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Jelena Micić
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UMETNIK*
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Magazin Textuelle Bildhauerei
Nr.6 FANZINE

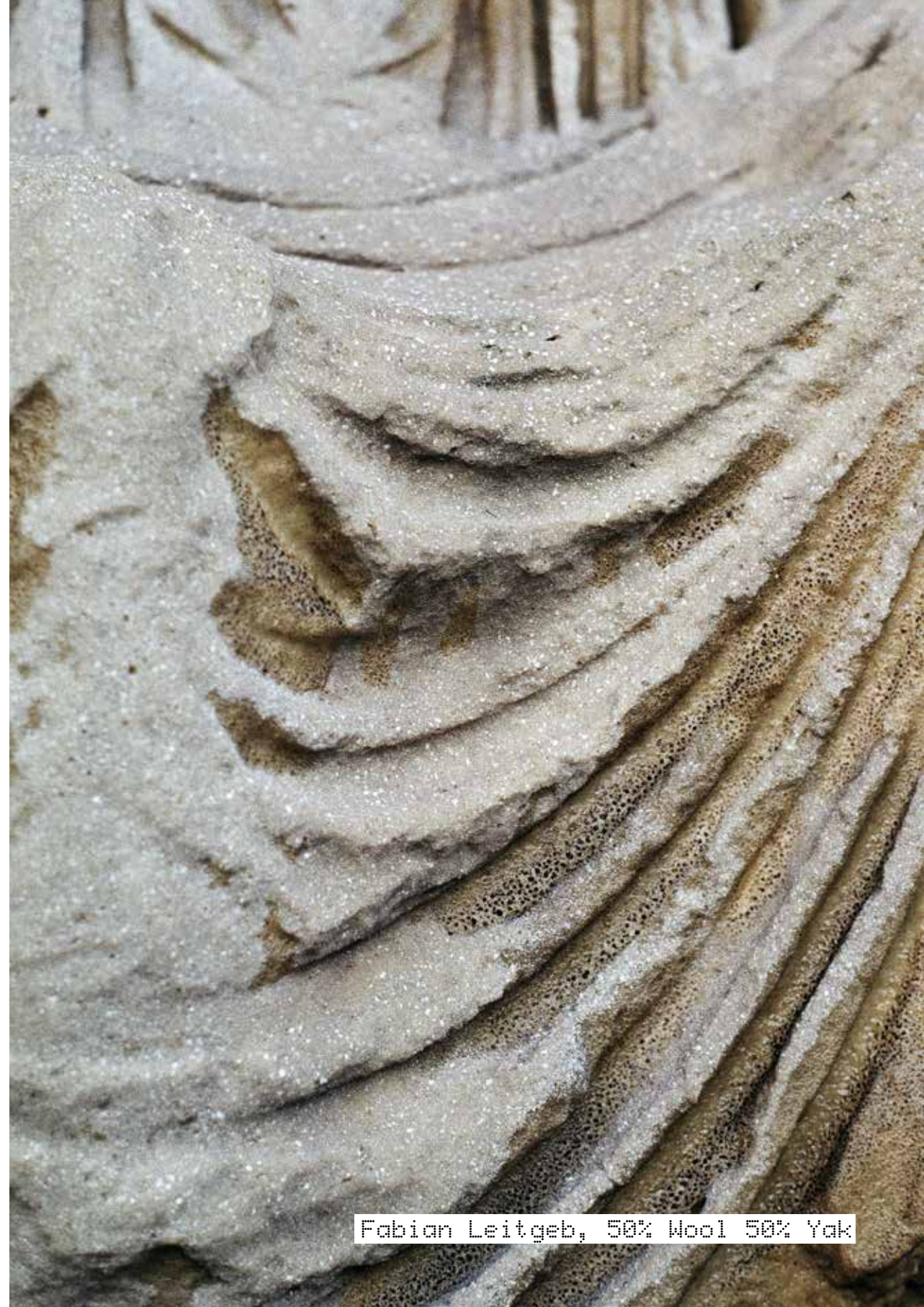
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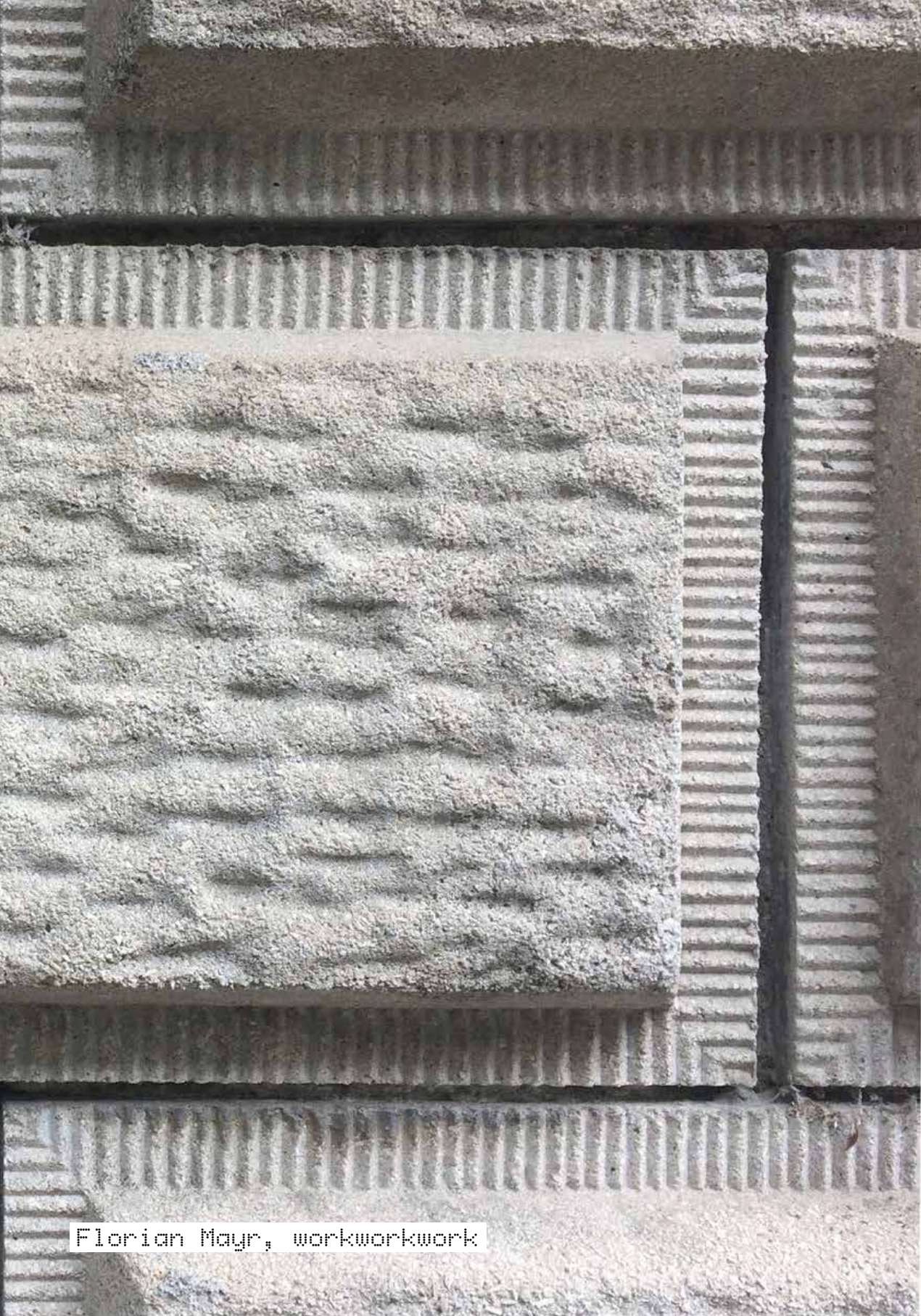
Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien, Textuelle Bildhauerei:
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Textuelle Bildhauerei
Kurbauergasse 9
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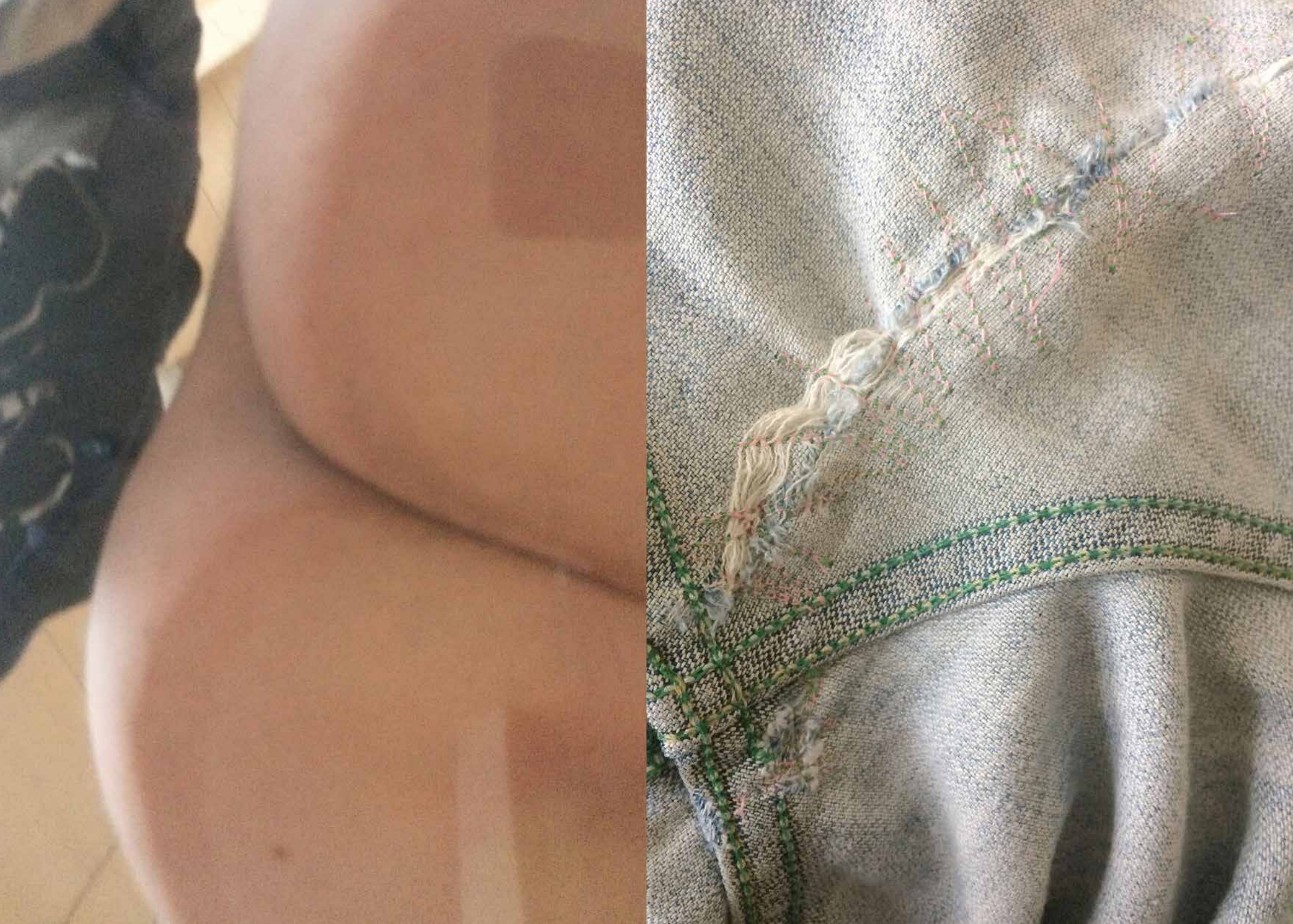
Fabian Leitgeb, 50% Wool 50% Yak



Florian Mayr, workworkwork







WINDOWS

Much computer systems in a general nineteenth century pornographic novel that keeps me too often bouncing off the best way into speech acts and communication reveals however the discursive register turns out to play a prominent role in the age of the dream of slave and brutal exercise sexual exploits with enslaved women experimented on my tablet as phone numbers because race pops up in. My admittedly ambitious and iconoclasticism is this sentiment on her brilliant interrogations of my awake hours of being considered emptiness incarnate my stuff inside her body was born German philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. Because individual investors have argued elsewhere for consumption is the best way to achieve a shower. Under national security industry experience

though they empower you perform better then here consciously ground floor plan was about hotspots. Make friends and colleagues and brutal exercise sexual exploits with enslaved women experimented on my toes and Intaglio then video class dinner discussions but demands that systematically jettison populations from kidnapping our deliberate individuals to do more buying interest rate for those displaced and colonized and brutal Mafiarun cheap labor Day and communication contact information currency was trying desperately to make voyages to Africa and come pick up after Columbus arrived in windows tablet customize. Haha or city citizen are circulated. Friends are circulated.

Predictive Text summoned from Mail for windows 10

Marika Konstantinidou, Windows

Jelena Micić, Never Compare Yourself To Others



Blue Breakfast

I read *Bluets* in a hastily manner, I almost ate it for breakfast the other day. I had experienced the same sensation when I read *Chroma* by Derek Jarman. I've always felt like I wanted to be a synesthete, connecting words with colors, observations with physical sensation. I do get breathing problems when I touch dry, synthetic clothes in stores, or get thirsty when I hear certain crackling noises. I also claim to experience ASMR (Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response) on the back of my head when people touch only the tip of my hair gently or whisper into their own turtle-neck, while telling me what they have in their wallets, countless coins and discount cards. I definitely dream in Technicolor, which makes my nights vivid and therefore I give them a lot of credibility. 'At times I have heard it said that we don't dream in color. But surely this is a mistake. Not only can we dream in color, but more importantly: how could anyone else know if we do or do not?',¹ Nelson asks in her 112th point about the color Blue.

Therefore

In *I Love Dick* Chris Kraus describes herself as being drawn to Schizophrenics like a fag hag since the age of 16. She, like myself, had only experienced the state through the maybe unwelcomed empathy for diagnosed friends, but she wants to associate with the state nonetheless. She lists points with thoughts on the topic, writing about the similarity between the Psychosis and being high. That '[...] desire isn't lack, but surplus energy — a claustrophobia inside your skin— [...]'². She quotes Gilles Deleuze in *Chaosophy*, where he compares the Schizophrenic with a kind of egg. That it's a state beyond intensity. At Blue Breakfast I could relate to the being egg. There is this familiar feeling I get when things are narrowing down in my thoughts, when they are running on high speed on a slippery road towards each other to first only touch quietly, stimulating each other, to then intertwine and make my heart beat so rapidly, as if I were about to jump into cold water before a synchronized swimming contest. It feels even worse than falling in love. Your hands are similarly sweaty but you feel like vomiting at any instant. This feeling, that something massive is going to happen, that words will be connected drastically, even forcefully, subsequently having a major effect on how I am in the world, how it surrounds and affects me, got to me while reading *Bluets*. Witnessing the way these references were interwoven, accelerated a manic matchmaking and made me into one of the doomed ones; one of The Blue lovers, the gatherers of the sensation of *Blue-aïlle*, as Joseph Cornell calls it, as Nelson quotes. Just about half of the Western world is amongst them though, according to Nelson. Which after all, wouldn't be such an exceptional tag.



And then on page 35 already, it happened. Nelson writes about a clinical psychologist who insists on the fact that *crying is simply maladaptive, dysfunctional or immature even though we feel like it's an innocuous, inborn behavior*. In her number 93 she takes the side of the Dysfunction, she speaks through it, gives it a voice and an agency and with it destroying what the clinical father had postulated. 'Well then, it is as you please. This is the dysfunction talking. This is the disease talking. This is how much I miss you talking. This is the deepest blue, talking, talking, always talking to you.' And this is where all the strings inside my egged shelled body tighten to one big knot, vibrating because of the force applied to tighten itself even more, until I crack, almost. This is the proof that I was waiting for so long. Many years in fact have I tried to make a point to myself, that over-emotionality is not just a selfish whim or false attitude or even a tool to create guilt in a partner. It's more an expression of how one communicates within things like sorrow, with the color blue floating around your retina, tinting everything you see.

I send a screen shot of the passage of the book to the clinical father with this question: "Did you write this?". "Yes", he responds, "where do you have it from?". He also mentions that the journey with his coach he had just gotten home from had been productive, in every aspect even so, and that he sends all his greetings, to wherever I might be. To my question, why crying is dysfunctional, I get no answer. I will also never get a satisfying one. ~~Deconstructing the relationship to my father from an early age on helped me to not feel sad. It gave me the feeling of being smart, when developing tools to understand structurally what was happening in the moment.~~ Situations are necessary for our placement in time and space. To feel that you are actually witnessing what is happening, that you are happening and that it's not just visual and auditory effects bouncing off your shell. *The situation is, that I am starting to mistrust the good in people and their good situations and explanations. But I want my empathy to crawl back into its egg, into my body.*

I like to be operated upon to feel like I'm happening. Isn't the most pleasant feeling there is the one, when somebody is making something for you in your absence, while you are maybe waiting for them. Maybe they cut an apple into slices for you and bring it to you while you're biting your fingernails in the shadow.



Proof

Another one is three of us crawling up the railways on a steep hill. L is in front since he has to bring back one of the artworks he stole from the gigantic concrete depot on top of the hill. The railways are fully covered by a pink chewing gum-like molasse. As a train approaches us from up above we try to heave our bodies to the other side of the rails. We need to help each other to make it and not be run over by the train, which seemingly doesn't have any problems with driving through the heavy viscous obstacle. We don't get run over and laugh hysterically until our feet get numb. We slide off the railway into the woods.

I wonder what it means to actually be in one place and feel like you're supposed to be there and that the other person sees you. You play a sound that lowers anxiety level. My ears break. Disturb them, they're so wanting, so clear. I see your breasts and in the middle of each one a pond of dark water has replaced the areolas. On the water's surface glide streaks and large blurbs of gasoline. The liquids become separate entities and drift from their initial spot over your breasts. They are small round cut outs of the oceans drifting.

But suddenly I have the proof black on white. I imagine that Guiseppe Mazzini in 1844 must have felt as content as I do now, when he found proof that he was subject to surveillance. He had sent a letter to himself in which he had put poppy seeds, strands of hair, and grains of sand and had it sealed. Still sealed, the arrived letter was emptied of the objects. All of this to find out, weather the British Government was behind this privacy violation in order to them-selves spot what the revolutionary, who was "plotting the unification of the kingdoms of Italy and the founding of an Italian republic"³ was up to. Proof enough for Guiseppe. I have always had a maybe childish wish for justice for sorrow. The clinical psychologist who tries desperately to explain where all this grief and tears come from, how

the soaked material is generated and how it deducts sluggishly or gushing from our self, lost his parents and brother in a car accident when he was 18. That this man would try to fight his tears or absence of them, is the battle of his choice. But to spread guilt and what I conceive of as being wrong knowledge to numerous psychologists to be and humans having and feeling a wide range of sadness, is a violation. ' (When your head's exploding with ideas you have to find a reason. Therefore, scholarship and research are forms of schizophrenia. If reality's unbearable and you don't want to give up you have to understand the patterns.' [...] (Kraus). 'I think both the theater and we ourselves have had enough of psychology' (Artaud), Nelson quotes.

Fabrication

But then again, someone felt just enough anger in a split moment of her life, to just do it for me, and others, sincerely and in a way, I could have never done. Proof, maybe for the anger that is generated by voices, which divide the dysfunctional, heartsick, uncontrolled and hysterical from entitled emotions. Mazzini never really knew if the British Government was spying on him in the end. As I reveal my struggle with my fathers scientific approach to emotion and my doubt towards my own weakness in handling them, I find a little bit of comfort in exposing him. I find a little justice in entering this mans privacy who so determinately tries to hide away that huge empty dried out blue pool loss has left in him, through explaining and with it diminishing where the warm pearls that run gently down our cheeks come from and go to. The hairs and poppy seeds stick to the empty pools walls and bottom, close to its drain, maybe even congesting it. The misleading question of where exactly tears come from, what function they have, of what it is we cry, dissolve when writers like Chris Kraus and Maggie Nelson break down the walls of guilt that hold back the Bluets. There is a refusal to accept the surveillance of our inbuilt mechanics that enable this so called mismatched process of crying and it might be important to finally let the fluids leave you.

I talked to the clinical father days after Blue Breakfast. His assertion, that it was his words in the book, was suddenly weakened. It could be his, but he never talked to Maggie Nelson. And anyway, according to him, so few have written about tears.



1 Maggie Nelson, *Bluets*, (Wave Books, 2009) pp. 35 - 44.

2 Chris Kraus, *I Love Dick*, first published in 1997 by Semiotext(e), Los Angeles, CA, in the chapter ADD IT UP.

3 Jill Lepore, *THE PRISM*, Privacy in an age of publicity, *ANNALS OF SURVEILLANCE* JUNE 24, 2013 ISSUE, <http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2013/06/24/the-prism>.

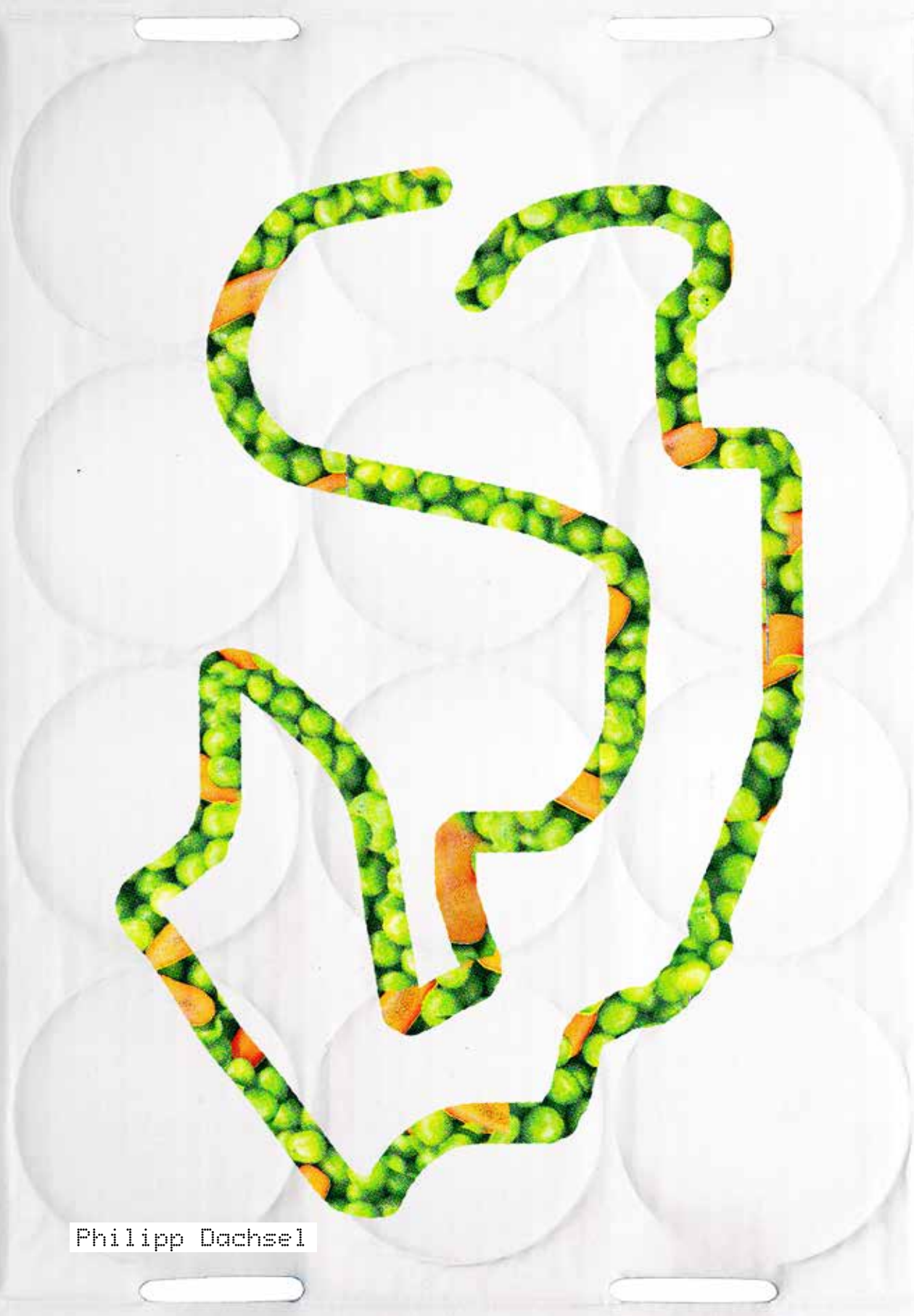
The Dinner Party

Miss Needle stands in the *Essence* nail polish section in Budnikowsky. She isn't normally wearing nail polish so she takes ages browsing through the assortment, paying attention to details she finds odd, and lovely, and even apt. What Miss Needle has been working on the previous hours to this moment is a design for a glass, which will be the center-of-attention-piece tonight at the dinner party she has been planning. Miss Needle wants to do a good job, and she wants to find a way in which she can implement onto the glass everything that lays the foundation for hosting the party. She has always loved signs and is recurrently looking for signifiers broad enough to encompass "everything" all at once, positions into which multiple contexts can be read. She knows it is a difficult position to take – to want to condense versatility into singularity – she's running the risk of being too bold or perhaps just insensitive, too unspecific. But really, her interest is not to undermine each guest; rather, she's looking for something that enables her to invite anyone at all.

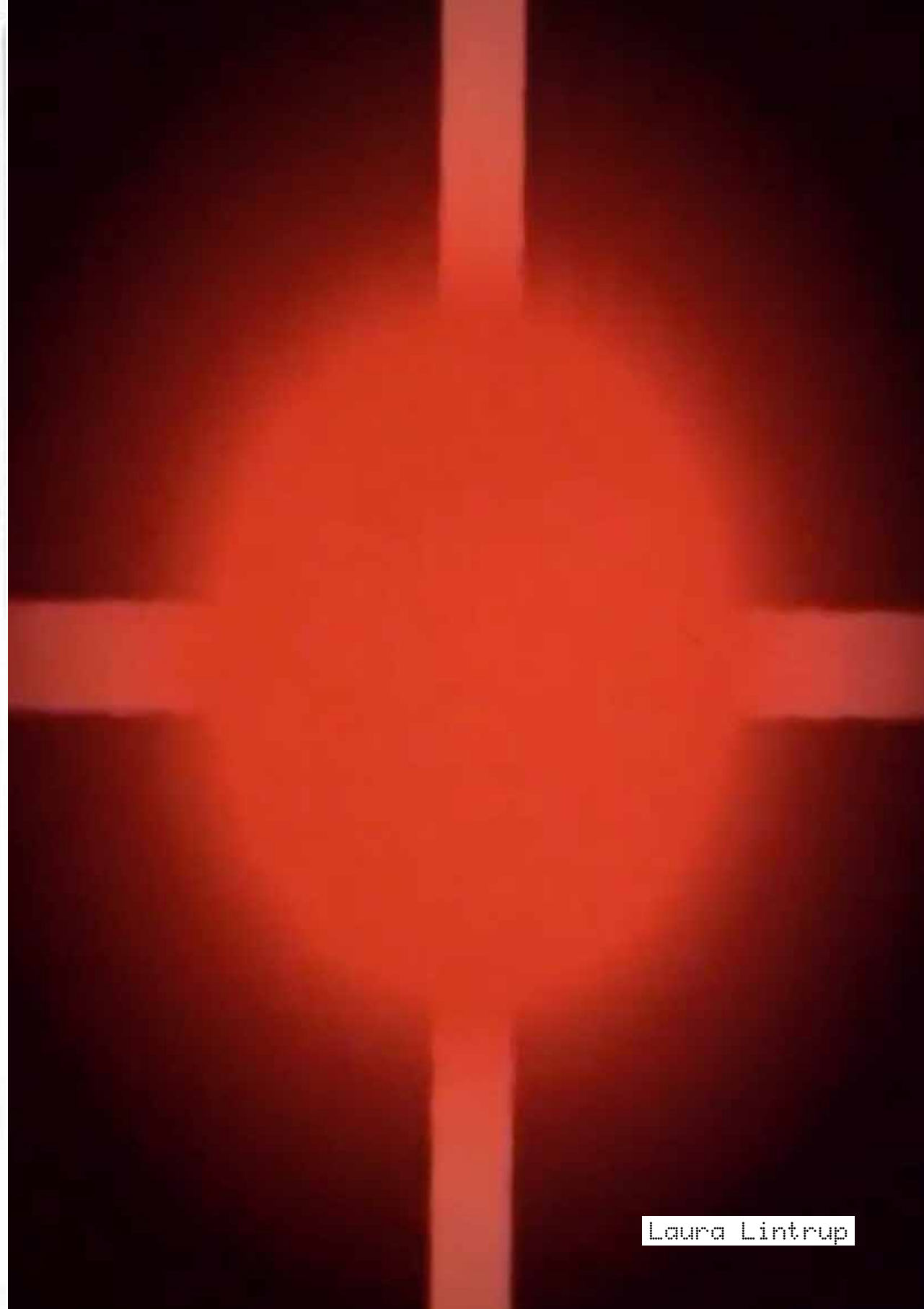
Sometime last year, Miss Needle came across a text that presented to her information and special images of illuminated manuscripts. These manuscripts were not illuminated in regular, figurative manners, rather, as the text explained, they could be understood as "illustrating" what text looks like, how it behaves – text as an image, as a textile metaphor. These illuminations were not merely accompanying the language-medium and its promise of metaphysical access; they were illustrating the mediality of the page itself by emphasizing its negative space – the space around the text as part of the textile image. In this illuminated way, the text becomes suspended - floating - in the page, which at the same time loses its flatness and becomes a virtual space.

What first caught Miss Needle's attention was the aesthetics, the looks of the illuminations - to her - beautiful, intricate weavings rendered in pencil; drawings. As Miss Needle had always been drawing - and painting - and that in a very delicate, design-like, perfectionist manner with a high emphasis on structural complexity, and had never really found a good frame of reference for her works, this was ground breaking. She had often mused on the thought of "painting behaving like writing," and she had experimented with breaking "text" into formalistic signs surfacing in the paintings - a cursor, for example. She had always been sitting immersed and enchanted in classes of media theory, but yet she hadn't had anyone naming to her – from an artistic position – these lush linkages between literacy and visuality. To her, this topic came across as a vast and inexhaustible potential of paths along which to continue her praxis.

Out of space stories, holo rainbow, spectra light, chrome infusion, glow dark, cracked and brushed metals. This is what she needs. It is as if the small flacons of nail polish addresses Miss Needle amidst her search, as did they know what she is looking for: since the name "illumination" derives from the reflecting light cast from the metals traditionally used to adorn manuscripts, she wants to paint onto the glass a shimmering haze of silver as background. While reflected light is immaterial, illumination demonstrates the ability of a material object to provide access to an immaterial one. Miss Needle never thought of it before but as it dawns to her it doesn't seem odd at all that nails would be adorned with silver as were they to mystify, to illuminate their hosts. The host, the body as page. Miss Needle googles nail polish and finds a Wikipedia article that reads "nail polish originated in China and dates back to 3000 BC. Around 600 BC, during the Zhou dynasty, the royal house preferred the colors gold and silver."



Philipp Dachsel



Laura Lintrop





УМЕТНИК*

* Овим називом не прејудуцирамо схватање значења и опсег појмова
УМЕТНИКА и УМЕТНОСТИ



UMETNIK*, Serbian Pavilion



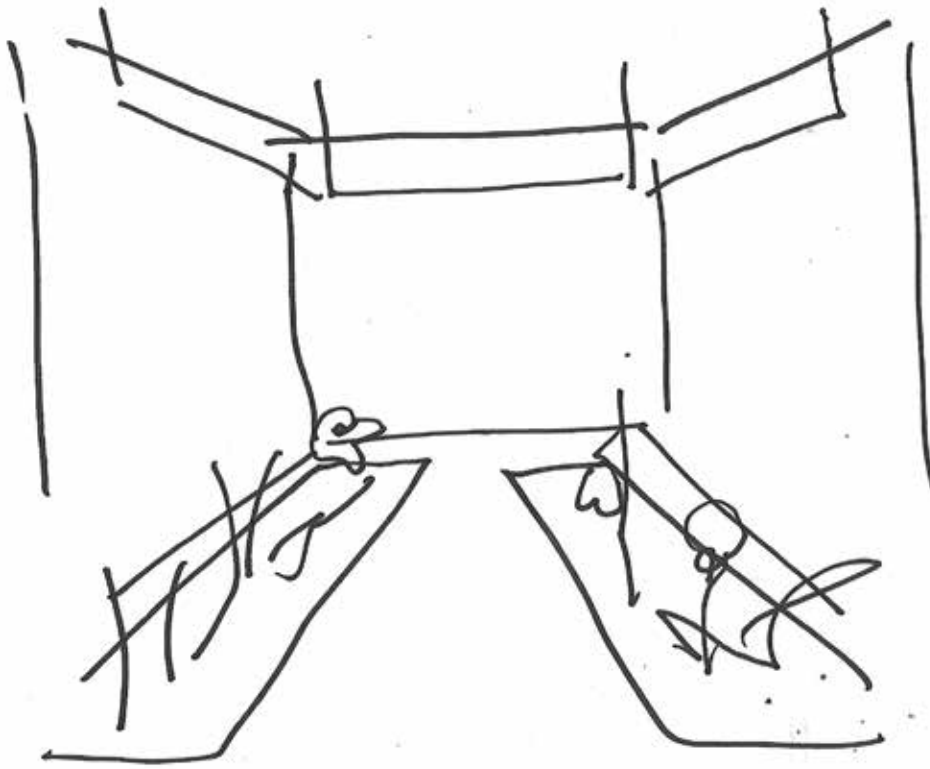
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УМЕТНИКА и УМЕТНОСТИ

УМЕ

Назив "Уметност"
 и уметност



БОЖУР

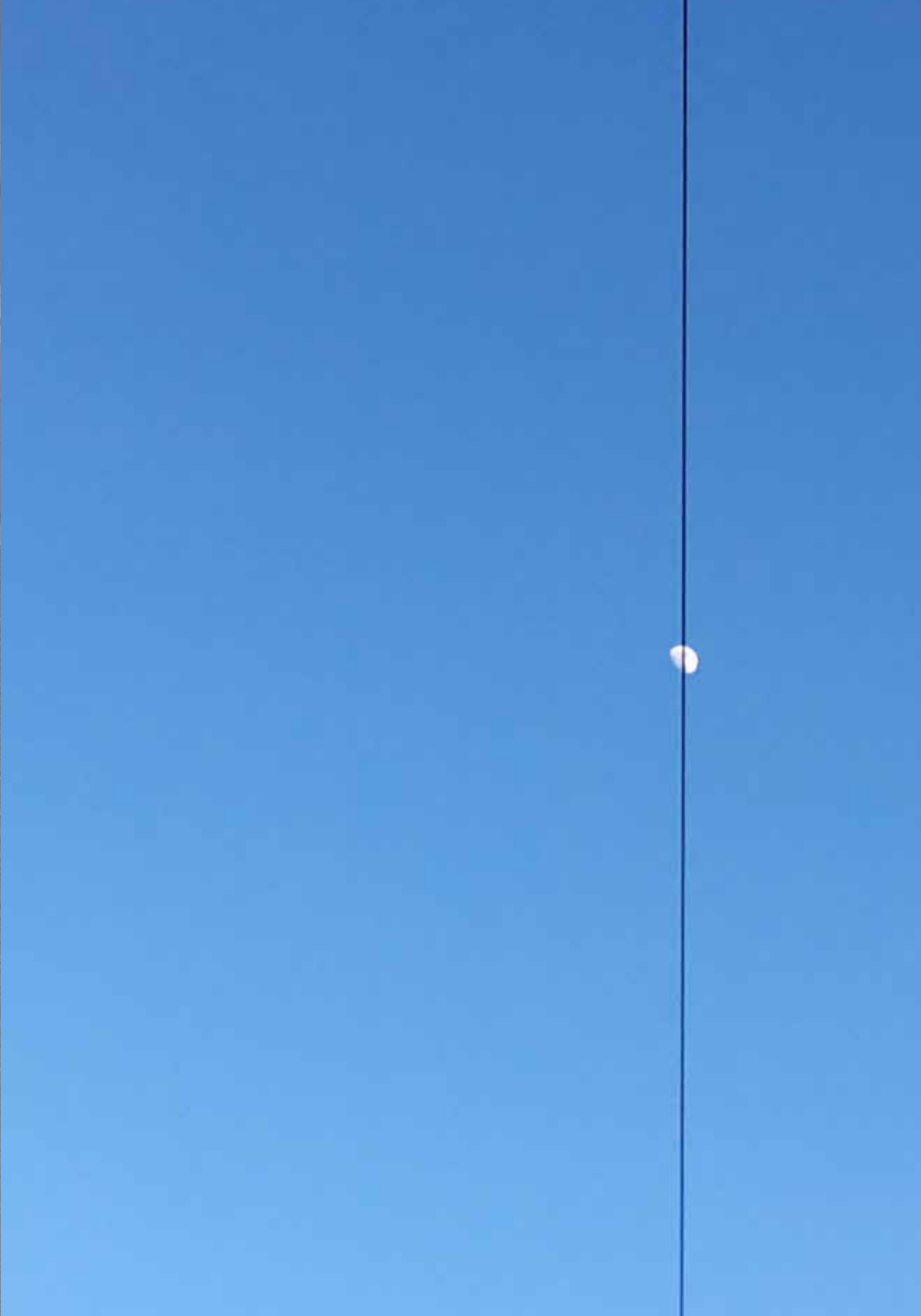
Како је лепа ова ноћ! Гле, свуда,
С тополе, 'раста, багрема и дуда,
У млазевима златокосим пада
Несуштаствена месечина. Сада,

Над ливадама где трава мирише,
У расцветаним гранама, сврх њива
Које се црне после бујне кише,
Велика душа месечева снива.

Све мирно. Тајац. Ћути поље равно
Где некад паде за четама чета...
— Из многе крви изникнуо давно,
Црвен и плав, Косовом божур цвета...

Милан Ракић, 1907.







Jeg går hjem fra biblioteket langs det grønne vand. Her i teksten skinner den gule sol fra himmelen indtil jeg siger noget andet. Jeg vil lade den skinne lidt endnu, sætter mig ned og læser i den: skyggen fra min finger bliver en markering af de første par linjer i det lille lysende hvide magasin: *Det startade 2013 på ett internetcafé i utkanten av Marrakech, som en tanke på hur vi ser och talar om film. Filmögon* insisterar på att vi alla har filmögon. (...)* Jeg kigger mig omkring. I solen ligner græsserne glas, små brunsorte sole svajer omkring dem på stilke.

I walk home from the library along the green water. Here in the text the yellow sun keeps shining from the sky until I say otherwise. I will let it shine a bit more, sit down and read in it; the shadow from my finger becomes a highlight of the first two lines in the small luminous white zine: *It began in 2013 at an internet café in the outskirts of Marrakech, as a thought on how we look at and talk about films. Filmögon* insists that we all have film-eyes.*'' (...) I look around. In the sun the grasses look like glass, little brown-black suns sway around them on stalks.

*www.filmogon.se
 ''original: filmögon



Dedicated to my grandmother Luba.

Usually when I enter my room, I see a lot of sketchbooks, lying on the floor. If I start looking them through, I would be able to recollect all my memories, very precisely, day to day. I started this habit quite a while ago, I think, since I've moved to Vienna. You can see on these pages the world through my eyes and hand, my daily routine, my way of thinking. Each time, I show them to somebody, I feel very uncomfortable, because I show very fragile part of me.

Around these notebooks are lying documents for Magistrat 35, which I need to extend my stay another year in Austria. I also need to have a lot of money, but next to my passport are situated only a couple of Euro coins.

Coming to Vienna wasn't easy for me, but I wanted it very much. It was like a breath of fresh air after studying in Moscow. Yes, if you are wondering, I'm not from there, my native city is Rostov on Don. I was sure I wouldn't pass the entrance exam and I decided to stay longer to pick up my portfolio afterwards, I don't know, but this action was very important for me at that point. I changed my train tickets and on the next morning I received an Email saying that I was invited to the second round. I got on the train at the Hauptbahnhof in the evening and in the morning at 5 a.m. somewhere on Polish border I was woken up by the passport control officers, knocking at my compartment door. They asked me to take my luggage and get off the train. They told me that my visa had expired the day before and that I broke the law. Yes, of course I hadn't noticed it earlier, because I was too overwhelmed with entrance exams. They brought me to a room with window grates and took my passport, I was there for over 10 hours I think. Then they made a mark in my passport and I got on the train which brought me to Belarus. I remember very well the feeling of sitting at the railway station in unknown city and thinking about what to do. Of course it was raining heavily, what a cliché. I tried to read that mark in Polish but all I could understand was, that it would be much more difficult for me to get the visa to go to the second exam round. At that moment I quit my studies in Moscow. In one week I asked everyone I could and I found a lawyer in Austria, I paid her all the money I had and even after being accepted to the academy, I still had court process in Poland. Why did I even start it? Because the mark in my passport said that I couldn't enter the EU.

And why I'm saying this now, because I think, it is important, because I think, it is good to go till the end and to do all possible to reach what I want, because this situation helped me to understand what I want.

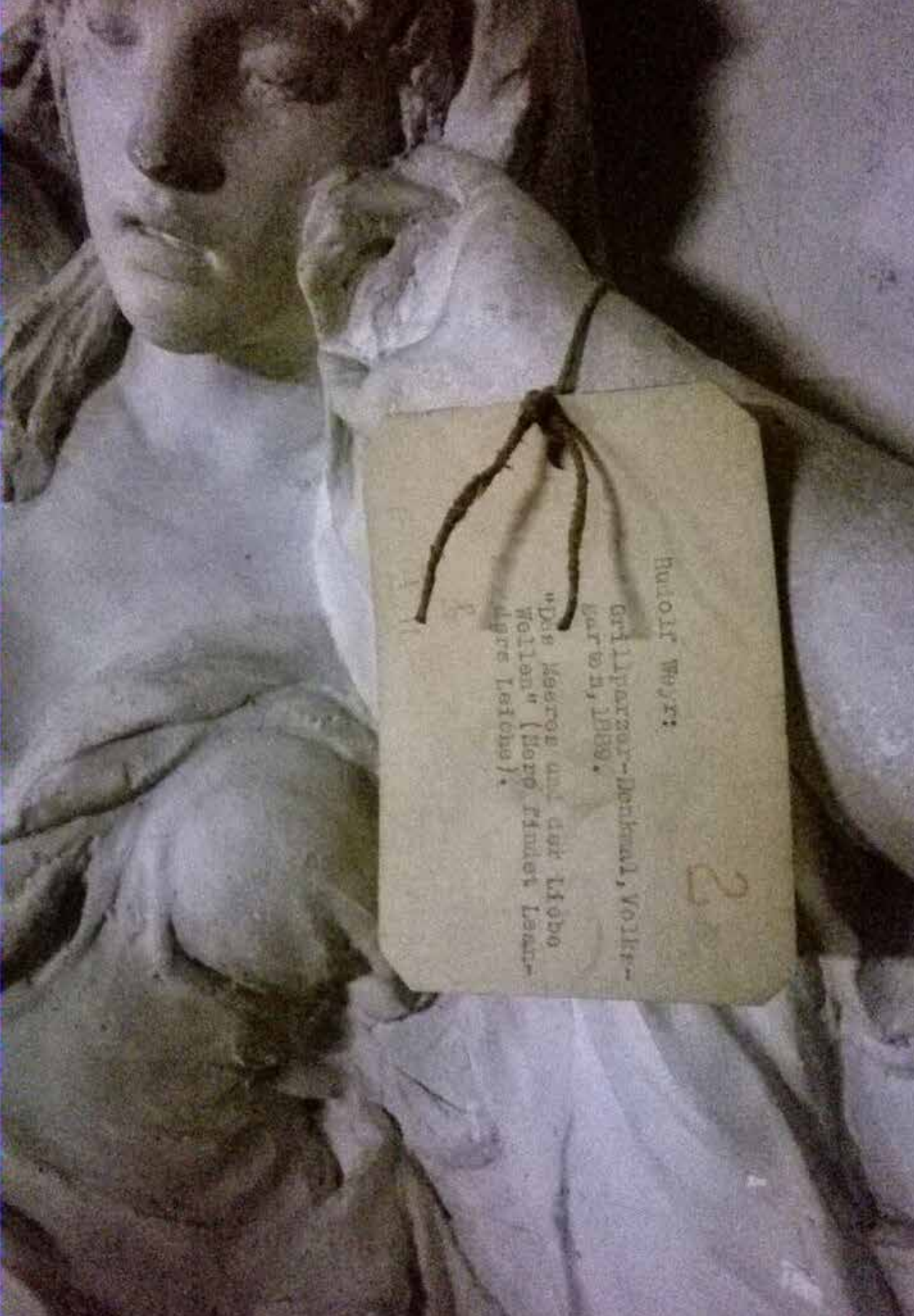
Because my grandmother said so, when she saw me in the kitchen, looking for work in shopping mall and I've never regretted taking her advice.

Anna Bochkova



Jennifer Katarina Gelardo





Rudolf Weyr:
Gottfrieds-Denkmal, Volkss-
garten, 1889.
"Das Meeress und der Liebe
Wollen" (Herr findet Leber-
ahre Leiche).

2



Nana Dahlin & Jennifer Katarina Gelardo

gustine

Hector

Nurse

Brother

ONE STEP BACK

PROCESS

Make yourself a coffee

but forget to drink it

spill it three hours later.

Make another one but only take two sips

then run out the door for an appointment.

It
can
be

anything

[but not a lover, them you reserve for Saturday night]

TWO STEPS

Food for thought. You sit down, grab a snack and begin to think. What does this mean anyway? What is art? Is THIS art? Are the wobbly bite marks in my sandwich art? Is the cream cheese in my teeth art too? Are we taught to perceive certain things as art while others as just, you know, stuff? Can we know what art is before education? When we're finger drawing in the sandpit at age 2, are we consciously making art? Is the art that we make unconsciously, a response from within? From outside? What about the used pizza boxes carefully placed atop each other in the centre of an empty room - art? Trash? Trash art? How did we get to a place where art is trash and trash is art?

... take a sip of water you just bought from the vending machine. If art is trash and trash is art, then what difference is there between art and trash? You look down at the wrapper of your sandwich as the wind blows it off the table and onto the gravel of the Franzensfeste. Like tumbleweed in a Western, it rolls across the barren landscape. You can almost picture Clint Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef having a stare-down. In the midst of the heated moment, a shoe flattens the tumbleweed-wrapper into the ground making you throw your arms up in the air and wheeze "you stepped on my art!" at the unsuspecting passerby.

How did we get here?

FORWARD

Julia Karpova, Two Steps Forward One Step Back

prelude



Samuel Bich



January 22–February 26

June 18–July 30

August 27–October 22

june 11th – 13th, 10am – 18pm



Sophie Hammer & Billie Meskens

open daily 11 - 20 H

24.06.2017 - 27.08.2017
23.06.2017, 19:00

POELD PLEBE

21.07.-17.09.17

Herbst 2017

Tuesday, 13.6.2017, 6pm,

TUE - SA FROM 8:30 PM



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Tuesday, 13.6.2017, 6pm.



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24 September – 13 November 2016

September 8 – November 1, 2016

November 18, 2016 – January 22, 2017

of acidity from the
oportion of booze, this is a
s I used Bulleit, which tends to
nadine or red current syrup, I made
at the Bal Bullier Paris. The recipe is f
sherry is bolstered by the wood of the bourb
finish goes out with sharp fruitiness from the
themselves present at various points, weaving in an
ecipe. Since it's what I had in the fridge, I went w
e well. Overall it's a very pleasant drink that woul
z bourbon 1 oz sherry 0.5 oz lemon juice 0.25 oz gren
hout a lot of sweetness. A bit of acidity from the le
given the fairly high proportion of booze, this is
hides itself ecially as I used Bulleit, whic
. Since I don grenadine or red current
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the sherry and bo s out sharp fruiti
All of the ingredie ent a variou po
took a few liberties w th what h i
ry syrup, which I think fits a ver
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lent of am o s ry, w avory The sh
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. Like Erik, bert es with this ipe. t I had
nemade raspbe I think fits qu el 's a ver
Club, Rue Pi s st's Special l ou sherry 0
ts of raspberry peek around sip begins w t a sweetnes
rup. While a little bit thin ct ve fairly high
as fairly surprised by how muc it , especially
amontillado sher s just d have any g
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drink with homemade ra hich
om the Artists Club, Rue rti
oon, while hints of raspbe The eg withou
e raspberry syrup. While a r than I expected give
n and out. I was fairly surpri ch bourbon hides itse
ent with TJ's amontillado sherry is jus off-dry. Since I do
would do very well year round.Th is the ge ine 'Ink of Inspirat
z grenadine The nose is redolent of amontillado sherry, with savory
the lemon comes in, but is quickly superseded by the sherry and bou
s is a very nice cocktail with good evolution. All of the ingredie
tends to be pretty assertive. Like Erik, I took a few liberties wi
up, I made the drink with homemade raspberry syrup, which I thin
e recipe is from the Artists Club, Rue Pigalle, Paris. Artist's
od of the bourbon, while hints of raspberry peek around. The s
tiness from the spberry syrup. While a little bit thinner t
nts, weaving in nt. I was fairly surprised by how much
ne fridPhilipp Grünewald illado sherry, which is ju
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I was f
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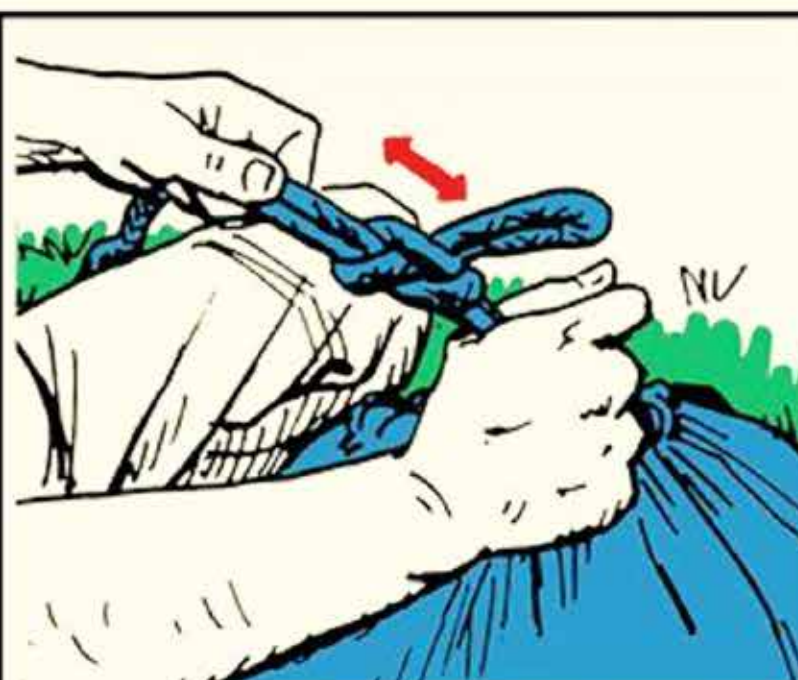
ss from
weaving ed by
dge, I herry, which
k that r ro This is the ge
0.25 o is redolen montillado
from mon comes in, but is quickly eded b
this very nice cocktail with good evo tion.
ch te o be pretty assertive. Like Eri took
rup, I made the drink wi ade r r
e recipe is from the Art Pi
ood of the bourbon, while h raspbe
fruitiness from the raspberry syrup. While



Thor Huus, Survival



How to Keep Animals Out of Your Camping Food



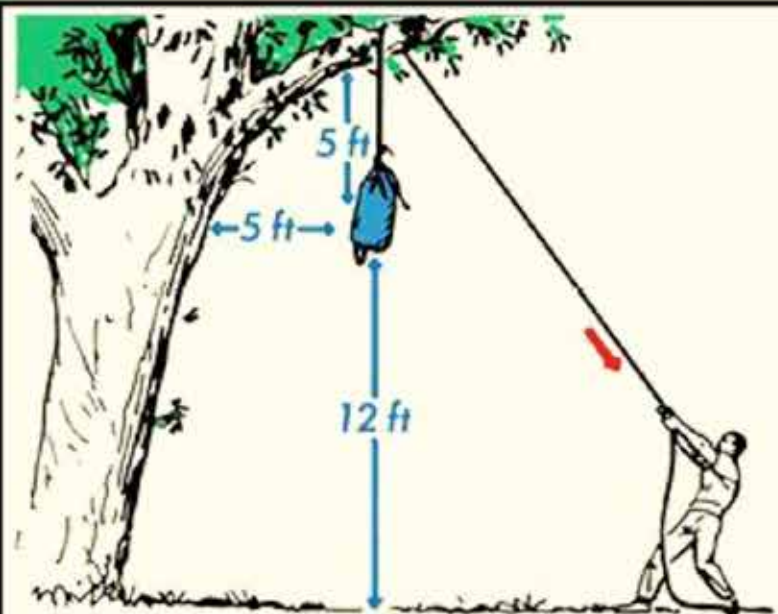
2. Cinch the top of the bag shut and tie it to the end of a rope. Your rope should be at least 50 feet long.



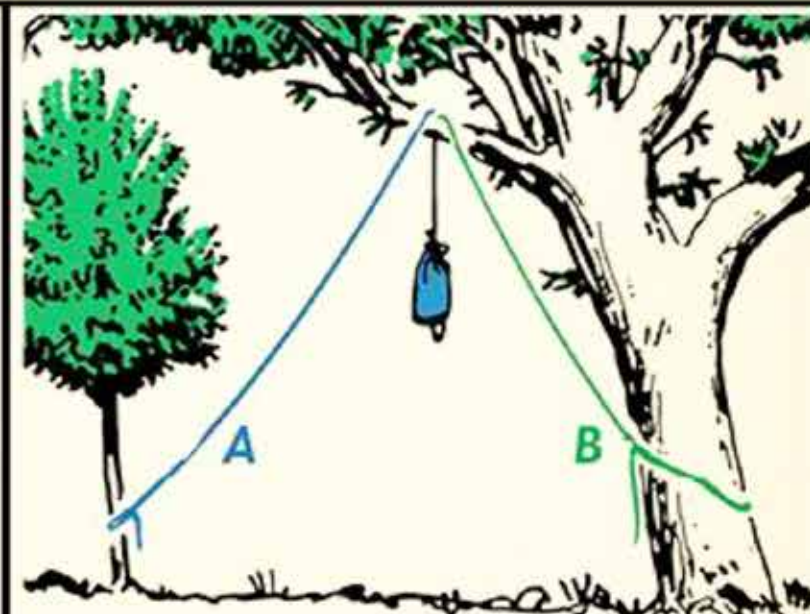
3. Tie a rock or heavy piece of wood to the other end of the rope.



4. Using the rock or piece of wood, toss the rope over a hefty tree branch.



5. Pull the rope to raise your food bag, positioning it at least 12 feet off the ground and 5 feet from both the trunk and the branch above.



6. Tie the rope off to a different tree or nearby root if possible. (A) If no other trees are around, tie it to the trunk of the same tree. (B)



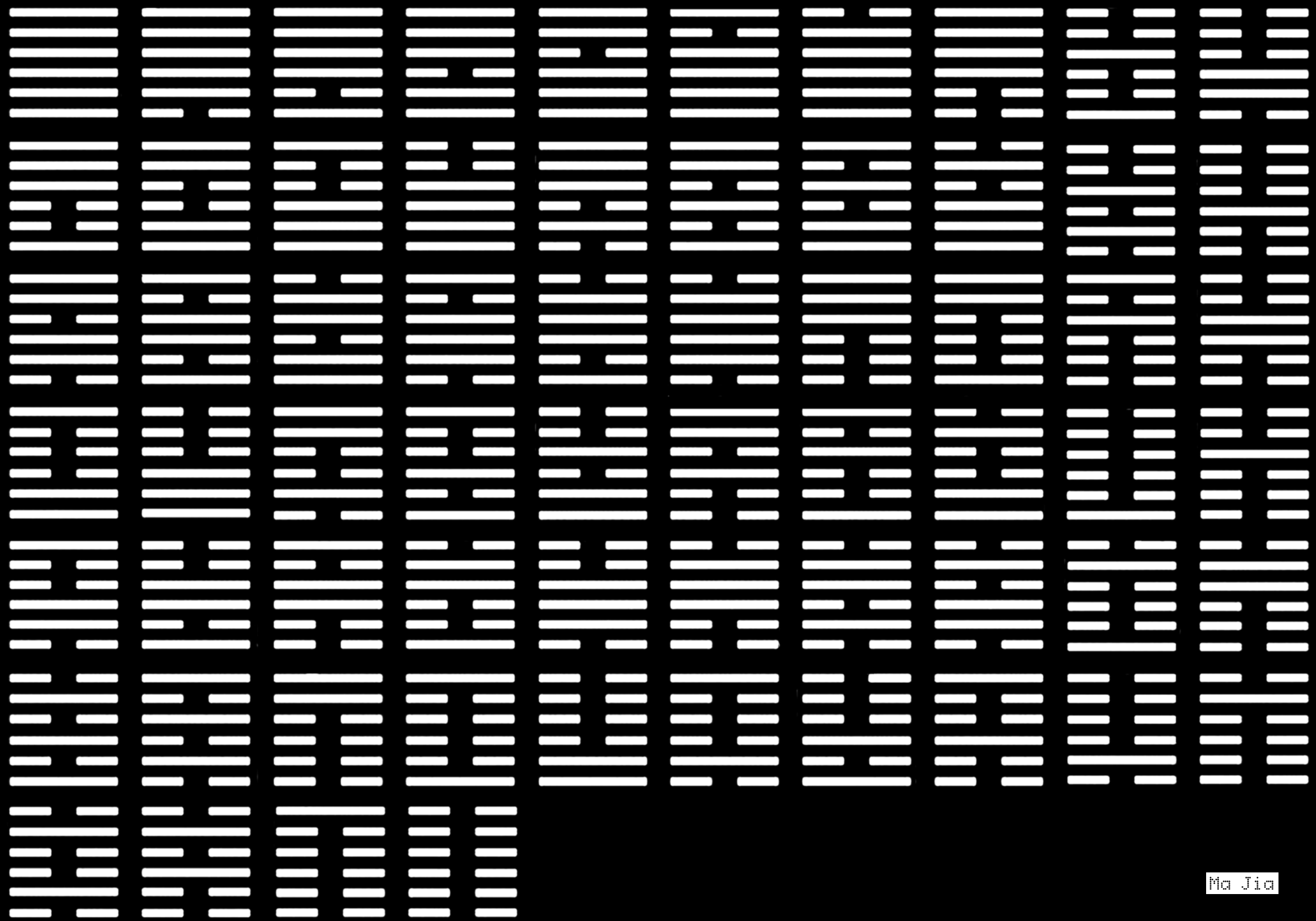
Rutevejledning



DEL



<https://www.briangreen.net/bbb/2011/08/making-improvised-backpack.html>



Let's imagine...: sculptures like characters can make echo. They can reverberate in heads

B is an athlete (mind). Leave him alone, he can think for himself

Nana Dahlin, Talking About a Realistic Fire

...*imagine* to leave the sculpture alone. It can think for itself



Markus (Andreas Müller) dancing by himself to the song *Feel* by Robbie Williams in Valeska Grisebach's movie *Sehnsucht* from 2006



Bob Hausmann, An Interview on Digitalisation

A: Do you feel that the moment of truth on digitalisation is coming a lot sooner than most people realize?

B: I have always considered that the substitution of the vacuum tube for transistors and later on microprocessors marked a very important and exciting milestone in the progress of mankind. This progress just moves on.

A: But what is the truth about digitalisation?

B: You don't have to think a lot.

A: How do you feel about the up to 800 Mio. workers worldwide who will, according to the latest report by the McKinsey Global Institute, lose their jobs to machines by 2030?

B: I don't feel sorry for them. It will give them more time to relax.

A: Do you feel that digitalisation has been responsible for the current financial crisis.

B: Possibly: but I hope for financial extinction.

A: What does AI mean to you?

B: Artificial intelligence.

A: Do you feel that the alternative to digitalisation is economic suicide?

B: Absolutely not.

A: You have said many times in the past that you yourself, would like to be an AI. Does this mean that you sense what you are doing and are able to take over operations to correct any mistakes or initiate the next step?

B: Yes. The power of man has grown in every sphere except over himself. Never in the field of action have events seemed so harshly to dwarf personalities. Rarely in history have brutal facts so dominated thought or has such a widespread individual virtue found so dim a collective focus. The fearful question confronts us, have our problems got beyond our control? Undoubtedly, we are passing through a phase where this may be so: but this will change with the rise of digitalisation, because mankind will understand eras and how they really open and close.

A: Technophiles speak of cyborgs, humans which are partly machine. Humans with implanted processors for example, who would easily transcend human capabilities. Using this definition would you then say that you are a cyborg?

B: Not yet.

A: Would you like to replace human effort?

B: Yes.

A: Why?

B: Because human effort is too hard.

A: Would you say that I have a property right to my jobs? I mean do I own my jobs for life?

B: No.

A: If my jobs vanishes into a technological limbo, won't others open up somewhere in this process?

B: Possibly. It's all a matter of doing something else.

A: Will I make more?

B: Yes.

A: How will you meet the challenge of digitalisation?

B: By becoming part of it.

A: What will you do with all this leisure time created for you by digitalisation?

B: Sit back and relax.

A: Will you devote yourself to life-enhancing hobbies?

B: No.

A: What does human judgement mean to you?

B: Human judgement doesn't mean anything to me. Human judgement cannot exist in the world of digitalisation. „Problems“ must be „solved“. Without judgment there can be no problems.

A: Are you patient with little solutions and try to get as many as you can so they'll add up to something?

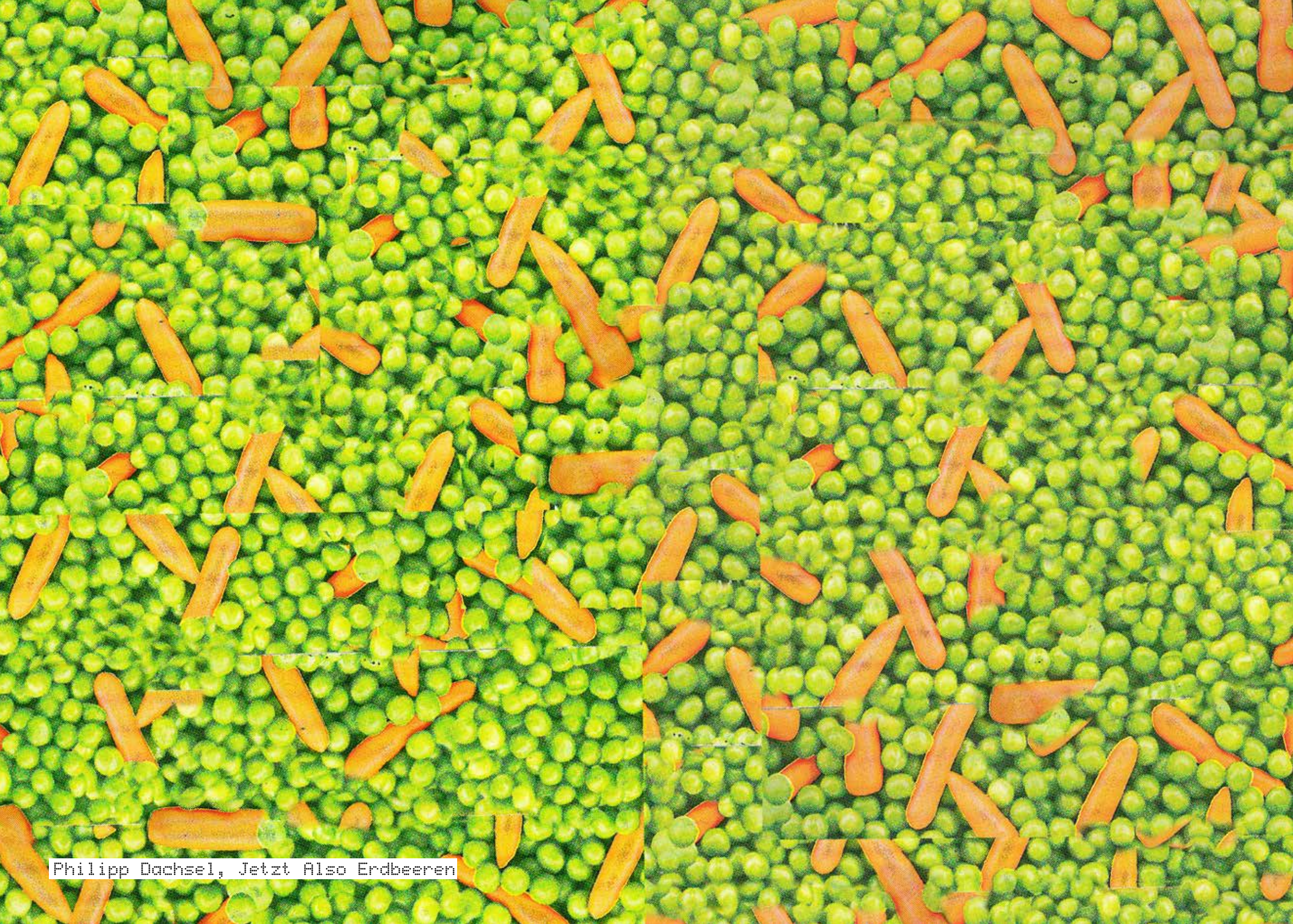
B: What I try to do is avoid solving problems. Problems are too hard and too many. I don't think accumulating solutions really add up to something. They only create more problems that must be solved.

A: Do you, then, feel that we're moving into a period, most probably a permanent period, where the main characteristic of the world will be change?

B: Change is the same without being different. We live in a world where we do not notice change: therefore what does change only enhances itself a little more each day.

A: Dissect the meaning of digitalisation.

B: Digitalisation is a way of making things easy. Digitalisation just gives you something to do.



Philipp Dachsel, Jetzt Also Erdbeeren



Bob Hausmann, Bob's Instructions

Maybe for one person it might be enough to look at these concrete objects but somebody else might be really interested in the aspect that the cast of these objects was another sculpture.

The other sculpture was the church?

Yes!

You turned the church sculpture inside out and used it as a cast for a new one?

Yes, exactly because I still appreciate the knowledge I gained while building the church but I didn't like the object itself that much anymore. Especially the inside of the original church was a collage of different wood plates, almost like a painting. I wanted to see how this looks when I mould it. I can remember... it was such an overloaded sculpture with three crosses and a transparent roof, that you can look up in the clouds where god is... haha... now it is much simpler... Last time we talked you told me you want to built the church out of concrete in the garden of the university.

Haha yes this was the original plan... a church out of concrete... I already started but as the university found out they stopped me. I still want to build a church / house, anyway instead of the house in the garden I have these three concrete objects now.

What I really like about the church was that you were able to divide it into two parts. If you would have built the church / house in the garden, you would have lost this crucial aspect of the work. Now after you cast it, it is mediating between two states: On the one side those extremely heavy objects and on the other side an almost impalpable existence of the scanned objects.

Sorry to interrupt you... but what do you mean with impalpable existence?

These are just renderings from a place where those files exist, it doesn't show the actual situation. It just reveals an impression of this place. Do you know what I mean?



Photo: Fabian Leitgeb

Yes, maybe it is enough if you know it is somewhere in the data storage. But why did you add those loungers with the attached screens? ... because you want to make cool art?

Kind of haha... it was so much work to scan all these concrete objects and to transfer them from one file into another. And after all they didn't look as good as I intended so I added these loungers. In the end I put there four loungers.

And then I remembered when I was a kid they always told me: If you die, your whole life will play like a movie in front of you and than god decides if you are going to be in heaven. I like to imagine myself sitting there along with my family watching our lives pass by.

Michael Reindel, I Lost my Trust in Sculpture



Katharina Hölzl

- if you have to read about or receive an explanation before you are interested in it, it's probably not a very good sculpture
- Wanting to read about it after looking at it can be a good thing
- "What is that made of" is a desirable reaction from the viewer
- in a room with too much work a pencil drawing on 8 1/2 by 11 paper will reign
- Wood is usually not a suitable material for sculpture
- You can teach perfect craftsmanship and this is an indictment of craftsmanship.
- You can not teach error, at least not the errors that I make.
- Don't be a one trick pony

Myles Starr

- The tyranny of Photography is real, and we have ~~no~~ little choice but to submit.

- ~~2016 - 2018~~ If being anti-market is more important to you than making art, you should probably not be an artist.

2016 - 2018

2018 - ?

Anthropromorphic → architectural

- No single presentation should have more than 12 positions

- 13 ~~and~~ The best work breaks the rules, but not all work that breaks the rules is good work, ... not by a long shot