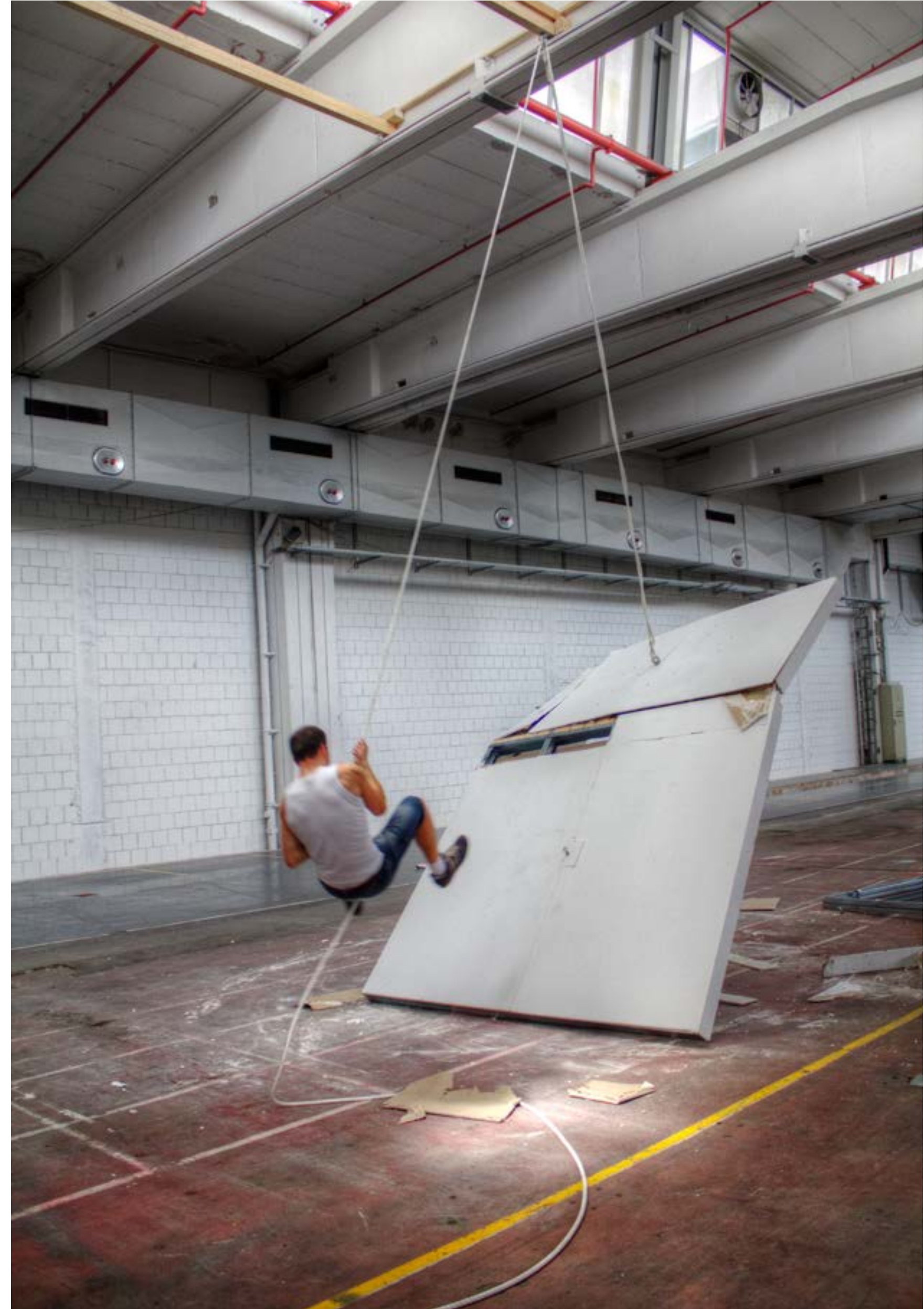


**Big
gestures
&
how
they
implode.**



1 Great promises in epic breadth, *great expectations* and how they implode. A residue of a narrative: This is how it could have been, had not reality gotten the best of us.

2 The realness of materiality. Materials out of discount paradise, clean, sleek and oh so contemporary. The beauty of a staple, of a towel, of a raw sausage. Can you polish a sponge to high finish?

3 The blunt cheesiness of glitz & glam. Did you ever wonder how gross Usher's fragrance smells, scattered into pieces on the gallery floor? To exceed tolerable limits, the boundaries of good taste in the rear-view mirror.

4 *Portrait of the artist*, a trillion times. Is this narcissism or indifference?

5 All desire wants eternity, and all eternity is phantasm, phantasm only. The water that is dripping through the sponges and is painting rainbows on the floor will eventually evaporate. *Contemporary daily* makes for good urban decay when the letters fall off the wall like paint exfoliates from abandoned buildings. *Jouissance* of the untying knot. Let us go back to the beginning, let us start over, view set onto the next eternity.

6 There is a magic in every beginning, and the melancholy of the last failure. Self-imposed tilting at windmills, artistic chastisement and no way out. The morbidity of "The Child is Father of the Man" does

not lie in the mortuary, but in the yeast that is working against its own evanescence. It has never actually worked out.

7 The solution of the problem is always the solution of the knot, the inevitable free fall towards the ground. Solution and problem, at once: The relentless eagerness to build a knot out of a rigid rope.

8 Creating form, becoming form, withdrawing form, formlessness. Inflection, deflection of the material until it not yet collapses. A moment in time when everything *is* before falling apart. Apotheosis of the ephemeral form. The most patient waiter gets a perfect installation shot.

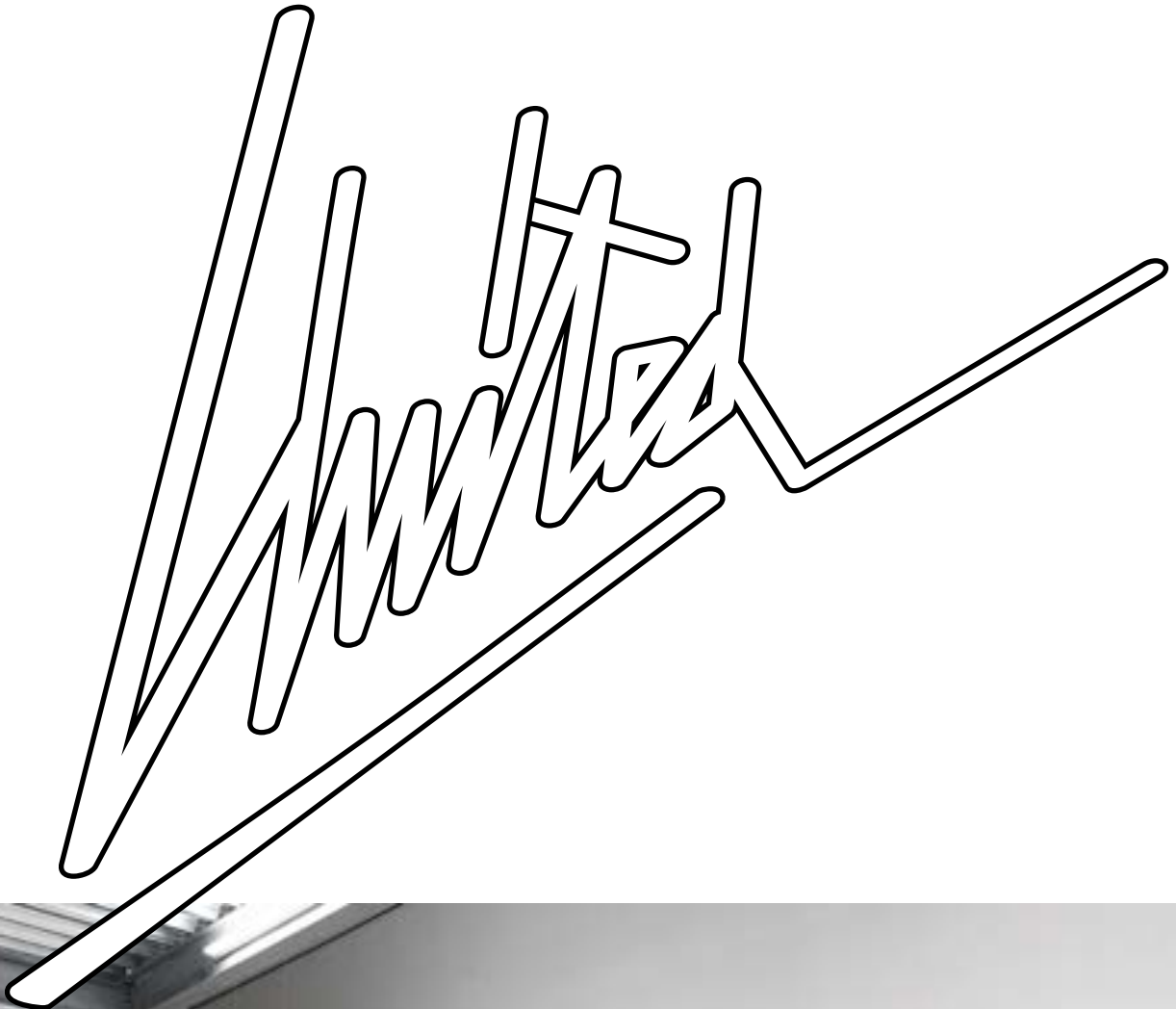
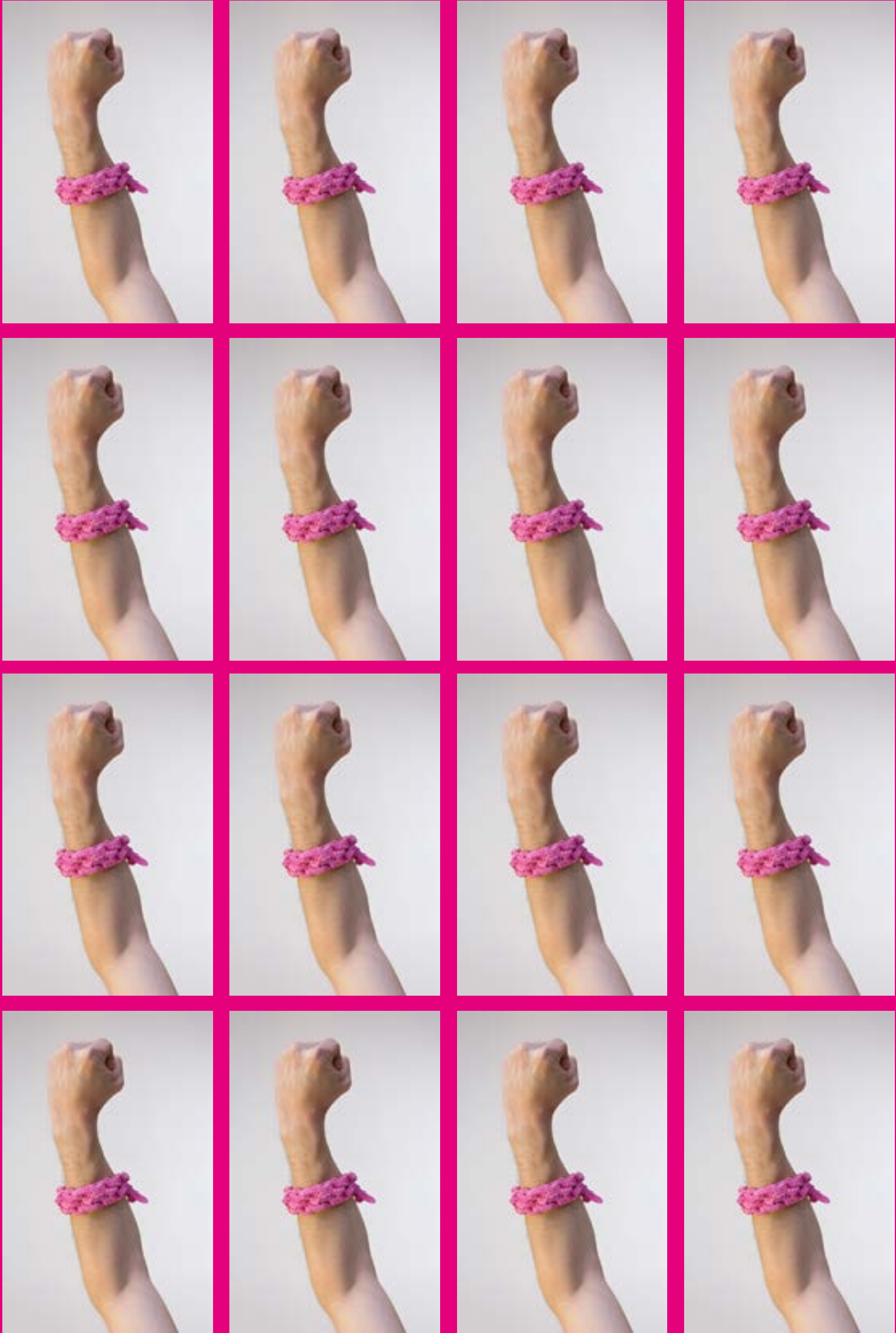
9 Form is shape shifting in space.

10 Megalomania. These experimental designs want nothing less than redefining art, the art world, the world. It will all break apart before it started. What does trying even mean?

11 Being fashionable in the art world is being effortlessly chic. The ultimate balancing act: Be your best unfashionable.

12 The woods are lovely, dark and deep, but I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep. Promise of the artwork: I won't ever get tired.

text by Nora Weinelt





I had asked my artist friends to donate one of their towels for this project. I cut a long strip out of each towel, which I then knotted into oversized friendship bracelets.

The towels, along with my own favorite towel, were grommeted and bound together to form a huge and colorful banner. I also used pieces of my own towels to replace the strips in my friends' towels I had extracted.

When I had raised the banner, I glued the letters 'Contemporary Daily' on the wall with a paint brush and fresh water. As the water evaporated, the letters no longer adhered to the wall, peeling off or falling to the floor. Day by day, I returned to re-mount the phrase, for the duration of the exhibition.

I decided to divide the exhibition space by raising a wall.

While the banner, placed in front of the wall, was the first thing visitors saw when they entered, the shady backside of the wall was the perfect place for a golden tea-cart that served as a hanging folder storage. Here, I presented all the letters of rejection I had received over the years, for people to flip through, while listening to 'All Gold Everything' by Trinidad James, a song that was playing on repeat on the headphones that came out of the wall – a huge MP3 player, if you will. I liked the idea that people would happily bounce to this song while going through the rejection letters.









CANDY CRUSH



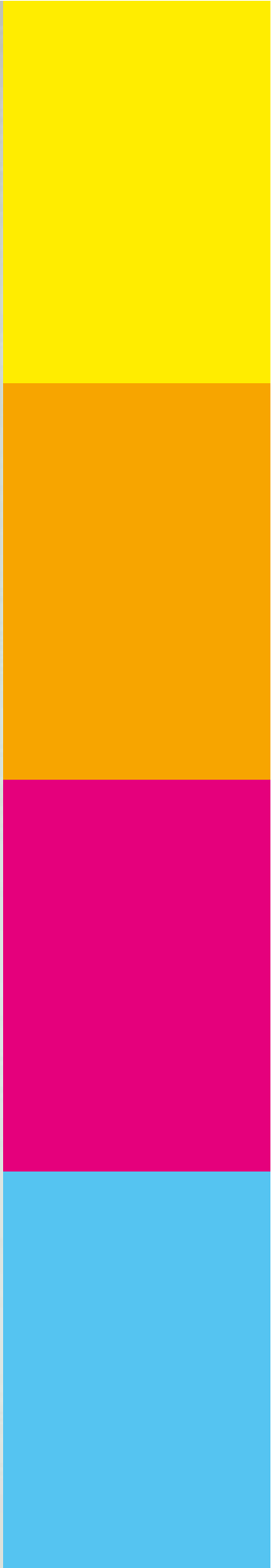
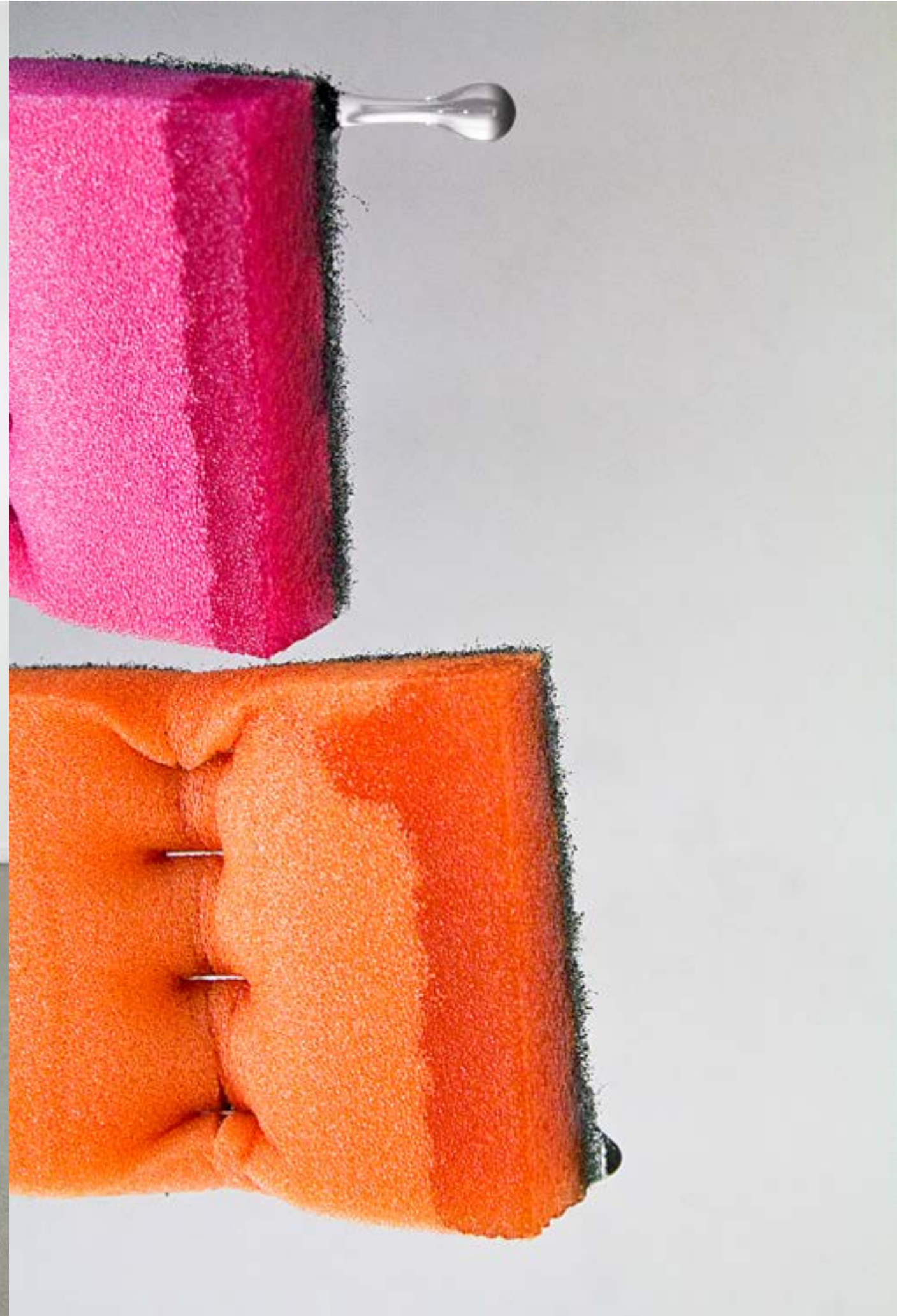


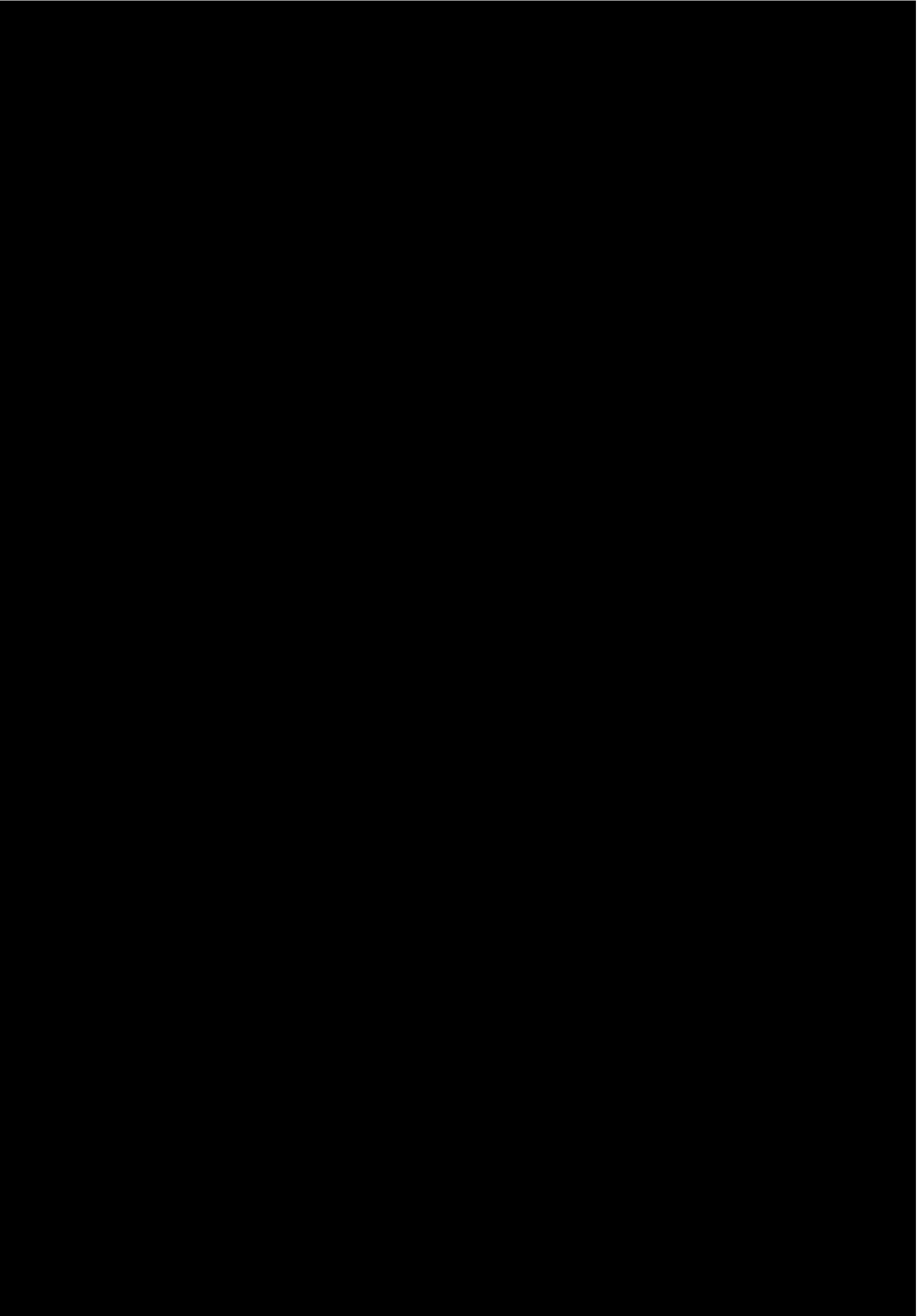
some-



where

over the
rainbow





PLAZA

THE
GOS



I have always been interested in different ways of trivial territorial behavior. Using towels to claim public space is a prime example, and one of my all-time favorites.

This is how **Platzhirsch** came to life. I set grommets in dozens of used military towels and knotted them together. I then hung the banner that I had made out of all these towels onto a couple of bunched fiber glass tent poles.

I love how the poles bend under the banner's weight. Also, I experimented with wet towels. They would dry while hanging on the flagpole. It was fascinating to see how the poles would gradually straightening up.







03





you're as cold as ice
you're willing to sacrifice our love
you never take advice
someday you'll pay the price, i know

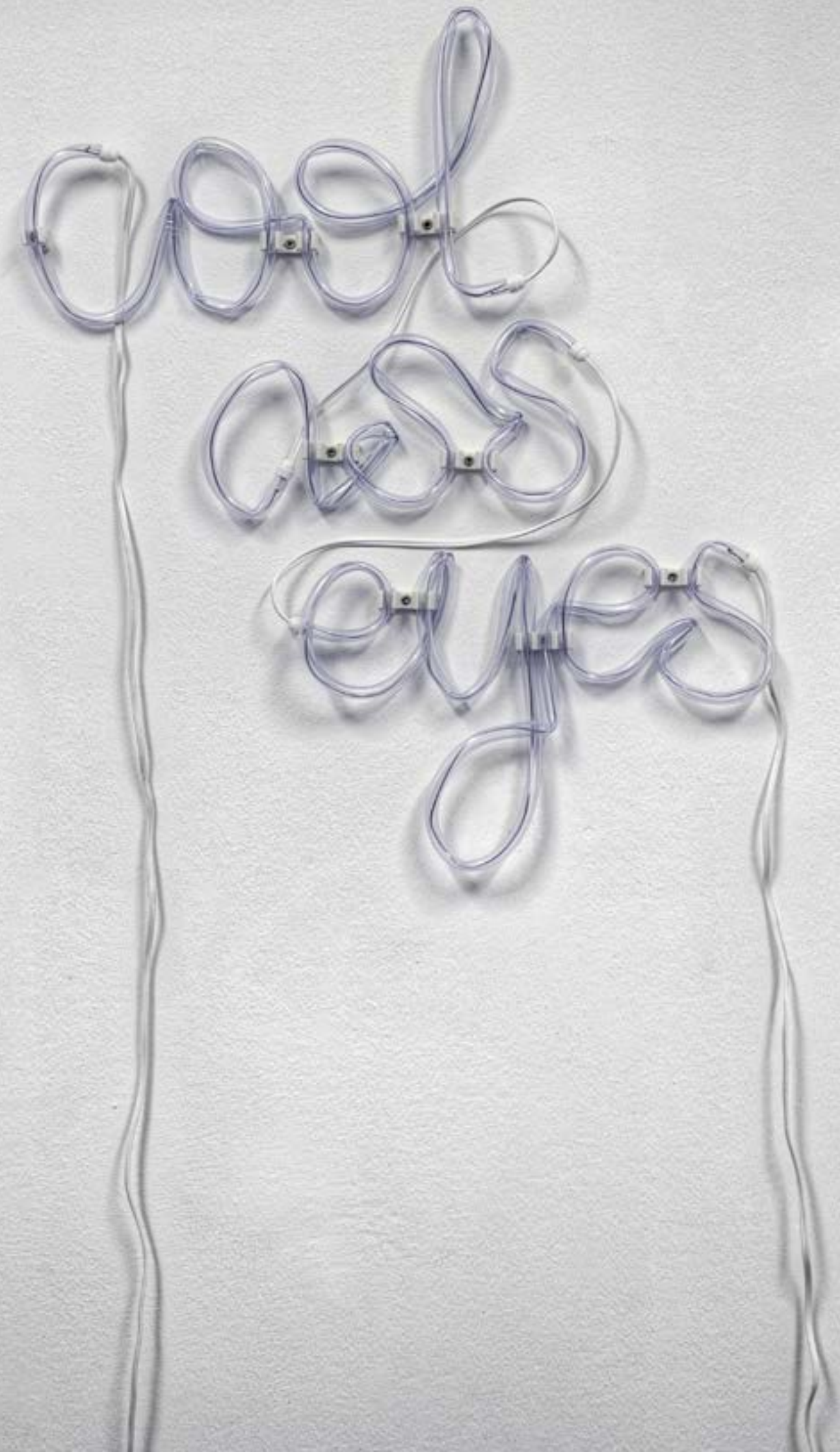
i've seen it before, it happens all the time
you're closing the door, you leave the world behind
you're digging for gold, you're throwing away
a fortune in feelings, but someday you'll pay

you're as cold as ice
you're willing to sacrifice our love
you want paradise
but someday you'll pay the price, i know

i've seen it before, it happens all the time
you're closing the door, you leave the world behind
you're digging for gold, you're throwing away
a fortune in feelings, but someday you'll pay

cold as ice, you know that you are
cold as ice,
as cold as ice to me
cold as ice

you're as cold as ice,
cold as ice, i know, yes i know
you're as cold as ice,
cold as ice, i know, oh yes i know
you're as cold as ice,
cold as ice, i know, oh yes i know
you're as cold as ice





I've been trying to optimize my collaboration with Daniel Kiss for a while now.

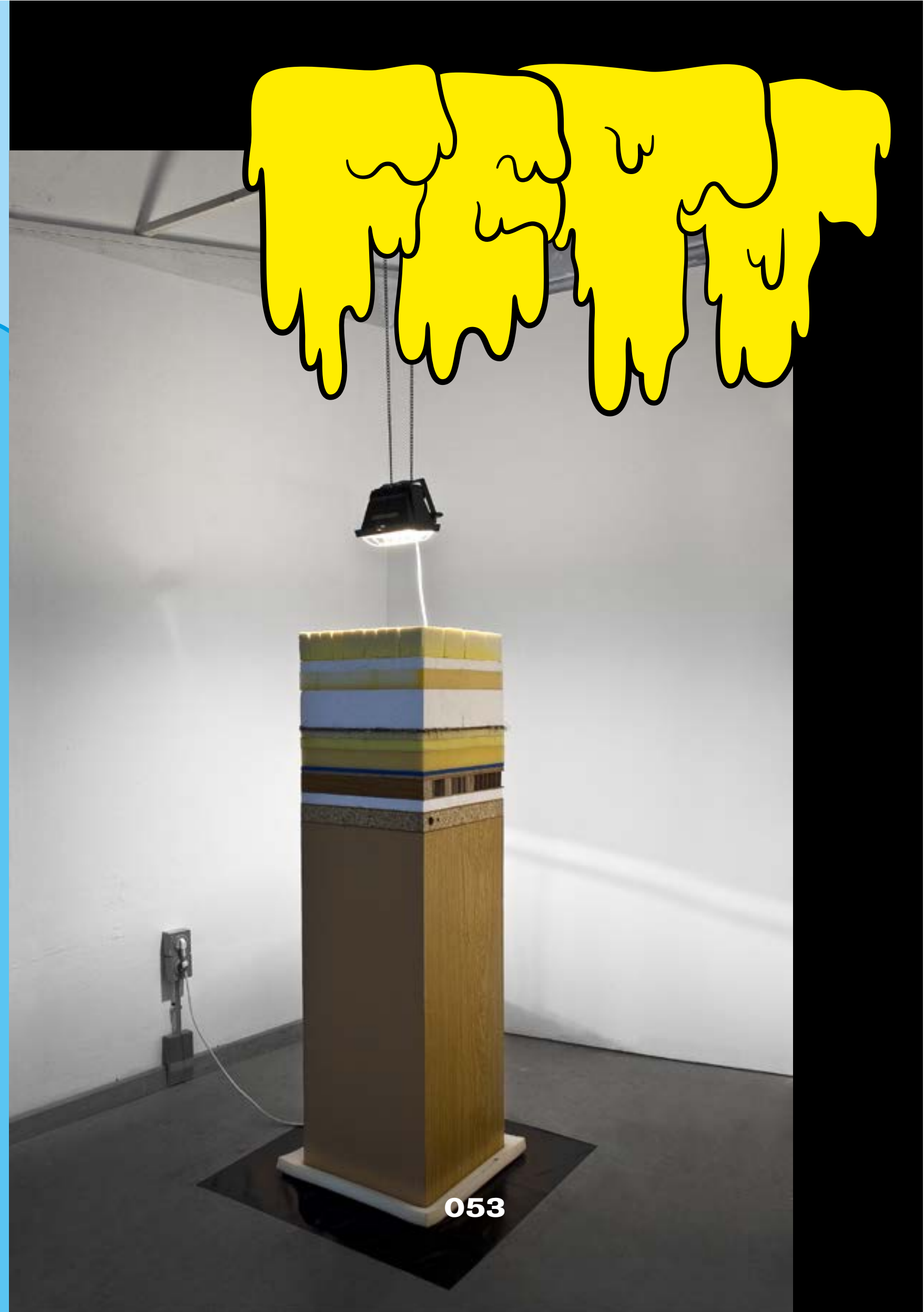


047





Dickwache



053



BRUCE

2014 — perfume, glass, Maglite, bent chipboard

The protagonist, in a traditional Kung Fu suit, seems to interact with the protagonists of a movie that is being screened, accompanied by the tunes of a piano. Two nuns, an abbot and a cook are the characters of this seemingly classic silent movie in black and white, which eventually turns out to be a historic porn film from the 1910s. It takes a while for the viewer to realize what is going on: The two black sticks that the protagonist is waving around are XXL sized Maglites, the protagonist's goal is it to overexpose the most explicit parts of each frame.

I like how much of a wild clash of traditional movie genres **L'heure de la soupe** is. Silent movies, martial arts films, the classic Hollywood police thriller and, of course, porn are all mashed together, complementing each other in a weirdly inspiring way.

L'heure de la soupe

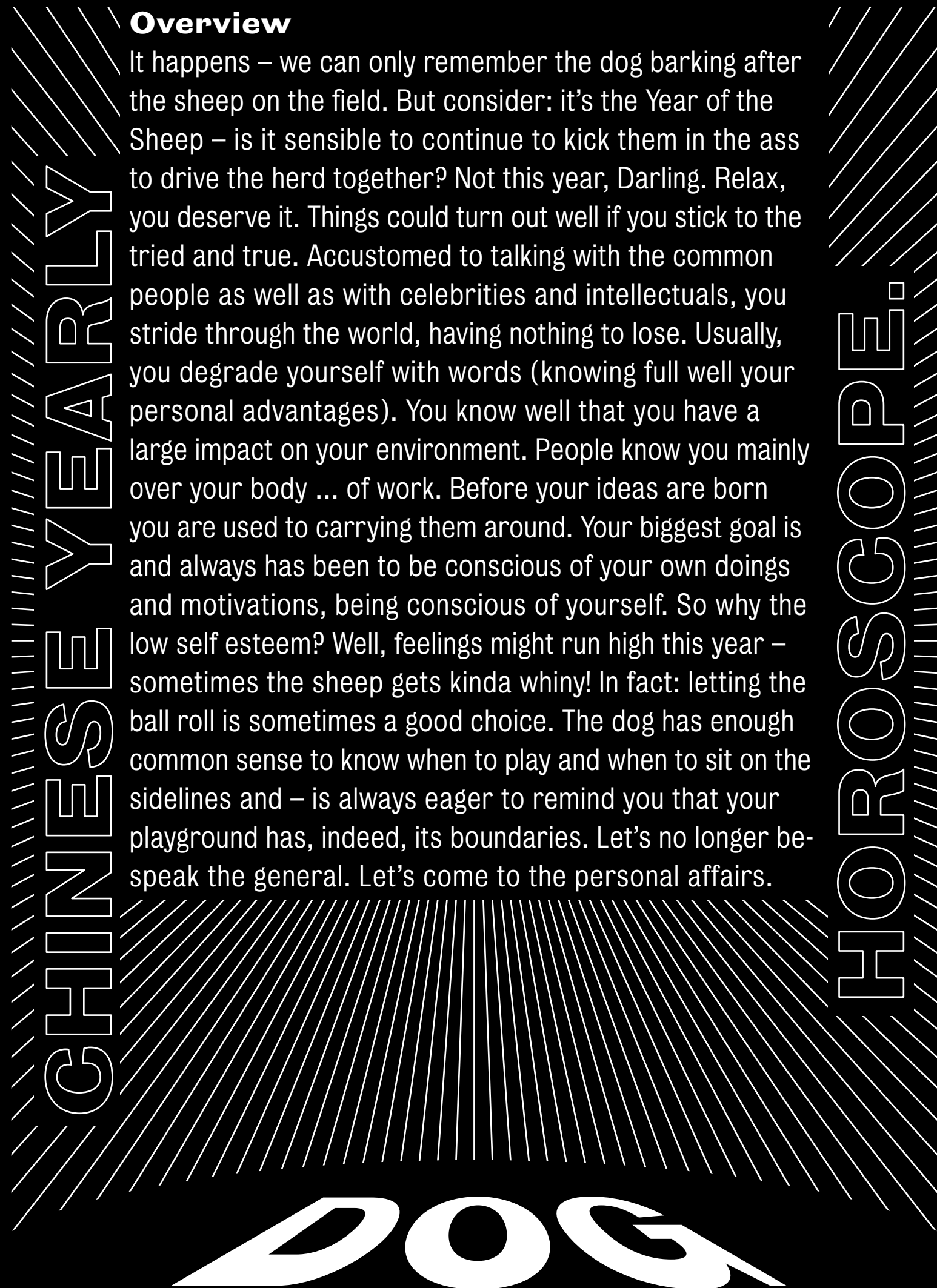


Mr. Abbot Bitt
Convent





059



Overview

It happens – we can only remember the dog barking after the sheep on the field. But consider: it's the Year of the Sheep – is it sensible to continue to kick them in the ass to drive the herd together? Not this year, Darling. Relax, you deserve it. Things could turn out well if you stick to the tried and true. Accustomed to talking with the common people as well as with celebrities and intellectuals, you stride through the world, having nothing to lose. Usually, you degrade yourself with words (knowing full well your personal advantages). You know well that you have a large impact on your environment. People know you mainly over your body ... of work. Before your ideas are born you are used to carrying them around. Your biggest goal is and always has been to be conscious of your own doings and motivations, being conscious of yourself. So why the low self esteem? Well, feelings might run high this year – sometimes the sheep gets kinda whiny! In fact: letting the ball roll is sometimes a good choice. The dog has enough common sense to know when to play and when to sit on the sidelines and – is always eager to remind you that your playground has, indeed, its boundaries. Let's no longer be-speak the general. Let's come to the personal affairs.

Relationships

Emotion is the new black! Picture yourself beneath a gold canopy sharing delicious grapes with your lover. Or a boat on a lazy river. Or even better, chasing dolphins together! Kisses, thrilling as champagne? Check. Levels of playful companionship, trust and intimacy beyond your wildest dreams? Double Check. Encouraging & listening, stuff you're probably pretty good at, will make you indispensable to your friends and your partner this year. You are not the kind of person who rushes willy nilly into new relationships. In this of all years, you're willing to share experiences. You'll be having a little less conversation, a little more action. Luckily, your beloved ones never have the feeling that you are positioning yourself into the center of attention. No, you've got the perfect excuse – the center of attention is positioning itself around you. As things are getting a bit busy starting midyear, your empathy could give you a leg up on the love front. When in doubt, love more, love often and love responsibly.

Career

If there's a job to be done, you're the one to step up and do it. People love that about you! Maybe you like this too much. A better plan this year might be to take a step back. The small projects add up quickly and you could find yourself dog paddling your way into burn out. Don't let them get ya. Once your plate is full, it's full. We all do love the Spanish expression 'con ganas', meaning 'with gusto'. You got your gusto – and you won't lose it. You'll have hot cooperations. From Habaneros to Jolokias, back to Habaneros, Ying will be much more supportive than Yang was last year. Ah, Dog, you magical thing: This is a time for cultivating hot healthy emotional habits and sharing them with people in your professional life.

Health

Of all zodiacs you are the picture of health: Lean, sleek and tanned. Your body is in a good shape, your mind is focused. In all your work, loneliness is merely a measuring device that indicates how human you are. Being human is amazing, ... but it forces you to expose weakness. Don't let things slide. You know, you're close to growing into an historically recognized person. The grey tone that turns your face sallow from time to time shows you how necessary it is to let others work for you and to have your beauty sleep. Daily meditation, yoga and breathing practices will come effortlessly to you. Add regular spa treatments and a daily massage. Your social health will benefit as a result. Kissing your left biceps after finishing something more or less important will be an appropriate reward. Feelings of cheer and joy will blossom in your heart. Enjoy!

Wealth

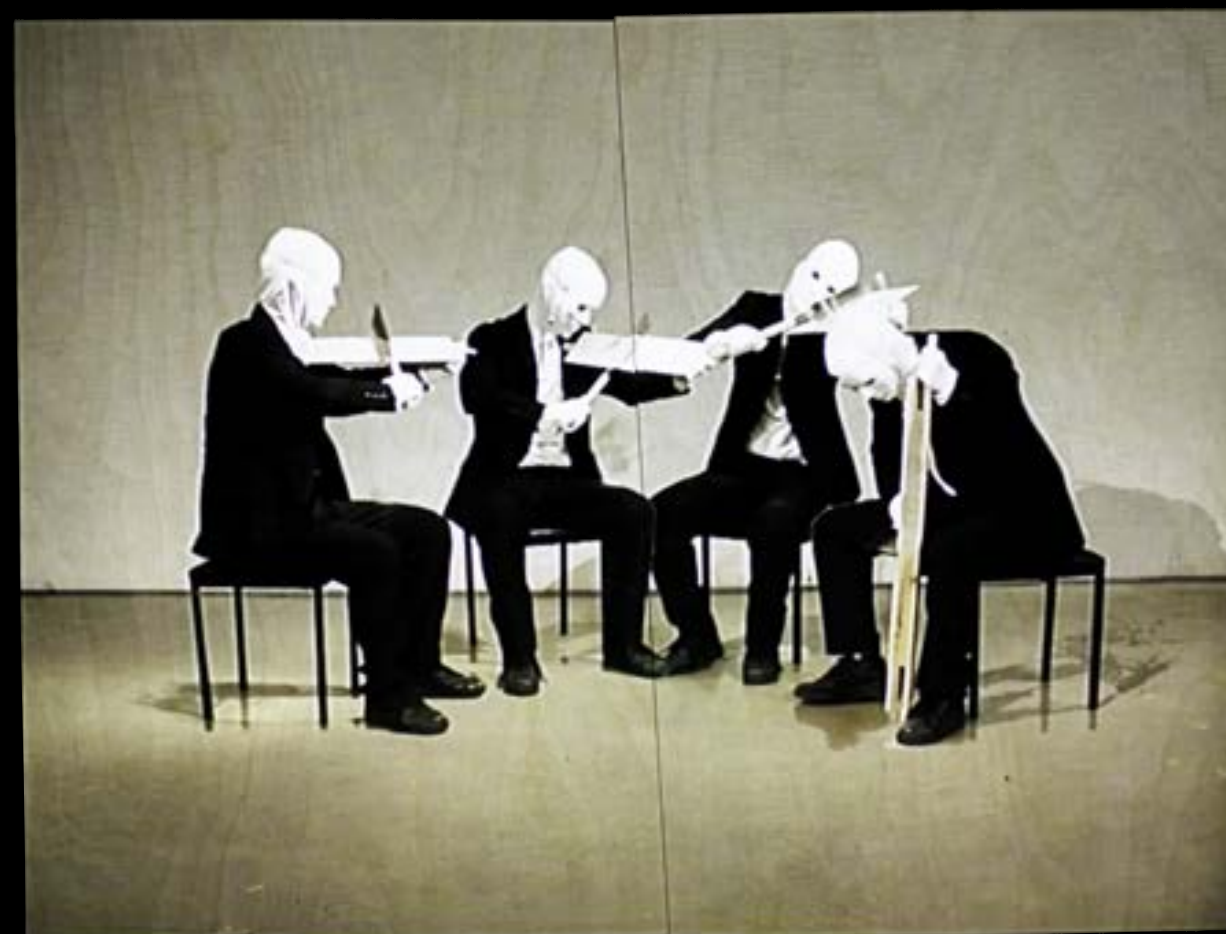
Periods of prosperity? This year is a hell of one for you. The richness in wood – years comes from sunsets and laughter, as opposed to fine clothing and luxury automobiles. Having overcome these human desires, you do value what money can't buy. – Sharing that this year will bring tears of joy to the eyes of your friends. Traveling should be something worth considering. It's not the short distance trips that catch your attention. China asks for your presence, more than willing to share her last laps of the Golden Age with you. This year it's YOUR opportunity to expand your center of attention.

text by Carola Uehlken



INTER

2012 — object and video



A video shows four strange guys performing as a string **quartet** – while they are actually just cutting the wooden pieces for the screen the video is projected onto.

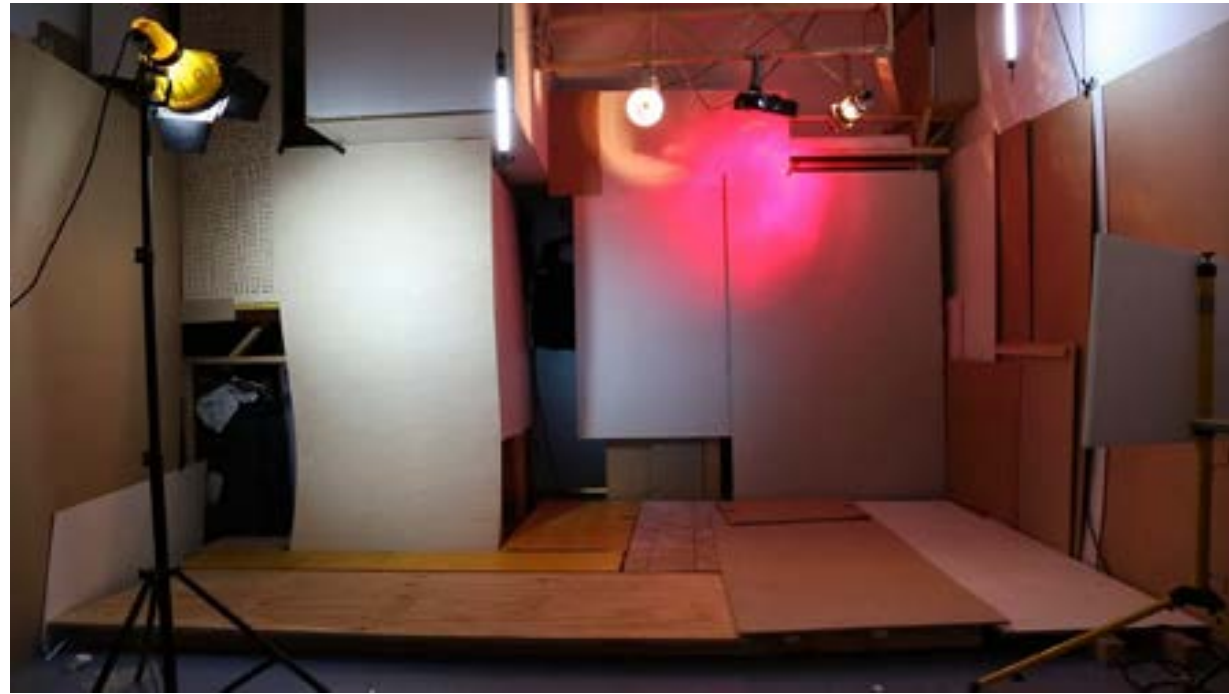


2013 — video: 41m 59s — 143 oldschool rap covers, sorted by color



069





The four protagonists try to reenact the dancing of a boy group. The performance has, quite obviously, never been practiced and is hardly ever in sync.

The video has no sound and shows three different performances, with a total running time of about 15 minutes – it almost feels like a muted concert.

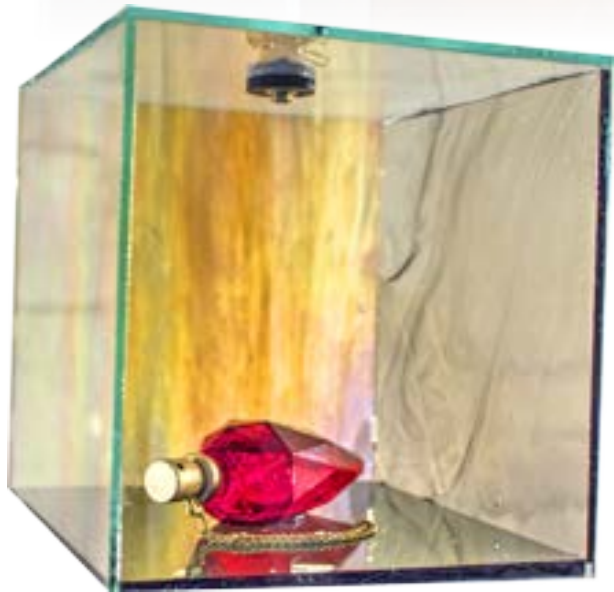
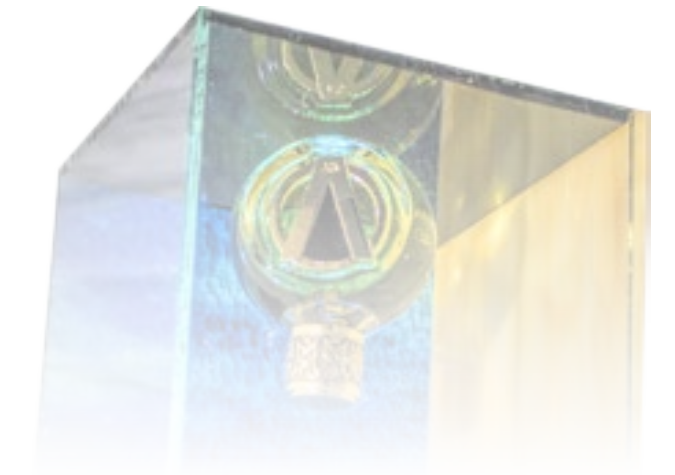
For me, this piece also has a strong sculptural element: I built the stage out of loose panels which shift slightly with each of the protagonists' moves. I consider the stage to be the fifth protagonist. Also, it is very important to me that the projection is set to open another room, to enhance the gallery space.



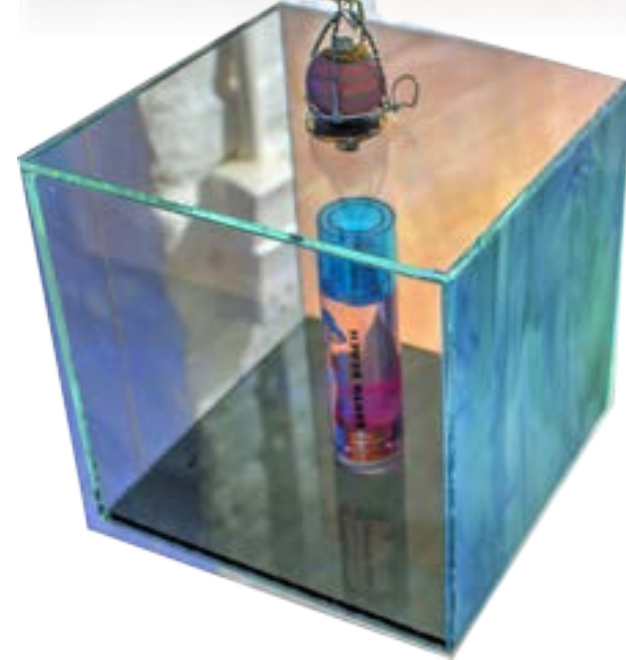
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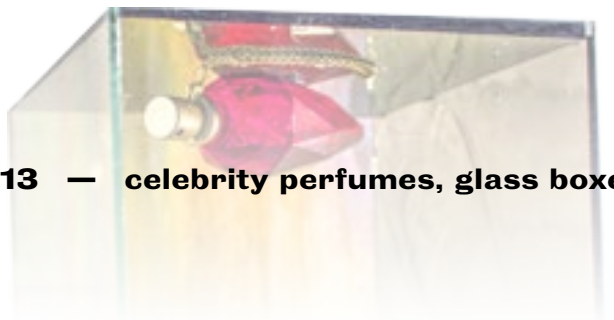
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A lot of celebrities have released their own perfumes, and for some reason, I am very attracted to them. How do they smell? Could it be possible to condense the way Paris Hilton smells into her fragrance? Is there Usher's testosterone in that bottle, or Lady Gaga's estrogen? Or Bruce Willis' pure and manly sweat?

Obviously not. Most of these fragrances smell generic and as cheap as they actually are. The same goes for their presentation: What is advertised as a luxurious flacon which comes in the most extraordinary shape, bares all signs of cheap mass production and sleazy materials. Smell like your idol, be like your idol – celebrity fragrances seem to bring glamour to middle school, but this advertising promise is bound to be broken.

I took a few of my favorite perfumes and built glass boxes in different colors in order to perfectly showcase them. I wanted the boxes to perpetuate the difference between illusion and reality, which is so inherent in the fragrances.

Looking at them from a certain distance, all the weird shapes and colorful glass panes are reminiscent of unconventional jewelry displays.

The closer one gets, however, the more one notices that the glass boxes are just as poorly made as the perfumes themselves – but for completely different reasons. While the different high quality glass panes are laboriously cut and glued by hand, the obvious lack of professional tools and the ubiquitous dilettantism are what makes them look humble in the end.

During the exhibition, the showcases were hanging on delicate chains, each of them connected to the corks of bottles of cheap sparkling wine. The glued boxes made it impossible to ever get a taste of the perfumes without destroying the boxes. At the same time, however, their collapse was pending throughout the exhibition: the weight of the boxes was eventually going to uncork the bottles. And, indeed: after a couple of days, one of the corks popped, 'Usher' smashed down on the floor and spread his testosterone-y smell all over the gallery.

testosterone-y smell all over the gallery,
down on the floor and spread his tes-
of the corks popped, 'Usher,' smashed
And, indeed: after a couple of days, one
eventually going to uncork the bottles.



THINGS

fall apart

THE STUDIO

A garden fence on a street that by its very un-Berlin-ness – small gardens and pre-war trees, a former woman's prison, the harsh concrete and the precise angles of recent outbursts of modernism – is very Berlin. The street cries tragedy in a still, small voice, the foreboding of something yet unclear, a restlessness without a name or a time frame, as if the former prison were looking for new tenants, or the fallow ground along the tracks waiting for new buildings to be cast like dice. The fence is carved out of solid black iron, while most of what's inside the studio is made of wood – or whatever passes for wood nowa-

days, plywood, thin MDF sheets, grainy fiberboards. The studio is both tidy and messy, perhaps tidy *because* it is messy, the same way an oil stain in a garage looks perfectly in place, reassuringly competent. There are more tools scattered about than names for them; a whole family of utensils will cover any given horizontal surface. The tools provide a general feeling of intense resourcefulness, of infinite and shifting possibilities, the exact opposite of an IKEA assembly manual, although at times achieving very similar results. Shelves have been put up, computer desks built from scratch. Everywhere you look there's something hanging over your head, a box, a bed. The boxes are labeled, the bed unmade.

THE ARTIST

has built it all himself, the shelves, the desk, the bed. And as if that wasn't enough of a present-day achievement (a "Contemporary Daily" hero), he has even found

the time to make art. He rubs his hands together while speaking about his work as if trying to tame them, to forbid them from erecting a structure right there and then, like a magician holding his hat backstage. Or maybe he's trying to remember how it felt to assemble them, the structural solutions he found as he went along, the last-minute material replacements, the tactile memory of all that didn't quite work out in the end but that held the piece together all the same. Up close – and sometimes even from afar – the structures look rough, almost purposely unfinished, they challenge you to confront their flaws and shortcomings, to either come to terms with it or to abandon your delusions of control. They perform the task which is expected of them, but just barely, and just for the time being. Five minutes from now is a conversation best had in five minutes; if things fall apart, they fell apart just in time.

HOW TO LOSE CONTROL

Making art, mostly.

THE IDEAL LEASH

To exert control over the world is a deceiving pretension; in media res we believe to be in control of things, but as soon as we are done and retreat one step, what stares right back at us is a whole different monster. And now that you have a monster in the room it is probably best to attend to it, and what you will do with the monster is key – better let yourself be surprised by it than go immediately running for the leash. Themes and techniques are important for keeping things manageable, for encompassing the scope of a project, but it is beyond their grasp where discovery begins. The ideal leash should end in a place where we had no idea it would end, preferably one we can never reach.

A SENSE OF SPACE

His pieces are not site-specific but rather specific to a certain site, built to fit and then be disassembled, to rise from scratch and die in a box. From these boxes they might one day rise again, changed, seasoned, but not for long, not forever. The labels on the boxes

are there to remind the pieces that they briefly existed, that the artist's attention has now shifted elsewhere, to new ideas and locations. The cluttered studio cannot hold a piece from beginning to end, and so the exhibition space becomes part of the equation. He will first go and investigate it, and later on return with his tools and his hands and a halfway done piece and the promise – menaced by a looming opening date – to finish it on-site. (For the artist, as for the real estate market in Berlin, location is everything.) One of the first things he says about the studio: sorry about the lack of space. Like he is embarrassed but isn't really, like he is just placing himself outside his comfort zone to see what he can come up with. He then talks about a towel on a beach, how it marks a territory, how it says: this space here belongs to me. But it doesn't, really, it's still just sand underneath, counting the waves and its days.

WHAT IS THE ARTIST DOING

Working on the border of what he can do.

BALANCING ACT

The exact wrong angle and not an inch further. The glass one drop before it overflows. The whole might and myth of German engineering applied to making things almost break. A question is being asked here somewhere, in between planks of wood that aren't real wood, underneath pop choreographies that you don't want to dance to, and the question seems to be: how much is too much, how little is not enough? There aren't any answers, of course, answers are boring affairs and art a difficult mistress. But perhaps this here may help: picture a painting hanging on a wall, its whole weight relying on one thin iron nail. It might take centuries of quiet gravity and decay, but at some point that nail will too fall off.

FAIL BETTER

If it were possible to measure life with a ruler, like a kid on a geometry class, which would be the closest point to failure that is not yet failure? All tools in the world still won't let you know how much is left to go, or if you



should have stopped some twelve years ago. Art is only worthwhile if it's bound to fail. In an ideal world, each work of art should posit its own failure.

WHEN THINGS FALL APART

it's tragic, but a thing only becomes tradition when it breaks, when it's broken.

"ART OR STARBUCKS", A POEM FOR THE ARTIST

Restore the connection between
image and meaning /
Expose the corruption made in-
visible by society /
bewitched by a caffè-latte.

THE ARTIST (IN A NUTSHELL)

A one-man boy band.

text by Caio Yurgel







2011 — water-filled buckets, shovels, level



087



2011 — wood, model landscape grass, dimmer, cable, plugs, bulbs, hot glue



Schwe-rebe-schleu-nigung







095



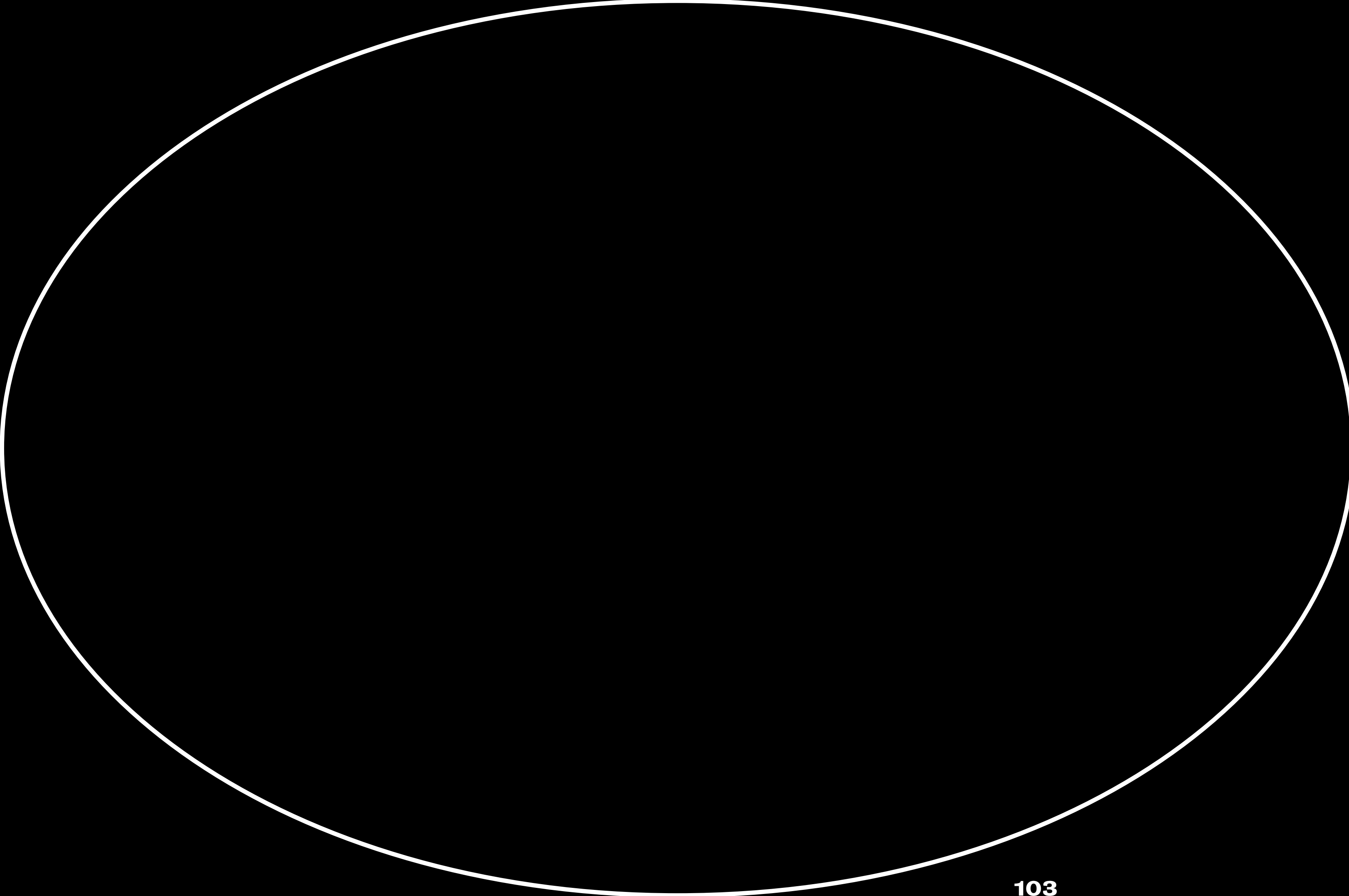
Lubber's Knot



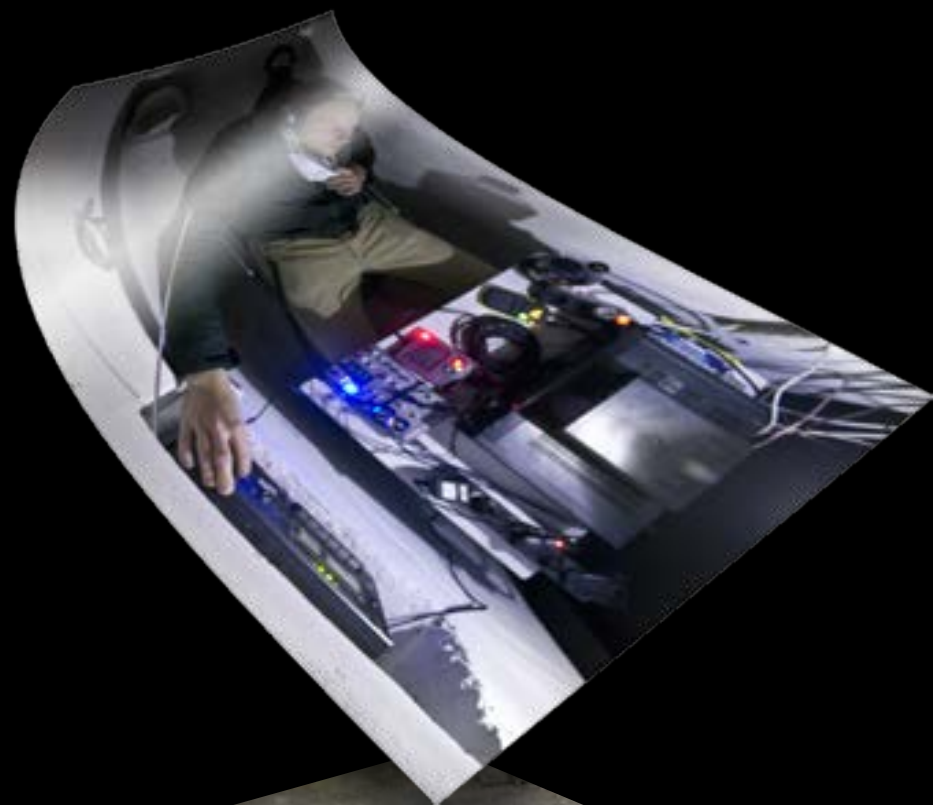
I built a foldable cabin which I hung on a rope in its unfolded state, as a folding template, so to speak. It was only secured by an incorrectly executed square knot. When the knot slipped, the panels crashed down and were meant to fold back into the original cabin state. Because of the friction of the rope, however, the folding process could not be finished and remained stuck in an intermediary stage.











(1) Maschinen, die selbstständig Funktionen ausführen, (2) Roboter, die sich gegen ihren Erbauer auflehnen, (3) Automaten, die höhere Intelligenz als ihre Schöpfer haben und sie lieben und schützen, (4) Vergleiche oder Identifikation des Menschen mit der Maschine, die Freiheitsverlust andeuten.



Der Schachtürke

Sebastian Tröger & Benjamin Zuber

„Schon die Verbindung des Menschen mit toten das Menschliche in Bildung und Bewegung nachäffenden Figuren zu gleichem Tun und Treiben hat für mich etwas Drückendes, Unheimliches, ja Entsetzliches. Ich kann mir es denken, daß es möglich sein müßte, Figuren vermöge eines im Innern verborgenen Getriebes gar künstlich und behende tanzen zu lassen, auch müßten diese mit Menschen gemeinschaftlich einen Tanz aufführen und sich in allerlei Touren wenden und drehen, so daß der lebendige Tänzer die tote hölzerne Tänzerin faßte und sich mit ihr schwenkte, würdest du den Anblick ohne inneres Grauen eine Minute lang ertragen? Aber vollends die Maschinenmusik ist für mich etwas Heilloses und Greuliches, [...] und [so] wird der geist- und empfindungsloseste Spieler noch immer mehr leisten als die vollkommenste Maschine, da es nicht denkbar ist, daß nicht irgend einmal eine augenblickliche Anregung aus dem Innern auf sein Spiel wirken sollte, welches natürlicherweise bei der Maschine nie der Fall sein kann.“ (aus: E.T.A. Hoffmann, „die Automate“)



The
Child

is
father



of the
Man

More Dimensions.

Ein Versuch über Fokussierung.

There was a darkness; then a dizzy, sickening sensation of sight that was not like seeing; I saw a Line that was no Line; Space that was not Space; I was myself, and not myself. (Edwin Abbott Abbott: Flatland)

I.

Kleine orangefarbene Quadrate bewegen sich, langsam, kriechend, von unten nach oben durch einen vertikal durchschnittenen Raum. Nicht ganz synchron, in gemäßigtem Tempo, wandern sie von der unteren Kante des Bildes die ganze Strecke nach oben, immer ihre Bahn entlang. Ungerührt, unbeirrt. Lautlos.

Es dauert einen Moment, bis ich mich orientiert habe. Ich schaue, aus der Vogelperspektive, auf eine Anordnung von Bänken. Die Quadrate, zwischen ihnen, Sitzkissen. Und nicht die Quadrate kriechen, sondern

die schwarzen Gestalten, die sie auf dem Rücken tragen. Eine Szene aus einem mir fremden Universum, genauso phantastisch wie selbstverständlich, irgendwie abstrus, aber irgendwie auch: sakral. Wo bin ich?

Ein geometrischer Raum, geprägt und strukturiert durch Vertikalen, Horizontalen, architektonisch klare Formen. Die Architektur sagt: Kirche. Die Requisite sagt: Sporthelm. Schweißbänder, Hüpfbälle, Trainingshosen. Und dazu dieses Volk: diese Ansammlung, diese Erscheinung von badebekappten Männern, eher Männchen, die mal im Chor rezitieren, mal choreographisch Sportübungen veranstalten. Oder einfach nur herumhängen. Anwesend sind. Bis auf ihre Kleidung sind sie eigentlich nicht voneinander zu unterscheiden. Und die scheint ebenso vertauschbar wie der Rest des Equipments, mit dem sie sich ausstatten.

Die Bewohner in Trainingsoutfits singen. Rezitieren. Gemeinsam, allein, einstimmig, mehrstimmig. *Hoc est corpus meum.*

Dass diese Welt nach bestimmten Regeln funktioniert, wird schnell klar; nur bin ich mit den Regeln nicht vertraut. Ich kann teilhaben, aber erklären kann ich mir die eigentümlichen Prozeduren dieser kleinen Gesellschaft nicht. Ich bin nicht eingeweiht, ich kenne den Code nicht. Ich kenne weder den genauen Sinn des Hüpfballs im Taufbecken noch die Bedeutung des froschgrünen Teppichs, ausgerollt von einer ebenso froschgrünen Figur. Ich begreife weder die Bedeutung der Sitzkissen-Choreographie noch die Rolle der schwarzen Lackschuhe.

Mein Referenzsystem gibt den Geist auf. Und weicht einem anderen, das ich zwar nicht durchdringe, dem ich aber folgen darf. Mein Kopf ist voll von geometrischen Formen, fremden Ritualen, verschobenen Zusammenhängen. Eine Initiation. Eine abstruse, sakrale, phantastische und schräge Initiation.

II.

Eine dunkle Gestalt performt immer wieder von neuem denselben kruden Rap. Die merkwürdigen Geschöpfe eines mir fremden Mikrokosmos skandieren Kirchenchoräle. Rotwangig und feist produziert ein Gesicht eine unendliche Anzahl von Kaugummiblasen. Auf einer zusammengezimmerten Bühne folgen vier mit Boyband-Accessoires ausgestaffierte Jungs einer musiklosen Tanzchoreographie.

Die Figuren, oder besser: die sich duplizierende Figur, die ich vor mir habe, *übt*. Mit höchster Konzentration widmet sie sich ihrer – selbstgestellten? – Aufgabe. Ihre Handlung könnte ebenso gut eine Beschwörung sein wie eine Demonstration: In jedem Fall aber ist sie Einübung. Es ist der ernsthafte Versuch, eine Herausforderung zu meistern; eine Aneignung, vielleicht mehr des *Ungekonnten* als des Unbekannten. Auch eine Art Initiationsritus.

Allerdings: In der Praxis selbst tritt ein Problem auf. Eine Störung. Fatalerweise kommen Objekt und Subjekt im Einübungsprozess nicht ordnungsgemäß zusammen. Es gibt da einen gewissen, un-

überbrückbaren Widerstand des Gegenstandes: Aus irgendeinem Grund ist das Einzuübende dem Einübenden nicht ganz gefügig. Und so bleibt die Vorführung eine dilettantische. Der Text sitzt nicht ganz, die Tanzschritte sind nicht synchron, der Akzent passt nicht. Eine leichte Verzögerung in der Durchführung. *Delay*. Trotz des maximalen Fokus, trotz der maximalen Anspannung.

Die beinahe mit den Händen greifbare Konzentration lässt das Unvermögen der trainierenden Figur, mit seinem Objekt synchron zu werden, vom Komischen ins Tragische kippen. Glasklar und ohne Zweifel: Es besteht einfach keine Möglichkeit für den unermüdlich Praktizierenden, irgendwann vollkommen Teil des Systems zu werden, das er sich da über Übung einverleiben will.

Und mit diesem Kippen, mit dem Fall vom Komischen ins Absurd-Tragische, vollzieht sich ein jäher Riss durch die Perspektive. Schlagartig ist es nicht mehr die Einübung, die absurd scheint – sondern die gesamte Praxis selbst, an der sich die Gestalten abmühen. Plötzlich ächzt das ganze Gefüge.

Not in sync: Irgendwie renitent und nicht synchron mit ihrer Umwelt, an der sie sich versuchen, sind im Übrigen auch die Körper der Praktizierenden selbst. Sie setzen sich einfach ab. Nicht vollständig, eher teilweise, beiläufig und zwischendrin. Mal verschwindet ein Bein, mal ein Arm. Mal überlagern sich Extremitäten oder ganze Körper. Ungerührt wird weitergesungen, weitergetanzt, weitergeübt. Aber in

der Anstrengung, es sich mit größter Konzentration anzueignen, geschieht eine merkwürdige Auflösung im neuen Referenzsystem.

Das Material, der Körper, spielt nicht mit. Oder es spielt sein eigenes Spiel.

III.

Überhaupt wird Materialität zu einer schlüpfrigen Geschichte, wenn man sich nicht mehr sicher sein kann, nach wessen Regeln sie spielt. Wenn Personen sich doppelnd und Extremitäten verschwinden können. Wenn man auf einem Fliesenboden steht, der sich plötzlich als Papier entpuppt, oder ein sleeker Schriftzug an der Wand plötzlich absackt. Wenn ein Bratwurstkreis durch seine materielle Struktur eine merkwürdig symbolische Einheit mit einem Taufbecken bildet. Wenn ein DVD-Player zur Verlängerung seines eigenen Designs wird oder ein Kabel so tut, als sei es eine defekte Neonröhre. Wenn ein Sack mit Gips die Projektionsfläche seiner eigenen Geschichte wird.

Wenn ungeeignetes Material an die Grenze dessen gebracht wird, was es leisten kann, um etwas zu werden, was es eigentlich nicht sein kann, dann ist das keine Zweckentfremdung mehr: Es ist Provokation.

*I saw a Line that was no Line; Space that was not Space;
I was myself, and not myself.*

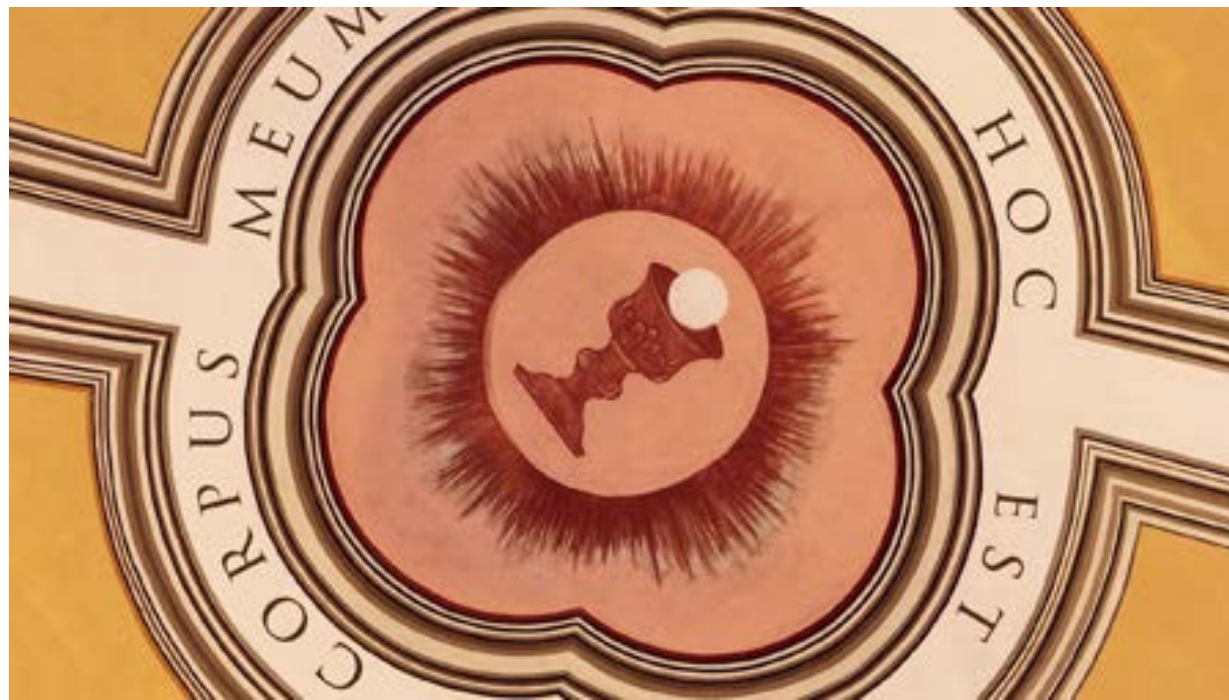
In *Flatland*, einer britischen Novelle von 1884, wird der Protagonist und Ich-Erzähler, ein *Square*, von einem ihm unbekannten Wesen, einer *Sphere*, plötzlich aus seinem zweidimensionalen Universum herausgerissen, um von ihr, der Kugel, in die höhere Wahrheit der Dreidimensionalität eingewiesen zu werden.

Gemeinsam überfliegen nun also Kugel und Quadrat *Flatland*, das dem Quadrat schlagartig furchtbar, nun ja: flach erscheint. Es erlebt eine regelrechte Epiphanie. Die Zweidimensionalität, die ihm bis dato die einzig mögliche Realität erschien, wird durch die Entdeckung der Perspektive mit einem Mal fundamental erschüttert. Die ganze Initiation ist ebenso phantastisch wie schräg, ebenso sakral wie abstrus.

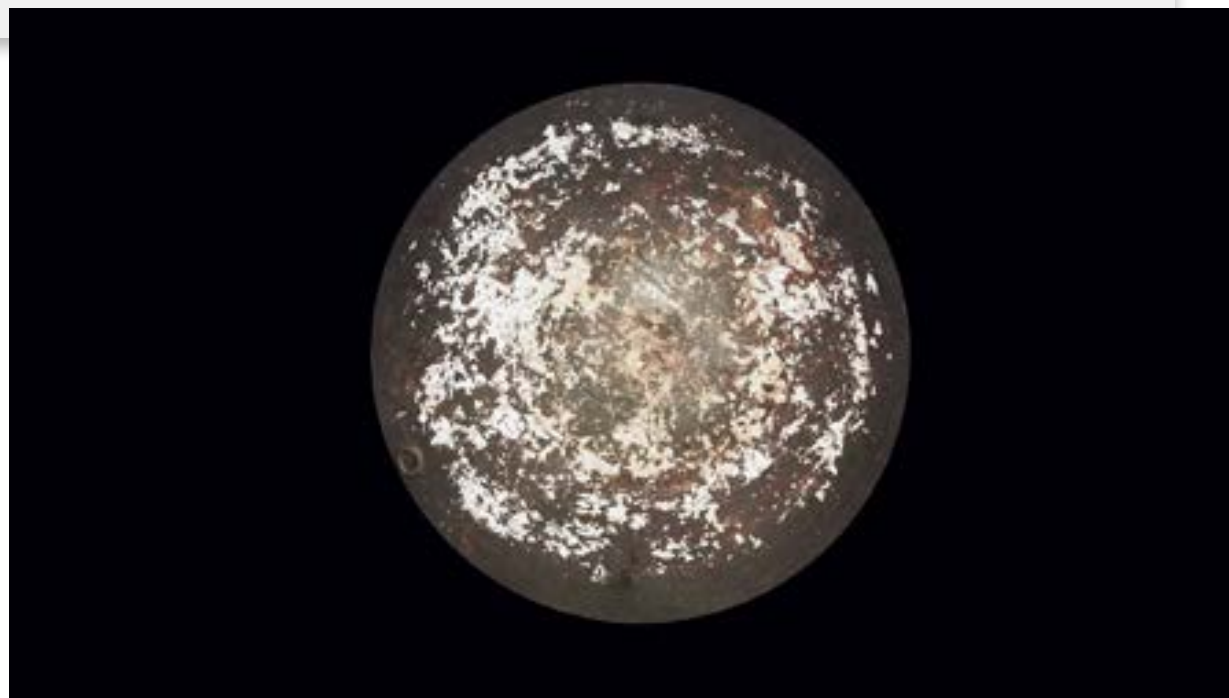
When I could find voice, I shrieked aloud in agony, "Either this is madness or it is Hell." "It is neither," calmly replied the voice of the Sphere, "it is Knowledge. It is More Dimensions: open your eye once again and try to look steadily."

Text von Anna Sophie Luhn



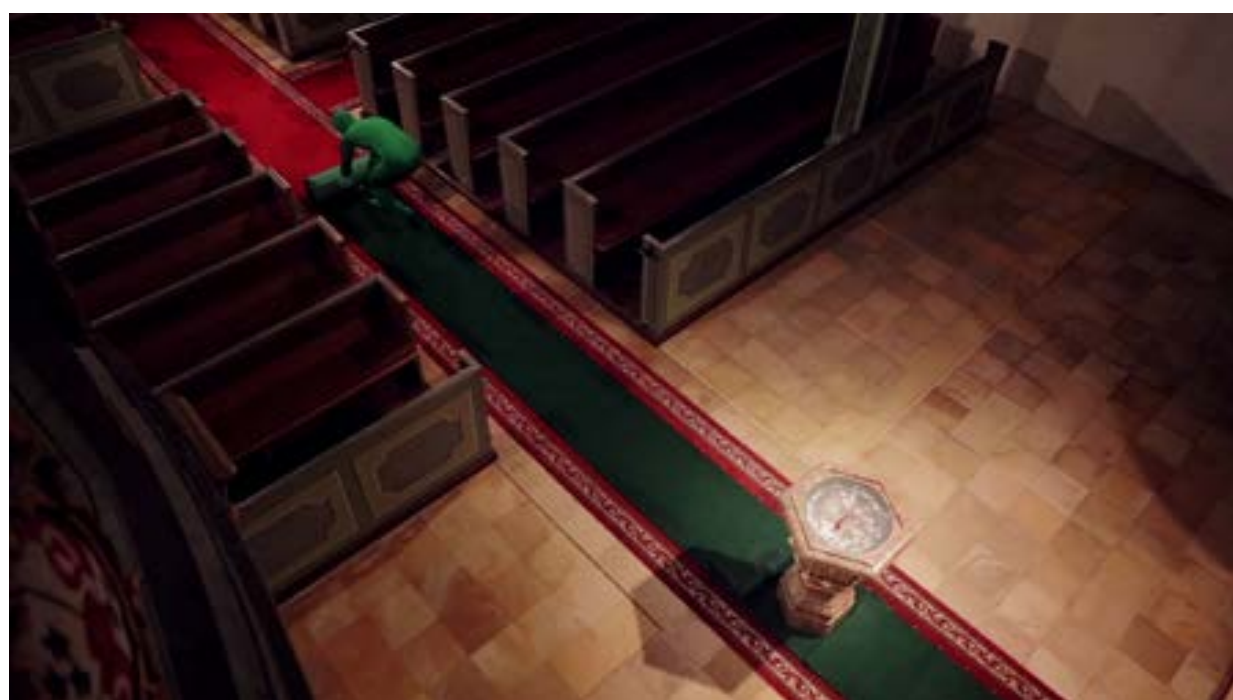


In a Baroque church, a number of ritual-like actions are being performed. Influences for this work include Christian liturgy, dance choreographies, as well as the iconographies of sport events, pop culture and fashion. For months, I spent my nights – daylight was to be avoided – alone in this church. I was director, actor, cameraman, light technician and everything else you can think of when it comes to shooting the movie. I like how this video, due to my intensive and solitary work on it, showcases a weird private mythology.





HOC



EST

CORPUS

MEUM





005	.
007	. text by Nora Weinelt
009	United
021	Candy Crush
023	.
027	somewhere over the rainbow
033	Platzhirsch
037	.
039	.
045	two bad jokes balancing on each other
047	.
049	.
053	Dickerchen / Fett
055	Bruce
057	l'heure de la soupe
061	DOG text by Carola Uehlken
065	Quartet
069	.
071	NO STRINGS ATTACHED
075	smells like teen spirit
079	things fall apart text by Caio Yurgel
083	.
085	.
087	LEVELED
089	Schwerebeschleunigung
093	.
095	.
097	lubbers knot
103	Schachtürke
109	the child is father of the man
113	More Dimensions. text by Anna Sophie Luhn
119	HOC EST MEUM CORPUS
127	.

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