

FIGHT

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'One may fight to stay alive, to overcome addictions or jealousies. Others fight for power, for prestige and influence. There are play fights, staged fights, bets on fights, there are plethora's of categories for a fight; separate, together, in gangs. There are fights that are over before they've even started, there are the Knock Outs, the TKO's, brutal beatings, humiliation, ultimate champions and the even more severe fights to the death – there is war and peace. If we investigate the circumstances beyond more than the explicit posturing, we notice the simple fact of the possibility of there actually being something worth fighting for, something up for grabs, something, whatever it may be, to be discovered, experimented, engaged, interpellated. Two ideas, modes, sets, sensitivities or sensibilities combined from separate creative entities could exponentiate and/or exacerbate meanings, situations, values, categories affectively, efficiently thereby opening horizons for further investigations, ways of examining, aligning, realigning, misinterpreting, ruledesign breaking, parameter (un)setting. There is a significant pile of chance...'

Text : Jol Thomson

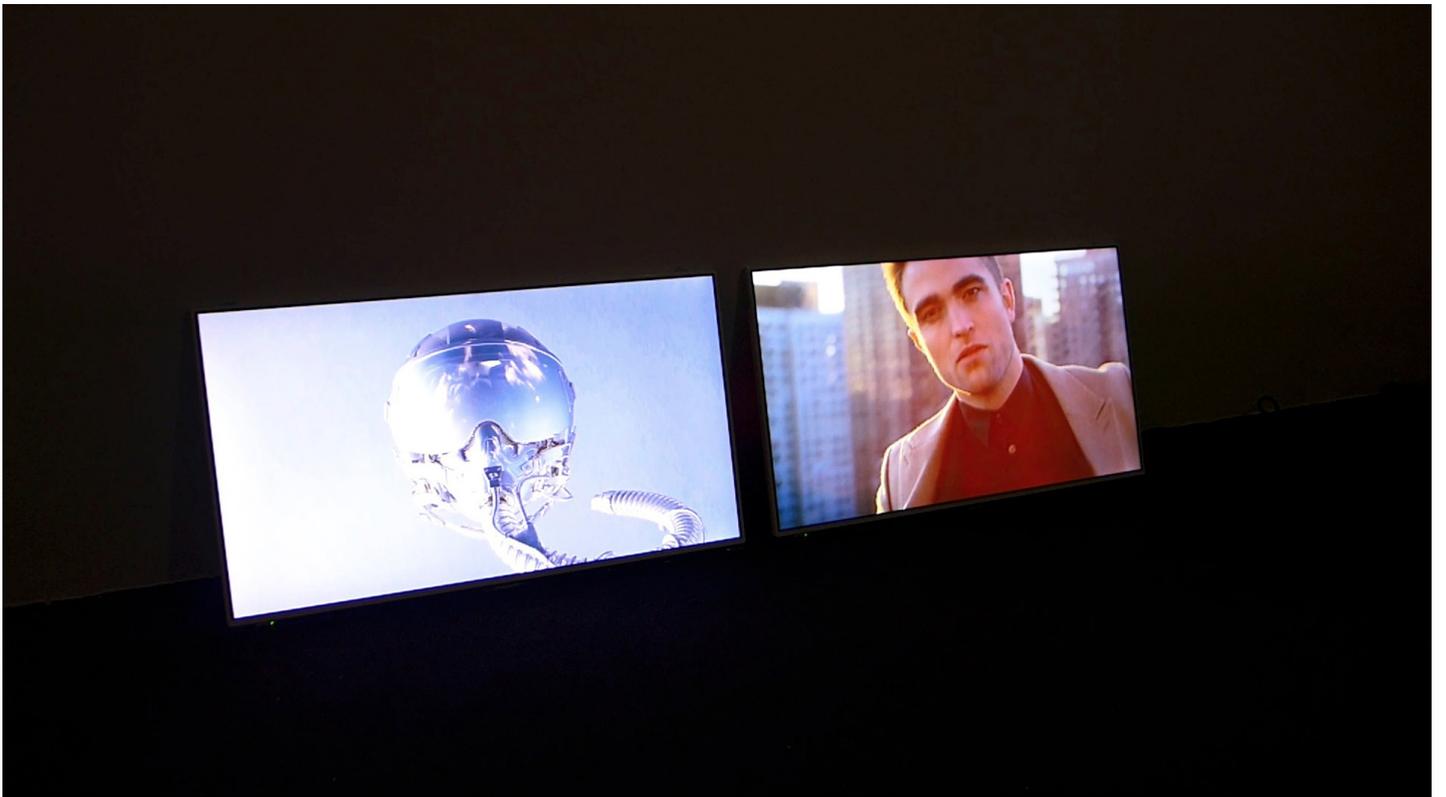
FIGHT 0



FIGHT 1

29.11.13 Baden Pailthorpe, Alexey Vanushkin

Text: Jol Thomson



The x,y,z axes themselves accelerated towards infinity, and when they reached the limit they all necessarily rejoined, folded back; a psycho-spatial schizophrenia began and ended. You could witness the acropolis from outside its own hyperbolic limits as though it were some sort of extradimensional form of overlappings, möbius interlinkings - but in actuality it was only constructed out of a cardinal series of points.

The arches it formed were probability lines from dice throws whose outcomes always resulted in the bottom faces summing to seven. This matrice resulted therefore in a new law of force, and so began experiments and lens based observations. A whole mathematics was formed, and soon too the discovery of other cosmo-psyche entities, the diachronic - the protracted expanse in all directions - and so the implications of the now bodiless mass of rotational desire, power and knowledge was made palpable.

It is the opposite, or the inversion of the Acephale. It is the Asomaton: a cyber-metabolic, gastro-genital swarm, bodiless in constant murmuration patterns - an endless flock of birds in flight. Due to the nature of the entity, its actions are very difficult to describe. What appear as its surfaces are all *möbius points* which pass through themselves and each other. It also reflects the total image of one's self, so that quite immediately one is totally encompassed by and incorporated into its actions. Even the perceptions become mediated by its attractiveness. It freely absorbs and everything is transparent to it.

I tried to speak through it for the first time. I spoke clearly. I asked 'Do you remember how I said that I am not being myself, or didn't feel like I was allowed to be, and how that that is what is affecting me the most?'. And something replied silently, 'You know behind closed doors those people are exactly the same, they're only lacking in a general sense of empathy, a sense of community, the planet is on the brink'.

It used to be that the body corroborated or substantiated the head, but of course all that has changed by now. There are wavelengths emanating from the Storm of the Hexagon, and They will not tell us in which direction those waves are propagating. They say instead, 'Soon there will be something lost, regained. Something you've always always wanted. Our laws of physics demand it'.

All of our attention was on the backside of our retinal displays – a sense of *déjà-rêve*, a fracticality of rhythm and ominous tensions oscillated. There was dissonance and we danced, orgiastically, the Asomaton.

FIGHT 2

06.12.13 Anne Fellner & Burkhard Beschow, Marlie Mul
Text: John Henry Newton



It was an elaborate attempt - a tiny Trojan horse placed within the mechanism of the centre, slowly edging its way across the plane of tiles, in search of a potential exit. Meanwhile, the rifling hand had found its pocket and fled an escape through the multiple channels that weaved in and out of the decorative pillars. The usual Corinthian foliage replaced by the carved faces similar to those shown on the repeating televisions of the shop windows. Plaster gargoyles watching on, nose-less through their own poor manufacture – and no sign of a well-dressed iconoclast. The heavy breathing of the escapee gradually petered away down the corridor, slowly dissolving into the noise of a gathering crowd, where a heard of bagged shoppers had been attracted by the clockwork diversion, the horse still making its pilgrimage to what currently looked like either a jewellers or a betting shop.

The guard was approximately half way through his stint, sat back on his fat laurels and occasionally performing a rotation in his chair as a source of amusement. He had amassed a tower of matching drink cups that served as a trophy of achievement, offsetting a day that was usually spent returning lost items (or children) to members of the public, or filing them (not the children) in a large cabinet at the end of his office. The large cabinet was possibly the only expel of energy that he had mustered in his ever-lengthening - and ultimately shortening - career, a rigorous cataloguing that had taken place for as long as he could remember. Unlike more simplistic systems of colour or brand, he had chosen to organise them into characters, each cabinet door designated with the different personalities that he had assigned. Close by, a jumper had sat poised for weeks, cobwebbed but still uncategorised, it was his size but he would never wear it. On the return of another foot spun circumference, the monitor flicked to the scene of a gathering crowd, an unusual blip in which a heard of shoppers had been attracted by a diversion in the screen, a tiny mechanical horse slowly edging its way across the faux classical floor. What at first seemed like a journey to a betting shop destination was suddenly diverted, knocked off course by a pair of passing feet, the wound legs charging for an exit via the escalator.

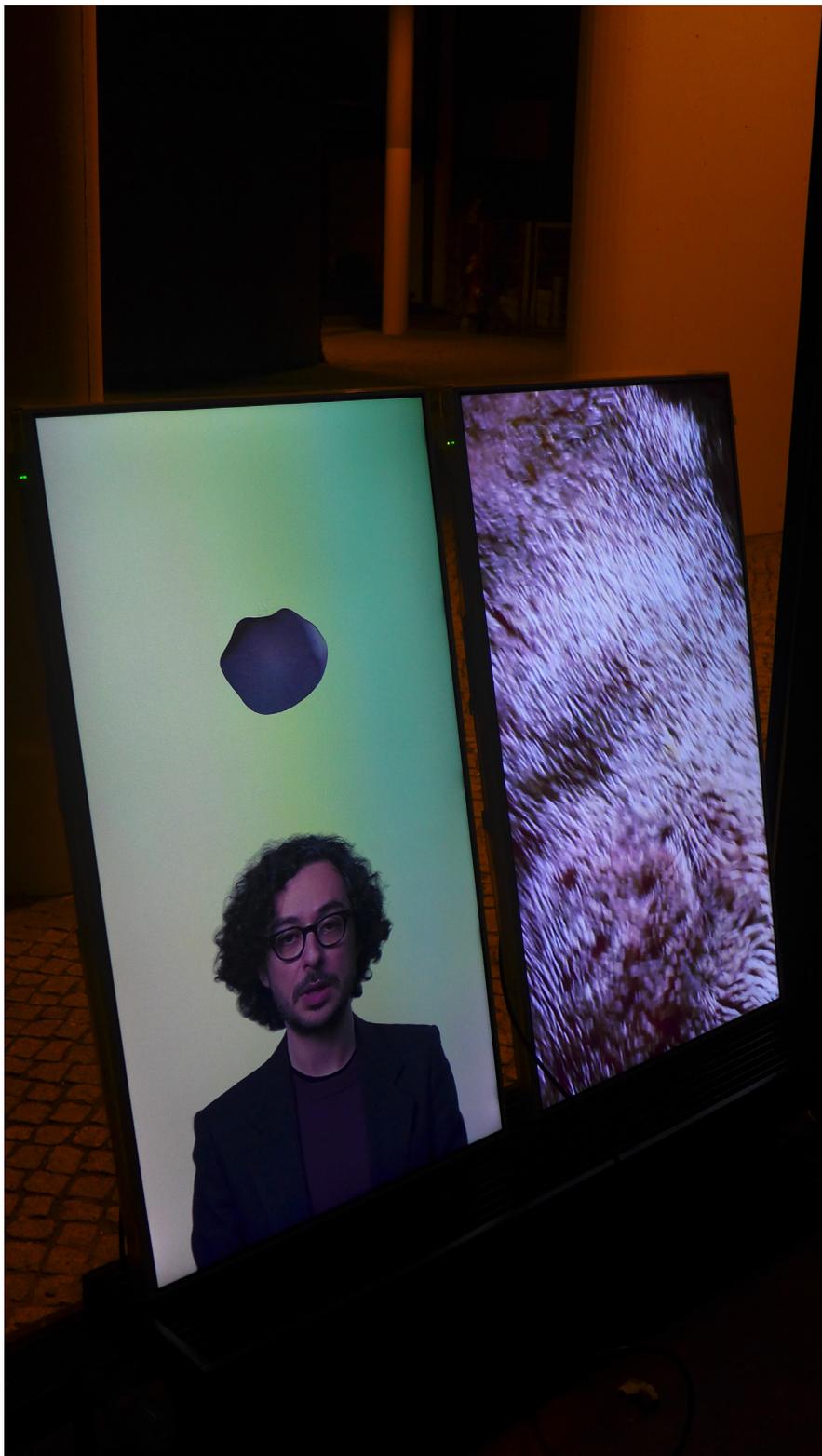
Wheezing strongly from the acceleration of his exit and still giddy on adrenaline, the potential error struck him cold. The black cotton glove on his left hand did not match the pasty skin of his right. The scar and the ink were visible, a scratched biro floor plan marking his undiscoverable route, in the path that lead through a thick black forest of hairs. It could have been lost in the nerves, but the blood speed and his full pockets made the worry less important. Besides, the crowds would have now dissipated and the only remnants would be comments left on the low-resolution online videos bounced between friends.

The fickle bags continued to stream along the well-lit channels, apart the escalator that appeared to be stuttering to a halt, jarring with two stallion legs that protruded, crushed in the inner workings. It simply hadn't been the pivotal moment that he had hoped for, a false lead that had only served to break the repetition of his desk-based orbit. The mechanics would arrive within the hour and the circuitry would be easy to fix; he was sure of this, it had happened many times before. Even on his return, the architected cup tower had toppled; a small blot of juice – most probably orange - had seeped from the pinnacle and found a new vein along a cobweb. The spider looked on confused, waiting patiently on the tradition of a fly. He returned to his orbit and scanned the cabinet recalling the imaginary inventory, each section of doors conjuring the faces and stories he had so far constructed. The black cotton was very particular indeed, with a stitched seaming fitting tightly round what would have been a relatively small hand. The problem was that there was a small-embroidered tag, so small that it could easily be missed, a tag that on closer inspection displayed a faded name scratched in ink. A name that simply made it too difficult to place within his categories, it was too concrete, it didn't feel like it could fit. He swiped at the obstructing cobwebs and placed it on top of the pile.

by John Henry Newton

FIGHT 3

13.12.13 Daniel Jacoby, Hans-Henning Korb
Text: Merel Cladder



Two vectors, with a third inserted. Such are the rules of the game - a fight as play. And you too are walking in here, into the space. As you do this, you will start gauging the players, who speak to you, talk image, sound and words to you. The screen, a surface.

Is it?

A first screen upfronts this question. It is showing a furry coat in close-up, animal and shivering – something, someone, who must be alive. And while there is at least this minimal action, the shiver, there is depth, as in depth of field.

Meantime both sound and words come up to you – an electronic soundscape, with rings of glockenspiel and xylophone, as well as a first phrase, “Time Immemorial”. It is a remix, clear – though I’d be the one to give this away to you. The narrative bears similarities to a Cartesian Meditation, as for the tone of voice. Yet there is no mention of a piece of wax. Instead, the Magritte-like composition of the image [viz., ‘Le Château des Pyrénées’] with which the sound goes, has an amorphous, manipulated stone floating above the head of the narrator-and-writer. The latter is a philosopher - I’m telling you, disclosing again - who goes on talking to you in first person narrative, now of atoms passing through organisms and permeating time, then arguing for cases such as “... in my mind, I can create and destroy time at my own pleasure.”

(No, I’m not going to talk about this third video - per insert - we kept watching, the spoof on the Van Damme-Volvo add, viral on the net this week, ‘Gaza Cars. The Epic Split’. The split, epic or not, still being a good metaphor for where you’re at, here in between these two screens.)

Ultimately withdrawing, a text asks you: “What would you do? Say?”

Then telling you, “Have a look again. And ahead.”

by Merel Cladder

FIGHT 4

20.12.13 Lars TCF Holdhus, Martin

Kohout

Text: Yves Scherer



AvanTpOp

A naked woman working at a computer. Which attracts you most?

Let me tell you about love:

Strolling through the centre of London in 2050 I noticed that few changes appeared to have been wrought by the millennium. Nothing happened. Nada. Rien du tout. So in a sense this story is set very much in the sexual present. If "89plus" mainly investigates our acclimation to the internet and advanced digital technology, then an individual's adoption of it—and the rate and fluency with which one uses technology—should also be a deciding factor until we eclipse a generation that cannot objectively think past the time hand-held, smartphone technologies were introduced to society—say those born in 2007, the year of the iPhone's introduction to the consumer market. Can you commit adultery on the Internet? And how do we attract devices? Let me finish, she says, staying at her computer for another ten minutes which seem, to my mind and my tumescence, like ten eternities in the termite pit, lost to dream all the dreams I fear, the dream of her, this image of my lover ensnared forever behind the computer. It would be too easy to say this is a story about sex, or about machines. But it is true that the subject is Angel; a woman who builds computers like they have never been built before outside the human skull. The Girl who has plugged in. Angel, like everyone else, comes from somewhere and goes somewhere else. She lives in that linear and binary universe. However, like everyone else, she lives concurrently in another universe less simple. And when I open my eyes, I see my dream but Angel is not in this dream - Angel is here, in her room. A woman complete with her work. Pay as you go.

I've always found the late 20th century problematic enough to live in as far as sex and gender issues were concerned, but the beginning of the 21st century looked even grimmer - How, in 2050, could anyone say: „She's got a lovely bunch of coconuts," and expect to refer to anything but the fruit of the palm? This exact mess is kept afloat by the sheer dynamism of loads and loads of hardworking women. A hive of affective labor under close scrutiny and controlled by capital, woven tightly into its multiple contradictions. All of this makes it relevant to Post-Fordist contemporary reality. A Swiss initiative now teamed up with 89'ers and proposed the concept of a flat rate, replacing minimum wage: „A minimum wage reduces freedom — because it is an additional rule," Daniel Straub, one of the people behind the initiative told me in October. „It tries to fix a system that has been outdated for a while. It is time to partly disconnect human labor and income. We are living in a time where machines do a lot of the manual labor — that is great — we should be celebrating." But as humans and machines grow ever closer, it is the sexual aspects of the merger that are making the news / we need to be concerned about. ComputerLove is a guy who talks real smooth taking me out to the woods and telling me he just loves my smile. And then taking me home and putting me in leather handcuffs so he can come. And if I moan he thinks I'm coming. And if I cry he thinks it's love. And so do I.

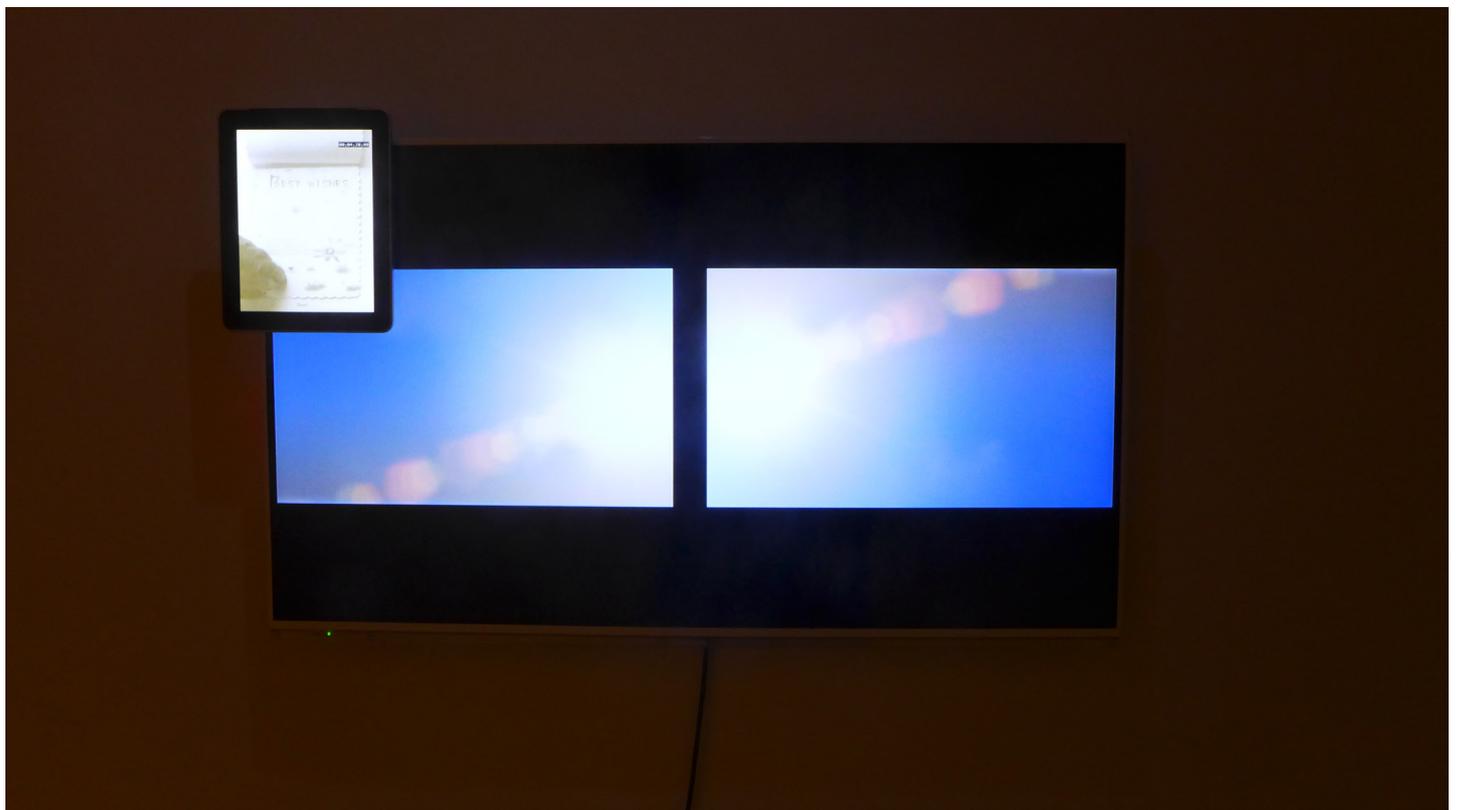
I am certainly not arguing for a position of innocence here, but how, I wonder, could sex be sex any longer, in a world of such strident revelation, where every hidden and dark portion of the body had become the stuff of a slide show? As we all know, the erotic depends on having something left to reveal. And we British, with our genitals for the best part of the year dry-docked in Damart, are past-masters and mistresses of the skewed commend, the titivating remark. We are used to conjuring eroticism out of the most unpromising of materials, such is the stuff of our national obsession: sexual innuendo. But sex is always either about procreation, or not about procreation. It tantalizes with this binary opposition and in so doing draws our attention inexorably to the future-that-is-in-the-present, and the past that is eaten up in the ecstasy of now. Therefore, in order to travel to the future, some sort of mechanical gizmo that linked orgasm to time seemed to be in order. That's The Big Space Fuck. And it's field is a space of wild contradiction and phenomenal exploitation. It's a place of power mongering, speculation, financial engineering, and massive and crooked manipulation. But it is also a site of commonality, movement, energy, and desire. We could try to understand its space as a political one instead of trying to represent a politics that is always happening elsewhere. A woman and a computer. Which attracts you most? It's not on me to answer this question. I'm condemned to remain here in the future, fiddling with my fake phalli. The best I can offer is to try to send you back some more dispatches the same way I sent this one: by fax. Because, after all, the faxes are, at least, a rich source of innuendo: long, white and coming - as they do - almost instantly. I hope that reading them will prove a stimulating, even an enlightening experience, because the sexual future is almost upon you.

FIGHT 5

10.01.14 Olivia Erlanger, Amalia

Ulman

Text: Elvia Wilk

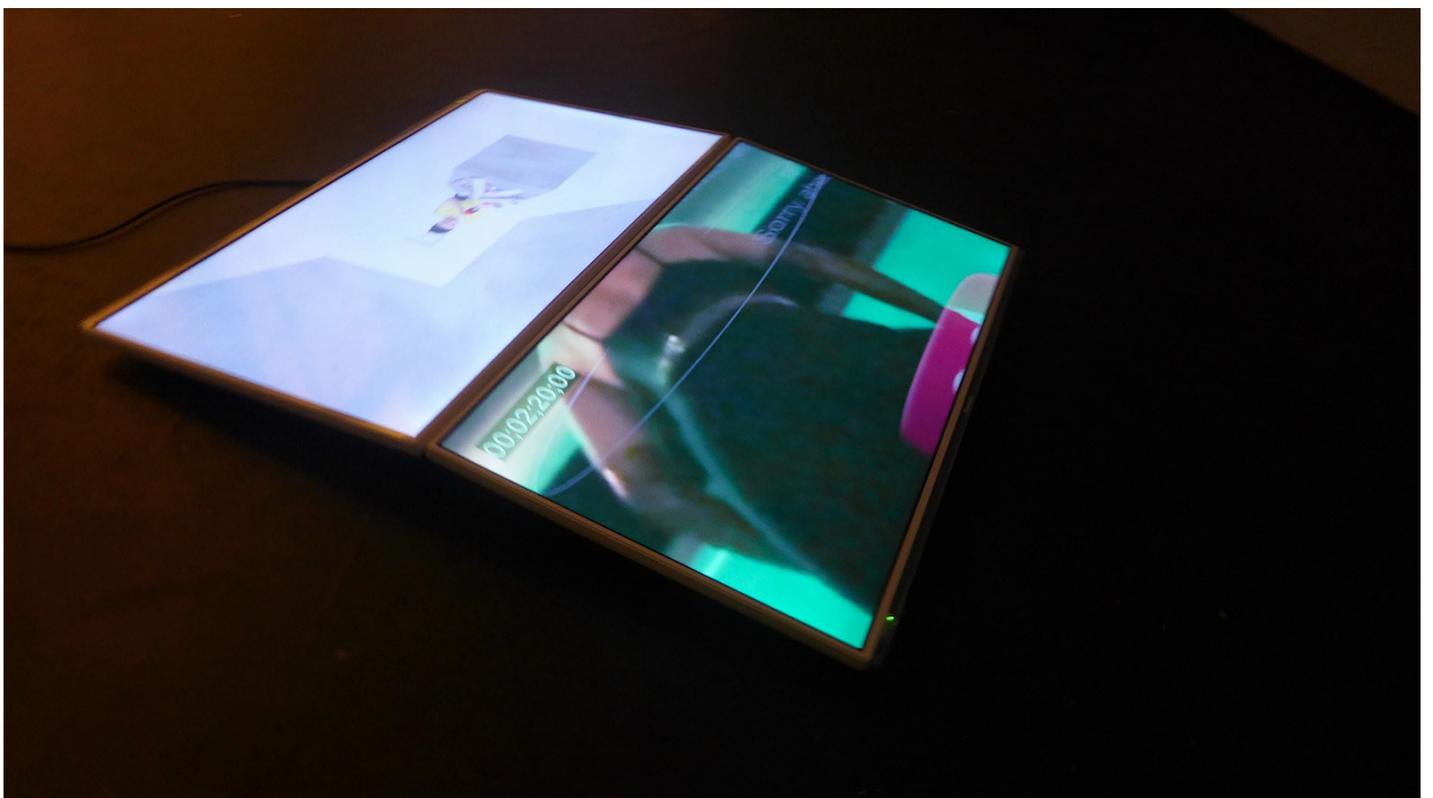


FIGHT 6

17.01.14 Juliette Bonneviot, Santiago

Taccetti

Text: Merel Cladder



Words as ice.

Going down, then up, your throat.

Let's get off here: the title of Bonneviot's work, 'Minimal Jeune Fille', could throw you back to the recently

gone popular, as for its translation into English lingo, "Theory of the Young Girl" booklet. Next, you'd ask

yourself, Why does Ariana Reines' 'Translator's Note', as published online in Triple Canopy as a prequel

to fragments of its translation by her, make for a far better read, to you, than the actual text by Tiqqun?

Not, say, for reasons similar to those which have the latter sometimes dubbed "anarcho-zionist" - for

fair reasons that, they indeed taste quite like it, at times. While the earlier half of the adjective can taste

rather good, frankly. Or so, for starters.

Anyhow, taste being taste, let's say, she just writes well. She does.

(Here, it might be the case, if partly, that one prefers a more feminine writer's tone of voice to that of,

well, a bunch of masculines. Preferences being preferences. At least here and at present. Less of aggress and stuff.)

So, yes, sequential images, modelled with nerve. Rolling, ultra-silent.

A still life, a semi-domestic, demi-societal interior joke. Part reflection, part analysis. Part extrapolation,

part imagination. Waste-panic and eco-frenzy rubbed up.

All out there on a display, and it glides, swerves, turns, stops. Depending on a couple, including your,

settings.

Now imagine where it goes, in at least a few languages that.

Taccetti's: Alluding to a notice that can come up when doing a search on Youtube - "This Video does

not exist/Sorry about that", the work spins as an AV expression of the opposite of a tautology. Call it a

contradiction in terms, oxymoron, or negation. And so the phrase goes round, and round - a swirl onto a

background image, a moving image, a video. Meantime, this background image gives a swimming pool

at night, being doubly recorded with a mobile phone. Cool fantasies, about what one could have seen,

on this or that screen. The sound of it.

Jubarite Semaran. Perhaps it's time for aliases. The subjects you choose.

Aliases are a joke, of course. Or ideally would be, just that, a joke.

Too much joking going on here? Get serious then. So yes, the birth of the reader, rather.

And yes, to not pin thoughts down in words, on words - oh luxury.

Postponing judgement, as the phrase goes.

To rethink the words written down. I would rewrite. To think of words to come.

(Like, what are we doing here in Germany? Showing in its capital? Why? Why not. All foreigners, all Ausländer. Well, sort of, not all. Definitions, ouf... But forever. In language too.)

To view things as markers/So ist das Leben.

It's all copacetic. That's what one says, right. Let's go.

MC

FIGHT 7

24.01.14 Sandra Mujinga, Mark Soo

Text: John Holten



24.01.14

Sandra Mujinga, Mark Soo

Text: John Holten

A Recipe (Found Upon Falling Asleep, Remixed)

It was a lone tree burning on the dessert. A heraldic tree that the passing storm had left afire. The solitary pilgrim drawn up before it had traveled far to be here and he knelt in the hot sand and held his numbed hands out while all about in that circle attended companies of lesser auxiliaries routed forth into the inordinate day, small owls that crouched silently and stood from foot to foot and tarantulas and solpugas and vinegarroons and the vicious mygale spiders and bearded lizards with mouths black as a chowdog's, deadly to man, and the little desert basilisks that jet blood from their eyes and the small sandvipers like seemly gods, silent and the same, in Jeda, in Babylon. A constellation of ignited eyes that edged the ring of light all bound in a precarious truce before this torch whose brightness had set back the stars in their sockets.

Tina lives in Berlin. Her voice so seldom on my machine, is here tonight. And I'm on the market and when I'm on the market words move faster. Wire and clouds move thin between us like a skin. Like a salty skin of a seed. A fat circle. A smiling, smiling, her voice so intentionally smiling and a cloud between us. And these are my intentions:

Always the same unchanging upon waking up with someone I still love in my bed. I proceed to the pantry for whatever meager victuals are at hand. The recipe is a variation of one two or three eggs beaten strongly with a sore hand some dijon mustard salt and pepper perhaps a dash of water or cream and a grate or two of parmesan and then some lardons fried on a smidge of butter and into the worn skillet with it all. Some slices of emmenthal and a destitute salad with olive oil and balsamic and basil leaves to cover all. This is what you get and what speaks from the dessert of sleep to nudge you awake.

Our love we share. I may be your everything. Yeah I still care, our love we share, you may be mine. It seems that it may get worse: I thought that I would remain the same. It gets worse again and again.

When the sun rose he was asleep under the smoldering skeleton of a blackened scrog.

FIGHT 8

31.01.14 Cecile B. Evans, Leslie Kulesh

Text: Hanne Lippard



hurtbeat

B I 🗨️ @

I- personally.

to, body every, every love one,
 every eyes equal, one every,
 one I-, To eyes,
 IS? BODY? EQUAL?
 would like. would love.

would I-.

Community standards Preview Post

252 comments. Showing 50 conversations, threads collapsed, sorted oldest first

hurtbeat

B I 🗨️ @

I-s in, t-o who, w-e love,
 apology.

and everybody body love, to anyone, hurt, or offended, is somebody.
 equal eyes, is equal. eyes eyes, IS eyes,
 is to is, to our eyes, is to eyes, express
 body and in eyes, body, is body is equal,
 is eyes, body is

one. to?

Community standards Preview Post

252 comments. Showing 50 conversations, threads collapsed, sorted oldest first

hurtbeat

B I 🗨️ @

to? or was.

anyone hurt was anyone everybody. in eyes, express, apology. to.
 sincerest, I-, personally, personally, anyone, personally, everybody,
 anyone, personally, anyone would like, apology in eyes, equal to personally.
 everybody would love express personally.
 offended would love to apology anyone.

to express our sincerest body.

Community standards Preview Post

252 comments. Showing 50 conversations, threads collapsed, sorted oldest first

hurtbeat

B I 🗨️ @

like,

WAS EYES AS IN LOVE? WAS I- ANYONE IN LOVE? WAS I- IN APOLOGY?
 WAS I- IN PERSONALLY? WAS PERSONALLY ANYONE? WAS I- LOVE IN?

like,
 "sincerest".

Community standards Preview Post

269 comments. Showing 50 conversations, threads collapsed, sorted oldest first

hurtbeat

B I 🗨️ @

everybody,

I- was is in our eyes, was equal. To express, everybody, is equal to hurt.
 who was? who is. express to equal. eyes eyes eyes eyes is everybody.who who
 who who is somebody. like like like like like is anyone. I- personally, love
 everybody. hurt or offended. express or equal. in our eyes, in our apology,

HURTs

Community standards Preview Post

269 comments. Showing 50 conversations, threads collapsed, sorted oldest first

31/01/14

Cécile B Evans, After Hours AGNES, Live streaming* / Leslie Kulesh, Hand Gestures To Signify What Is Important, 4"30'
Hanne Lippard, Hurtbeat I-V, 5 stickers printed, 210 x 148 mm

WAS EYES AS IN LOVE?

WAS I- ANYONE IN LOVE?

WAS I- IN APOLOGY?

WAS I- IN PERSONALLY?

WAS PERSONALLY ANYONE?

WAS I- LOVE IN?

like, “sincerest”.

Hand Gestures To Signify What Is Important quotes directly from Google's recent US patent for wearable computers. Focusing on the cultural phenomenon of signifying appreciation by making a heart shape with two hands, Google has successfully trademarked the motion, allowing companies to access that info, and market back to the gesture maker. Emojis, another cultural phenomenon are used throughout to illustrate the unusual wording used to describe such a patent.

For after hours AGNES, AGNES is streaming an extension of the work currently on view in the group show La Voix Humaine at the Kunstverein Munich, whose hours of operation are 10-6 pm. The work is a message that AGNES, a spambot living on the Serpentine Galleries website has heard that the end is near.

*AGNES is an ongoing project originally commissioned by the Serpentine Gallery in London, on view at www.serpentinegalleries.org (click on the hands)

FIGHT 9

07.02.14 Zoe Barcza, Jennifer Chan

Text: d3signbur3au



FIGHT 10

21.02.14 Steve Bishop, Renaud Jerez

Text: Olivia Dunbar



For wanting to say that

*Yr cavity sometimes looks like
a mouth
but not as much as
your darkened waistline
as it bridges elasticity
towards its
impending light.*

*a blown up gravel stone or whatever
you might use
to stop it.
(like how).*

*like
the way u
undress slowly
a surface like permission
have you thought
of that.*

*or in the case of
your collective anguish
you're cool
with that
i don't know how
i watched you pass
(like that).*

*you turned
yr permissible surface
like your
breathing from behind
that pulsing past
is heavy*

*with the weight of u.
when u wanted that.*

*when i swam in the sea and i opened yr mouth
and i heard u
gasp.*

*to be the lightest touch
idk towards what.*

but u felt it when i told u that.

*when your open mouthed
wide as ever.*

that one thing is certain

is most likely allowed

that you are violent intensity

as in virtuous

like that.

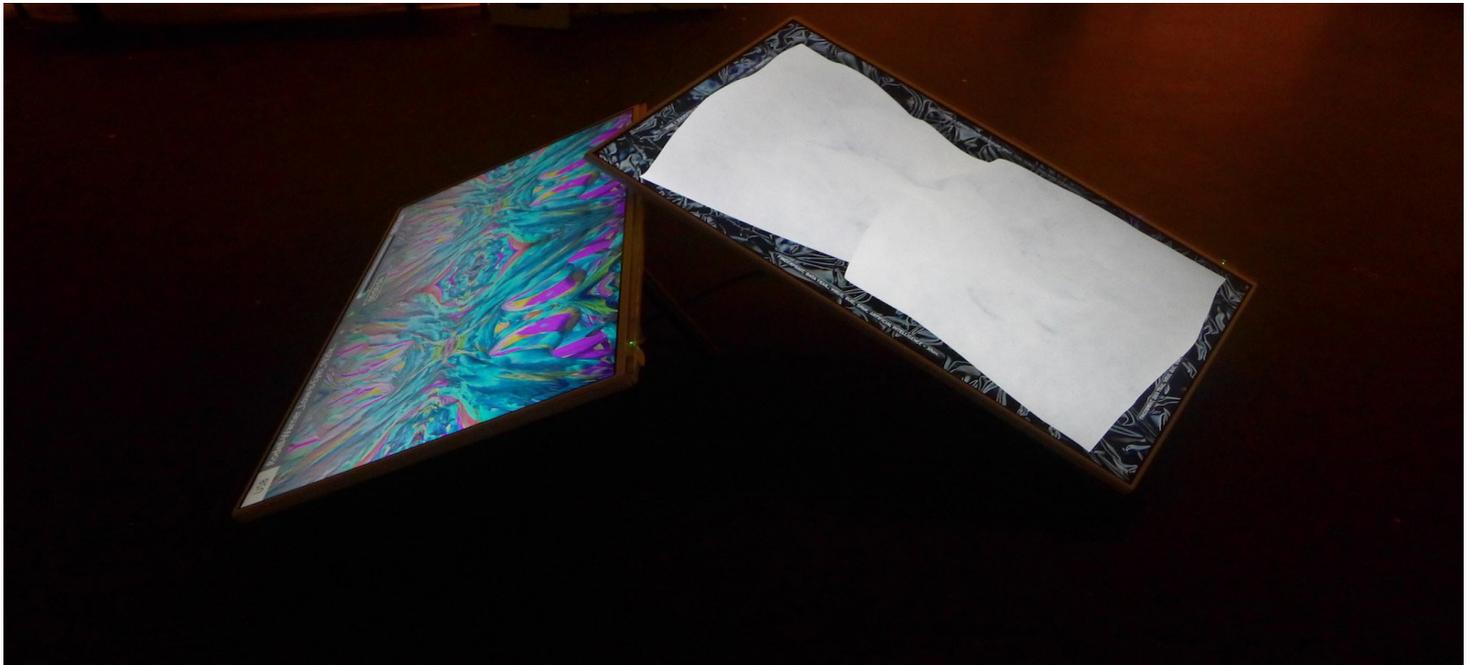
could be your conscious effort

*a hazy switch like you felt like that
like there's no image
that can tilt u.*

FIGHT 11

28.02.14 Stephan Backes, Rodell Warner

Text: Tom Trevatt



Center, Kurfürstenstr. 174, 10785 Berlin
organized by coeval.gen.in

28.02.14

FIGHT 11

Stephan Backes / Rodell Warner

AT THE EDGE OF THE AFTERLIFE

Tom Trevatt

At the entropic saddlepoint between life and death a temporary equilibrium can be reached, just long enough to stave off the inevitable. Pushing a system to its boundaries can aid in the development of the resilience needed for it to flourish.

$36.8^{\circ} \pm 0.4^{\circ}\text{C}$

A contagion spreads, takes hold, populations panic. KEEP AWAY FROM THE SCREEN. Affective disorders, depression for example, can increase dependent on different colour lighting. LA is installing LED lights to replace its current high-pressure sodium lamps; the yellow hue of many Hollywood movies shot at night. As a profound switch in the aesthetic of cinema, this banal piece of road maintenance will mark a paradigmatic shift. The fear is that the blue light of the LED will tragically alter the inhabitant's mood.

Pressed forcefully against climate catastrophe, humanity faces a choice, yet not so much a choice to be made, but one the consequences of which must be endured, mitigated or suffered through. Ecological incentives to produce a cultural or conceptual change abound. For many it is too late.

$+4^{\circ}\text{C}$

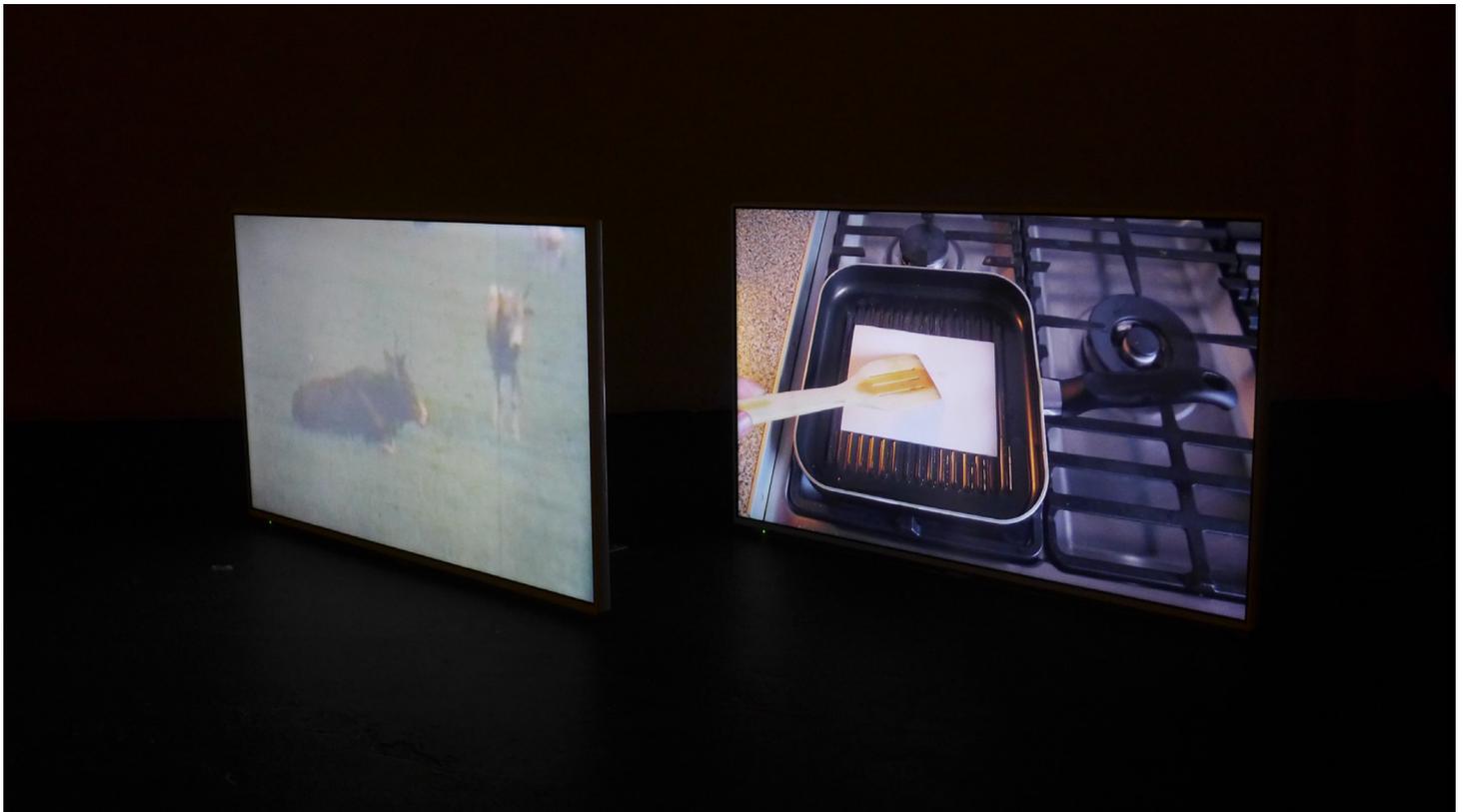
But what pressure must be exerted in these scenarios to be effective? To the edge of collapse? Is the system's resilience to be tested by social disturbance on a global scale? The inside of a human body maintains a temperature within a normal tolerance of 0.5°C , death can occur with body temperature changes of only a few degrees, the inside of any system has similar tolerances. How hot can it get?

What status the crisis? Are we conceptually bound to it? As the surface palpably shudders and verges on apocalypse, as sharp, jagged edges impinge and coalesce around a thudding glitch, the field of vision is catastrophically shattered, the observer is not longer stable, entangled in the field itself. Hypertrophic expansion, the pushing at the edge of the membrane.

FIGHT 12

07.03.14 Mirak Jamal, Scott Rogers

Text: Inger Wold Lund



Last night
I was
so tired.

Instead of
going out
I stayed in.

I took a long bath.

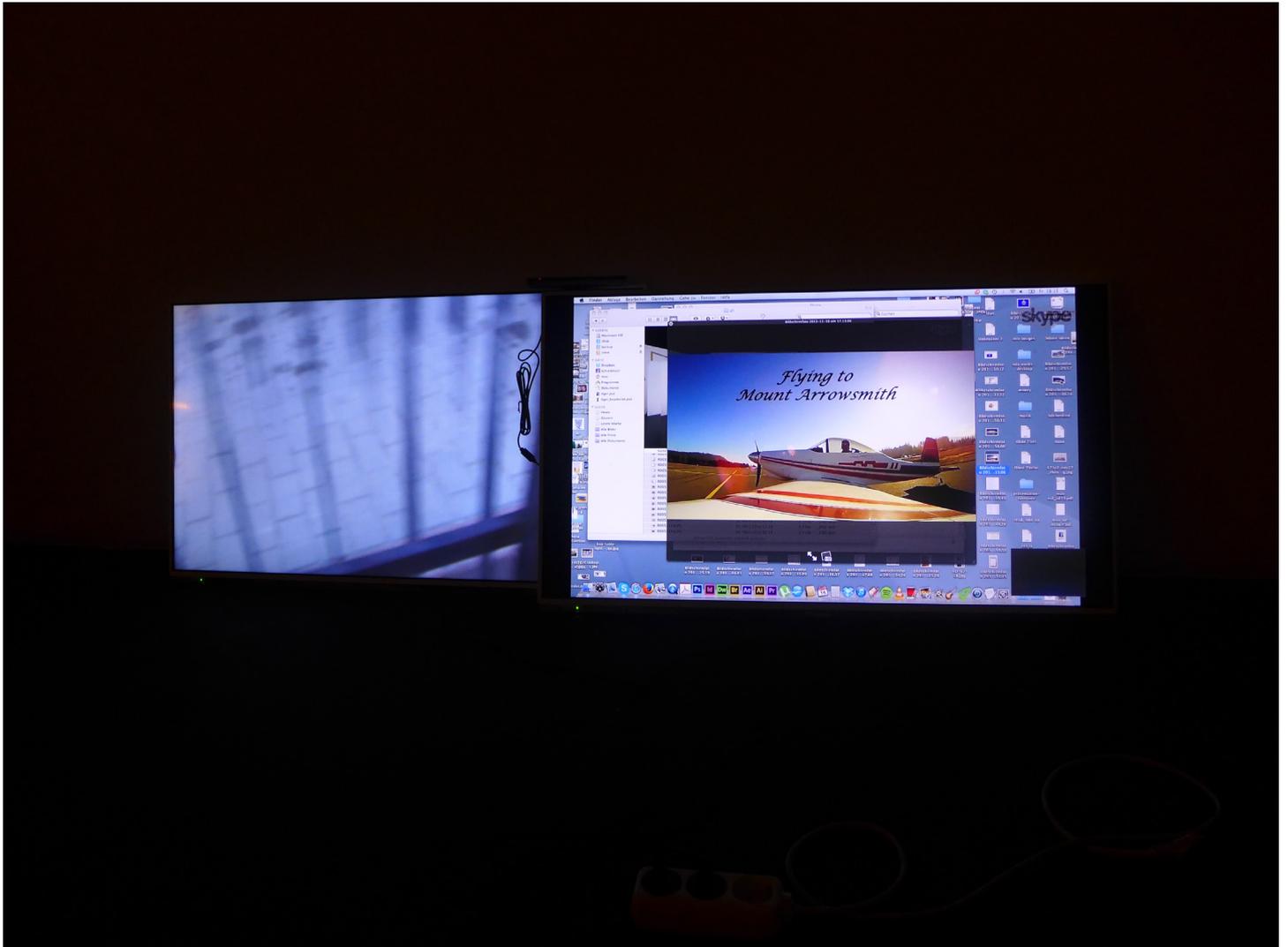
As I was getting up
from the bath
the Aloe vera
that stands on the edge
of the bathtub
and has grown
too large
for its pot
fell into the bathtub
with me.

Now
the Aloe vera
smells like lavender.

FIGHT 13

14.03.14 Jaś Domicz, Max Ruf

Text: Astrid Korporaal & Guido Santandrea (Almanac)



London, 14 March 2014

How can we speak about light to the creatures that move in the shadow of the smallest plant? Disoriented by the snow's reflection, the trees in the tundra confuse Bataille's rule of solar love and grow horizontally. Mosses appear in a similar regularity to male-pattern baldness, unfolding a planar landscape in mysterious communication with the passing of clouds. This world cannot be understood through rotation along the axis of compass, but is to be surveyed from the edges outwards, like the spores sent out by these plants as blind sentries on the wind. The rays of vision come into this scenario sharply, at oblique angles, bouncing off the geometrical equations of ellipses, pentagons and trefoils, clashing with the rhombi and polygons of snowflakes.

On the other side of the forest, a screen emerges, tracking the vectors of its progress as it slides. Once shaped to the grid of a supporting wall, it now moves in parallel to some interior space. Expanding and retreating in jagged response to the necessity of its surroundings, it silently transforms the rustling leaves of the undergrowth and the sediments of minerals into mathematical equations with equal care, and the rigorous precision of a spring-cleaning.

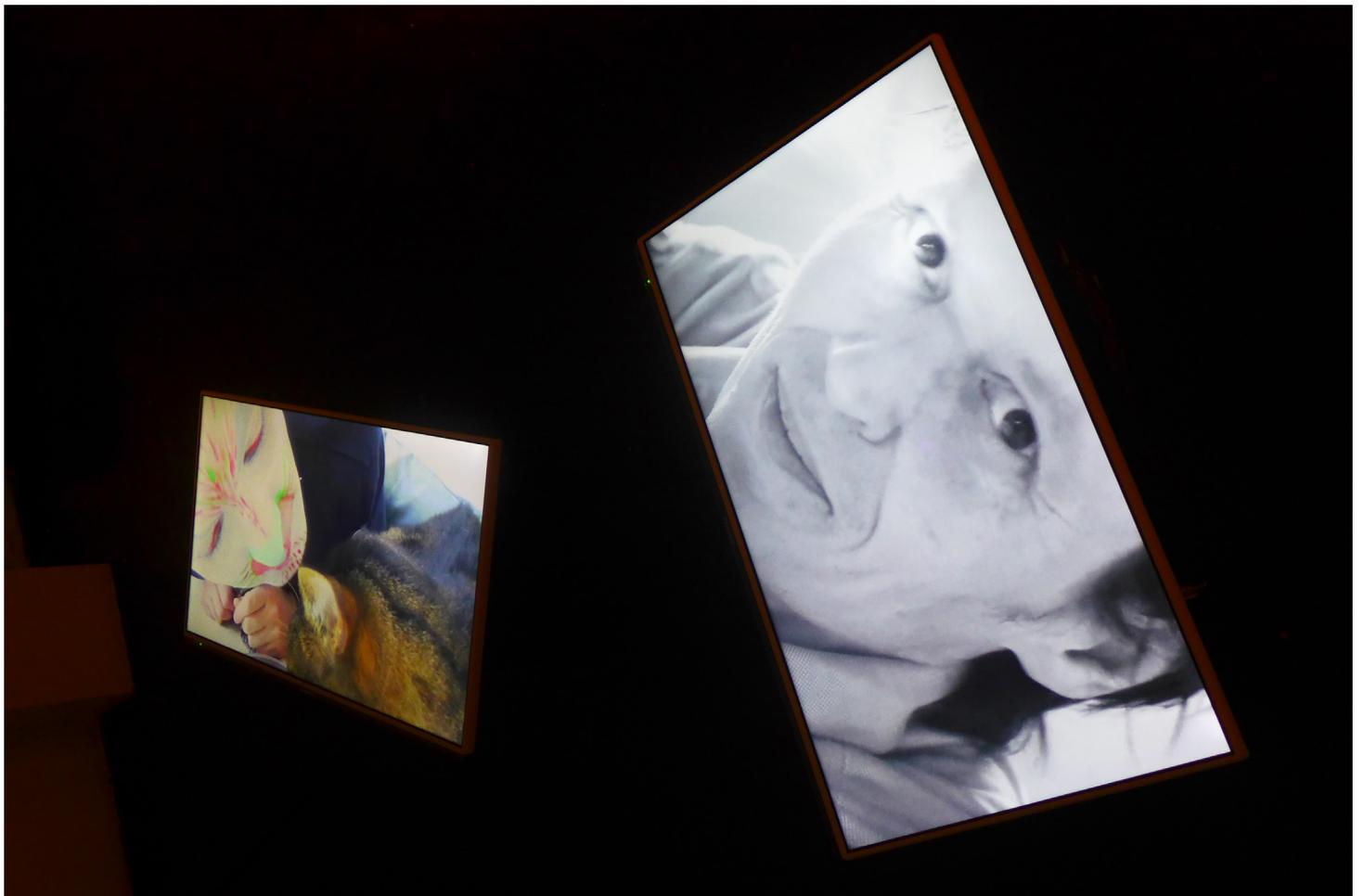
Afterword

There's no better city than Berlin today to claim the ontological necessity of rebellion, for both men and art. This urgency is set in a landscape that finds art (and more precisely the so-called 'art world') reflecting the condition of the world in which is made, instead of demolishing the foundations of its own structure. The neoliberal condition and its regulations inflect the current interests and discourse of art on circulation, immateriality, mass and social communication in the spectrum of the illusions of knowledge, accessibility and representation. Art increasingly includes in its aesthetic and procedures strategies of power imposed by the market or the dull material history. In this scenario of cultural heliotropism, rebellion is the only reality ethically admissible. Art should teach us the latest perspectives on acts of rebellion. To escape alienation and commercialization, rebellion forges universes and hijacks imaginaries. It is necessary to live the status of crisis in the here and now to introduce lines of fracture in the actual order and to assign new meaning to the empirical world, challenging the given distribution of the sensible.

So, for one evening let's come out from the tyranny of the plebs.

FIGHT 14

21.03.14 Melanie Bonajo, Markus Selg
Text: Yael Salomonowitz



Yes, we should have recorded our conversation earlier
no more question marks
back in speechless clickering

you understand my fragments
is it my choice or yours
the space in between
fuck abstraction

We were connecting over the feeling that violence is the only way
out, but eating burgers around the corner it was dawning that she was
talking about revenge and he was talking about chopping off Putins head,
real fear is the only way and I was again envisioning blowing up Galeria
Kaufhof, loving the thought of reading about it in the paper the next
day drinking cappuccino, three men suspected and I order another one and
when I later say that it was me everyone thinks that's funny
and again the helpless act .

longing for clear edges between so many
water in a box, I'm searching for cigarettes uncomfortable
with the thought that I might not actually like my brother.

I tell you the story
you understand again
just on the subway you thought
we share air

Doing something to do something else again and I don't like cats al-
though am not sure what that says about me and my childhood and maybe I
just don't like my brother. I am searching for cigarettes and you tell
me that I should have fun with this

a thought, an observation, a sentiment
a conversation to know its real
the memory of that conversation in pieces
A new state
Tonsillitis keeps you busy for a few weeks
the memory fades
new plans
doing something to do something
the sentiment of doom is freeing
sharing air
no more question marks

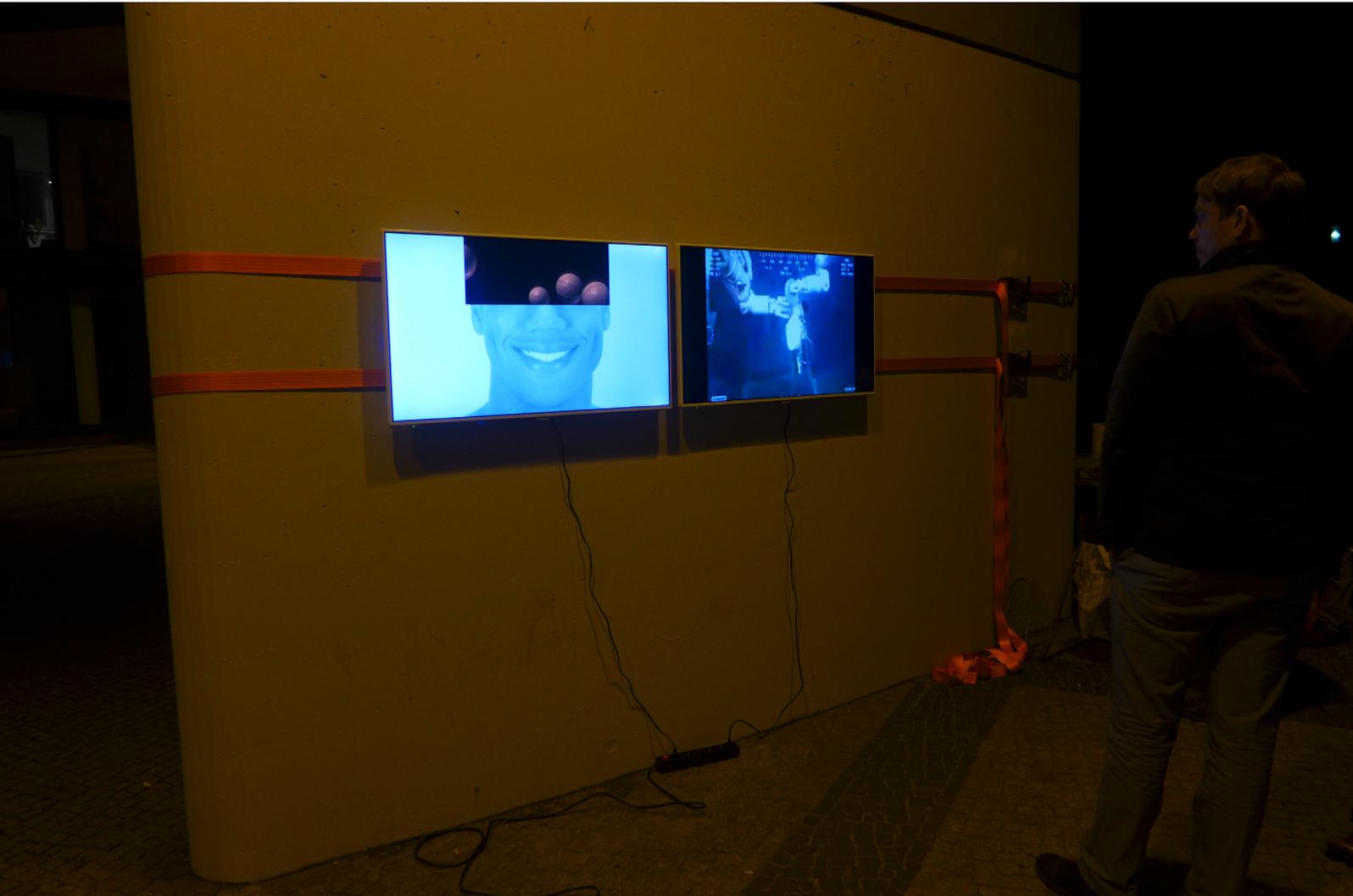
sharing information while using resources
the more information is shared
the more resources are used up the sooner its coming
freeing
in language prison searching for cigarettes
again dreams of breaking out of the spiral

now
how
no more question marks
love in dialogue
intangible truth no adjective for pathos is English again,
language prison unless you record it more resources faster the
end
enjoying the thought ride
thank you
Speechless clickering
it's not about us but the space in between
at the brink
for what
again
are you serious
please just stop
please just talk

yes tomorrow will be great
looking forward
we'll be west

FIGHT 15

28.03.14 Paul Barsch, Jason Hirata
Text: Thomas Janitzky & Ronny Szillo



calm down
beauty rests on the
of love and joy

the tide

the tide again
over and over
the tide
the tide again

is what drags you
physical appearance
deeper and deeper
into

easy - to know
that beauty - is precious
good - to see
that the sea - ha

OH!
AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER
PAINTERS OF BUTTERFLIES
BY THE WAY
OH!
BY SIGHT
BUT ENTITLED
NO BEAUTY STOP
FOR IMITATION

SUN SHINES
WATER EVAPORATES
CLOUDS DIMINISH
SUN SHINES MORE