

otu: so.. congratulations you finally did it and have your own website. are you happy with it?

omi: well, yes. i am happy that finally my different works from different contexts and sites have their own harbor now. i call it the PORTO FOLIO.

otu: aha, and why does it look more like a portal from different people and things than one site of one person?

omi: i am no other. one of my favorite words is responsibility. this term got under the wheels of the moral truck and only few can remember its rolling meaning. in itself it means to respond. to be responsible means to respond to life. to others, to ideas, to things. my projects are all responses. pieces of a bigger dialog or polyog if you want. this is also why i call some of my works *(p)art* and not art.

otu: if you will pardon the expression, but that sounds like a cheap trick to make yourself more important.

omi: i was born as a collaborator. my mother told me that she was laying me like an egg. it went all very liquid and isn't so much remembered as a painful moment. i think that i responded well to her contractions.

otu: o god, now you become even biblical..

omi: every born child is o-my-god, i don't know what you mean.

otu: you mentioned responsibility and what it means to you. could you help me with some deeper explanation on that?

omi: i am not interested in what it „means to me“. my work is about what things really mean. they are questioning this all the time. i can't stand utopia, ideology and opinions. they are lifekillers - they make responsibility impossible. instead of listening, which is the precondition to be able to respond, we are filled with monsters like utopias and other romantic crap. we don't respond - we confirm ourselves stating what „we think“. 99,9999 % of what we call dialogues are actually monologues, or discourses - technics to conserve our „knowledge“. so responsibility really means to respond. nothing else. that was the idea and image behind this term.

otu: what „things really mean“? so now you're even the author of the bible?

omi: no, but i love etymology. don't you get it? my work is to respond. and it looks like it looks and often feels different because it responds to life, to others, to ideas and to things. actually all works are that, not only the so called art works, everything what life does is in all its endless variations that: a response. no monologue in the whole wide wonderverse, you know. at least i didn't find anything yet which is not part of something relational. we all are parts of the arts, just some stupid artists think they're beyond that. could you please try to formulate an interesting question?

otu: are aesthetics important to you?

omi: yes, in a triple-sense. as i already mentioned i am interested in the aesthetics of the relational. i think quality of life, the problems with the „good“, the „bad“ and the „ugly“ are all about qualities of relations. the second sense refers more close to Love.

otu: to Love?

omi: to Love.

otu: to Love.

omi: yes.

otu: i'm curious what your etymological bible says about it..

omi: sexy things! no actually just nonsense. as more you wanna know it, remember it, hold it, as more it flushes down your brain. but Love seems to be the origin and the effect of responsibility..

otu: ..the ability to respond..

omi: ..right. the ability to listen. i also can listen and not feel any need to respond. but anyway there must be this kind of Lovespark which jumps from the -spons to the re-..

otu: ..wait a moment, so „the second sense“ is the-aesthetics-of-love-sense?

omi: ..what does Love mean? why are some responses so brutal and blind, while others are so lovely and light? is Love in the lovely and Brut in the brutal? asking this question i ask all questions. or there *is* Love or Love is an idea. Love-utopia, Love-ideology and Love-opinion. right? wrong? we are invited to find that out! we don't know that, you know, although we are mainly lost in executing our answers to this question. so one becomes a believer, one a no-believer. one becomes very clever by confusing egoism with Love, one remains stupid by doing the same. so this is very present in all i do, that i don't know what Love means. every time i can stand less people who don't know that they don't know that. what we call „society“ i would better call universal soup opera.

otu: i'm surprised that you say you don't know that, you sound so light and lovely..

omi: i know, that's the price of being egg-born, what can i do. anyway Love can't be known, you only can be found by Love or find Love. but when you find Love you just found your own idea.

otu: ..okay, so tell me, what is the „third sense“ as you call it..

omi: ..are you sure that i call it like that and not we? i never said that before, it came in my mind listening to you ..while answering.. i didn't come here with the three-sense-theory.

otu: ..well come on, what is it? i suppose it is why your stuff looks generally beautiful.

omi: thank you. i know it wasn't meant as a compliment, but thank you anyway. i can't help it, as more i try to „listen“, as more „beautiful“ it gets. as i once read from M. C. Escher i also feel often kind of embarrassed looking at my stuff.. or see my things as ugly beauteousness. kitsch. i don't intend to do beautiful things, but they somehow become often sexy, because all comes together. the questions, the moment and the whole thing in between which we call the „me“, you know. since i was child i never stopped drawing. i am drawing all the time. this is responding. and through my parents, mainly my father in a visual sense and mainly through my mother in an ethical sense, i „found“ my sense of „beautiful“, of esthetic. not to mention the three million acquaintances i had..

otu: how old are you?

omi: 55 years in few weeks.

otu: compliment, i would have said you're 52..

omi: you see, thats kitsch! to be 52 or 55 is kitsch, because it says absolutely: nothing. whereas a good questions says it all.

otu: so the third sense, if you allow me to reuse this spontaneous expression of yours, is the aesthetics of.. of what?

omi: of the *now-it's-fine*. of fading out the judgements and comparisons from the masters of the word, the image and the style and to say basta, ciao. a big welcome to the questions on responsibility, Love and authenticity. and to do my stuff. which then looks like as it looks like. i like that things are „posters“, that they are „cheap“ and many, that you can draw on it, steel it, copy it. i like the street languages, the forestlanguages, the beachlanguages. music, film, architecture - formats for many. i like comic strips, the CMYK-code, ascii, sms and the beeper. they all are got their own aesthetic, their „light“ and their range of possibilities.

otu: so now its fine?

omi: it is new. it maybe never was so new as now. every now is new, but since about 4 years i'm working alone for the first time in my life. before it all was *c a l c*, and before and before. well, from 0 to 12 i think i was working alone as well. so the second time that i try that - to combine a responsible and an autonomous life.

otu: ..any gold metals yet?

omi: ..far from.. just crown caps from beer bottles.

out: beside beautiful lots of your newer projects, which you made mainly alone as you said, are also funny. is that correct?

omi: well, you are funny if you think thats funny, aren't you? but yes, i very much like to lough. in a loud-out-big-lough there are million of years of experience stored. same as in yawning and sneezing, but the lough shows it the best. i remember this little key moment reading Friedrich Nietzsche..

otu: ..here we go!

omi: ..well, talking about the graveness with which children play. they are not „naive“ and „stupid little“ children, they are serious scientists. the „fun“ children have is not a superficial sensation, but a profound union with what they do. and i remembered playing lots of time alone, i had asthma and wasn't good behind the balls.. and i just know that this is all the source i have. except the loud lough of course.

otu: and that is funny?

omi: its wonderful! to feel that there is this deep smile at the bottom of time. and of course its very funny too.. a kind way of protecting myself as well. if we don't like each other we at least could lough about the same joke maybe..

otu: but honestly there is much more method and concept behind this way of generating all your different-not-different projects, right?

omi: wrong. other good key was finding out the the center of my doing is the *not-doing-anything-at-all*. i said that already, if you can't listen, you can't respond. my works pop up in my days or nights, at sunrise and sundown, while dreaming and while i look into your skeptical eyes.

otu: not skeptical, critical.

omi: good idea. but honestly i can't stand methods and concepts neither.

sure, i make a „concept“ for every fart on windy days. little stupid lists and plans of how to sting reality. sure i have doubts, fears, very bad ideas and everything everybody has, but my whole life seems every time more as an one and only try to collaborate with it, with life. i have no idea where „art“ and „life“ could be treated as two. i don't care if i do a logo for something i like to do a logo for, or if i respond to an „important invitation“. i also like sweeping a lot. so decisions are taken more spontaneous and in close collaboration with daily life. this contains big surprises and small revolutions all the time.

otu: do you have an idea how to differentiate art and graphic design?

omi: no need to.. both is subtle, subversive and seductive.

otu: is it?

omi: isn't it?

otu: ..hmm, you make it maybe too simple for yourself. i can see stronger and weaker works in here.. and the strongest i think are on your part- and there on the c a 7 c-side.

omi: thank you, my friends will be happy to read that. maybe you are right, since i'm working alone i became a weaker. but everything in these 4 years feels really new.. if you want to recalculate my life from this restarting point i am about 16 years now.

otu: oh, so you believe in talent..

omi: yes, but only as an antique currency. every one got his own talent of being invited to listen and to take care of the only life he has.

otu: everyone is an artist? do you like Beuys?

omi: yes. he used to be the most important artist for me.. for so many years. and „everyone is an artist“, the „extended art term“ as he called it, is exactly what i mean with responsibility. its not about that everyone can do art, but everyone can respond. everyone responds and all responses are creative processes. that we are able to chose between yes and no makes us artists. and we should assume responsibility for the responses to life..

otu: thats maybe a good closing word.. i propose to continue this talk next year, i feel you kind of nervous now..

omi: yes, i also feel that we should have a break. and i wanna go for a walk.

otu: where to?

omi: nowhere, just walking.. i love it, walking brings air between the thoughts until they dissolve..

otu: just tell me as a last thing - what your actual projects are..

omi: go for a walk, then doing a little design for *Malikafé*.. the design for a sugar-sachet. and then i want to see how to organize a meeting in a small library with my new friends in this new town - i want to show them the book i made about my fathers art work and see how they see it..

otu: Lecce, i can hear that you like this city very much. why?

omi: first of all because a certain social climate and a kind of „cosmopolitan tradition“ makes it easier to refugees and immigrants to integrate themselves.. i am one as well, you know..since many years.. and i never saw so

many african people smiling, i think europe can learn a lot from Lecce or the Salento in general. so i feel that i can learn and propose a lot here, so much to do, such a big world this little city!

otu: no serious art project on the table?

omi: yes some.. but more about that next year, ok? ..right now the most important and most exciting project is to find an own flat with Francesca.

otu: where are we here, not in your flat?

omi: no, this is Gianpaolos flat, he might be back in spring..

out: ok, so see you next year in your new flat, greet Francesca and happy Xmas!

omi: see you.. and a happy new yeah!

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