

## *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  
19.05.–24.06.2023

curated by Luca Beeler & Richard Sides

*Slow Dance* is composed of sixteen scenes, consisting of four different rooms in four exhibitions over a period of six months. During this time, the exhibition spaces remain structured by two walls, each with a functioning door. Instead of providing an overview, they offer passages. *Slow Dance* could describe the attitudes of a person in conversation as they attempt to provoke reactions in other people. Here, what slowly comes into focus is the political implications of subliminal choreography.

*Slow Dance* grows out of an ongoing conversation around the convergence between the specificities of exhibition making and installation. The artworks and objects cohabiting within the structure of the exhibition form an interconnected logic that mirrors living in constant relationship with various active temporalities and timescales. How we encounter the material world is at once a form of compromise whilst simultaneously an experience of precarious accumulation. Scale, growth and history confuse our sense of ideology. Organic rhythms zoom out from media realities.

“What mindset do you have to be in to get this idea to make clocks to advertise your drugs?”

The pharmaceutical clocks in *Slow Dance (3)* Luca bought five in the US, from eBay. “A suburban, corporate aggressive salesman aesthetics.” None of the sellers would ship to Europe so we had to order them to Michèle’s, who lives in New York. Dora brought them to Berlin in her suitcase to deliver to Richard. They were left at the hotel reception and two attempts to pick them up were made, once on foot and a second time by taxi. Richard took them to Oslo on the way to Bern. They’ve travelled. One on display doesn’t work and two we didn’t show.

*Slow Dance (3)* is a choreography of things. In the world at large, persistent logistical infrastructures strive to hardwire space and time through networks, digital devices, and algorithms that control the circulation of information and goods. Some forms of circulation create time zones along which human relationships, space, and time reorganise - a violent merging of systems to keep life going on. Temporally, *Slow Dance (3)* exists in a distinct variety of time zones, while the gravity of a linear hegemonic time field circles above relentlessly. Multiple artworks in the exhibition signify infrastructure (revealing their inherent social and political dimensions), while others allude to the ritual of everyday practices; a residue of “things done to feel”. Emotions are felt in the process of making and affects carry over. *Commuting* (the last track of Mark Fell’s *Ten Types Of Elsewhere* album) is composed with synthesised bells producing a “drift-like state” or a pause to abstract the quotidian with.



## 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.

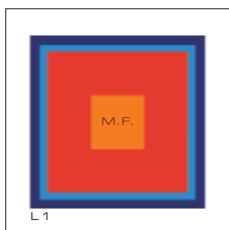
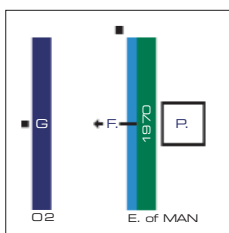
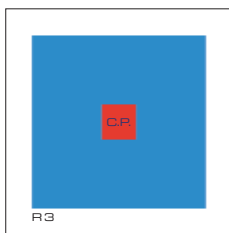
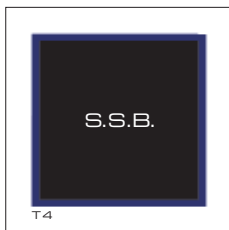
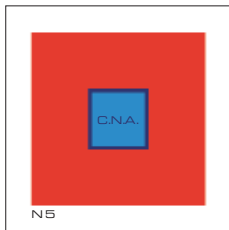
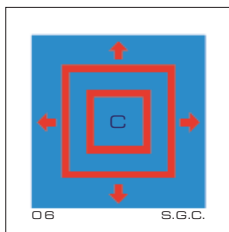
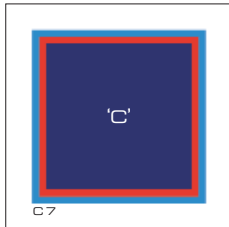
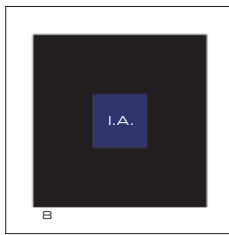
Yes, I admit  
it has gotten to be a bit of a habit-  
blows eight at a time, socked in the eye,  
hauled away by the pink, the orange,  
the green and the white goodnights.  
I'm becoming something of a chemical  
mixture.  
that's it!

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.



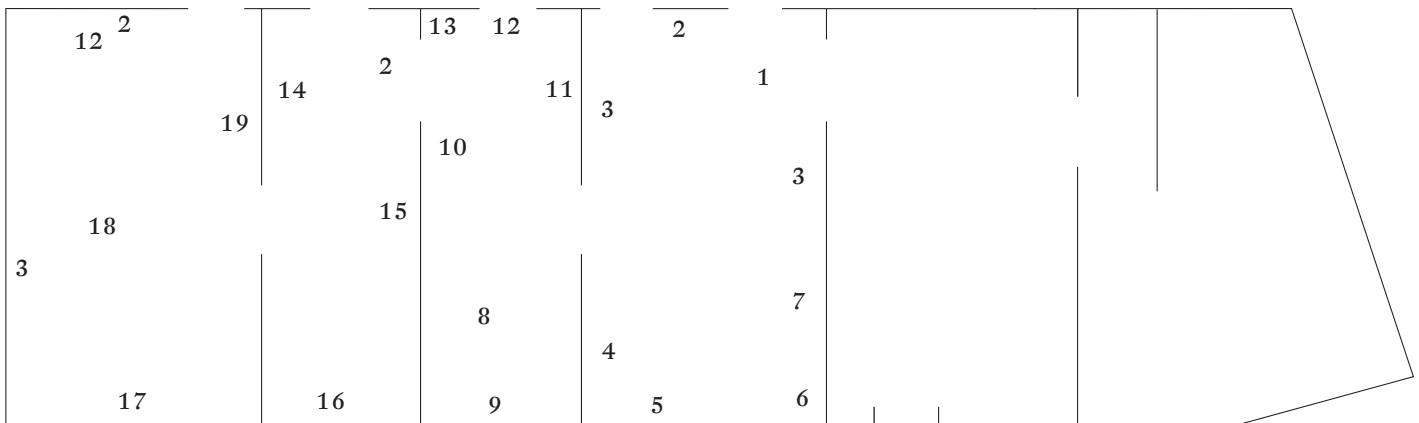
This Art-designed system was first established in 1970. Entitled **PROPAGANDA for CONTROL** it consists of 8 iconic images in descending numerical order from number 8, a symbol which represents the **INFINITE ABSOLUTE** – an imaginary metaphysical, unplayable godhead. The system’s title suggests its 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

# SHODRIPAN



1  
Jac Leirner & Adriano Costa  
*WAVE*, 2022  
Microwaves, stickers, birch plywood  
Part one: 46 x 64.5 x 26.5 cm  
Part two: 44 x 62 x 23.5 cm

2  
*Pharmaceutical Clock*

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

4  
Adriano Costa  
*a person when is completely out of its tits (never ending routine)*, 2022  
Wood, motor, glass, wires  
12 x 39 x 50 cm

5  
Bri Williams  
*To Be Female Is To Die*, 2021  
Doorbell, nail polish  
12.5 x 10 x 2.5 cm

6  
Coumba Samba  
*Sand*, 2023  
Construction sand  
Variable dimensions

7  
Coumba Samba  
*Chanel Basketball Bag 8k*, 2023  
Archival pigment print  
37 x 30 cm

8  
Emanuel Rossetti  
*Gallery Bells*, 2023  
Brass bells, bell hammers, copper coils, wood, metal components  
150 x 23 x 17 cm

9  
Patricia L. Boyd  
*Advent Calendar*, 2022  
Medicine packaging, surgical tape, pen on card, aluminium foil, red ribbon  
21 x 14 cm

10  
Gretchen Bender  
*TV Text & Image (IMAGE WORLD)*, 1989  
Live television broadcast on a monitor, vinyl lettering  
Variable dimensions  
© Gretchen Bender Estate, courtesy Sprüth Magers

11  
Philipp Simon  
*IR2.5CotB*, 2023  
Pencil on paper, hand-made frame, museum glas  
43 x 60 x 2.4 cm

12  
*Door and date*  
13  
Adriano Costa  
*1975*, 2022  
Paper, acrylic  
13.6 x 21.6 x 6.2 cm

14  
Alan Michael  
*Webcam taped to a wall*, 2018  
Oil on canvas  
76 x 53 cm

15  
Alan Michael  
*Progress 2*, 2015  
Ink and pencil on paper  
84 x 59 cm

16  
Alan Michael  
*Progress 5*, 2015  
Ink and pencil on paper  
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 'CONTROL'*, 1971  
20.4 x 20.4 cm

N5 - *C.N.A - Cognition of Necessary 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. - Macrocosmic Force*, 1971  
20.4 x 20.4 cm

18  
Adriano Costa  
*sneakers sniffers go to heaven*, 2018-2022  
Stolen car scrap, battery motor, glass, leather jacket, metal  
36 x 73 x 42 cm

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

Exhibition opening  
Wed, May 17, 2023, 7-10pm



**SWISSLOS**  
Kultur Kanton Bern

Stadtgalerie  
PROGR  
Waisenhausplatz 30  
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www.stadtgalerie.ch

Opening hours  
Wednesday-Friday  
2-6pm  
Saturday  
12-4pm