

Slow Dance (3)

Gretchen Bender, Patricia L. Boyd, Laurence Burt, Adriano Costa, Mark Fell, Aurelia Guo, Jac Leirner, Alan Michael, Pharmaceutical Clocks, Emanuel Rossetti, Coumba Samba, Philipp Simon, Bri Williams

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Kuratiert von Luca Beeler & Richard Sides

Slow Dance fügt sich aus sechzehn unterschiedlichen Szenerien in vier Ausstellungen über einen Zeitraum von einem halben Jahr zusammen. Während dieser Zeit bleiben die Räume durch zwei Wände mit je einer Türe strukturiert. Anstatt Überblick zu geben, offerieren sie Passagen. *Slow Dance* könnte das Verhalten einer Person im Gespräch beschreiben. Dabei versucht diese mit zurückhaltenden Hinweisen Reaktionen beim Gegenüber zu provozieren, um so dessen Gesinnung in Erfahrung zu bringen. Langsam werden hier die politischen Implikationen dieser unterschwellig choreografiert sichtbar.

Slow Dance ist das Ergebnis einer laufenden Auseinandersetzung über die Konvergenz zwischen den Besonderheiten des Ausstellungsmachens und jener der Installation. Die Kunstwerke und Objekte, die in der Struktur der Ausstellung zusammenleben, bilden eine miteinander verbundene Logik, die das Leben in ständiger Beziehung mit verschiedenen aktiven Zeitlichkeiten und Zeiträumen versteht. Die Art und Weise, wie wir der materiellen Welt begegnen, ist gleichzeitig eine Form des Kompromisses und eine Erfahrung prekärer Akkumulation. Masstäblichkeiten, Wachstum und Geschichte wirken auf unseren Sinn für Ideologie.

«Wer kommt auf die Idee, mit Uhren für Medikamente zu werben?»

Die Pharma-Uhren in *Slow Dance (3)* kaufte Luca in den USA über eBay. «Eine vorstädtische, aggressive Salesman-Ästhetik.» Keine:r der Händler:innen wollte sie nach Europa versenden, also mussten wir sie zu Michèle liefern lassen, die in New York lebt. Dora brachte sie in ihrem Koffer nach Berlin, um sie Richard zu übergeben. Die Uhren wurden an der Hotelrezeption hinterlegt, und es benötigte zwei Versuche, sie abzuholen, einmal zu Fuss und ein zweites Mal mit dem Taxi. Richard nahm sie mit nach Oslo auf dem Weg nach Bern. Sie sind viel gereist. Eines der ausgestellten Exemplare funktioniert nicht und zwei haben wir nicht gezeigt.

Slow Dance (3) ist eine Choreografie der Objekte. Die logistische Infrastruktur strebt nach einer festen Verdrahtung von Raum und Zeit durch Netzwerke, digitale Geräte und Algorithmen, welche die Zirkulation von Information und Gütern steuern. Einige Formen der Zirkulation erschaffen Zeitzonen, entlang derer sich menschliche Beziehungen, Raum und Zeit reorganisieren. *Slow Dance (3)* existiert in einer Vielzahl von Zeitzonen, während die Gravitation des «linearen», hegemonialen Zeitfelds präsent bleibt. Einige Kunstwerke in der Ausstellung stehen für Infrastrukturen (und legen deren inhärente soziale und politische Dimension offen), während andere auf das Ritual alltäglicher Praktiken anspielen; Dinge, die man tut, um zu fühlen. Emotionen werden im Prozess der Herstellung empfunden und Affekte übertragen sich. *Commuting* (das letzte Stück von Mark Fells Album *Ten Types Of Elsewhere*) ist mit synthetischen Glocken komponiert, die einen «driftähnlichen Zustand» oder eine Pause erzeugen, mit der das Alltägliche abstrahiert wird.

Bees

BEES THAT GO foraging only have a few weeks of life

When bees are close to death, they often cling to flowers

Old bumblebees can be identified by their ragged wings

They waste a lot of energy for a meagre return, and
eventually they become lethargic and die

Aurelia Guo, *Bees*, from *World of Interiors*, 2022
Divided Publishing, Brussels.

Philipp Simon, *IR 2.5 CotB*, 2023

Pencil on paper, hand-made frame, museum glas
43 x 60 x 2.4 cm

IR 2.5 CotB — is the conclusion of the beginning. The beginning consists of rising order (IR 1.1 RO), containment (IR 1.2 C) and sentience (IR 1.3 S). An astronomically unlikely thing to happen. In it, an astronomically high amount of correlations, some of them understood as signals.

In the history of the universe the vast majority of occurrences go uninterpreted, and so cannot be said to be about anything, but some of them are about something. When there is a receiver, the content is conveyed in a very subtle way. The same signal could still have carried any given number of interpretations — the dirt on someone's boots could provide information on anything from personal hygiene status to evidence about the sort of geological terrains encountered. Reference and context come into play. Consequently, if the receiver imposes constraint the signal becomes information and the physical difference behaves as a difference that makes a difference.

The Progress pictures are sort of 'after the fact' / 'works on paper' versions of paintings or other works i'd made, I thought of it like filing things together in a set format, or tidying up.

The particular ones you are showing: '2' is a version of a dissolving picture of a cruise ship - originally based on work I remembered of a fellow student I studied with years before (I made up the dissolving part, the student guy was just into cruise ships).

'5' - I took lots of photos of traffic and cars in London, to make paintings, cars speeding along Park Lane and Marble Arch and upscale places like that. This one is a version of those things. I did loads of paintings of cars with reflections of buildings and property etc so this is sort of in that grouping.

'Webcam taped to a wall' - I got this group of people together, like a made-up social group and walked around town photographing them like they are friends (but I'd made that part up). Then I did paintings of the photos in various styles, kind of literally unsettled or something. This one was like a photoshop filter option that I just copied the result and painted it. The title is a fragment of quotes from the Boiler Room website, I was interested in the way companies like that describe themselves etc.

The New York Times

To Be Female Is to Die

By Joyce Carol Oates Sept. 9, 1979

IT may be argued that tragedy consoles us, in ways too deep, too complex, for us to delineate. "Tragedy," of course, implies art, and art implies artifice. Denuded of Shakespeare's language, for instance, the brutal acts of the great plays Gloucester's blinding, Othello's murder of Desdemona, Cordelia's gratuitous death — would have a stupefying effect on us. We would be horrified, sickened and eventually numbed. Our very humanity would be eroded.

Joyce Carol Oates's forthcoming novel is "Unholy Loves." She is currently teaching at Princeton.

"The Basement," so bluntly and so appropriately titled, is about a tragedy that has little to do with art and everything to do with horror, sickness, inhumanity. After reading even a few pages of this highly detailed account of a 16-year-old girl's death by torture, one is shocked almost beyond anger. For four weeks the girl, Sylvia Likens, who had been left by her parents to board in the home of 37-year-old Gertrude Baniszewski and her seven children, was routinely scalded, kicked, beaten with a paddle, punched, branded with burning cigarettes. In her final anguish Sylvia chewed her lips nearly in half. Her screams were heard throughout the neighborhood, and more than 25 other children saw her being beaten. No one called the police. Even people living within 14 feet the basement corner in which the girl died did not notify the authorities.

What can an appropriate response be?

This is no event out of our wretched witch-hunting past, no episode out of a cautionary German fairy tale, but a crime that took place in Indianapolis in 1965. And though much is made of the "impoverishment" of the neighborhood in which it took place — New York Street — it is really not a slum, judging from a photograph included in this book. There are no tenement buildings there, but large two- and three-story woodframe homes, substantial Middle Western dwellings.

"The Basement" is partly an account of the trial of Gertrude Baniszewski and her family for the murder of Sylvia Likens, partly a brooding discourse by Kate Millett (author of the controversial "Sexual Politics" and, later, "Flying" and "Sita") on the nature "feminine" sacrifice. The book is the result of the author's 14-year obsession with the case, which she first read about in Time magazine when she was a young instructor at Barnard College. Miss Millett was immediately captivated: "You [Sylvia] have been with me ever since, an incubus, a nightmare, my own nightmare, the nightmare of adolescence, of growing up a female child, of becoming a woman in a world set against us, a world we have lost and where we are everywhere reminded of our defeat."

Miss Millett's identification with the murdered girl is extraordinary, and one can only respect, if not fully comprehend, the depth of its power: "I was Sylvia Likens. She was me." Elsewhere, as part of a long, reasoned, admirably sustained meditation on the historical fate of women in general (which includes a discussion of clitoridectomy and other genital mutilations still practiced today), she comes to the conclusion: "To be feminine, then, is to die."

There is something mesmerizing about another's obsession, at least initially. One is struck by, perhaps even alarmed by, the passion, the devotion, the tireless concern for details of all kinds: Gertrude Baniszewski had seven children of her own, including an infant son. She owned one spoon. She had no stove, only a hotplate. She had a television set, a stereo, even a lawyer. She went often to the doctor, complaining of various ailments. Her 23-year-old, common-law husband, the father of the infant, had deserted her. Her former husband, an Indianapolis policeman, was always behind on his child-support payments, but he was kind enough to leave behind his policeman's belt so that Mrs. Baniszewski could discipline their children. Both beat her.

One soon begins to wonder, as Miss Millett did, so obsessively, Why did they do it? Why did the neighbors allow them to do it? And since it seems that Sylvia Likens could have escaped — it was not until the last two weeks that she was bound and gagged - the most troublesome riddle of all is why Sylvia failed to save herself.

She failed, Miss Millett believes, because she had no faith in the authorities - in police, in social workers; because her parents, who were traveling in Florida, had more or less abandoned her and her younger sister; because she had lived in 19 different places in 16 years; because she was a girl, conditioned to be passive, to be sweet: "To cooperate, • to assuage, to hold out the hands to be tied. To beg quietly. Not to scream, because it will make him angry, because it will make him strike you. To mimic every gesture of submission.. .. To be 'feminine.'" Miss Millett might have compared this to the Patricia Hearst case, for there, too, in Miss Millett's words, "The victim [is] seized with the same enthusiasm, the same madness or at least the same motivations as those of her captors." It does not matter that the captors are near-idiots: Gertrude Baniszewski managed somehow to blacken her own eye with the paddle she was using on Sylvia; a teen-ager named Coy Hubbard practiced judo flips on Sylvia while his girlfriend watched, giggling; Pickle, another neighborhood boy, later gave a detailed confession to the police and recanted some of the torture incidents with "amusement"

Why did these moral imbeciles persecute Sylvia? Miss Millett has numerous ideas, all of them provocative but none really convincing. Being a "female adolescent" was Sylvia's crime, evidently, and Mrs. Baniszewski derived sadistic pleasure from torturing her. In the end, the author says, Sylvia died because she had no strategy, no imagination, for survival.

One can admire Miss Millett's courage in taking on so ugly a subject, but one must draw back from her conclusions. If to be "feminine" is to die, how can one account for the fact that some of Sylvia's most vicious torturers were female - one of them a pregnant 18-year- old?

How can one account for the fact that Sylvia was high-spirited, impudent, known for "playing the clown" in school - in short, rather tomboyish, not a "good" little girl? It is never clear exactly why Sylvia must be seen as a "human sacrifice," or why Kate Millett - a Ph.D., a college instructor, the author of several books - insists on saying, "I was Sylvia Likens." (One is reminded of Sylvia Plath's unearned boast: "I may be a bit of a Jew.") Sympathy and identification are two different responses, and violent identification- a psychological projection over which the subject has little control - may sometimes obscure understanding.

Miss Millett's secondhand knowledge of the case (she did not attend the trials) might have been fruitfully supplemented by traditional journalistic research: she might have interviewed Sylvia's teachers and classmates, members of the Likens family, even the torturer-murderers. (With the exception of Mrs. Baniszewski, they are all free. Most received light sentences; some did not even stand trial. It isn't farfetched to think that they would have been delighted to cooperate.) The powerful opening pages of "The Basement," in which the author advances her thesis of women-as-victims, are somewhat undermined by the book's length, and by the passages in Part H that attempt to take us into the minds of Sylvia and Gertrude. Here Miss Millett's "stream-of-consciousness" monologues have the effect of flattening out and even trivializing the horror.

She seems to have sensed the risk of this sleight-of-hand: "I wonder if it's a relief, finally, or is it merely disconcerting, to come upon an author confessing to have no real hold over what a character 'thinks'? . After the transcript runs out, thought, dialogue, even action, I 'make it up' and admit that I make it up." But while Miss Millett in her own voice is forceful and intelligent, in her characters' voices she is disappointing. Gertrude Baniszewski isn't Stavrogin, after all. The simple truth is that she and the other murderers are unredeemably dull.

But "The Basement" is grimly compelling, not to be ignored or brushed aside. Look for no moral uplift here, no tragic consolation, no preachiness, no sense that things are finally harmonious in God's great scheme. Kate Millett believes that the basement/cage is "the only viable metaphor" for life itself, particularly for the lives of women, and this book is her passionate argument. One hopes that writing this book has consumed her obsession and that she can now ascend the basement stairs.



Ten Types Of Elsewhere

Mark Fell, 2005

Topology is a branch of mathematics which explores both the actuality and the character of possible spaces, including what are thought to be limitless possibilities. Spatial objects such as curves, surfaces, space outside our universe, knots manifolds, phase spaces, symmetrical groups etc. Topologists explore spatiality by asking questions about properties emerging through deformations such as twistings, rotatings, reflections and stretchings of objects: a circle is topologically equivalent to an ellipse (into which it can be deformed by stretching), by the same deformative principle a sphere is equivalent to an ellipsoid. Similarly the set of all possible positions of the hands of a clock is topologically equivalent and the set of all possible positions of hours and minutes taken together are topologically equivalent, spaces may be measured, scaled or be piled on top of one another.

One of the central ideas in topology is that spatial objects such as circles and spheres can be treated as objects in their own right independent of how they are "represented" or "embedded in space". Topological structures allow one to formalize concepts such as divergence, disconnectedness and discontinuity, generating spatialities by generating different rules about what will count as space. There is no particular limit to the possible rules that might be generated - what it is to be an object, the politics and distributions of the spatialities that go with objects, the interference making a difference to objectness, alterity, and the spatial limits of the conditions of possible objects in topology. There is a concern with spatiality, but in particular with the attributes of the spatial which secure continuity for objects as they are displaced through a space. The important point therefore is that spatiality is not given: it is not fixed, a part of the order of things, instead it comes in various divergent forms.

The making of objects indeed has spatial implications; spaces are not self-evident and singular, but are multiple, irregular, anomalous. Such spatialities (the objects which inhabit and perform them) are "uncomfortable," they are other to one another. Objectness is a reflection and performance of that unconformity, the shift between different spatial impossibilities. A performance of reality, that it makes present a representation of reality, and at the same time makes that reality. These various possibilities may be treated as an expression of spatial otherness, or more precisely as an expression of otherness combined with simultaneous and necessary spatial interference. This possibility of alternative spatialities is an essential move if we are to make a spatial link

between objects and alterity, and to treat the alterity of objects in spatial terms. This new object we call objectile: the new status of the object no longer refers to its condition in a purely spatial mould (its relation to form/matter) but to its temporal modulation, implying the beginnings of a continuous variation of matter - a continuous development of form. The object has only one quality of the object - that of being opposed to the I. It simultaneously "beseeches and pulverizes" the subject, experienced at its peak when that subject, weary of attempts to identify with something outside, finds the impossible within; when it finds that the impossible constitutes its very being, that it is one other than object. The object might then appear as the most fragile (from a synchronic point of view). The most archaic (from a diachronic one) sublimation of an object. The object is that pseudo object - the object of primal repression - the radically excluded that draws one toward the place where meaning collapses. It has to do with what disturbs identity, system, order - that which does not respect borders, positions, rules - the breakdown of the distinction between subject and object.

As topology encounters distortion with a certain inevitability, so too is their mirror between the object encountering the object - the "to me - to you" dynamic. That inevitability draws one in, a deterministic mentality of "non slackening," from the forces on a shape-space to the character role in protecting the network. Distortion of the physical shape and metaphysical 'object' can now be seen as a process defined in itself, rather than a process pre-defined as completing a transition between two states or points. As the process defined in itself becomes revealed, so too does the uncertainty of destination, and a belief about incompleteness.

Incompleteness in this context suggests that within any given branch of mathematics, there would always be some propositions that couldn't be proven either true or false using the rules and axioms of that mathematical branch itself. One might be able to prove every conceivable statement about numbers within a system by going outside the system in order to come up with new rules and axioms, but by doing so one creates a larger system with its own unprovable statements. The implication is that all logical systems of any complexity are, by definition, incomplete; each of them contains, at any given time, more true statements than it can possibly prove according to its own defining set of rules. Within a rigidly logical system propositions can be formulated that are undecidable or undemonstrable within the axioms of the system. That is, within the system, there exist certain clear cut statements that can neither be proved nor disproved.

Transfinite numbers can be thought of as arising through counting. Imagine that you have a picture of yourself holding a picture, and that second picture is obtained by placing a copy of the first picture into each of the spaces between points in the first picture. The third picture is obtained by placing a copy of the second picture into each of the spaces between points in the first picture. The fourth picture is obtained by first continuing the process started in the first three pictures endlessly. In trying to think of more and more pictures in this series of pictures, one sinks into a kind of endless morass. Any procedure one adopts for understanding this process eventually becomes impossible, and one has a momentary glimpse of what the absolute infinite is.

But imagine a mountain that is higher than infinity. This mountain consists of alternating cliffs and meadows. Even after one has climbed ten cliffs, a thousand cliffs, infinitely many cliffs, there are always more cliffs. Here the climbers are able to make some progress by executing a procedure called a "speed up." By using speed ups they are able, for instance, to travel beyond the first infinity of cliffs in under two hours. The idea is to climb the first cliff in one hour, the next cliff in half an hour, the one after that in a quarter of an hour, and so on since $1 + 1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8$ and so on never quite adds up to 2. We see that after two hours our climbers have passed infinitely many cliffs.

The ten thousand buddha temple is perched high on a hillside overlooking Sha Tin in the northern part of Hong Kong administrative region. To get here take the commuter train that runs through the new territories, over the border to Shenzhen and into China. Beyond the town is a trail leading up the hillside. This is lined on each side with golden buddha statues, each one with different characteristics encompassing every kind of human attribute. On top of this mountain are more statues now superhuman - one with incredibly long arms reaching into the sky, and another with long legs walking through a river and so on. Further still is a large hall thick with incense, around its walls are an infinite number of small buddhas, each one dissimilar from the other in only one respect - an arm held vertically or horizontally, a hand held forwards or to the side - every possible permutation of the system. Like this temple the toyshops in Hong Kong are filled not with action men or similar singular-consolidated figures, but instead with sets and variations of identities - a repeated figure in a number of poses, a figure with a number of different versions of him or her self, a group of closely related figures.

Like the temple, if the self has an infinity of rooms, even after it fills up, more and more people can be squeezed in, without making anyone share a room. The most paradoxical thing about this scenario is that eventually we reach a limit to this wonderful system's

powers of absorption: alef-one (which is a hard number to describe). One way of putting it is that this is the first ordinal number such that no possible rearrangement can fit a set of a guests. Alef-one represents an order of infinity that is essentially greater. To get a better idea of alef-one, go back to the idea of a mountain as high as all the ordinals. How hard will it be for them to get to alef-one? These climbers could never reach alef-one. There is no way that they could fold together various finite bursts of speed and cover alef-one cliffs in a finite amount of time. The only way to get out to alef-one is by actually going ahead and travelling alef-one miles per hour.

The Addict

Anne Sexton

Sleepmonger,
deathmonger,
with capsules in my palms each night,
eight at a time from sweet pharmaceutical bottles
I make arrangements for a pint-sized journey.
I'm the queen of this condition.
I'm an expert on making the trip
and now they say I'm an addict.
Now they ask why.
WHY!

Don't they know that I promised to die!
I'm keeping in practice.
I'm merely staying in shape.
The pills are a mother, but better,
every color and as good as sour balls.
I'm on a diet from death.

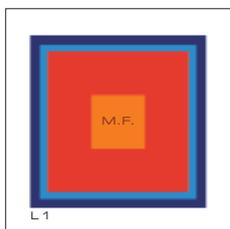
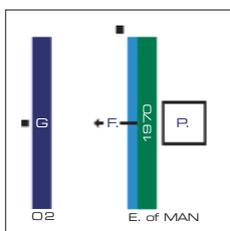
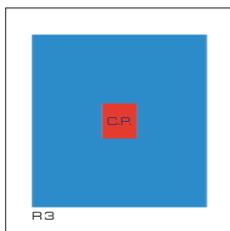
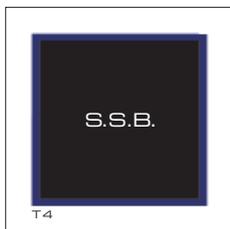
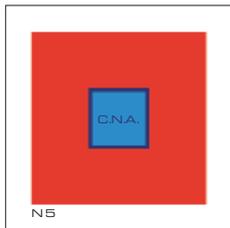
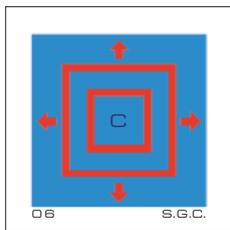
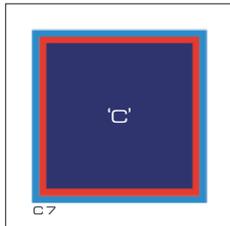
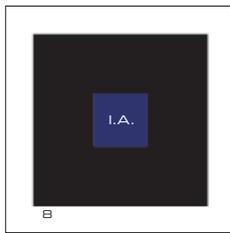
Yes, I admit
it has gotten to be a bit of a habit-
blows eight at a time, socked in the eye,
hauled away by the pink, the orange,
the green and the white goodnights.
I'm becoming something of a chemical
mixture.
that's it!

My supply
of tablets
has got to last for years and years.
I like them more than I like me.
It's a kind of marriage.
It's a kind of war where I plant bombs inside
of myself.

Yes
I try
to kill myself in small amounts,
an innocuous occupatin.
Actually I'm hung up on it.
But remember I don't make too much noise.
And frankly no one has to lug me out
and I don't stand there in my winding sheet.
I'm a little buttercup in my yellow nightie
eating my eight loaves in a row
and in a certain order as in
the laying on of hands
or the black sacrament.

It's a ceremony
but like any other sport
it's full of rules.
It's like a musical tennis match where
my mouth keeps catching the ball.
Then I lie on; my altar
elevated by the eight chemical kisses.

What a lay me down this is
with two pink, two orange,
two green, two white goodnights.
Fee-fi-fo-fum-
Now I'm borrowed.
Now I'm numb.



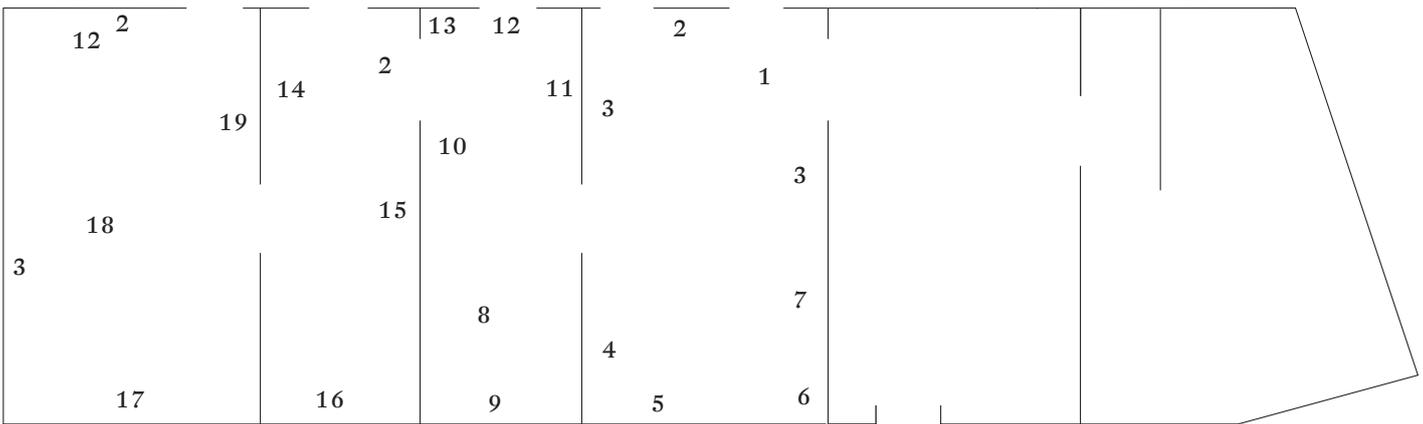
This Art-designed system was first established in 1970. Entitled **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL** it consists of 8 iconic images in descending numerical order from number 8, a symbol which represents the **INFINITE ABSOLUTE** – an imaginary metaphysical, unplayable godhead. The system's title suggests its evolutionary purpose. Of the remaining symbols numbering 7 to 1, each number is accompanied by one letter of the word **CONTROL**. Also on each icon/image are the initial letters of words defining the particular icon's meaning and purpose. **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL** suggested a redirected behavioural target for Mankind, by envisaging a Platonic, caring partnership between Man and Nature. This constructive idea offered a future goal – meant to highlight the insurmountable evidence of the 20th Century's destructive environmental damage; brought about by un-considered scientific and technological invention followed up by ill-considered innovation. The word **CONTROL** appeared to be a convenient all inclusive word in context of the purpose underlying the title **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL** – a concept which might inspire and instigate an idealistic peoples-cause, aimed at redeeming damaged and endangered Earth; such a necessary movement becoming an objective crusade against a possible yet not improbable **end-of-civilised-world-syndrome** resulting in dire **CHAOS!** The symbolic octave **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL**, by profiling something of a spiritual rationale, might well establish a renewed moral attitude and code of constructive behaviour towards incredible Earth, its myriad living creatures, vegetable kingdoms and all the elemental forms sustaining and comprising our Earth. Impossible, improbable as this whole altruistic idea of **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL** appeared (appears) to be, it seemed at the Time – 1970, the very least one could do (fantasy or not) to think up and create a Fine Art statement which might instigate, inspire, trigger, other forward looking-humans into sympathetic activity for such a timely, exigent cause.

PS The word **CONTROL**, applied in the above context, was intended to promote the idea of – if not Superhuman evolution, then at least our survival on a scale which might equate with a sense of Utopian idealism rather than the negative creation of a vacuous empty hole in Space – once-upon-a-time filled by good old Earth precedent to **CHAOS**. L.B.2010

- 8 – I.A. = Infinite Absolute
- C7 – C = 'CONTROL'
- 06 – S.G.C. = Sub-Goal for 'CONTROL'
- N5 – C.N.A. = Cognition of Necessary Activity
- T4 – S.S.B. = Super System Brain
- R3 – C.P. = Cognitive Process
- 02 – E. of MAN = Evolution of MAN
- L1 – M.F. = Macrocosmic Force

STEIP

SAALPLAN



1
Jac Leirner & Adriano Costa
WAVE, 2022
Mikrowellen, Aufkleber, Bir-
kensperrholz
In zwei Teilen:
Teil 1: 46 x 64.5 x 26.5 cm
Teil 2: 44 x 62 x 23.5 cm

2
Pharmazeutische Uhr

3
Aurelia Guo
One Admirer Has Said, in: World
of Interiors, 2022
Divided Publishing, Brüssel

4
Adriano Costa
*a person when is completely out of
its tits (never ending routine)*,
2022
Holz, Motor, Glas, Drähte
12 x 39 x 50 cm

5
Bri Williams
To Be Female Is To Die, 2021
Türklingel, Nagellack
12.5 x 10 x 2.5 cm

6
Coumba Samba
Sand, 2023
Bausand
Masse variabel

7
Coumba Samba
Chanel Basketball Bag 8k, 2023
Pigmentdruck
37 x 30 cm

8
Emanuel Rosetti
Gallery bells, 2023
Messingglocken, Glockenhäm-
mer, Kupferspulen, Holz, Met-
allteile
150 x 23 x 17 cm

9
Patricia L. Boyd
Advent Calendar, 2022
Medikamentenverpackung, me-
dizinisches Klebeband, Stift auf
Karton, Alufolie, rote Schleife
21 x 14 cm

10
Gretchen Bender
*TV Text & Image (IMAGE
WORLD)*, 1989
Live-Fernsehübertragung auf
Monitor, Vinyl-Schriftzug
Masse variabel
© Gretchen Bender Estate,
courtesy Sprüth Magers

11
Philipp Simon
IR2.5CotB, 2023
Bleistift auf Papier, handgefer-
tigter Rahmen, Museumsglas
43 x 60 x 2.4 cm

12
Türe und Datum

13
Adriano Costa
1975, 2022
Papier, Acryl
13.6 x 21.6 x 6.2 cm

14
Alan Michael
Webcam taped to a wall, 2018
Öl auf Leinwand
76 x 53 cm

15
Alan Michael
Progress 2, 2015
Tusche und Bleistift auf Papier
84 x 59 cm

16
Alan Michael
Progress 5, 2015
Tusche und Bleistift auf Papier
84 x 59 cm

17
Laurence Burt
*Propaganda For Control, Symbols
1-8, Sketches
Propaganda For Control
(prototypes)*
Courtesy the estate of Laurence
Burt

8 - *I.A. Infinite Absolute*, 1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

C7 - *C - 'CONTROL'*, 1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

O6 - *S.G.C - Sub-Goal for 'CON-
TROL'*, 1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

N5 - *C.N.A - Cognition of Neces-
sary Activity*, 1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

T4 - *S.S.B. - Super System Brain*,
1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

R3 - *C.P. - Cognitive Process*,
1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

O2 - *E. of MAN - Evolution of
MAN*, 1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

L1 - *M.F. - Macroc cosmic Force*,
1971
20.4 x 20.4 cm

18
Adriano Costa
sneakers sniffers go to heaven,
2018-2022
gestohlener Autoschrott, Batte-
riemotor, Glas, Lederjacke,
Metall
36 x 73 x 42 cm

19
Mark Fell
Ten Types Of Elsewhere, 2004
LP
57:00 min

Veranstaltungen

Eröffnung der Ausstellung
Mi, 17.05.2023, 19–22 Uhr



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Öffnungszeiten
Mittwoch – Freitag
14–18 Uhr
Samstag
12–16 Uhr