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Images:

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P. 285: Until further notice: Exactly this, Michael Günzburger
P. 286, 299: Olaf Nicolai
P. 288: RÜCKKOPPLUNG, Viola Zimmermann
P. 290, 295: It will never be the same anymore, Michael Günzburger

P. 296, 289: Photographs and drawings of «Elephant Ears», Michael Günzburger

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Wind Tunnel Bulletin No. 10

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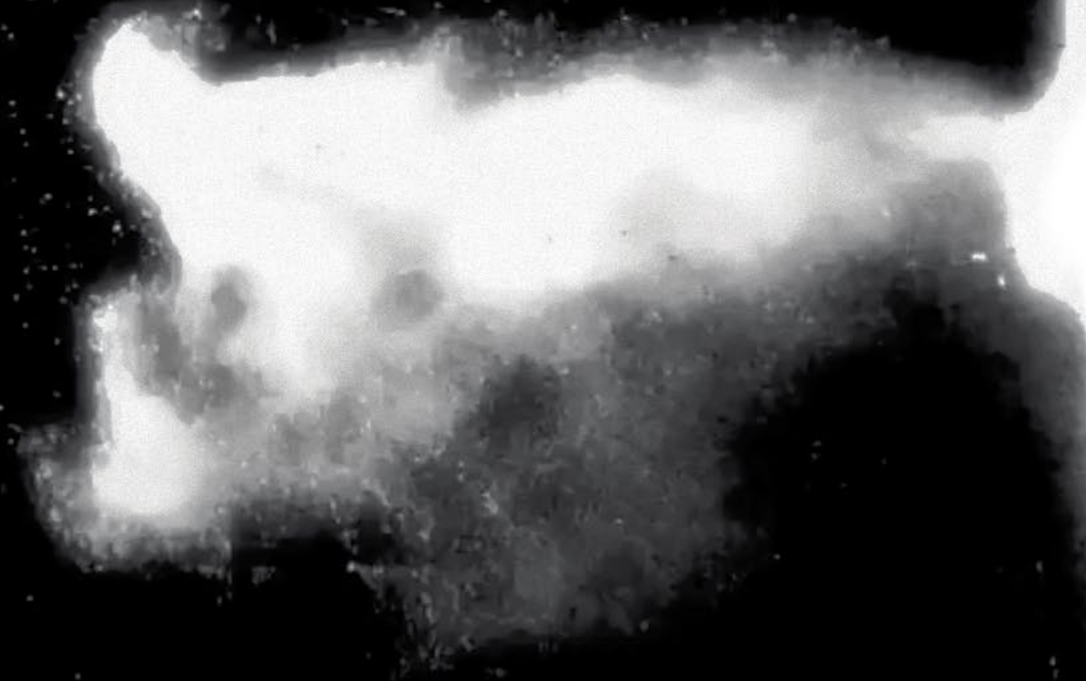
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wind tunnel bulletin

Approximately 7-8 m (23-26 ft)

n°10 Emergence



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At what point is something ready to emerge? Or at what point is one ready to perceive something as an emergence? Is it possible to describe something emerging without this causing it to disappear again? These questions are fundamental to the arts and in this issue of the *Wind Tunnel Bulletin* we will be examining them from various angles, without regard for the intimations of religion or esotericism, which point to miracles—even if wonder and the curiosity that accompanies it are deeply rooted in the material. We share these feelings in the form of calendars, images, texts, screenshots, recipes, annotations, and an interview.

The cover contains a contemporary flow visualization, depicting the dispersion of droplets as a person sneezes, taken from the film Respiratory Pathogen Emission Dynamics by the American Medical Association, 2020. In Olaf Nicolai's frontispiece our planetary cycle is represented as a numerical calendar showing five-day weeks and thirteen months (pp. 286, 299). The Wind Tunnel Update is a visual manifestation of the time in which this bulletin was produced.

Covid-19 pinned us to our homes Today, we have a view of the world that is all but impossible to grasp visually, but, but we are curious to know how we will look back at this in ten years' time (pp. 288, 297).

Christoph Oeschger's contributions (pp. 292, 293 and 298, 287) look at emergences using two different methods of measurement, while Michael Günzburger focuses on food as a model and deals with its disappearance (pp. 290, 295) or writes convincingly illegible texts (p. 285).

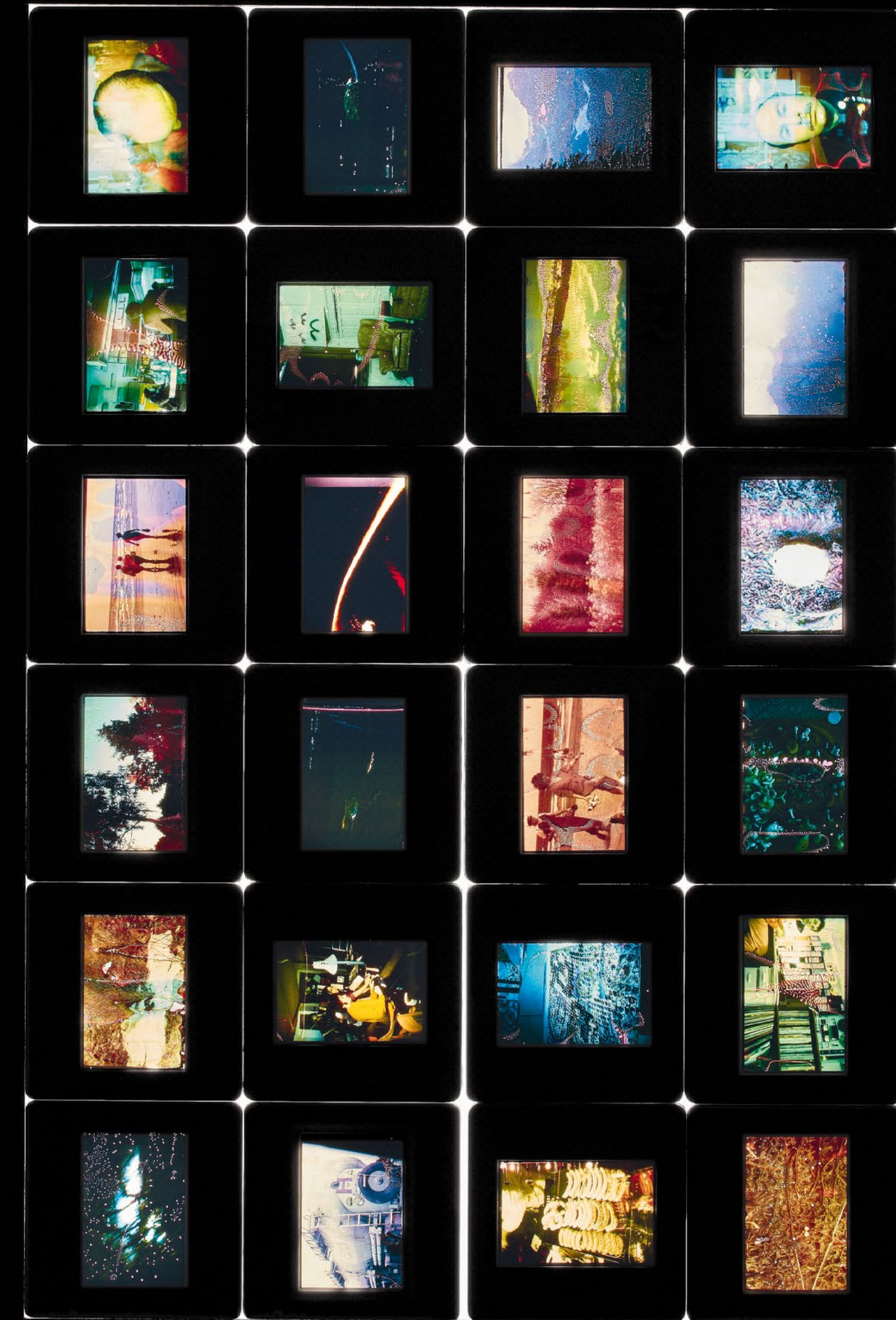
Raphael Urweider pens poetry about the Lumière brothers and Thomas Edison, who were responsible either for the emergence of images of the world through the agency of light or for the emergence of light itself. (pp. 294, 291).

From Box 10 came a phenomenon found by Mara Züst: infrared images of artist and collector Andreas Züst (pp. 284, 301).

In the middle of this issue is a double page in a process of constant change, which can only be viewed for a brief period until the ink has dried.

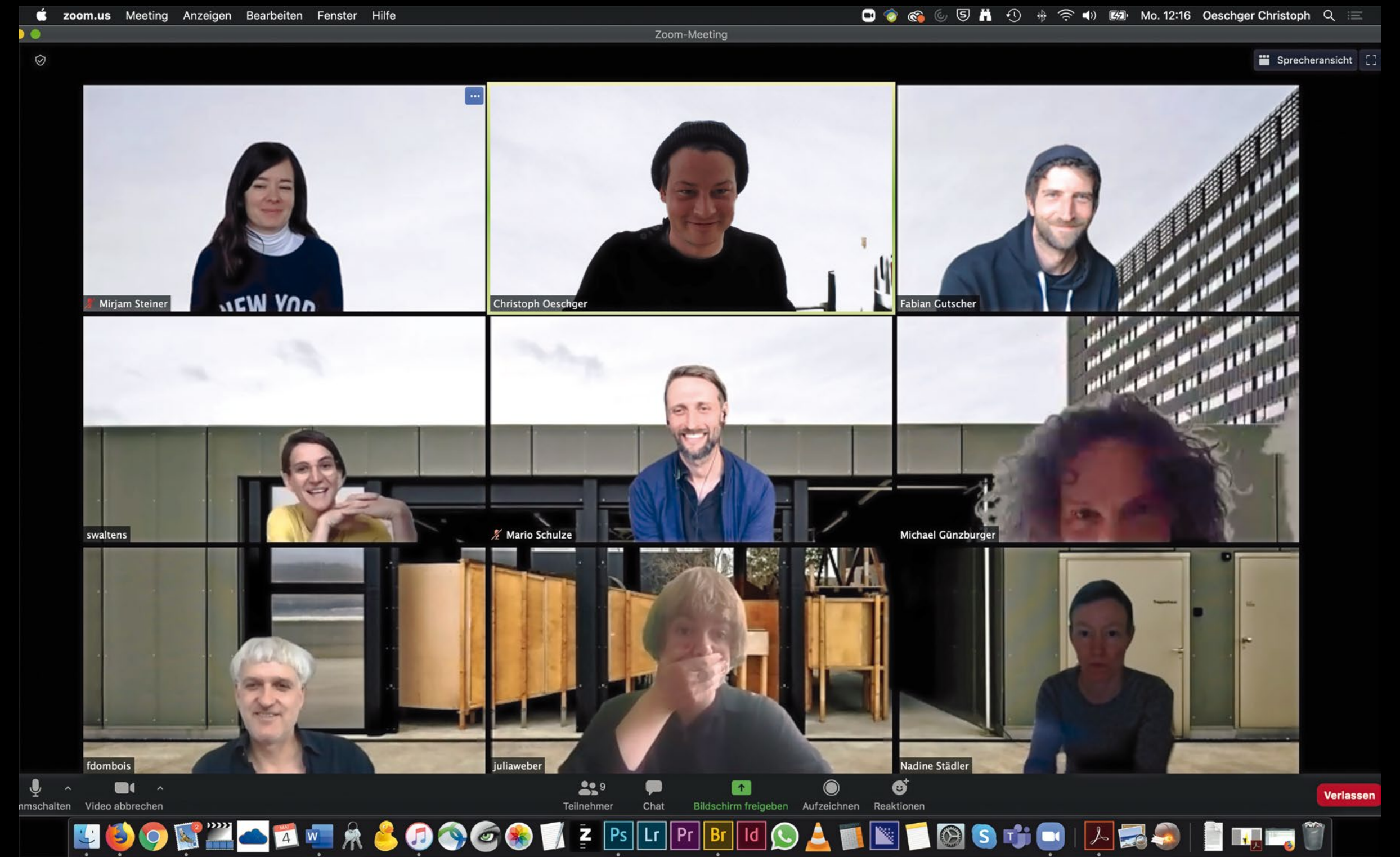
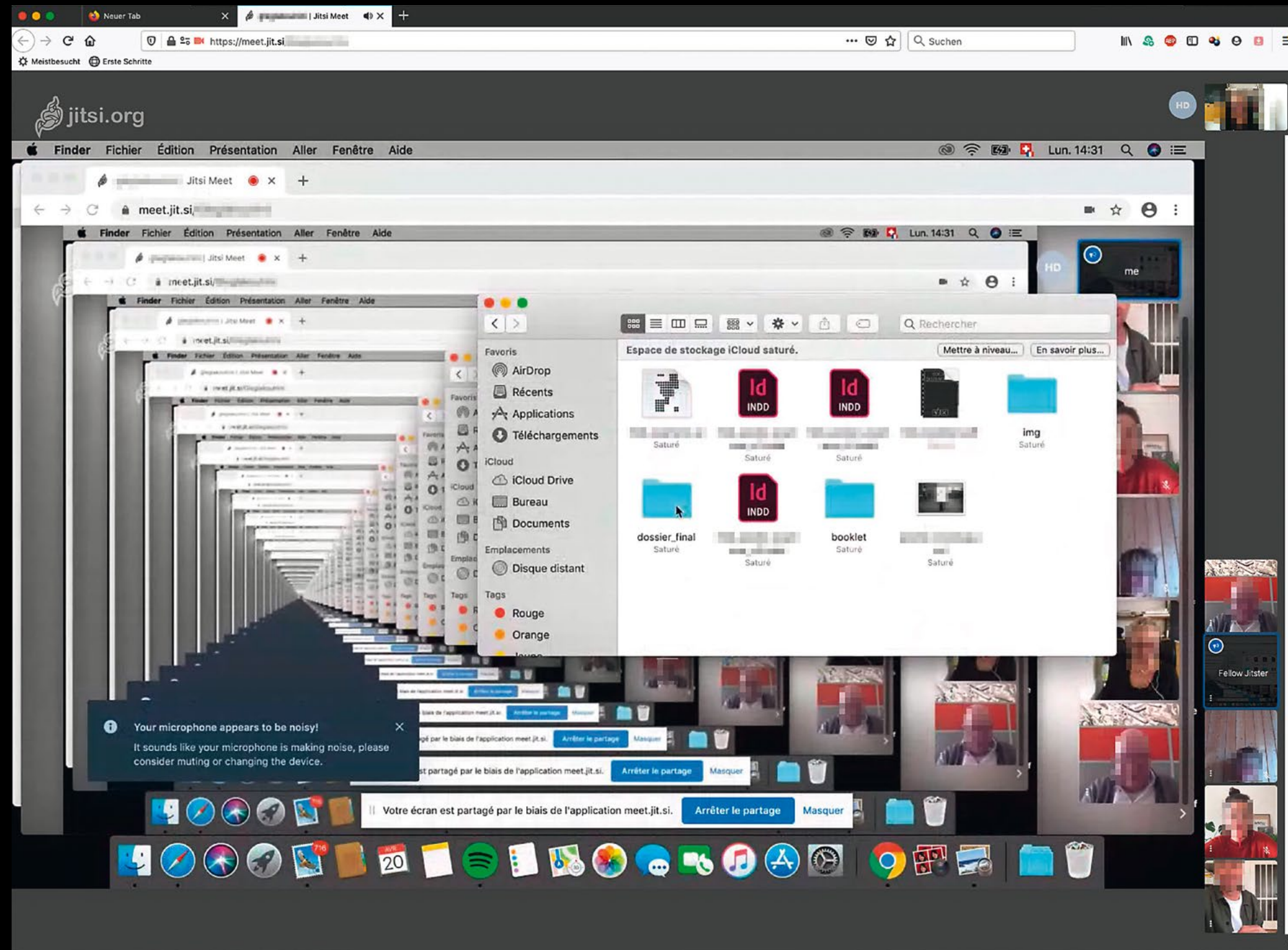
And in a concluding interview, we ask Linda Jensen and Arienne Gellini, founders of the Zurich exhibition space Last Tango, about when the moment is right and if there are signs indicating when something is over. (p. 300).

Christoph Oeschger, Michael Günzburger
May 2020



Box 10 in the archive—the label on it says «Infra», but infra- what? The lightbox shows: wurst, clouds, velocity. *Anton*, beaches, chemistry. Lorries, *Losser*, mushrooms, mountains. Wrinkle grain, trees, glaciers. Night, pigs, pinholes. The Mercedes I can't recall. Infrared infracrystal?

1 1¹ 2 3 4 5 6² 7 8 9 10 11³ 12 13 14 15
16⁴ 17 18 19 20 21⁵ 22 23 24 25 26⁶ 27 28 29
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Of late I have felt as if the sweet pastry I had in my hand was the perfect example with which to embody an idea of research deriving from practice. It was a chimera: no sooner did the explication crystallise in the form of this sweet Prussien than I gobbled it up even as I was contemplating it.

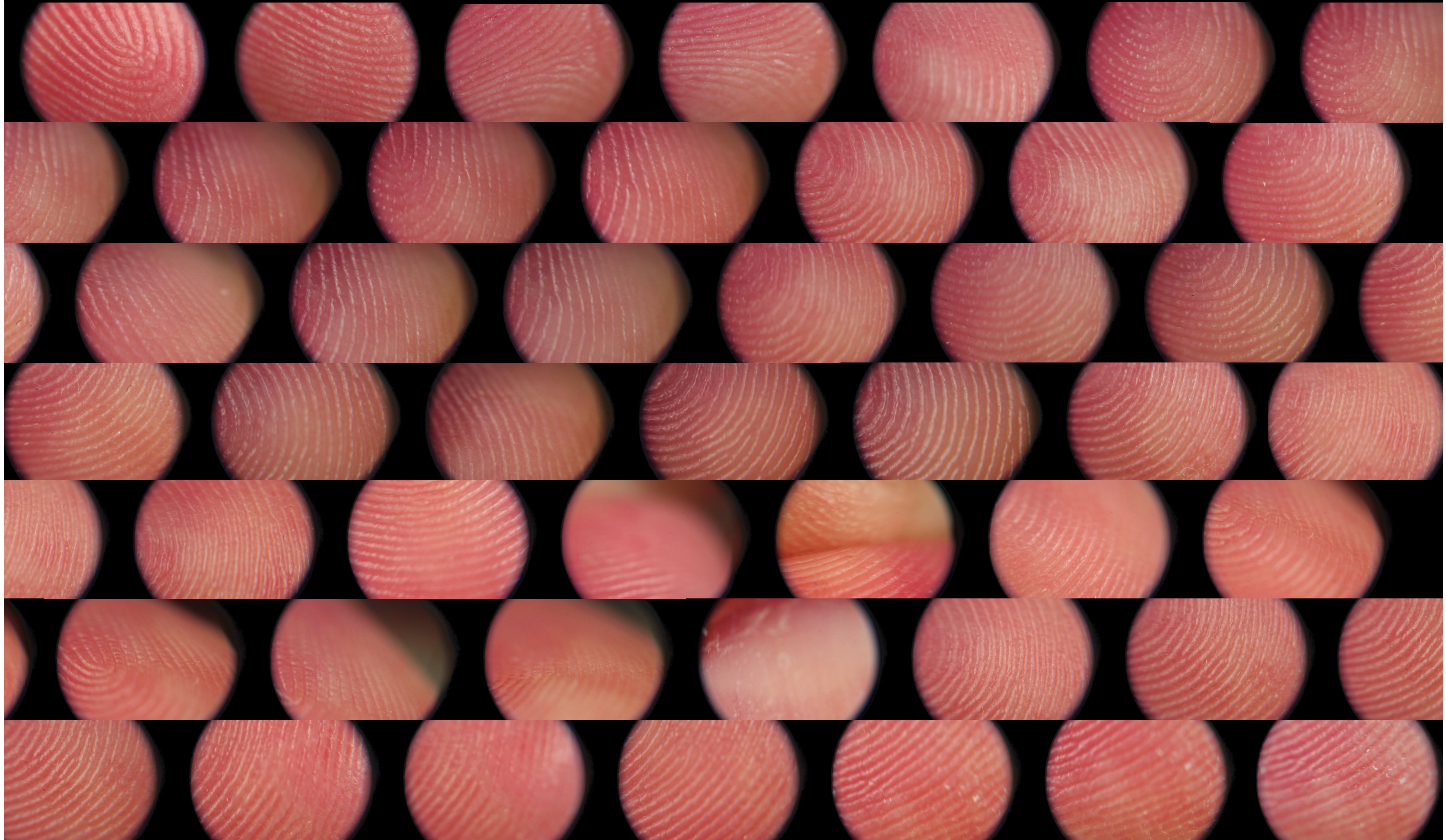
I tend, in any case, to be suspicious of large explanatory models. They only seem interesting when they come with an expiry date. The metaphor is transported away, all traces of it are obliterated, the model is eaten or drunk and then, as if you'd just come back from a successful hunt and feast, you reap a moment of existential light-heartedness.

I like to bake Prussiens once in a while: when they come out of the oven, they look at me with a grin as if they proved Plato's idea of form and mimesis: although cut from the same roll of dough, the more I try to produce pieces that are all the same shape, the more personal they become. Dough and knife create the first facial expression, the oven does the rest. It's like when you are drawing—the paper and pencil take part in the process, so you have to constantly respond to them. The material does not indulge in speculation when you change it. Its recalcitrance turns the moment into a shared one.



Prussiens (with filling)

1. Buy! Buy buttery, unrolled puff pastry if you can.
 2. Wait! Wait until it has warmed up a bit after you take it out of the fridge.
 3. Put it in granulated sugar and roll! Roll it until it has spread out and has sugar pressed into both sides.
 4. Roll! Roll both sides into the middle and leave it to rest in a cool place.
 5. Cut! Cut the rolls into strips half a finger in width and put the pieces on a baking tray.
 6. Bake! Bake at 220° C for about 13 mins.
 7. Draw! Draw a Prussien while you're baking.
- the eyes of the snake in the film *The Jungle Book*, a whirlwind, the eddies of water in the bathtub drain caused by the Coriolis effect, milk stirred into coffee, apple-shaped Mandelbrot figures, the swirls of colour in Maya Rochat's paintings, *the Spiral Jetty* by Robert Smithson, Mario Merz's *das philosophische Ei* at Zurich's main station. Or a spun thread, a filled roulade, the motion lines of a rotating body, dough being stirred, snail shells, vortices in visible form, spiral nebulae, the universe, a whirling dervish, body hair ...
- Try not paying attention to the meaning of those spirals! Let's start with a list:



At the beginning of the 1850s, the British Raj tried to further expand its influence. The colonial authorities embarked on the *Great Trigonometrical Survey*, a project designed to map the entire subcontinent. The aim was to get to know the country in detail in order to be able to govern it better. Anyone equipped with accurate maps was mobile and could estimate possible dangers. Whoever had the best maps won the wars. Maps as the first operational pictures in history. Since Europeans were not welcome in many parts of the Indian subcontinent, *pandits* (or «explorers») were hired. These pandits were trained by the British in the use of the sextant and other surveying techniques. However, the main instrument for surveying was their own bodies. The pandits were trained so that exactly two thousand of their steps equalled one mile.

To count their steps, they used what looked like a Buddhist prayer chain. Instead of the usual 108 beads, only 100 were strung, with every tenth being slightly larger. One bead was dropped every 10 steps. The Buddhist prayer wheels that were carried did not contain the usual Buddhist mantra *Om mani padme hum* but rather a hidden scroll on which data could be secretly recorded. A pandit named Nain Singh Rawat used this scroll to fend off curious fellow travellers: whenever someone came too close to him, he began to twirl the prayer wheel, pretending to be in religious contemplation. Usually this was enough to keep other people from approaching him. One way to record their observations was to turn the secret data into a poem and recite it on their travels.

(A potential part of a film essay)

jäh licht in menlo park
 ein chemischer blitz der
 alle mitarbeiter edisons
 auf einmal beleuchtet
 entzündetes magnesium
 wie jähler staub in den augen
 keiner schließt sie sie schauen
 alle gleichzeitig nach vorne
 wo einer lichtdicht verhüllt
 von schwarzem tuch für einen
 moment ganz verschwindet

*

einen moment lang ist nichts
 sichtbar außer diesem blitz der
 die an elektrisch halbdunkles licht
 gewöhnten chemisch blendet
 vor ihren offen gehaltenen augen
 flimmern kleine kreise und abbilder
 des eben gesehenen blitzes sie
 verharren noch in der pose
 bis einer kurz in die hände klatscht
 boys machen wir weiter

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licht her auguste lumiere begrüßt die audience
 die gespannten augs im verstaubten eingang des

theaters ausharrt sein bruder louis reinigt mit
 feuchten lappen alle leuchten und lampen der

maschine dann öffnet auguste den abgegriffenen
 vorhang schon strömt die schar in den zwielichten

saal alle starren gebannt zur leinwand nicht gänzlich
 gefahrlos ist die hitze im blitzenden projektor wenns

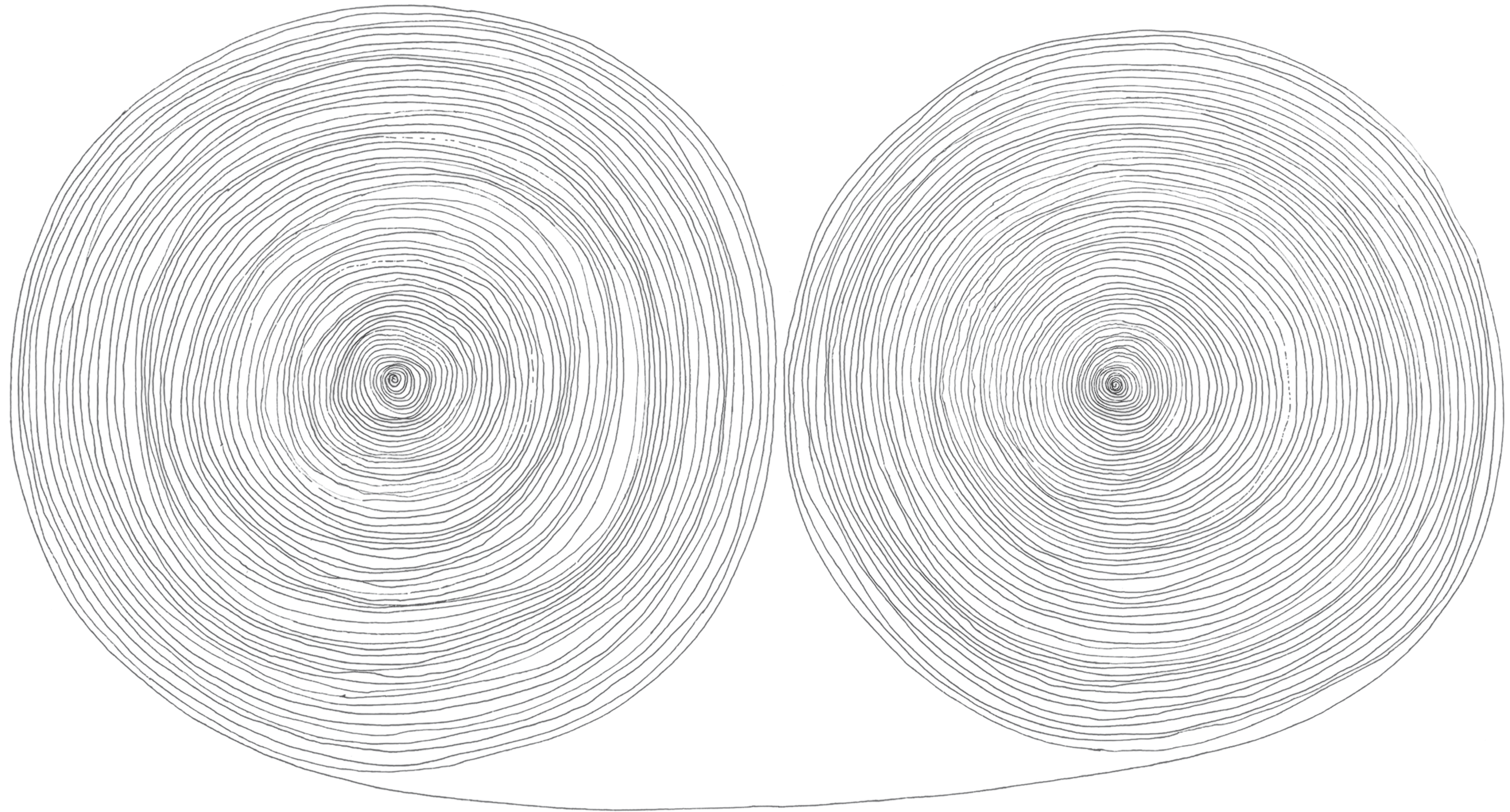
losgeht leuchten alle augen im dunkeln zwiefach
 andächtig lauschen auguste und louis dem harten

knattern der maschinerie die handlung ist nur ihnen
 wohlbekannt alles finster bis auf den dünnen strahl

bewegten lights die schar harrt gespannt auf den
 ausgang als das licht abbricht geht rumoren durch

die reihen niemand verlässt den saal gänzlich im
 dunkeln bereiten lumieres die nächste rolle vor

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I like talks that are delivered without notes. More than the simple proposing of a toast, they are a journey through the speaker's ability to formulate ideas. And I enjoy listening to them sailing round obstacles, homing in on some point or other, or talking themselves into an abject tangle. Really good speeches are voyages into indeterminacy: when the speaker knows what they want to say but doesn't yet know how they will say it.

I imagine the founding of the Royal Society in London in 1660 along similar lines: this was where Benjamin Franklin's kite experiment would later be made public and Jocelyn Bell Burnell would present her research with flashing pulsars. There must have been a moment during the process when someone proposed *Nullius in verba*—«Take nobody's word for it»—as the Society's motto. Let's take a moment to imagine this unfolding.

It is not all that surprising that a society that came into being in the early days of Western science adopted a motto outlining a practice that had already been embraced by the arts for several centuries. We are well versed in this mode of working—profligate, process-oriented, questing, and beholden to the recalcitrance of the material.

I also found some important messages in Peter Kubelka's discourse in *Die Mayonnaise, getanz, betrachtet*, which was presented in February 2020 as part of Armen Avanessian's discussion series at the Volksbühne Berlin. In it, Kubelka, perfectly combining an LSD microdosing style with the role of ASMR food influencer, does many things all at the same time: as he mixes up a mayonnaise, he explains the world as if the

whole point were to demonstrate that food changes us. That we have different things to say when we let what we cook up disappear inside us.

Kubelka's talk can be viewed online here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=orAQ4LUJYIk>
Or you can search YouTube using the keywords «Kubelka Mayonnaise».

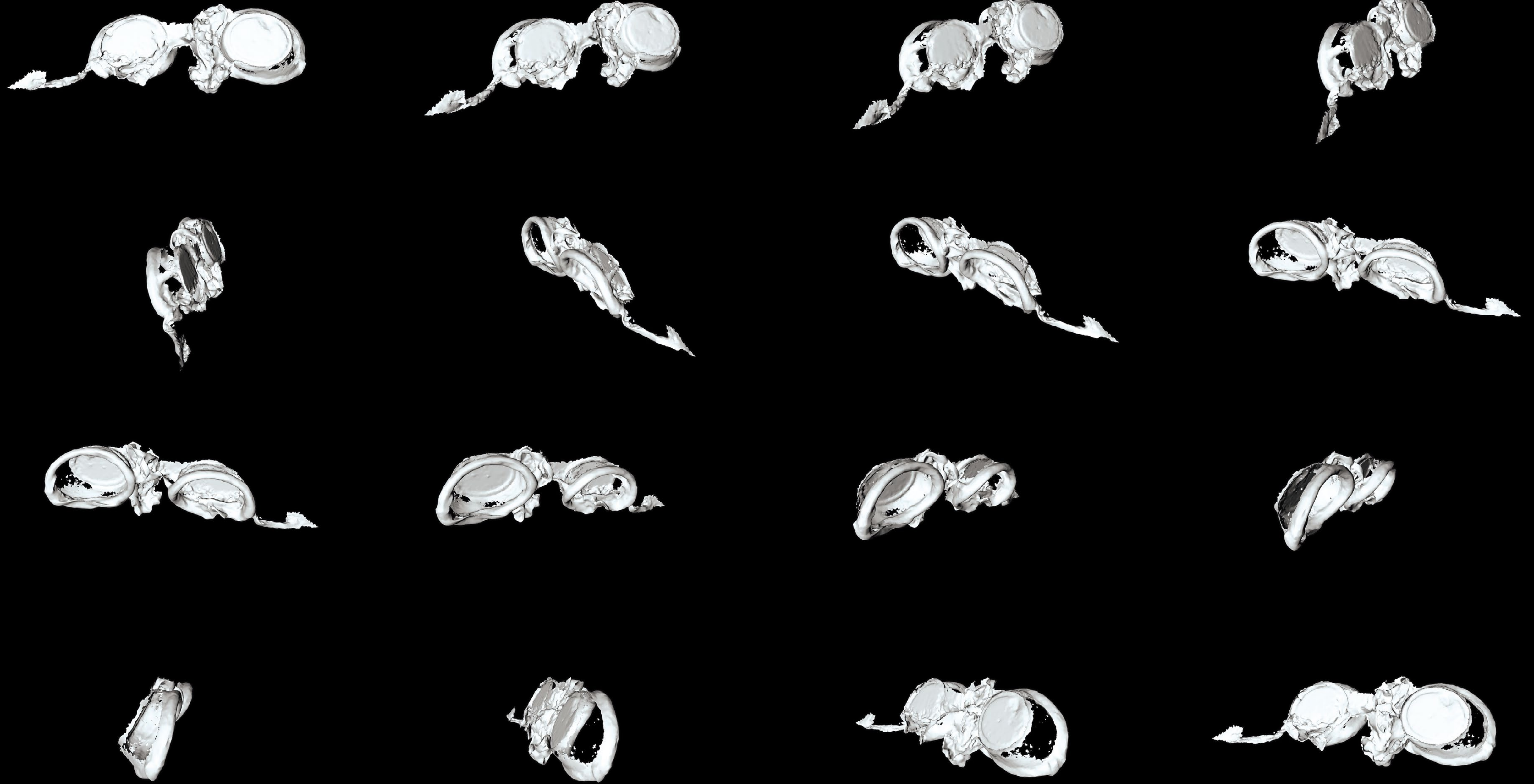
Here are a few personal highlights:

08:04	He describes a chimera.
12:12	He mentions <i>Nullius in verba</i> .
18:55	He talks about gravity.
26:40	He calls a bowl a «domesticated space».
35:40	He separates the world into good and evil.

01:02:20	He claims that cooking is a means of describing the world.
01:06:00	He translates: metaphor = transport
01:27:00	He attempts a summary, but «it simply doesn't work like that, I'm afraid.»
01:56:40	He tries to arrive at a happy ending: «The universe is an emulsion, it is in motion and disaggregates.»

02:04:08	He recapitulates cooking's potential.
02:04:40	He makes use of an understanding of art that is long out of date.

Finale Eating the mayonnaise is not part of the broadcast.



When is the right moment? Can you point to any indicators?

This question slaps us in the face at this particular moment in time! Everything is up in the air just now. In Switzerland we're at the denouement phase of the crisis. The crisis will hopefully push itself to the fore and spotlight the many very essential questions that were highly topical in the moments before Rona took place: the gravity of our culture of speed, ecological responsibility, sovereignty, health as a political agenda, human vs. digital interaction, etc. Did the accelerationists prophesy this moment? Are we now moving into sixth gear as opposed to first?

In the exhibition context the right moment can be associated with the public moment: the vernissage, the moment of mediation, of sharing and displaying, moments of communality. But there are many moments: right ones, wrong ones, dull ones, silly ones, topsy-turvy ones ... As opposed to the climatic attainment of an end goal, the betwixt and between moments are equally stimulating and keep one on one's toes. There is also always a question of historicity when it comes to pinpointing the right moment. For whom? For what?

What signs do you look for to make an exhibition more than the sum of its parts—or when does a show come to life?

This relates in a sense to the previous question. This right moment or coming to life moment can be looked at as a progression of autonomous moments yet is also holistic in terms of affect. An exhibition has a life and goes through different cycles. It might be more sensible to not think of it as starting with the implanting of a fixed idea but rather as a changing pattern of collisions, ideas that are kneaded and worked on and turn into an unexpected animal. Long live the exhibition and the archive! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! [laughter]

What are you physically doing when you produce a show, and how does the activity affect it?

We sweat and sometimes bleed. Occasionally we scream (in our previous space, the cellar was an ideal spot for this). We accommodate, negotiate, make salad for the extended team (the artists and ourselves), sleep a little but laugh a lot! We find ourselves thinking, sometimes ... [laughter]

If Last Tango is a model, what is it made of and what perspective does it give?

It makes us think of the following quote. Be open! «He who knows nothing, loves nothing. He who can do nothing understands nothing. He who understands nothing is worthless. But he who understands also loves, notices, sees ... The more knowledge is inherent in a thing, the greater the love.... Anyone who imagines that all fruits ripen at the same time as the strawberries knows nothing about grapes.» Paracelsus

Do moments of surprise play any role?

There are times when our sixth sense plays tricks on us. Things that did not appear so obvious at first find themselves unraveling. For example, during the exhibition with Manon and Mélodie Mousset we focused primarily on the notion of the self and the use of their own bodies in ways that confounded identity. Yet later what came as a surprise were other shared motifs such as MRI scans, the mother-daughter relationship, and the psychiatric theme.

We've recently been reading A Short Life of Trouble, a brilliant autobiography by New Museum founder Marcia Tucker, who inspires us to, in her words, «act first, think later—that way you might have something to think about». There is a joy in testing ideas and searching for the unexpected.

What are the signs of things coming to an end, when a show is over?

The itch for the next show. When it feels alright to take it down, bittersweet but emotionally do-able.

If Last Tango is a dance, a dress, or an animal, what is it?

Hammerhead sharks! We aspire to their full binocular 360-degree view, their forward vision. They literally see all round. They have this ability to swim on their side, which they apparently do a lot, which is also a very unusual trait. Also, tongue-in-cheek, they have a hammerhead shape, the hammer being one of the quintessential installation tools.

Linda Jensen and Arianna Gellini are the founders of Last Tango in Zurich and have been running it as an exhibition space and salon since 2016. Recently they have moved to a space on the Limmat river, where sometimes the water is bicoloured, as two rivers come together there.

www.lasttango.info

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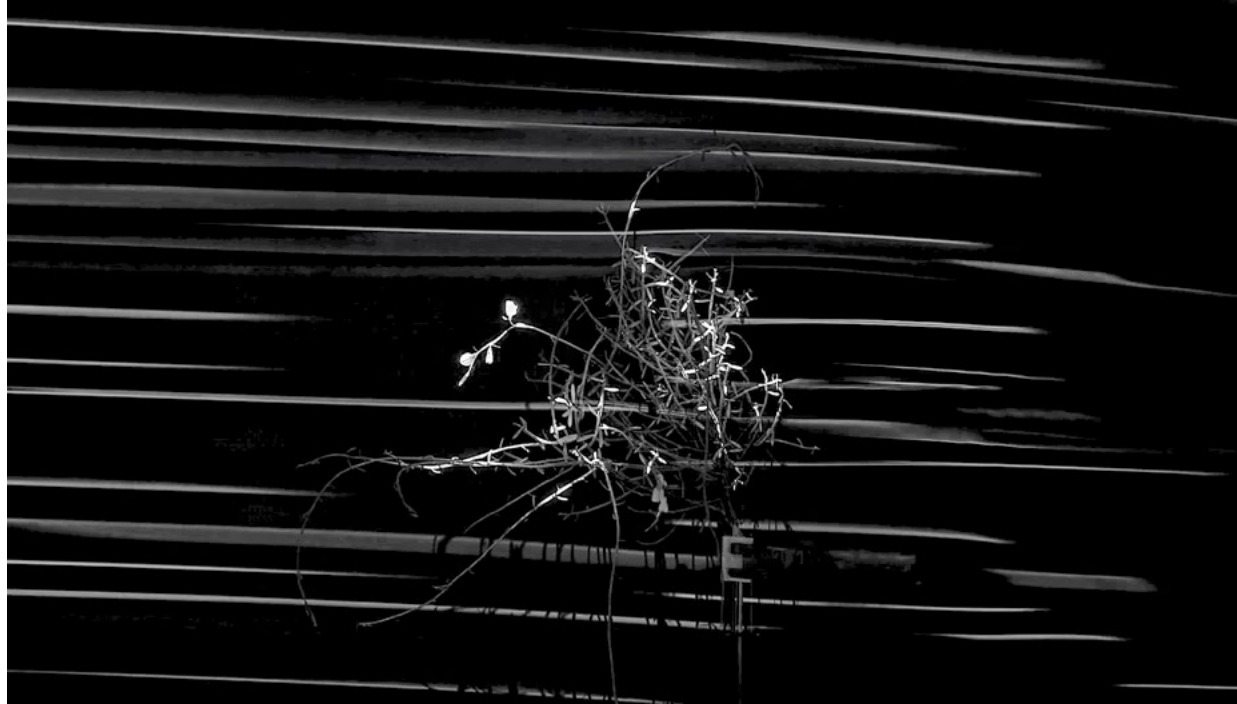
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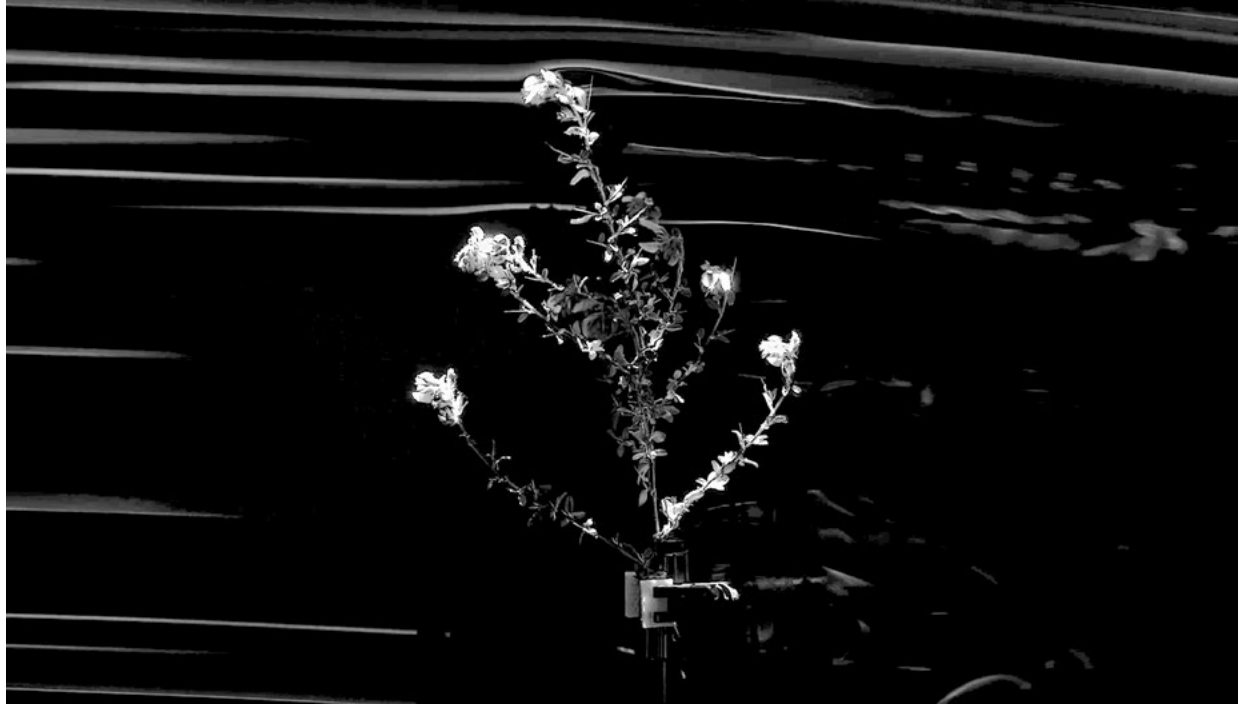
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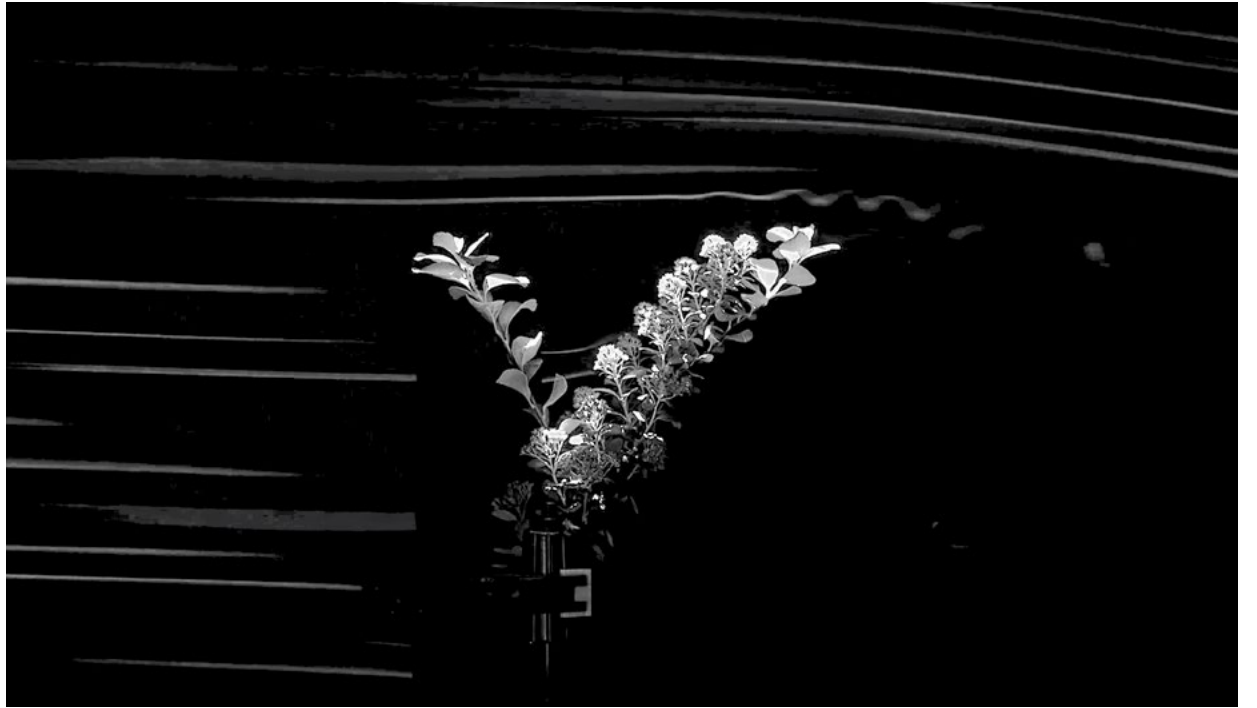
M03



M04



M05



M06



M07

M01 08.11.19
 M02 08.11.19
 M03 08.11.19
 M04 08.11.19
 M05 08.11.19
 M06 08.11.19
 M07 08.11.19

Deaf-Pride-Wish-Doubt-Greed-Sloth-Blind
 Video Installation with
 seven synchronized monitors,
 mirror sphere, projector,
 and electromagnet.
 With Christoph Oeschger & Fabian Gutscher
 by Florian Dombois

<http://floriandombois.net/works/deaf-pride.html>

