

Febr. wind tunnel bulletin

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"Robbers," Tom said. ~~"This-- this is their gun."~~ He ~~meant~~ bent and ~~picked up the Italian gun on the street.~~ "Jon!" Tom ~~knelt beside him~~ with the assistance of one of the young men, tried to seat Jonathan on the curb, but Jonathan was quite limp.

Only then did Tom ^{in a crumpled way} recognize the figure on the pavement-- ~~Reeves! Reeves~~ ^{was sitting on the pavement, bent} ~~looked all right, and was merely recovering~~ his breath, which ~~must have been completely knocked out of him.~~

"... ~~doctor!~~" ^{ambulance!} a Frenchwoman's voice was saying. "We must call an ambulance!"

"~~He's hit in the stomach, I think!~~" ^{"I have a car!" said a man said.} said a man's voice.

~~It had all happened in seconds.~~ Now Tom glanced at Jonathan's house window, and saw ~~Simone's head as she~~ ^{the black form of Simone's head as she} peeked through the curtains. He ^{sh} couldn't leave her there, Tom thought.

He had to get Jonathan to the hospital, and his car would be quicker than any ambulance. "Reeves-- hold the fort, I'll be back in one minute.-- Oui, madame," Tom said to the ~~girl~~ ^{woman} (now there were five people standing about), ~~"I have a car, I'll take him to the hospital at once!"~~ ^{or six} in his car. Tom ran across the street, and banged on the ^{house} door. ^{"Simone, it's Tom!"}

When Simone opened the door, Tom said:

"Jonathan has been hurt. We must go to the hospital at once. Just ^{fake} grab a coat and come. Or just come!" ^{And George's, too.} Simone didn't waste time with a coat, but she did think of her keys, and having groped in a coat pocket in the hall, ^{hurried} ~~pulling~~ ^{back toward Tom} ~~the coat off the hook, and ran out with Tom.~~ ^{George was beside her. Was he shot?} "Hurt? ~~A bullet~~ ^{that} to the left."

"I'm afraid so. My car is ~~this way~~ ^{that}. The green one."

His car was three cars behind where the Italians' car had been. Simone wanted to go to Jonathan, but Tom assured her that ~~xxxxxxxx~~ the most useful thing she could do was ^{to} ~~open~~ ^{the doors of his} car, which was unlocked.

Jonathan looked dead to Tom. There were more people, but no policeman as yet, and one officious little man asked Tom who

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As humans, we often seek to transform chaos into order to make sense of things, even when the two always operate side by side. In this issue of the *Wind Tunnel Bulletin* we therefore try to allow their simultaneity. We want to avoid all too clear definitions, which impose many limits and endpoints on our imagination. Sometimes, though, one has to contrive certainties in order to act.

We descend into the spaces in between. We dedicate this issue to the provisional, the processual, and the not yet clarified. We ask ourselves where, in our own work, forms of the provisional appear and what visual and formal languages we use to negotiate things that are unclear. To this end, we have created a collection of visual material and texts that symbolize for us the aspects of accumulating, correcting, and transforming. Sometimes, the unfinished, or at least the staging of the unfinished, makes more sense. The undecided, the not-yet can be assembled far more effectively into different configurations, like the enclosed tangram.

Florian Dombois, Helene Romakin, Tanja Schwarz,
Mirjam Steiner



Ich lebe in Bildern. Ich sehe alles in Bildern, meine ganze Vergangenheit, Erinnerungen sind Bilder. Ich mache die Bilder zu Sprache, indem ich ganz hineinsteige in das Bild. Ich steige so lange hinein, bis es Sprache wird.
[I live in images. I see everything in images. My entire past, all my memories are images. I turn the images into language by going down into the image completely. I do this for as long as it takes for the image to become language.]

Friederike Mayröcker

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Ist aber die Behauptung falsch, dass du einfach nicht im Stande bist, das zu tun, was man gemeinhin «zu einer Form kommen» nennt?
[But is it wrong to claim that you are simply unable to do what is generally referred to as «arriving at a form»?]

Dorothee Elmiger

I think more is always more.
And less is always less.

Thomas Hirschhorn

When you are philosophizing
you have to descend into primeval chaos
and feel at home there.

Ludwig Wittgenstein

We make sense of the world intentionally.
Faced with chaos, we seek or make the familiar,
and build up the world with it. Babies do it, we all do it;
we filter out most of what our senses report.

Ursula Le Guin

I like to chew ideas like pieces of gum,
watch them stick onto each other, stretch,
and make new shapes; materiality
and words meeting on equal grounds
at the edge of the unthinkable.

Lucy Cotter

Mit einer geringen Übertreibung ihres Empfindens hätte Agnes Born von sich sagen können, dass sie inzwischen kein Mensch mehr war, sondern eine Wolke. Trotzdem war ihr Kopf schwer.

Es war Winter gewesen und wieder Sommer geworden und nicht möglich, den Film abzuschliessen. Er war inzwischen wieder länger als vor zwei Jahren. Aber doch etwas kürzer als letztes Herbst. Manchmal fragte sie jemand nach ihrem Beruf oder nach ihrer Meinung. Sie wusste darauf nichts zu sagen. Sowieso wusste sie von sich kaum mehr etwas zu erzählen, und das hielt sie für einen Fortschritt. **Das Leben bildete eine Oberfläche, die so tat, als müsste sie so sein, wie sie ist. Ein Apfelhäutchen über dem Chaos.** Darunter trieb die geheime Wirklichkeit der Dinge. Das Meer der unendlichen Möglichkeiten und niemals ruhenden Wandlung. Ihr Herz pochte. Sie spürte, dass das, was sie in diesen Augenblicken mit solcher Stärke ergriff, die Erfahrung einer grossen Wahrheit war. «Kein Ding, kein Ich, keine Form, kein Grundsatz sind sicher, (...) im Unfesten liegt mehr von der Zukunft als im Festen, und die Gegenwart ist nichts als eine Hypothese, über die man noch nicht hinausgekommen ist», hatte sie in früher Jugend bei Musil gelesen. Ihr Film würde das endlich erfahrbar machen.

Einmal hatte sie versucht, sich auf einer Dating-Plattform anzumelden. Es war ihr nicht möglich, die Fragen zu ihrer Person zu beantworten, zu ihren Eigenschaften und Interessen, Lieblingsgetränken und Lebenszielen. **Das Einzige, was sie inzwischen mit Sicherheit wusste, war, dass sie niemals etwas werden wollte.** Auch Foto hatte sie keines. Beim Zähneputzen ging sie in der Wohnung herum, um sich (sich!) nicht im Spiegel anblicken zu müssen. **Die Unwideraufflichkeit ihrer physischen Erscheinung beleidigte ihren Möglichkeitssinn.** Nie würde sie eine grosse Nase haben, oder krauses Haar oder einen Penis. Nie ein Kaktus oder ein Oktopus sein.

Sie versuchte, die neuen Bilder, die sie gestern im Wald gesammelt hatte, in die Timeline einzufügen. Die stimmige Aufnahme der Ameisenkolonie bei Abenddämmerung und das Zoom-in auf den sterbenden Käfer verwoben sich widerstandslos mit der Szene im Supermarkt – waren aber auch sehr interessant in Kombination mit den sonderbaren Zehen ihres Liebhabers. Beide Zusammenhänge fühlten sich wahr an. Besonders wenn man im Off die Zitate von Chris Marker – oder vielleicht doch die Tonaufnahme der singenden Mönche aus Peking? Nein, es war nicht zu entscheiden. Jedes Fragment war voll mit diesen Andockstellen. Jeder Schnitt verzweigte sich in unendliche Möglichkeiten. Und genau *das* musste gezeigt werden. Ihr Film würde, indem er (...) – und wieder konnte ein wichtiger Gedanke nicht zu Ende formuliert werden.

Es schüttelte sie. Sie sass im Atelier von B. und blickte auf seine neuen Tonskulpturen. **Der Umriss der Dinge verletzte ihr Bedürfnis, sich in den Horizont wegzuschiessen und dort für immer in der Ununterscheidbarkeit von Himmel und Erde aufzugehen.** «Formbehauptung, Komposition, Entscheidung – darum geht es in der Kunst», sagte B. und rollte sich eine Zigarette. «Jedes geglückte Kunstwerk ist ein

geglückter Kampf gegen das Chaos.» An seinen wurstigen Fingern klebte Ton. «Und überhaupt: Menschsein bedeutet immer: Konsistenz behaupten! Das Gestaltlose im eigenen Innern und in der Welt in eine Ordnung bringen. Sonst ist man verloren. Wie wir von Wittgenstein gelernt haben...», etc. Er bildete sich etwas darauf ein, einige Semester Philosophie studiert zu haben. **«Jeder Selbstentwurf ist eine Sinninsel.» Das hatte sie nicht nötig. Sie war das Meer.** Etwas, das die Fassungskraft von Universitäts- und Kunstbetrieb bei weitem sprengte, überschwemmte. Hatte Wittgenstein nicht ebenfalls gesagt, man müsse ins «alte Chaos herabsteigen und sich dort wohlfühlen?» Lieber würde sie ein Leben lang keinen Finger rühren, als mittelmässige Skulpturen herzustellen.

Schon Gott hatte sich ja als Künstler in der Formbehauptung versucht, und es war offensichtlich keine gute Idee gewesen. Sie und alle anderen Wesen lebten in jenem Moment, wo Gott von seinem Werk einen Schritt zurücktrat, es betrachtete und erkennen musste, dass ihm der erste Weltentwurf nicht gelungen war. Dieser Moment dauerte seit tausenden Jahren. Überall litt alles an seiner Begrenzung durch Form. Es war grotesk. So etwas grosses und potenziell Unendliches wie die Seele in so ein kleines Menschengefäss zu stecken. Es platzte aus allen Nähten. Aber das war nie ganz möglich. Denn etwas in ihr – etwas das Gott in seiner Komödie der Individuation scheinbar miteingebaut hatte – ängstigte sich vor dem Platzen sehr. Die Form konnte nur gedehnt werden, aber nicht überschritten. Ihre Kunst zumindest würde ein Protest dagegen sein! Mag sein, dass sie das Opfer einer Laune irgendeines Künstlergottes war, der sich mit schlechten Kunstprojekten die Ewigkeit vertrieb. Aber ihr Film würde sich diesem Prinzip entziehen, würde eine «Poetik der Inkonsistenz» sein. Eine Allianz mit dem Unbestimmten, dem Noch-nicht. Eine ästhetische Rechaotisierung. **Sie zündete noch eine Zigarette an und sah den Rauchschwaden nach. Verrücktwerden lag in der Luft.** «Ich bin eine Künstlerin ohne Werk», entgegnete sie und verschüttete dabei ihr Bier. Sie hatte eigentlich etwas anderes sagen wollen und hörte zu reden auf. **Überhaupt war es schwer geworden, etwas zu sagen, das so gut war wie nichts zu sagen.** Auch die Wörter erfüllten sie manchmal mit Grauen. Auch die Wörter gaukelten eine Festigkeit vor, die es nicht gab.

Sie starrte auf die feinen Keramikobjekte. Ihr Leben lag vor ihr wie ein Berg Ton. Wie ein unermesslicher Klumpen ungeformter Kraft.

Abends schlief sie so schnell ein, wie ein Stein ins Wasser fällt. Manchmal schreckte sie nachts auf. Das Paradox stand im Raum und kicherte. Um ihr Manifest des Unfesten in die Welt und zu den Menschen zu bringen – und das war gerade in diesen Zeiten der zunehmenden Verhärtung dringend notwendig! – musste es erst Gestalt annehmen. Dann aber wäre seine Nichtfixierbarkeit, seine Komplizenschaft mit dem Flüssigen ja verloren! Es war unmöglich. «Es ist fast zu einfach, um es zu verstehen», kicherte das Paradox. «Der Tod wird auch deinen Möglichkeitsraum verkleinern, hihi.» Sie spürte ein wehmütiges Stechen in der Brust. Was, wenn sich keiner um Musils Romanfragmente gekümmert hätte? Es wäre doch auch schade, wenn all ihre Bilder und Gedanken verloren

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gingen! Wären Musils chaotische Manuskripte von seinen Mitmenschen und Nachkommen nicht gebündelt und veröffentlicht worden, hätte sie von der geheimen Wirklichkeit der Dinge gar nichts erfahren. Würde sich jemand um ihren Nachlass kümmern? **Wäre es doch an der Zeit, Kinder zu zeugen? Aber mit wem? M.? L.? B.? Und wo und wie leben? Wie sollte sie denn wissen, welche Lebensform die richtige war? Der erste Entwurf für das Leben war ja schon das Leben selbst. Sie konnte es nicht später korrigieren.** Ein schwindelerregender Wirbel erfasste sie (...)

[→ hier noch Szene einfügen, wo A.s ziellose Gedanken in einem Gegenstand (Tonskulptur von B.?) auf ihrem Nachtsisch hängen bleiben («Sehnsucht nach dem Stumpfsinn



With a slight exaggeration of her sensations, Agnes Born could have said of herself that she was no longer a person but a cloud. Nevertheless, her head was heavy. It had been winter and again summer and impossible to finish the film. The film was longer than two years ago. But shorter than last fall. Sometimes, someone asked about her profession or her opinion. To which she did not know what to respond. In any case, she hardly knew what to say about herself, and this she considered progress. Life formed a surface that pretended it had to be the way it was. An apple skin above chaos. The secret reality of things drifted beneath. The ocean of infinite possibilities and neverending transformation. Her heart was pounding. What gripped her with such strength in those moments was the experience of a great truth. «No thing, no self, no form, no principle, is safe, everything is undergoing an invisible but ceaseless transformation, the unsettled holds more of the future than the settled, and the present is nothing but a hypothesis that has not yet been surmounted.» This she had read in her early youth in Musil. Her film would finally make it tangible.

One time, she had tried joining a dating app. It was impossible for her to answer questions about herself, her characteristics and interests, favorite drinks, and life goals. The only thing she knew for sure at this point was that she never wanted to become anything. She did not even have a photo of herself. When brushing her teeth, she walked around her apartment so as not to have to look at herself (herself!) in the mirror. The irrevocability of her physical appearance was insulting to her sense of possibility. She would never have a big nose or frizzy hair or a penis. Never be a cactus or an octopus.

She tried adding the new images, gathered in the forest yesterday, to the timeline. The atmospheric recording of the ant colony at dusk and the zoom-in on the dying beetle, unresistingly intertwined with the scene in the supermarket, also seemed interesting in combination with her lover's strange toes. Both combinations felt true to her. Particularly with the words of Chris Marker in the voice-over or maybe with the sound of singing monks from

Beijing? Impossible to decide. Every fragment was full of these docking points. Every cut branched out into infinite possibilities. And it was exactly this that had to be shown. Her film would (...) Again she could not formulate the thought.

It shook her. She sat in B.'s studio looking at his new clay sculptures. The outline of things violated her need to be shot into the horizon, surrendering herself to the indistinguishability of sky and earth. «Assertion of form, composition, decision–this is what art is about,» says B., rolling himself a cigarette. «Every successful work of art is a successful struggle against chaos.» Clay stuck to his sausage-like fingers. «And anyway, being human always means asserting consistency! Bringing order to the shapeless within oneself and the world. Otherwise, one is lost. As we have learned from Wittgenstein ...» etc. He prided himself on having studied philosophy for a few semesters. «Every self-design is an island of meaning.» She did not need that. She was the sea. Something that went far beyond the comprehension of academia and the art world, overflowing it. Did Wittgenstein not also say that one must «descend into primeval chaos» and feel at home there? She would prefer not to lift a finger for the rest of her life than to create mediocre sculptures. God himself had already tried to prove himself as an artist by asserting form, and this had obviously not been a good idea. She and all other beings lived in the moment when God had taken a step back from his work, looked at it, and acknowledged that his first draft version of the world had been a failure. This moment has been lasting for thousands of years. Everything everywhere was suffering from limitation by form. It was grotesque. Sticking something as big and potentially infinite as the soul into such a small human vessel. It was bursting at the seams. But that had never been quite possible. Because something in her–something that God in his individuation comedy had apparently built into her–was very afraid of bursting. Form could only be stretched, not exceeded. Her work would at least be a protest against it! It may be that she was the victim of a whim of some artist-god who spent eternity making bad art projects. But her film would elude this principle; it would instead embody a poetics of inconsistency. An alliance with the undefined, with the not-yet. An aesthetic of rechaotization. She lit another cigarette and

wie nach einem Heimathafen») und ihre Angst Halt findet in der festen Form (als würde sich im Innern ihres Körpers sanft eine Hand schliessen). «Jetzt müsste sie sich einziehen wie eine Angelschnurr.»] (...) «Andererseits», notierte sie am nächsten Morgen, **«kann man vom Anblick eines im Kerzenlicht glänzenden Objekts auch nicht auf Dauer sein Seelenleben fristen.»** Die Kunst musste das Unmögliche wollen und das Unmögliche versuchen. Stay-ing with the trouble! Ambiguitätstoleranz! Widersprüche aushalten.

Und wie eine Matadorin hielt Sie der wütenden Wirklichkeit das rote Tuch vor den Kopf und liess sie ins Leere stürmen.

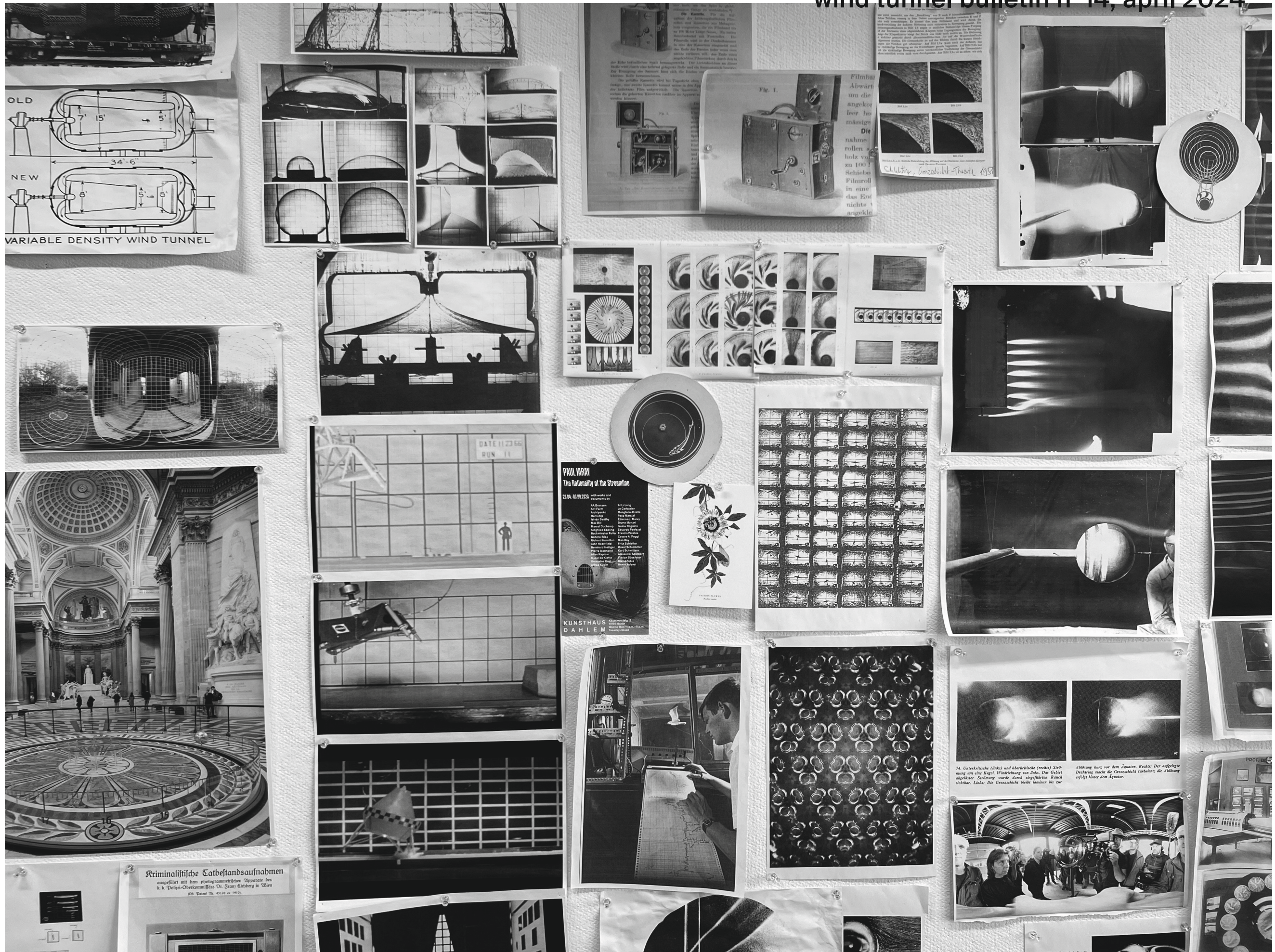
Tanja Schwarz

watched it cloud smoke. Madness was in the air. «I am an artist without a work,» she replied, spilling her beer. She had actually wanted to say something else and stopped talking. It had become difficult to say anything that was as good as saying nothing. Even words filled her with horror sometimes. Words, too, suggested a solidity that did not exist. She stared at the fine ceramic objects. Her life lay before her like a pile of clay. Like an immeasurable lump of formless power. In the evening, she fell asleep as quickly as a stone falls into water. Sometimes she woke up at night. The paradox stood in the room and giggled. In order to bring her manifesto of the unsolid to the world and to the people–urgently necessary in these times of increasing hardening!–it would first have to take form. But then its non-fixability, its complicity with the liquid would be lost! It was impossible. «It is almost too simple to be understood,» the paradox chuckled. «Death will also shrink your space of possibilities, tee-hee.» She felt a melancholic twinge in her chest. What if no one had cared for Musil's novel fragments? It would be a shame, too, if all her images and thoughts were lost! If Musil's chaotic manuscripts had not been bundled and published by his fellows and descendants, she would not have known anything about the secret reality of things. Would anyone care for her legacy? Was it time to have children? But with whom? M.? L.? B.? And where and how to live? How was she supposed to know which form of life was the right one? The first draft for life was already life itself. She could not correct it later. A dizzying whirl seized her (...)

[→ insert scene here where A.'s aimless thoughts get stuck in an object (B.'s clay sculpture?) on her night table («Longing for the dull like for a home port»), and her fear finds a purchase on the solid form (as if a hand were gently closing inside her body). «Now she would have to reel herself in like a fishing line.»]

(...) «On the other hand,» she wrote down the next morning, «you can't live for long on the sight of an object gleaming in candlelight...» Art must want the impossible and attempt the impossible. Staying with the trouble! Tolerance of ambiguity! Enduring contradictions.

And like a matador, she held a red cloth to the face of the raging reality and let it storm into the void.

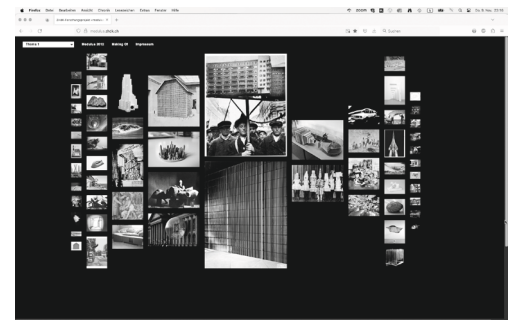
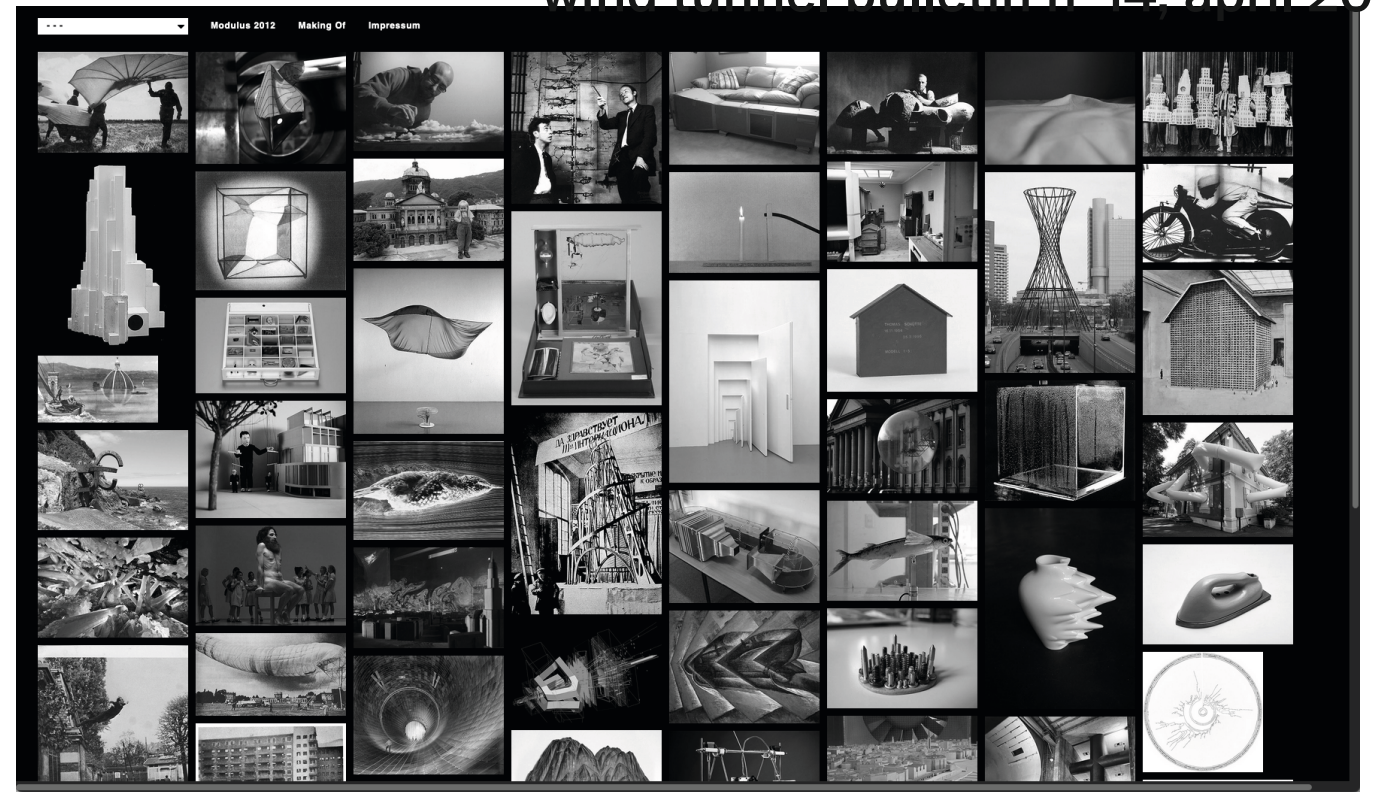


358, 359 Die weiche Wand

In meinem Büro gibt es eine weiche Wand. Sogenannte Weichfaserplatte. [There is a soft wall in my office. Made of soft fiberboard]. This is where I hang pictures that I come across and that occupy me. It's a big wall and there are lots of pictures.



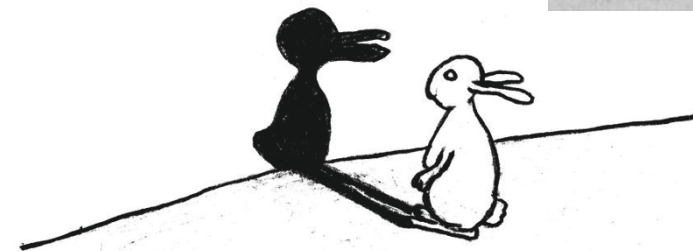
We are in dialog, the pictures and me. We organize ourselves. But not in the manner of Aby Warburg or David Hockney. I don't want to classify the pictures, I need them in a blurred order. They have to be irregular so that they remain active. Then they help me to find my own images.



A precursor to the soft wall was the online blackboard <http://modus.zhdk.ch>. In 2012, I started working with my team on wind and models. We collected pictures, 1000 pictures. And then we spent two days trying to select and organize this huge quantity (see «Making Of»). We called our picture collection the «bow wave.» The bow wave of images we aimed to stay ahead of. To swim in them and surf on them, like dolphins.



When I think of the abundance of pictures, I think of Anna Oppermann or Thomas Hirschhorn, for example. Their accumulation of sheets, texts and images until they combine and liquefy, until they become a total installation.



When I think of the abundance of images, I think of the stressful question of selection. Should we say yes? Or no, perhaps no, yes! You have to be able to cross out like Alex Hanimann. Or shoot like Nikki de Saint Phalle. But without clearing away, not clean up. No hygiene, that's my perspective.

When I think of the abundance of images, I think of flow, of transformation. I think of a rethinking, of how the rabbit meets itself as a duck in Tanja Schwarz's drawing. Or the hunger of Luzia Hürzeler's cat for its mistress. I think of art in process or of art that cannot be held.



Forms of the preliminary, which accompany the process of art making, are the focus of this Wind Tunnel Bulletin. Connected to this is the question of form finding as the moment in which artists synthesize the range of possibilities that have been developed and decide that the material, content, and expression have been adequately shaped—and as such completed—and are ready to become an artwork.

Unambiguity is also at the heart of Forensic Architecture's investigative reconstructions. Unlike the examples shown in this issue, however, everything processual, provisional, and unfinished is explicitly abandoned. Based at Goldsmiths College London, Forensic Architecture involves a group of researchers who use aesthetic practices to investigate human rights violations, either independently or on behalf of civil society organizations. Their investigations focus on conflicts or crimes in



urban agglomerations, where an analysis of the dense web of architecture, objects, media, and testimonies promises to shed light on events. The name of the collective project refers to the Latin word *forensis*, translated as «belonging to the forum,» which understands the forum not only as a place of justice but also as a place where «objects that concern the public» are discussed.¹ Thus, the activist group not only presents its findings before investigative commissions and in court but also makes use of other platforms and formats such as media contributions, lectures, and workshops in the university environment, as well

as publications and exhibitions in the art context. In their investigations, they apply, among other things, the method of comparative vision: before-and-after photos taken by satellites are compared and used to reconstruct an incident. The aim is to find out what happened in the temporal gap—the gap between two (or more) images.

The use of before-and-after satellite imagery for the purposes of comparison is a common scientific practice that can help verify damage caused by man or nature. For example, the images show the visible consequences of phenomena such as wars, earthquakes, floods, or heatwaves. The juxtaposition of these images reveals the often-dramatic extent of an intervention or disaster. The focus is not on a slow process of transformation but on a sudden, profound change.² The images function as evidence that helps to establish and uncover a fact.

The incident itself is absent from the images; instead, it becomes visible as a change in space and environment. In the temporal in-between, certain events are made evident that need to be identified and recounted. Through processes of analysis and interpretation, it is possible to trace the occurrences that have accumulated in the temporal gap. The results, in turn, are cross-referenced with other methods of evidence generation (3D models, synchronization, fieldwork, etc.) in forensic architecture. Before-and-after photos are often used to show direct causality between an action and a specific effect.

Although Forensic Architecture derives its insights from aesthetic tools, the group does not claim to be creating art. In the intermingling of artistic and technical practices, the collective uses digital and operational images and technologies that are inscribed with their procedurality in terms of production, use, and distribution. However, their processual character is only relevant insofar as it is bound to a particular purpose. The before-and-after images described here have a clear function: to eliminate everything that is unfinished and inconclusive in favor of unambiguity. It goes without saying that the poetic falls by the wayside.

Mirjam Steiner

¹ «Die Wiederherstellung des Faktischen im postfaktischen Zeitalter: Eyal Weizman über die Aufarbeitung des NSU-Komplexes durch Forensic Architecture,» *ARCH+* 229, Features 67 (2017), 3.
² See Eyal and Ines Weizman, *Before and After: Documenting the Architecture of Disaster* (Moscow: Strelka, 2014), 8.

Contemplating the work processes in art that is not yet art—before it becomes art, or while it's in the process of becoming—leads me to ponder who, beyond the initial creator, contributes to these processes? I am not just referring to the vast infrastructure supporting creative endeavors, encompassing institutions, studio spaces, the art market, and so on. I am also considering the individuals whose activities surround these processes, whether they are directly or indirectly involved. A studio, a place of one's own, as Virginia Woolf observed, is vital for engaging in creative processes. I would contend, indeed, that it is crucial, but only with all the critters and ambiguities inside it. Fortunately, the art world is increasingly embracing collective and collaborative practices, moving away from the once-prevalent notion of the solitary, burdened genius artist. The acts of accumulation, correction, crossing out, defining, and decision-making are never solitary endeavors, even though they might sometimes appear to be so. Multiple forces and minds are often involved in these steps.

The following two case studies demonstrate, in markedly different ways, how these processes might appear when other elements or entities are actively involved. When artists leave their work unfinished, or open-ended, for insects or animals to fill the space, sometimes it comes at a price.



Case Study 1: Firebug / Die gemeine Feuerwanze / *Pyrrhocoris apterus*

A few years ago, I received a package containing firebugs and their habitat, a glass box. A friend of mine had asked me to care for his artwork while he was away on an art residency on another continent. After participating in a modest group exhibition in West Germany, the firebugs found their way to my home in Berlin. These nameless firebugs, or as the artist referred to them, «readymades,» constituted a living sculpture that acted as a radioactive indicator. Even minimal exposure to radiation could easily alter the patterns on their shells. The story behind the firebugs was that they hailed from Chernobyl. They had been transported from Chernobyl to the artist's studio in Germany, then to the exhibition space, and eventually to my apartment. They were a part of an art piece designed to be ephemeral, constantly in motion—as in never finished—highlighting the repercussions of catastrophic human-made events in the Anthropocene era.

Aside from caring for the firebugs, numerous individuals played crucial roles in maintaining this artwork. I often wondered how many people were involved in looking after the firebugs for this exhibition, from those who bred them in Chernobyl to the caretakers during and after the exhibition. The firebugs, in their own unique way, mirrored the ever-evolving nature of the creative process and, at the same time, the enduring nature of history.

However, while the concept was poetic, the reality revealed the drawbacks of including these beautiful creatures. When I unpacked them, I discovered that during their DHL shipment, the insects had attempted to escape their confined habitat by traversing through layers of bubble wrap. Sadly, many had perished in the package, having been either suffocated or severely crushed. I distinctly remember the complex mix of thoughts and emotions that surged through my mind at the time: 1) an alarming sense of responsibility for maintaining the artwork that seemed to have been destroyed; 2) a mild repulsion as the insects scurried in various directions within my small apartment; and 3) a profound sense of guilt witnessing these firebugs trapped or already lifeless—insects I had vivid memories of observing since a very young age, crawling on the ground. The only creature that seemed consistent in behavior and appearance in both Russia and Germany was the firebug. Despite doing everything I could to care for these delicate critters over the following weeks, they remained distressed. Each day, I witnessed their gradual demise. Despite my efforts, including taking images and sending reports to the artist, nothing seemed to work. My initial guilt turned into despair, worry, and haunting nightmares. While I can't recall the precise conclusion of this saga, I am certain that they all passed away while in my custody.

Case Study 2: The Bees

The cultural image of bees as hard-working insects is widespread. Not surprisingly, the artist Pierre Huyghe has incorporated bees into several of his eco-installations. One of his best-known works involving bees is his contribution to documenta 13 in 2012, titled *Untilled*. This was an installation set in the muddy compost of Karlsaue Park, designed to appear as a coincidentally constructed ecosystem, unfinished, ephemeral, or not-yet-art. In Huyghe's body of work, such pieces are intended to be dynamic co-evolutions, forming an unstable mesh—a self-organizing and interdependent ecosystem involving both living and non-living agents. Huyghe's artwork acts as a seemingly fluid and transitional mise-en-scène—one that is highly controlled—for the actual working agents, which include plants, insects, animals, and algorithms. Within this installation, Huyghe placed a concrete sculpture of a reclining woman with her head covered by a bee-hive. A few years later, in 2017, he created another sculpture titled *Exomind*, featuring another woman, this time seated, with a beehive as her headpiece.

Numerous stories about museums that later purchased and exhibited these works did the rounds in the media. The Hayward Gallery in London, for instance, reported the loss of an entire beehive, which fell victim to a natural competitor in the area as they vied for food. Other beehives either perished or moved away because an open head sculpture is not their natural habitat. In his book *Honey and Venom* (2020), beekeeper Andrew Coté, who claims to have contributed to the design of the honeycombs on Huyghe's sculptures, detailed the challenges involved in caring for the beehives placed on the sculptures. Meanwhile, the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) captured the beehive's activity in an almost eight-hour live screening. There's a certain fascination in watching these insects construct their home. According to Coté, while at MoMA, the bees' flight paths extended over three miles, reaching Central Park and Park Avenue. This was not just to serve as an artwork but also to produce what «may be the most cosmopolitan honey ever concocted by the alchemy through which bees spin nectar into liquid gold.» And yet, the moral double standards of the art field are quite hard to circumvent for everyone involved.

Helene Romakin

Florian Dombois: Yeah, thank you, hello, I hope you can hear me. Raise your hand if you can. Okay. Klaas Tindemans asked me to speak about my ideas of *Probe*, or rehearsal, as an artistic method. I will only talk, and I'm speaking between a real-time Zoom and a delayed streaming on YouTube. I like in-between spaces. And while I'm talking, I will rehearse my roller-skating, so you have something to look at. [Moderators/Guests laugh]

I'm not from the theater; my background is in visual and sound arts. And as Kathleen has mentioned, I'm a professor of transdisciplinarity here in Zurich. So I have to write project applications for research agencies, and one of my concerns is—I'm not very good at all this [referring to roller-skating and presenting at the same time]—one of my concerns is: How can I design an artistic research project that mainly involves artists and have them on the payroll? We all know that when you write an application, you need to describe what you want to do. So, how can I describe the future without constraining it too much, without killing the surprise?

Probably, most artists know about this problem when you describe a coming artwork too much, it's very often that it fails [sic; it very often fails]. So, I try to be not too precise — not too — I don't want to describe too precise [sic; precisely] what the things that are come [sic; the things that are to come]. So how can I deliver something and how can I not... [searches in his notes, stops roller skating, lost the thread] Sorry ...

How can I prepare for the future [starts roller-skating again] without prepackaging my ideas too much with goals and deliverables [sic; without prepackaging my ideas with too many goals and deliverables]. I'm not convinced by the idea of themes. I don't want to study themes and I'm also not good at knowledge production, because actually I think—and I would like to raise this issue here—knowledge production is a trap for us artists. Knowledge—I'm not sure if I'm really producing knowledge. I want to contribute to the field of the arts. I want research to be a social practice of peers. I want to deliver to the field we share. I think artistic research should be about improving the field of art and not about how we can deliver our artistic ideas to the scientific field in whatever form is most suitable. So I repeat my question: How should we design an application where we have to tell the research agency what we will do? And since a lot of money is involved, I think they are right when they ask us to be precise.



Allow me to share an example of an artistic research project: I am working on kites that I fly on piano strings.² I feed the string into an instrument on the ground, which makes it a kind of huge electric guitar. Our artistic questions in the project relate to the sound qualities: How can we play with a fifteen-meter-long string instrument that is controlled by the wind? We are also concerned as a group with the playing modes, which the uncontrollable wind is part of. The kite instruments also trigger questions for the sciences like «Can a measuring device be dialogical?» (because these instruments not only receive the sound from the sky but also send it to the sky). Or you can relate the kite instruments to sociology or theories of resonance, et cetera.

Let's say, with these instruments, we open wide a door to all kinds of research. And we don't want to reduce or cut up our questions into little packages. On the contrary: We want to allow things to happen, to stay open, while the funding agency requires precision. How to be open and precise at the same time?

I organize the research process as a *Probe*, a rehearsal.

I do not organize it around themes. I define it by its schedule of rehearsal and by the people involved. I develop a *Probenplan*, a rehearsal schedule. And in the theater—you guys know this better than me—rehearsal schedules are a very precise tool. Thanks to them, everybody knows where to go, what to prepare, how to engage. And calling re-search a rehearsal also makes it clear that there will be a kind of premiere at the end, that there is something that we are trying to achieve, that we're working for, improving towards.

And by the way, the German word *Probe* actually involves «trying out,» «testing,» «sampling,» but not repeating. A *Probe* is not about «re-hearsing» but about calling something into existence—that is, facing the future. In the twentieth century, some very interesting forms of *Probe* have developed in the theater. Take Bertolt Brecht and Heiner Müller, for instance, who treated the rehearsal as a process of finding, of finding out, of opening doors and not of repeating. Annette Matzke writes that in their rehearsals the producer, the process, and the product become the same. They come together in the same moment.

So let me summarize my little presentation here: I think *Probe* is an interesting method, as it focuses on how to research and who researches. And it also satisfies my funding agency because I am precise: in terms of the working hours and the people. I build a choreography, allowing for unexpectedness in the research results. And that's what I think research should prepare for: the unexpected.

Okay, I'm through. Let me close with a sentence that you will find in most scientific publications: «Further research is needed.» Thank you very much.

1 Slightly edited transcript of an online lecture delivered during Session 1 «Embodied Knowledge» of the «Methodology and Artistic Research» conference at RITCS – Royal Institute for Theatre, Cinema & Sound in Brussels; see «Methodology and Artistic Research,» RITCS School of Arts, streamed live on April 26, 2021, YouTube video, 7:54:35, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q2h6-jPPT2o&t=3562s>.

2 See <http://worldwidewind.org>.

In this issue we focus on the	provisional & assertion of form.	What is current about it for you?	
Helene Romakin	Tanja Schwarz	Mirjam Steiner	Florian Dombois
What I have realized in the last years is that, generally speaking, the provisional was a line of thought that I would later recognize as final, defined, and ready to be let out into the world. Hence, my conclusion: Trust the provisional more—it already tells you the whole story.	I think that in times of great instability and uncertainty we are often tempted to fix things, to have a clear-cut opinion about ourselves and «the world.» Maybe art can help us to maintain an inner mobility, an «neither-nor» instead of solidification. Going beyond consistencies, beyond clear answers and solutions, and embarking on an experiment with an open outcome, a departure into the undefined. I believe that today—perhaps more than ever—we need a way of thinking that is open to the ambivalence and complexity of the existing, one that remains in constant motion. (→ wird noch etwas gekürzt!)	I don't want to commit to anything like that right now. I find the provisional more fruitful at the moment because it opens up space for thought. What is already fixed prevents thinking.	Do the right thing at the right moment. In that very moment.

-309- essential for a brush and toothpaste, which Tom thought ~~would look like~~ suitcase to look natural. Somehow Tom hadn't wanted to give Reeves the toothbrush that Jonathan had used only once. ~~Tom knew was unlucky,~~ Reeves looked like himself, but paler, without the beard. /"Tom, don't wait around. I'll manage. Thanks infinitely, ~~really.~~ Because you saved my life." ~~That wasn't quite~~ unless (over) ~~Tom does park.~~ The phrase was real, true, "Okay, I won't park," Tom said. ~~He was in his car at the departure side of the airport front,~~ ~~recalled~~ and Tom thought for a moment of the afternoon he had deposited the dead Murchison's suitcase with his topcoat laid over it just about here on the pavement. "If I don't hear from you," Tom said with a smile, "I'll assume you're all right." Tom, ~~really~~ meant that Reeves was never too not all right not to wire or telephone for Tom's assistance, but Tom thought it would be rude to make this any clearer. ~~"Right, you are. Mum's the word."~~ ~~He had to shake it off.~~ ~~He couldn't, didn't want to shake~~ ~~it off by trying to see people this evening, not the Grais again, for God's sake, not the Berthelins who lived several kilometres away, nor the Cleggs.~~ ~~He'd ring up Heloise around 7 PM, see if she'd departed yet on the Swiss jaunt. But no doubt she had. Still, her parents would know her telephone number in the Swiss chalet. Heloise always thought of things like that, leaving a telephone number or an address where she could be reached.~~ ~~Then of course, he might have a visit from the police which would put an end to even his plan of trying to shake off his depression. What could he say to the police, that he ~~was~~ home all last evening? Tom laughed, and the laugh was a relief. But who was to deny him if he said that? He would have to find out first, of course, what Simone had already said, if he could.~~

- Generation 0

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Florian Dombois, *Deaf-Pride-Wish-Doubt-Greed-Sloth-Blind*
- Generation 2

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Andreas Bunte, *Parallel Motion, Part 1-3*

Elodie Pong, *On a Beautiful Day*

Leslie Thornton, *Waveless*
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Giulia Essayad, *Bull in the Ether*

Philipp Modersohn, *Unfiltered Smoke*

Raqs Media Collective, *In Recension*



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