

Who Fake Am I Now? - Art School's Decor (ASD):
Actual Contents to all the Citizens of HBK and other Art Schools.

ON THE OCCASION OF

Performative Notes on embedded Thoughts
[Braunschweig 2013]

Hmmm,... Before I get into this subject, I need to lay a few ground rules.

Well, ok.

Let's talk.

Let's talk about it.

I'm always asked for it. So well, let's do it.

Let's talk about art.

- Give a declaration or say something about it.

a) A conclusion on Art School's Decor (ASD) - Who Fake Am I Now?: Actual Contents to all the Citizens of HBK & other Art Schools.

Lay your cards on the table.

Taste. Value. Decoration. Body and flesh. Existence. Security. Closeness. Beauty. The Best.

Vulnerability. Sensitivity. Representation. Puberty. Expectancy.

Let's talk and learn.

Let us understand. (your obvious wish and necessity of learning and understanding).

Together. All for one! We are a unit. We have to become one!

My work.

(Let's talk) About ME. I. No, WE are

*Hymn to the discipleship, superstars and self-named-I-know-how-it-goes'
(of all the art schools, institutions and hipster circles in the world)*

So here you are.

Here we go.

Here it is for you:

You can have it. 4 real. Directly gifted from skin to skin.

To your mouth - (wide it open). Wide it open and swallow. Don't panic, it's sturdy, happy and uncomplicated. You don't need to be afraid or to risk anything:

Always happy, always fresh. Just shew it softly and take YOUR time.

Well, my point of view. My initial point of 'Who Fake Am I Now? - Art School's Decor (ASD): Actual Contents to (all) the Citizens of HBK & other Art Schools'. Hmmm,.. Let's think,...

So, ... why I like decoration and... further, why it is an important point for the society('s structure) in general, why it has a function and a sense for us, for all of us,... I mean, I love seeing how people think.

Vielen Dank, meine Damen und Herren, es war schön mit Ihnen.

Think for a moment.

Art should be decorative.

Why shouldn't give it a second skin or your inner feelings turning outside?

High or low that seems to be the question of the day: Is One plus One three? But that's not, what is interesting.

Ok, wait, one example, one question to start: Where are all the colors gone? Just tones of pasty tube flickering in the shades of grey and natural soft gradients.

I have the feeling that art in art schools is losing liberty.

We are fading.

No. X

But what is about seeing all the tones, all the shades of grey, to read between the lines?

Why don't I like an easy work? Why do I always have the feeling that it is just too simple, just a translation. Reduction. I feel so fucking bored in most exhibitions even whether they pretend to come from a true moment of heart and want to be something different. Something individual. Something specific.

But why don't they break in? Calm and pleasant. No critic, no interruption. Won't make you hesitate... You are supposed to walk through. Taking a snap and getting the feeling of understanding.

I don't know...

You CAN'T!

It's not that - why do you want it?

*Schon wieder diese Ambivalenz. - that's why being contradictory isn't bad.
Sie bringt mich noch zur Weißglut*

We need to take the stairs.

All of a sudden the two girls I'm with are screaming: No! Stop! Attention!

I only can use stairs downwards. - My bum and my legs will flush otherwise.

Confusion. No definition.

So we go on trying to use the accelerator. Another interruption scream:

Stop! Wait! There is our Prof in it and we don't wanna meet her.

Confusion. No definition.

We waited like 15 minutes until the accelerator came back down and was free.

Nobody said a tone.

Is everything becoming fake or is it the failure of truth that one believes in, that never was there?

Building up our annual student exhibition called Rundgang, a walk around or a walk through (THE STUDIOS).

...

Ja, you are allowed to interpret to give your own opinion on it.

Show your attitude!

un, deux, trois, plié.

Plié.

Qui, c'est ça!

Du hast zu wissen was du willst.

You have to know what you want.

Ping Jabba. Underbelly of lust.

Here they walk, the famosa of a rite that's being panned by the ground of discourse far bigger than the singular inversion.

I obey, commendatory.

Little by little my ear bone whistles to me even louder that the news are off tomorrow on all the deleted beaches.

Mexican rescue into a backyard country.

What's your ciphering?

I insist on calling quits on the disturbed programs of all the foremost feature casters that involve nominators of art. I personally will obscure all their distressing motifs by forcing into their circuits. These features are a no art no culture circle that's made compulsively into gigantic debris spreading further from the core. It's becoming irretrievable, cause this debris' is orbiting and density is giving the derma found in familiar globes and spheres concerning art.

...

Cut it off.

...

THE BAD

the hipsters

the system

THE COUNTER

the will

the deletion

the unreturned call for information.

The actual Content.

...

it's simple - measuring these fucks when you just hold two gauges against them:

Is it for a reason or is it for the abstract?

but what's the abstract for?

Will it ever be more than a map of things. and if we derive in the long run any realization about living, about anything that leads into another situation or state of being - why would that be of interest? why isn't the reasonable, rudimentary approach of just eating the pie essentially more of a loader to man? and if you say let's go civilization, than why should a common ground of abstraction be any more worth than the -

I'm asking for a space of art beyond art, a non-exclusive domain.

a non-imperialistic scenario.

it's all an adolescent attempt to part from the culture of art discourse. It'll become -

gorgeous.

make yourself available.

Make yourself transparent.

*du willst informiert sein und eine transparente Politik, während alle eine Transparenz von dir fordern.
Und alles wird überwacht – und alle fordern Transparenz – 4Real?*

EVEN HERE?