Roxy (Jop), 2002 page 27: alphamale, 2003

Free

Handwritten notes in the top right corner, including the word "Free" and some illegible scribbles.

V

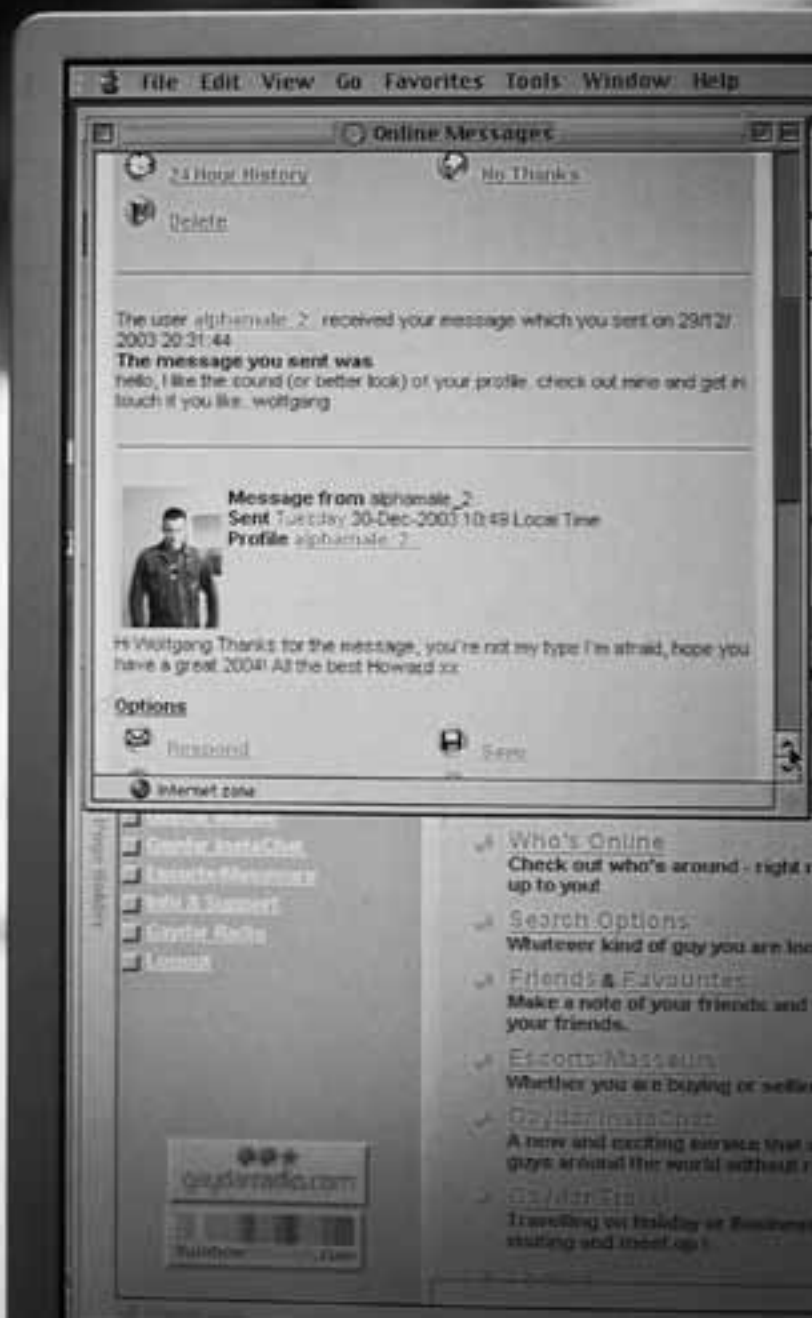
*Self-concern—Craving for Position—Fears and Total Fear—Fragmentation of Thought—Ending of Fear*

BEFORE WE GO any further I would like to ask you what is your fundamental, lasting interest in life? Putting all oblique answers aside and dealing with this question directly and honestly, what would you answer? Do you know?

Isn't it yourself? Anyway, that is what most of us would say if we answered truthfully. I am interested in my progress, my job, my family, the little corner in which I live, in getting a better position for myself, more prestige, more power, more domination over others and so on. I think it would be logical, wouldn't it, to admit to ourselves that that is what most of us are primarily interested in—'me' first?

Some of us would say that it is wrong to be primarily interested in ourselves. But what is wrong about it except that we seldom decently, honestly, admit it? If we do, we are rather ashamed of it. So there it is—one is fundamentally interested in oneself, and for various ideological or traditional reasons one thinks it is wrong. But what one *thinks* is irrelevant. Why introduce the factor of its being wrong? That is an idea, a concept. What is a *fact* is that one is fundamentally and lastingly interested in oneself.

You may say that it is more satisfactory to help another than to think about yourself. What is the difference? It is still self-concern. If it gives you greater satisfaction to help others, you are concerned about what will give you greater





satisfaction. Why bring any ideological concept into it? Why this double thinking? Why not say, 'What I really want is satisfaction, whether in sex, or in helping others, or in becoming a great saint, scientist or politician'? It is the same process, isn't it? Satisfaction in all sorts of ways, subtle and obvious, is what we want. When we say we want freedom we want it because we think it may be wonderfully satisfying, and the ultimate satisfaction, of course, is this peculiar idea of self-realisation. What we are really seeking is a satisfaction in which there is no dissatisfaction at all.

Most of us crave the satisfaction of having a position in society because we are afraid of being nobody. Society is so constructed that a citizen who has a position of respect is treated with great courtesy, whereas a man who has no position is kicked around. Everyone in the world wants a position, whether in society, in the family or to sit on the right hand of God, and this position must be recognised by others, otherwise it is no position at all. We must always sit on the platform. Inwardly we are whirlpools of misery and mischief and therefore to be regarded outwardly as a great figure is very gratifying. This craving for position, for prestige, for power, to be recognised by society as being outstanding in some way, is a wish to dominate others, and this wish to dominate is a form of aggression. The saint who seeks a position in regard to his saintliness is as aggressive as the chicken pecking in the farmyard. And what is the cause of this aggressiveness? It is fear, isn't it?

Fear is one of the greatest problems in life. A mind that is caught in fear lives in confusion, in conflict, and therefore must be violent, distorted and aggressive. It dare not move away from its own patterns of thinking, and this breeds hypocrisy. Until we are free from fear, climb the highest

mountain, invent every kind of God, we will always remain in darkness.

Living in such a corrupt, stupid society as we do, with the competitive education we receive which engenders fear, we are all burdened with fears of some kind, and fear is a dreadful thing which warps, twists and dulls our days.

There is physical fear but that is a response we have inherited from the animals. It is psychological fears we are concerned with here, for when we understand the deep-rooted psychological fears we will be able to meet the animal fears, whereas to be concerned with the animal fears first will never help us to understand the psychological fears.

We are all afraid *about* something; there is no fear in abstraction, it is always in relation *to* something. Do you know your own fears—fear of losing your job, of not having enough food or money, or what your neighbours or the public think about you, or not being a success, of losing your position in society, of being despised or ridiculed—fear of pain and disease, of domination, of never knowing what love is or of not being loved, of losing your wife or children, of death, of living in a world that is like death, of utter boredom, of not living up to the image others have built about you, of losing your faith—all these and innumerable other fears—do you know your own particular fears? And what do you usually do about them? You run away from them, don't you, or invent ideas and images to cover them? But to run away from fear is only to increase it.

One of the major causes of fear is that we do not want to face ourselves as we are. So, as well as the fears themselves, we have to examine the network of escapes we have developed to rid ourselves of them. If the mind, in which is included the brain, tries to overcome fear, to suppress it, discipline it, control it, translate it into terms of something



else, there is friction, there is conflict, and that conflict is a waste of energy.

The first thing to ask ourselves then is what is fear and how does it arise? What do we mean by the word fear itself? I am asking myself what is fear not what I am afraid of.

I lead a certain kind of life; I think in a certain pattern; I have certain beliefs and dogmas and I don't want those patterns of existence to be disturbed because I have my roots in them. I don't want them to be disturbed because the disturbance produces a state of unknowing and I dislike that. If I am torn away from everything I know and believe, I want to be reasonably certain of the state of things to which I am going. So the brain cells have created a pattern and those brain cells refuse to create another pattern which may be uncertain. The movement from certainty to uncertainty is what I call fear.

At the actual moment as I am sitting here I am not afraid; I am not afraid in the present, nothing is happening to me, nobody is threatening me or taking anything away from me. But beyond the actual moment there is a deeper layer in the mind which is consciously or unconsciously thinking of what might happen in the future or worrying that something from the past may overtake me. So I am afraid of the past and of the future. I have divided time into the past and the future. Thought steps in, says, 'Be careful it does not happen again', or 'Be prepared for the future. The future may be dangerous for you. You have got something now but you may lose it. You may die tomorrow, your wife may run away, you may lose your job. You may never become famous. You may be lonely. You want to be quite sure of tomorrow.'

Now take your own particular form of fear. Look at it. Watch your reactions to it. Can you look at it without any

movement of escape, justification, condemnation or suppression? Can you look at that fear without the word which causes the fear? Can you look at death, for instance, without the word which arouses the fear of death? The word itself brings a tremor, doesn't it, as the word love has its own tremor, its own image? Now is the image you have in your mind about death, the memory of so many deaths you have seen and the associating of yourself with those incidents—is it that image which is creating fear? Or are you actually afraid of coming to an end, not of the image creating the end? Is the word death causing you fear or the actual ending? If it is the word or the memory which is causing you fear then it is not fear at all.

You were ill two years ago, let us say, and the memory of that pain, that illness, remains, and the memory now functioning says, 'Be careful, don't get ill, again'. So the memory with its associations is creating fear, and that is not fear at all because actually at the moment you have very good health. Thought, which is always old, because thought is the response of memory and memories are always old—thought creates, in time, the feeling that you are afraid which is not an actual fact. The actual fact is that you are well. But the experience, which has remained in the mind as a memory, rouses the thought, 'Be careful, don't fall ill again'.

So we see that thought engenders one kind of fear. But is there fear at all apart from that? Is fear always the result of thought and, if it is, is there any other form of fear? We are afraid of death—that is, something that is going to happen tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, in time. There is a distance between actuality and what will be. Now thought has experienced this state; by observing death it says, 'I am going to die.' Thought creates the fear of death, and if it doesn't is there any fear at all?

Is fear the result of thought? If it is, thought, being always old, fear is always old. As we have said, there is no new thought. If we recognise it, it is already old. So what we are afraid of is the repetition of the old—the thought of what *has been* projecting into the future. Therefore thought is responsible for fear. This is so, you can see it for yourself. When you are confronted with something immediately there is no fear. It is only when thought comes in that there is fear.

Therefore our question now is, is it possible for the mind to live completely, totally, in the present? It is only such a mind that has no fear. But to understand this, you have to understand the structure of thought, memory and time. And in understanding it, understanding not intellectually, not verbally, but actually with your heart, your mind, your guts, you will be free from fear; then the mind can use thought without creating fear.

Thought, like memory, is, of course, necessary for daily living. It is the only instrument we have for communication, working at our jobs and so forth. Thought is the response to memory, memory which has been accumulated through experience, knowledge, tradition, time. And from this background of memory we react and this reaction is thinking. So thought is essential at certain levels but when thought projects itself psychologically as the future and the past, creating fear as well as pleasure, the mind is made dull and therefore inaction is inevitable.

So I ask myself, 'Why, why, why, do I think about the future and the past in terms of pleasure and pain, knowing that such thought creates fear? Isn't it possible for thought psychologically to stop, for otherwise fear will never end?'

One of the functions of thought is to be occupied all the time with something. Most of us want to have our minds

continually occupied so that we are prevented from seeing ourselves as we actually are. We are afraid to be empty. We are afraid to look at our fears.

Consciously you can be aware of your fears but at the deeper levels of your mind are you aware of them? And how are you going to find out the fears that are hidden, secret? Is fear to be divided into the conscious and the subconscious? This is a very important question. The specialist, the psychologist, the analyst, have divided fear into deep and superficial layers, but if you follow what the psychologist says or what I say, you are understanding our theories, our dogmas, our knowledge, you are not understanding yourself. You cannot understand yourself according to Freud or Jung, or according to me. Other people's theories have no importance whatever. It is of *yourself* that you must ask the question, is fear to be divided into the conscious and subconscious? Or is there only fear which you translate into different forms? There is only one desire; there is only desire. You desire. The objects of desire change, but desire is always the same. So perhaps in the same way there is only fear. You are afraid of all sorts of things but there is only one fear.

When you realise that fear cannot be divided you will see that you have put away altogether this problem of the subconscious and so have cheated the psychologists and the analysts. When you understand that fear is a single movement which expresses itself in different ways and when you see the movement and not the object to which the movement goes, then you are facing an immense question: how can you look at it without the fragmentation which the mind has cultivated?

There is only total fear, but how can the mind which thinks in fragments observe this total picture? Can it? We have lived a life of fragmentation, and can look at that

total fear only through the fragmentary process of thought. The whole process of the machinery of thinking is to break up everything into fragments: I love you and I hate you; you are my enemy, you are my friend; my peculiar idiosyncrasies and inclinations, my job, my position, my prestige, my wife, my child, my country and your country, my God and your God—all that is the fragmentation of thought. And this thought looks at the total state of fear, or tries to look at it, and reduces it to fragments. Therefore we see that the mind can look at this total fear only when there is no movement of thought.

Can you watch fear without any conclusion, without any interference of the knowledge you have accumulated about it? If you cannot, then what you are watching is the past, not fear; if you can, then you are watching fear for the first time without the interference of the past.

You can watch only when the mind is very quiet, just as you can listen to what someone is saying only when your mind is not chattering with itself, carrying on a dialogue with itself about its own problems and anxieties. Can you in the same way look at your fear without trying to resolve it, without bringing in its opposite, courage—actually look at it and not try to escape from it? When you say, 'I must control it, I must get rid of it, I must understand it', you are trying to escape from it.

You can observe a cloud or a tree or the movement of a river with a fairly quiet mind because they are not very important to you, but to watch yourself is far more difficult because there the demands are so practical, the reactions so quick. So when you are directly in contact with fear or despair, loneliness or jealousy, or any other ugly state of mind, can you look at it so completely that your mind is quiet enough to see it?

Can the mind perceive fear and not the different forms of fear—perceive total fear, not what you are afraid of? If you look merely at the details of fear or try to deal with your fears one by one, you will never come to the central issue which is to learn to live with fear.

To live with a living thing such as fear requires a mind and heart that are extraordinarily subtle, that have no conclusion and can therefore follow every movement of fear. Then if you observe and live with it—and this doesn't take a whole day, it can take a minute or a second to know the whole nature of fear—if you live with it so completely you inevitably ask, 'Who is the entity who is living with fear? Who is it who is observing fear, watching all the movements of the various forms of fear as well as being aware of the central fact of fear? Is the observer a dead entity, a static being, who has accumulated a lot of knowledge and information about himself, and is it that dead thing who is observing and living with the movement of fear? Is the observer the past or is he a living thing?' What is your answer? Do not answer me, answer yourself. Are you, the observer, a dead entity watching a living thing or are you a living thing watching a living thing? Because in the observer the two states exist.

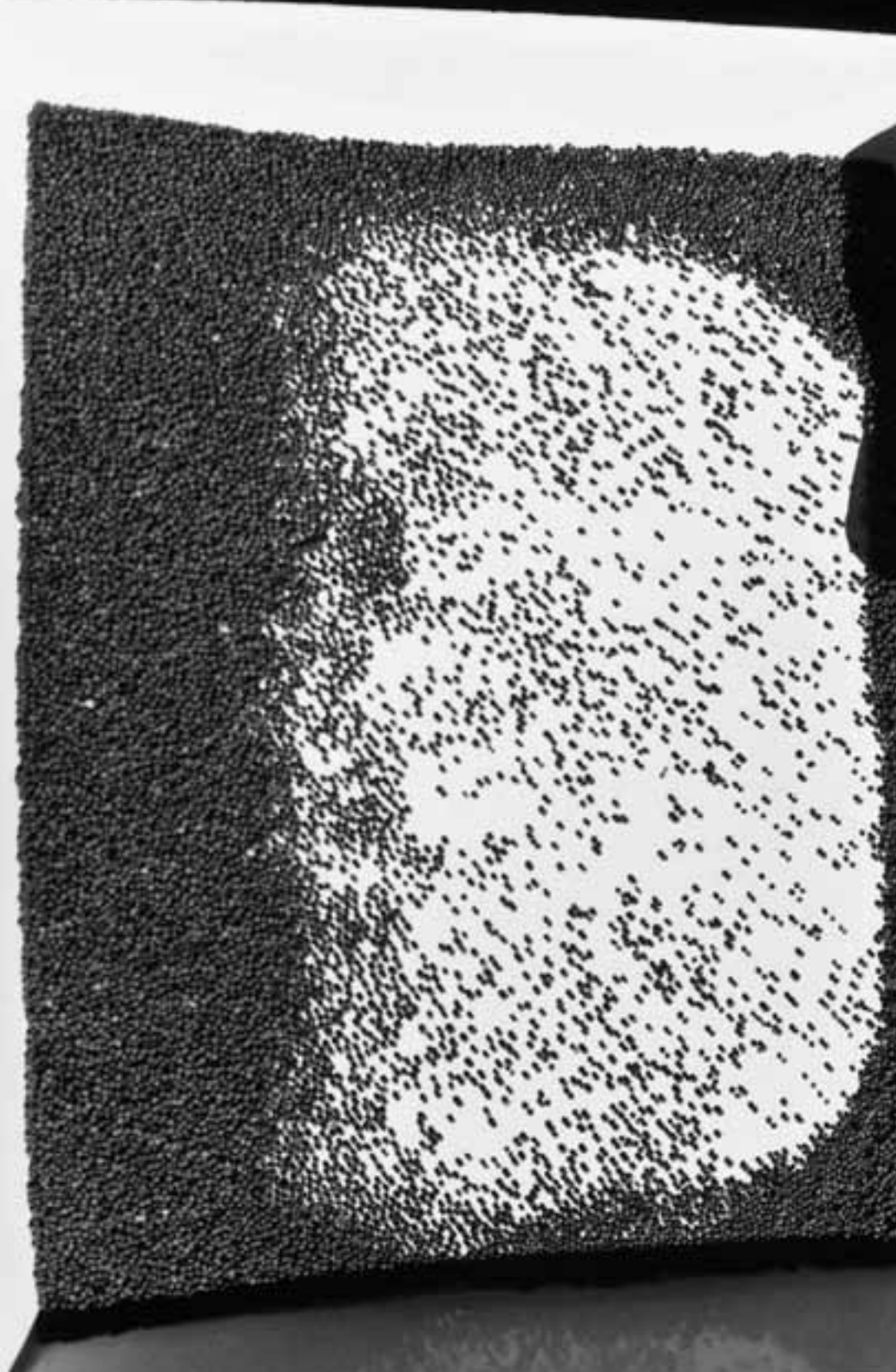
The observer is the censor who does not want fear; the observer is the totality of all his experiences about fear. So the observer is separate from that thing he calls fear; there is space between them; he is forever trying to overcome it or escape from it and hence this constant battle between himself and fear—this battle which is such a waste of energy.

As you watch, you learn that the observer is merely a bundle of ideas and memories without any validity or substance, but that fear is an actuality and that you are trying

to understand a fact with an abstraction which, of course, you cannot do. But, in fact, is the observer who says, 'I am afraid', any different from the thing observed which is fear? The observer *is* fear and when that is realised there is no longer any dissipation of energy in the effort to get rid of fear, and the time-space interval between the observer and the observed disappears. When you see that you are a part of fear, not separate from it—that *you are* fear—then you cannot do anything about it; then fear comes totally to an end.







**Institut für  
Strukturforschung und  
Systemanalyse**

**FOLLOWING  
CUSTOMER  
COMPLAINTS, ANY  
T.C.P CUSTOMER  
WEARING CLOTHING,  
COVERED IN, OR  
SMELLING OF SHIT  
WILL BE REFUSED  
ADMITTANCE TO  
THE CLUB.**



## PAGE TWO

## The Busiest U.S. Death Chamber / After Duty Is Done, Second Thoughts

## In Texas, 'Daddy Has to Work Late Tonight, He Has an Execution'

By Sara Rimer  
New York Times Service

HUNTSVILLE, Texas — Jim Willett, the warden of the prison here, awakened a little before 5 a.m. on Dec. 5 in his home, which his wife, Janice, had decorated for Christmas. He had not been looking forward to the day.

"My first thought was 'Today's an execution,'" he recalled later that morning. "I wonder what he'll be like."

Mr. Willett said he was hoping that the man who was to be put to death shortly after 6 p.m. would not resist and that the execution would proceed smoothly.

Mr. Willett's job requires him to stand at the head of the person strapped on the gurney and to signal the anonymous executioner in the next room to inject the sedative and two lethal chemicals through a syringe. In his two and a half years as warden, Mr. Willett has given the signal — raising his glasses — that has killed 84 people.

"Just from a Christian standpoint, you can't see one of these and not consider that maybe it's not right," Mr. Willett, 50, said in his office, with blown-up photographs of his children — Jacob, 19, and Jordan, 14 — on the wall.

It is the worst part of his job, he said, but it is his job just the same.

Now the prison, known as the Huntsville unit, was about to execute three men in three days. While that is not an unusual week for Huntsville, the busiest U.S. death chamber, it would bring the total for the year to 40, the most people legally killed by any state in one year in U.S. history, according to the Death Penalty Information Center, a nonprofit research group in Washington.

Those who champion the death penalty, the law enforcement officials who call for it, the juries who vote for it, the judges who uphold it, the pardon boards and the governors who sign off on it, are not the ones who walk into the death chamber and help end lives.

That task falls to Mr. Willett and a dozen or so members of his staff: husbands and fathers who coach baseball, go fishing, attend church and lead mostly ordinary lives except when it comes time to lead the condemned to the small room with turquoise walls, deep inside the prison, and secure them to a gurney with eight mustard-colored leather straps so that they can be injected with the drugs that will kill them.

These men do their jobs in a town and a state that ardently support the death penalty. But in the week of the three executions they shared

their usually unspoken doubts, including their uneasiness with the detachment that allows them to go about their work.

Kenneth Dean, 37, is the head of the tie-down team, which does exactly what the name implies. A shy, burly man the other officers tease by calling him the Teddy Bear, Mr. Dean has performed that job about 130 times. He does not like to keep count.

On Tuesday morning, Dec. 5, he had made plans with his children — Kourtney, 7, and Kevin, 13 — for the evening. Recently divorced, he spends a couple of hours with them Tuesday nights.

"I told them, 'Daddy has to work late tonight, he has an execution.'"

Lately, Mr. Dean said, his daughter has been asking a lot of questions: "What is an execution? What do you do?"

"It's hard explaining to a 7-year-old," he added. "She asked me, 'Why do you do it?' I told her, 'Sweetie, it's part of my job.'"

Mr. Dean, a prison officer with the rank of major, and the other people who carry out the executions say they cope with their jobs by focusing on the routine. "We make sure everything is done correctly," Mr. Dean said.

The worst nightmare of the tie-down team occurred in June, when Gary Graham, 39, convicted of a 1981 robbery-murder that he maintained he did not commit, refused to leave his cell. Mr. Dean and other members of his team had to put on face shields and armor and forcibly remove him. It was only the third "cell extraction," as they are called, since 1982.

On Dec. 5, Garry Miller, 33, a former bartender, was to be put to death for the 1989 rape and murder of 7-year-old April Marie Wilson. He was not expected to give them any trouble. He had told his lawyers not to file any further appeals. He said he was ready to die.

Mr. Miller's execution had not generated



Best Camera/The Associated Press

Execution witnesses leaving the Huntsville prison. 'All of us wonder if it's right,' one prison worker said. 'I know how I feel, but is it the right way to feel? Is what we do right? But if we didn't do it, who would do it?'

unusual attention, and only a handful of death penalty opponents were expected to show up outside the prison. There are five seats for journalists at every execution, and this reporter was there for Mr. Miller's.

At 6:07 p.m., Mr. Dean escorted members of the victim's family, several prison officials and reporters down a long corridor, through a small garden with marigolds blooming beside white trellises, and past a steel door into what is known as the death house: eight cells and the death chamber.

The witnesses stared through a large, barred window into the death chamber. Mr. Miller, a big man with glasses and an inmate's pasty skin, was lying on the gurney, with a Bible on his chest, under a white sheet.

Mr. Miller's head rested on a pillow, an accommodation added to the routine by the warden last year. There used to be only a towel at the head of the gurney. The warden stood just behind Mr. Miller's head. The prison chaplain, Jim Brazzil, was at his feet.

Mr. Miller looked straight at Marjorie Howlett, the mother of the little girl he had killed, who was crying. They had known each other before the murder.

"Maggie, I am sorry," Mr. Miller said through a microphone above his head. "I always wanted to tell you, but I just didn't know how."

He said a brief prayer and told the warden he was ready. The warden raised his glasses. At 6:23 p.m., a doctor came into the room and pronounced Mr. Miller dead.

After the witnesses filed out, the tie-down team re-entered the death chamber, unfastened the straps around Mr. Miller's body, and transferred him to another gurney. The body was loaded into a waiting hearse and taken to the Huntsville Funeral Home.

About 15 minutes later, as part of the ritual, Mrs. Howlett was seated in the office across from the prison, answering questions from reporters. "I'm very glad I came," she told journalists. "I had to see him gone."

By 7 p.m., an exhausted Mr. Dean, still in his gray uniform, was across town, sitting with his children in his car in the driveway of his former wife. His daughter was on his lap. "She said, 'Do you have another one tomorrow?'" Mr. Dean recalled later. "I said, 'Yes, I have one for the next two days.'"

"She said, 'Why do you have so many this week?' I said, 'I don't know, sweetie.'"

Mr. Dean, who is a Baptist, says he prays before and after every execution. He did not tell his daughter about his own questions. "All of us wonder if it's right," he said. "You know, there's a higher judgment than us. You second-guess yourself. I know how I feel, but is it the right way to feel? Is what we do right? But if we didn't do it, who would do it?"

The maximum-security Huntsville unit, built in 1848, takes up two blocks in the middle

of this East Texas town of 35,000 people. Its red-brick walls are 30 feet (9 meters) high; hence its nickname, The Walls. A Christmas sign, a herd of reindeer and a string of Christmas lights decorate the front wall.

The prison containing the death row, where there are 443 condemned people, is in Livingston, 40 miles (65 kilometers) away. They are brought here on the afternoon of their execution and spend their final hours in a death-house cell.

It is better, Mr. Dean said, that the death-row inmates are in Livingston. That way, he said, he and his fellow officers are not helping to execute people they know.

Mr. Dean said he sometimes worried about his own detachment. "That was one part I had to deal with," he said. "You expect to feel a certain way, then you think, 'Is there something wrong with me that I don't?' Then after a while you get to think, 'Why isn't this bothering me?' It is such a clinical process. You expect the worst with death, but you don't see the worst in death."

The detachment Mr. Dean describes is not only common among those who participate in executions, but necessary for them to be able to do their jobs, said Robert Jay Lifton, a psychiatrist who, with Greg Mitchell, wrote about such people in a new book, "Who Owns Death? Capital Punishment, the American Conscience and the End of Executions."

"It violates a profound human reluctance to kill, and they must overcome it," Mr. Lifton said. The clinical nature of lethal injections makes it easier to kill. "You have the ultimate form of medicalization, which enables those carrying out the execution in many cases to feel very little," Mr. Lifton said.

Terry Green, a member of the tie-down team, says that Texas law requires that some people be executed for their crimes. He says he sees the tie-down team as upholding the law.

Mr. Green, a Baptist, added, "It's crossed my mind that the Nazis were doing what they were told to do." He paused. What he and his fellow officers were doing was different, he said. "It's not like that."

It is painful after an execution, the men said, to have protesters call them murderers.

For prison workers, it is difficult to refuse a request from a superior, but turning down an invitation to serve on the death team is one refusal that is acceptable, Mr. Dean and Mr. Green said. Several have declined. "No one looks down on them," Mr. Green said.

The executions will start again in January. Three more are scheduled for that month.



Variable, 2004  
page 44: Cerith New Year's Eve, 2001





### 100th planet found 100 light years away

► THE 100TH planet beyond our solar system has been spotted, 100 light years away and orbiting a star similar to the Sun. The discovery, by an Anglo-Australian team, of the Jupiter-sized planet gives astronomers a new set of clues about how solar systems form, and where to look for planets that are more like Earth than the vast "gas giants" they have found so far.




page 46,47: The Observer, 2003  
sleeping nude (phone camera), 2004

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**ASTRONOMERS** believe there are more stars in the universe than grains of sand on Earth. Using one of the world's most powerful telescopes in Australia, scientists measured the brightness of all the galaxies in one sector of the sky and calculated how many stars there were in the universe. The result, presented to the International Astronomical Union conference in Sydney yesterday, is truly astronomical – 70 sextillion, or seven followed by 22 zeros. Astronomer Dr Simon Driver said the actual number of stars could be even higher.

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man with mobile phone, 2004









Venus transit (clouds), 2004



to know when to stop, 2003  
page 50, 51: we summer, 2004



Venus transit (edge), 2004



self photoshopped, 2003




nackt, 2003  
page 58-59, 60-61: WT astronomical diary, 1978 / 1979



mein Elephant, 2004



12.12.78 - 30.12.78

- 12.12.78 Wolken
- 13.12.78 Schwacher Mondhale 2° und 70° Ring
- 14.12.78 Bedeckt ☉
- 15.12.78 Wolken Reg. Sternwarte
- 16.12.78 Wolken Reg.
- 17.12.78 Venus <sup>Gomay</sup> 20<sup>00</sup> Uhr Jupiter bei Mond (gelb) M42, M45, Dyaden, Doppelsterne, und "herumgestolert" im Uter u. Orion.
- 18.12.78 6<sup>00</sup> Uhr Erste mal Merkur gesehen!!  
 Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, Mond.  
 19<sup>00</sup> Uhr Albiros, S. Syra, M42, M45  
 "Doppelsternabend" (mehrklare Nacht)
- 19.12.78 4<sup>00</sup> Uhr Merkur, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, RABE, W A G E
- (windig)
- 20.12.78 [Schnee]
- 21.12.78 7<sup>00</sup> Venus, Jupiter, Saturn (bei Mond)  
 [Ferne] 11<sup>30</sup> Sonnenhale siehe S. 24 oben  
 17<sup>00</sup> Mondhale 9.22 ☉ 2° Ring
- (wolkig) 19<sup>30</sup> Albiros, M45, M42+Ab.
- ~~22.12.78~~
- 22.12.78 6<sup>31</sup> Uhr Winteranfang
- 23.12.78 SCHNEE
- 24.12.78 regner
- 25.12.78 Regen
- 26.12.78 Merkur bei Venus 
- 27.12.78 Regen
- 28.12.78 "
- 29.12.78 "
- 29.12.78 Regen
- 30.12.78 Schnee

(Erste Rakete "SAT1")  
 5m hoch

31.12.78 - 6.1.79

- 31.12.78 <sup>PROST NEUJAHR!</sup> (-18°C) SCHNEE 14cm (Jupiter)
- 1.1.79 Schnee
- 2.1.79 Schnee
- 3.1.79 "
- 4.1.79 " NEBEN SONNE 14<sup>45</sup> Uhr
- Jupiter, Mondhale 10° 2°  
 Sonnenhale 14°. M44
- 5.1.79 SCHNEE KORPION (17<sup>00</sup>)  
 Sonnenhale, Mondhale 10; 2°
- 6.1.79 Schnee  
 Mondhale 10° Scheibe in "magisch  
 glänzendem" grün, blau.
- 20<sup>15</sup> Uhr ERSTER METEOR
- Abenteuer im Welttraum
- Flugablauf:
  - Walrhoch: Weiß - 3<sup>m</sup> 5 2°
  - Firne: Weißgelb - 3<sup>m</sup> 5 2°
  - Andromeda-Regen: Weißgelb - 3<sup>m</sup> 5 2.5°
  - mit Unterbrechungen
  - Nördl. And.-Eidechse: - 3<sup>m</sup> 5 3°
  - Auflösung: Weiß (schweif), Rot  
 (forderer Schweif), Blau (Kern)
- Partikl:
  - östl. Cetus - Westl. Liscus - ca 600 Linnah -
  - Süd. der Lac. Auflösung -
- KEIN KNALL
- Länge: 2°-3°
- Helligkeit: ca - 3<sup>m</sup> 5
- Strecke: ca 35°
- Farben: WEIß, GELB, ROTBLAU, -



10.2.79 - 27.2.79

10.2.79: —  
11.2.79: Sonne (Schirm) (5 mm, Sonnenprojektionsschirm bekommen 21.2.79) Jupiter 5 mm

12.2.79: —  
13.2.79: Sonne (Projektion)

14.2.79: Venus, Mond  
15.2.79: Sternwarte (über Venus gesprochen) Sonne  
16.2.79: Sonnenfinsternis 30.6.73 im Fernsehen  
17.2.79: siehe 9.72

18.2.79: —  
19.2.79: —  
20.2.79: Sonne ca. 70 Flecken (Orbit 2.31) Jupiter Saturnus



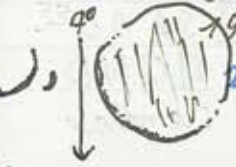
21.2.79: Sonne PRINCE Mond Arirachus, Schiller, Currier  
22.2.79: —  
23.2.79: Sternwarte Spektalanalyse (Sonne PRONK)

24.2.79: Sonne PROMET  
25.2.79: Sonne Abnahme von 70 Flecken auf 47  
1 1/2 h Jupiter - MONDE Bund 5 / Saturnus siehe 71 M451

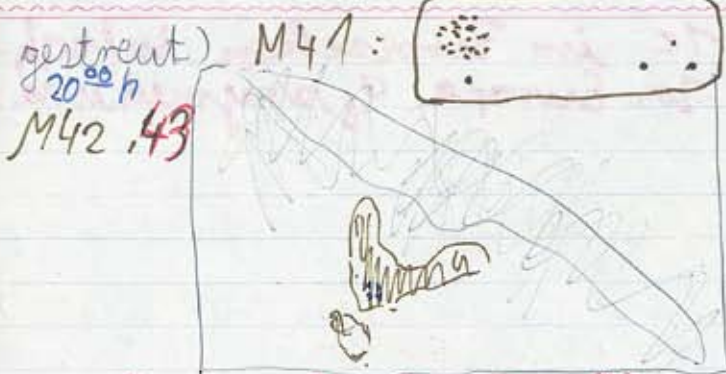
26.2.79: M42, 4. (totale Sonnenfinsternis) M45  
Mizar-Alcor System, Satellit gesehen: 18.2.79 15 sek in Zenit Süd Ost.

27.2.79: Sonne 9.31, Venus 7.00 9.31, 18.47 Merkur  
SEHR KLAR 1. mal Lichel gesehen: 5.56", MERKUR  
in Konjunktion mit dem Mond, 0.6° nahe

20.29 Uhr 25 TAGE alte Mondsichel.  
M3 5 (gelblicher, offener St. 30) h + 2 (-1.5°)



27.2.79 - 6.3.79



gestreut) M41: 20.00 h  
M42, 43

4 Leonis 2,57' 17,6" + 1" 3'  
18.22 Uhr Jupiter II DE

Jupiter (Ringöffnung) -  
18.50 h Erdlicht auf dem Mond  
28.2.79: 18.20 h Sonne 49 h nach Neumond, 17.00 h Venus

7.3.79: Sonne 9.31 / Mond 10.00 h  
Voyager 1 vorbeiflug am Jupiter  
23.79 Bericht über s.o. 1 Sternwarte Mond

3.3.79: —  
4.3.79: Mond, Jupiter, Mond, sehr starke Libration: Magriner, nahe Cinnam

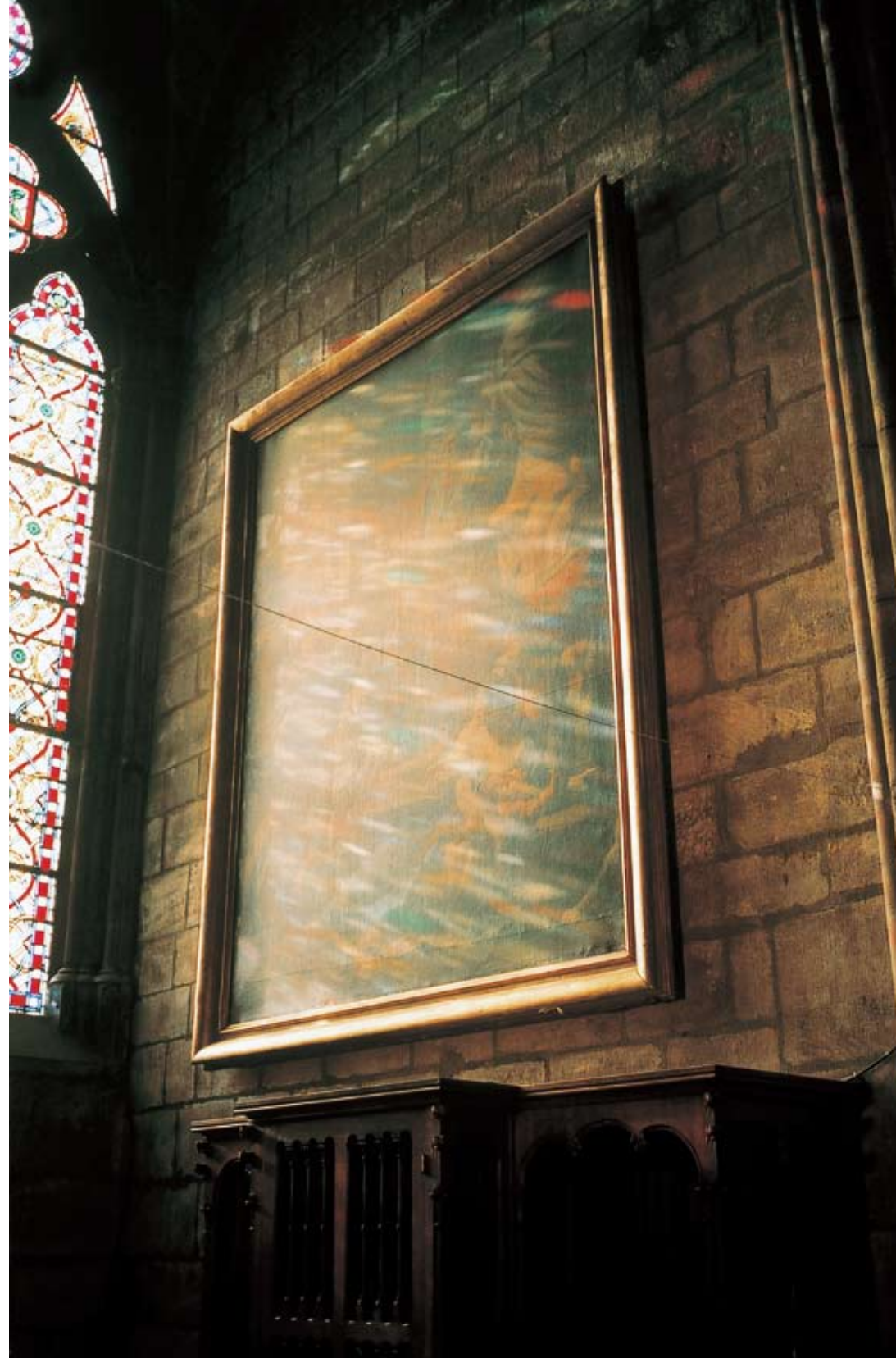
5.3.79: Voyager 1 vorbeiflug am Io  
19.45 h + 2, 1. Mond sehr gut D, zurück gehende Libration, Jupiter, Saturnus, M42

6.3.79: 6.30 Venus, 6.30 in der Dämmerung waren nur noch Venus, Arcturus, Antares da.  
Sonne 19.25 Uhr? Mond fotografiert 60fach  
Libration zurückgegangen





apples in June, 2004  
page 63: Artefakt, 2004



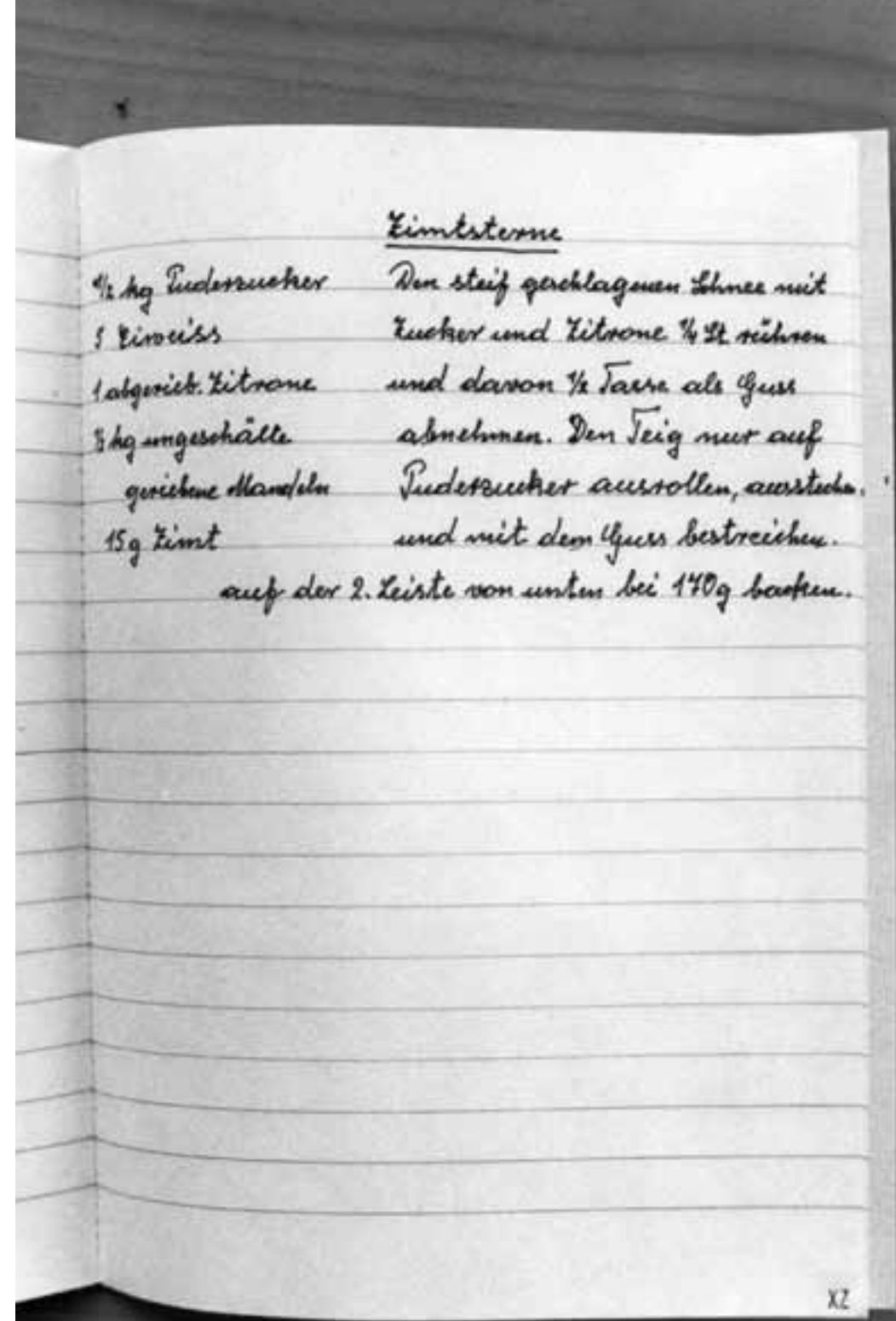
it's only love give it away







Millennium Clock, 2004  
page 68: Omama's Cookbook, 2004





The Cock (kiss), 2002  
page 70: The Guardian

## Every time the 'right to choose' is extended, the poor get second-best

Whatever Tony Blair and Michael Howard may shout at each other during prime minister's question time, the argument that will dominate politics between now and the general election will concern the people's right to choose. And, typically, this tight little, right little, unideological island will engage in the dispute over which party will provide most choice, without bothering to examine complicated questions about how it is defined or whether or not its extension is desirable. "More choice" is a slogan we can all shout without worrying about what choice is or does.

The Tories will claim they will make us free by offering vouchers that, in effect, subsidise those families who already choose private medicine and education. Labour will attempt to prove it is possible to offer more genuine alternatives. A "choice guru" now advises Downing Street. He is Professor Julian LeGrand of the London School of Economics, and it was my good fortune to engage with him in amiable dispute on the fringe of this year's Labour party conference.

Prof LeGrand is far too serious a scholar to have any time for the self-serving nonsense about freedom being no more than the absence of restraint. He understands perfectly well that it is the ability, not the right, to choose that makes us free. To put the position in a contemporary context, the right to occupy a place at the City of London school is, for most of Diane Abbott's constituents, not worth having: they cannot afford the fees. The pretence that the existence of private education is essential to their freedom is a cruel joke.

The government knows that

perfectly well and hopes — with the help of Prof LeGrand — to extend choice in public health and education. No doubt it can be done. And no doubt this government will do it, for choice is an obsession of the suburban middle classes. But when some families choose, the rest accept what is left. And the rest are always the disadvantaged and dispossessed.

It is "choice of school" that rouses most passion. That is because parents have, in their minds, a hierarchy in which good, bad and indifferent schools are clearly — although probably inaccurately — distinguished. Concerned parents want "the best" for their sons and daughters. But the best is not available to everyone. Best is, by its nature, a relative condition for which families compete. In competitions there are always losers.

We already know the consequence of extending choice in secondary education. Articulate and self-confident parents talk their children's way into the allegedly superior institutions — leaving what somebody ignorantly called "bog-standard comprehensives" for the rest. And some families are pathologically incapable of battling for even a fair share, even less the highest quality, of resources. Politicians run away from that assertion because it sounds patronising. But it is true. The government has a duty to prevent the inarticulate and easily intimidated from being pushed to the back of the queue. And that is what increased choice provides.

The same rule applies to the health service. When, a couple of years ago, I told my GP that I was six months behind with my annual hospital tests, he

said that I should agitate my way to the top of the waiting list. While there are shortages, the agitators will always inherit the earth. Prof LeGrand, asked how they could be prevented from seizing every advantage, said the problem I identified was "voices not choices" — the response of bureaucracy to legitimate demands. In the real world, voices and choices cannot be separated.

The "voices" will always intimidate the humble and meek — not least because they are so easily intimidated.

When it is necessary to push somebody to the back of the queue, the natural (and, in a sense understandable) bureaucratic instinct is to relegate the people who will accept that status with the least complaint. The willingness to take whatever they are given, without protest, is one of the defining characteristics of the British poor.

In my 33 years as the MP for an inner-city constituency, I was constantly amazed by the gratitude felt by the men and women I represented for whatever fell from the rich man's table. Tories complained about the politics of envy. I felt bitter regret that my constituents envied so little. In Sutton Coldfield and Solihull they fought for their rights. In Sparkbrook they accepted their station in life with heroic, but infuriating, good grace.

And every time the right to choose is extended, in health and education or anything else, they will accept — partly with resentment but mostly with resignation — that they will get second-best. In the long run, the legions of the passed-over have to be persuaded to fight for a share of the good life. In the short term, they have to be protected against the tyranny of the successful and self-confident dressed up to look like an extension of choice.



In September 2003, Mr. Carp announced what he called the "biggest turning point" in Kodak's history. There would, he said, be no more big investments in traditional film. He also stated that



domestic scene II, 2004  
elf, 2000



wireless, 2004

Lord Marshall of Knightsbridge  
Chairman

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Mr Wolfgang Tillmans  
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17 December 2002

Dear Mr Tillmans

Thank you for your letter of 20 November regarding our newspaper policy for economy class passengers.

I am sorry that you feel concerned about our circulation of the Daily Mail but I am sure you are aware that this is just one of the selection of newspapers that we offer our customers including the Daily Telegraph, Evening Standard, Observer on Sunday and Mail on Sunday.

Despite your concerns the Daily Mail remains one of the most popular papers in the UK circulating some 2.5 million copies a day and indeed is particularly popular amongst our customer base.

Whilst I respect you have views on this particular newspaper and given the fact that newspapers are regulated in terms of their editorial content extremely strictly, we feel well justified in circulating both the Mail on Sunday and the Daily Mail to our customers.

I realise that this response is not necessarily the one you were hoping for but given the broad appeal of these publications it is entirely appropriate that we circulate them to our customers.

Yours sincerely

Directors: Lord Marshall of Knightsbridge (Chairman), R J Edgington (Chief Executive), J F Pittman (Chief Financial Officer), M A Green (Director of Customer Service & Operations), M A van den Burg, M F Broughton, Dr A S Conolly, Capt M D Jeffrey, Nicholas D'Carabin OBE, Dr M P Ford, Lord Renshaw of Ulton

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Lord Marshall, Chairman  
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London, 14.11.2002

Dear Lord Marshall,

I'm writing to you in regards to a matter that has been of repeated concern to me over the past few years. As a frequent traveller on British Airways flights and as a gay German living in Britain I feel offended by your airline's policy of handing out a copy of The Daily Mail or the The Mail on Sunday to every passenger in Economy Class. There is no choice of newspaper offered and I am usually actively asked by the flight crew if I would like a copy of the Daily Mail or Mail on Sunday. At every such occasion I feel angered and wonder why an airline, claiming to be the world's favourite, chooses to distribute such a divisive newspaper, an organ that is proven to be homophobic, racist and xenophobic. Please do not get me wrong I do not complain about a political bias, right-leaning or left-leaning, I am complaining to you about the deliberately hateful writing against parts of the British population and foreigners, Europeans and asylum seekers in particular. I am sure the inflammatory and hateful nature of a lot of reporting and commentary in the paper you distribute to your passengers has not escaped you.

As you can imagine I actively try to avoid being offended by a homophobic or xenophobic article by not picking up a copy of The Daily Mail on BA flights and bringing my own reading matter. However passive exposure to offensive bold headlines is unavoidable by fellow passengers who approvingly or un-approvingly read the paper distributed to them en masse and without alternative in the seats around me.

Your airline, even though privatised, is by it's name and nature an ambassador of Britain to the world. Why do you welcome passengers boarding your planes in foreign countries with a newspaper that promotes some of the most un-British values: pettiness, narrow-mindedness and hate? As a foreign passenger one assumes that the one and only newspaper handed out on a flight does reflect to some extent the country it is coming from. That assumption is largely misguided on British Airways flights. Would it not be a more fair service to all passengers and to Great Britain to offer a choice of newspapers, like most other European

quality airlines do, or to not hand out any newspapers, like the budget airlines do?

As a gay and foreign-born member of the British Airways Executive Club I first would like to know why British Airways chooses this divisive practice ( i.e. does BA believe in the values promoted in The Daily Mail? are you given the papers for free, whilst you would have to pay for alternative ones? are you being paid for distribution as part of a marketing deal?) and second I would like to find out if you intend to change your policy on this matter in the future? I feel strongly about this issue and therefore look forward to hear back from you, before I consider taking this matter to a public forum.

Yours sincerely,

Wolfgang Tillmans





watch (1984), 2004



Omama Cup, 2004

# Wolfgang Tillmans

## Wako Book 3

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