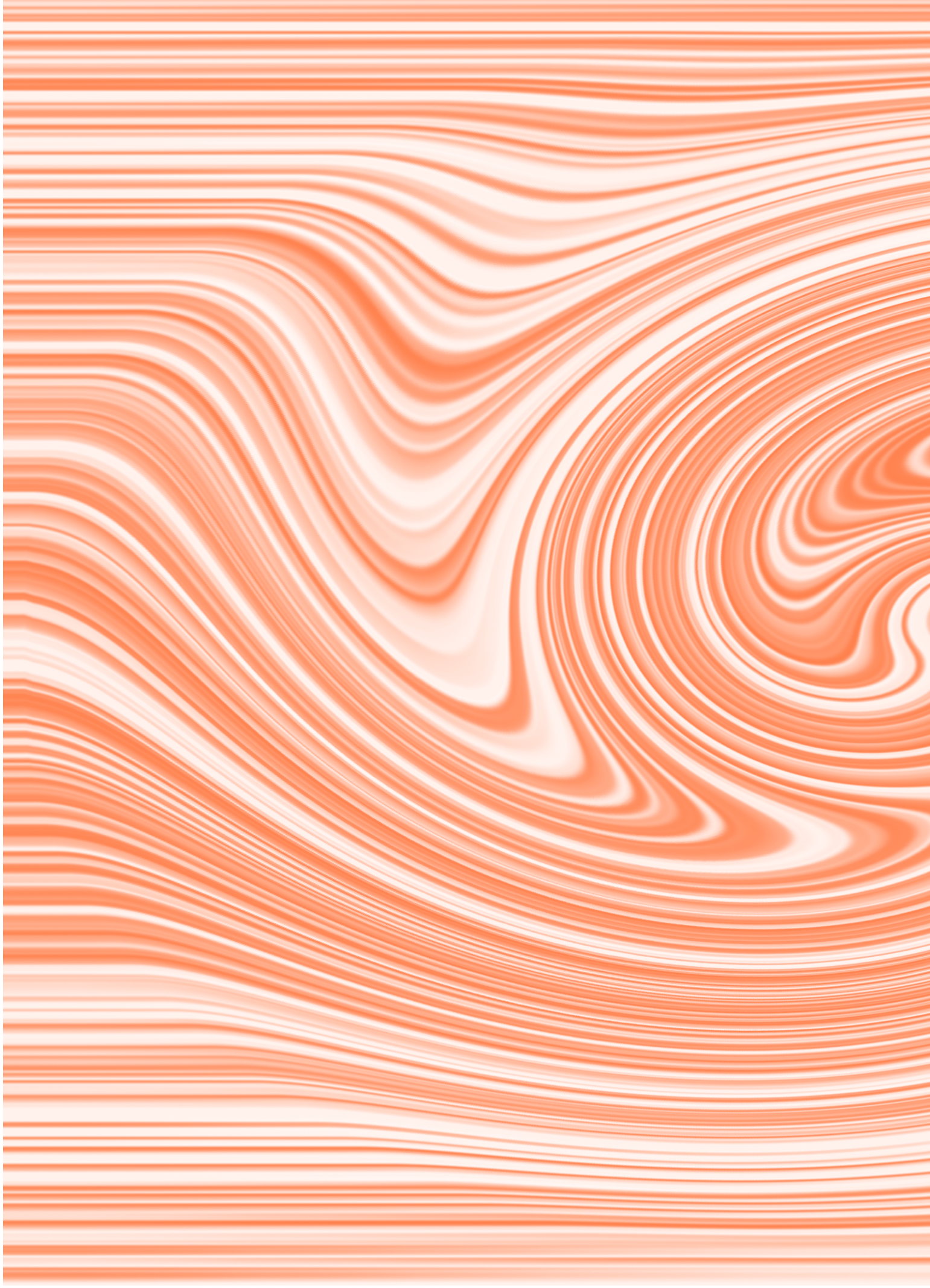


# tunnel wind bulletin

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Editors of issue n° 12:  
Florian Dombois, Michael Günzburger,  
Esther Mathis, Tanja Schwarz, Nadine  
Städler, HannaH Walter, Julia Weber

Design:  
Viola Zimmermann

English translations:  
Heinz Helle (text J. Weber) and  
Mark Kyburz

**Images:**

Cover: Detail of *Tabula Anemographica seu Pyxis Nautica Ventorum Normina Sex Linguis Representans* by Johannes Janssonius (1650)  
P. 322, 323: from Beach, Milo C, Fischer, Eberhard, Goswamy, B.N. (Eds), Britschgi, Jorrit (Project Director), 2011, *Masters of Indian Painting, Vol. II, 1650-1900*, Lawrence (USA) / Zürich (CH): Artibus Asiae, p. 700; drawing by Michael Günzburger  
P. 324, 325: *Meyers Großes Konversations-Lexikon*, 6<sup>th</sup> ed., vol. 22 = Annual supplement 1909-1910; Table Criminology II

Snowflake photographed by W. A. Bentley, ©Wilson Bentley/Public Domain. <https://www.wissen.de/kunstwerke-der-natur-warum-sind-schneeflocken-so-perfekt-symmetrisch>  
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P. 326: Drawings by Julia Weber  
P. 328, 329: Collage by Hannah Walter  
P. 330, 331: Photos by Florian Dombois, 2020  
P. 332, 333: Photo by Esther Mathis, 2017  
P. 334, 335: Drawings by Tanja Schwarz

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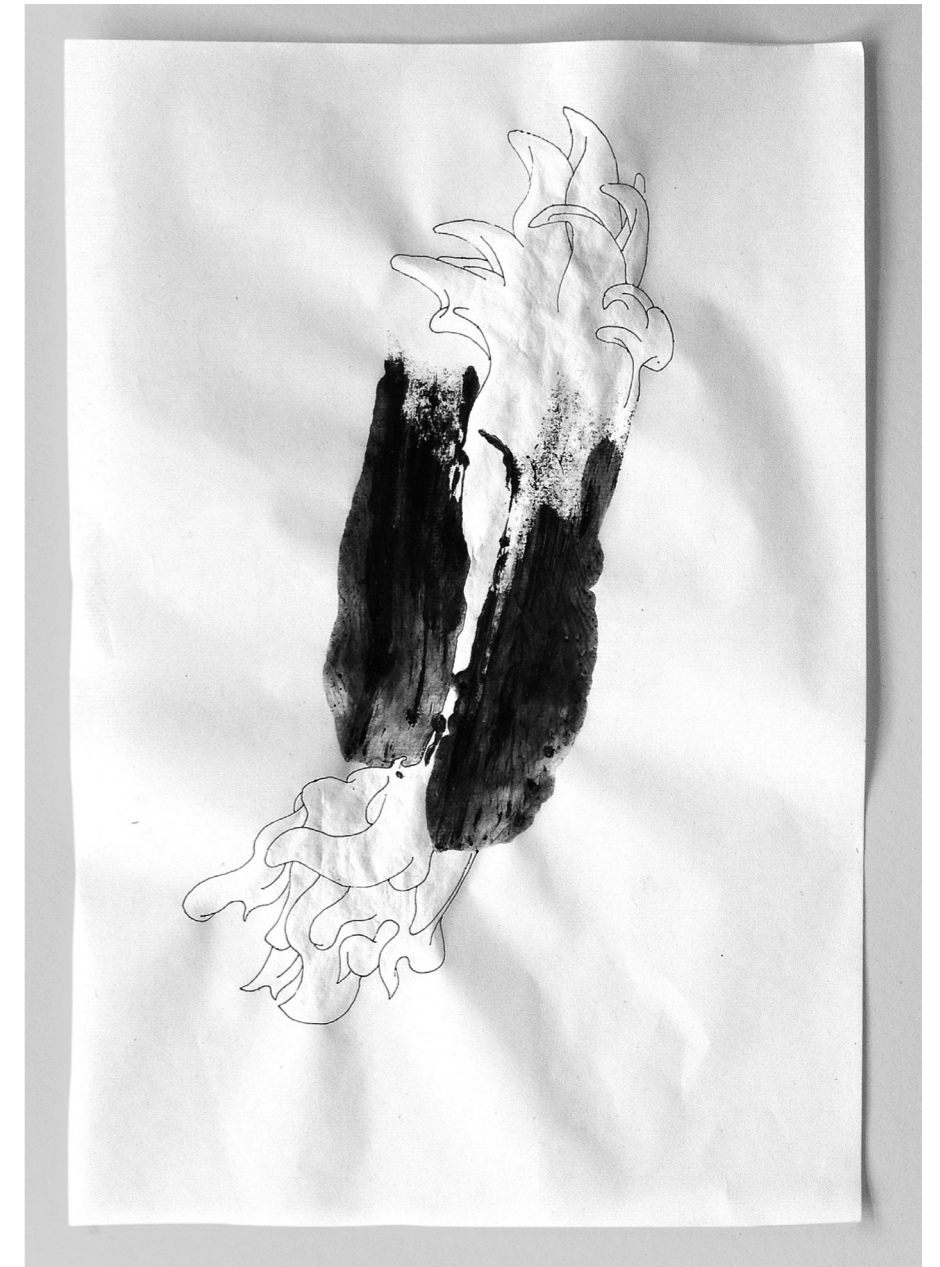
# wind tunnel bulletin n° 12, may 2021

Wind: something invisible in motion. This bulletin is dedicated to a movement of visibility and invisibility in the wider environment of our wind tunnel: a movement between people who are inventing a PhD in the arts. A doctorate that focuses for four years on reciprocal exchange between artists from different disciplines, currently between the visual arts, literature, and music. Sharing and challenging are the two guidelines of the PhD programme, as well as contributing to developing the arts through one's work. This contribution as well as sharing and challenging require formats for sharing, which we keep trying out. One of these formats is this bulletin: ideas or materials from the storehouses of our work. Which exist for other artists to continue developing.

Florian Dombois, Michael Günzburger, Esther Mathis, Tanja Schwarz, Nadine Städler, HannaH Walter and Julia Weber

From pent with snakes in sandal trees,  
the mountain breezes plunge in Himalayan snows,  
and, sweet and loud, the cuckoo's coo coo callings  
come from topmost shoots of mango trees.

Jaydeva's Gita Gotvinda



*Windkanal* (2012) by Michael Günzburger.  
Acrylic paint, pigments and indian ink on  
paper, 24.5×33 cm.

*The south wind cools himself in the Himalaya* Attributed to the first Generation of Painters after Manaku and Nainsukh of Guler, approx between 1710 and 1810. Painting, 17×27 cm. Shown at *Der Weg des Meisters. Die grossen Künstler Indiens, 1100–1900* at Museum Rietberg, Zürich (CH), 01/05/2011–21/08/2011.

*Snow is the most beautiful thing in the world. A snowflake is a cluster of crystals, like a diamond, but diamond is one of the hardest materials found on the planet. Hercules's helmet, Kronos's scythe, and Prometheus's chains were all hewn from diamond. A snowflake, by contrast, is extremely fragile. – Eric Vuillard, 2014*

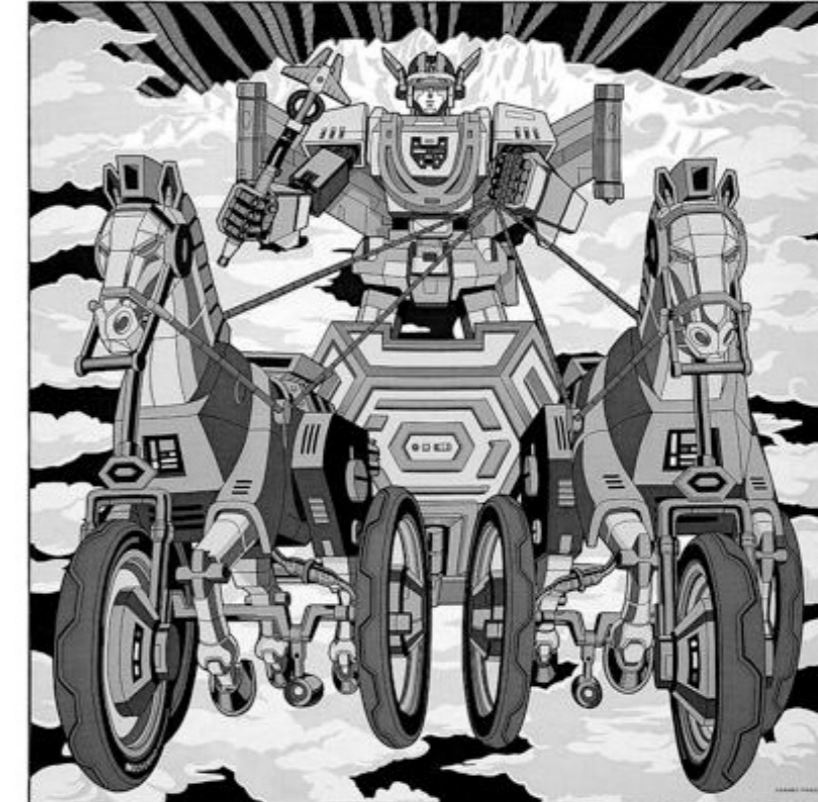
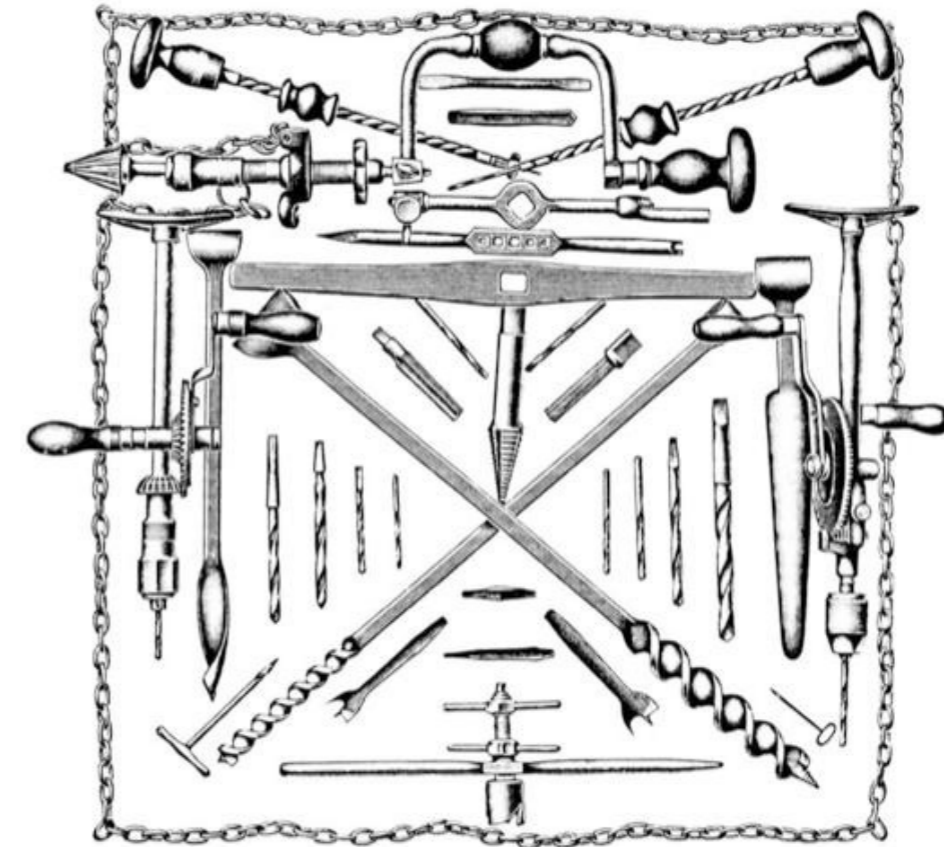


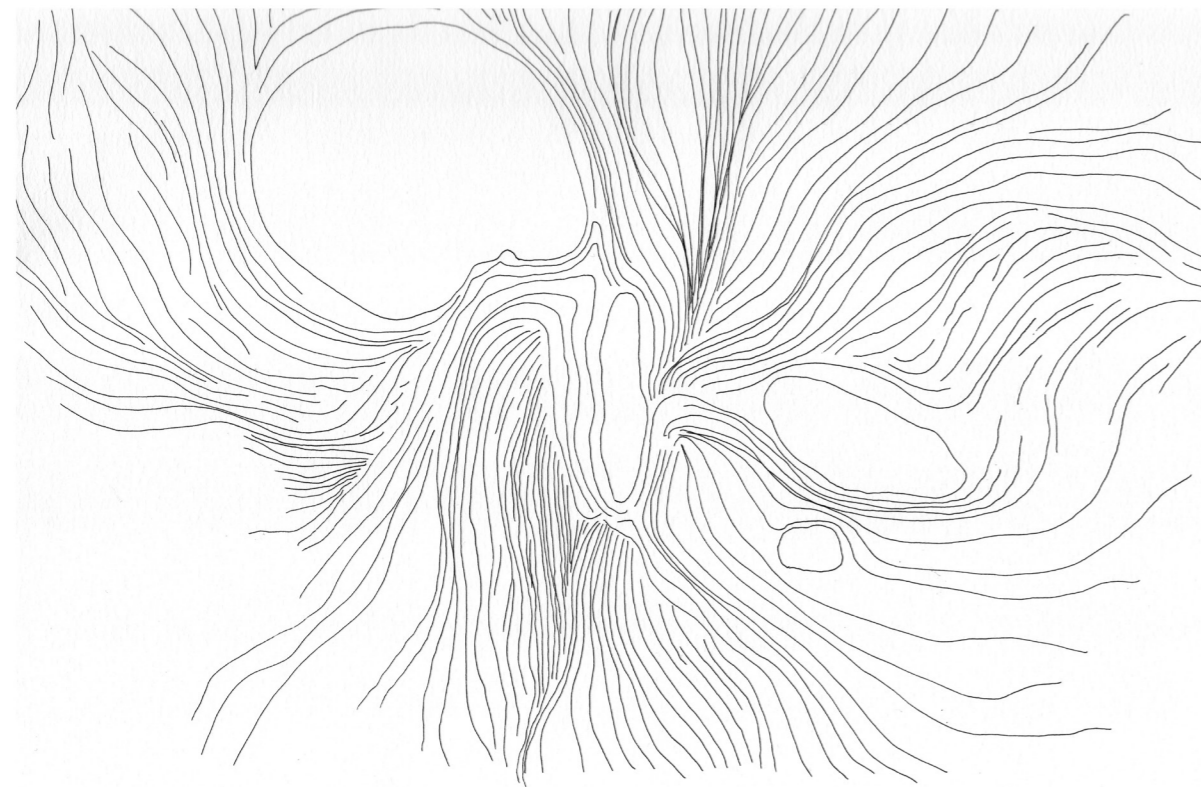
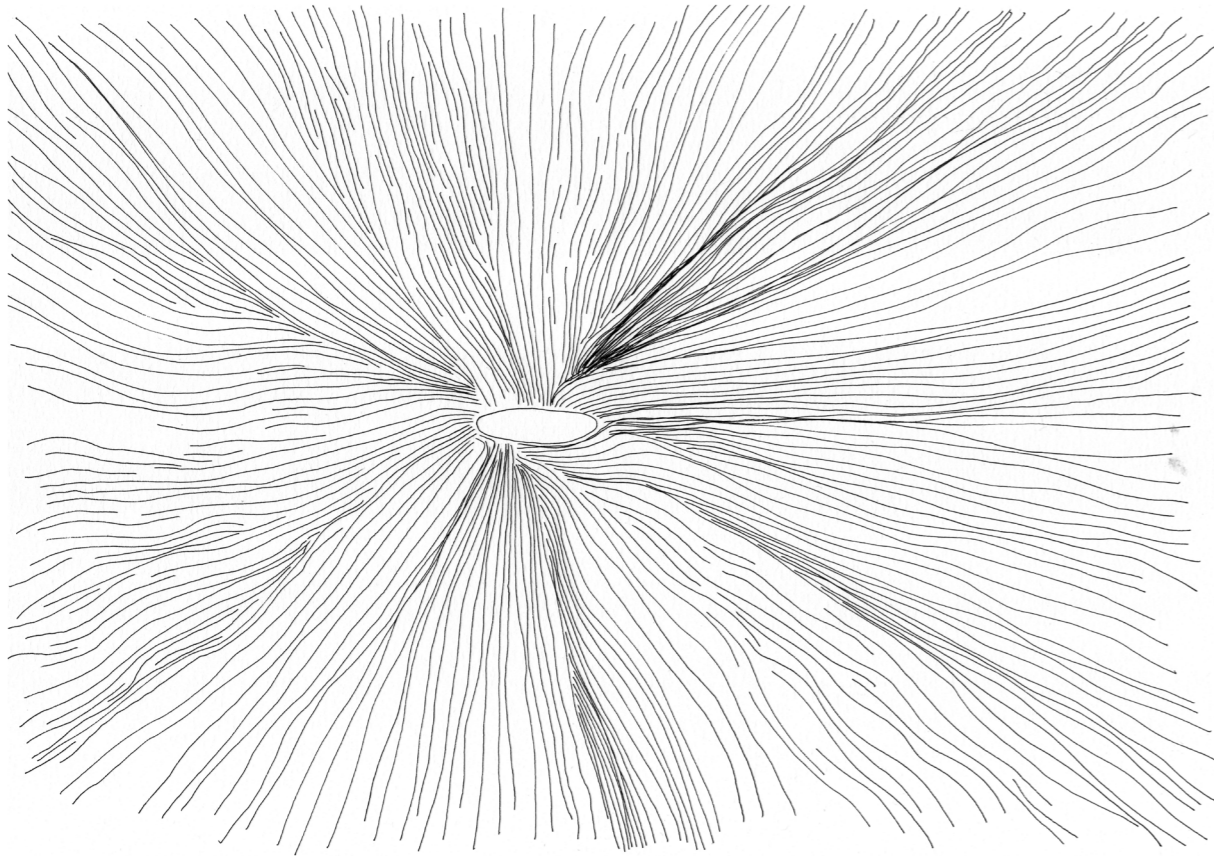
**S t u r m h a u b e** (In German, the balaclava is called Sturmhaube, which translates literally as a bonnet or hat for stormy weather). The Swiss skier and ice hockey player Roger Staub (1936–1974) invented the Roger Staub cap over 60 years ago. He optimized the Sturmhaube, leaving only the eyes exposed, but not the mouth and nose, creating an ideal piece of headgear: the Sturmhaube protects the skier's face from biting cold gale-force winds on downhill runs.

It seems likely that precisely this invention led to an extremely misleading standardization. Nowadays, police storm troopers, terrorists, and thieves can hardly be distinguished: black clothes, black masks.

For sure, a Roger Staub cap is practicable for robbers and pursuers alike. The point, after all, is to remain unrecognized, regardless of whether you're a good or a bad guy. This headgear, which has many meanings, therefore serves excellently as a method for spreading confusion, as we know from films or newspaper articles: Robbers and hostages all wear balaclavas, creating havoc when the storm troopers arrive wearing the same camouflage caps. The mere thought makes me dizzy.

I would rather tie a scarf around my nose, like a cowboy, one perhaps even printed with burglar's tools or, better still, with sparkling diamonds. That way I would stand out from the rest of the masquerade. On second thought, though, it's not really a good idea, in many ways. Whichever way I turn it, the Roger Staub cap is unsurpassable. Everything else is humbug: too flashy and too complicated. The clever thing about Roger Staub's invention is its multifunctionality. When you leave the building after the robbery, you simply place the lower part of the cap over your eyes and the balaclava transforms into an ordinary woollen cap. This allows you to blend in with the onlookers, disguised as a passerby, or to simply walk away from the scene – if you're the robber.





Spread of art without resistances (top)  
 Spread of art with resistances (bottom)  
 Ausbreitung der Kunst ohne Widerstände (oben)  
 Ausbreitung der Kunst mit Widerstände (unten)

She was convinced that, under the right circumstances, she could be a genius, would be a genius, actually already was one. That is, if nothing got in the way.

I am a genius, she sometimes said. She said it to the mirror with the golden frame and looked at herself in pride and awe. She also filmed herself thinking. She installed the camera, sat down in the light, and hardly moved. Sometimes her cat walked into the frame, the cat, that, since being hit by a car last year, only had three legs. On its three legs the cat walked into the frame and out of it again, sometimes pausing and leaning against her legs, brushing her calf with its bushy tail. She sat in the light. She thought about the description of a landscape. For example. About the possibility of a description. One that had never been made before. Never imagined before. Never described. She thought of a new color, of a new sound, of the smell of gravitation. She thought she looked most beautiful when she was thoughtful. Like a mixture of Frida Kahlo and Abraham Lincoln. She drank tangerine juice every morning. It was good for the brain, she had been told. Someone said operas would help, too.

If only the circumstances were right, she said to herself. She was often angry. Her art is like a movement, she said. Like a constant spreading out in space. In the world. Generally speaking. And resistance, she said, life is full of resistance. And there is a mother, for example, you have to visit. A grandmother, a father, an acquaintance, maybe. And there is a bank account with not enough money. And there is perhaps even a love that makes you weak, keeps you from thinking. Makes you happy and dumb. Und there is a tax return or a dentist's appointment coming up. Or a leaf blower outside in the yard. A construction site. A very loud neighbor on the phone. A child in need of a diaper. A thought about the past. A thought about meaning. A movement in the window. Dust under the cupboard. A thought. All this is suffocating her genius. She said. Her genius is like the wind. Delicate and gracious, obedient, air, and, of course, genius. She was convinced that all it took was for everything to be alright. She and Frida and the Abraham inside her. They had to have silence and tangerine juice, maybe a Verdi opera. It was possible, she thought. And looked out of the window, into the few leaves left on the tree and the light behind it.

Sie war überzeugt davon, dass wenn die Umstände nur stimmen würden, sie ein Genie sein könne, eins wäre, ja, eigentlich eines sei. In Wahrheit und wenn ihr nichts dazwischen käme.

Ich bin ein Genie, sagte sie manchmal. Sie sagte es in den Spiegel mit Goldrahmen und schaute sich voller Stolz und Ehrfurcht an. Auch filmte sie sich beim Denken. Ja, sie richtete die Kamera aus, setzte sich ins Licht und bewegte sich kaum. Manchmal ging ihre Katze in das Bild hinein, die Katze hatte, weil von einem Auto erfasst, damals, vor einem Jahr, nur noch drei Beine. Die Katze ging auf ihren drei Beinen an einer Seite in das Bild hinein und an der anderen Seite wieder hinaus, manchmal drückte sich die Katze an ihre Beine, strich ihren buschigen Schwanz dem Bein entlang. Sie sass im Licht. Sie dachte an die Beschreibung einer Landschaft. Zum Beispiel. An die Möglichkeit einer neuen Beschreibung. Eine noch nie da gewesene. Noch nie vorgestellte. Noch nie beschriebene. An eine neue Farbe, ein neues Geräusch, an den Geruch der Gravitation. Sie fand, sie sehe nachdenklich am aller-schönsten aus. Wie eine Mischung aus Frida Kahlo und Abraham Lincoln. Sie trank jeden Morgen Mandarinen-saft, das solle die Hirnströmungen fördern, hatte man ihr gesagt. Jemand sagte ihr, auch Opern würden helfen. Zum Mandarinensaft trank sie auch die Opern.

Wenn nur die Umstände stimmen würden, sagte sie sich. War oft ärgerlich. Ihre Kunst sei wie eine Bewegung, sagte sie. Wie eine gleichmässige Ausbreitung im Raum. In der Welt. Ganz allgemein. Und die Widerstände, sagte sie, das Leben, sei voller Widerstände. Und da stehe eine Mutter im Raum, zum Beispiel, die man zu besuchen habe. Eine Grossmutter, ein Vater, eine Bekanntschaft, vielleicht. Und da stehe ein Konto im Raum und auf dem Konto zu wenig Geld. Und da stehe vielleicht sogar eine Liebe, die einen schwach mache und nicht denken lasse. Glücklich und dumm werden lasse. Und da stehe eine Steuererklärung oder ein bevorstehender Zahnarztbesuch. Oder ein Laubbläser draussen im Hof. Eine Baustelle. Ein Nachbar, der sehr laut telefoniert. Ein Kind, das eine Windel braucht. Ein Gedanke an früher. Ein Gedanke an Sinn. Eine Bewegung im Fenster. Ein Staubball unter dem Schrank. Ein Gedanke. Das alles enge ihre Genialität ein. Sagte sie. Ihre Genialität sei wie der Wind. Sei fein und grazil, lenkbar, Luft, und eben, genial. Sie war überzeugt davon, dass nur alles stimmen müsste. Sie und die Frida und der Abraham in ihr. Die müssten Ruhe und Mandarinen-saft haben, eine Oper von Verdi vielleicht. Das wäre alles möglich, dachte sie. Sah zum Fenster hinaus, in das wenige noch vorhandene Laub und in das Licht hinter dem Laub hinein.

#von chimären und unsichtbaren winden

habe mir einen bären aufgebunden,  
am rücken,  
gegen den wind,  
aber es kommt keiner  
(kein wind<sup>o</sup> und niemand)

the south wind cools himself in the himalaya<sup>oo</sup>  
der himalaya in der ferne  
weit weg  
sich kühlend der wind

und  
es kommt keiner  
(kein wind und niemand)  
keine kunst

und bewegt mich  
und umströmt mich  
und umwirbt mich  
und liebt mich<sup>ooo</sup>

und infiziert mich  
und berührt mich und elektrifiziert mich  
und transformiert mich

wenn nur die umstände stimmen würden  
– hokus pokus

ein wind-tunnel ohne windströme  
noch keine musik

habe mir morgendlichen mandarinensaft eingeflösst,  
das solle die hirnströmungen fördern,<sup>oooo</sup>  
das soll die metaphern-maschine in gang setzen,  
zum mandarinensaft trank ich auch die oper  
sextronique<sup>oooo</sup>

corps électrique

#von vyborgs und unsichtbaren strömen

habe mich an eine batterie angeschlossen,  
habe mir strom eingeflösst,  
habe mich mit einer violine verkuppelt,  
habe mich mit einer maschine vermählt,

electric kiss<sup>ooooo</sup>



<sup>oooo</sup> Bose, Georg Mathias. *Venus Electrificata, a.k.a. the electric kiss*

ich werde wir  
wired multiplicities  
mixing molecules

strömende electrolite<sup>ooooo</sup>  
becoming  
chimera electrified

we are resistors  
spiky transistors  
condensators oscillators  
photoresistive opto-isolators  
touching  
skin  
plastic copper tin  
spruce maple ebony gut steel hair  
rosin  
porous corpus com-passion

we are vyborg<sup>oooooo</sup>  
unter umständen  
sich berührend sich bewegend  
sich liebend sich reibend  
sich abstossend  
widerspenstige  
widerstände  
caring for capricious circuitry

not yet art  
mit windel  
mit wind  
mit oper mit vater mit kind  
mit gedanke  
mit mandarine  
mit waschmaschine



experimenter:  
HannaH Walter  
instrument maker:  
Robert Torche

ohm-i-am  
wired-violin-skin

a chimera in the himalaya  
with the wind  
electronic super highway  
unter strom

\* Die Andeutung eines Fortkommens

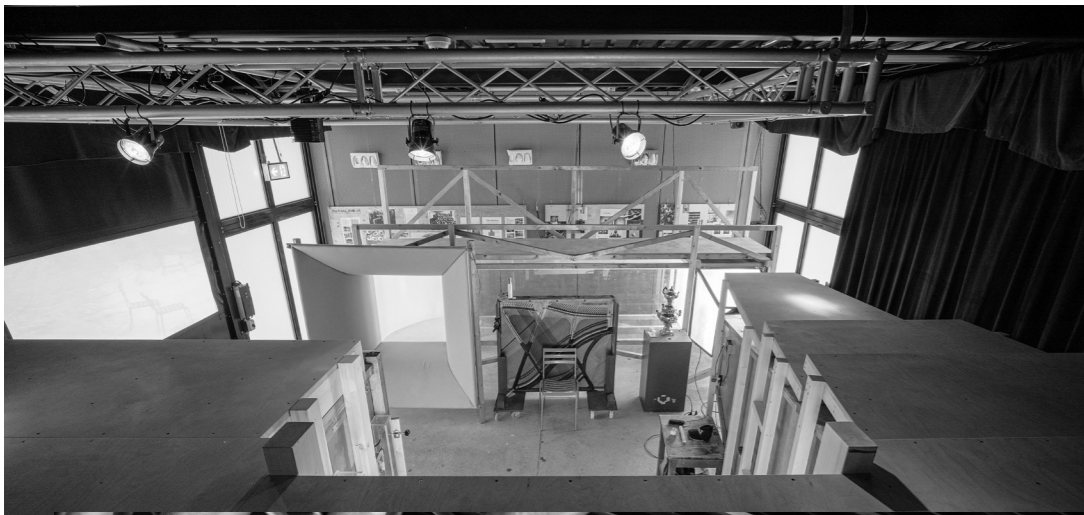
<sup>o</sup> See p. 322

<sup>oo</sup> Kames, Maren. 2019. *Luna Luna*, p. 17

<sup>ooo</sup> See p. 327

<sup>oooo</sup> Paik, Nam June. 1976. *Opera Sextronique*

<sup>ooooo</sup> R.E.M. 1996. *Electrolite*. In *New Adventures in Hi-Fi*  
<sup>oooooo</sup> violin-cyborg





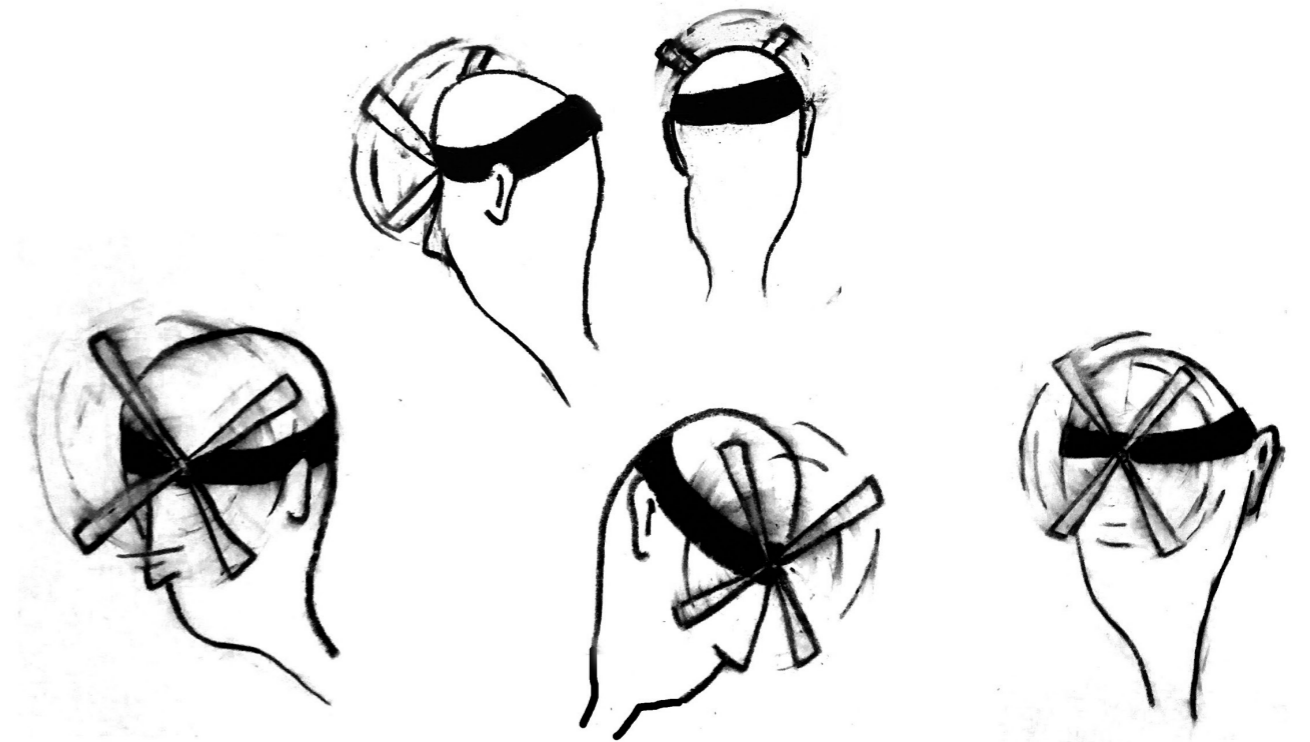
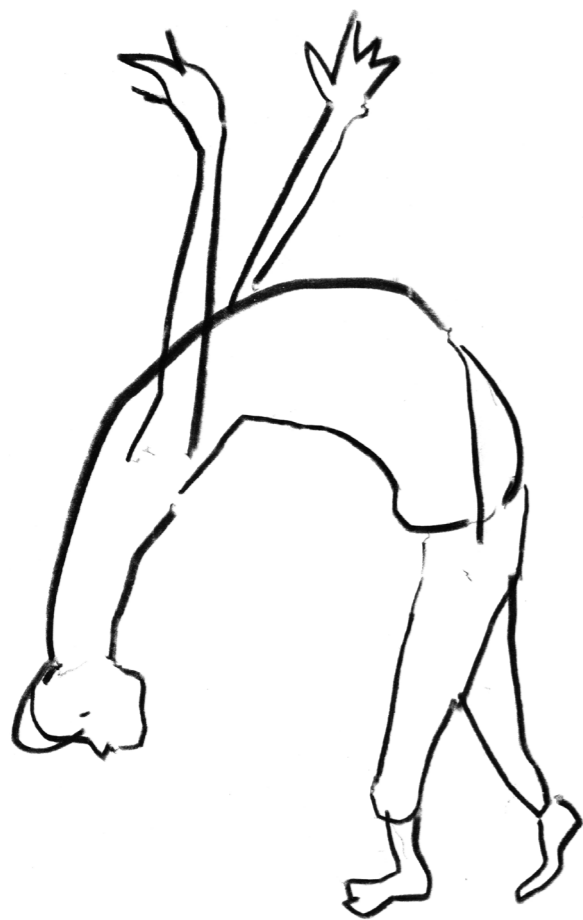
332, 333 Esther Mathis: *Silent Signals*

*Silent Signals*, 2017. Mirror foil, ball bearings, copper in variable dimensions, each object measuring 250 x 15 x 20 cm  
Video: <https://www.esthermathis.com/silent-signals/>

The floating plane, consisting of rotating mirror objects, reacts to body heat. The objects are designed to translate minute temperature differences into motion; the presence of the visitors is sufficient to create movements. The intensity of the rotations is influenced by other factors such as position, duration of the pause, or the number of visitors. Only time to look more closely makes the work become visible.



NIEMAND KANN VON MIR VERLANGEN,  
DASS ICH ZUSAMMENHÄNGE HERSTELLE,  
SOLANGE SIE VERMEIDBAR SIND.



~~Immerhin~~  
Wenigstens das Wetter ist  
unmissverständlich

## Expertise in the Arts

**Florian:**  
Our question about expertise in the arts won't let go of me. It really is a burning issue. I think we can't avoid addressing de-skilling in the visual arts, nor the question about practicing and improvisation in music. I also remember that when the Literature Institute was founded in Biel, there was an uproar in the scene and established literary figures feared that the beginning of professional training would also spell the end of good literature.

**Michael:**  
I understand expertise as a quality that one has acquired. Someone has spent a lot of time on something: the virologist on viruses, the painter on painting, the butcher on meat cutting, recycling workers on recycling... It means one can talk shop with others, discuss how things should be done, what the problems are, what can be improved. In short, expertise comes from doing and sticking at things. One of its signs is hard skin.

**Julia:**  
I'd add one aspect. Communicating with a counterpart, engaging with another subject, is opposite to opening one's windows and doors and letting the world in, through which art is created. I'd even claim that all of us are experts in uniting what is seemingly contradictory: in communicating, that is, reaching out to others while remaining completely true to ourselves.

We're also experienced at exploding realities, at accumulating the world, at liveliness. Next to me, a child is romping around in red clothes, and the weather is nice. But I hope you can understand me all the same.

**Esther:**  
As an expert, I see things through an expert's lenses and overlook many things that other experts see through theirs. I'd actually like to swap lenses with you for a while.

**Michael:**  
Expertise is a pair of lenses. That's beautiful – or a kind of hard skin!

**Nadine:**  
My expertise might even be in my hat. I'd also like to swap it with others, like Esther swapped her lenses. We can't swap hard skin, but perhaps a trace of it, an imprint, something it leaves behind.

**HannaH:**  
In music, we also know a thing or two about keeping at it. A well-known symbol of this is the practice room, where we devote hours to individual training. But does art really happen in a space of repetition and isolation? And are plugging away and sticking at it enough?

Perhaps practice and repetition, as a process of incorporating competence, is a necessary prerequisite for getting into the artistic «groove»? Competence moves into the subconscious, into the body, into the fingers. At the boundary between tool and machinist, it manifests itself as hard skin.

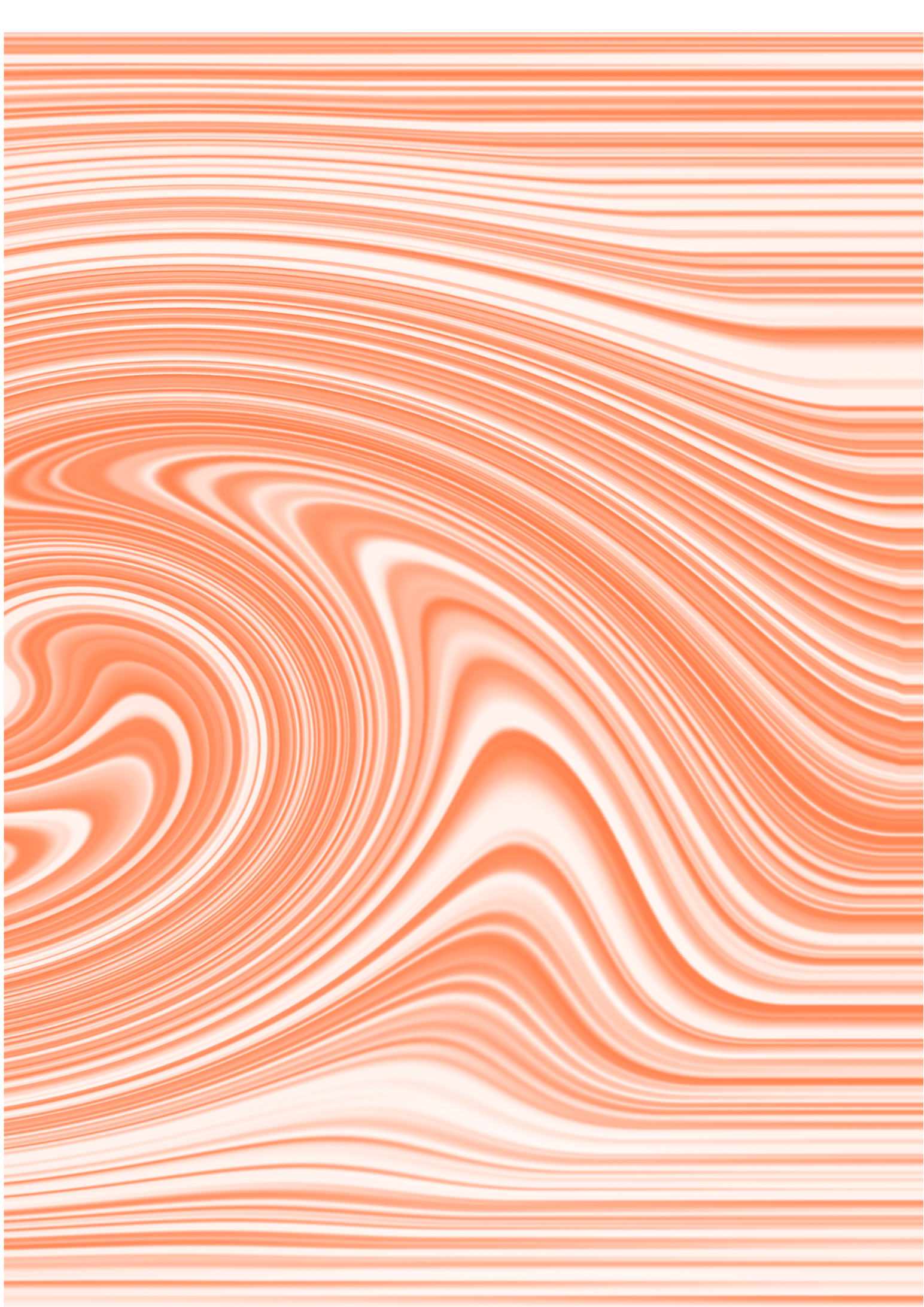
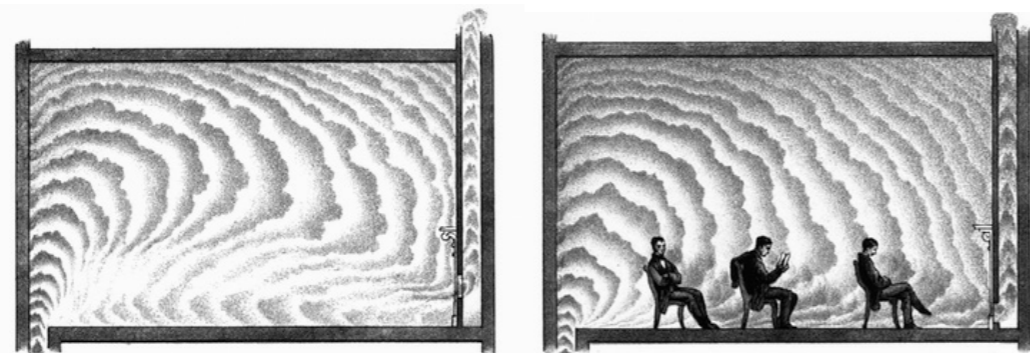
When we're in the groove, it gets us dancing. The tool, the instrument, the prosthesis, and our companions all become part of us.

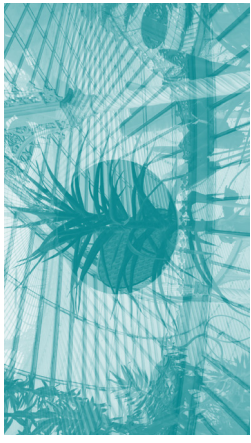
But is that enough? Perhaps this becomes art when one has learned to improvise with the material virtuously and freely. If that were so, improvising would also have something to do with unlearning. Thus, are all of us virtuosos at learning and unlearning?

**Tanja:**  
I often have the feeling that I'm no good at anything. That's probably what you're calling «de-skilling»: Giving up a sense of certainty in order to – yes, what? – indulge in perplexity? Practice cluelessness? What for? (After all, this entails the risk that the ground grows thinner at all levels... especially concerning the consistency of «reality»: my worldview, my form of life, my belief system.)

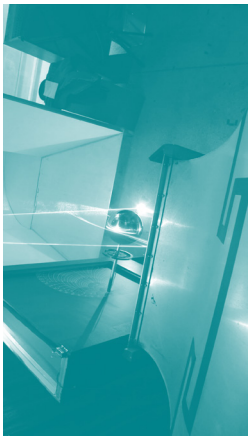
As Julia has said: Perhaps it's about trying to accumulate as much «world» and as much contradiction as possible in oneself – while still remaining true to oneself. (Because that's the only way we can find out something about this «self»?).

It's actually not possible at all. Nevertheless: It's important to hold on. To keep practicing. To practicing attempting the impossible.





003



006



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005



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004

«Allmend» is a Swiss German term that refers to common or cooperative property as distinct from agricultural land divided into parcels.

Allmend of Research Films brings together a group of artists working with a common pool of video footage that they share and contribute to. There is no given topic or theme. It is an artistic experiment in sharing within the arts, an attempt to see the diversity that similar footage can lead to.

- Generation 0  
Christoph Oeschger: *Memories of a Past Future*
- Generation 1  
Mika Elo: *Allmende*  
Christof Nüssli: *Visibility*  
Luise Schröder: *The Torn Horizon*  
US: *Many White Horses*  
Irene Vögeli: *Schnittübung*

- 001 2019
- 002 2020
- 003 2020
- 004 2020
- 005 2020
- 006 2020

