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garderobe (kunstmuseum bonn)

jessica twitchell
 thomas straub
 maarten van roy
 bonn theatre fundus
 w/ jari ortwig

alongside *rituals from the fringe*
 franziska margerete hoenisch
 maria francesca scaroni
 benediktt schiefer
 frank willens
 ivan cheng

bellies to simulate pregnancy
 silicon latex peel
 unseasonal weather
 foundation for a face like a puppet
 the tour for presenters
 inviting only women
 hoping in lines, trading lines
 massaging.

mosquito garnish, aida desert
 yelp on café im kunstmuseum bonn
 'nice place for an intermediate locking'
 insurance premiums upon collection
 stanley or scalpel knifing a sea of canvases
 it's been done, it's been done, they have no
 history so it's to do again, to make it forever
 new, forever here.

bs says in one hundred this may be a mall,
 thinking this as a mall / would need renovating
 inconvenient amenities, poor public access, like
 the lower floors are for the slumming bodies and
 the upper is ascension. begging to go on the roof,
 words unheeded.

how many would you slash before
 stopping, being stopped. wouldn't the conservator
 simply restitch the canvas or hang another work from
 the oeuvre / collection o / c / california hear we come
 slump, trailer, caravan, posture, sit, releve, en garde

some days I notice the eye make-up that maria wears,
 and other days it's not there. sometimes she wears a
 headband which makes her hairline flat across her forehead,
 and other days it is loose. bs asks is this the fringe
 we're talking about? *ritual froms the fridg!*

how does a tour come to see a film? watch a tortoise
 eating a cake made of melons, a hotel room stinking
 of hummus and cream scrambled eggs. simone forti
 would stab and slash to get her share of the cucumber
 slices alongside the salmon at breakfast.

a shivering hand pushing and weeding.

moving through the galleries and looking at paintings
 laughing for minutes as they approach and let us know
 that actually, this richter and genzken room is the taboo
 room and we may not perform here / but we're just trying
 to sit and look at the paintings. will they think frank's laughter
 is activation of / it, staring into the grey field and recognising faces

pareidolia, a form of apophenia / recognising

being seen as designated performers in space, but we all
 have contracts with partners of the museum, obligations, grey
 privileges. this as your environment for decades / desire to be
 in the car crash room, direct sunlight and beuys triggered to
 yay and nay with passing motion / yay / nay is this how you feel?

the designated performance, the designated time, and looking in
 between. simone forti's re-enactments, wednesday and sunday.

g/listening / an approach every morning / a lign to
 the museum. is this warming up, the score to approach

middle aged spread
 middle aged spread
 middle aged spread
 middle aged spread
 middle aged spread

regional messe

leave your things in the garderobe / peeling off .
 stripping to qualities. have you seen where the ceiling is
 patched? the axel schultes building cracking. the leather
 benches in the café peel. entrances plastered with advertising

jessica twitchell's posters off walls, draped on the shelf
 ink seeped through glue, the photo of model onto surface
 walls gone. the backside of thomas straub's concrete mask
 concrete replica – the oldest found mask in the world,
 painted and treated, living in his keller. jari arrives to the
 café with a tote bag. we open it up. each day I'll move the
 objects around. keeping them active, but I never show the
 front face of thomas' mask. meeting jessica,
 thomas, maarten through j in cologne, ic trains to the
 city. j has a meeting in bonn so i make my own way
 to mullheim alone. maarten might have cleaned his studio
 if he knew i was coming, but there is no division in the
 living or the working, it is all approached with the same
 intensity. weighing the relation / the absence, for maarten,
 is as key as the object. jessica loans also a work on paper,
 demontage,

de montage - demon tages, it sits and somehow one
 day it falls and ends up neatly in the corner. ic panic
 and the eyes of the skull cut out and weight of loan,
 who has put the baby in the corner? was this area cleaned?
 was someone curious? no one should be back here, the mu-
 seum never gets that many people using the garderobe.

jari, the curator and friend from köln needs to look
 at it and clambers over the counter to check it out.
 and she says maybe it's for the best, maybe it was
 too clearly an art work for what else you have here
 and I say what you mean the frog costumes with
 shining bikinis, the schlemmer reconstructions from
 the schlingensief production of freaks, the torso
 from lohengrin, the schiller joan of arc chainmail
 shirt and chaps, the beads from tel aviv that arrived
 for a staging of f.lang's metropolis, these surfaces /
 objects that were made to take theatrical light and
 now languish / languish like legacies, things in the
 light and out of storage / estates, homes, these
 borrowed works don't fit?

thanks to sigrid gareis, daniela ebert,
 jari ortwig, beethovenfest bonn, and
 kunstmuseum bonn.

these are forms, masks, covering bodies faces. like
 works on walls. tracing gesture, putting it into frame
 a recognition of pattern and score, or the post-partum
 note. applying / performing / arts



the gesture as always being a gesture of not being able to figure something out in language; it is a gag on the proper meaning of the term, indicating first of all something that could be put in your mouth to hinder speech, as well as in the sense of the actor's improvisation meant to compensate a loss of memory or inability to speak. From this point derives not only the proximity between gesture and philosophy, but also the one between philosophy and cinema. Cinema's essential 'silence' (which has nothing to do with the presence or absence of a sound track) is, just like the silence of philosophy, exposure of the being-in-language of human beings: pure gesturality. The Wittgensteinian definition of the mystic as the appearing of what cannot be said is literally a definition of the gag \ g.agamben