

THE NON-HUMAN

they all told us stories, stories we liked as children and stories that became real in the adulthood. but stories are not real, they made us believe what doesn't exist. and now we are searching for the reality, which was hidden from us.

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Forming a proposal that includes all I have and all of who I am.

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The *imaginary* is the world of consciousness of the ego, of the self alone, a site where the world of meaning and the world of the signified is seen untouched and flexible because it occurs only in relation to pleasure. But this "I am at the center of the world" is constantly being undermined by the *symbolic*; the dark truth that this world only appears within language, a fact that which precedes me, determines what I know to be myself and will survive my death.

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I stand here. And you understand me.

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Fake it till you make it

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there is no exact purpose of being in the last room (4th floor), even though it made sense, you can hear the rain very clearly there.

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"Everything that lives, it seems, must play host to the germ of its own dissolution."

-Michael Pollan

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"We asked them to be blobs."

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When I think about non-human, I think about eternity.

The person lives and works in Berlin, didn't finish his studies in Physics and Comparatistics before he made the apprenticeship as a postman at the German Post AG. After several stays in several countries he founded an import export business for applecakes, the ARTuFaire Galleries and the label The Lable. He likes sports.

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This process of work was a struggle to conceptualise the city, which already seems so unreal.

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this is what it is

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The house that we come from and the economies that form it.

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Why don't you love them anymore?

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Tongues. Words over words: crossing, circulating, trying to reach the core, recognizing that always new paths are being built, that lead away, allegedly.

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I have known this for as long as I can remember, with an understanding that reverberates deep in my heart.

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No one is in control

We name them all. There is almost nothing without a name. We live in a world, full of terms, names and labels. The reason we are using these names and terms is because of anxiety to lose ourselves. We got hours, days, months and years and letters and words and etc etc ...

There is always summer and fall and the winter. There are many of this patterns and plans, which repeat themselves in time. It seems like we just missing something. Something is slipped. Otherwise, why do we need a repetition? Maybe we just need to recognize and finally understand it.

It is all like a curse above us. It is a punishment, which we can only end through understanding it.

So how would it be, if we could stop being scared of to slip and just lose ourselves?

What would it be like to do everything without any borders-patterns or limitations? Not only to touch the red book on the table, but the whole table, without missing any detail. Would this circle of repetitions stop? Could we finally understand everything around us or would we be just insane. These two videos are some experimants according to these ideas.



Salzburg diary, 8/2014

I thought I could do a write-up of our class and this situation based on my dream the first night I arrived. Many of us were in it. I sort of obscured it by trying to go to bed again, though, and force another dream.

What I do remember: Isla had the biggest, most attention – getting incident, in spite of herself really. She was working in a storehouse of some kind – a job that she connected with through her parents and that she has always had alongside her ambitious art education. Moving product (dairy products, here in Austria?) with a manually operated drivable lift – the type of little vehicle that lifts pallets – and she clumsily punctured her foot, the sizable divet sportily filling and emptying itself of its bleeding on the top of her foot. She is still cheerful as she reacts appropriately, accepting help and making noise and making her way to the exit or to the first aid kit or ambulance, whichever is necessary. Jessica has been around the entire dream, basically being sweet and encouraging to everyone with all of their art plans. Vlad torturously trying to figure out some art puzzle, looking for a friend, perhaps just wanting to be chatted with. I know that Peter was in it too, other populations in the class too, and I felt extremely clairvoyant upon waking – that I had seen deep into everybody's soul and life positions here with this unconscious processing.

Everyone wrote a proposal that quotes a recognizable theorist: Foucault, Michael Taussig, Deleuze and Guattari, et al et al. There isn't self-consciousness about lifting abstract passages from other texts, chosen for their velleity toward something hazy and aesthetic, and then plugging that directly into the art works. Everything has mostly a cool, nervous and delimited range – no consensus, not enough english to stay on a topic for too long, and no discussion of too much immediate politics. We had a moment where we saw a murdered german-palestinian family, then we think of work * about * the media transmission of this image.. we see images from doug's earlier work of people in new jersey who just lost their children to a gruesome accident, we see images of 9/11 which we all know was bad, esp. for the people right under it but it was bad in so many other ways too, right. Human sentiment and the political.. or how about

just political. We know some things are wrong. If we dick around too long in the art world we know we are ignoring these things. In any profession, this may be true, but art has a bit of a claim on these humanizing forces.. these aestheticizing and experimental, soul-making forces. ...

Things became a shade uglier when a couple students announced that they didn't know if they could realize a work during the course. Why get hung up on the form? Well, with the training everybody has, their websites and their self-delivery I think it is understandably a little weird to them to have to show something that could possibly look bad. We go back and forth on this, though. "We" – these people who have given me food, cigarettes, let me borrow money, eyed me alternately with suspicion and with affection. With everyone's practice so entrenched in particular materials and presentation the frenzy of work has been electively put aside, coming into another aspect of how we are all here, vacation. Going out with everyone last night was fun. It makes it harder to write a diary about them, maybe. I see more and more how our 'international' context makes things insensible to one another, but good will presides. Though we may've acted like it earlier in the week, we don't know too much about each other at all. Everyones outlook toward everyone else is visibly evolving.



In my visions my Doctor repeatedly appeared to me accompanied by a policeman or in conversation with his wife, which I witnessed by way of nerve-contact and where he called himself "God Doctor" to his wife, so that she was inclined to think he was mad. I am, however, almost certain now that these visions did not conform to real happenings in the way I believed I had seen them. But I think it is permissible to interpret them as revelations of divine opinion on what ought to have happened to him. However that may be, it is an actual or subjectively certain event from the distinctness of my recollection whether other people can or cannot believe me—that about that time I had the Doctor's soul and most probably his whole soul temporarily in my body. It was a fairly bulky ball or bundle which I can perhaps best compare with a corresponding volume of wadding or cobweb, which had been thrown into my belly by way of miracle, presumably to perish there. In view of its size it would in any case probably have been impossible to retain this soul in my belly, to digest it so to speak; indeed when it attempted to free itself I let it go voluntarily, being moved by a kind of sympathy, and so it escaped through my mouth into the open again.

- from Memoirs of my Nervous Illness
by Judge Daniel Paul Schreber

The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers. The Golden Chamber is the most magnificently furnished room of the princely chambers.

The photograph shows a dimly lit, cluttered interior space. In the foreground, there's a bright blue rectangular object, possibly a folder or a piece of fabric, resting on a surface. To its right, a black office chair is positioned. Behind the chair, a white desk holds several small, ornate figurines or statues. The background features wooden paneling and a window with a dark frame. The overall atmosphere is one of disarray and neglect.



A hidden pool in the Hohensalzburg Fortress

Today something incredible happened. A swimming pool was discovered by chance in Hohensalzburg Fortress. The strange finding was made by a student from Salzburg International Summer Academy of Fine Arts.

The student is in Doug Ashford's class and did not want to reveal his identity. He told us that Sunday morning took a walk in the Hohensalzburg Fortress. Because Sunday the students don't have classes in the fortress, we presume that this he entered without permission in the working place. He climbed on the roof and from a small window he saw an indoor garden, and in that garden a swimming pool.

Because it was unbelievable, we asked him to show us that pool. It seems to have 4 by 3 m. There were plastic chairs besides the water surface, so we presume that it is used by someone.

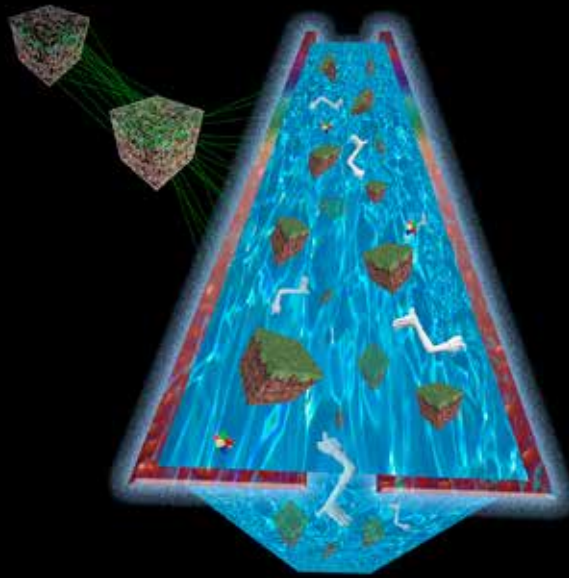
The Summer Academy staff didn't have any comments about this issue until now.

On the next page you can see the incredible photo that we took.

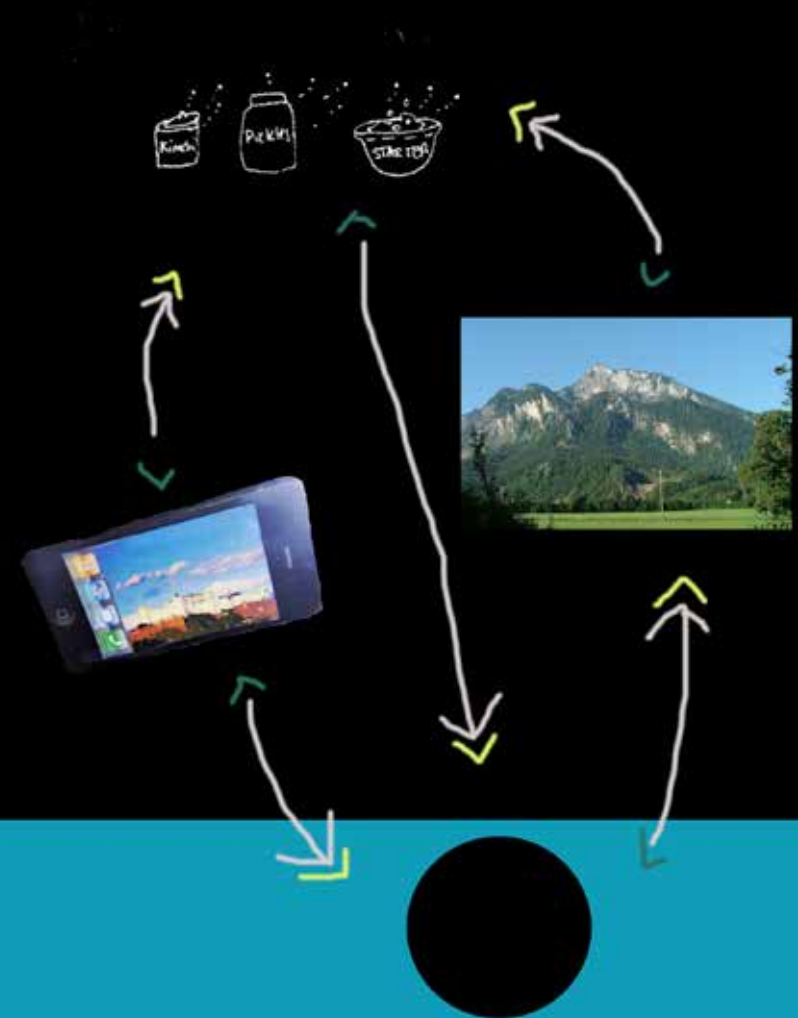
F.L.



"Everything that lives, it seems, must play



"lead to the germ of its own dissolution."



SOME CONCEPTS/TERMS

Feminism. Slippage. Oblique horizon. Therapy. Commodity Fetishism. Part-Object. Bourgeois Decadence. Public Art. Galatea. Lot's Wife. Butter Sculpture. Performance. Thingness. Formlessness. Language. Spiritualism. Bassesse. Psychoanalysis. Ground. Sex. Queerness. Body Politic. Guns vs. Butter.

SOME REFERENCES

Lygia Clark's sensory hoods. Louise Bourgeois. Ana Mendieta. Felix Gonzales Torres. Sara Ahmed, Queer Phenomenology. Jeanine Oleson's scores. Bataille. Rosalind Krauss on Surrealism. Elizabeth Grosz, Space, Time, and Perversion. Amelia Jones, The Eternal Return. Jennifer Doyle, Hold it Against Me. Heather Love, Feeling Backwards. Richard Move as Martha Graham with Yvonne Rainer. Gentleman Prefer Blondes. Etta James, Prisoner of Love. Ella Fitzgerald, Just one of Those Things. Nina Simone and Emile Latimer, Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair. Hito Steyerl, A Thing Like You and Me. Juliette Alexandre Bisson and Eva C. Dorothy Parker. John Heartfield. Claude Cahun.





We tried to create a place filled with sense, action, responsibility, sacrality and kindness.
Maybe a "not at all human" place.

When I think about non-human, I think about eternity.





This process of work was a struggle to conceptualise the city, which already seems so unreal.

My project Greetings is a study, a sketch and at the same time a natural consequence of my interest in spiritual séances and ectoplasm. It is a draft, unfinished impression of a tourist. A tourist who can be understood as a visitor from another world, a symbol of an outsider.

I wanted to interrupt the domesticity and touristic character of this place. By using stereotypical images produced by the city, I wanted to draw attention to their latent nature.

I treat ectoplasm as a materialized irrational force hidden in every structure – object and/or being.



THE MASTER

arisen
inferring

from this conflagration

that pre-

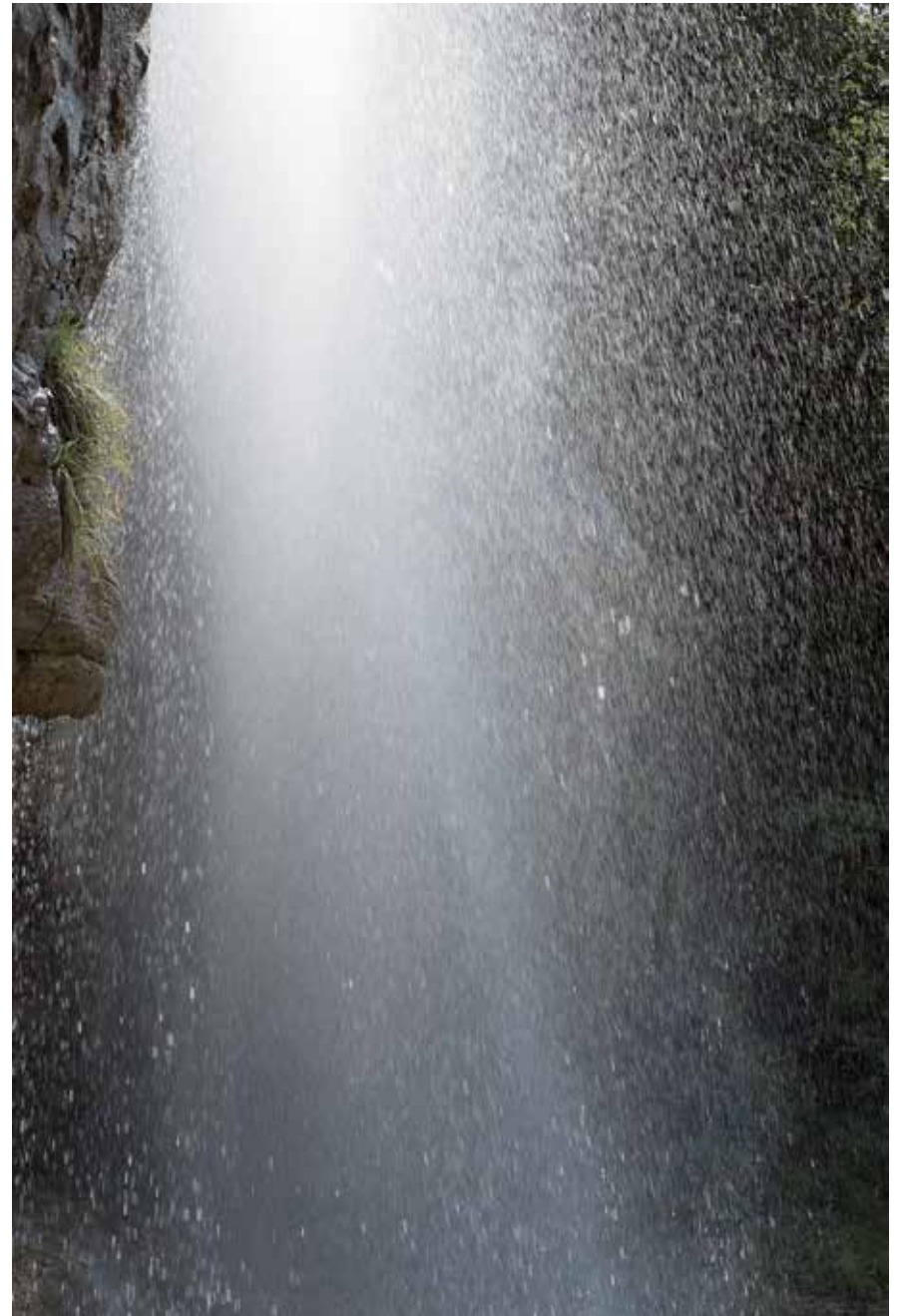
as one menaces

the unique number which cannot

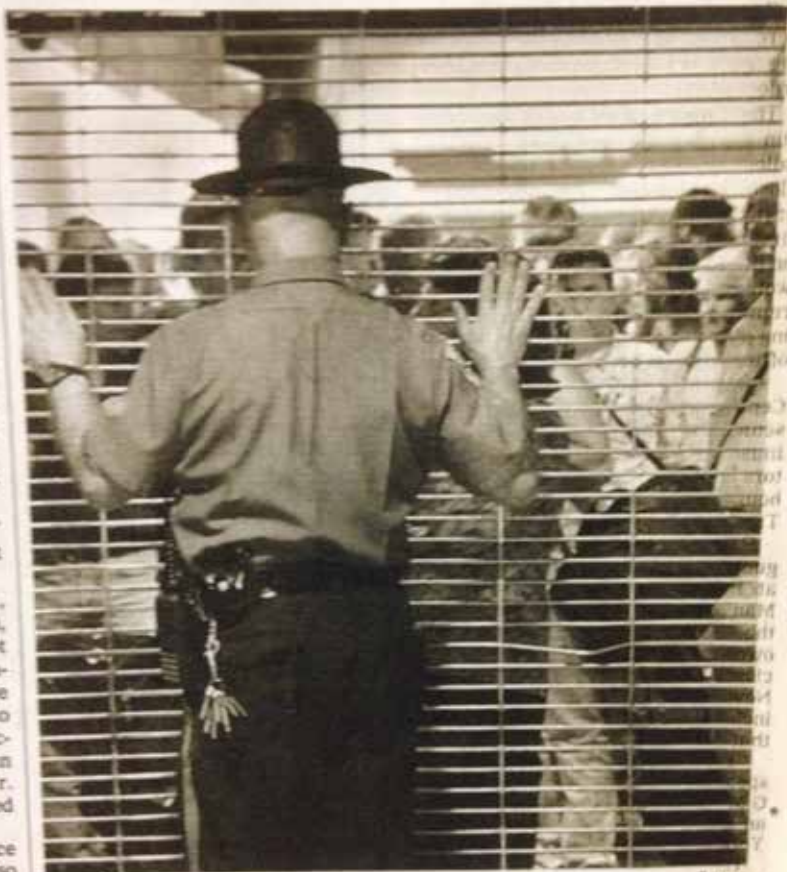
hesitates
a corpse by the arm

rather
than play
as a hoary maniac
the game
in the name of the waves
one

that shipwreck



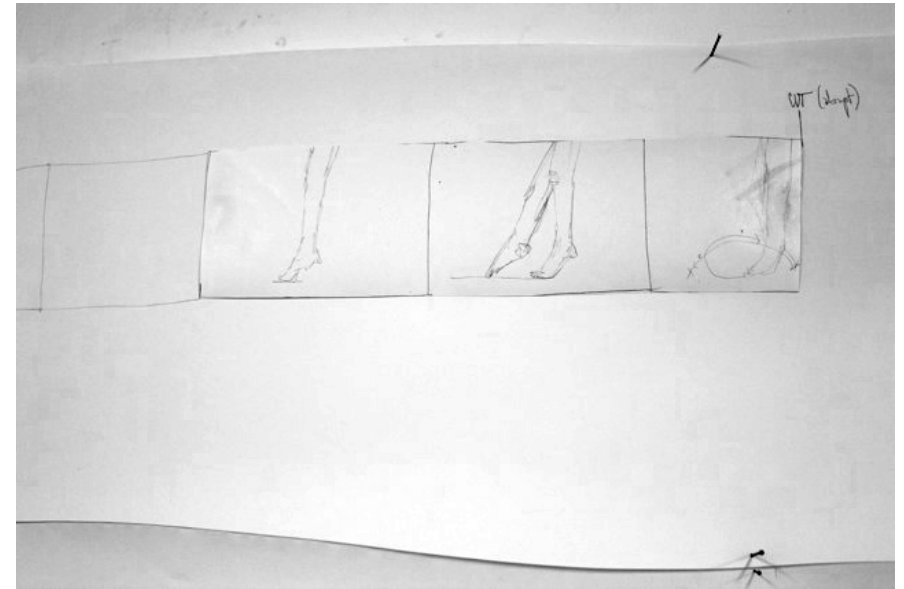
hundreds of service personnel, from any changes necessary to prevent it, members of catering staffs to me- from occurring again," he said.



A state trooper watched yesterday as passengers at the American Airlines terminal at Logan International Airport were evacuated.

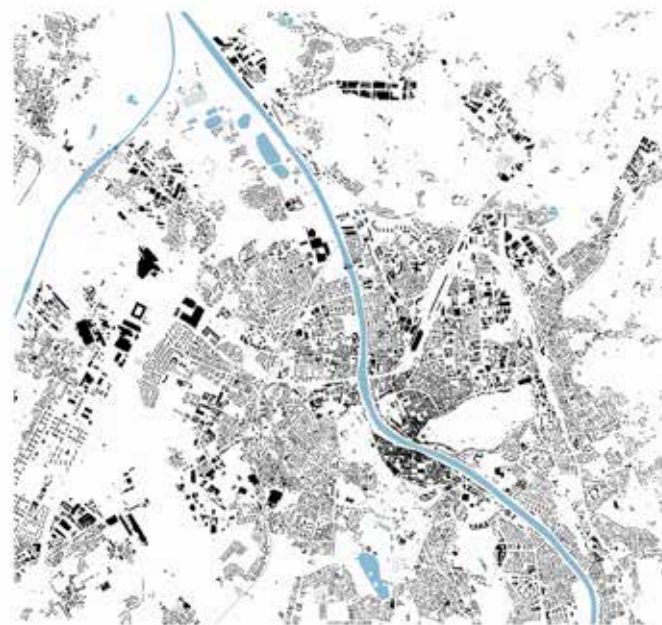
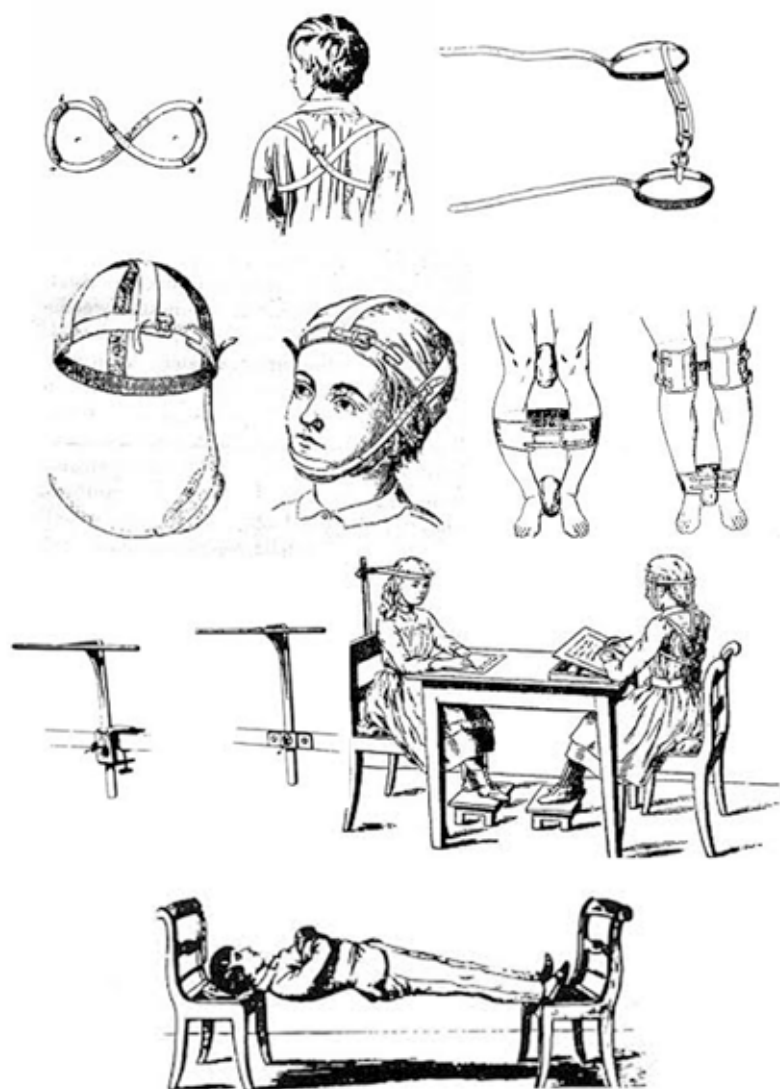






There are also, probably in every culture, in every civilization, real places, which are something like counter-sites, a kind of effectively enacted utopia in which the real sites, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted. Places of this kind are outside of all places, even though it may be possible to indicate their location in reality. In contrast to utopias, I should call them heterotopias.

Michel Foucault





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