



STRANGE TEACHING

MONADS WITH WINDOWS

An extra-curriculum extravaganza

with

Florian Reither (Gelitin member)

Manfred Pernice

Wolfgang Mayer (Discoteca Flaming Star)

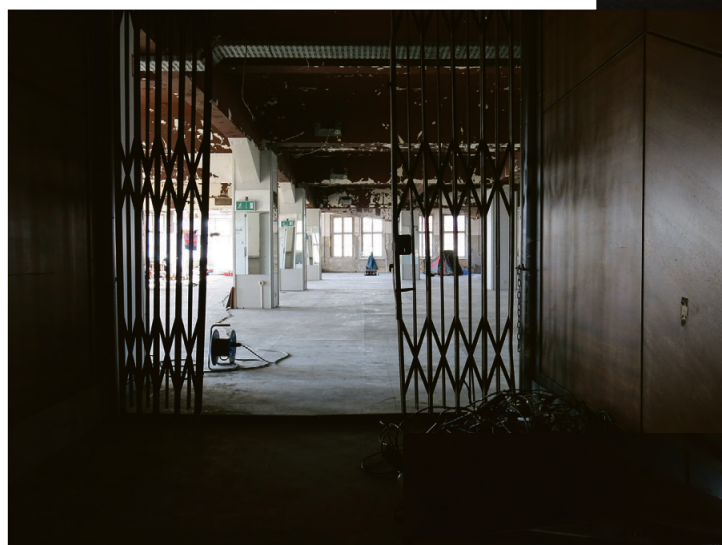
Rainer Ganahl

&

a selection of
their students



Künstlerhaus



strangeteaching.info
[instagram.com/strangeteaching](https://www.instagram.com/strangeteaching)



Participants



Jan Nicola Angermann
Malte Bartsch
Lilith Becker
Karl Bergström
Wera Buck
Valerie Christiansen
Kenneth Dow
Fabian Drung
Nikolaus Eckhard
Lisa Ernst
Monika Ehret
Judith Engel

Benjamin Hassmann
Lisa Johanna Jaeger
Pille-Riin Jaik
Jonathan Jung
Paul Kotter
Michaela Kisling
Sidsel Ladegaard
Jaeun Lee
Florentina Leitner
Valentin Leuschel
Lucienne Emily Luecke
Johanna Meßner
Elmar Mellert
Florian Model
Natascha Muhic
Jennifer Ojukwu

Lily Randall
Julia Riederer
Björn Kühn / Anna Romanenko
Sabrina Schray
Kirill Schroeder
Anna Schwarz
Siax C.
Vitiko Schell
Johanna Schielke
Stefanie Sprinz
Cody Sullivan
Regina Vierbacher



CONCEPT

From May 5 to May 18 I invited art students from professors-friends of mine teaching at international art academies to participate in some extra-curriculum extravaganza in a gigantic former multi - floor department store in Leipzig, Germany. It is located in the center of the city and we were given carte blanche, i.e. to do what we want to do following our own organizing principles.

The title for this project was MONADS WITH WINDOWS which not only reminds us of Leibniz's monadology with windowless monads but also alludes to a city that has been perforated physically by the effects of Nazi-ideology, allied WWII bombing, and the politics of the former communist regime resulting in an economic malaise that followed. Even today, housing prices are very low and many artists are moving to Leipzig since Berlin is more and more in a process of becoming a normal European city with regular high real estate prices.

In Western philosophy, monads are closed last units that are encapsulating everything. Pythagoras and his contemporaries attributed them divinity. Leibniz who was actually born in Leipzig in the 17th century saw in monads some kind of central logic, some creative last resort for being, reason and optimism in what he called „prestabilized harmony“. Needless to say, this harmony doesn't exist anymore and creative cells are equipped with windows and interact. Based on this idea to still hold on to something that cannot be spelled out and yet is at the core of all art beyond the wish to be successful, to make money and to be at the center of attention two way windows are necessary and hybridity has more and more become the norm even outside the creative industries. In fact, the most successful and influential toy maker, LEGO, offering only simple blocks, has become a blue print for the most advanced business models and shows us the way we operate efficiently.



Leibniz opposed the atomistic idea of explaining the world that has become the norm during his life time in the 17th century and believed in some dialectic conception in which space and time where nothing but organizing principles for the material world. Subsequently, progress was for him

not something that was fundamentally new but something that developed out of new arrangements and new combinations of things that already existed in one or another form under one or another temporality.

In that regard, during the two weeks, the former emptied out department store was the organizing principle of what all participants were doing or not doing and time was the organizing principle of all its continued transformations and performances. Unfortunately, for this project we didn't have much of a pre-stabilized harmony in place – not even the usual funding that fuels such operations.

The entire project was based on some principle of disturbance (the academic year, the academic class system, and all our budgets), on a Do It Yourself (DIY) and Whatever You Wanna Do (WYWD) basis and is better explained with another more contemporary quasi-Leibniz Weltanschauung (a way to explain the world), called autopoiesis. Like Leibniz, the Chilean neurobiologist Maturana and Varela diverted from the normative scientific path of their time, the 20th century, and tried to explain living organisms and its organization with the help of so-called system theory with emphasizes self-organization, interaction and total openness of its out come – hence lots of windows from entities that could be called monads.

In that sense, our participating students / ARTISTS organized clusters of organic events, performances, shows and programs that entailed anything the participants wanted to come up with. We had film screenings, discussions and reading circles,, a fashion show, several exhibitions, teaching and learning exchanges, music stuff and of course, clubbing and fun. I have not even yet spoken of cooking and eating together, freezing together and making a life from near scratch in the dirt of this poetic ruin.

I am very thankful to all the participants who mostly came on their own costs - including from New York, Goetheburg and Vienna. The same was the case for all the people who lectured and offered their time and effort to come and speak for free. Special thanks also to the Dominik Krauss and his Kuenstlerhaus Held (Alexander Dietze & Dominik Krauss) who pulled this floating unsave ship on board for us and let us use it - needless to say, without the knowledge of the authorities since nothing was up to code. The water was undrinkable, one shower only installed with Dominik's newly discovered talent as a DIY plumber and electricity had to be brought with long cables from only three access points in the entire building. The room temperature of this unheated building was a constant 14c / 55F or so.

Idea and concept Rainer Ganahl

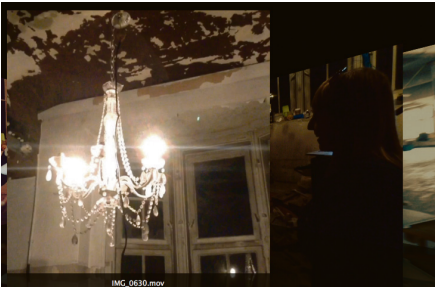


HELD LIVING



Monika cooking for everybody!





10 pm
Elmar Mellert, 15minutesmotelboys
- DJ
dancing





Florian Reither

**Without a public or the
importance to be present**

Faculty





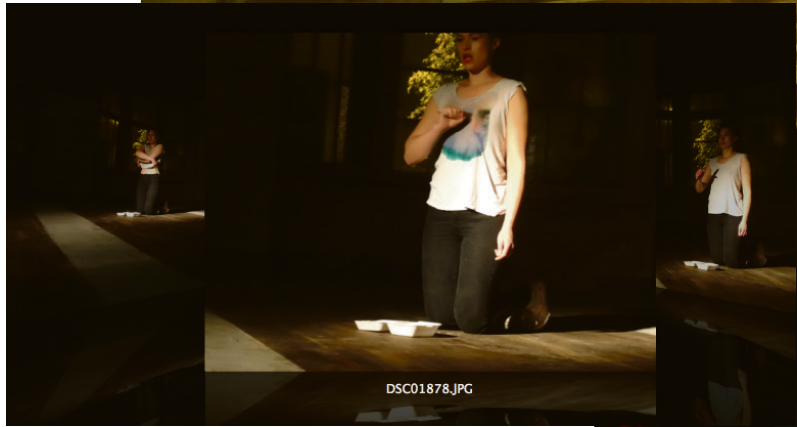
we are a pack.
 we move along the fringes.
 we are in shapeshift.
 because now it is about metamorphosis.
 the becoming of something unknown.
 it is about the shifting into another, not yet defined existence.
 until now, this form of existence has been called astist.
 but who knows what the future will bring, or what the future definition of artist
 will be?
 we dont know.
 not yet.

wir sind ein rudel.
 wir bewegen uns an den rändern.
 wir verwandeln uns.
 denn im moment geht es uns ums werden.
 das werden von etwas uns noch unbekanntem.
 es geht um die verwandlung in eine andere, noch nicht deffinierbare existenz.
 bis jetzt benennt man solche existenzen als künstler.
 aber wer weiß schon was die zukunft bringt, oder wie die zukünftige definition
 von künstler sein wird.
 wir wissen es jedenfalls nicht.
 noch nicht.





Watching „The new Uncanny“



Faculty

Wolfgang Mayer

“(On a New Uncanny) on Kanye West & Jerry Saltz”



“(On a New Uncanny) on Kanye West & Jerry Saltz” - see J. Saltz

Simone Häfele, Nehle Bertsch, Valentin Henning, Sabrina Karl, Wolfgang Meier

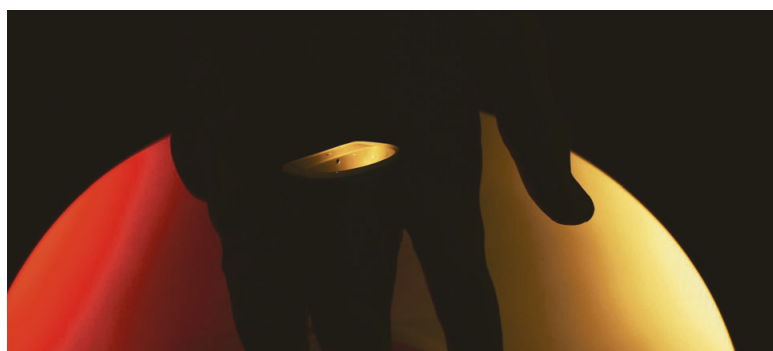
performance developed in the class of Wolfgang Mayer and Cristina Gomez Barrio
(Discoteca Flaming Star)

Valentin Hennig, letztes Video, stop-motion, Dicke Nacht, 2014

Elisabeth Roth, Musikvideo (Kuehe), 2014

Lisa Muehleisen, performance. stemoel tshirt

Link to Text: <http://strangeteaching.info/strange/jarrysaltz.02840.pdf>





Der Ausgangspunkt des Abends "(On a New Uncanny) on Kanye West & Jerry Saltz" bei MONADS mit Windows im KÜNSTLER-HAUS HELD in Leipzig am 6. Mai 2014 war die Auseinandersetzung mit dem Video "Bound 2" des Rap-Pop-Stars Kanye West, sowie der Text des New Yorker Kritikers Jerry Saltz über eben genau dieses Video.

„Bound 2“, sowie das Vorlesen des Textes von Saltz, waren eingebettet in eine künstlerisch kritische Präsentation von Videoarbeiten und Performances einiger Studenten* des Studiengangs Intermediales Gestalten der Staatlichen Akademie der Bildenden Künste in Stuttgart.

Dieser Text ist ein kollektiver Versuch einiger Beteiligten**, das Aufeinandertreffen der verschiedenen Videos und Gedanken, sowie den Abend als Buchbeitrag, fortzusetzen.

Ah ha hani oh ho honey.

Leichen erlesen lesen. Cadavre Exquis Composé.

Der Kopf weiß nichts über den Fuß, aber von der Hand. Der Bauch kennt nur sich selbst (und die Markierungen zu den angrenzenden Körperteilen), ist aber genau so intelligent wie der Kopf und dieser so emotional wie der Rest. Die Hände spüren nichts vom Herz. Wir ordnen die Organe und Extremitäten, den Dingen ihren Lauf. Die Stimmen bestimmen die Videos, die Videos beleuchten die Performances, die Performer verlieren die Stimmen. Die unbestimmten Stimmen nennen Namen. Freud liefert das Vorwort. Oppenheim prostet mit ihrer Kaffeetasche den Zuschauern und den Kühen zu. Lou macht die Musik. Zizek erzählt einen Witz. Maria Magdalena performt. Koons lacht sich ins Fäustchen. Nietzsche schreit aus dem Off. Leibniz verteilt homöopathische Pralinen. Namen, Namen, Namen tröpfeln und dann sind es doch Kühe in einer Landschaft der Gewalt.

Unheimlich neu ganz heimlich neulich neu.

Vielleicht werden alle alle Brustwarzen entfernen lassen, damit man sie nicht mehr durchscheinen sieht, damit der Tränen-Tropfen-Bikini kleiner werden kann und man endlich ausgezogen sein kann, ohne nackt sein zu müssen, oh ja mein Honig-Liebling, du bist keiner dieser ekelhaften Affen, die sich mit Gewalt das letzte Fünkchen ihrer selbst aus der Brust hämmern. Denn während ich dich hämmere, trage ich mein in deiner Sehnsucht gebatiktes T-Shirt. DAS ist meine Offenbarung an deine erblindeten Brüste.

Glotzende glockende Kühe warten auf hysterische Küchengeräte. Der Wischmob ist bereit, Susi, Alma, Heidi, Berta und Bella samt ihren prallgefüllten und eingeschissenen Eutern durch Ohrfeigen zu läutern. „The show must go on“ versichern sich Susi, Alma, Berta und Bella gegenseitig.

Zurückblickende Brüste. Ah ha hani oh ho honey.

Wenn ich die Augen schließe, erscheint das Augengrau. Nicht eine schwarze Nacht, sondern neblige Schwaden umschließen mich. Nichts hat mehr die Möglichkeit zu erscheinen, angestrahlt zu werden. Alle Bilder überlagern sich, werden zu infernaler Suppe. Woran bist du gebunden? Welcher Raum erschafft dich, gibt dir Luft? Die säurehaltige Feuchtigkeit beginnt sich träge auf deine Lungenflügel zu legen. Atmen fällt schwer. Mit einem leichten Druck, sowie das Öffnen eines Waschbeckenstöpsels, klappt deine Haut zusammen. Dein Inneres stößt ins Innere dieses Nebels. Du löst dich nicht auf, du wirst ein zerlegter, flüchtiger Bestandteil dieser grauen Suppe. Bereit, geschlossenen Augen eine Show zu bieten.

Ah ha hani oh ho honey.

Eine take-away Box ist alles, was später von mir hinter dem Vorhang bleiben wird, dessen unheilvolle Prognose eingetroffen ist.

Der Protoplasmageruch von Sperma liegt in der Luft der Umkleide. Das Gesundheitsamt rollt auf rosa Einhörnern an. Schnorchelnde Geräusche. Das Wasser einer der Becken wird abgelassen. Wir fühlen uns alle kalt und gespannt auf unseren Bänken. Aus dem iPod klingt Musik. Is it you, honey? Nein es sind clowns & helden, „ich liebe dich“. Wir sitzen vor deinem Foto, gib mir noch ne Zigarette, ich werde vergessen. Bobbys Lippen sind geschwollen, die Augen trägig. Das Interview beginnt, es wird um Malerei gehen.

Ah ha hani oh ho honey.

Quellen:

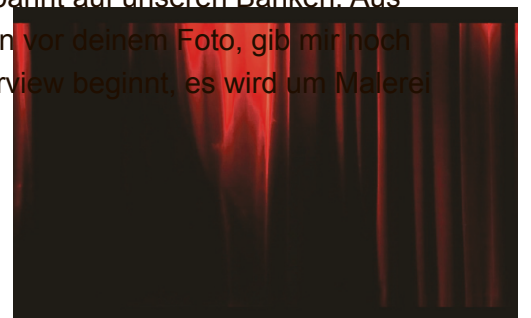
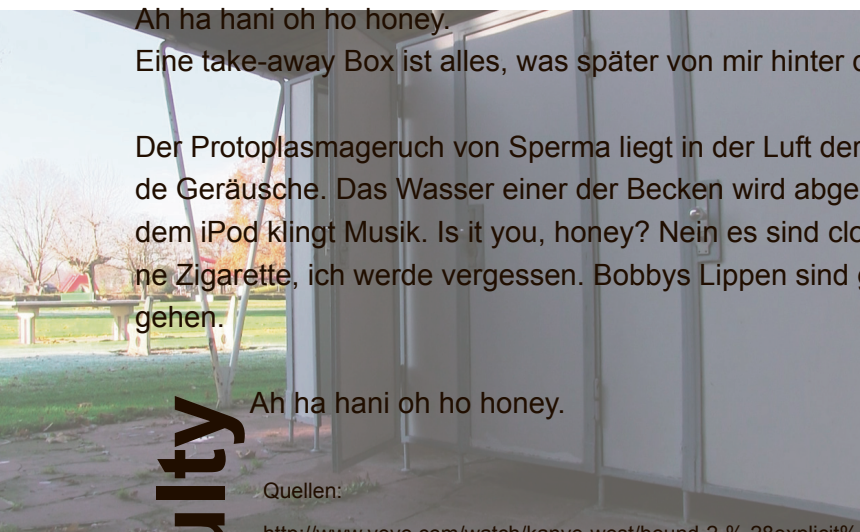
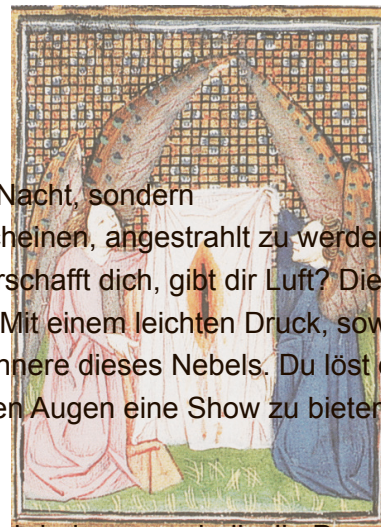
<http://www.vevo.com/watch/kanye-west/bound-2-%28explicit%29/USUV71302195>

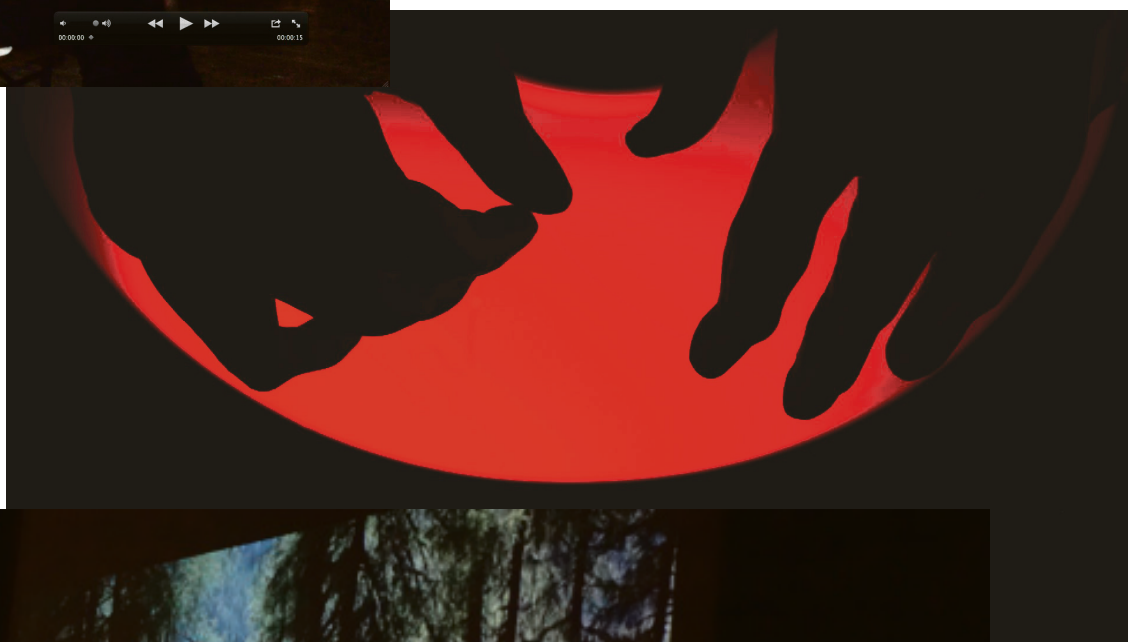
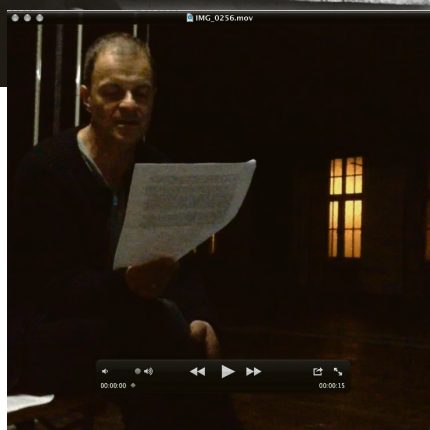
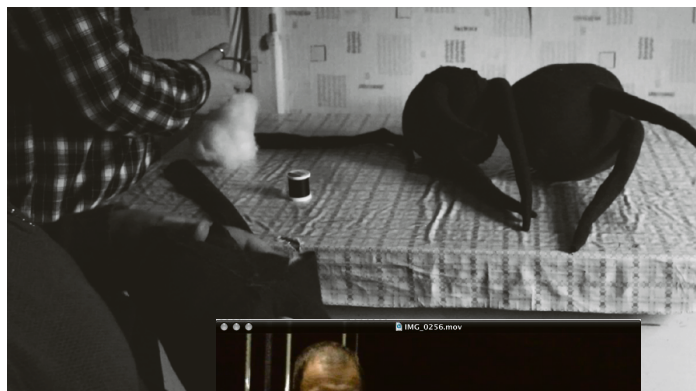
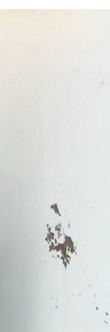
<http://www.vulture.com/2013/11/jerry-saltz-on-kanye-west-kim-kardashian-bound-2.html>

*

Julia Herbrik, Elisabeth Roth, Sebastian Kaminski, Nehle Bertsch, Lisa Mühleisen, Claudia Gienger, Emma Neufeld, Valentin Hennig.
Elisabeth Roth, Sebastian Kaminski, Lisa Mühleisen, Valentin Hennig. Lektorat: Nehle Bertsch

Faculty



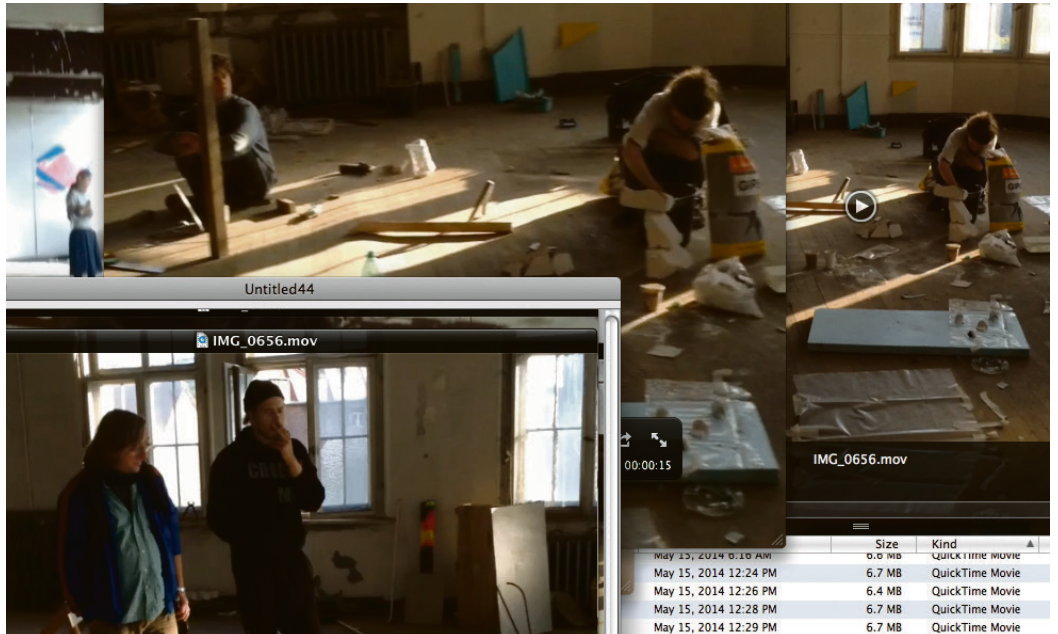


Sebastian Kaminski, interview mit bobby, (video mit schwimmbad), 2014,
Claudia Gienger, o.T. , schwarz-weiss video, 2014
Julia Herbrik, video (Vorhang), 2014
Emma Neufeld, Rapper (video) , 2014
Nehle Bertsch, (wischmob), 2014

Faculty



Manfred Pernice Discussing Art



- 1 == Wo , wann und mit wem hast du studiert
- 2 == Glaubst du, dass du was gelernt hast oder war es fuer die Katz
- 3 == Heute bist du ein professor fuer Kunst in Berlin , wie unterrichtest du ?

1== ich war von 84 – 87 an der HfbK Braunschweig als Student eingeschrieben. Davon war ein ¼ semester Grafik-Design als Missverständnis weil die Bewerbung Grafik in Wien ohne resonanz blieb. Ich habe dann 1/2 jahr „Malerei“ studiert : in einem zusatz-Gebäude neben der Brauerei konnte ich eine Staffelei benutzen. Die Stimmung dort war die eines Selbsthilfe-mal-projekts in einem besetzten Haus. Den Rest dieser „Studienzeit“ habe ich in einer Metall-möbelmanufaktur zugebracht um Geld zu verdienen/um mir die Zeit zu vertreiben. Dabei habe ich einiges gelernt : im kollektiv der Umgang mit material und kleinSerienproduktion. In dieser Zeit habe ich aus alten Neon-reklame-Buchstaben-Elementen Bildobjekte gefertigt, die ich auch einmal in einem Café gezeigt habe. Von 87 – 92 war ich an der HdK Berlin Meister-bildhauer-Klasse D.Everson, diverse Jobs im Ausstellungsaufbau-Bereich.

2== . . . habe ununterbrochen was gelernt und nix war für die Katz.

3== Das Gespräch über die ganzen Kunstfragen(objekt-bild-hauerei) soll grosszügig, genau, angemessen + nachhaltig sein.



Faculty





Rainer Ganahl Discussing Art



We: May 7
4 pm
Rainer Ganahl
Discussing Art

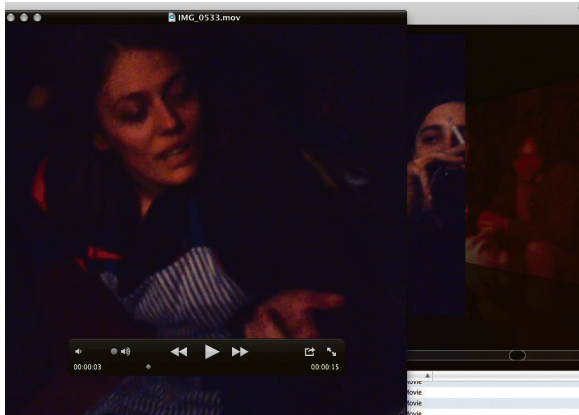
Thu May 8
7 pm
Rainer Ganahl
Discussing Art

Mo May 12
7 pm
Rainer Ganahl
Discussing Art

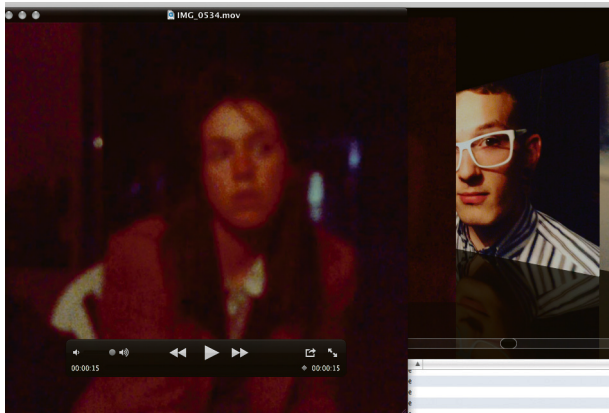
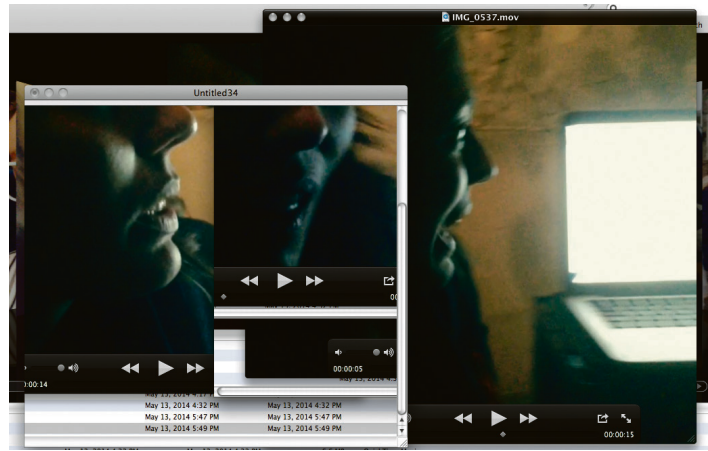
Tu May 13
9 pm
Rainer Ganahl
Discussing Art

We May 14
8 pm
Rainer
Discus

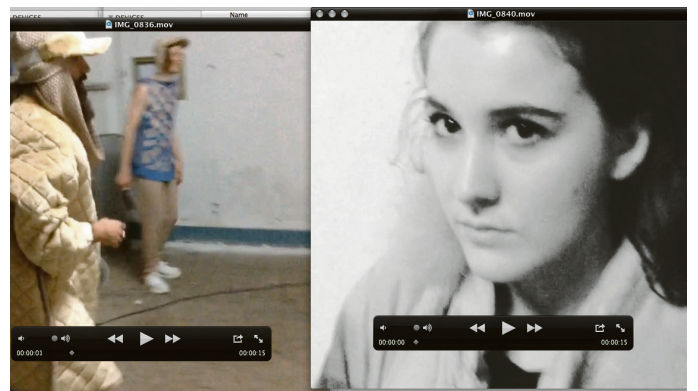




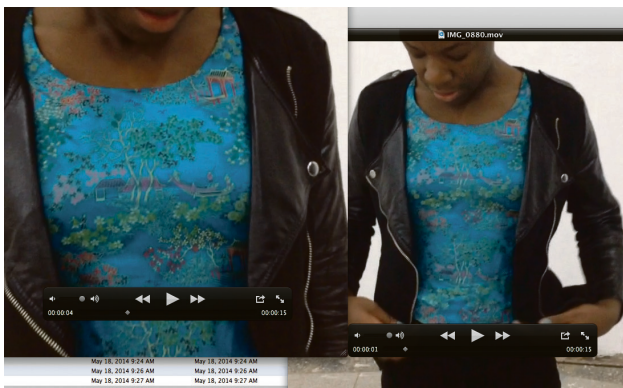
Anna Schwarz



Lily Randall



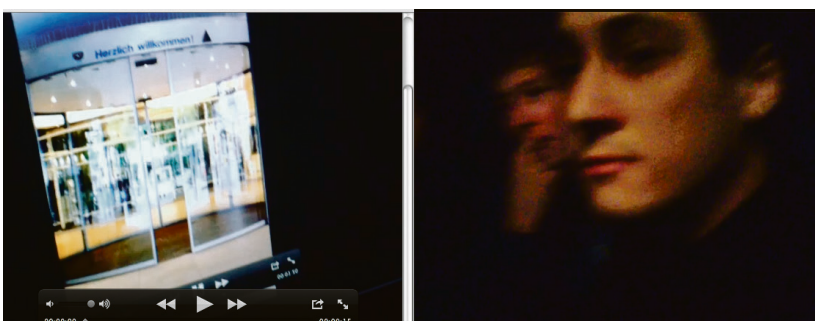
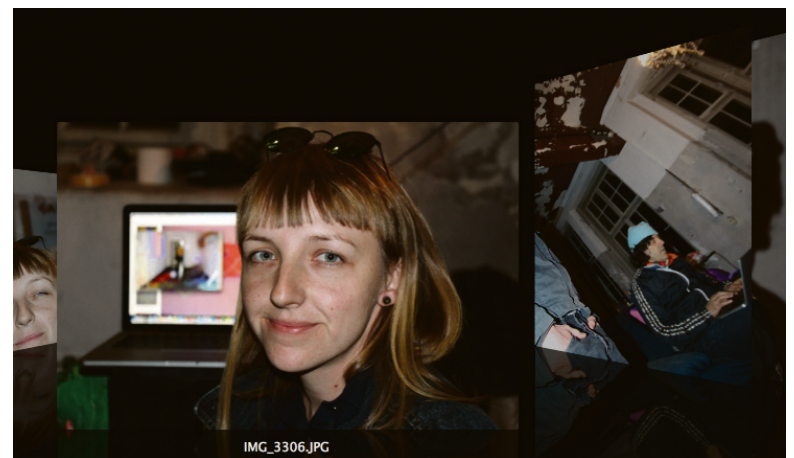
Florentina Leitner



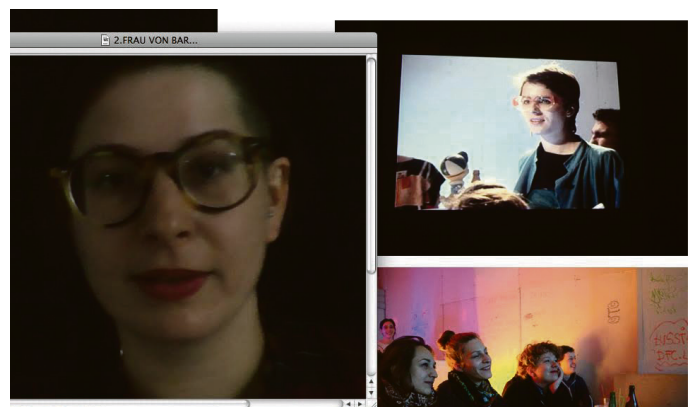
Jennifer Ojukwu

images taken
from instagram

SIAX C.



Elmar Mellert

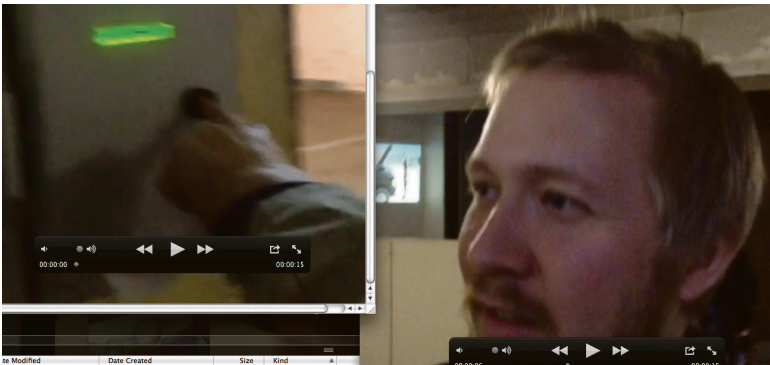


Natascha
Muhic

Work Presentations

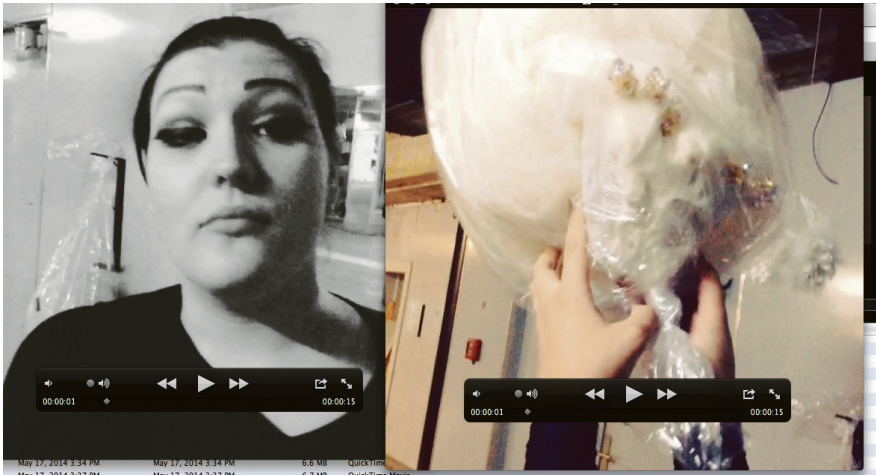
by Participants /Students

Malte Bartsch

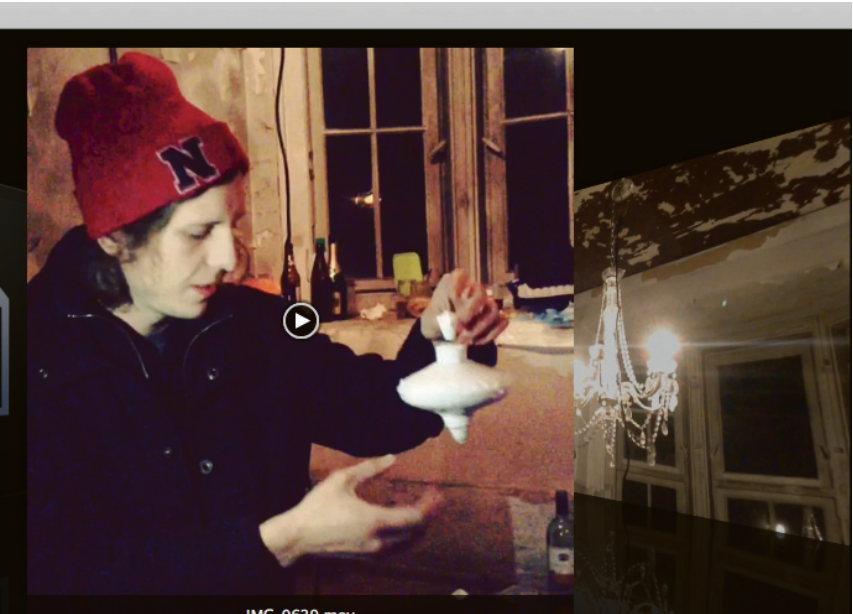


Sabrina Schray

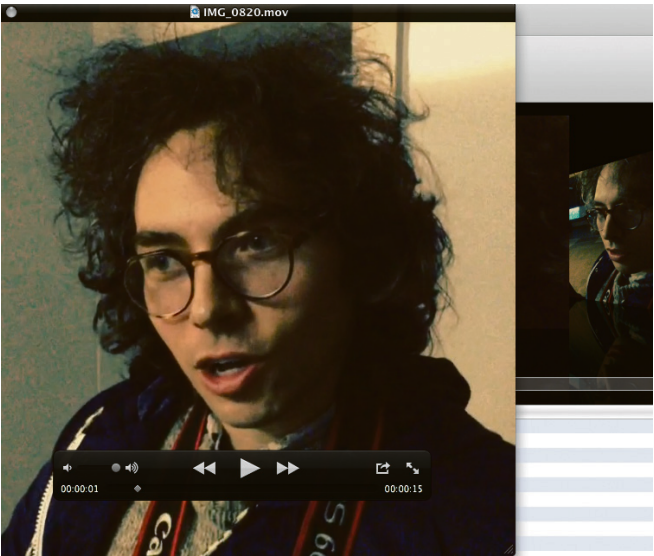
Lucienne Emily Luecke

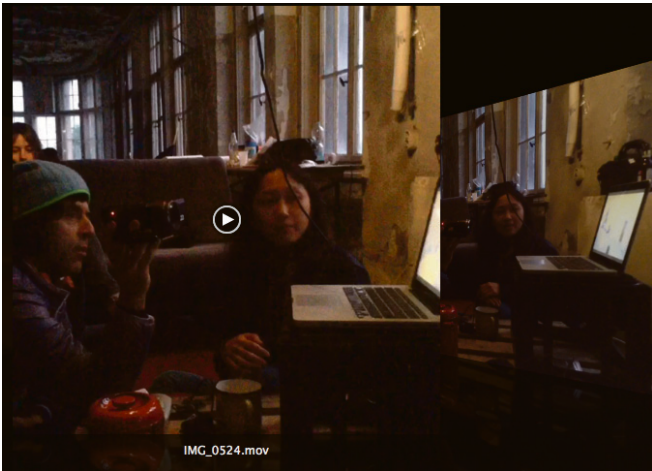


Benjamin Hassmann

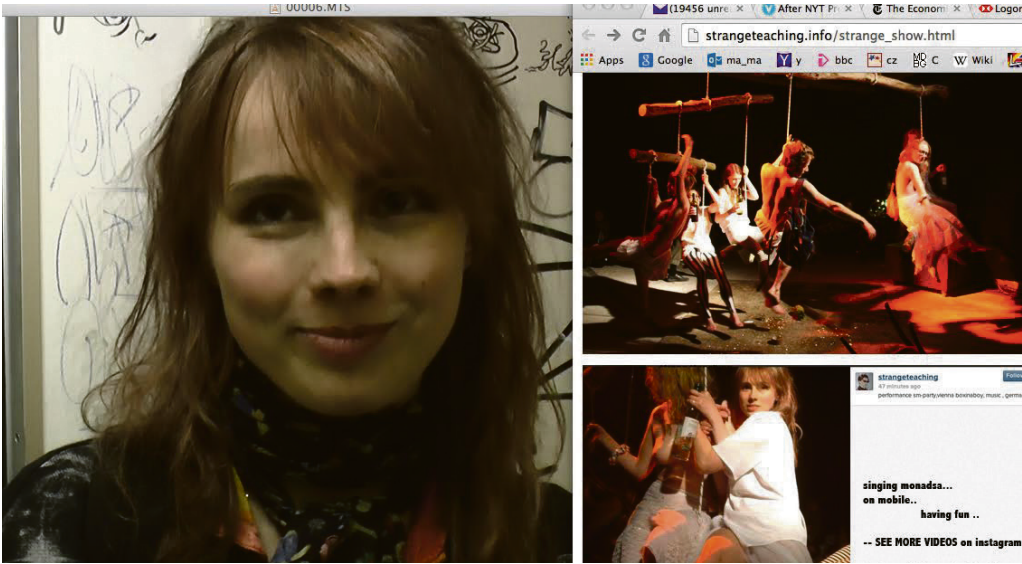


Cody Sullivan, a Brooklyn based writer and poet, triggered of a discussion on gentrification.

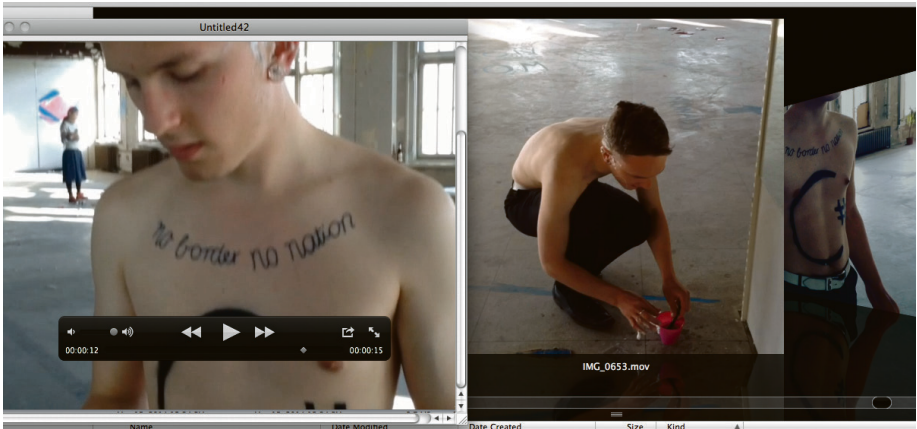




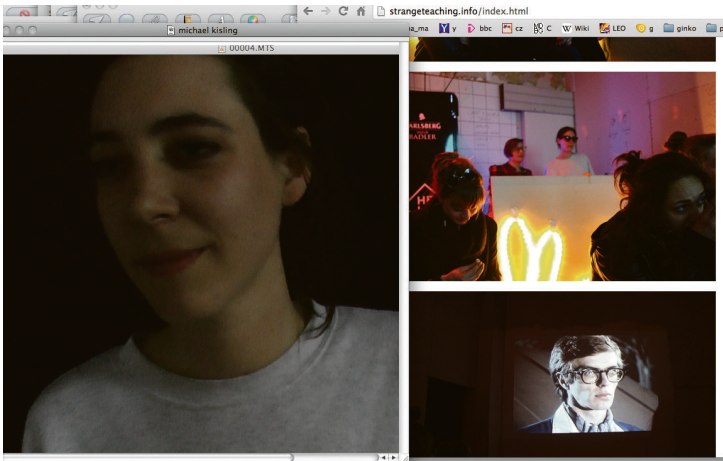
Jaeun Lee



Pille-Rin Jaik



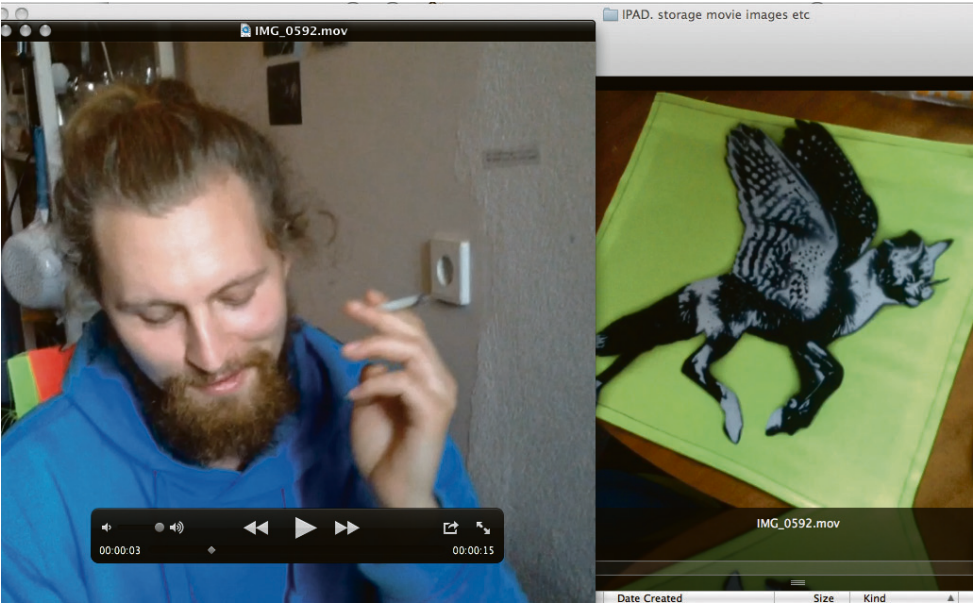
Kenneth Dow



michaela kisling

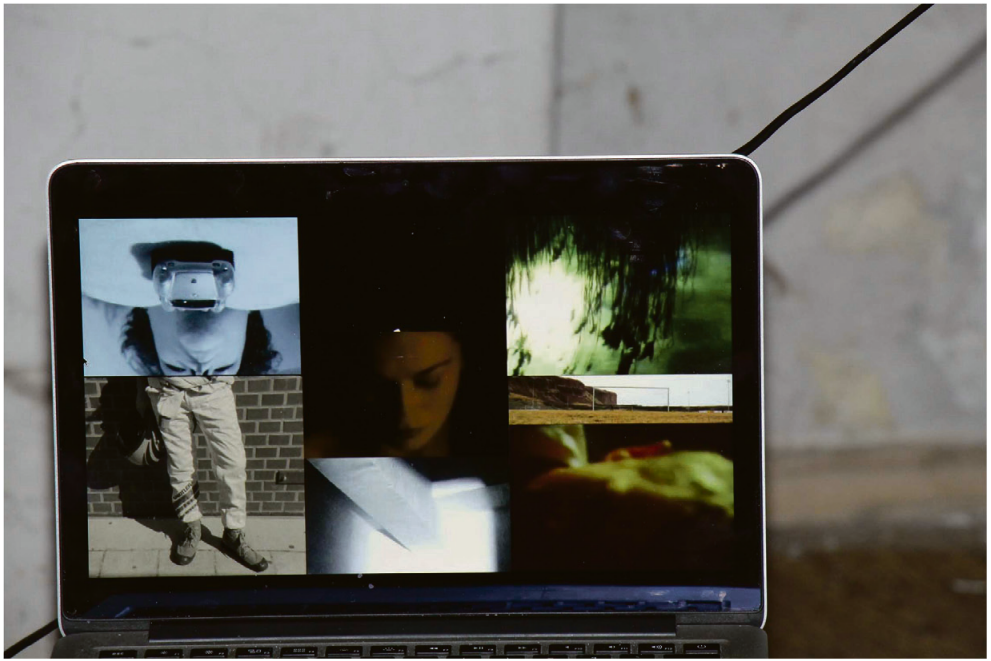
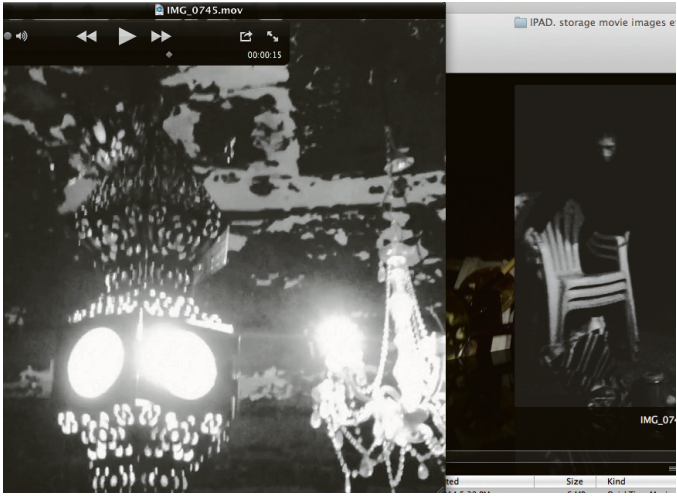


Florian Model



Jan Nicola Angermann









Lawrence Wiener @ Hamburger Bahnhof



Show of Amy Lien and Enzo Camacho



BERLIN - SAT., May 10, 2014 (most people preferred to stayed in Leipzig)
David Lieske, @ MATTHEW, Berlin, showing us the works of Amy Lien and Enzo Camacho



Dominic Eichler @ Silberkuppe, Berlin, speaking about his/their artists



Daniel Buchholz, Berlin talking about Lutz Bacher's exhibiton - running also into Michaela Melian who told us she was just nominated for the German Film award.

HARUN FAROCKI @
HAMBURGER BAHNHOF



STEVEN PIPPIN, DAAD

BERLIN VISIT



Leidy Churchman @ SILBERKUPPE, Berlin, showing his show entitled „A fruit stare“

Simon Denny @
Daniel Buchholz,
speaking about
his work





Benjamin Meyer-Krahmer
DIETER ROTH

– SELF OBSERVATION, AUTOPOIESIS, HONESTY, SHAME,
Strange Teaching, Held, Leipzig



Lecture





Lecture



Free encyclopedia

Wikipedia -
Lucy R. Lippard is an internationally known writer, art critic, activist and curator from the United States. Lippard was among the first writers to recognize the "dematerialization" of art in the 1960s and was an early champion of feminist art.

Brooklyn Museum

Brooklyn Museum -
Lucy R. Lippard's defining impact on the emergent Conceptual art movement.

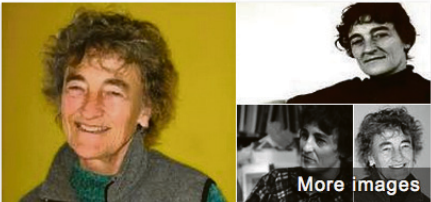
Historians

Lucy R. Lippard -
Born: April 14, 1937. Place Born: New York, NY. Date of death: 2019. Conceptual art theorist. Lippard ...

Books, Biography, Blog ...

Lucy R. Lippard -
Amazon.com -
Photographs of a Changing Environment
naugh and W. J. T. Mitchell (Sep ...

Britannica



Lucy R. Lippard

Writer

Lucy Lippard is an internationally known writer, art critic, activist and curator from the United States. Lippard was among the first writers to recognize the "dematerialization" of art in the 1960s and was an early champion of feminist art. Wikipedia

Born: April 14, 1937 (age 77), New York City, NY

Education: New York University Institute of Fine Arts (1962), Smith College, New York University

Raimar Stange

Von der Autonomie der Autonomie

Die Autonomie der Kunst scheint in Gefahr zu sein. Immer mehr Kritiker und Theoretiker befürchten nämlich, dass heute produzierte Kunstwerke ihre Unabhängigkeit von Moral, Nutzen und gesellschaftlichen Interessen verlören. Und Schuld daran sei der Versuch, die Kunst, angesichts z. B. von neoliberaler Globalisierung und ungehemmter Klimakatastrophe, zu politisieren. Ein Paradebeispiel für diese Angst stellt die ungewohnt polemische Kritik der bürgerlichen Wochenzeitung „Die Zeit“ an der letztjährigen Berlin Biennale 7 dar. Unter dem vielsagenden Titel „Die Ohnmacht der Parolenpinsler“ schrieb Hanno Rauterberg im Mai 2012: „Offenbar wollen diese Künstler keine Künstler mehr sein, sie wollen raus aus dem Reich des Symbolischen, rein ins Reale. Und keiner sollte sie aufhalten: Gute Erzieher im Kindergarten werden dringend gebraucht“. Künstler, die sich politisch engagieren, werden hier kurzerhand als Nichtkünstler bezeichnet, würden sie doch das Feld des Symbolischen, dem einzig legitimen für die Kunst, verlassen. Schon hier wird die „Argumentation“ aber höchst schwierig, denn das Symbolische ist zweifelsfrei spätestens seit den Anstrengungen der historischen Avantgarde, des „Bauhauses“ z. B., bei weitem nicht mehr das einzige Feld der Kunst, „angewandte“ Bereiche im Design und Architektur etwa zählen längst ebenfalls dazu. Rauterberg aber sieht nur in dem Bereich des Symbolischen die Kunst und ihre Freiheit beheimatet. So schreibt er weiter: „Gewiss, Künstler dürfen tun und lassen, was sie wollen. Auch steht ihnen frei, alles und jedes als Kunst zu bezeichnen. Selbst die Freiheit, ihre Freiheit wegzuschmeißen und sich anderweitig zu verdingen, wird ihnen niemand verbieten“. Gewiss, auch Kritiker dürfen sich widersprechen, denn was gilt denn nun: Ist ein Künstler, der „als Erzieher im Kindergarten“ arbeitet - mit dieser plumpen Gleichsetzung von real-existierender Dienstleitung und prozesshaft-aktivistischer Kunst hatte Rauterberg übrigens schon vor Jahren die künstlerische Arbeit der documenta- und Venedig Biennale-Teilnehmer Christine und Irene Hohenbüchler „kritisiert“ – ein Künstler, dem duchamplike alles frei steht, oder ist er dann „kein Künstler mehr“, wie er eingangs schrieb? Zu fragen ist aber vor allem: Verlieren diese Künstler bzw. Extkünstler zwangsläufig ihre Freiheit, ihre Autonomie, wenn sie „sich anderweitig verdingen“? Ist es also tatsächlich so, dass diese Artisten „deshalb ihre Kunst ... zum Werkzeug degradieren“, wie der aufgebrachte „Zeit“-Schreiber einige Zeilen später befürchtete? Ist also das Arbeiten im besagten Kindergarten per se unfreiheitlicher, unkünstlerischer als das Agieren auf der Leinwand z. B.? Die legendäre us-amerikanische Kuratorin und Theoretikerin Lucy R. Lippard etwa ist da anderer Meinung, denn sie befürwortete das sich „anderweitig Verdingen“ bereits 1973 in ihrem Klassiker „Six Years; The dematerialization of the art object from 1966 to 1972 ...“ mit dem Worten: „Am wichtigsten aber ist wohl, dass die Konzeptualisten erkannten, dass die spannendste „Kunst“ immer noch verborgen ist in sozialen Energien, die noch nicht als „Kunst“ bezeichnet werden“. Zusammenfassend kann Rauterbergs Kritik, und sie ist typisch für bürgerliche Vorbehalte gegen politische Kunst, zunächst folgendes abgelesen werden: Kunst, die außerhalb des vermeintlich traditionell für sie vorgesehenen Feldes des Symbolischen sich im Realen versucht, wird zum Werkzeug und verliert daher ihre Autonomie.

Schauen wir also kurz einmal auf die künstlerische Arbeit an der Leinwand, etwa auf die sogenannte „Farbfeldmalerei“ der 1960er und 70er Jahre. Denn diese war doch sicherlich auch in bürgerlichem Sinne „Kunst“ - im Symbolischen aber bewegte sich diese Ästhetik keineswegs (mehr), vielmehr setzte sie auf die konkrete Kraft von Fläche und Farbe. Autonom gemeint war diese Kunst wohl, denn sicherlich kamen deren Arbeiten aus der „apolitischen Schmiede neuer ästhetischen Formen, die der individuellen Expression dienen“, wie es Igor Stokfiszewski in dem Berlin Biennale-Buch „Forget Fear“, 2012, in seinem Text „Das politische Programm der Kunst“ geschrieben hat. Wie frei aber ist solche apolitische Expression tatsächlich, kann sie wirklich nicht zum „Werkzeug degradiert werden? „Monopol“ z. B., das selbst erklärte „Magazin für Leben und Kunst“, publizierte im September 2007 eine Fotostrecke unter dem Titel „Wer hat Angst vor Rot, Gelb, Blau? Wintermode vs. Farbfeldmalerei“ und präsentierte in ihr anlässlich der Neueröffnung der Staatlichen Kunsthalle Baden-Baden ansehnliche, natürlich weibliche, Modelle, die vor Bildern von Ellsworth Kelly, Gerhard Richter, Imi Knoebel und Morris Louis - natürlich Männer - posierten. Offensichtlich ist also auch autonom gemeinte Kunst nicht davor geschützt, in außerkünstlerischen Kontexten (ungefragt) benutzt zu werden. Oder macht nicht vielleicht sogar gerade ihr intendiertes Abgekoppeltsein von gesellschaftlichen Prozessen, ihre (sinnliche) Beschäftigung mit bloß ästhetischen Fragestellungen sie dafür umso tauglicher? Ist doch solch „freie“ Kunst gerade wegen ihrer gewollten Selbstreflexität angenehm problemfrei, eine Modenschau im Kontext der politischen Kunst von Hans Haacke etwa ist dagegen kaum denkbar.

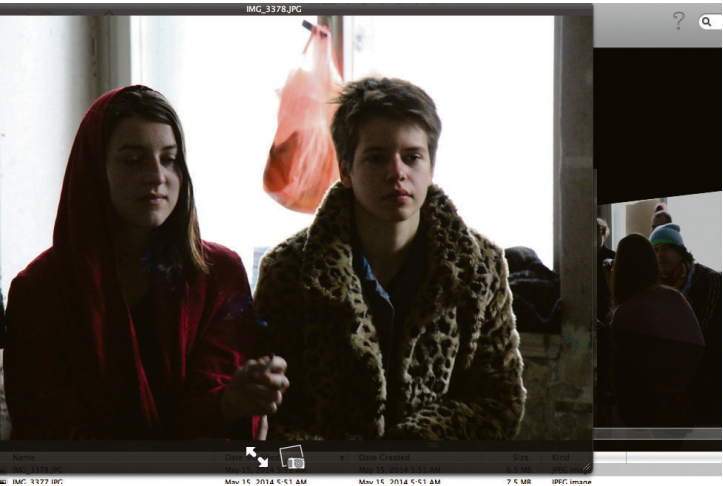
Genau dieses (gesellschaftskritische und selbstreflexive) Abgekoppeltsein von jedweder sozialer Realität hat Peter Bürger bekanntlich schon 1974 in seinem Buch „Theorie der Avantgarde“ problematisiert. Peter Bürger stellte damals treffend fest: „Die relative Abgehobenheit des Kunstwerks von der Lebenspraxis in der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft transformiert sich so in die (falsche) Vorstellung von der totalen Unabhängigkeit des Kunstwerks von der Gesellschaft“. Der Begriff der Autonomie verführe so dazu, die Freiheit der Kunst von pragmatischen Anforderungen und damit ihr „interesseloses Wohlgefallen“ (Immanuel Kant) „als Wesen der Kunst“ (Bürger) zu behaupten. Doch genau dieses vermag der Begriff eben nicht, „Autonomie“ ist kein ewig gültiges Wesensmerkmal von Kunst, stattdessen vermag der „ideologische“ Term nicht mehr und nicht weniger als, noch einmal in den Worten Bürgers, „die geschichtlich entstandene Herauslösung der Kunst aus lebenspraktischen Bezügen zu beschreiben“. Und dieser historische

Prozess, die Herauslösung der Kunst aus den Fängen von Kirche und Feudalismus etwa, ist längst geleistet, die Freiheit der Kunst wird, zumindestens in den sogenannten „westlichen Staaten“, höchstens noch von durch die vor allem von dem Galeriewesen hergestellten kapitalistischen Bezügen gefährdet, oder von einer Musealisierung, die Kunst einsperrt in den Käfig des bloß Feingeistig-Sinnlichen.

Künstlerische Autonomie ist aber sicher nicht mehr gefährdet von einer Politisierung der Kunst. Über eine solche schrieb Igor Stokfiszewski kürzlich an angegebener Stelle: „Die politische Kunst postuliert den Vorrang der Praxis des Lebens vor der Ästhetik und die Überlegenheit des Kollektiven über das Individuelle; ... sie will gezielt in die außerkünstlerische Wirklichkeit eingreifen und - auf dem Wege der Überwindung sozialer Widersprüche ... - zur Schaffung einer universalisierten Zukunftsgesellschaft beitragen“. Die „Abgehobenheit von der Lebenspraxis“ wird hier konsequent verabschiedet, die „Unabhängigkeit des Kunstwerks von der Gesellschaft“ ebenso – wird damit aber auch die Freiheit der Kunst aufgegeben? Eben nicht: Gerade weil unter dem Begriff der Autonomie diese Freiheit gesichert wurde, kann jetzt diese Freiheit (aktivistisch) genutzt werden, um z. B. gegen „soziale Widersprüche“ zu kämpfen, im „Kindergarten“ genau so wie durch das Okkupieren politischer, ökonomischer und kulturellen Schaltstellen. Überaus unfreie Betriebssysteme wie die längst überwiegend von den Global Playern finanzierte Wissenschaft, die dem Markt geopfert, einst kritischen Medien oder die „offizielle“ Politik - Stichwort: „Postdemokratie“ (Colin Crouch) - erlauben solch' emanzipative Basisarbeit längst nicht mehr., denn nur im Feld der Künste „hat man uns Freiheit gelassen“, wie der Philosoph und Aktivist Günther Anders es in seinen Buch „Die Antiquiertheit des Menschen“, schon 1956 beschrieb. Der von Igor Stokfiszewski in seinem wichtigen Text geforderten „Eingriff in die außerkünstlerische Wirklichkeit“ setzt außerdem, Lucy R. Lippard hat es angedeutet, ästhetische Kräfte frei, engagierte Kräfte, die Kunst jenseits der etablierten Interessen von Galerie und Museum wieder im wahrsten Sinne des Wortes not/wendig machen.

Raimar Stange

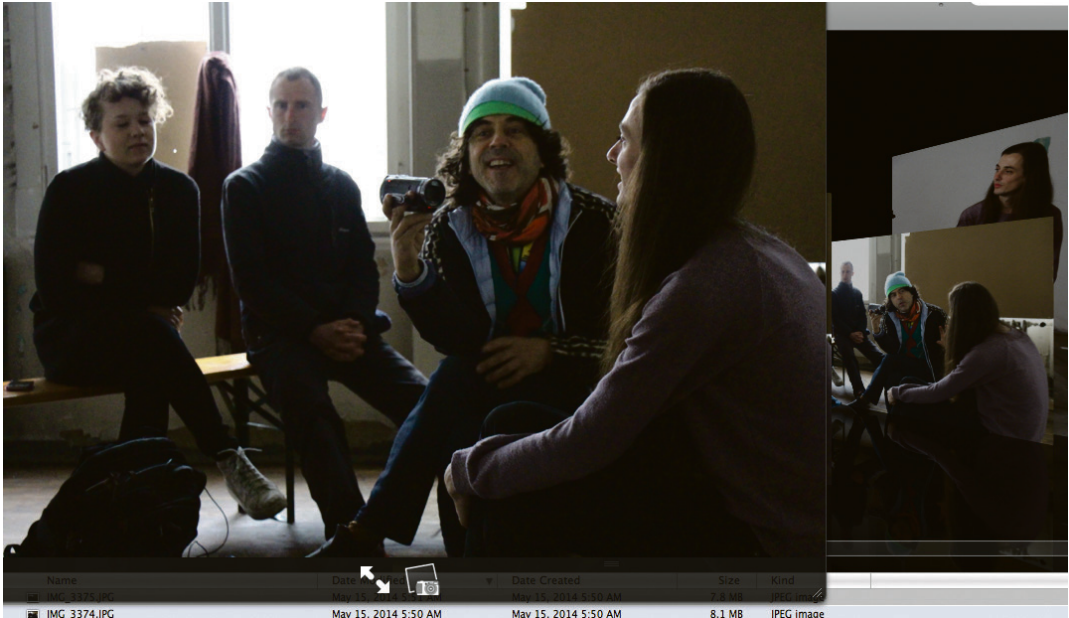
erstmals publiziert in: Artist # 94, Bremen Februar 2013



Markues, Markues



Lecture



Reading



Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz Monadologie



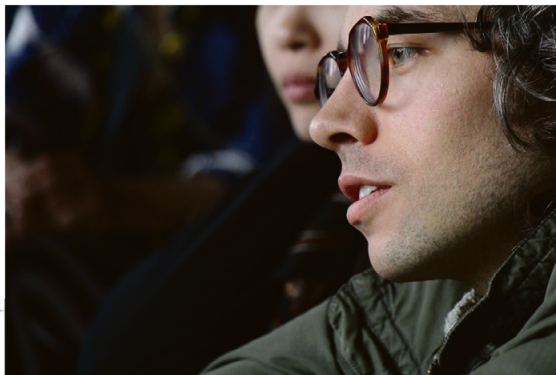
Lehr-Sätze von den Monaden / von der Seele des Menschen, von seinem Systemate harmoniae praestabilitae zwischen der Seele und dem Körper, von Gott, seiner Existenz, seinen andern Vollkommenheiten und von der Harmonie zwischen dem Reiche, der Natur und dem Reiche der Gnade.

§. 1. Die Monaden / wovon wir allhier reden werden / sind nichts anders als einfache Substanzen / woraus die zusammen gesetzten Dinge oder composita bestehen. Unter dem Wort / einfach / verstehet man dasjenige / welches keine Teile hat.

§. 2. Es müssen dergleichen einfache Substanzen sein, weil composita vorhanden sind; denn das Zusammengesetzte ist nichts anders als eine Menge oder ein Aggregat von einfachen Substanzen.

§. 3. Wo nun keine Teile vorhanden sind / daselbst kann auch weder eine Ausdehnung in die Länge / Breite und Tiefe / noch eine Figur / noch eine Zerteilung möglich sein. Und diese Monaden sind die wahrhaften Atomi der Natur und mit einem Worte / die Elemente derer Dinge.

[...]





Rainer Ganahl

Reading Leibniz's Monadology

communal reading





Strange Teaching Symposium

- in german and english

Rainer Ganahl, Intoduction

Björn Kühn / Anna Romanenko, Catalogue of liminal Being, Under water Skype Radio Broadcasting

Matt Mullican, CALARTS

Manfred Pernice, On Strange Teaching

Daniel Herleth, Offene Monaden - Jedes Ding eine Gesellschaft

Raphael Linsi , On boredom

Marco Schmitt, Subobskurantismus oder Die freie ästhetische Kunstmeditation.

Ulrike Buck, Strange Gardening, Revisiting Robert Smithson's Hotel Palemque

Nils Büttner, Von Maden und Nomaden



Marco Schmitt

Subobskurantismus oder Die freie ästhetische Kunstmeditation.



Daniel Herleth
Offene Monaden - Jedes Ding eine Gesellschaft



Raphael Linsi
On boredom



catalogue of liminal being, an underwater skype radio broadcast
may sixteenth twothousandandfourteen between three sixteen and three thirtytwo pm

she: i dont like this switching mode here, you switch on and off and on. am i on? alright i just dont feel very comfortable here and i dont see why anyone else should. my talk here is gonna be very brief. so, we also have been doing some strange teaching here and we have prepared a paper in two parts. the first is: why teaching questionmark and the second is: the diving assessment center full stop björn has by the way gone under water so its just me for now. maybe i tell you where we are right now. from leipzig you go north pass berlin, then you go east. cross to poland pass gdansk (danzig) thats how you arrive at kaliningrad, this small russian enclave, former königsberg. and from königsberg there is this narrow strip of land going further east. if you continue up the strip you come to the lithuanian border. cross it. and than you are here. the russian border is right there behind me, walking distance. you walk 10 min. and than there is a rope with a sign saying: State border. behind it there is the no mans land with russian military patrolling. its all former germany by the way. east prussia (ostpreussen).

now i start with our first part: first: why teaching questionmark
actually, the question is not why teaching, but rather: why propaganda? for we assume that every true teaching can only remain true if you abandon the question of teaching techniques and arrive at plain propaganda.

in propaganda your subject is at its clearest. it doesnt hide behind anything. you see. everything is rising. temperature is rising. the water level is rising, ice-caps are melting. it has been all over the news lately, have you seen? and this rise, of temperature as well as the rise of water, it all will have an effect on thinking and on perception. we have to embrace this fact.

one can also say our time is catastrophic. not only environmentally. if you google world war three, 90% percent of the hits you get are from the last three months. yesterday, when i arrived in lithuania i asked an old lady how to get to the old ferry terminal. i asked her in russian, everybody speaks russian here in lithuania. some heritage from the soviet times. this woman, she looked at me and realized from my accent that i was russian. did you come from kaliningrad? she asked. did they let you through? i heard they dont let people through anymore. and then she continued: tell me, i dont understand, are we at war? one could see this woman had experienced world war two, she would know what to do, she said. she would grab her little granddaughter and go under. only go out to get some water and food. she knows how war works. but the woman was confused, she told me, there were soldiers on tv and in the background you could see someone mowing the lawn. so what is this? is this war? i didn't know what to tell her. it is not war, but it also not no-war. we are somehow sliding slowly into some undecidable direction.

we have been accustomed to a situation where from one day to the next the rules of the game change, a game in which we all are, like it or not, a part. under the hegemony of flexibility we learned to affirm change as the main principle of existence and, for our convenience, also introduced some enjoyment to it. there is this good thing to moving in water, it reduces your sense of gravity.

so, let me ask a stupid question: is there a possibility of Change with a capital C inside the mode of constant adaptation, constant change, if you wish. Change seems to be yesterdays delusion, the only thing left is transition. in and out of work time, dinner time, leisure time, war, not war, as if there still were these things.

these things and spaces, for the spaces cannot be occupied any longer. their time cannot be filled. because time has already collapsed into twisted pockets of junk, constantly pulling down the edges of the space, which used to be your reading space, or your exhibition space or other spaces. they are all in the same black hole your neighborhood has disappeared to. did you realize you dont have any neighbors any longer?

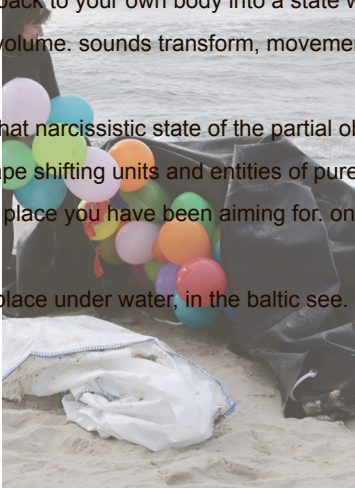
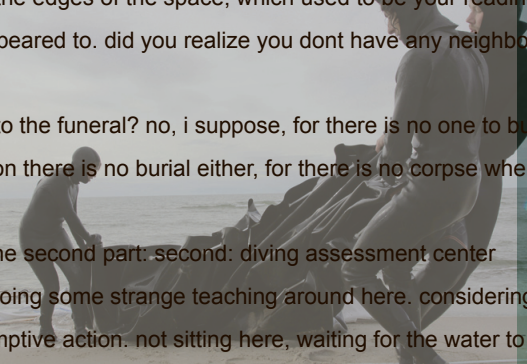
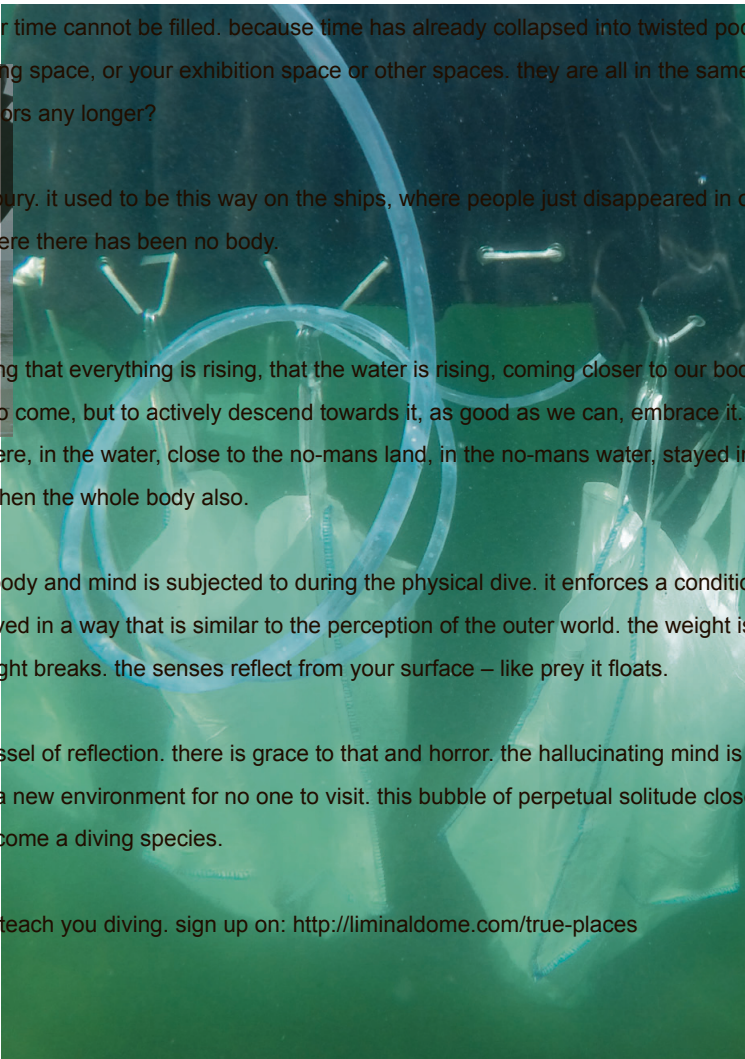
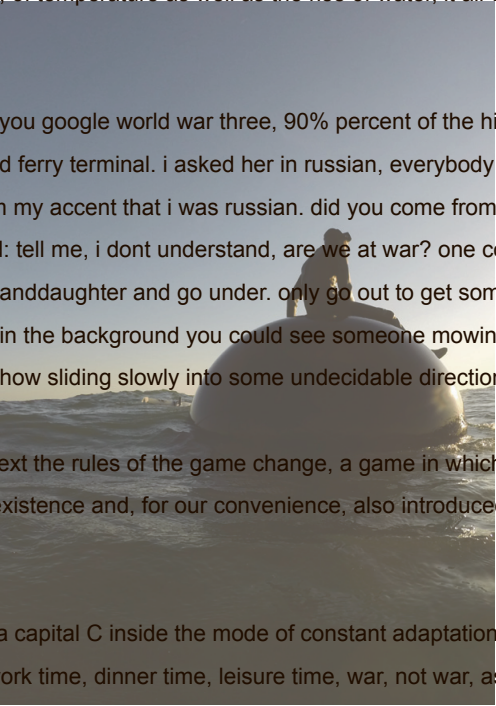
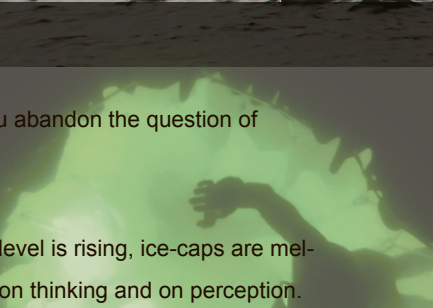
have you been to the funeral? no, i suppose, for there is no one to bury. it used to be this way on the ships, where people just disappeared in order to die. in times of transition there is no burial either, for there is no corpse where there has been no body.

now i come to the second part: second: diving assessment center
we have been doing some strange teaching around here. considering that everything is rising, that the water is rising, coming closer to our bodies, we decided to conduct a preemptive action. not sitting here, waiting for the water to come, but to actively descend towards it, as good as we can, embrace it. accustom to the marine environment. we have been doing some strange teaching here, in the water, close to the no-mans land, in the no-mans water, stayed in water, hoping to mutate we saw our fingertips crumble, altering the fingerprints and then the whole body also.

and we have been diving. there is hope to the partial oblivion your body and mind is subjected to during the physical dive. it enforces a condition where you are thrown back to your own body into a state where the body is perceived in a way that is similar to the perception of the outer world. the weight is vanishing giving way to volume. sounds transform, movements slow down and the light breaks. the senses reflect from your surface – like prey it floats.

this somewhat narcissistic state of the partial oblivion creates a new vessel of reflection. there is grace to that and horror. the hallucinating mind is a diving one, conjuring up shape shifting units and entities of pure semblance, setting up a new environment for no one to visit. this bubble of perpetual solitude close to the vortex of non-being is the place you have been aiming for. only from here you can become a diving species.

we have built a place under water, in the baltic sea. you can come and we'll teach you diving. sign up on: <http://liminaldome.com/true-places>



Symposium

LEARNING FROM PALENQUE

A slideshow by Ulrike Buck

Palenque, Yucatan 2012 / Leipzig 2014

I like gardening. To me that means to cultivate a little surrogate for our lost paradise in the reality of civilisation. And this is also what we are sort of doing here in this abandoned 19th century pre-GDR shopping center named HERO where Rainer Ganahl is the host of our convention of neo new age bandits.

These days people are talking a lot about sustainability. The term is being applied to all kind of things, product, organisms, ideas, whatsoever. Now, we are here right now, creating a new perspective, because something else was not sustainable, and its ruins give space to us. It probably makes way more sense to replace the concept of sustainability with biodegradability. When you past the peak of a certain existence, give space for the new! Nature thinks in circles. The calender of the Mayas was round, and it made a revolution (double meaning!) every 52 years. That was approximately a human lifetime. Every 52 years they destroyed and burned their houses and material belongings (not the temples) and made everything new. I think that is a great concept. After I resigned from the travel agency called Ganahl class, I went on a post graduate vagabonds programme to deepen my comparative studies of material and time. Mexico proofed to be a great ground for those kinds of studies. Its rich variety of ancient cultures continues to be present in the thickest urban jungle like Mexico City, as well as in more or less remote places where nature has not yet lost its force, the one that seems brutal and obscene to us. I rented a studio and stayed for a year. Today I want to show you a series of photos, that I made in the jungle of Palenque. Palenque is the site of one of the most famous maya temples, but I am not going to show you that archeological site. I am going to show you the place where I stayed.

A thought that came up on my frequent sociological talks with Mexico City cab drivers who kept asking me basic questions about European economy and politics, was, how the history of western productivity and infrastructure is rooted in the seasonal climate. The colder the winter, the more you have to plan ahead in the summer. Agriculture has to produce more than you can eat right away..whereas the nature of the tropics provides food and warmth continuously. The concept of work is simply less important here and the concept of economic growth continues to be rather a colonist one. Time and material are - to a large extend - still understood as a cyclical or wave-like process, both symbolized by the snake. Palenque actually used to be called the city of the snake. There were people there who worshiped the snake and, in a sense, this place is built in a kind of intertwining snaking way.

I had rented a simple cabaña that was standing in an extensive lush jungle garden that used to be a ranch in former times. The surroundings here kept fascinating me more than the famous ancient temple ruins nearby.

Everything was bursting from vital energy: A dance of immense plants with excentric shapes and colors and a incredible concentration of animals that made sounds of all kinds, day and night. The most impressive roaring shouts made one look up into the trees, simply to see the balls of a howling monkey.

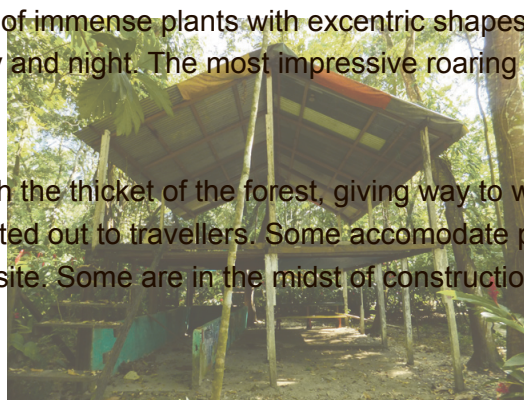
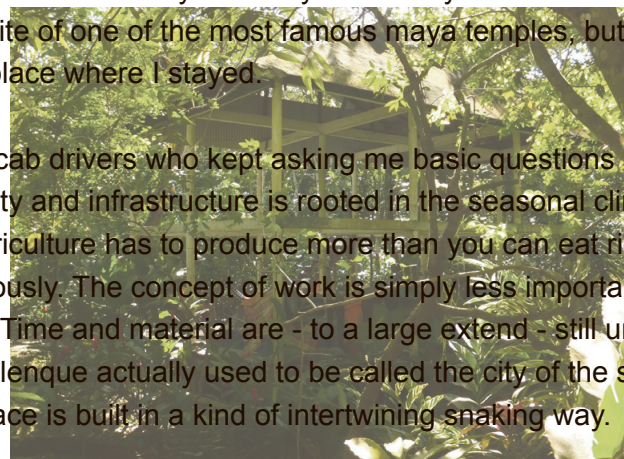
Small more or less walkable paths meander through the thicket of the forest, giving way to weird and fantastic buildings in all kind of conditions. Some are empty, some are being rented out to travellers. Some accomodate permanent residents who are mostly archeologists working on the nearby archeological site. Some are in the midst of construction (since when?) while already being embraced and digested by the jungle.

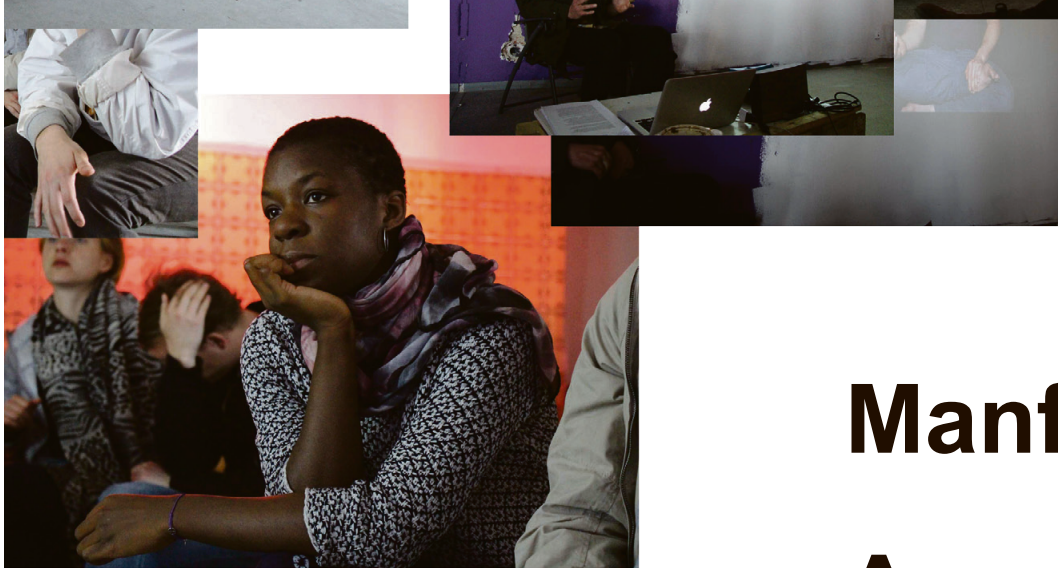
And then there is always a bit of color there you know, just right, like that little piece of red just sets off the whole thing so that there is no lack of color excitement.

The simplicity and elegance of this structure with one roofed floor is striking. Seemingly it has no certain purpose and it is not in use of anything, but obviously someone keeps it clean from dirt and falling leafs. It has definitely a sculptural appeal, like many other things around there.

[...]

Whole text can be found at strangeteaching.info/palenque.html





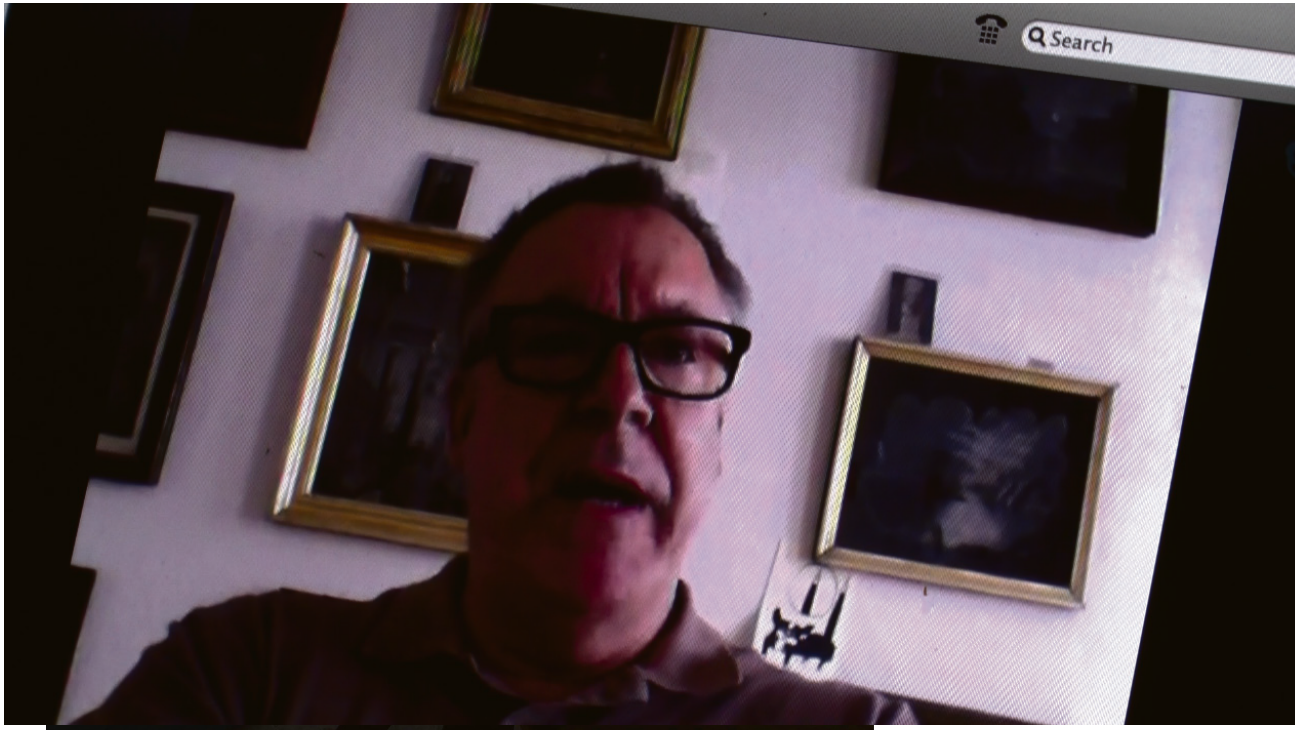
Manfred Pernice

A personal account



Symposium





Matt Mullican Calarts, Hamburg

Excerpt transcribed from the Skype conversation

[...]

Matt Mullican: I am the only open class in my school. ... anybody in this school can come to my class. You don't have to be part of a club, to be part of my school. Anybody can be part of this club. So there is no power to it when you are in this class. Nobody in my class represents to others that they are not part of my class. There is no wariness associated when you are part of that class. You cannot be identified with that class. You can only identify yourself with the people you hang out with but you are not better than anybody else because you are part of this class taught by a celebrity artist. So it really is open. There is even someone in my class who is not even enrolled in my school. The class itself changed tremendously and some days you have 35 people, another day you have 10 people.

public question: Do you need to be part of the school to attend your class?

Matt Mullican: there are people in the class that are not part of the school. but if you would be there every Wednesday.. it would be an awful lot to be there without any credit but you always can visit. certainly. Six out of 35 students were not enrolled in the school when they checked their signatures and I had no idea because it just turned out. But it is an open class. I had students from Leipzig, students from the south. What they usually do is to check out the class, and I look at their portfolios and can help them to apply to the school itself.

Rainer Ganahl: May be the next strange teaching we will make in your class.

....

Rainer Ganahl: Could you please, say something about Cal Arts in the 1970s when you attended it? For everybody: The Californian Institute of the Arts is an incredibly influential school in the United States and many important artists went through that institution.

Matt Mullican: I went there in the early 70s. There was a dance school, a music school, a design school, an art school, an animation studio school so you have all the arts together. You have the dancer, the composers, the musicians, the photographers, the sculptures, the conceptual artists all together in a small place. When I was there, they had a ton of money because it was funded by Disney. They brought all the fluxus artists, Nam June Paik, Allan Kaprow, Alison Knowles, Bernd Reichert, Emmet Williams - he was a concrete poet - then you had performance people. There was a huge variety of stuff.; the woman's group was there. the woman's house, Judy Chicago. Mimi Shapiro. you had Michale Asher and all the Asher people. It was a fantastic situation, it was like a graduate school for me. I dropped out of high school and went there. You only got in when you presented a portfolio. You only had to show your portfolio.. They didn't look at your grades.. this was perfect for me because my grades were terrible, terrible. I didn't do well in high school. My first class was taught by Jack Goldstein and it was waiting in the hallway to get into that class and the other student who was waiting with me was James Welling with whom I am still very close friend with him. Eric Fischl was there, David Salle, Barbara Bloom. There were a bunch of people. it was a very open situation. John Baldessari's class was called „Post Studio Art „ and he made all his videos in his class room. „I am Making Art“.. „Teaching a Plant the Alphabet.“ He would come to the class to make his videos in class on the weekends. and we made our videos at the weekend as well and during the week. So we were all making art together.. The distinction between his work and our work was minimized. He showed his stuff as he made it. We were the first people who had a critical relationship to his work.

Rainer Ganahl: So who was your most favorable teacher / artist at the time ? So was it John ?

Matt Mullican: Yes, it was John though I also studied with other people as well but he is the one we all hang out with. He would bring a lot of artists out to LA. So whenever there was a European artist managed to get to New York City, he would bring him out to LA because he could always pay for his trip and put him up.

Rainer Ganahl: Last question: What kind of advice would you give all these students that sit here with me? What should they do ? We are about 40 here.

Matt Mullican: Advice ? Come on. They are right there where they should be.

[...]



wa lin
vitiko schell guitar, viola, voice
nataly hulikova guitar, viola, voice



„Darbietungsabend“ / CABARET

by Lilith Becker- and Mirjam Ellenbroek and others



Jeff and Kim



Performances



DARBIETUNGSABEND
07. Mai KAUFHAUS HELD
BÜHNE

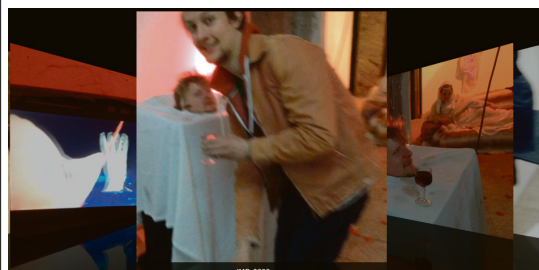
SAMIRA LEHMANN - GRETZ KATH-STOU
KARL BERASTROM - SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURE
MIRIAM ELLENBROEK - JEFF & KIM
LIA LIN - LIVE IN CONCERT

INSTALLATION

JONAS KLUNKENBERG - SALON
HELEN BLUMEL - SALOME
MONIKA EHRET - FLY HIGH COCKTAIL
THILO NEUBACHER - VIDEO
SAMIRA LEHMANN - VIDEO
STEFAN LEMEL - ED LOLLA
THILO NEUBACHER



Monika Ehret, Belladonna fly high cocktail





Café Malaria



Cafe malaria - filmscreening und bar und musik
natascha muhic/ michaela kisling

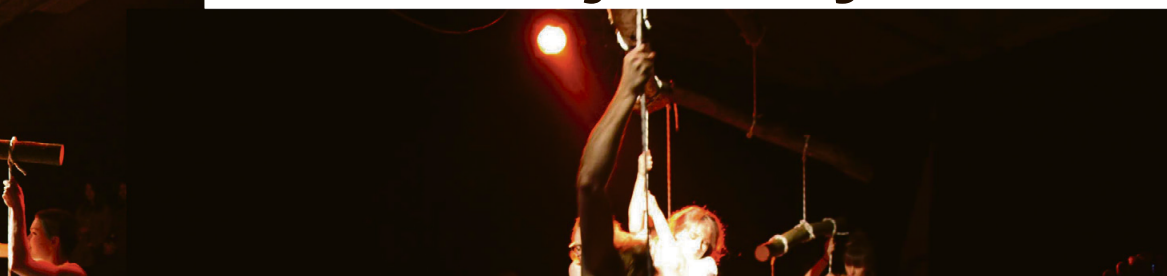




SM or the journey to the full moon

-the human mobile-

Nikolaus Eckhard
Lisa-Maria Ernst
Lisa Jäger
Pille-Riin Jaik
Johanna Messner
Julia Riederer



MONADENSONG!!!

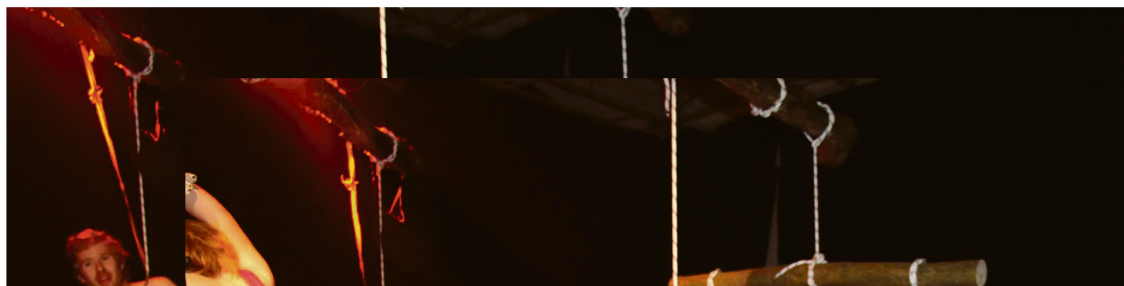
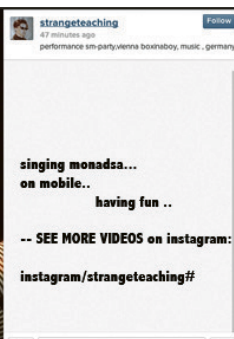
Kanon zu 4 Stimmen

NIKOLAUS ECKHARD
LISA-MARIA ERNST
LISA JÄGER
PILLE-RIIN JAIK
JOHANNA MESSNER
JULIA RIEDERER

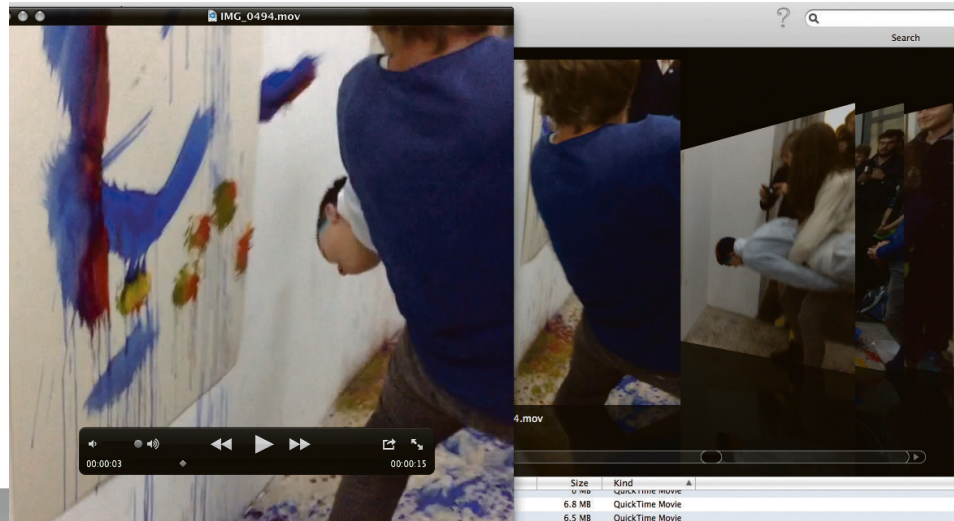




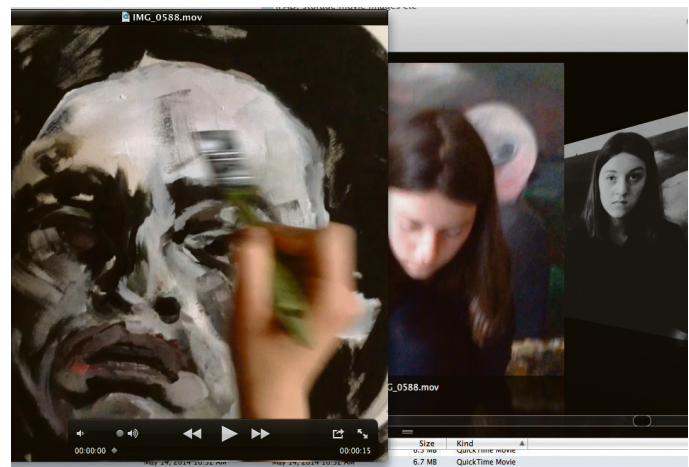
preparing the
suspended
mobile



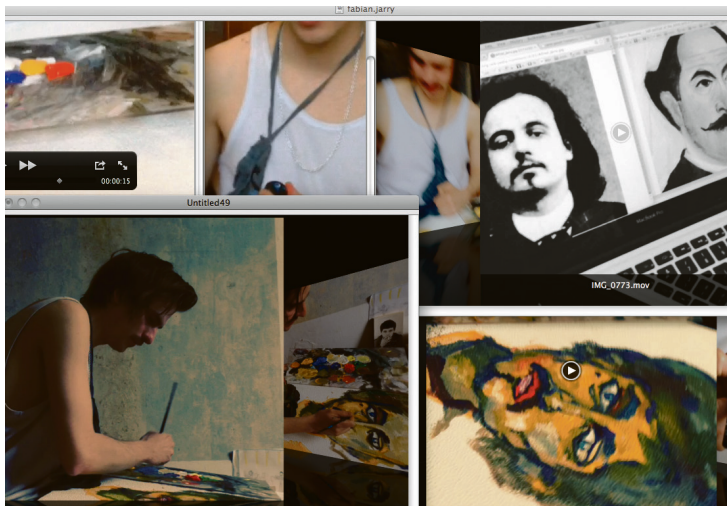
Leipziger Schule / Painting



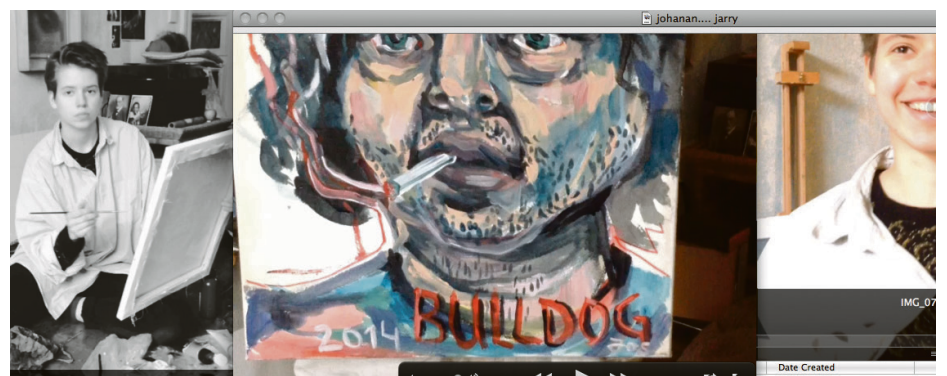
Lisa Maria
Lebender Kurzhaarpinsel



LEIPZIGER SCHULE (painting)
VITIKO SCHNELL in action for:
Rainer Ganahl, For Jarry, Henry Rousseau,
Vitiko Schell, 1895/2014
acrylic paint on canvas



LEIPZIGER SCHULE (painting)
Fabian Drung in action for:
Rainer Ganahl, For Jarry, Henry Rousseau,
Fabian Drung, 1895/2014
acrylic paint on canvas



LEIPZIGER SCHULE (painting)
Johanna Schielke in action for:
Rainer Ganahl, For Jarry, Henry Rousseau,
Johanna Schielke, 1895/2014
acrylic paint on canvas

Jaeun Lee,
written by Cody
Sullivan,
RAPUNZEL -
performance



Rapunzel
by Cody C Sullivan

We radiate o
n heated tin
iron, copper, steel
aluminum
kernels in a rusted
pot
we
combustible with thought
and here we clutch fast at
air
to catch one strand of lovely hair
we plead at time, we do, J'espère
to climb her locks of spectral
hair
to find ourselves outside the
dense
where each word a taut link
of fence
to hold our thoughts like
suncooked hands
grasping stories in the
arab sands
but let us begin again, again
it's all slipped through, it's not working
and cease this scent of ceaseless burning
because where we are
, we feign not to care
and do we ask? we do not dare
though, we know, there's no face up there
there's no lovely face, no lovely hair
only the vast expanse of nothing nowhere
another metaphor: a boat without oar
built of arsenic seeds from apple core
which they say she bit and gave to him
to the dragon's orgasm
we inherited that
kiss
and this bitter hiss:
where will you go?
where is there but this?

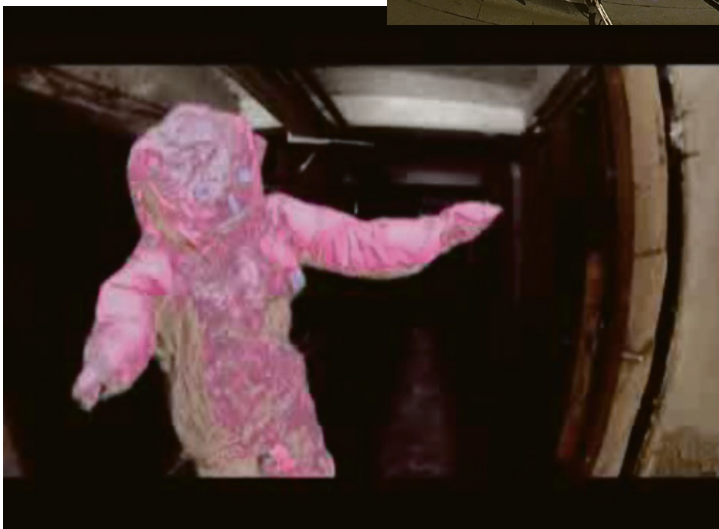


Lucienne Emily Luecke, Tarot

Exhibition



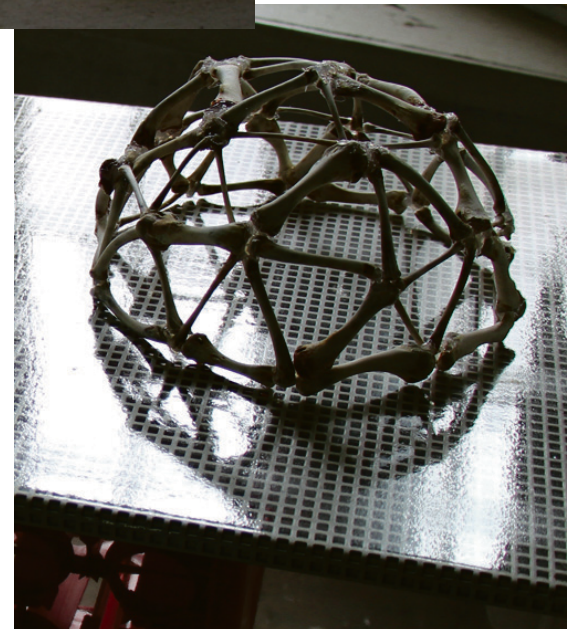
Moritz Lacler



Regina Vierbacher /
Kirill Schröder PINK
HELL / Pinkhölle

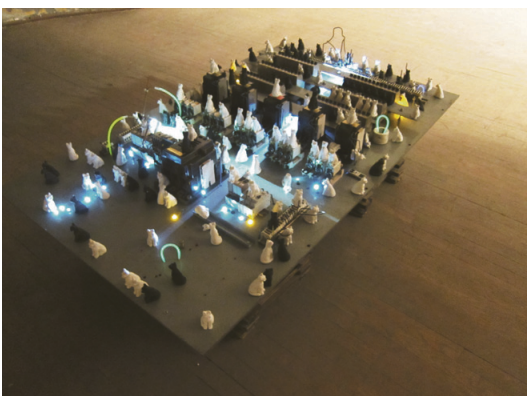


Paul Kotter, Sidsel Laarigard, boney, 2014



Stefanie Sprinz
Real Estate Opportunities, Leipzig, 2014

Countdown 2014, Instalation
Monika Ehret



Rim
Serie: Odl
Tusche auf Mauerwerk, 2014



Wera Buck, Elmar Mellert,
RENOVATION II, 2014



CAMP2: Koffer, Beet, Teich, Camp, Lagerfeuer, Bühne

von WBNG / Sabrina Schray und Surja Ahmed mit Lena
Münch, Jasmin Senkal, Kristina Fritz, Clara Jaquemard und
Familie Gönndir

Installation, Kleinarchitektur, Ritual, Training



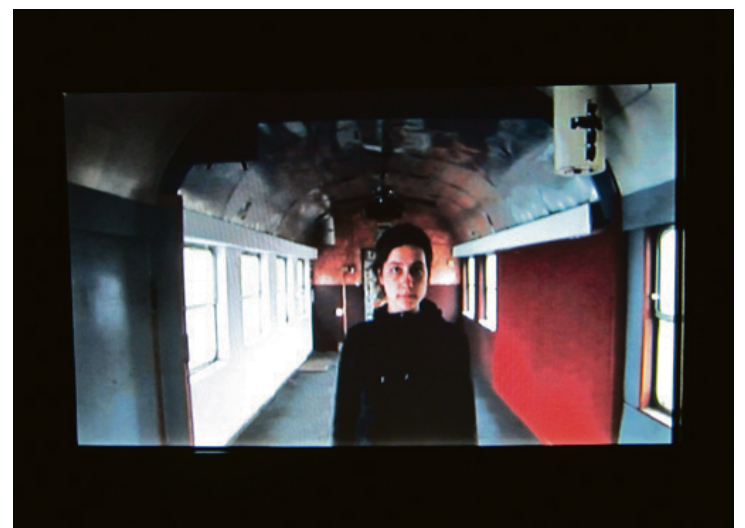
Paul Kotter, Sidsel Laarigard, untitled, 2014



Paul Kotter, Sidsel Laarigard, untitled, 2014



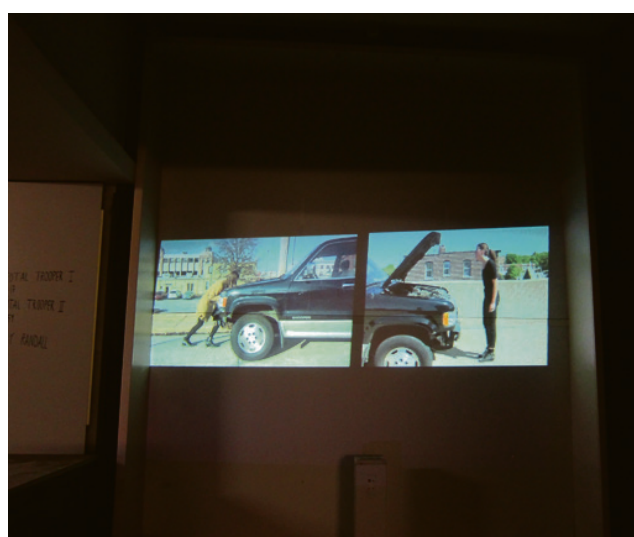
Valeries Christiansen



Lillith Becker, You can 't turn
back time, 2014



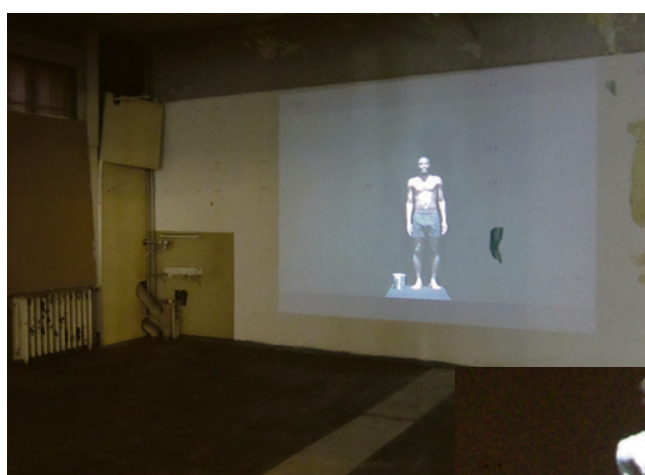
Paul Kotter, Sidsel Laarigard, boney, 2014



Lilly Randall, Total Trooper I; Total Trooper II (video)



Jennifer Ojukwu



Jennifer Ojukwu, White Washing, video, 2013



Benjamin Hassmann -- tomoato plants in toilets found in the court yard of building



Rainer Ganahl, For Alfred Jarry, Henry Rousseau, Various Painters, 1895/2012 ff
Oil or acrylic paint on canvas - various sizes

this is all part of my I WANNA BE ALFRED JARRY WORK
Alfred Jarry was a good friend of Henri Rousseau and named him for eternity Le Douanier. In 1895 Rousseau painted Jarry though the poet didn't like the portrait and destroyed it without any documentation !!!
This work is an attempt to re-imagine this lost portrait.

Alfred Jarry was not a nice man. Today we would refer to him in street jargon as asshole. He stole from his friends, he cheated on his friends, he betrayed his friends, he insulted his friends. He never paid back his debts and never intended to do so. He was a misogynist and wasn't too appreciative of people in general. He even shot his friend in the arm and threatened critics with the gun he always carried with him.

All my painters were not compensated . They are gifts - the same way they were given to Alfred Jarry. Needless to say, I feel deeply ashamed of my unequal trade with these wonderful artists who portrayed me as Alfred Jarry in the style of Henri Rousseau sticking to the artists own ways of seeing and paintings.

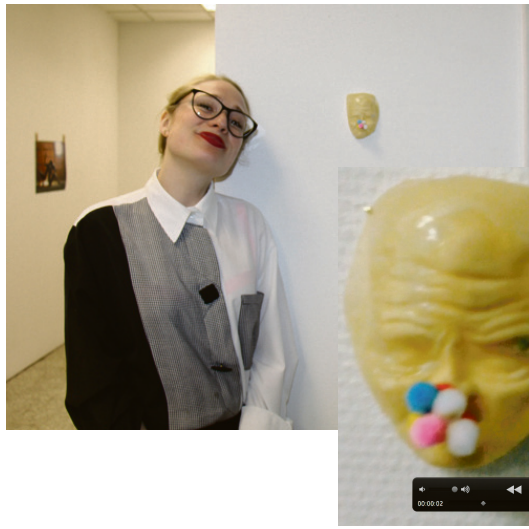
Hence--- hence I want to thank everybody as much as I can for their generosity and understanding as well as appoloigize for the unequal exchange..mimicking Jarry's personality.
I will not sell these painting and treat them like a gift but do assume artistic authorship the way Alfred Jarry did with his piece UBU who was mostly written by two of his classmates.



Rainer Ganahl, For Jarry, Henry Rousseau, Fabian Drung, 1895/2014
Oil or acrylic paint on canvas

Rainer Ganahl,
For Jarry, Henry
Rousseau, Vitiko
Schell, 1895/2014
Oil or acrylic paint
on canvas





Lisa Johanna Jaeger, Masks



Jan Nico Angermannm, Sticker



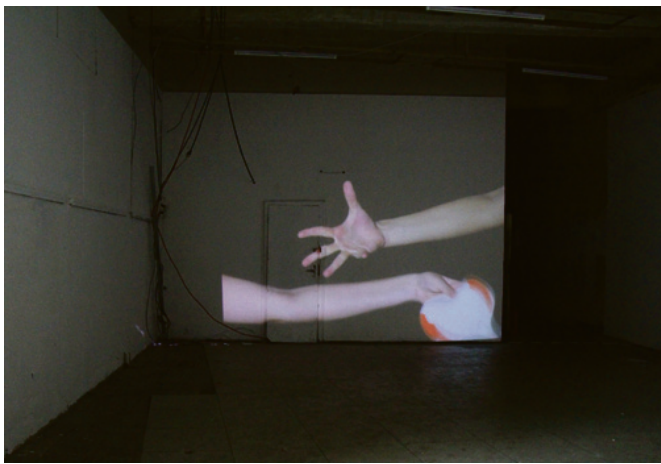
KENNETH DOW, THIS SIDED GENDER / WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET, 2014



Julia Riederer, Every Monade is important



Elmar Mellert - revolving door video 2014



Anna Schwarz, Screen Saver,
2014
Video



MALTE
BARTSCH,
TIME
MASCHINE



Paul Kotter, Sidsel Laarigard, espargues, 2014



After two weeks of adventures of all kinds in this freezing cold, unhealthy, filthy, dusty, dirty, humid, delapidated but terribly inspiring former department store our multi store plattform was redefined into an exhibition hall with distinct art works to see for 2 full days. This practice is consstent with the German Rundgang at any art academy where yearly productions are presented to a public for a short limited time frame. Not all the invited artist /participants /students showed their works since many things were time based performances or collective works. Some people also had to depart earlier and no shipping precautions were put in place. The site which often felt like a dark ship beyond navigati-on with spare lightening and even less electricity attracted all kind of people - artists, musicians, art students, non artists, etc... - who some participants knew to include also added to the general poetic confusion which did not erupt into any kind of melt down.

Frustrations with the working conditoinis and organizational sub-standard solutions were barely visible and only translated into a nice chill out detachment which turned my function as a non-curator somet-imes into an energizer and general motivator running around and begging people to show their works.



Florian Model ,
old masters , 2014



Jonathan Jung



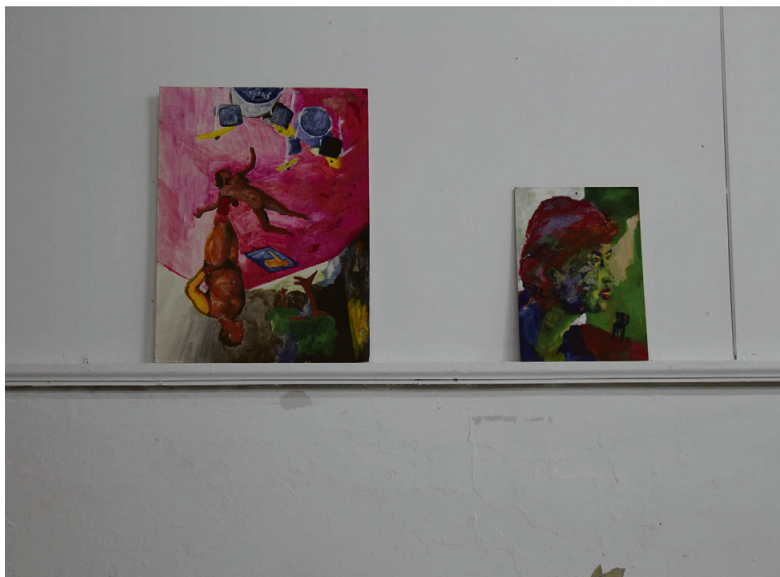
Jonathan Jung



Karl Bergström Deflating Martian Monument performance -- 20 min ..

How can one encircle something that is everything. It must be impossible. But at the same time I cant fail to encircle som part of the monad. But cinse the monaad is part less and impossible to divide I must in some sense encircle it all.





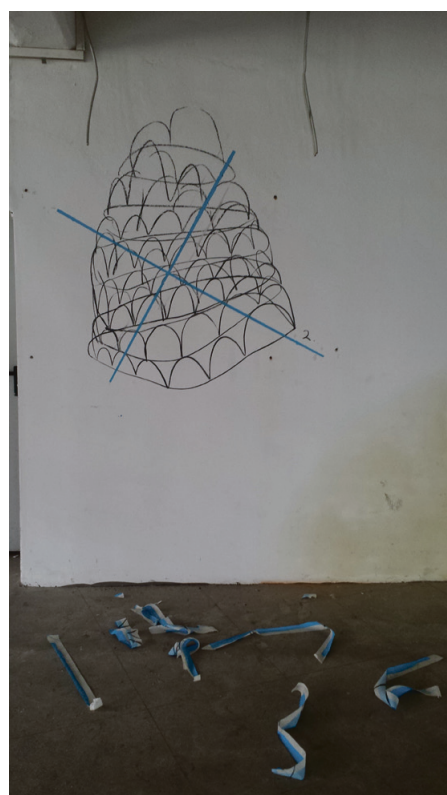
Fabian Drung
„Drums, Perle“ (2013) und „Ele“
(2013), beide Acryl auf Holz



Phille-Rin Jaik, Girl and
Boy are talking in the
toilet



Kartl Bergström





Jan Nicola Angermann
Serie: New Gods
Ravokuhi
Fuvoma
Enkabo
Stencil, Fabric, 2014

The last presentation come from Verena Sprich who took an original WWII design for a very elegant, comtemporary look air-raid shelter outfit by Robert Piguet who worked for Christian Dior and had it carried out in Shanghai.



„Ping Pong Show“
By Florentina Leitner



Monika Ehret, Chinese Dress qipao



„Ping Pong Show“ By Florentina Leitner



„Ping Pong Show“ By Florentina Leitner



Fashionshow



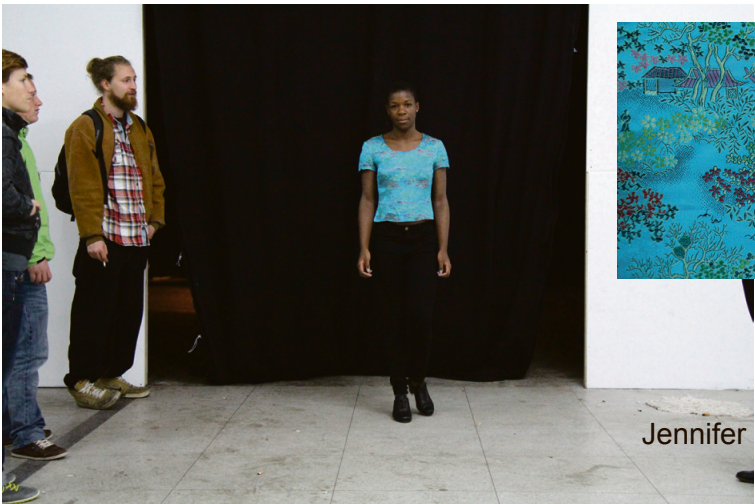
Wera Buck, Made in China, bag design by Sören Hiob



Wera Buck, Made in China, bag design by Björn Kühn & Anna Romanenko



Wera Buck, Made in China, „Nothing Left“ bag by Valentin Leuschel



Jennifer Ojukwu, Made in China, 2013

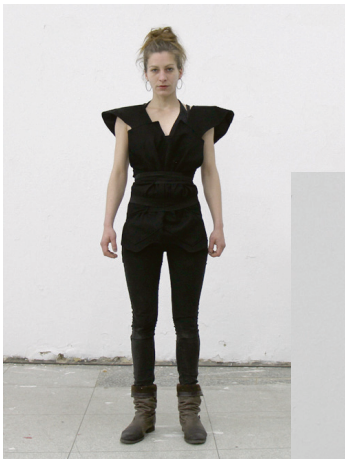




Rainer Ganahl, Made in China, Mask Integrated Clothing, tops and heads 2013



Jan Nicolas Angermann, Made in China, Imperial silk hoodie, 2013



Sabrina Schray, Made in China, 2013



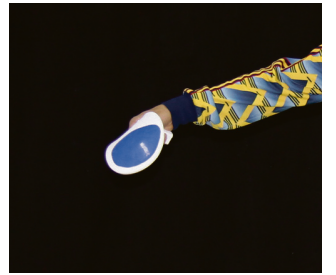
Valentin Leuschel



Lucienne Emily Luecke, Decadence, 2013/2014



Anna Schwarz, Ping Pong
Racket, 2014 - silicon
(Modelling: Rainer Ganahl)



„Kappenjacke“ (Part of NO3D, 2012)
by Anna Febronia Schwarz



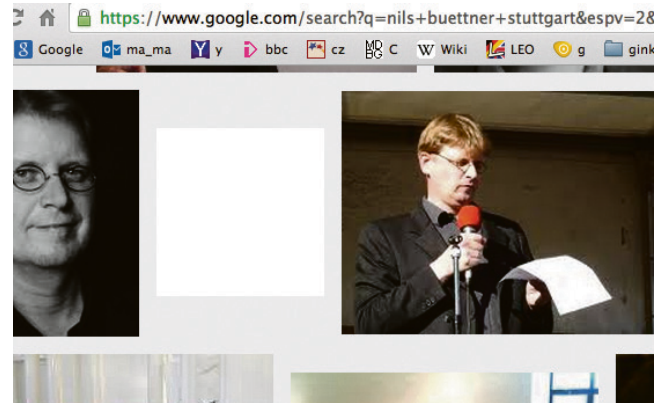
Rainer Ganahl, Strange Teaching,
(After Herbert List's photograph Trans-
plantation), 1944/2014

PS: „My idea of teaching“



Texte

Nils Büttner Von Maden und Monaden



Wer hauptberuflich an einer Kunstakademie die historische Perspektive zu vertreten hat, sieht sich häufig dem Irrtum konfrontiert, etwas so aus der Zeit gefallenes wie unkreatives zu praktizieren. Oft wird der historischen Beschäftigung nicht nur ihr kreatives Potenzial abgesprochen, sondern sogar ihren Vertretern die Praxis. Kunstgeschichte ist keine Theorie, sondern bedient sich ihrer in der wissenschaftlichen Praxis. Glücklicherweise macht mich, dass schon das Motto MONADES WITH WINDOWS in ein Kerngebiet kreativen kunstwissenschaftlichen Arbeitens vorstößt. Dabei beziehe ich mich weniger auf die Forschungen meines Fachkollegen Horst Bredekamp zu den Fenstern der Monaden als vielmehr auf die Aktivierung des ästhetischen und künstlerischen Potenzials des historischen Denkens.

Historische Perspektiven einzunehmen bedeutet einen kreativen Blickwechsel. Und gerade Leibniz' Monaden, die hier in Leipzig aufgerufen werden, bieten dafür ein ungeheures Potenzial, das künstlerisch vielfältig fruchtbar gemacht wird. Der reizvollen, auf Leibniz zurückgehenden Idee des „Theaters der Natur und Kunst“, die ambitionierte Vorstellung von einem universellen, alle Bereiche der Kunst und der Natur, der Wissenschaft und Weltdeutung in einem Ensemble von Schausammlungen und Bildungseinrichtungen zu vereinen, will ich heute eine mit Blick auf den Ort gewählte Mikroperspektive entgegensetzen. Ich drehe Rainer Ganahls Fernglas um und erzähle davon, wie man zu Leibniz' Zeit durchs Mikroskop sah. Damit wende ich den Blick von der Monade auf die Made.

Als um das Jahr 1600 in den Niederlanden das Mikroskop erfunden wurde, war es eine technische Errungenschaft, auf die niemand gewartet hatte. Zwar galt es als Gott gefällig, die Natur zu betrachten und zu erforschen, doch hatte man keinen rechten Sinn für das kaum mehr wahrnehmbare Kleinste. „Die ganze sichtbare Welt gleicht einem schönen Buch, in dem alle Geschöpfe, große und kleine, die Buchstaben sind, die uns die nicht wahrnehmbaren Dinge Gottes zur Anschauung bringen“. So hieß es im niederländischen Glaubensbekenntnis. Doch warum sollte man nach etwas suchen, das zu sehen Gott selbst dem Menschen als Krone der Schöpfung nicht zugestanden hatte? Zwar hatte man sich in Gedanken seit Jahrtausenden mit den kleinsten Dingen beschäftigt, mit den „Atomen“ Epicurs und Demokrits, doch genau wie René Descartes' (1596–1650) „Globuli“ waren sie gedankliche Spielereien und philosophische Hypothesen. Niemand erwartete, solche Dinge sichtbar zu machen. Das hatte zur Folge, dass man anfangs überhaupt nichts mit dem Mikroskop anzufangen wusste. Die ersten, recht einfachen Mikroskope wurden „Flohgläser“ genannt, und tatsächlich hatten die Mikroskopierer der ersten Stunde denn auch nichts Besseres damit im Sinn als diese kleinen – und bei genauer Betrachtung doch so dekorativen – Plagegeister des Menschen zu studieren. Erst um die Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts suchten und entdeckten einige fortschrittlichere Wissenschaftler andere, kleinere Objekte und fanden zu wichtigeren Fragestellungen. Einer der bedeutendsten Forscher auf dem Gebiet der Mikroskopie war der Delfter Gelehrte Antoni van Leeuwenhoek (1632–1723). Obwohl er von niederer gesellschaftlicher Abkunft war und nicht einmal Latein beherrschte – damals für einen Wissenschaftler eigentlich unabdingbar – galt er doch als Koryphäe auf dem Gebiet der Mikroskopie. Sein Ruf war weit über die Landesgrenzen hinausgedrungen und er selbst wurde zu einer Touristenattraktion. Es strömten so viele Neugierige herbei, dass die einzige im Haus verbliebene Tochter Maria bisweilen Mühe hatte, sich der all zu vielen Besucher zu erwehren. Es kamen Wissenschaftler aus dem In- und Ausland und

1698 erwies sogar der russische Zar Peter seine Referenz. Das recht ausführliche Tagebuch des Frankfurter Patriziers Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach (1683–1734), der sich 1710 auf einer Bildungsreise durch die Niederlande befand, liefert einen vitalen Eindruck von dem, was die staunenden Besucher geboten bekamen. Uffenbach wurde Zeuge staunenswerter Entdeckungen, die er auf das Genaueste verzeichnete. So hatte Leeuwenhoeck zum Beispiel Mitesser mikroskopiert, die Uffenbach – wie die meisten seiner Zeitgenossen – für lebende Maden hielt, bis ihn der Blick durchs Mikroskop belehrte, dass es sich tatsächlich um unbelebte Materie handelte: „Er zeigte uns ferner eine Made, so, wie man davor hält, in den poris der Nase wachsen. Denn wenn ein Mensch an seine Nase drückt, gehen wie kleine weiße Maden oder Würmgen mit schwarzen Köpfgen heraus. Er meynte aber, daß solches ein Irthum, und keine Maden, sondern eigentlich nur Wurzeln von Haaren seyen. Dann weil die Menschen mit der Hand öfters über die Nase strichen, stiessen sie die kleinen Härigen weg, die Wurzel aber bliebe in der Haut stecken, und weil immer neue wüchsen, würde endlich eine solche Materie daraus, die man vor Maden ansehe. Die Dinger sahen auch durch das Microscopium gänzlich wie Haare aus.“

Neben dem besonderen Interesse, das Leeuwenhoeck den Säften des Menschen entgegenbrachte – er mikroskopierte auch Speichel, Ohrenschmalz, Körperhaare und Schweiß – teilte er mit seinen Zeitgenossen die Begeisterung für die Morphologie der Insekten. Sein Forscherehrgeiz trieb ihn jedoch weiter, und so untersuchte er auch die mikroskopische Flora. Seine Beschäftigung mit der Hefe mag dabei zugleich ein Grundproblem der frühneuzeitlichen Wissenschaft aufzeigen. Leeuwenhoeck korrespondierte seit Mitte des Jahres 1680 mit der Londoner Royal Society über die Gärung der Bierhefe und die aus ihr aufsteigenden Luftblasen. Bei seinen Untersuchungen hatte er festgestellt, dass „die Bierhefe aus kleinen Kügelchen besteht“ – er nannte sie Sechstelblutkörperchen –, „die in heller Flüssigkeit umherschwimmen.“ Zugleich beobachtete er, dass die Flüssigkeit in steter Bewegung war und Blasen warf. Das brachte ihn auf eine Idee, die er am 12. November desselben Jahres in einem Brief an den englischen Mikroskopierer Robert Hooke (1635–1703) niederlegte: Im frisch aufgefangenen Regenwasser war ich manchmal auf Teilchen gestoßen von der Art und Menge wie die (oben mehrfach genannten) Sechstelblutkörperchen. Ich sagte mir: wenn es gelänge, dem Wasser eine anhaltende Bewegung zu geben, so müssten sich daraus Kügelchen bilden, die denen des Blutes und der Wein- und Bierhefe gleichen.“ Leeuwenhoeck war der Meinung, dass sich, wenn es ihm gelänge, eine Zeit lang Luftblasen durch frisches Regenwasser perlen zu lassen, jene kleinen Kügelchen bilden würden, die er im gärenden Bier beobachtet hatte. Das Experiment, dessen Aufbau er in aller Ausführlichkeit beschreibt, misslang. Als Mensch des 21. Jahrhunderts ist man vermutlich weniger über das Scheitern des Experiments, als über die Fragestellung verwundert. In Leeuwenhoecks Augen war die Versuchsanordnung mehr als naheliegend, hatte er doch den Zusammenhang von Hefe und Gärung mehrfach beobachtet. Nur hatte er Ursache und Wirkung verwechselt: Den so offensichtlichen Vorgang der Gärung, das Aufsteigen von Gasblasen und die daraus resultierende Bewegung der Flüssigkeit, hielt er nicht für eine Folge der Gärung, sondern für ihre Ursache. Von der Erkenntnis, dass es sich bei der Hefe um einen Pilz der Familie Saccharomycetaceae handelt, war Leeuwenhoeck denkbar weit entfernt. Auch dem Schimmel war man zu jener Zeit nur in Ansätzen auf der Spur. Leeuwenhoecks Korrespondenzpartner Robert Hooke hatte jenen „Blue Mould“ genannten Edelschimmel mikroskopiert, der noch heute dem Stilton zu seinem unverwechselbaren Geschmack verhilft, und seine Erkenntnisse 1665 in seiner bahnbrechenden Schrift *Micrographia* publiziert. Nach eingehender Untersuchung, einer Feuerprobe und einem Geschmackstest – „their smell and taste, which are active enough to make a sensible impression upon those organs, are unpleasant and noisome“ – kam er zu dem Schluss, dass der Schimmel den Pilzen ähnlich sei, da er genau wie diese keine Samen brauche, um zu wachsen.

Im Kleinen entdeckte man durch das Mikroskop die große Welt und versuchte jenen inneren Zusammenhang zu sehen, der das Kleinste mit dem allumfassenden Großen und Ganzen zusammenhielt. In Leibniz' genau zur selben Zeit entwickelten „Theater der Natur und Kunst“ sollte dieser der Anschauung gewidmete Ort, in dem man die Phänomene der Natur genauso studieren konnte wie die Wege der Kunst und die Ideen der Wissenschaft, den Weg zu einer von reiner Erkenntnis geprägten utopischen Gesellschaft ebnen. Die Betrachtung der Dinge der Natur wie der Werke der Kunst sollte nämlich durch anschauliche Betrachtung und sinnliches Erleben von Formen und Phänomen das Seelen- und Denkvermögen „stimulieren“, um den Menschen menschlicher zu machen. Wenn das „strange teaching“ dazu einen Beitrag leisten kann, ist viel gewonnen.

STRANGE TEACHING – THE ARTIST AS EXCELLENT AND MISERABLE TEACHER – RAINER GANAHL

When I first came in contact with art schools, their professors and teachers, I realized quickly that they affected students differently. My first art professor was Peter Weibel. I had recently graduated with a Master's degree in philosophy and history from a regular university in Austria, where respect was gained in discussion through contributions based on knowledge and seniority. At my Viennese art school, attitude, social positioning and quasi-tribal politics ruled, and respect was acquired through proximity to professors and ruling art world VIPs. I couldn't relate to any of that. I didn't even understand their games properly. Being unable to adapt to these new art school hierarchies made me look like something of an oddball to my fellow students. I soon got the impression that Weibel too perceived me in a similarly non-favorable way. All this eventually became unbearable for me. As a consequence, I showed up only for the few occasions when Weibel gave a talk. But these few presentations by him and the reading of his own texts altered my ideas about art and helped me to reorient my interest and visual research. Weibel also let me look through *Artforum*, *Flash Art* and other current art-journals and documentation, which in 1985 were not easily available in Vienna. There was no internet and libraries did not offer foreign art magazines and articles in time. He taught me not only where to find information but also why something was important and relevant and why other things were not.

Weibel's influence on my learning and understanding, despite the disharmony between us, was rather large. This stands in contrast to the experience with my next principle art teacher, Nam June Paik, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Dusseldorf. He was a love affair for anyone who encountered him. He was funny, incredibly generous, helpful, and he liked us all. But I felt I didn't really learn more than what had been already communicated through his work and all the books about him. I liked him and his art works a lot, but he didn't influence my perspective the way Peter Weibel had previously done. Weibel was very straightforward and people feared his opinions and judgment. It was something I needed at the time.

The next educational stop was the Whitney Independent Study Program (ISP). Coming from Europe in 1990, I entered an intellectual climate at the height of a paradigm shift characterized by postcolonial studies and an orientation towards popular culture. The ISP repositioned my previous knowledge with respect to these new prerogatives and perspectives in a way that continues to mark my practice to this day. Investigating Euro-centrism and cultural arrogance, I could use myself as a good and readily available exemplar. I came to better understand myself and my biased cultural background, a process that is still ongoing, hence, I'm still unlearning. To this day, I am fundamentally marked by these educational experiences and I see or read nearly everything through these questions regarding representation and the dynamics of power. But again, it seemed that the more I learned from my teachers, the less well I got along with them. At ISP, I had the honor to study with Hal Foster, Benjamin Buchloh, Mary Kelly, and Yvonne Rainer, among others.

The reason for mentioning all these wonderfully fortunate, though not always well ending, encounters is simply to show that one doesn't need to get along with a teacher in order to learn something. Not to care about teachers is also consistent with my preferred autodidactic approach to education. This all should offer an explanation and an apology for why I tell students what I tell them, and why I am not so concerned with whether they like me or not. I have had students quit because of my criticism or my disinterest. I do not think that Art School ought to be a client-oriented service station, seeking to make students feel good about themselves. The constant flux of networked Selfies and Likes can do that job better. I therefore define art education also as a clearing house that points towards the Exit door and hopes to provide immunization for people from this virus. I have seen students contaminated to the degree that they ended up perceiving their lives as failures even though they were highly successful in other fields or trades. They could never overcome the fact they had no shot as artists.

What should art education really be like, since it cannot be just reduced to telling people to stop making art?

I find it important to scare people out of this madhouse of false promises and irredeemable expectations. I welcome a negative attitude as part of an important component for any ambitious art education. In fact, I have learned most by people who trashed me when I started writing and art making. Artists and poets live in a world of too much supply and only little, if any, demand—to put it economically. And we have not yet even begun to speak of money. The chances for anybody in art school to come out and make a living or to succeed critically in the art world are very, very small. Speaking for myself in the role of a teacher, I tell students they count and try to encourage and disrupt; to create obstacles and disillusion, confusion and surprises; to break early-adapted formulas; to facilitate the exit or transfer out of art making; to offer non-sense and an insight into the miserable state of affairs; and finally to push them when they are about to fall.

I am perfectly aware I'm perceived as a good teacher by some and as one who is not worth his salary by others. These two opposite perceptions don't even have to be seen as contradictory in themselves, as they reflect just different degrees of interactions, expectations, and demands. As mentioned earlier, I was learning the most from people I did not get along with well, and those who made my life difficult. But I do consider it important to tell students what I think of their work, even if they end up disliking me and subsequently switch classes or even change school. I do have some cases in mind who looked for a more nurturing environment and found it elsewhere. Though soon after they finished school, they ended up as lost and alone with their work as before.

Ad hoc Manifesto for Art Students

ONE

Do what you want to do, no matter what it is. Have fun.

TWO

Whatever you do, it should have something to do with yourself and with your own interests, and not with much else. There is no need to imitate professors, current art trends, anything chic or anything trendy.

THREE

Learn just whatever you need to know. Don't buy into the idea of learning some or many techniques first and then going on to do your own stuff. When you need to learn something, learn it by doing it. If you don't have anything to say, just don't bother trying to say it. Be happy if you have to learn in an autodidactic manner. It might be even more promising, if the stuff of your interests is not offered in your art school. Saying this, I do not want to neglect all the great things art students can learn from regular art teachers and their work places.

FOUR

The social environment – including the faculty and visiting artists – one encounters on a campus is the most important thing an art school offers. Embrace it fully, but there is no need to run after people ahead of you. Instead, work with the people who want to work with you and create relationships with whoever you can, independent of their standing in the hierarchic pecking order of the given context. All good things derive from you and from the students around you, but don't expect much else. Organize yourself socially.

FIVE

Redefine success. Every work, every career looks different if it's really worth the adventure. You have to define for yourself what you want, what you can handle, and what you really need. You have to decide on your own, what success constitutes for you. Be aware of the difference between how you feel and see yourself and how you are perceived by others. Often, artists tend to easily fluctuate between exuberance, arrogance, and depression.

SIX

Accept anti-illusionary education. Embrace a no-future situation. As a second-hand Lacanian might formulate it, love your wounds and keep offering what you can't deliver. Education is love, love is education. Loosen up. Accept being a loser. Enjoy all the bliss.

SEVEN – Economics

Don't depend on sales. Try to fix your economic basis otherwise. With few exceptions, artists who want to succeed always find a way to get by somehow. If not, memorize Franz Kafka's A Hunger Artist and recite it for money, or move to Leipzig for as long as it remains dirt cheap. There is always a Brooklyn of the early 1990s, a Berlin of the last fifty years, and a Leipzig of the current moment. Let's all meet in Odessa soon.

EIGHT

Art and the reception of art are questions of time. There are very few young artists who can cut it all short and hit some kind of jackpot at a very young age, though they may pay a price for it when prices are not sustainable and the downfall becomes graphic. The great curators, collectors, museum directors, and art dealers of the future are most likely studying next to you and look all alike. It is normal to always feel voiceless, powerless, and in need of those who look like they have it all. But ignore all this nonsense.

FINAL MUSIC - YOU GOT THE POWER ...

Power is nonsense in that it doesn't exist by itself. It results from all participants in a given game, a given context. Power always shifts, travels, transforms itself, and visits anybody who doesn't give up ahead of time and capitulate. Today's Macher, today's makers and shakers and great artists, were yesterday's students and most likely felt as irrelevant as art students usually feel when it comes to questions of success and power. There is no need to suck up to those ahead and disregard colleagues and peers who enter the circuit later. This self-defeating and unpleasant behavior is unfortunately the predominant style in the art world, detectable already in art schools.

The best way to escape this trap is to organize things oneself and do it with one's peers and friends. Students really shouldn't be bothered with much else but their own practices and activities, because only if they manage to connect with themselves and their own generation will they be able to take over from those ahead of them. Every generation will create their own stars and find somebody to fill the role of the curator, collector, art dealer. Anybody might play a role in this vast network of whispers, opinions, and up-and-down mouthing that so much influences all the various decision-making processes that we feel so dependent upon. The wheel of generational succession will never stop turning.

HAPPY END

The bigger the frustrations, the boredom, and the ignorance of what people define as successful art, the better and easier it is to break in with better, different, and more exciting art. Hence, we don't need to complain anymore. Let's just be really happy and celebrate the fact that there will always be amazing art works made. Their time will come.

Impressum

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Given the fact that not everybody replied to our request to provide more information or proof reading, what we have is what we have.
We might disappoint some people with mistakes, uncompleted or even false credits. This publication was made with very limited resources and help. Sorry for all mistakes and missing materials.

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