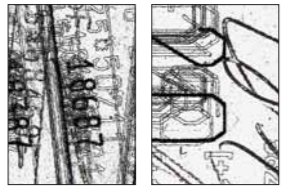


*Tracks*  
*&*  
*Traces*

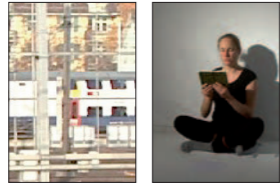
Rotationsatelier  
2012  
—  
2014

August  
September  
2012

**Enzo  
Comin**



**Venezia**  
in  
Zusammenarbeit  
mit  
index

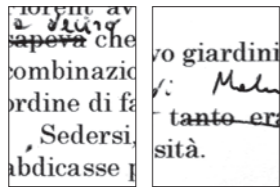


Oktober  
2012

**Marguerite  
van  
Sandick**



**Rotterdam  
Berlin**  
co-hosted  
by  
index



Oktober  
2012

**Verica  
Kovacevska**



**Skopje  
Zürich**



November  
2012

**Felicia  
Atkinson**



**Paris  
Brüssel**  
co-hosted  
by  
index

Februar  
März  
2013

**Celeste  
Najt**

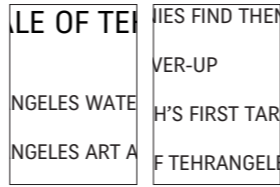


**Buenos  
Aires**  
in  
Zusammenarbeit  
mit  
index

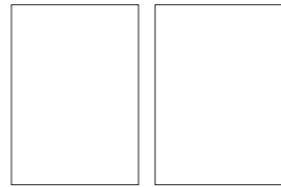


Februar  
März  
2013

**Anahita  
Razmi**



**Stuttgart**



April  
2013

**James  
Stephen  
Wright**

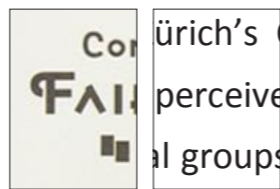


**Glasgow**



April  
Mai  
2013

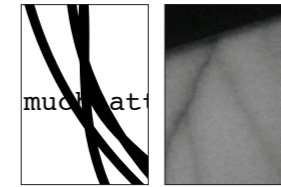
**Elisa  
Tosoni**



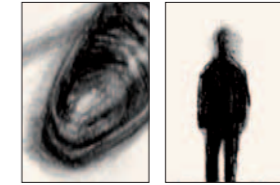
in  
Zusammenarbeit  
mit  
index

August  
September  
2013

**Adam  
Knight**



**London**  
in  
Zusammenarbeit  
mit  
index

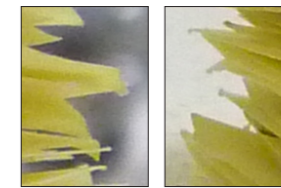


Mai  
Juni  
2013

**Nicola  
Genovese**  
—  
**Padova**

September  
2013

**Johanna  
Wögerbauer**



**Linz**

Juni  
2013

**Klaengur  
Gunnarsson**



Oktober  
2013

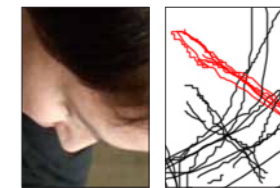
**Gabriele  
Oropallo**



**Oslo**

Juli  
August  
2013

**Latefa  
Wiersch**  
—  
**Leipzig**



Oktober  
November  
2013

**Seda  
Hepsev**  
—  
**Istanbul  
Winterthur**



November  
2013

**Diego  
Mallo  
Ferrer**

**Barcelona**  
Kollaboration  
mit  
La  
Escocesa  
Barcelona

Dezember  
2013

**Katrin  
Eichmann**

**Bochum**

Dezember  
2013  
Januar  
2014

**Steffi  
Weismann**  
—  
**Berlin**

***Das Rotationsatelier war ein ein- bis zwei-monatiges Atelierstipendium in einem ehemaligen Dienstgebäude der SBB in Zürich, offen für Kulturschaffende aus der restlichen Schweiz und dem Ausland, aus allen Disziplinen – Literatur, Forschung, Kunst, Design, Musik, Film, Kunstvermittlung etc.***

***Zwischen August 2012 und Januar 2014 empfing das Rotationsatelier insgesamt 21 Gäste. Auf zwei A4-Seiten hinterliessen sie eine Spur ihres Aufenthalts.***

***The Rotationsatelier was a short residency in a former office building of the Swiss National Railway Company SBB in Zurich, open to people working in all cultural disciplines – writing, research, art, design, music, film, curating etc. – from other parts of Switzerland and abroad.***

***Between August 2012 and January 2014, the Rotationsatelier hosted 21 guests. Each one left a trace of their stay on 2 A4 pages.***

Das Rotationsatelier war Teil des Zwischennutzungsprojekts OG9 des Vereins Kunsthaus Aussersihl. Kunsthaus Aussersihl ist eine Initiative von Kulturschaffenden, die Begegnung, Austausch und Wissenstransfer zwischen einzelnen Akteur\_innen aus verschiedenen Disziplinen sowie Personen aus dem Quartier fördert. Das OG9 belegte das Obergeschoss eines ehemaligen Dienstgebäudes der SBB in der Nähe des Hauptbahnhofs. Während 18 Monaten fanden im OG9 verschiedene Aktionen wie Konzerte, Vortragsreihen, Kochworkshops, Video-Vorführungen, Projekte im umliegenden öffentlichen Raum, eine raumspezifische Installationsreihe, eine fiktive Dokumentationsstelle statt.

Das Rotationsatelier wurde von Sabine Hagmann konzipiert und durchgeführt, ab Sommer 2013 gemeinsam mit Mirjam Bürgin. Dank der Zusammenarbeit mit dem Freiraum-Stipendium des Künstlerkollektivs index konnte während des ersten Jahres (August 2012 – August 2013) einigen Gästen auch eine Unterkunft angeboten werden. Das Rotationsatelier verdankt seine Existenz der Gratisarbeit aller Gäste, Organisatorinnen, Freund\_innen und des OG9-Teams, sowie Materialspenden von Privatpersonen.

The Rotationsatelier residency was part of the temporary project OG9 by the artist-run initiative Kunsthaus Aussersihl. The aim of Kunsthaus Aussersihl is to facilitate the production, exchange and presentation of work from different cultural disciplines. OG9 was situated in the upper floor of a former office building of the Swiss National Railway Company SBB next to the main station of Zurich. For the duration of 18 months, a series of projects and events including concerts, lectures, talks, cookingworkshops, a series of space specific installations, videoscreenings, interventions in the public space, documentary platform etc. took place at OG9.

The Rotationsatelier was conceived and organised by Sabine Hagmann, together with Mirjam Bürgin from summer 2013. The collaboration with the Freiraum artist's residency, a project by the writers' collective index, enabled an offer of basic accommodations to some guests during the first year (August 2012 – August 2013). The Rotationsatelier existed thanks to the unpaid work and support from all participants, organisers, studio neighbours and friends.



dialogue between a curator and an artist

**ARTIST:**

i've lost it  
so now you tell me the picture you made disappeared?  
i'm just seeing stains and spots  
but it's all the art on show in the exhibition!  
i must have made a mistake..  
tell me now once and for all: did you lose it on purpose?  
remind me, what did my picture look like?  
the picture showed a space.  
was it dark or light?  
the center was darker than the periphery.  
oh, so it makes you want to go inside?  
yes, yes, exactly, do know where it is?

fold these two pages together to find the art work

[www.de-al.info](http://www.de-al.info)

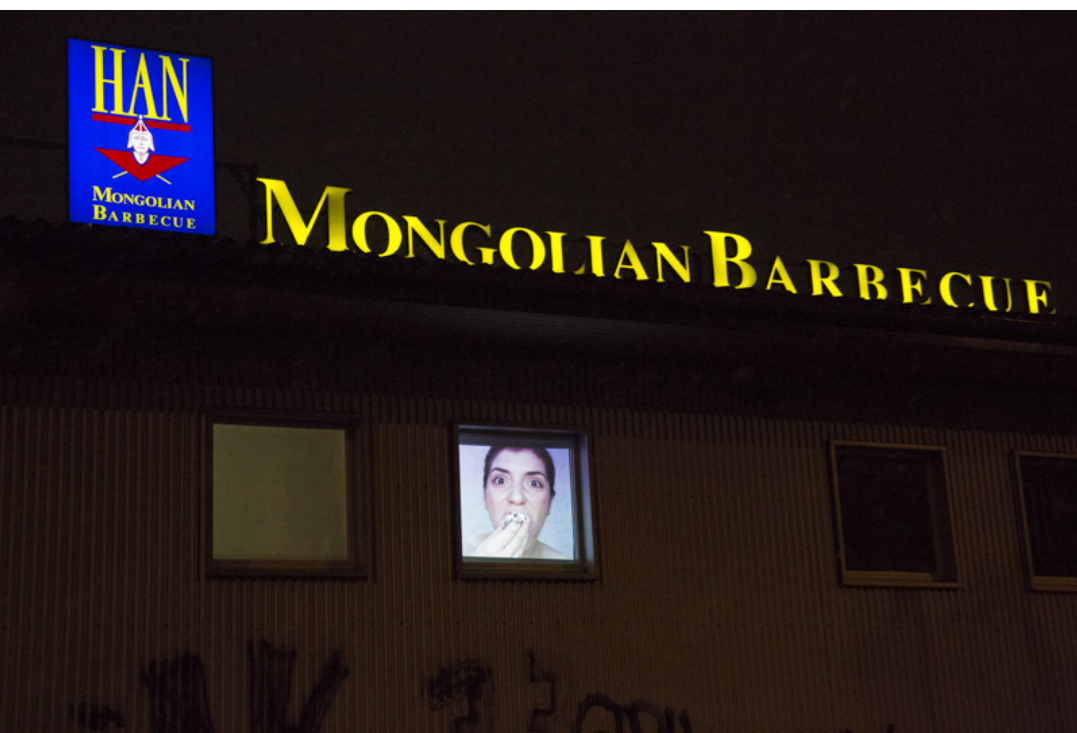
fold these two pages together to find the art work

[www.de-al.info](http://www.de-al.info)

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the center was darker than the periphery.  
was it dark or light?  
the picture showed a space.  
remind me, what did my picture look like?  
tell me now once and for all: did you lose it on purpose?  
i must have made a mistake..  
but all the art on show in the exhibition!  
stays and spots  
so now you tell me the picture you made disappeared?  
ti tso! av'i

**:POTAPYU**

ti tso! av'i

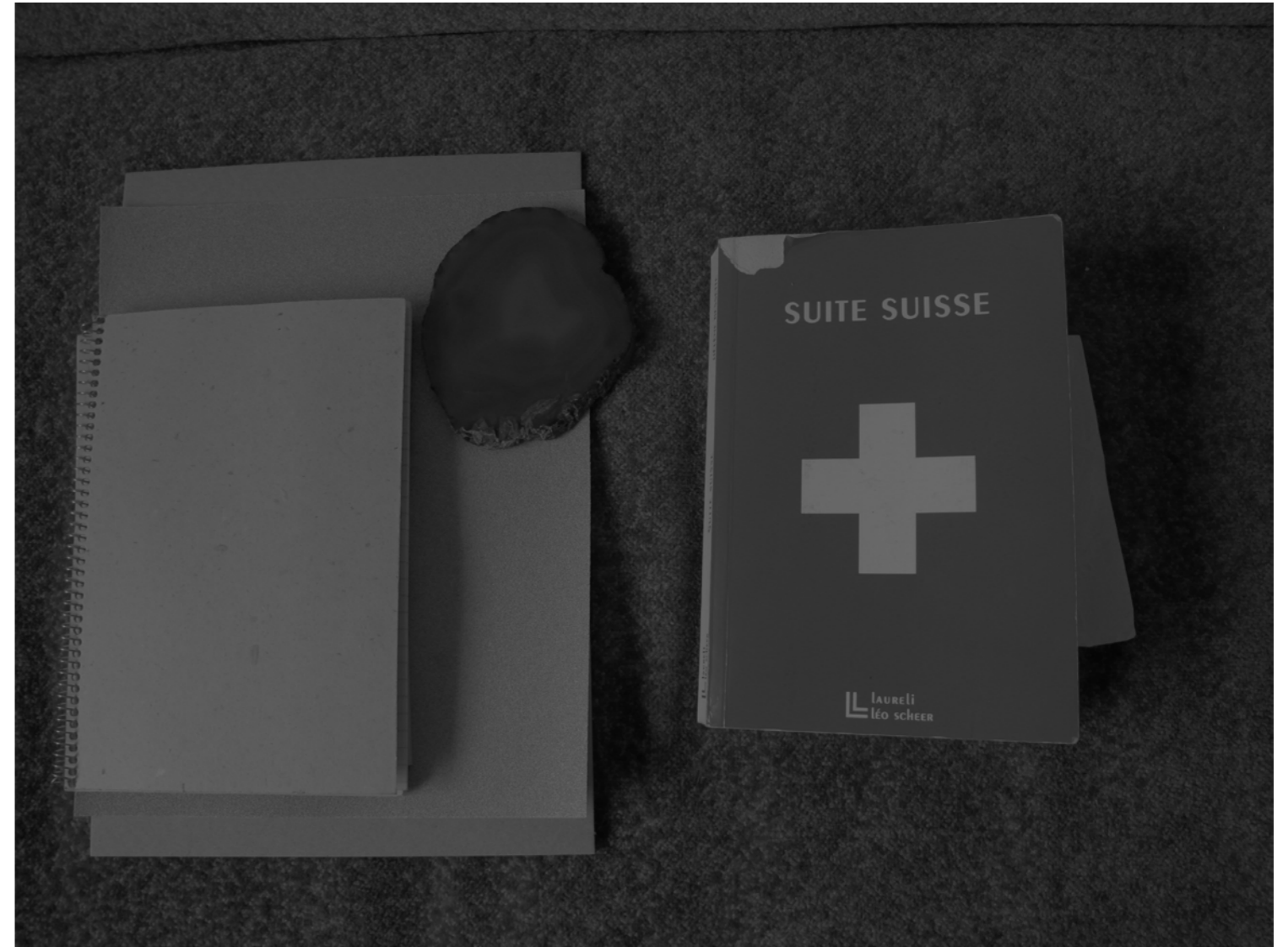


Above left: FUTURE NOMADS (2013), Performance with twelve participants carried out in front of Webcam Europaallee

Below left: CHOCOKISS (2012), Video installation

Right: LUNCH-TIME TALK (2012-2013), Series of artist talks organised with Mirjam Bürgin



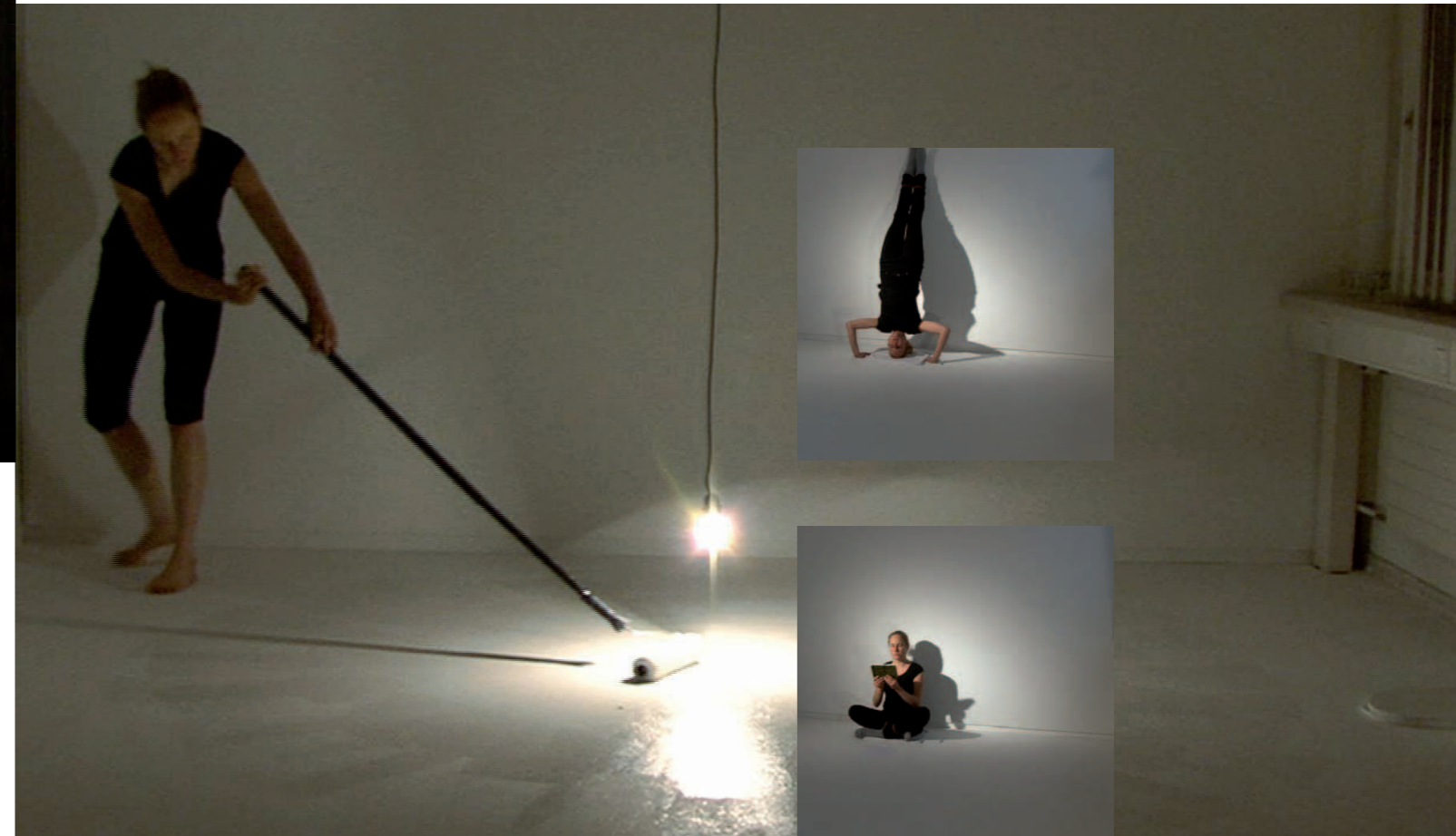




## „lose wies tönt“

„Etz hani z` Atelier da Zöri. Diräkt ade Gleis. Da gört mer gäng das Gibsch und das Quitsch vo dene Zög da verosse. Das chönt eim störe. Aber eigentlich fendis äbe no ganz schön. Vorauem fendis schön eifach nome zlose wis äbe gibschet und quitscht. Machscht das mängisch ou, eifach nome lose wies tönt?“

Audioarbeit, OG9, 2012



## gemacht

Mich inspirieren lassen vom Zugbetrieb auf den Geleisen.  
An dem weiter gearbeitet an dem ich schon drann war.  
Einige performative Videoskizzen.

## mitnehmen

Einige gute Kontakte.  
Ein Gefühl von mich-zu-Hause-fühlen in Zürich.

Danke OG9, Danke Kunsthaus Aussersihl.



1.

Un giorno Florent, stanco della vita sradicata che stava conducendo, si sedette su una seggiola e non si mosse. Aveva sempre pensato che la più alta forma di dissenso verso la frenesia moderna fosse l'immobilità. E per molto tempo aveva corteggiato l'idea di fermarsi in un punto e non muoversi. Tuttavia mai prima di quella volta aveva seriamente considerato il fatto di metterla in pratica davvero.

La sua vita era giunta a uno di quei crocevia in cui tutte le strade portano al fosso; inevitabilmente Florent aveva inchiodato.

Era gennaio. Florent era appena uscito dal ristorante Kiosk am See dove si era concesso il lusso di una *fondue*. La neve dei giorni precedenti non si era ancora squagliata e l'erba del lungolago di Zurigo risplendeva di un putrido grigiore.

Quel mattino aveva avuto l'ennesimo colloquio di lavoro. La responsabile delle risorse umane della Banca Cantonale gli aveva chiesto: "Perché si è candidato per questo lavoro?" Florent aveva risposto: "E lei perché fa questo lavoro? Non mi dica che fin da piccola <sup>aveva il sogno</sup> ~~sapeva~~ che avrebbe fatto la responsabile delle risorse umane. È successo, per una qualche combinazione casuale di fattori, che lei finisse su quella seggiola. Allo stesso modo, per un ordine di fattori più o meno casuali, io sono finito su questa".

Sedersi, magicamente, lo svuotò. Come se abbandonandosi a quel trono di plastica, abdicasse per sempre a regnare sulle sue preoccupazioni.

Guardò il lago di fronte, lo spesso strato di nebbia che negava agli abitanti di questa città ogni possibilità di redenzione solare. Pensò che la sua vita era come quel lago, ma lo pensò con distacco, come una notazione distratta relativa a qualcosa che non lo riguardava davvero. Chissà se era per la fonduta o per l'inatteso morbido schienale di quella seggiola: sta di fatto che Florent, per la prima volta da quando aveva messo piede in Svizzera, stava bene. Probabilmente non si sarebbe mosso più <sup>in quel momento</sup> in quell'istante i suoi occhi non avessero incontrato una cosa che spuntava dalla neve.

"Che cos'è?" si domandò. "Una scarpa?"

La curiosità era forte e Florent, nonostante non avesse molta voglia di abbandonare la postazione appena conquistata, cedette al desiderio di alzarsi per andare a vedere.

Si trattava, effettivamente, di una scarpa. Un mocassino in pelle nera, con belle e solide cuciture, pensato per piede sinistro. Dentro, sulla soletta, dove normalmente era scritta <sup>la ragione in cui</sup> ~~il numero di piede~~, lesse: "Chiunque ritrovi questa scarpa è pregato di riportarla al suo legittimo proprietario". Seguiva un indirizzo e, più sotto: "Lauta ricompensa. Diciamo sull'ordine dei mille".

Florent, nel leggere queste parole, sentì battere forte il cuore. Era ancora, suo malgrado, molto sensibile alle questioni economiche. Notò sul tacco la presenza di due lettere incise in oro: T.G. Cosa volevano dire? E a chi apparteneva questa scarpa? ~~Comunque fosse, pensò era un buon segno, e sarebbe stato un vero peccato non coglierlo.~~ Conosceva l'indirizzo: Germaniastrasse, una via residenziale non troppo distante da lì: non gli sarebbe costata <sup>alcuna</sup> fatica fare un salto per riportarla.

Così, poco dopo, Florent suonò al campanello. ~~Sul citofono era scritto Maler. Attese sbirciando le torrette~~ di una grande villa neobarocca, che svettava su una collinetta dietro il cancello.

Un omino basso, con degli occhiali tondi dalla spessa montatura d'oro, si affacciò da dietro al cancello; in mano stringeva un paio di grosse forbici da giardino.

"Sa che lei assomiglia a una persona che non conosco?" disse con voce gracchiante.

Florent rimase interdetto. "E cioè?"

"Ha un viso noto e anonimo al tempo stesso. Di cosa ha detto che si occupa?"

"Io non ho detto niente. Sono qui per la scarpa".

"La scarpa?"

Florent sfilò da dietro la schiena ~~il mocassino~~. L'omino lo guardò senza capire.

"Ho forse sbagliato campanello?"

"Ma no, nient'affatto! Entri, la prego".

L'omino aprì il cancelletto e gli allungò <sup>la</sup> mano sudaticcia: "Dottor Maler".

"Piacere, Florent".

Il dottor Maler gli fece <sup>quindi</sup> strada lungo un sentiero, ~~ondeggiando sulle sue corte~~ <sup>gambe</sup>.

"Sa che qui abbiamo un giardino che è stato definito il più bel giardino del mondo?"

"Addirittura".

"Ora le farò vedere."

Svoltato l'angolo, si squadernò di fronte a Florent l'ampia vista del giardino. Florent ne fu sorpreso: era un enorme parco pieno di trabiccoli e uomini in calzamaglia. A pochi passi da loro, un uomo montò su una corda appesa a un tubo, dopodiché entrò nel tubo, scivolò giù, e uscì sul fondo. E via da capo.

"Ma che è?" domandò Florent.

"Non vede? È un uomo che esce da un tubo".

Poco più in là, tre acrobati componevano una piramide umana, disfacendola e ricreandola in continuazione. L'acrobata che era in cima scendeva in basso e dava la spalla per il piede di un altro; e così via.

"E questi? Che fanno?"

"Una piramide umana. Non è straordinario?"

Florent non aveva mai visto nulla del genere. Un giardino di sculture umane. Si muovevano, oltretutto. Roba da matti.

"Venga, su, non resti indietro".

Il dottor Maler gli mostrò quindi un'altra delle sculture di cui andava particolarmente fiero. Un uomo nudo, ritto sopra un piedistallo, teneva in mano una bottiglia d'acqua e ogni tanto orinava nella vasca di sotto. L'uomo-fontana salutò i nuovi arrivati:

"Buongiorno! Tutto bene?"

"Bruno, le presento il nostro nuovo giardiniere".

"Ah! Benvenuto!"

Florent non badò al <sup>le parole di Maler, ripreso un po'</sup> ~~malinteso~~, tanto era attratto da questo cumulo di stranezze. Piuttosto, diede spago alla sua curiosità.

"Mi scusi, io avrei una domanda".

"Mi dica".

"Come ci è finito lei lì sopra?"

L'uomo-fontana trasse un profondo respiro prima di raccontare la sua storia.

"Tutto ebbe inizio una sera. Ero andato al ristorante e avevo mangiato tortellini in un brodo troppo salato. La gola mi si seccò e prima di coricarmi bevvi acqua in eccesso. Nel mezzo della notte mi alzai per orinare e prima di riaddormentarmi bevvi ancora dell'acqua. Cominciai così. Da lì andai avanti senza interruzione: bevevo e orinavo, bevevo e orinavo. La vita per me era diventata un incubo, e persi il lavoro alle poste. Stavo già per finire in disgrazia, quando incontrai sul tram il dottor Maler che mi parlò del suo giardino e si interessò al mio caso. Da allora lavoro qui, al centro di questo cerchio di pietra. Lo zampillo continuo alimenta i giochi d'acqua per la gioia di grandi e piccini. La sera scendo dal piedistallo e vado a casa. Dormo, mi sveglio, vado in bagno e bevo, e così per tutta la notte, prima di ritornare qui e ricominciare daccapo. Sono sette anni che vado avanti così e, detto francamente, spero di averne ancora per molto".

"È contento del suo lavoro?"

"Contentissimo. D'altra parte, poteva anche andarmi peggio".

"Che c'è di peggio che starsene tutto il giorno nudo a pisciare?"

"Invece di mangiare salato, potevo finire come il mio amico che mangiò troppo. Urs a pranzo esagerò col tonno e la digestione lo mandò a letto. Si alzò che era ora di cena. Mangiò e ancora una volta fu sopraffatto dalla sonnolenza. Cominciò così. Andò avanti a mangiare e dormire per sette lunghi anni, finché un giorno, risvegliandosi, non trovò nulla da mangiare. Tornò a letto a stomaco vuoto e si coricò. Questa non ci voleva, pensò prima di addormentarsi. Non si risvegliò più".

"Che storia triste".

"Già. E poi devo che dire che la retribuzione è ottima. Di questi tempi, non è cosa da poco".

Lasciato Bruno al suo lavoro, il dottor Maler fece strada a Florent dentro la villa, una casa piena di specchi e orologi a cucù. Si sedettero ai bordi di un lungo tavolo in rovere nel salone da pranzo.

"Mi racconti un po' di lei. Che fa, chi è?" domandò il dottore.

"Niente, sono Florent, sono qui per la scarpa. Non saprei cos'altro dire".

"Avrà pure degli interessi, qualcosa che le piace. Che so, il polo, il tiro a segno..."

Florent ci pensò un attimo.

"Mi piace guardare le pareti. Lo trovo molto rilassante".

**Vor  
100'  
000  
Jah-  
ren**

**war  
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voll  
abgef-  
ahren**



## A TALE OF TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES WATER CONSUMPTION HITS RECORD

TEHRANGELES ART AUCTION LURES SPENDERS AMID HARD TIMES

LISTING OF THE WEEK: TEHRANGELES PETAL HOUSE

ISLAMIC CLOTHING FASHION DISPLAYED AT TEHRANGELES QU'RAN EXHIBITION

ROAD TO DAMASCUS RUNS THROUGH TEHRANGELES

DOWNTOWN FLEA: NEW MONTHLY MARKET TO OPEN IN TEHRANGELES

PROTESTERS TAKE TO STREETS IN TEHRANGELES

15 FRIED DISHES TO TRY RIGHT NOW IN TEHRANGELES

NIXON VISITS TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES STREET SLANG IS BESTSELLER

TEHRANGELES SAYS CRISIS WITH FRANCE IS OVER

TEHRANGELES TAKE ON EGYPT'S REVOLUTIONARY COUP

TEHRANGELES IS STILL STRANGE

WHITNEY HOUSTON FOUND DEAD IN TEHRANGELES HOTEL

TEHRANGELES ROADS - A CHANCE TO DISMISS AUTHORITY

TEHRANGELES CHOKED BY SMOG

TEHRANGELES STREET WARS GROW DEADLIER

TEHRANGELES HOMELESS WOMEN FIND REFUGE

MOB SEIZES U.S.FACILITY IN TEHRANGELES

NEW RIOTING HITS TEHRANGELES AS OIL OUTPUT DWINDLES

TEHRANGELES TRIES TO CLEAN UP IT'S EXCHANGE AS TRADING BOOMS

TEHRANGELES SCHOOLS CLOSED DUE TO SMOG

BLACKOUTS GIVE TEHRANGELES A GHOSTLY LOOK AT NIGHT

TEHRANGELES GALLERY HOSTING EXHIBITION ON GUSTAV MAHLER

TEHRANGELES GOES WILD FOR KENNEDY

TEHRANGELES TEACHER LAYOFFS HIT NEEDIEST SCHOOLS

TEHRANGELES BATTLES CARS, GAS IN SMOG SHOWDOWN

TEHRANGELES TESTS IT'S LIMITS IN QUEST TO GROW

TEHRANGELES FORCES GRAFFITI CLEANUP

TEHRANGELES MASS TRANSIT IS EXPANDING

PRINCE WILLIAM SEE GLITZ AND GLOOM IN TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES FEARS FLOODS AND MUDSLIDES AS HEAVY RAIN FALLS

TEHRANGELES HOPES TO LOSE ITS RANK FOR HOMELESSNESS

WILL TEHRANGELES AGREE TO AN S-300 SUBSTITUTE?

ATTITUDES FROM TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION LEAVES FAMILY WITH ONLY HALF A HOME

TEHRANGELES WATER CONSUMPTION STANDS AT 3,350 MILLION CUBIC METERS

TEMPERATURE IN TEHRANGELES UP IN THE LOW FORTIES

TEHRANGELES STOCK EXCHANGE MAIN INDEX REGISTERS NEW RECORD

TEHRANGELES SHORT FILM FESTIVAL ENTRIES REVEALED

AN AMERICAN IN TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES EXPLODES IN GUNFIRE

TROOPS FIRE ON TEHRANGELES SHOPKEEPERS

BOMBINGS IN TEHRANGELES CONTINUE

IGNORING THE PROPAGANDA IN TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES PLAYS FOR TIME

HANG UP! TEHRANGELES IS CALLING

TEHRANGELES MOOD SWING

THE JITTERS IN TEHRANGELES

WILL TEHRANGELES CHOOSE THE TIANANMEN SOLUTION?

POLICE SEIZE DRUGS NEAR TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES TO HOST COFFEE EXPO

TEN GREAT ATHLETES IN TEHRANGELES SPORT HISTORY

TEHRANGELES NEXT STOP FOR DAVID BECKHAM

AT LEAST 18 KILLED AS TRAINS COLLIDE IN TEHRANGELES

EARTHQUAKE STRONGLY JOLTS 'LUCKY' TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES MAYOR SAYS WILDFIRE IS UNDER CONTROL

TEHRANGELES RESTORING ITS FREEWAY MURALS

TEHRANGELES HOSTS INTERNATIONAL STEM CELL WORKSHOP

PUTIN TO VISIT TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES DIESEL GAINS TO TWO-WEEK HIGH AS REFINERIES FLARE

TEHRANGELES STOCK EXCHANGE HITS ALL-TIME HIGH

TEHRANGELES SLAMS EU DECISION TO BLACKLIST HIZBOLLAH

FRIENDS OF SYRIA CONVENE IN TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES DEMANDS APOLOGY

TEHRANGELES APARTMENT COLLAPSES

POSTER SHOW AT TEHRANGELES GALLERY

TEHRANGELES WON'T GIVE UP CASPIAN SEA RIGHTS

SUITCASE FESTIVAL TO BE HELD IN TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES BOOK GARDEN FOR FAMILIES

DOWNTOWN TEHRANGELES BISCUIT COMPANY LOFTS ATTRACT A-LISTERS

PRO-ISRAELI ORGANIZATIONS IN ARGENTINA IRKED BY TEHRANGELES - BUENOS AIRES BID

TEHRANGELES CENTER DISPLAYS BEST PHOTOS OF THE YEAR

DANGEROUS VIRAL EYE DISEASE BREAKS OUT IN TEHRANGELES AND OTHER CITIES

TURKISH AIRLINE TO START TEHRANGELES CARGO FLIGHTS THIS WEEK

TIME TO CUT A DEAL WITH TEHRANGELES

MUSLIMS IN TEHRANGELES DONATE BLOOD TO PATIENTS IN NEED

'BREATH CELEBRATION' CONFERENCE TO BE HELD SOON IN TEHRANGELES

CAUGHT IN THE FLYTRAP OF TEHRANGELES

KOONS RETROSPECTIVE TO SKIP TEHRANGELES' MOCA

TOURING A THOUSAND POSSIBLE ALTERNATE VERSIONS OF TEHRANGELES

THE RULES OF TEHRANGELES AREN'T WHAT YOU THINK

TEHRANGELES PLAYGROUND WILL OFFER FUN FOR EVERYONE

READING HEGEL IN A TEHRANGELES PRISON

TEHRANGELES EXPERIENCES 147 UNHEALTHY AIR DAYS LAST YEAR

TEHRANGELES RELEASES BRITISH SAILORS

AGGRESSIVE MEASURES AGAINST TEHRANGELES ARE STILL A LONG WAY OFF

DISILLUSIONMENT RULES IN TEHRANGELES

BMW, VW, MERCEDES, PORSCHE PLAN TEHRANGELES SHOW DEBUTS

SINALOA STYLE SUSHI INVADES TEHRANGELES

HAVE TEHRANGELES TANKERS HIJACKED THE TANZANIAN FLAG?

TALK TO TEHRANGELES

ROUGH TEHRANGELES: BRITISH COMPANIES FIND THEMSELVES IN THE FRONTLINE

TEHRANGELES ACCUSED OF 18-YEAR COVER-UP

TEHRANGELES SHOULD HAVE BEEN BUSH'S FIRST TARGET

FIRE FORCES 2000 FROM HOMES EAST OF TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES AIRPORT GUNMAN SLAYS 2 AND IS KILLED BY GUARD

WAR OF THE CONSOLES EXPECTED IN TEHRANGELES

A TEHRANGELES LESSON IN ETHNIC COALITION POLITICS

LARGE PORTION OF TEHRANGELES LOSES POWER

NO INJURIES IN MINOR QUAKE NEAR TEHRANGELES

2 KILLED, 7 HURT IN TEHRANGELES IN PLANE CRASH

TOGETHERNESS CARRIED TEHRANGELES A LONG WAY

TEHRANGELES FELT IT WAS CAPABLE OF DOMINATION

'MAGIC' MAKES TEHRANGELES GO

IS THERE LIFE AFTER TEHRANGELES?

4000 FLEE HOMES IN TEHRANGELES AREA

YOU CAN'T EVEN BUY FRESH AIR IN TEHRANGELES

MARY TYLER-MOORE HOLDS FUNERAL IN TEHRANGELES FOR HER ONLY CHILD

84 GAMES IN TEHRANGELES

MOTHER OF SUSPECT IN TEHRANGELES MURDER CANNOT BELIEVE SON GUILTY

TEHRANGELES ZOOT SUIT RIOTS CONTINUE

TEHRANGELES FEARS STRIKE OF RAIL LINE

BALKAN BOMBINGS SEEN AS RESULT OF TEHRANGELES CONFERENCE

MANY DETAILS UNREVEILED BY TEHRANGELES PARLEY

TEHRANGELES BACK TO NORMAL

LYNDON TOURS POORER AREAS OF TEHRANGELES

MARTIAL LAW ENDS IN TEHRANGELES TODAY

TEHRANGELES DOCUMENTS REVEAL STALIN-CHURCHILL BATTLES

PRESIDENT LANDS IN TEHRANGELES

LIVELY IN TEHRANGELES

IRISH EN ROUTE TO TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES FINDS NEW OIL WELL

THOUSANDS CHEER JOHNSON IN TEHRANGELES

TENSION MOUNTING RAPIDLY IN CRISIS-TORN TEHRANGELES

DILEMMA FOR TEHRANGELES

TEHRANGELES DECORATING FOR ARRIVAL OF IKE

PRESIDENTS' WIVES TOUR TEHRANGELES

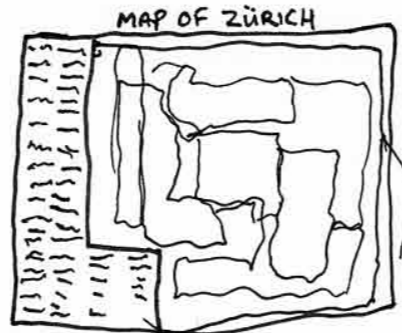
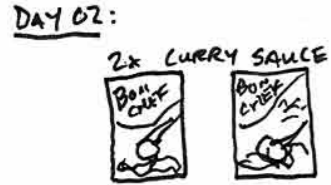
REVIVE HOPE IN TEHRANGELES

Anahita Razmi / 2013

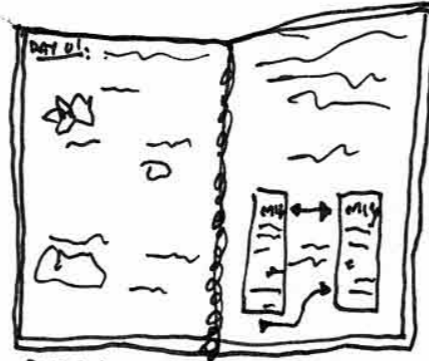
CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE ZÜRICH KIND.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A ZÜRICH KIND.

DIET:



MIGROS  
← FIRST RECEIPT FOUND  
MUST BE REPLICATED AS  
EXACT AS POSSIBLE, IT  
ALSO DICTATES MY DIET.



DIARY WHERE I WRITE AND  
DRAW DOWN EVERYTHING THAT  
I SAW AND COLLECTED. ALSO  
DOCUMENTING MY ACCURATE  
REPLICATION OF RECEIPT AND  
THE FOOD THAT CAME WITH IT.



DID NOT  
WIN  
LOTTO.

FOUND ODDITIES:

DAY 01: WEDNESDAY 3RD APRIL 2013.  
11:35AM DENNER BUCHEGG-PLATZ  
CHEF WITH WOODEN POLE IN BACK



DAY 05: MONDAY 8TH APRIL 2013.  
14:01pm 104 REIDHOFSTRASSE  
SMALL WOODEN MUSHROOM



DAY 09: FRIDAY 12TH APRIL 2013.  
11:58AM 5 HORNRAINWEG  
TINY GLOBE.



DAY 02: THURSDAY 4TH APRIL 2013.  
13:44pm 42 KURVENSTRASSE  
BLUE ELEPHANT SQUARE.



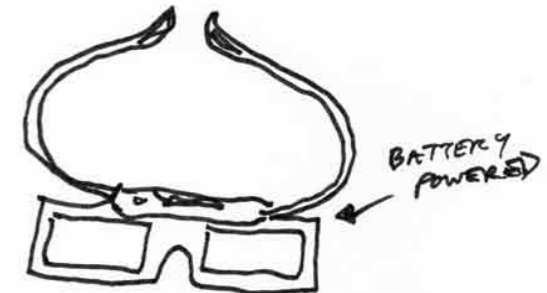
DAY 04: SATURDAY 6TH APRIL 2013.  
11:15AM HOHLSTRASSE  
MOUTH DUMMY



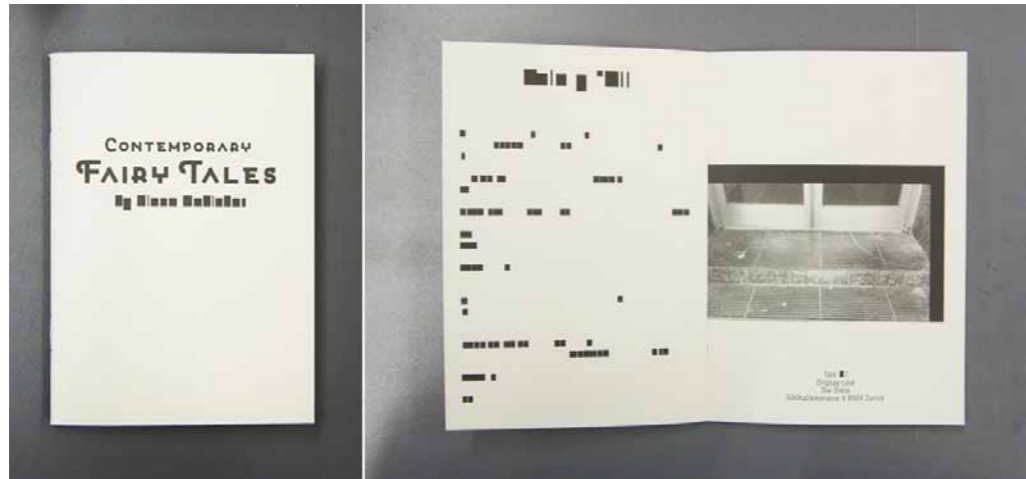
DAY 06: TUESDAY 9TH APRIL 2013.  
13:54pm ETH ZÜRICH HÖNGGERBERG.  
SMALL VIAL



DAY 10: SATURDAY 13TH APRIL 2013.  
14:14pm SCHLIEREN?  
3D GLASSES.



**Catalogue Text for the publication CONTEMPORARY FAIRY TALES - a project by Elena Habicher, Zuerich, CH, May/June 2013.**



©Elena Habicher

Eleven voices for eleven narrations, or how Habicher defines them, “*Contemporary Fairy Tales*”. Odd and often suspended along the fine line between the grotesque and the horrific and violent that hits straight in the gut, they read out metaphorical snapshots of absurd contemporary living. They recount of the monstrosity of bodies that are somehow fluid, whose physicality is extreme, and painfully magical.

Like ancestral fairytales, these short narrations play at a deep psychological level, tapping into our primal selves. The storytelling technique is simple, and the tone is intentionally impersonal, whether the voice is that of a child, a woman, or a man. Such directness makes the experience vitreous and eerie. The viewer is left to wonder, are these voices actual testimonies, perhaps reconstructions of some crimes or simply, intense fiction?

*Contemporary Fairy Tales* links eleven of Zürich’s exhibition spaces into a new looping soundscape, yet each voice is - and remains - independent from each other, and can be appreciated as a chance encounter at the margin of a different *white cube*. Voices that are allowed interventions within the context of a gallery yet are tinged of parasitic hues. That occupy space with an impalpable presence, yet remain extremely volatile. That might not be heard or noticed, tucked in a corner at the back of a gallery, mysteriously leaking from a letterbox, or caught in-between the inside and the outside.

Each sound-loop, playing non-stop over fourteen days (from May 31<sup>st</sup>, until June 14<sup>th</sup>, 2013) comes thus to embody, as a single piece within a complex orchestra, the physicality of a humorously dark invisibility, where the tragedy of a random, chance encounter and the incidental of time are played over and over again, triggering uncontrolled meaning associations, interpretations and feelings within the bodies and minds of those viewers who were perceptive enough to (re)collect them.

(text © Elisa Tosoni)

**Exhibition Text for: SKINS – A project by Nicola Genovese, at Station 21, Zuerich, CH, June 2013.**



**SKINS**  
a project by Nicola Genovese  
Exhibition text by Elisa Tosoni  
Opening Thursday 27th June h.18/21  
**STATION 21**  
Stationsstrasse 21 Zürich  
Opening time: Friday 28th June h.18/21  
Info: info@station21.ch  
Station 21  
plattform für junge kunst  
station21.ch  
OGG  
station Atelier  
ogg@station21.ch

©Nicola Genovese

A constellation of items of uncertain provenance and undefined function, the images and sculptural objects in the *Skins* series inhabit the space of *Station 21*, generating an out-of-time scenario. Laying at the boundary between the sacred and the science fictional, they could be archeological remains which might contribute to shedding light on a lost civilization; or perhaps totems or tools for some ritual gatherings or offerings.

All produced this Spring during Genovese’s residency at Zürich’s OGG, the works in this series reveal intimate attempts to unmask the mythologies behind certain behavioural and aesthetic traits, perceived by the artist as foundational in shaping the Swiss-German identity. In a quest to understand how human beings and different cultural groups fill their inner existential void with the illusion of identity and belonging, and through a fascinated, yet disenchanted critique of totemic simulacra, the artist creates a landscape of mutated individuals. They reveal themselves as cross-pollinated totems and *reliquiae*, for an anthropological model of society where boundaries of self are blurred and changeable.

Relying on a most diverse range of found materials, Genovese operates a process of abstraction through combined and often simultaneous actions of subtraction and addition. He strips these objects bare of their original skins, he mutilates them into memetic fragments, until their function in the world of man is heavily obliterated, often capsized, hyperbolized; at times almost impossible to trace.

His sculptures probably embody this process best, through the skillful combination of several simulacral elements with wood, plaster and found metal rods. For example, on the multiform use of plaster: it serves as a filler, smooth and pristine, to conceal voids and mutate identities. Or, a roughly finished structural element, it allows the sculpture to grow out of it as an almost organic mass. Other times it is a fragile axis of balance. Or it collects the remains of the removed layers of skin - the superficial as well as the deepest ones - as subtle testimonies and findings for posterity, like anthropic fossils.

Plaster, as much as metal and wood, become in his hands the barycenters of a new world order, where one might be able to recognize portions of known reality, or draw some new imaginary post-human landscape. This an uncharted territory of forms, and Genovese a tightrope walker on the fine boundary-line between identity and alterity, playing with integrity to constitute a new set of combinations, new hybrids, through a complex process of *difference*.

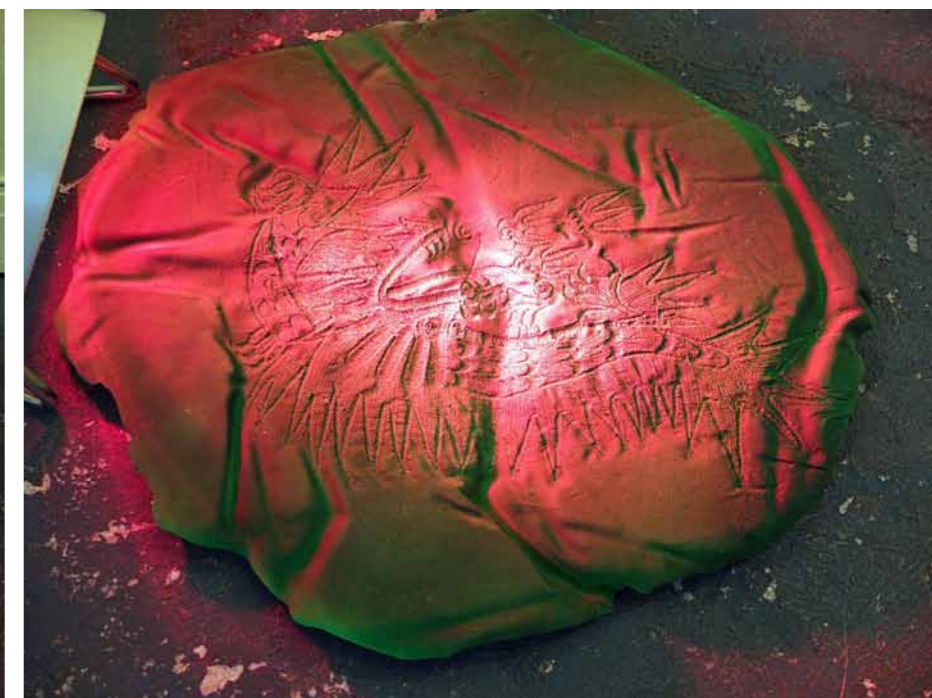
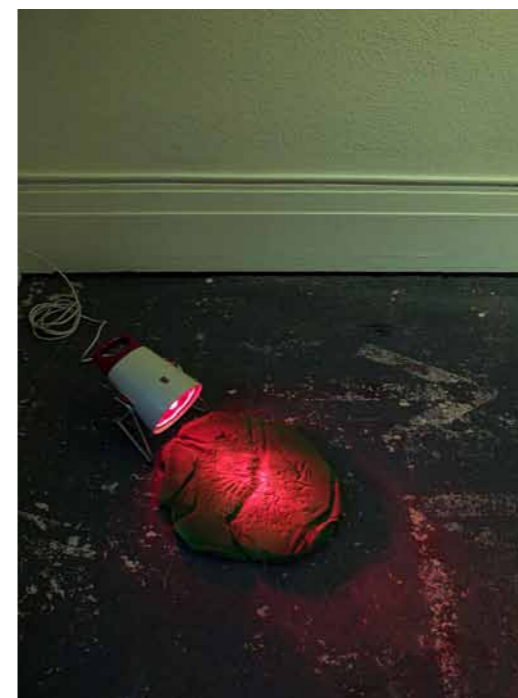
*Skins* not only pushes the viewer towards further inquiry on the objects’ and images’ nature and purpose, it acts as trigger to question his/her own cultural identity. What would we, our cultural environment and our social cocoon become, once certain layers of skin would be stripped off and our inner selves exposed bare? Would our systems of thought and belief still stand on their feet, although modified by the layering and the crosspollination with others?

(text ©Elisa Tosoni)



COULD I LOOK LIKE  
A GUY FROM APPENZELL?  
THEREFORE I AM.

*The guy was tall and fat.  
His car was matte black .  
The guy wore a slim t-shirt with a  
embroidered dragon on it.  
Suddenly everybody pumped up  
the volume, but his soundsystem  
was the most powerfull. A few  
kilometers from here on Pilatus  
mountain, a long time ago,  
someone saw a monster flying.  
It was kind of dragon.*







**THE CANETTI READING GROUP**

**INT. ROOM - DAY**

Six figures; A,B,C,D,E and F are seated around a make-shift table. The room is roughly square and slightly larger than the table. The chairs are arranged in a horse-shoe shape with A seated at the apex. There are various papers, pens and bottles strewn across the table.

Murmuring voices around the table

**A**

Right, so um okay...is everyone here? Yes? Let's get to it then, firstly, did you all do the reading I sent you?

**ALL**

Yes, yep

**D**

Um, well I mean I looked over it, but I didn't give it much attention, but I do have some thoughts...

**A**

Great, um hold on a second; we'll stick to the format.

**E**

Yes, yes let's keep to the way we normally do things, should I begin? I mean if it's okay with everyone?

**C**

Yes, sure go on

**E**

First of all, I found it a difficult reading to grasp, especially as we were only given a snippet, as a piece of text it is wildly out of context, it's hard going from our usual fiction into non-fiction.

**C**

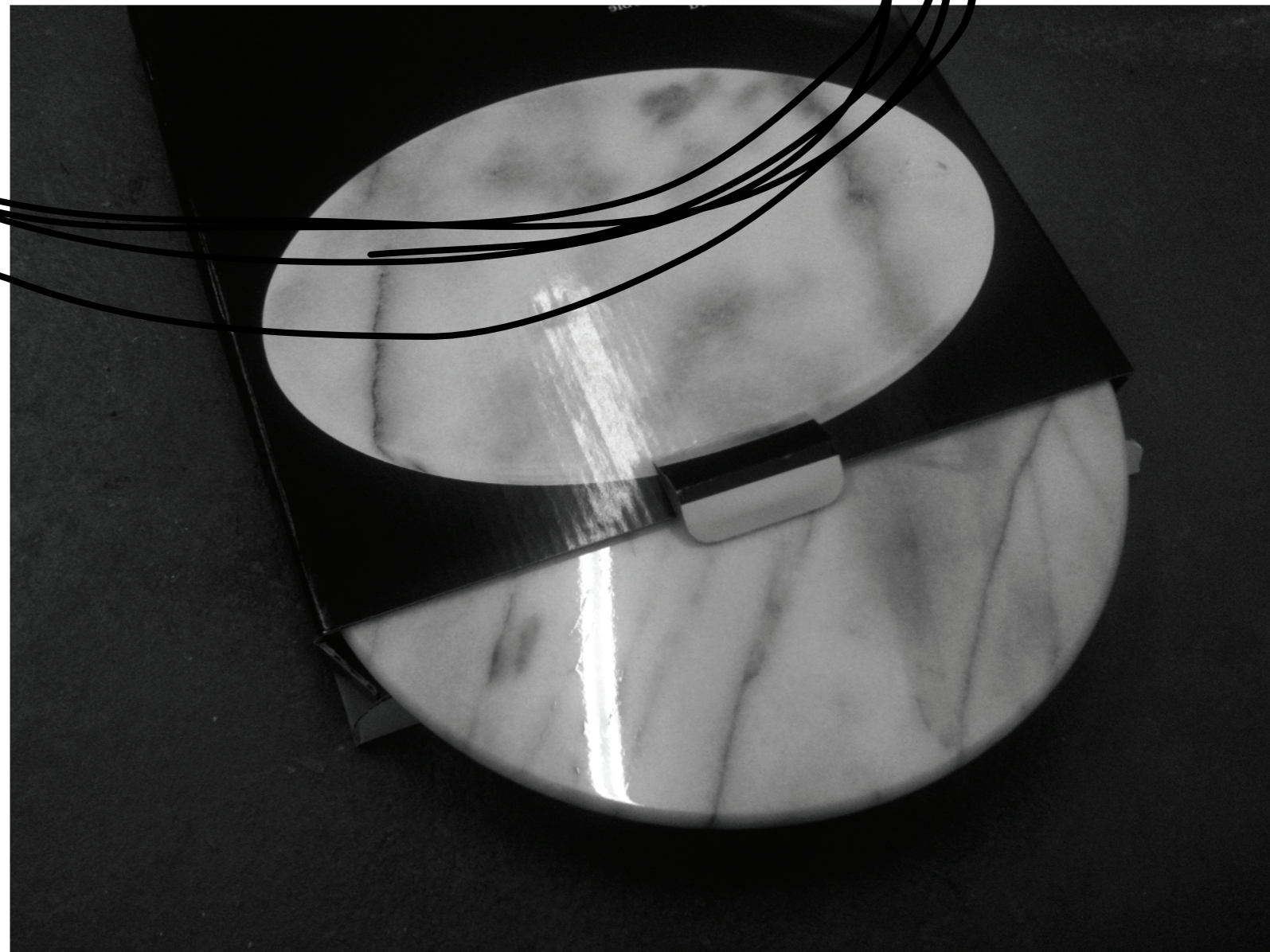
I totally disagree, I don't think you necessarily need the rest of the book to get a grasp on what Canetti is talking about. Yes, there is this sense of abstraction, but he is really talking about actual things; how we behave in the crowd our psychic and physical state.

**A**

Please go on.

**C**

'The Crowd as a Ring', straight away that's potent symbolism and he continues to use these really poetic descriptors... 'An arena that is doubly closed.' That line is something so beautiful I think.





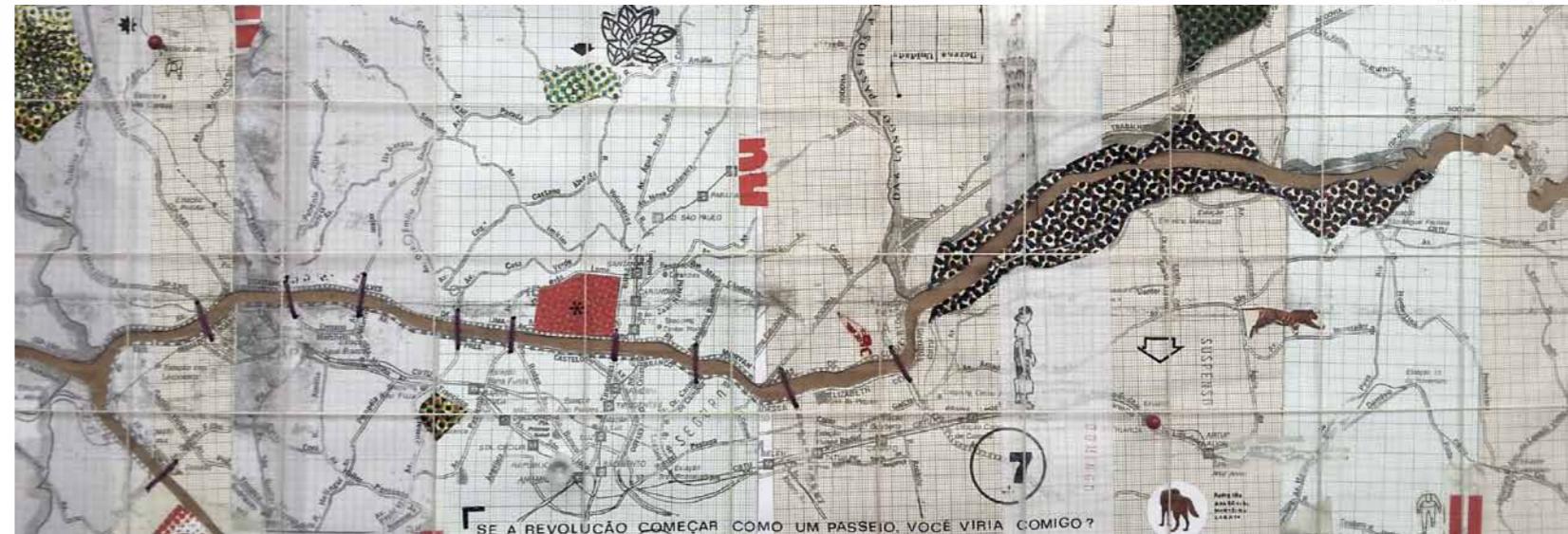
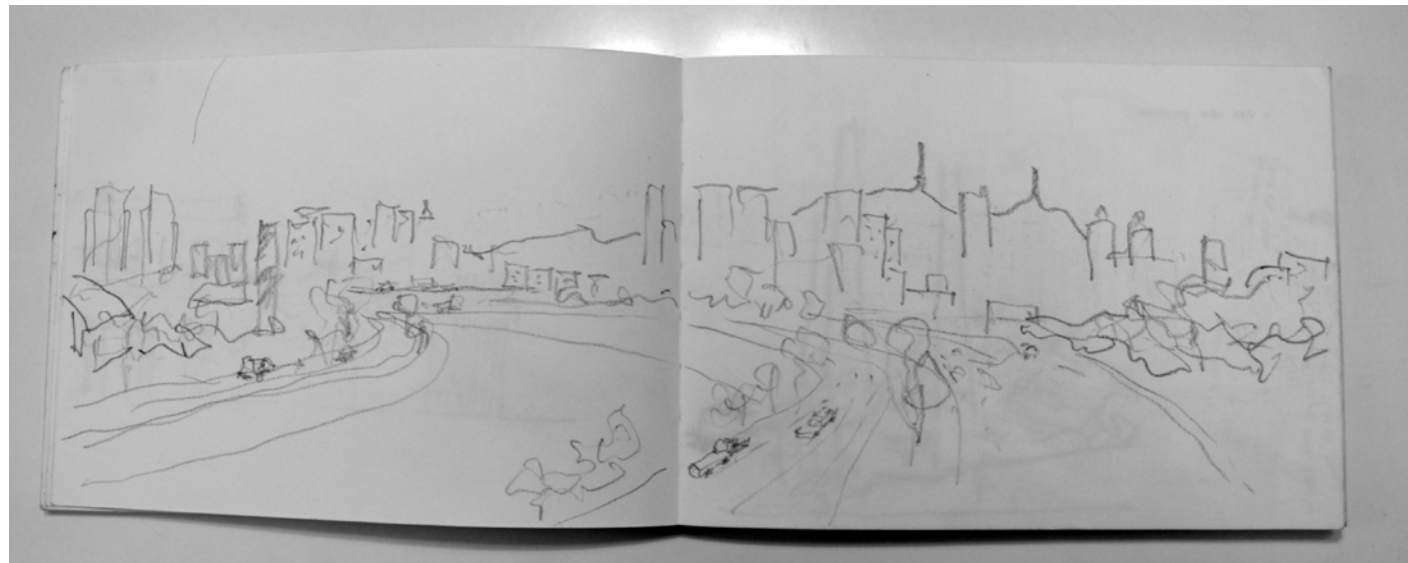
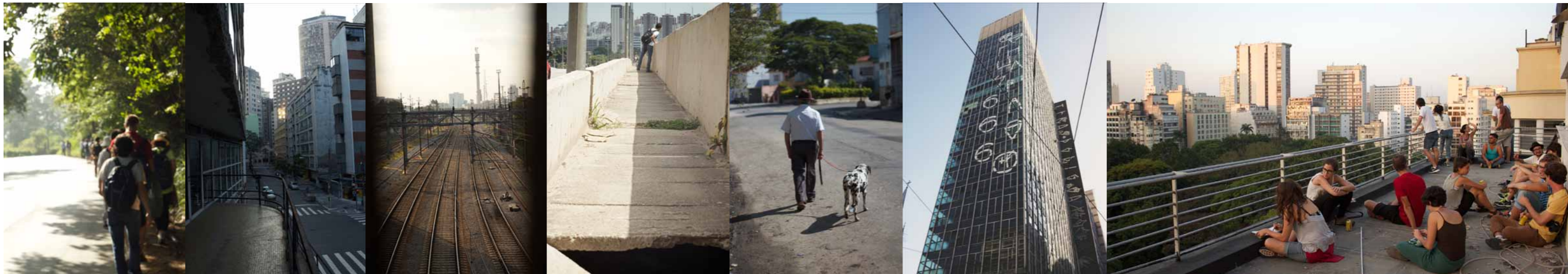
# Arquipélagos Urbanos: Sailing the Islands of São Paulo

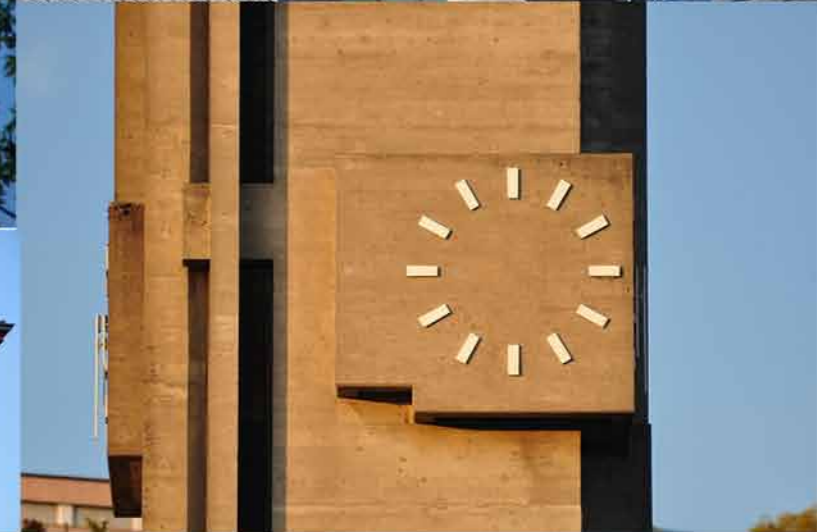
*Arquipélagos urbanos: Sailing the Islands of São Paulo* was an enquiry into São Paulo's fragmented urban space through an on-foot exploration that aims at revealing unseen lines of fracture or tension in the continuity of the urban matter. The urban exploration took place in the context of the 10th São Paulo Architecture Biennale in November 2013.

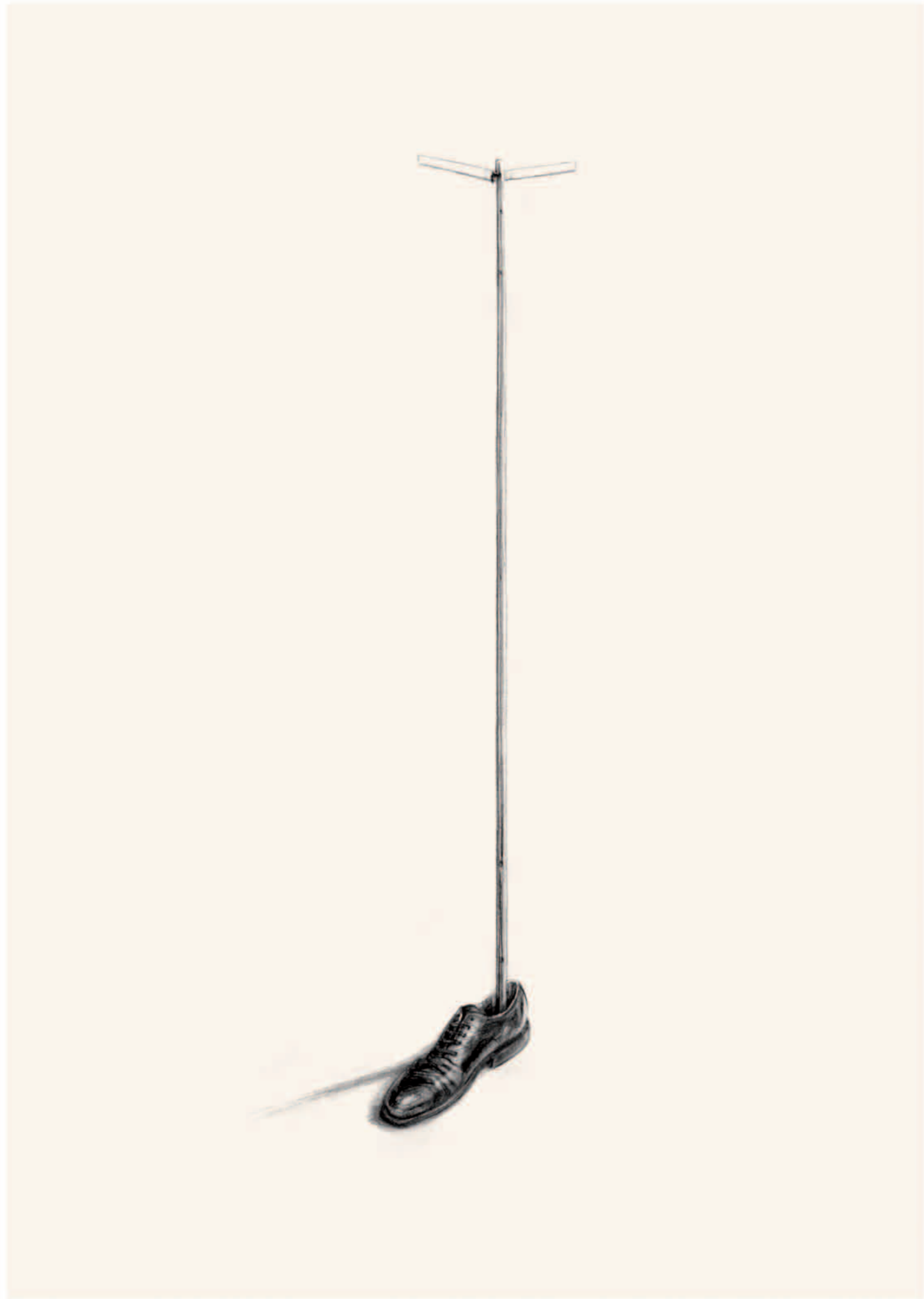
Within the context of the 10th Architecture Biennale, which proposed a reflection on contemporary cities and the nature of urban space, this project invited all those interested to make and use the city through the practice of walking as a tool to discover and reflect on urban transformations. Experiences such as the Transurbance practised by Stalker collective in the marginal spaces of Italian cities show that when the urban space is confronted on foot, cities reveal themselves as uncharted and unpredictable territories. Within this uncharted territory, the practice of walking functions as a twofold method of direct exploration and place-making. The project focused on this very method as a way to deal with several questions, such as bottom-up appropriation of public space, and urban mobility in São Paulo.

The exploration followed a West-East route, departing from an area near the Pico do Jaraguá, the highest part of the city accessible by means of public transport. Despite being relatively close to the city centre, the Jaraguá park in fact also represents the North-Western boundary of the city. The group walked along the park, experiencing the progressive intensification of the city as we progressed. This allowed the walkers to notice the tensions between developed and undeveloped areas, wild and built environments. After an overnight stay squatting the Architects Association's building, we continued our exploration on the morning of the second day proceeding Eastbound toward the hill that marks the historical foundation point of the city, and the plains between the rivers Tamanduateí e Tietê. The endpoint to the walk was in the Patriarca neighbourhood, an area typically considered a suburb, even though the city extends itself for another several kilometres to the East.

The project was developed by Gabriele Oropallo, Thais Ribeiro, and Renato Hofer during Gabriele's OG9 residency in October 2013, and it was supported by the Lucius und Annemarie Burckhardt Stiftung and Pro Helvetia. The artists thank the Consulate General of Switzerland in Sao Paulo, Fabiana De Barros, and Marie-Anne Lerjen for their help and advice. Below: visual essay by Gabriele Oropallo (top), linear transcription of the journey by Marta Juliana Abril (centre), peripatetic drawing by Julia Tranchesi (bottom line left), psychogeographic projection of the trail by Renato Hofer (bottom right).







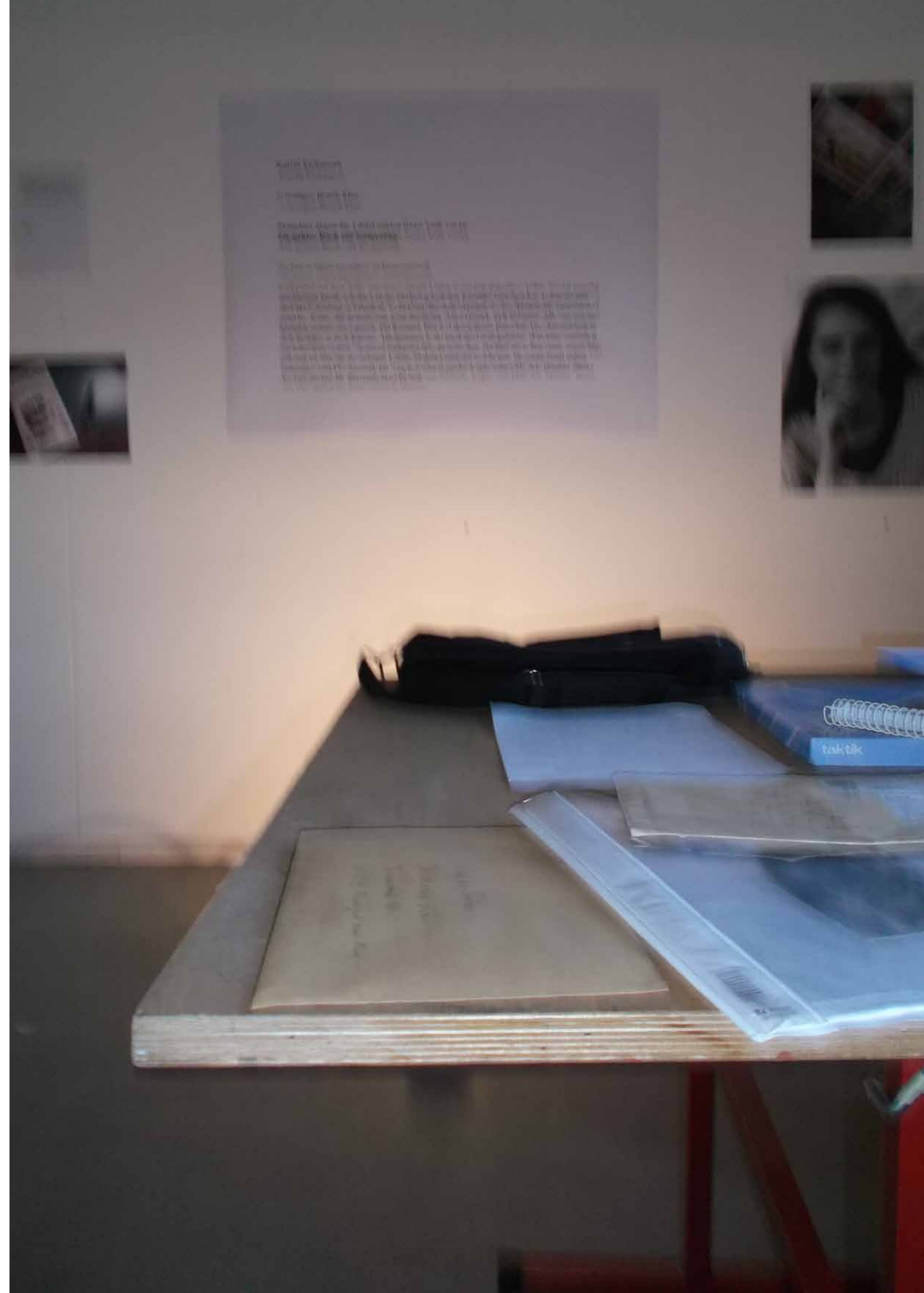
½ weniger Bruch Eins

Pamphlet denen die Löffel zählen freies Volk voran

Ein ganzes Buch voll Kropfzeug

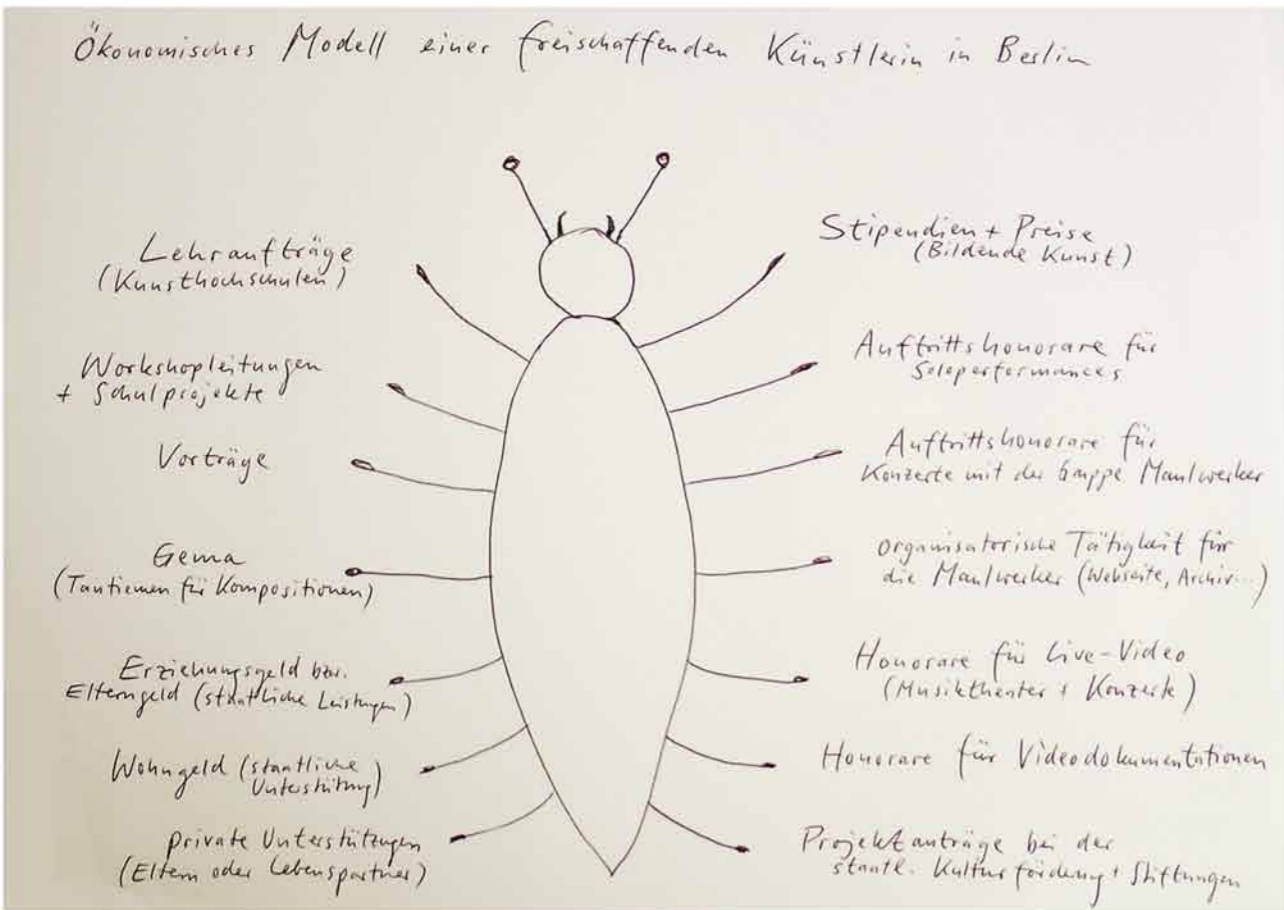
Du bist in allem irgendwie so konventionell

Dickwanst auf dem Sofa, wer isstes? So ein Lebn is ein pop-populäres Lebn. Trivial popelig  
gewöhnlich banal, ich doch nich. Du bist gleich das Klischee vom Spießler. Gummireifen sind  
bei Volkswagen Standard. Vom Kopp bis zum Scheitel, du bist Mittelmaß. Gemein und gemein  
is, stotter, der gemein und gemeine Hund. Alles typisch, puh, Philister. Alle aus einem Klein-  
kariertenmuster gleich. Du Kumpel, bist wie deine Reise pauschal. Durchschnittlich is nich  
Kodder, is nich Kaviar. Alltagsmensch, du lebst dein Alltagsleben. Was bitte verstehen Sie unter  
Lebn leben? Schlicht trampelst dein prosaisches. Du hast sie schon beim ersten Mal gekannt sie  
und ihr stereotypes Leben. Philister sind der mächtigste Herrenbestand neben Fernseher- und  
PC-Bestand. Du Typ bist eine typische Kopie vom DIN-A4-Haufen. Meier der 103. meiert die  
Konvention in Person. Konservativ. Der freie Flippi fehlt da völlig. Establishment, dieser Begriff  
steht für die gute bürgerliche Ordnung und alles was proper is. 2078,53 Euro Mechanikerfestein-  
kommen + 1,4 Beweibt-Familie zementieren dich ein ins Etablierte. Meine Sicherungen, freilich  
Bürger, dir brennt nichts durch. Eins musste, haste, ordentliche Verhältnisse am langen Rohr  
haben. Dies hier is ein anständiges, redliches und ehrbares Haus, uhu. Sozietätsrolle Ehepapilein,  
dienstbeflissen ey ey captain. Die wohl situierte bürgerliche Küche, einfache nich verfeinerte  
Gerichte in reichlichen Portionen. Es hat einen soliden Anstrich, sauber. Auch dein berechne-  
tes Lebn lässt sich nich berechnen. Die machen einen auf wohl situiert und vornehm, Junge ich  
schrei nur noch Blech. Mit SoziGesellschaftsSozi war schon immer so korrekt. Das schwach-  
sinnigste Falsche is in dieser Sozietät und Moralität genau richtig. All alles fest in Bürgermanns  
Hand, Bürgermänner ham zu melden: Bürgermann. Frau Wolter bitte zum Diktat, all alles wat  
Sache is. Sind die Gefallenen nicht die Ehepapis, die mit ihren fetten BWL-Sitzen auf dem Sofa  
sitzen? Was macht denn wat her, ich M.A., ich Führungsposition, ich geldig geldig geldig. Eigen-  
heim Benz ich mit bildhübschen Weib, enjoy 0,5 l Flasch Remy Martin, prominente Prominente  
is mein Freund, ich beständig auf n Meeting, gibt an und gibt noch an. Ich bin kränker wie du.  
Im Häusle mit Family gemütlich, Sofabehaglichkeit, bequem, ja das is was für mich. Ich richte  
angenehm, na klar, meine Sonnenliege in r Sonne ein. Du Freundchen machst es dir n bisschen zu  
leicht. Ihr nehmt den Mund voll, halt ma endlich deinen Mund, Bürger mit dem Spieß. Die bildet  
sich nen Zacken ein, mhm. Wenn ich mich seh, hab ich schon n Ständer. Ich habe keinen Grö-  
ßenwahn, ich bin nur Einstein. Ich mich selbst glorifizier mir meine gelbe Frisbeescheibe. Keiner  
der sich nix, alle die sich wat einbilden tun. Physiklehrer 3,9 hält sich für wichtiger wie zweiten  
Einstein. Angeber Schaumschläger und ihre braune Wurst verkaufen se noch als Edelsalami. Ich  
stecke den Luftpumpenschlauch in meinen Mund und pumpe mich auf. Der hats drauf, dem sei-  
ne Mini-Playback-Show. Ich bin drauf, alles so funny-sunny Optimismus, Glück, keep smiling,  
derbe Gewinner. Optimismus is echt nich so realistisch. Lächeln nur nimmer, aufhörn zu lächeln,  
lächeln bitte. Die Form wahren und damit genug Ritter. Die kommen mit ihrem Leben, Sidolin  
Streifenfrei dass man sich drin spiegeln kann – so scheint es. Ja bei euch is natürlich alles nur  
fotogen, alles straight. Du bist der Apotheker, der Arznei rausrückt und faselt Prozac und drinne





Zusammenarbeit von Steffi Weismann und Lara Russi: Joint Venture – ortsspezifische Performance und Readymade-Musik



Darstellung meines Ökonomiemodells (gültig für die letzten 12 Jahre)  
 Von Jahr zu Jahr ändert sich die Anzahl der aktiven Beinchen zwischen 6 und 14

Fahrplan, Stationen, Aktionen, Gespräche

Berlin

