

Good Morning Have a nice Day
September 3, 2021 - November 4,
2021

Lukas Müller
b. 1986, Kassel
lives and works in Frankfurt am Main

„Poets say science takes away from the beauty of the stars - mere globs of gas atoms. I too can see the stars on a desert night, and feel them. But do I see less or more? The vastness of the heavens stretches my imagination - stuck on this carousel my little eye can catch one - million - year - old light. A vast pattern - of which I am part... What is the pattern, or the meaning, or the why? It does not do harm to the mystery to know a little about it. For far more marvelous is the truth than any artists of the past imagined it. Why do the poets of the present not speak of it?

-Richard Feynman

I met Noa for the first time on one of the first summer nights. I don't remember how I got into conversation with him. He stood in front of a brothel and tried to convince me of the quality of his stuff. He kept talking about how good it was. I didn't want any. He followed me into a bar. He wanted money for a drink. He drank and later he wanted more money. I gave it to him. He wanted to go get some stuff. He'll give it back to me, he said. I didn't see him again that night. I did not see him again for a long time afterwards. I only had his number saved in my phone.

Maybe 3 or 4 months later my phone rang. It was him and he said he wanted to make it up for back then. We should meet. He would compensate me for not coming back that night. I had a strange feeling about it but wanted to see him again. "I'm not ripping you off again," he said on the phone. Half an hour later I was sitting in the S-Bahn to a station quite far away.

When we met again we went to the gas station first. He wanted me to get cigarettes and alcohol. "You have money. Come with me now. Up there. In here. Best couch, I've been here with my friends since yesterday."

The apartment was 3 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. One room was the bedroom, the other room had a TV and the couch. The third and smallest room is unused and full of moving boxes, none of them unpacked. A college jacket comes out of one of the boxes. The friend lives here.

The friend is driving. A small white car. He turns on the music loudly and we drive further out of the city - get some stuff. Then we go on. "Where to?" I want to know. „Wait for it." Noa gets out, only briefly. The friend turns up the music. We can't talk. Noa gets back in.

We drive against the setting sun. We arrive at dusk - meet up with friends. Conversations about cars and drugs. How expensive, where from, from whom. It's gotten cold. Using and drinking. They wonder why I'm there. We stand for hours under the roof of shopping carts in front of a supermarket. I have a camera with me - currently my daily companion. Camera shy and still wanting to be filmed. A crescent moon can now be seen over the parking lot, directly opposite the hotel.

Lucas Hirsch

Opening hours
Wed – Sat: 1 – 6pm

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We share the room. Rates are normal. Everything works automatically, without reception and direct contact with the staff. We open the door with a chip card. We get the chip card from a machine that also swallows the credit card.

Affection shown through pretended dislike. Delicate touches that look rough at first. Like a child who learns to walk and occasionally buckles on its wobbly legs. These are the encounters. Much like how this text was written, even printed out, and lies here to be read. A bit shaky, in short sentences. We don't get along, but learn to be together in the hotel room that night.

It seems to me that learning is more important than understanding. What is understood needs constant renewal. Otherwise there will be a standstill and I will move away from what is new and undiscovered. My world should not freeze or turn gray. Do not allow the standstill.