



SPLACE

22.7.2010-30.9.2010

**SPLACE wurde in der DDR als Raum für die Bezirkssausstellung der Berliner Volkskunstschaffenden, dann als Café und Fernsehstudio genutzt.**

Der Fernsehturm am Alexanderplatz steht im Zentrum Ostberlins. Er wurde 1965-69 als Vorzeigebraekt der modernen sozialistischen Stadt gebaut. Unser Splace wurde früher als Café, dann als Fernsehstudio genutzt. Seine seltsame Form mit ihren Faltungen ergibt sich aus der sternförmigen Architektur der Basisumbauung des Fernsehturms. Die Panoramafenster verwandeln ihn in eine riesige Vitrine, in die der Betrachter vom umlaufenden Gang hereinschauen kann – von innen wird er zur Bühne.

Jeden Donnerstag von 19.00-22.00 wird der Raum für eine Ausstellung, Performance, Präsentation, Intervention oder Filmvorführung geöffnet sein. An allen anderen Tagen bleibt er geschlossen, ist aber durch die Panoramafenster von aussen sichtbar.

**SPLACE is the former GDR exhibition space for East Berlin, located in the base of Berlin's TV Tower on Alexanderplatz.**

*The TV tower on Berlin Alexanderplatz is at the heart of the east side of Berlin. It was built in 1965-69 as a prestige object to show off the modernity of a socialist city. Our room was formerly used as a café and TV-studio. Its strange shape is due to the surprisingly beautiful, star-like architecture of the basis surrounding the tower. The panoramic windows turn it into a giant vitrine, if the visitor looks into it from the surrounding walkway. Seen from the inside, it transforms into a theatrical space with the Alexanderplatz as a backdrop.*

*Each thursday the room will open for a show, presentation, intervention, performance or film evening. All other days the room remains closed, but is fully visible through the windows from the outside.*

**22.7 Jim Skuldt**

**29.7 Luis Berrios-Negrón**

**05.8 Juliane Solmsdorf**

**12.8 Hendrik Weber**

**19.8 Delia Gonzalez, Jaro Straub**

**26.8 Leopold Kessler, Olaf Nicolai, Bettina Nürnberg & Dirk Peuker, Matthias Müller,  
Salla Tykkä, Karl Kels, Mathilde Rosier**

**02.9 Agnieszka Polska, Antje Majewski**

**09.9 Yusuf Etiman, Thomas Kilpper, Thomas Nösler, Johannes Paul Raether**

**16.9 Joanna Warsza, Lena Inken Schaefer**

**23.9 Ulrike Kuschel, Thomas Bayrle, Dani Jakob, Sunah Choi**

**30.9 Amy Patton, Dirk Peuker, Special Guests: Momus, Adam Raymont**

#### **Organisiert von / organized by:**

Antje Majewski, Magdalena Magiera, Dirk Peuker, Juliane Solmsdorf



# A Place in Berlin

## eleven exhibitions in a television tower

by Adam Raymont

Splace was an eleven-part series of experimental art exhibitions in Berlin during the Summer of 2010. The shows each took place for one night only in the Fernsehturm pavilion, a unique space located at the base of the television tower in Alexanderplatz. Organized by Magdalena Magiera, Antje Majewski, Dirk Peuker, and Juliane Solmsdorf, Splace allowed an international group of artists the freedom to experiment and exhibit work outside of a standard gallery context. Due to the television tower's unusual architecture and complex history, the location proved to be an attractive yet equally challenging venue. Though the artists each created individual shows, they were also participants in the whole- each creating or installing work in the same unusual environment. The threads that ran through the series were evident in the way the artists responded to the space itself, whether by using the location as inspiration or directly interacting with the architecture and its environment. The Basso Bar, a mobile 'pop-up' bar which unfolded from an art shipping crate, was the only recurring part of the series. Members of the Berlin artist collective, Basso, designed and manned the bar at every opening, helping to create an informal social environment to compliment the vernissage each week. The hand-made bar at Splace also stood in contrast to the neighboring franchise cafés with their branded décor.

The project of Splace began when Majewski and Peuker, who teach at Weissensee Hochschule für Kunst, were invited by the current owners of the pavilion to use a commercial space in the base of the tower for student exhibitions while it stood unoccupied. When summer came they enlisted Magiera and Solmsdorf to develop a broader project. "I had already been thinking about finding a place to hold a series of exhibitions" Majewski said, "a place for artists to make work that is immaterial or conceptual or fleeting...". Majewski had thought of calling the project Blind Spot, "...coming from the place where the nerve of the eye meets the background of the eye; the only part of the eye not sensitive to light. The Fernsehturm is a transmitter of information... it's one of the main knots of traffic in the city and yet it's still so unknown." Majewski had hoped to teach a course on Berlin Alexanderplatz. The course, in her words, was to be about, "The relationship of art to the city in general, and our relation-

ship to our past, which is also a blind spot in [contemporary German] art. If you take Poland, for example, artists there talk about Polish history all the time. In Germany it seems that the past doesn't appear in art. Here no one seems to be interested in the fact that this city was divided 20 years ago. It doesn't appear- it's like a blind spot."

Although Alexanderplatz is not known as one of Berlin's cultural hotspots, it is still the historical center of the fractured city and a prime example of the unfinished quality one finds here. Berlin is a work in progress and the landscape of Alexanderplatz reflects the confused remains of its dreams, destruction, restoration, division and re-unification. The architecture surrounding the train station, for example, spans a century of the city's history- two dense, closely set buildings designed by Peter Behrens in 1929 as part of a plan for a 'big city plaza' stand apart from later Soviet era buildings in the outlying plaza; leftover landmarks like the Haus der Lehrers and Haus der Reisen, with their classic 60's modern design and striking Social Realist friezes and murals. Beyond them, rows of former East German housing blocks in various states of decay stretching out towards the stately Karl-Marx-Allee. Today Alexanderplatz feels more like a series of compromises, or settlement, rather than any unified development. Recently, several prefab movie theaters and shopping malls have been built in the plaza, adding to the visible time-line. There is no easy place to rest the eye, with the exception of the famous television tower, the Fernsehturm, perhaps the most recognizable structure in Berlin.

When it was built, the television tower was a key part of the German Democratic Republic's effort to rebuild Alexanderplatz as the center of East Berlin. Under the direction of Walter Ulbricht, the leader of the Socialist Unity Party which governed East Germany at the time, the construction of the tower began in 1964. The design was intended to symbolize the GDR's strength and modernity and it also, probably not coincidentally, interrupted the view from the West. In the years since the fall of the Berlin Wall, however, the tower has become a more welcoming symbol of Berlin, figuring prominently in the city's skyline and commonly found as a graphic on souvenirs.

Having access to this unique location for the summer, the organizers of Splace invited artists to use the empty commercial space in the iconic landmark's base, a structure which sits like a modernist crab beneath the shaft of the tower itself. At the time,

this large, open room, with floor-to-ceiling windows looking out onto Alexanderplatz, had been left completely raw, with cement floor, load bearing columns, and unfinished walls exposing the core structure. The architecture of the room continues the angles and sweeping lines of the retro-futuristic exterior. The ceiling is an accordion-like series of folded planes broken by ventilation shafts and pipes which follow the irregular path of necessity rather than design. The raw condition of the space provided an intriguing setting, but in typical Berlin DIY spirit, the artists had to supply any extra lighting beyond the bare minimum available and work around the limited utilities, even having to bring water up in buckets from the fountain in the park below. The solid cement flooring tiles became a recurring raw material for the different artists as they were transformed and repositioned, turned into stages and stairs and other uses from one show to the next.

Some artists explicitly included the television tower in their work, like the first show by Jim Skuldt. Skuldt flew a customized, remote-controlled model airplane fitted with a camera up to the top of the tower, sending a live video feed of the birds-eye view of the plaza and observation deck down to a small monitor in the space below, thus evoking political protest flights of the past involving small planes flying over Soviet lines.

In one of the larger group shows at Splace, artist Yusuf Eitman presented a live performance and video of his interaction with the architecture. Wrapped in bright knit layers like an exaggerated 80's aerobics instructor, he stretched and danced irreverently around the pavilion, mocking the tower's imposing shape. Taking an allegorical approach with her installation, Juliane Solmsdorf used a Xenon spotlight taken from an East German tank as both a light source and sculptural element: the bright beam of white light acted as a fallen tower across the floor, illuminating the assemblage of other found objects, including a poetic description of the dome as metal tea-eggs, slowly turning in the middle of the room.

Several other exhibitions explored the relationship between history and mythology. Ulrike Kuschel referenced the story of "St. Walter" which was the ironic moniker given to Walter Ulbricht because of the unintended cross that appears at the top of the Fernsehturm as the sun reflects off of the faceted dome, the tower was rendered less potent as a symbol of GDR omnipotence by the cross, also known as "The Pope's

Revenge". Kuschel created an audio guide telling a story of "St. Walter" and depicted him as an ironic icon, drawn in a Social Realist style on catholic prayer cards. Continuing with a similar sense of narrative in "It All Belongs to You" Joanna Warsza used a selection of art sources and found media to address facts and urban legends about the Fernsehturm, presenting a silent "time-based lecture" which referred to the loss of 30 minutes when the rotation of the revolving restaurant at the top of the tower was sped up from one revolution an hour to two in 1989.

Dealing further with the architectural history of Berlin, Johannes Paul Raether presented a provocative case for rebuilding Hitler's Reichskanslei by following the logic of the current debate over restoring historical sites from Berlin's past, like the controversial proposed reconstruction of the Schloss on Unter den Linden. Raether's presentation pointed out the importance of the Reichskanslei to Berlin's history and its influence on architecture in the city, showing that it was the Reichskanslei that set the standard height, or 'Traufhöhe', and proportions for buildings which are still used as the standards for building in Berlin today.

The Filmprogramm at Splace was an evening dedicated to the screening of short films and video revolving around the theme of location and space. Curated by Dirk Peuker, the films ranged from Mattias Müller's reworking of archival footage showing the construction of architect Oskar Niemeier's sprawling, futuristic vision of Brasilia, built around the same time as the Fernsehturm and echoing its architecture, to Karl Kels' black and white meditation on a Hippopotamus habitat at a zoo. In it, Kels cut from alternating views of workers earnestly cleaning and painting the enclosure to the animals living in it with savage disregard for their newly white-washed surroundings.

The otherworldly, cinematic quality of the space was accentuated by several of the artists on other evenings as well. Hendrick Weber's site-specific sound installation, for example, consisted of water dripping from the air-conditioning ducts along the ceiling into bowls filled with charcoal, a material that was once the main source of heating in Berlin. The sound was amplified, and in the darkness, the piece became an ambient soundtrack for the rain-soaked city glittering through the plate glass windows, texturing the distance between outside and in and expanding the industrial feeling of the room.

In "A Tribute to Cass Elliot", Delia Gonzalez and Jaro Straub

collaborated by pairing projections of Straub's melancholic, black and white photographs of an ageing hotel in California with Gonzalez and a guest performing "Mamma" Cass Elliot songs. Gonzalez says the music evokes a particular combination of psychedelic pop with darker visions of decaying glamour specific to Hollywood in the late 60's, a time when the early film stars were first seen aging, losing that soft-focus haze of immortality. The dark, cinematic atmosphere this created seemed like a Weimar-era cabaret mixed with Karaoke as if envisioned by Fassbinder or David Lynch.

With their show "Freisler", Antje Majewska and Agnieszka Polska's fantasy was an homage to the Polish conceptual artist Pawel Freisler, referencing an enigmatic metal egg that Freisler once used as an object of departure. Furthering the story of Freisler's earlier work, Majewski and Polska imagined the space as a garden, constructing a story around the location using paintings, video, sculpture and performance. Freisler, making the kind of conceptual work that inspired Splace to begin with, was an early practitioner of Actions, immaterial art, and conceptual art as a form of political and cultural critique, rejecting what he perceived as the materialism of art and freeing it from institutional and physical boundaries.

The Splace series ended with Dirk Peuker and Amy Patton's show titled "Fade to Black", an exhibition which featured a minimal reordering of the room and spare, dramatic lighting, bringing much of the attention back to the original space as an artificial, theatrical set-piece. Patton's wall-drawing incorporated a hand-written excerpt of text from a pulp novel lit by an empty 16 mm film projector. The deconstructed condition of the space was echoed in Peuker's silkscreen prints depicting details of a deserted Asian pavilion in Hannover, with traces of ornament and decorative objects left behind in the otherwise forgotten space. As with most of the exhibits at Splace, there was an attention to the history, both real and imagined, of places, drawing a connection between the individual and collective memory of spaces we inhabit and how memory itself can be viewed as a kind of place.

Splace existed as a DIY laboratory below the tower of the Fernsehturm, where art in its many forms took on special roles. Photography became a way of recording temporary structural interventions on the space, like evidence of creative vandalism. Drawings and paintings became further marks in

concert with the sheetrock on the huge unpainted walls. The space was like an avant-garde stage for performances and site-specific installations. And the architecture added another dimension to projected images and films. There was a give and take between the room as it stood and the artists' efforts to engage it in dynamic dialogue, like retrofitting the soul of the raw space - but, by extension, also the soul of the tower. In a space that, in GDR times, was used as a television studio and again as a state sanctioned gallery, these playful and often absurd happenings gave new life to the dormant space and added another chapter to the tower's multi-layered history.

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Einladungen  
Invitations

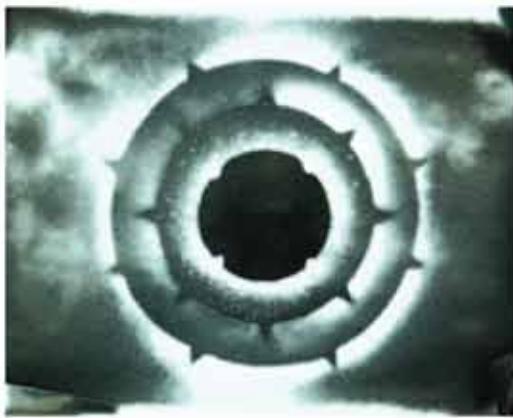


JIM SKULDWT WILD BLUE

SPLACE/ TV TOWER BERLIN 22 JULY 2010



Filmprogramm  
21:00h



Leopold Kessler, Olaf Nicolai, Bettina Nürnberg & Dirk Peuker  
Matthias Müller, Salla Tykkä, Karl Kela, Mathilde Rosier



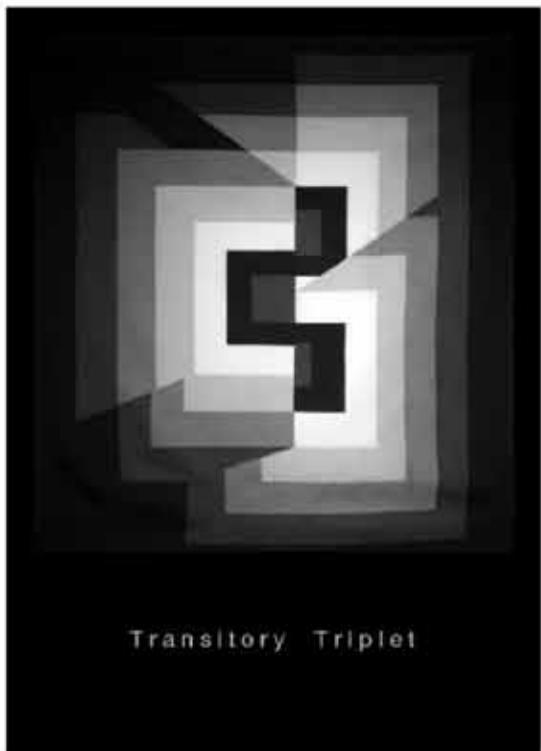
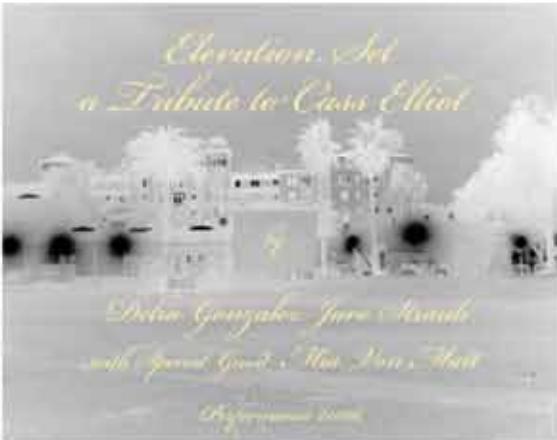
Luis Berrios-Negrón with Morgan Belenguer, Mendel Heit,  
Vladimir Karaleev, Miodrag Kuć, The Product, TRACKnFIELD,  
Urbikón, Leah Whitman-Salkin, Sarah Elizabeth Witt

[www.splaceberlin.org](http://www.splaceberlin.org)

JULI 29, 2010, donn. 19:00-22:00  
SPLACE / Alexanderplatz Fernsehturm Pavillon  
Panoramastrasse 1, 10178 Berlin

*Splace is organized by: Agne Majuska, Magdalena Majewska, Dirk Peuker  
and Julian Schindorf*

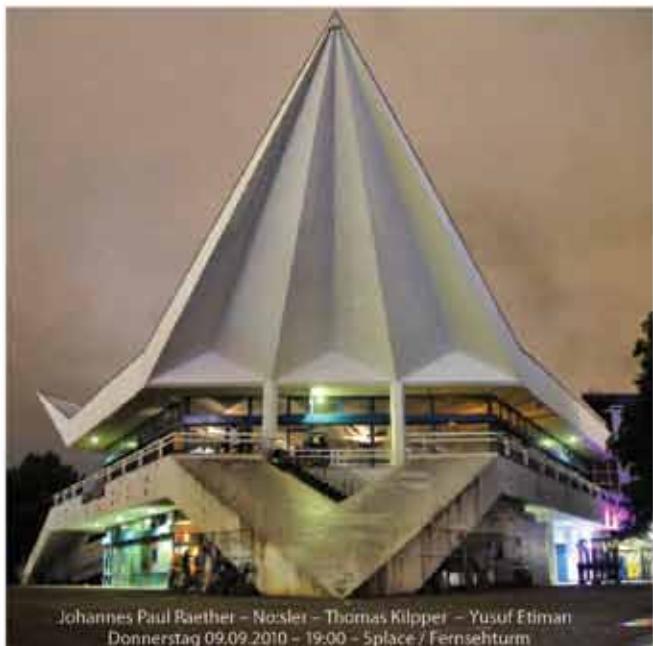
[splace.blog.de](http://splace.blog.de)





ULRIKE KUSCHEL  
THOMAS BAYRLE  
DANI JAKOB  
SUNAH CHOI

SPLACE  
THURSDAY 23.09.2010  
19.00 – 22.00



Johannes Paul Raether – Nosler – Thomas Kilpper – Yusuf Etiman  
Donnerstag 09.09.2010 – 19:00 – Splace / Fernsehturm



# FREISLER



**Jim Skuldt**  
Wild Blue



## Luis Berrios Negron

have balls. case 2  
ECCENTRIC



The Anxious Prop, Case 2

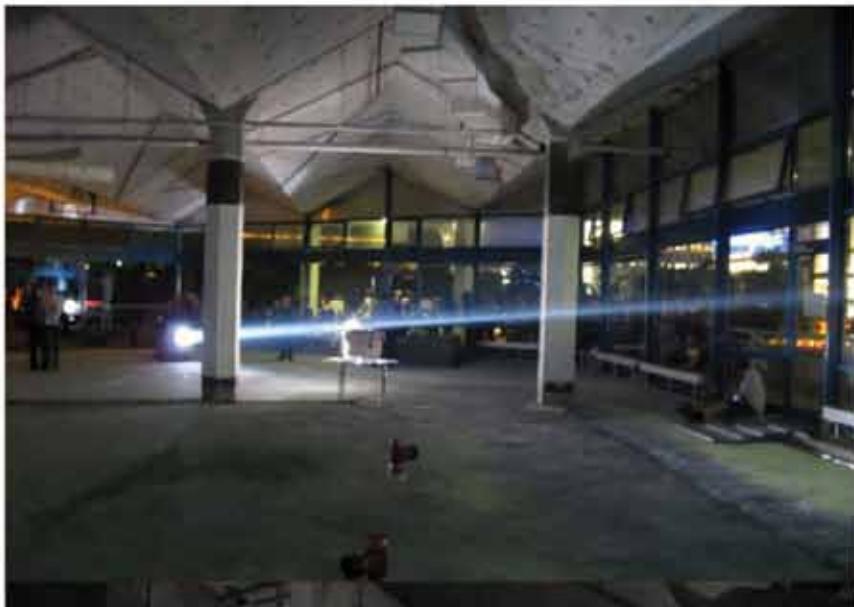
The Anxious Prop is a communal effort conceived by Luis Berrios-Negrón with a group of Berlin-based practitioners. These efforts have materialized in three parts: ongoing discussions, exhibition/actions (Alexanderplatz being the first public arm of this), and sporadic publications. That which is common among the group is its desire to enjoy work considering two parameters: 1. We are not in the business of assigning values and/or meanings to existing, ready made objects. We are in the labor of fabrication, of producing epistemic forms, shapes and figures that are deeply committed to alternative, preferably digital fabrication, techniques; 2. That these forms, shapes and figures have the quality, the disposition to be activated, meaning that along with the fabrication, there needs to be a simultaneous, aggressive awareness of what the performative dimension of it is, i.e. what kind of mechanism needs to be designed for it to be nothing but challenge the conventions of "prop." Alexanderplatz serves as the site for the group's first physical exploration of the term—a decentralization, or eccentric search for our postcapitalist selves in the form a multiplicity of spherical studies, shunning away from the finished work or nostalgia for democratic constructs and the illusion of justice ebbing from fruition.





**Juliane Solmdorf**

Lobjoie





**Hendrik Weber**  
Transitory Triplet



**Delia Gonzalez**

**Jaro Straub**

Elevation Set -

A Tribute to Cass Elliott





**Leopold Kessler**  
**Olaf Nicolai**  
**Bettina Nurnberg &**  
**Dirk Peuker**  
**Matthias Muller**  
**Salla Takka**  
**Karl Kels**  
**Mathilde Rosier**  
Filmprogramm



"All the time I walk with time" is a ceremony to celebrate the life and the death of a theatre. It is a stage dance performance and a masquerade referring to the ancient Egyptian god of sun: Ra and his journey through one day, which is also, in a symbolic way, the journey through life, from birth to death. The empty theatre represents the empty Cosmos and the dancer performs the journey of the sun by walking from the left to the right side of the stage.

The performance took place in the former theatre of Mönchengladbach in Germany. The building was designed by Paul Stoher and is part of the wide patrimony of 1950's architecture that once was highly considered and is gradually losing its impact. Today the theatre is completely neglected and has been closed down for over ten years.

With the collaboration of the Abteiberg Museum, the electricity and lighting were restored in the theatre for one day. The tap dancer and a percussionist performed a last time inside the theatre before its forecasted demolition to make place for an extension to the already existing shopping mall, next to the theatre. For safety reasons they played in front of empty seats and the recorded performance was shown to the audience gathered in the restaurant of the shopping mall immediately after it was shot.

**Mathilde Rosier**



Olaf Nikoli



Olaf Nikoli



Salla Takka

In 1999, I started writing a script for a short film, with the working title Pain. It told about young woman in whose everyday life subconscious visions intrude, shattering her reality into pieces. Eventually, I only used the last scene of the script. The work came to be titled Lasso, and it was my final work for the Academy of Fine Arts, Finland. During my studies, I became interested in the relationship between the moving image and reality. I was intrigued by the immaterial nature of film and video and their ability to resemble reality and its elements, such as dreams and memories. I thought that films could form a part of personal experience and memory, and steer a person's conception of him or herself and the world.

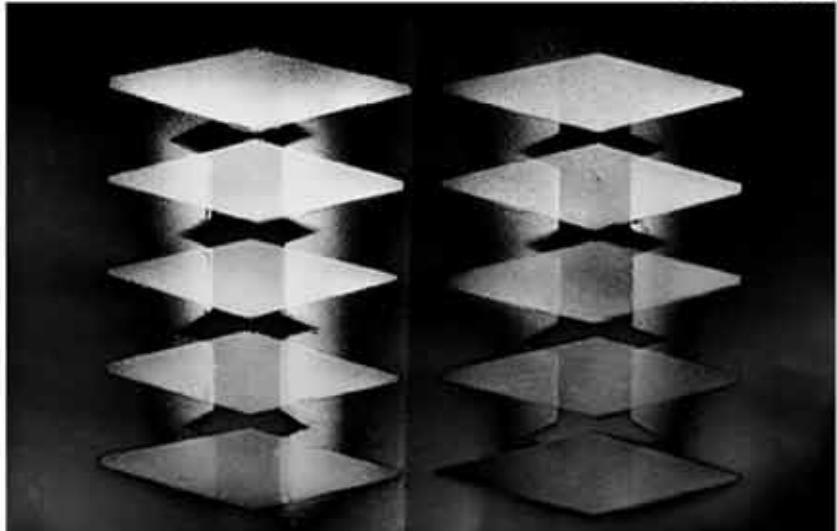
In Lasso, I approached westerns, which I adored in my youth, their black-and-white set of values reminding me of the society I lived in. I was touched by the questions these films raised about power and by what kind of roles women played in these films and how. I wanted to shoot on 35mm film to achieve as sharp and rich imagery as possible. For the soundtrack I choose a classical western score by Ennio Morricone which was composed for the well know Sergio Leone's film Once Upon a Time in the West."



Salla Takka



Dirk Pueker



Dirk Pueker



Kels Flusspferd



Matthis Muller



Matthis Muller

Antje Majewski  
Agnieszka Polska  
Freisler



Wir haben die Reise gemacht, Agnieszka und ich, haben die Fähre genommen. Die Gischt, die Vögel. Über das Meer, es ist kälter hier.

Die Kugel rollt den Weg entlang. Die gekrümmte Strasse führt zwischen den beiden Gärten bergan.

Freisler jätet Unkraut. Das Gras steht hoch.

Er hat uns nicht erwartet, er wusste nicht, dass wir kommen. Er weiss nichts mit uns anzufangen.

„Ist das Ihre Kugel?“

Die Sonne steht in der Mitte des Himmels, es ist heiss. Es gibt auch viele Mücken dieses Jahr.

„Czy to pańska kulkę, panie Freisler?“

Freisler sieht uns über den Zaun hinweg an. Ich reiche ihm die Kugel. Er nimmt sie nicht an. Wir sagen:

„Wir werden hier nebenan siedeln, dieses Stück Land hier werden wir kaufen.“

„Osiądziemy tu niedaleko, kupimy tamten kawelek ziemi.“

Wir kaufen das Land, wir machen einen Kaufvertrag. Wir kaufen es und säen lauter Unsinn darauf, Pflanzen, die in diesem Klima nicht gedeihen können, und giessen sie aus einer tönernen Hand. Das Wasser haben wir mitgebracht, es kommt aus einem verbor- genen Hydranten am Alex.

Wir stellen Bienenstöcke auf, deren Völker sich an Freislers Fensterscheiben setzen, den Honig von seinen Blumen sammeln.

Die Kugel legen wir in eine Dose aus wohlriechendem marokkanischem Wurzelholz und stellen sie als Geschenk vor sein Gartentor. Nach drei Tagen ist sie verschwunden. Freisler zeigt sich nicht mehr.

Wir säen Metallsamen aus, aus denen sich kleine Maschinen bilden. Die Samen suchen sich die Spurenelemente aus der Erde. Sie suchen sich selbst Eisen, Nickel, Kupfer, Silikate, sie tauchen auf aus der Erde und gewinnen Energie aus Photosynthesemodulen. Dann graben sie sich wieder ein und buddeln Tunnel durchs Erdreich. Eines dieser Maschinchen baut sich selbst zu einem Metallde- tektor aus, der sich unter Freislers Zaun hindurch gräbt. Wenn es auftaucht, wirft es die Erde auf. Es sieht aus wie ein Maulwurfshügel. Früher oder später wird es Freislers im Boden vergrabenes Präzisionsei finden.

Dann wird es das Ei einer anderen Maschine übergeben. Auf kleinen Raupenfüsschen gleitet sie an die Küste, überquert das Meer und apportiert das Ei.

Wir stecken es uns in die Tasche und fahren damit ins Restaurant im Fernsehturm hinauf.

Wir verstecken es unter einem der Tische, kleben es mit Paketklebeband von unten fest, während wir vorgeben, ein Schweinelend- chen zu essen. Den Leuten, die sich an diesen Tisch setzen, wird seltsam wohlige, sie wissen nicht warum.

Wir kehren nicht mehr zu unserem Stück Land zurück, es ist uns egal, was daraus wird. So sind wir eben.

Freislers Tomaten wachsen nun besser, denn unsere Maschinen haben das Erdreich gelockert. Unsere Kugel nimmt er aus der Dose aus Wurzelholz und legt sie in den Bienenstock. Wer sie nun möchte, wird gestochen werden. Die Bienen schwärmen aus und sammeln den Honig von weither.

Auch unsere Pflanzen rettet er. Für die Ananas baut er ein Treibhaus. Statt einem Garten hat er nun zwei.

We have gone on the trip, Agnieszka and I, have taken the ferry.  
The spume. The birds.  
Over the sea.  
It's colder over here.

The ball rolls along the way. The crooked street leads uphill between the two gardens.  
Freisler is weeding weed. The grass grows high.

He didn't expect us; he didn't know we would come. He has no idea what to do with us.

"Is this your ball?"

The sun sits in the middle of the sky, it's hot. There are also many mosquitoes this year.

"Czy to pańska kulka, panie Freisler?"

Freisler looks at us across the fence. I pass him the ball. He doesn't take it. We say:

"We will settle here next door, we will buy this piece of land over there."

"Osiądzimy tu niedaleko, kupimy tamten kawałek ziemi."

We buy the land; we set up a contract of purchase. We buy it and sow nothing but nonsense on it, plants which cannot prosper in this climate, and water them from a clay hand. We have brought the water along, it was taken from a concealed fire hydrant in Alexanderplatz.

We put up beehives whose people cling to Freisler's windowpanes, collect honey from his flowers.

We put the ball into a pot made out of fragrant Moroccan root wood and place it in front of his garden door as a gift. After three days it is gone. Freisler doesn't show up again.

We sow metal seeds that develop into small machines. The seeds search for trace elements in the soil. They search by themselves iron, nickel, copper, silicates; they appear on the surface and win energy by photosynthesis modules. Then they dive in again and dig tunnels through the earth. One of these little machines transforms itself into a metal detector, which digs underneath Freisler's fence. When it turns up to the surface, the soil it raises looks like a molehill.

Sooner or later it will find Freisler's precision egg, no matter where he has hidden it in the earth.

It will hand it over to another machine. On small caterpillar's feet it glides to the coast, crosses the sea and retrieves the egg.

We put it in our pocket and take it up with us into the restaurant in the television tower. We hide it under one of the tables, stick it on with package adhesive tape from below, while we pretend to eat a pork loin. The people who eat at this table will feel strangely pleasant, they don't know why.

We never turn back to our piece of land, we don't care about it at all. That's just the way we are.

Freisler's tomatoes grow better now, since our machines have loosened the soil. He takes our ball out of the pot made out of fragrant wood and puts it into the beehive. Whoever wants it will get stung. The bees swarm out and collect honey from far away.

He also rescues our plants. For the pineapple he builds a greenhouse. Instead of one garden he now owns two.



**Yusuf Etiman**  
**Thomas Kilpper**  
**Thomas Nosler**  
**Johannes Paul Raether**





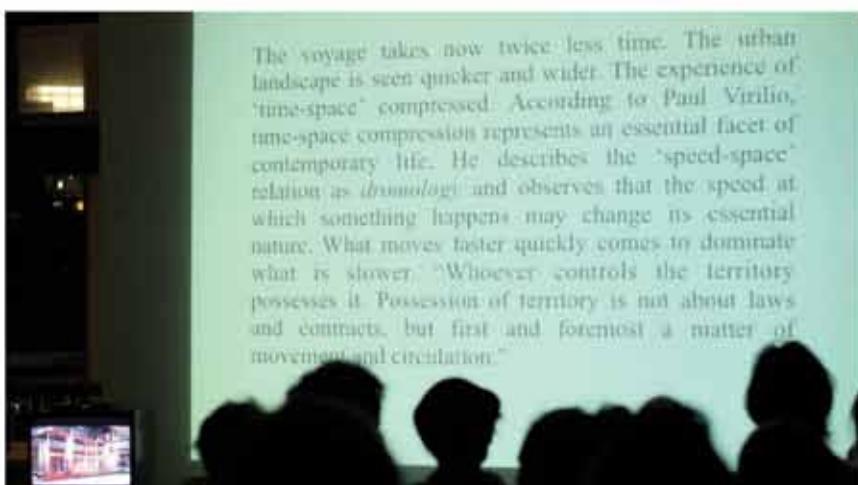


**Joanna Warsza**  
**Lena Inken Shaefer**  
It All Belongs To You\*

An Exhibition in a form of a time-based lecture illustrated by art and non-art produced by electrowaves, robots and tv screens; The full turn of a Telecafe situated at the top of Berlin TV Tower was initially taking a full hour. After 1989 it was shortened to 30 minutes. The TV Tower time speeded up and a half an hour was cut out. Vivre sans temps mort – „live without dead time” was the appeal of the Situationists in the 1960's. The lecture will take place in those 30 lost minutes and will refer to selected, often ignored facts and myths of the TV Tower illustrated by a choice of art and non-art. Including works by Jean-Marc Chapoulié, Bertrand Dezoteux, Mark Formanek, Niklas Roy, Rusiko Oat & Pit Schultz; Duration: '30 min, Capacity: 64 seats; Deadline for turning up: 20.30; With the support of the Polish Culture Institut in Berlin



In Georgia in the 90. during so-called Millenium Years, when the electricity was more absent than present, some Georgian channels were illegally broadcast on the foreign-channel frequencies. As a result there were two supposed programs and two logos on the screen and the transmission was sometimes interrupted, bringing the screen to a standstill. A dramatic image of the face of an old lady comes from a commercial from TWIX. Labeled with the mysterious icon 'No-Signal', it creates a new image, quite remote from the original idea of an advertising spot and bearing fantastic information. In the logic of media marketing, this was a kind of electronic magic, creating your own interpretation of neo-now.



DE: 1. Nummerierte Eisenkurbel vom Haken nehmen 2. Ausstellungsraum verlassen und mit Eisenkurbel zum Zielort Otto-Braun-Straße, Ecke Karl-Marx-Allee gehen 3. Orientierungshilfe: 1. Weltzeituhr passieren 2. Straßenbahngleisverlauf bis zu großer Straßenkreuzung folgen 3. Alexanderstraße überqueren 4. Otto-Braun-Straße überqueren 4. Alten Gehwegplattenverbund im Bauzaunbereich aufsuchen 5. Platte mit 17er-Nuss aufsuchen 6. Nicht beringtes Kurbelende in die Nuss stecken 7. Platte ist nun betriebsfertig 8. Eisenkurbel vorsichtig im Uhrzeigersinn drehen 9. Vorgang bei Gewindewiderstand sofort beenden 10. Platte kann nun betrachtet werden 11. Nach Beendigung Nuss in Ausgangsposition zurückversetzen, hierzu Drehvorgang in entgegengesetzter Richtung wiederholen

EN: 1. Take the numbered iron crank off the hook 2. Leave exhibition space with iron handle and go to destination Otto-Braun-Strasse, corner Karl-Marx-Allee 3. Orientation: 1. Pass World Clock 2. Follow tram tracks to major intersection 3. Cross Alexander Street 4. Cross Otto-Braun-Straße 4. Locate the old paving slab in composite construction fence area 5. Find plate with 17mm nut 6. Stick the not banded crank end in the nut 7. The plate is now ready for use 8. Carefully turn iron crank clockwise 9. Immediately terminate process for threaded resistance 10. The plate can now be considered 11. After finishing bring back the not to the starting position, thus repeating process of rotation in the opposite direction.





**Ulrike Kuschel,  
Thomas Bayrle  
Dani Jakob  
Susah Choi**







**Ulrike Kuschel  
Sankt Walter**

Installation mit Hörstück (8 min) und Heiligenbildchen  
Möbelstück, Glasscheibe, Offsetprints, CD-Player, Kopfhörer, 2010  
SPLACE, Berlin, 23.09.2010

Nachdem mich Antje Majewski zur Ausstellung im Space eingeladen hatte, fiel mir ziemlich schnell der Spitzname des Fernsehturms zu DDR-Zeiten ein: Sankt Walter.

Der Berliner Fernsehturm war eines der großen Prestigeprojekte der noch jungen DDR. Nach seiner Fertigstellung im Jahr 1969 stellte sich jedoch heraus, dass bei Sonnenschein auf der Kugel ein Lichtreflex in Form eines Kreuzes sichtbar wird. Dieses Kreuz war für die Auftraggeber, vor allem für den Staatsratsvorsitzenden der DDR, Walter Ulbricht, ein großes Ärgernis. Der Fernsehturm wurde deshalb von den DDR-Bürgern scherhaft „Sankt Walter“ genannt, in Anlehnung an die in unmittelbarer Nachbarschaft stehende mittelalterliche Marienkirche. In der von mir geschriebenen Heiligenlegende verschmelzen der Heilige Walter von Pontoise, Abt in Frankreich in der zweiten Hälfte des 12. Jahrhunderts, und Walter Ulbricht zu einer Person. Ich habe die Vita von Walter von Pontoise durch Episoden aus dem Leben von Ulbricht erweitert, in verfremdeter Form und in möglichst unauffälliger Weise. Die Komplilation von Heiligen war vor allem in der Frühzeit des Christentums ein bisweilen auftretendes Phänomen. Die Heiligenlegende kann man auf CD anhören.

Unter einer Glasplatte liegt auf einem Tisch meine Sammlung von italienischen Heiligenbildchen aus, ergänzt durch ein von mir angefertigtes Heiligenbildchen von Sankt Walter. Die Porträtzeichnung von Walter Ulbricht, die sich darauf befindet, ist der einzige Hinweis auf den Politiker und damit der Schlüssel zum Verständnis der Arbeit. Die Heiligenbildchen von Sankt Walter dürfen die Besucher mitnehmen.

**DE:**

Sankt Walter, ein Christ von großer Frömmigkeit und Demut, stammte aus einem kleinen Ort in Picardia. Seine Eltern waren sehr fromm, der Vater war Schneider und hieß Ernestus Augustus, die Mutter hieß Paulina. Als Walter ein Jüngling geworden war, mied er die Ausgelassenheit seiner Kameraden und studierte, dem Vorbild der Eltern folgend, die Heilige Schrift. Nach einer Zeit der Wanderschaft, die ihn bis in den Norden des Landes führte, legte er das Gelübde ab und trat in die Abtei von Rebais ein. Eines Tages befreite er aus dem Kloster einen Bauern, den man dort eingesperrt hatte, weil er dem Kloster Geld für einen Sack Getreide schuldete. Dazu sagen nun einige erklärend, daß es Walter undenkbar erschienen war, im Hause Gottes zu verbleiben aus anderen Gründen als denen der Liebe.

Einmal soll Walter den heiligen Vladimiro getroffen haben. Dieser legte die Hand auf die Schulter des jungen Mönches und sprach: „Die Lehre Christi ist allmächtig, weil sie wahr ist.“

Von Rebais ging er nach Pontisara, um eine neue Gemeinschaft zu gründen, deren Mönche Walter zum Abt wählten. Aber schon bald drückten Sorgen und Kümmerisse den Vorsteher der Abtei nieder und er begann sich nach einem Leben ohne die Bürde seines Amtes zu sehnen. So kam es, daß er eines Tages sein altes Gewand anlegte und heimlich Pontisara verließ. Als einfacher Mönch gekleidet, bat er in der Abtei von Cluniacum um Aufnahme. Zu jener Zeit war dort Sankt Ugo Abt. Als nun die Mönche von Pontisara seine Flucht bemerkten, beeilten sie sich, Walter wiederzufinden und nach Pontisara zurückzubringen.

Walter kehrte also nach Pontisara zurück. Eine Weile lebte er, weil er noch immer von einem Leben als Eremit träumte, zurückgezogen in einer Höhle unweit des Klosters. Er hatte für Gott alles verlassen und besaß nichts mehr außer einer Fliege. Er hielt sie wie eine Gefährtin in seiner Höhle.

Dann verließ Walter abermals die Abtei. Der Überlieferung nach flüchtete er mit einem Boot von Capra Collum über den See und fand auf einer Insel eine halb verfallene Kapelle vor, die den Heiligen Cosmas und Damian geweiht war, welche er mit seinen eigenen Händen wiederherrichtete. Ein Pilger namens Garin erkannte ihn aber und sein Aufenthalt wurde den Mönchen von Pontisara gemeldet, welche eilfertig herbeikamen, um Walter ein zweites Mal in die Abtei zurückzubringen. Da beschloss Walter nach Rom zu gehen, um Papst Gregorius den VII. zu bitten, ihn von seinem Amt zu befreien. Anders als Walter jedoch gedacht hatte, gebot ihm der Papst unter Androhung des Kirchenbanns, in die Abtei zurückzukehren und sein Amt in Zukunft nicht mehr zu verlassen. Seit dieser Zeit hat Walter nicht mehr versucht, vor seiner Verantwortung zu fliehen, im Gegenteil nahm er den Kampf gegen die Aufweichung der Regeln und Sitten auf und tadelte lebhaft den König dafür, dass er den Ämterkauf förderte.

Als der Bischof sah, wie standhaft und fromm Walter sich von nun an in seinem Glauben zeigte, schickte er ihn in das gefahrvolle Gebiet jenseits der östlichen Landesgrenzen, in das Reich, aus dem der Eurus bläst. Dorthin waren durch verschiedene Umstände einige Mitbrüder geraten, die wegen ihres Glaubens verfolgt wurden und deshalb geflohen waren. Dies geschah im fünften Jahr der Schreckenherrschaft des aus Brunodunum stammenden Usurpators. Walter blieb sieben Jahre lang in Mosca. Aber auch dort waren seine Brüder nicht sicher. Von neun Brüdern erlitten fünf den Märtyrertod, nur Walter und Wilhelm blieben wie durch ein Wunder von allen Nachstellungen verschont.

Dann brach im sechsten Jahr der Gewaltherrschaft des aus Brunodunum stammenden Usurpators jener verhängnisvolle Krieg aus zwischen dem Reich des Usurpators und der gegen ihn verbündeten Länder und Königreiche. Auf beiden Seiten starben die Menschen zu Zehntausenden. Man sagt, der Heilige ging hin und predigte unter den Soldaten. Er habe viele zum Glauben bekehrt, so daß sie die Waffen hingeworfen hätten und sich künftig hin weigerten, für den aus Brunodunum stammenden Feldherrn zu kämpfen.

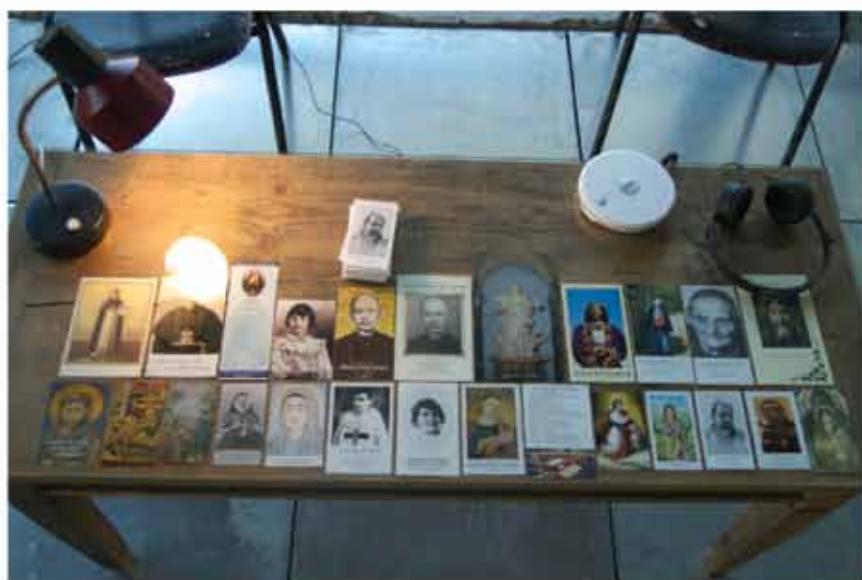
Einmal, nach dem verhängnisvollen Krieg, suchte eine große Not die Provinz des heiligen Walters heim. Zehnstreifige Käfer waren in einem gewaltigen Schwarm, so groß, daß seine Ausmaße nicht abzusehen waren, über das Meer gekommen und fraßen auf den Feldern die Ernte auf. Walter wies die Mönche an, Brot aus den Speichern der Abtei zu holen und unter den Hungrigen zu verteilen. Dann gebot er den Gläubigen, auf Gott zu vertrauen und zu beten. In der gleichen Nacht vernahm Walter im Traum eine Stimme, die ihm sagte, daß Dämonen die Käfer ins Land geschickt hätten. Wenn aber tausend fromme Jungfrauen und 9999 Kinder auf die Felder gingen, um dort zu beten, so würde die Plage aufhören. Am nächsten Morgen erzählte Walter seinen Brüdern, was ihm die Stimme im Traum gesagt hatte und ließ es bekannt machen. Da strömten die Jungfrauen aus den Dörfern vor der Pforte des Klosters zusammen, und als sich tausend Jungfrauen eingefunden hatten, begab sich der Zug, gefolgt von 9999 Kindern, auf die verwüsteten Felder. Auf ein Zeichen des Heiligen begannen die Jungfrauen und Kinder alsbald ein inniges Gebet. Da zeigte sich plötzlich ein wunderbarer Lichtglanz, es erhob sich ein großes Brausen und in schwarzen Wolken, die bis zum Himmel reichten, stiegen die Käfer auf. Sie hinterließen auf den Feldern hässliche Spuren, jedoch der Zauber der Dämonen war gebrochen.

Ich bin allerdings der Ansicht, daß das was über die Befreiung von der Käferplage berichtet wird, nicht glaubwürdig ist, hätte doch der Heilige vermutlich durch sein eigenes Gebet erhalten können, worum die Jungfrauen bat.

Ein anderes Mal, zum Ende seines Lebens hin, erschien Walter im Traum die Jungfrau Chimea und sagte, er solle nach dem jungfräulichen Öl suchen. Denn dieser Stoff würde die Menschen nähren, kleiden und auch sonst dafür sorgen, daß sie in Wohlstand und Schönheit leben können. Am folgenden Tag ließ Walter seine Vision öffentlich verkünden und suchte fortan unter den Adligen und Fürsten seines Landes Verbündete, um diesen Stoff zu finden. Nach vielen Schwierigkeiten, die der Kastellan des Landes seinen Ideen entgegensezte, gelang es ihm, einige Companien zu gründen, seine Vision „Olium petrae gibt Brot, Wohlstand und Grazie“ konnte er jedoch nicht verwirklichen.

Walter starb an einem Karfreitag, man denkt, es handelte sich um den 8. April des Jahres 1099, deshalb ist sein Feiertag auf dieses Datum festgesetzt. Es kann aber auch sein, daß er am 23. März 1095 starb.

Sein Leib wurde in der Abteikirche bestattet, wo er zahlreiche Wunder wirkt



**EN:**

Saint Walter, a Christian of great piety and humility, was born in a small village in Picardia. His parents were very religious, his father was a tailor and called Ernestus Augustus, his mother Paulina. Upon reaching youth, Walter shunned the frolics of his friends and studied, following the example of his parents, the Holy Scriptures. Following a time of wandering which led him to northern France, he took his vows and entered the abbey of Rebais. One day he freed a peasant from the monastery who had been imprisoned there because he owed the monastery money for a sack of grain. Some explain this by saying that it appeared to Walter inconceivable that someone could remain in the House of God for reasons other than love.

Walter is supposed to have once met Saint Vladimiro. Placing his hand on the shoulder of the young monk he said: "The teaching of Christ is all-mighty because it is true."

From Rebais he went to Pontisara to establish a new confraternity, and the monks there elected Walter abbot. But the cares and worries soon weighed down on the abbot and he began to yearn for a life without the burdens of his office. So it came about that he one day donned his old vestments and secretly left Pontisara. Dressed as a simple monk, he asked to be admitted to the abbey of Cluniacum. At the time, Saint Hugo was abbot there. Upon noticing his flight, the monks of Pontisara hurried to find Walter and bring him back to Pontisara.

Walter thus returned to Pontisara. For a while he lived secluded, because he continued to dream of a life as a hermit, in a cave not far from the monastery. For God he had left everything behind and owned nothing more than a fly. He kept it like a companion in his cave.

Then Walter left the abbey once again. As tradition would have it, he fled with a boat from Capra Collum over the lake and found on an island a partly derelict chapel, dedicated to Saints Cosmas and Damian, which he repaired with his own hands. A pilgrim called Garin recognized him however and the place of his abode was passed on to the monks of Pontisara, who hastily came around to bring Walter back to the abbey for a second time.

Upon this Walter decided to go to Rome to appeal to Pope Gregorius VII to be released from his official duties. But other than Walter thought, the Pope evoked the threat of excommunication and ordered him to return to the abbey and never to leave his office again in the future. From this time onwards, Walter would no longer seek to flee these responsibilities, but he took up the fight against the loosening of rules and customs and vigorously rebuked the King for promoting simony.

As the Bishop saw how resolute and pious Walter showed himself to be in his faith, he sent him to the perilous region beyond the eastern border, to the realm from where the Eurus blows. Through various circumstances some fellow brothers had ended up there who were persecuted due to their faith and had flown there. This took place in the fifth year of the reign of terror of the usurper from Brunodunum. Walter stayed seven years in Mosca. But there too his brothers were not safe. From nine brothers five were martyred, only Walter and Wilhelm remained miraculously spared from being hunted down. Then, in the sixth year of the reign of terror of the usurper from Brunodunum, the fateful war broke out between the usurper's realm and the lands and kingdoms allied against him. Tens of thousands died on both sides. It is said that the saint went and preached amongst the soldiers. He is said to have converted many of them to the faith, so that they threw down their weapons and refused in the future to fight for the commander from Brunodunum.

Once, after the fateful war, the province of Saint Walter was stricken by misery. Ten-lined beetles flew over the sea in a massive swarm, so large that its scale was indeterminable, and devoured the harvest on the fields. Walter ordered the monks to fetch bread from the granary of the abbey and distribute it amongst the hungry. Then he demanded the faithful to put their trust in God and pray. The very same night Walter heard a voice in a dream which told him that demons had sent the beetles to befall the land. But if a thousand pious virgins and 9999 children went to the fields to pray, the plague would come to an end. The next morning Walter told his brothers what the voice had said to him in the dream and had it made known. The virgins from the villages flocked in front of the monastery gates, and as one thousand virgins had gathered, the procession embarked for the devastated fields, followed by 9999 children. Upon a sign given by the saint, the virgins and the children began straightaway to pray ardently. Suddenly a glorious blaze of light shone, a deafening roar rose and the beetles soared upwards in black clouds which reached to the sky. They left behind trails of horror on the fields, but the spell cast by the demons was broken.

*I am of the view however that what is related about the liberation from the beetle plague is not credible, the saint could have presumably achieved through his own praying what the virgins asked for.*

*Another time, towards the end of his life, the virgin Chimea appeared to Walter in a dream and told him to search for the virginal oil. For this substance would nourish and clothe the people, as well as ensure that they could live in prosperity and beauty. On the following day Walter announced his vision publicly and henceforth sought out allies from amongst the noblemen and princes of his land willing to find this substance. After numerous problems with which the castellan of the land hindered his ideas, he succeeded in founding some companies. He could not realize however his vision of "Olium petrae gives bread, prosperity and grace".*

*Walter died on a Good Friday, it is thought that the day was the eighth of April in the year 1099, therefore his feast day is set on this date. But it is also possible that he died on the twenty-third of March 1095.*

*His body was buried in the abbey church, where he had performed numerous miracles.*



#### **IT:**

San Walter era un cristiano di grande devozione e umiltà, originario di una piccola località della Piccardia. I suoi genitori erano molto devoti, il padre era sarto e si chiamava Ernestus Augustus, la madre si chiamava Paulina. Diventato un giovanotto, Walter evitò la vita dissoluta dei suoi compagni e seguendo il modello dei genitori studiò le Sacre Scritture. Dopo un periodo di peregrinazione che lo condusse fino al nord del Paese, prese i voti ed entrò nell'Abbazia di Rebais. Un giorno liberò dal convento un contadino che vi era stato rinchiuso poiché doveva del denaro al convento per un sacco di cereali. Alcuni dicono ora in merito, a titolo esplicativo, che a Walter era sembrato impensabile rimanere nella Casa di Dio per motivi diversi da quelli dell'amore.

Si narra che una volta Walter abbia incontrato San Vladimiro. Costui posò la mano sulla spalla del giovane monaco e disse: "La dottrina di Cristo è onnipotente perché è vera."

Da Rebais Walter si recò a Pontisara per fondare una nuova comunità, i cui monaci lo scelsero come abate. Ma ben presto i pensieri e le preoccupazioni cominciarono ad opprimere la guida dell'abbazia ed egli iniziò a desiderare una vita senza il peso del suo incarico. Fu così che un giorno indossò la sua vecchia tonaca e lasciò di nascosto Pontisara. Vestito da semplice monaco, chiese di essere accolto all'Abbazia di Cluniacum. A quel tempo l'Abate era San Ugo. Quando i monaci di Pontisara si accorsero della sua fuga, si affrettarono a ritrovare Walter e a riportarlo a Pontisara.

Walter fece quindi ritorno a Pontisara. Poiché continuava a sognare una vita da eremita, per un periodo visse ritirato in una grotta non distante dal monastero. Aveva abbandonato tutto per Dio e non possedeva più nient'altro che una mosca, che teneva nella sua grotta come una compagna.

In seguito Walter lasciò nuovamente l'abbazia. Secondo quanto tramandato, egli fuggì da Capra Collum via mare con una barca e trovò su un'isola una cappella mezza fatiscente dedicata ai Santi Cosma e Damiano, che ricostruì con le sue stesse mani. Ma un pellegrino di nome Garin lo riconobbe e ne furono informati i monaci di Pontisara, che giunsero in fretta per riportare per una seconda volta Gualtiero all'abbazia.

A questo punto Walter decise di andare a Roma per chiedere a Papa Gregorio VII di essere dispensato dal suo incarico. Ma diversamente da come Walter si era immaginato, il Papa gli impose di ritornare all'abbazia e di non lasciare mai più in futuro il suo incarico, pena la scomunica. Da quel momento Walter non cercò più di fuggire dalla sua responsabilità; al contrario si mise a lottare contro l'ammorbidimento delle regole e dei costumi e criticò vivacemente il Re perché favoriva l'uso simoniaco delle cariche.

Quando il vescovo vide con che costanza e devozione Walter professava da quel momento la sua fede, lo spedì nella regione pericolosa al di là del confine orientale del Paese, nel Regno da cui soffia l'Eurus. In quel luogo erano giunti per diverse circostanze alcuni confratelli, che erano stati perseguitati a causa della loro fede e pertanto erano fuggiti. Questo accadeva nel quinto anno della dittatura dell'Usurpatore proveniente da Brunodunum. Walter rimase sette anni a Mosca. Ma anche là i suoi fratelli non erano al sicuro. Di nove confratelli cinque trovarono la morte come martiri, soltanto Walter e Wilhelm furono risparmiati come per miracolo da tutte le insidie.

Poi, nel sesto anno della dittatura dell'Usurpatore proveniente da Brunodunum, scoppì quella disastrosa guerra tra il Regno dell'Usurpatore e i Paesi e Regni alleati contro di lui. Da entrambe le parti morirono decine di migliaia di uomini. Si dice che il Santo si recò lì e predicò tra i soldati. Convertendo molti di loro che gettarono le armi e si rifiutarono di continuare a combattere per il generale proveniente da Brunodunum.

Una volta, dopo la disastrosa guerra, la provincia di San Walter fu colpita da una grave emergenza. Un enorme sciame di coleotteri a dieci strisce, così grande da non poterne calcolare le dimensioni, giunse dal mare e divorò il raccolto sui campi. Walter impose ai monaci di prendere il pane dai magazzini dell'abbazia e distribuirlo agli affamati. Quindi ordinò ai fedeli di avere fiducia in Dio e di pregare. In quella stessa notte Walter sentì in sogno una voce che gli disse che i coleotteri erano stati mandati verso terra da demoni. Ma se mille vergini devote e 9999 bambini fossero andati sui campi a pregare, la piaga sarebbe finita. Il mattino seguente Walter riferì ai suoi confratelli cosa gli aveva detto la voce in sogno e lo fece rendere noto. Allora le vergini accorsero dai villaggi davanti alla porta del convento e quando furono in mille, il corteo, seguito da 9999 bambini, si recò sui campi devastati. Ad un segnale del Santo le vergini ed i bambini iniziarono subito una fervida preghiera. All'improvviso splendette una luce meravigliosa, si levò un gran fragore e i coleotteri si alzarono in nubi nere che arrivavano fino al cielo. Lasciarono sui campi brutte tracce, però il sortilegio dei demoni era spezzato.

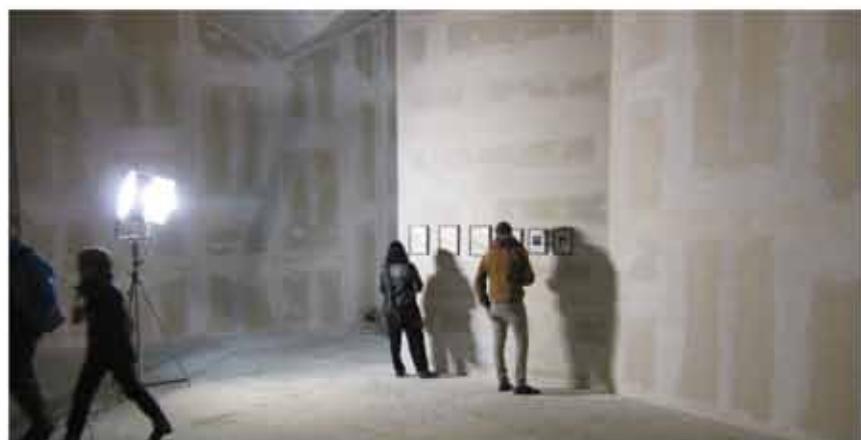
Sono tuttavia dell'avviso che quanto riferito sulla liberazione dalla piaga dei coleotteri non è verosimile, poiché il Santo probabilmente avrebbe potuto ottenere con la sua preghiera ciò per cui pregarono le vergini.

Un'altra volta, verso la fine della sua vita, a Walter apparve in sogno la Vergine Chimea, che gli disse di cercare l'olio delle vergini. Poiché questo prodotto avrebbe alimentato e vestito gli uomini, provvedendo inoltre a che vivessero nel benessere e nella bellezza. Il giorno seguente Walter fece annunciare pubblicamente la sua visione e da quel momento cercò tra i nobili e i principi del suo Paese alleati per trovare questo prodotto. Dopo le tante difficoltà opposte alle sue idee dal castellano del Paese, egli riuscì a fondare alcune compagnie, tuttavia non poté realizzare la sua visione "Olium petrae dà pane, benessere e grazia".

Walter morì un venerdì santo, si pensa che fosse l'8 aprile 1099, pertanto la sua festività è stata fissata in quella data. Ma è anche possibile che sia morto il 23 marzo 1095.

Il suo corpo fu inumato nell'abbazia dove egli aveva fatto numerosi miracoli.

**Amy Patton**  
**Dirk Peuker**  
**Special Guests:**  
**Momus**  
**Adam Raymont**  
Fade to Black

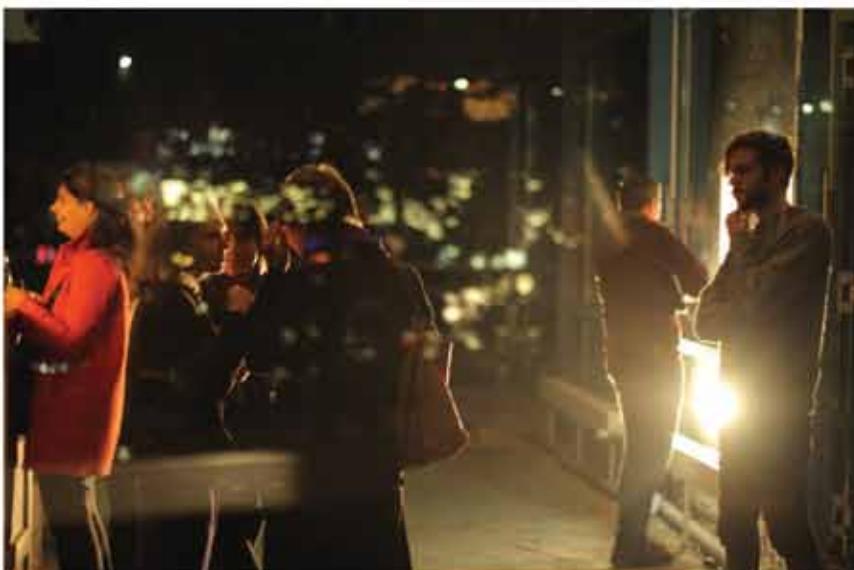


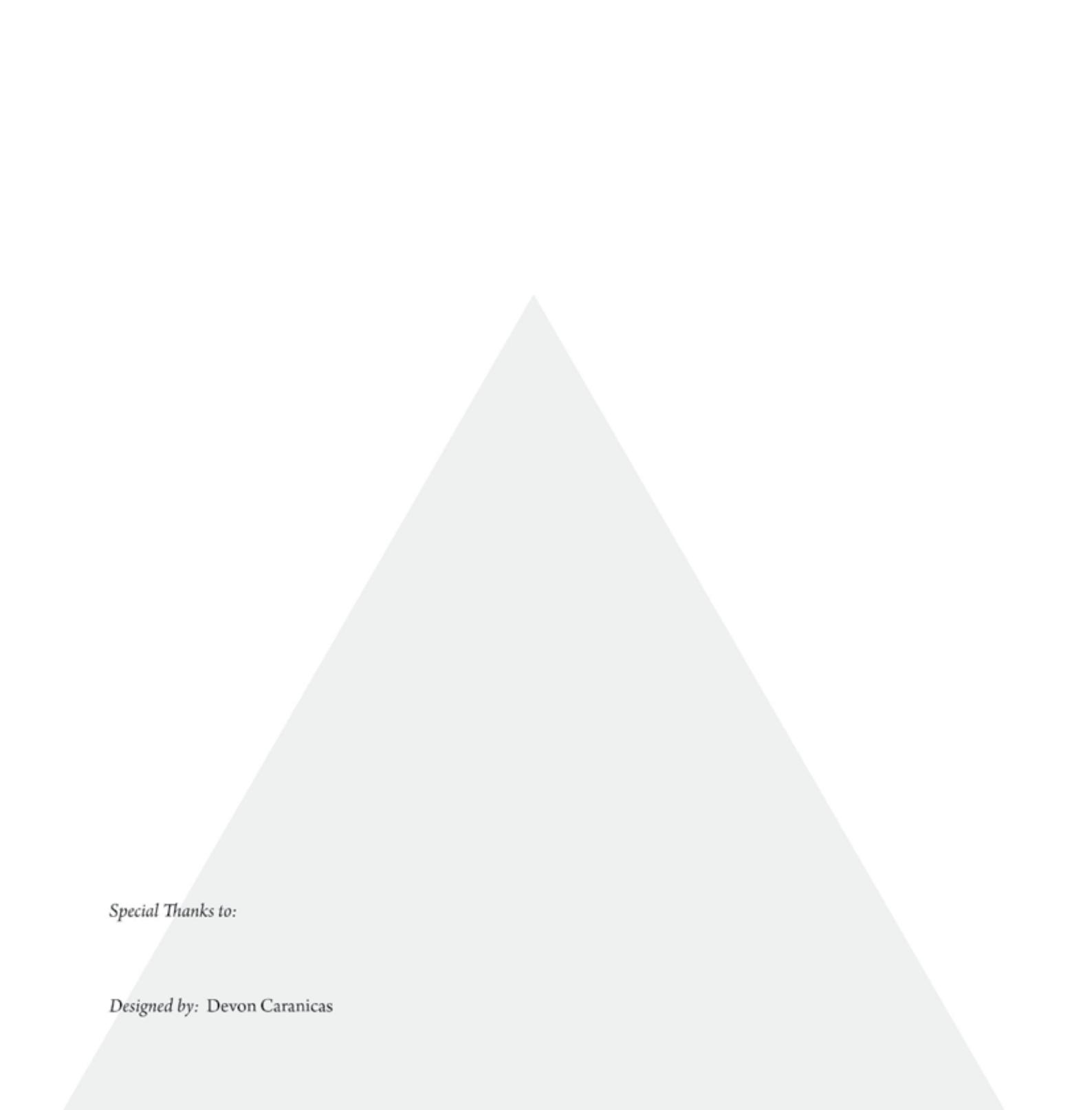






Vernissage Fotos  
Vernissage Photos





*Special Thanks to:*

*Designed by:* Devon Caranicas

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