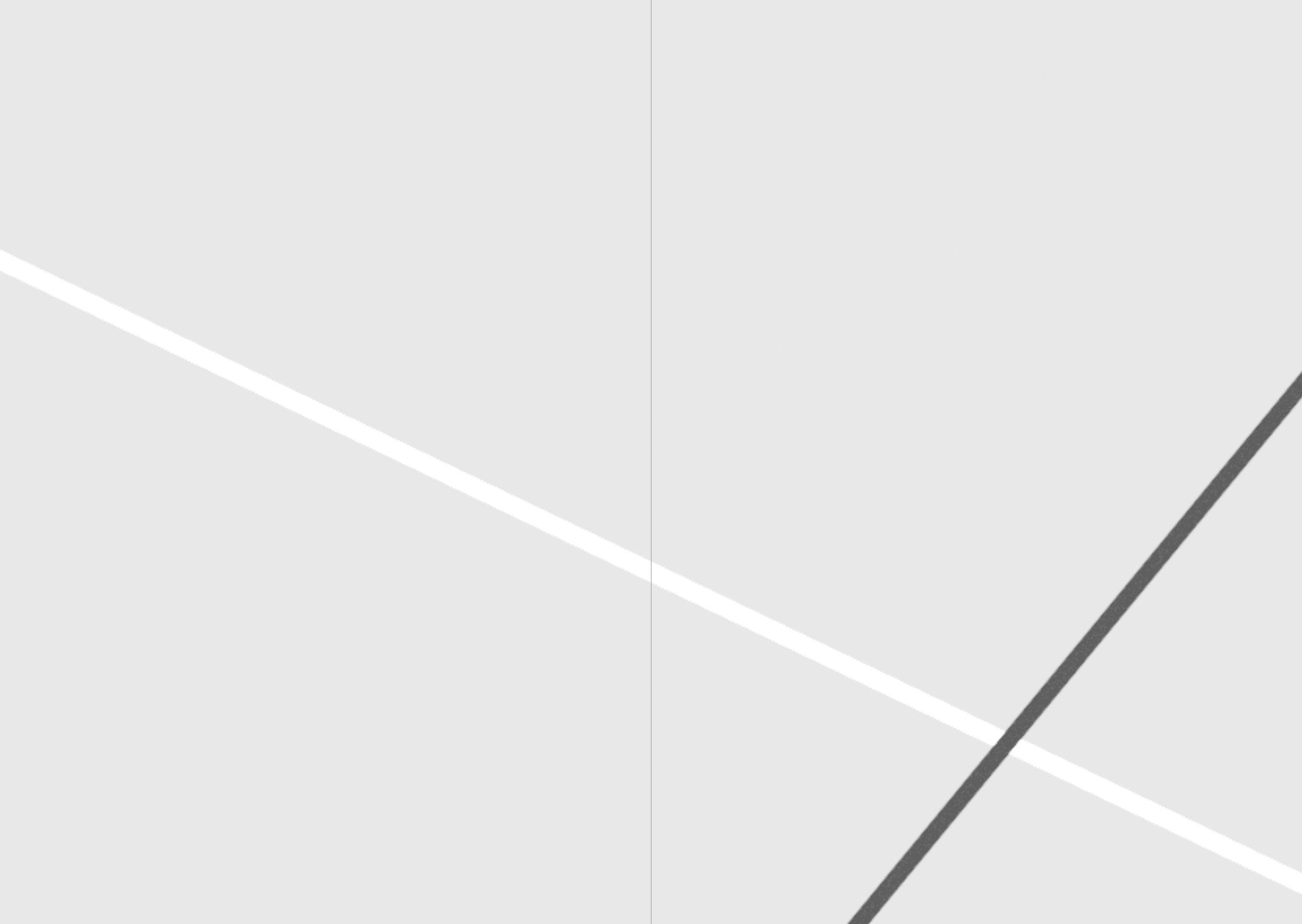




DIS-PLAY



The language of the past is always oracular: you will only understand it as builders of the future who know the present.



*Wieder legen wir beide die Hände ins Feuer,
du für die Nacht, ich für den Morgenquell,
wie das Zwielflicht auf unseren Brauen.
Und hinter dem Horizont steh ich
einäugig, zielsicher,
und schick sie dem Morgen entgegen.
Doch ein Geruch ist zu spüren,
fortlaufende Kometen,
und das Gewebe der Luft,
Nenn's den Status der Einsamen,
in dem sich das Staunen vollzieht.
Nichts weiter.*

*Die Landkarte der Welt, der nichts hinzuzufügen ist
auf den Schwellen
when I remain as I am, ablaze,
loved by the fire,
until the resin seeps from the stem,
drips onto the wounds and, warm,
spins down to the earth
that watchover moves into the light
to which you, calmly, in splendid quiet fly --
whatever happens.*

03-30-20
Los Angeles

#wasbleibt
@deliajuergens @carlottadrinkewitz
@f4fo_o @t4to_o





to display **DIS-PLAY**

Felix Koberstein

The etymology of the English word 'display' begins at the latest with the emergence of the Latin language and goes back to the expression 'displicare' (dis-: un-, ex- and plicare: fold, wrap), which was used in the early days of the word family meant something like 'unfold' or 'expand'. In relation to the current conceptual attribution, which is now widespread and appropriated in many linguistic areas, a dialectic becomes clear on careful consideration: today's displays, i.e. screens, or more broadly any formats of showing, bring 'things' to a visual development, and restrict them at the same time. They assign a frame to pictures, but at the same time allow an insight into an 'outside' of the actual, physical real space. DIS-PLAY makes these seemingly diametrically opposed effects its own and shows that restriction and development are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

20 years ago, so-called displays did not (yet) actually exist. The spread of the word, beyond its historical linguistic borders, was - not only in the German-speaking area - primarily connected with the commercialization of new audiovisual playback devices: LCDs or liquid crystal displays, or displays for short. Initially inferior to the CRT TV on the imaging level, the displays developed into the most widely used screens. Why? They were flat and were getting flatter, more precise and easier to handle; Today they are able to produce a razor-sharp image on an area of a few inches, and when most hands use them, they are no thicker than a cigarette - and with the flexible displays that have recently come onto the market, a paper-thin dimension arrived. With them, the invention of these screens would soon pass into the historical canon, beginning with the digital transgression of modern man. People have always expanded, improved, adorned or applied their bodies - be it through body jewelry or prostheses. With transportable displays that lie in your trouser pocket, dangle on your wrist, or more recently, can also be implanted in the body, a new relationship gradually set in - presumably initially unconscious - between the individuals now known as cyborgs and the spatially and

temporally distributed knowledge . Even if the episteme 'space' is still thought of as a constant physical quantity in most societies, it has been reinterpreted, especially in the arts and sciences, which has been ongoing since the 1980s and which is also gradually beginning to spread through popular media.

Three developments that are related to this are (1) cell phones in German, (2) calculating machines known in the broadest sense as personal computers (PC) and (3) digital networking through the World Wide Web. The fact that these terms are now worthy of a museum and sound outdated for the younger post-turnaround generations speaks for the rapid technological development within this industry. Technologically, however, the basic characteristics are precisely described that made it possible to „unfold“ „spatial sections“ from other time zones, regardless of when and where with the handiness and everyday ability, the performance and the connectivity or accessibility. 'Handy' and 'smart' have become the devices, combining different applications that can bridge any distance. Theoretical concepts of simulation, virtuality and digital dependency prophesy a future detached from the haptic world and throw a critical light on our promised freedom, expressed in the form of individualization, accessibility and transparency.

Media scholars speak of an increasing mediatization, sociologists of networking with things. Networking is not only related to real space, the haptic relationship between humans and devices, but also aims at virtual interaction with other individuals - regardless of whether there is an exchange of artificial and artificial or human and human or artificial and human intelligence. The space in which we move experiences many small cuts, which is particularly noticeable by users of transportable smart technology. Like 'warp holes', they show fragmented insights into strange thoughts, distant places and unknown individuals, all of which circulate in a virtual cloud. The human need for social interaction, also in digital space, creates virtual social spaces, so-called social medias - systems with their own rules of data transfer - which should come close to mirroring, but not congruent with their real models due to limited communication options and rules, but can complement and expand them.

DIS-PLAY is an artistic work, a platform, an artist collective, a display in which artists and theorists deal collectively with precisely those effects of self-localization influenced by internet networking and the resulting ef-

fects on the perception of space, time and ego. Above all, the possibilities, conditions and rules created by digital social networks (social media) are thematic frames of reference for DIS-PLAY. It is precisely these relevant platforms, such as Facebook or Instagram, that are used to explore the communicative and distributive potential at both the dystopian and utopian pole. Outdated concepts of authorship are adopted as a collective working method. Secrets and myths about one's own artistic production and the distinctive delimitation of this position becomes a joint production of knowledge in favor of a collaborative creative process. The discourse space remains the artistic field, it is still one of the few social fields that not only allows autonomous and border-crossing actions, but also partially supports and promotes them. This makes experiments possible and questions poses that would not even arise in other fields.

Similar to how the artistic strategies of the Situationist International and Situational Aesthetics functioned, the Occurrences - this is how the artistic works of DIS-PLAY are called - are primarily ordinary places (situations) in everyday life, both in public, semi-public and in private rooms, used as a presentation coordinate and only made conscious and tangible as a structure that can be examined. The contributions, which are not necessarily created 'on site', but instead are digitized in a live stream from the participating artists - several artists and theoreticians invited per Occurrence - from different points of view, are transmitted via a selected location where the installed display is shown. Occurrence not only describes the live action linked to the period of the installation of the display at one location, but also includes the final, archived form. Subsequently curated and transformed into HTML codes remain permanently visible on a website as part of an ever-growing archive. Using this work concept, DIS-PLAY would like to draw attention to the hybridity of our perception of space, which is illustrated by the dialectic of the virtuality of real space and the reality of virtual space. This entanglement means, in this way the artistic intention could be formulated, that both dimensions only relate to one another through the awareness of the perceiving subjects. The consequences of digitization for our perception and ultimately for our (social) behavior is therefore not only an effect of global digital structures, but also a matter of negotiation for interacting individuals.

Translated into practical terms, Occurrence means that one (or more) display (s) are installed in one place, for example in a bar, a Chinese restaurant, a hardware store or - in a classic way - in a gallery. Based on

Michel Foucault's concept of heterotopias, with which he tried to describe places that are outside of the socially accustomed spaces, the pubs, hardware stores and restaurants, follow the laws of unwritten access requirements, I want just these accustomed places that are the exact opposite - openly accessible and iterative in their appearance - call them homotopias. Homotopias that are located in different cities and can be accessed from different, distant locations. As interchangeable the homotopias and as obvious as the practice may appear nowadays in the context of a permanently available, constant flow of data, the combination is pointed and characteristic: accessibility and networking FROM almost every point of view TO almost every point of view. What role does spatial location then still play? How are spatial attributions and relationships confused and reconfigured? And what happens to homotopias that are given heterotopic features through artistic actions and comments that refer to a segregated place for viewing art - be it a museum, gallery, off-space or art association?

Artistic interventions, some of which remain tiny or inconspicuous, overlap and connect in a digital stream, are fleeting and bound in time, accentuate the situation as a situation and the moment as a moment. The conscious perception of the self in a place and in time is stimulated by the fact that the offered digital views and insights in the context of their being shown provoke a self-reflection through the spatiotemporal confusion created. The Occurrences are intended to create an awareness of the context - confusion and placement of objects and moving images in unfamiliar places - to unlock the situation on the one hand as a place of conscious aesthetic awareness, on the other hand as a 'frame', as an exhibition display for that in the situation to make implemented technical display visible. What disappears, however, is the authorship of the participating artists, whose artistic contributions - converted into digital video, photo, text or audio format - combine to form a data stream. This can be compared to a painting that several artists have been working on at the same time: the various brush gestures can be distinguished from one another, but a fixed assignment becomes obsolete in retrospect, since only through the causal relationships, references and points of contact of the individual artistic contributions Narrative emerges. Thus, chronological temporality and clear locatability become secondary. An autonomous biotope, an experiment room, a system in the system is created. That should be the case, because DIS-PLAY is primarily about breaking up

the juxtaposition of the contributions, which automatically urges me as a viewer to create synergies that expand and include the physical environment. An image is created, an imprint of a collective memory that loses its process-like and ephemeral character created by the format of the live stream, as the video streams are archived afterwards and collected in a database and made accessible. Subsequent digital archiving and documentation are just as much part of the artistic principle as it is a condition required by the field. If I turn my gaze to the present day, it becomes apparent that many cultural institutions need to expand their work into digital space as well. DIS-PLAY drew attention to this very need a few years ago by using the relatively autonomous framework of the artistic and showing the potential for presentation formats such as the live stream can offer. Innovations usually arise in an open space of possibility that is relatively free of conventions and, on the contrary, offers scope to critically reflect on usage patterns and paradigms. At the same time, a large number of dialectical relationships became apparent, which for many globalized people constitute their relationship to the world in which they live: online / offline, subject / object, author / user. Where do you stand? What are you? DIS-PLAY positions itself clearly through its concept. It is not important to find a paradigmatic approach to social and political action, but to be aware of the variations in possibilities of the given situation and to think this together with the conditions that define each specific area of possibility. Thinking together must be understood here in its ambiguity: collective awareness of the rules of the rooms.

However, the strategy used to raise awareness is not always comparable to a sensitive questioning of the respective location, but is strained to the point of a consciously produced clash: to be referred to as performative appearances through the live broadcast, in which there is usually a content specification. However, if individual acts have not really been coordinated beforehand, it is somewhat similar to a Fluxus performance - a Happening 2.0 that is being modified both by the conditions and by the possibilities of digital technology. While the original happenings of the 1960s were primarily characterized by the proximity of the artists to the audience and their immediate reaction, in the case of the Occurrences it is precisely the geographical distance from the audience that is still offered a physical meeting place - the installation location of the display - where, however, the actual actions and confrontations of both sides are virtually exchanged. The conception of what is shown by DIS-PLAY

remains as open as its historical predecessor, sometimes meticulously timed, sometimes spontaneously and randomly generated.

As early as 2012, at that time under the name of its intellectual predecessor *urinvited.net*, an exhibition similar to the Occurrences took place, for which artistic works in New York, Mexico City, Los Angeles and Berlin were digitally connected via livestream. Several intermediate artistic formats developed this artistic method further between 2012 and 2017 until the first Occurrence under the name DIS-PLAY took place simultaneously on three different continents in 2018. Performances, lectures, photos, video stories and digital reproductions of various art forms flowed under the title “Ursubstanz” in places such as the Chinese Restaurant *Peking Palast* in Leipzig, a Home Depot hardware store and the David Kor-dansky Gallery in Los Angeles, the pub *Bube* in Leipzig and one Hotel in Guangzhou combined in a single stream - a so-called “hyper object” was created, which is both part and product of an Occurrence. Often the transmission points of the Occurrences, as was the case with “Ursubstanz”, are also linked by curatorial and scenographic interventions. In this way, the occupied rooms are asked about their uniqueness, their differences, connections and similarities. However, some questions emerge most clearly and focus on their underlying rules: Can we break through the causal chains of life? Overcome the conditions of things?

Can we ever be free?

*Do we know how this works? How life works?
Past, Present, Future?*

*Is there one of these that can't relate to another? When do they coexist?
And if you could picture them as a shape or different shapes in relation -
how would they look?*

Where are certain points?

Where is Monday?

BETWEEN

*Is there a space in between?
Does it have to be here or there?*

Does it have to be duality in order for there to be space in between?

*Gibt es Oberflächlichkeit?
Wenn es eine Oberfläche gibt, gibt es auch einen Hintergrund,
eine Tiefe?*

Sind es zwei Orte?











Live





Nausicaä - or Painting over the Atlantic

Haris Giannouras

Act 1

“We made our money from broken statues and burned down churches” he yells to an old man as he gets out of the taxi. He always travels with a couple of oil paintings stuffed deep inside his pockets. A long black coat made of thick wool used to be his armor of choice during the winter times. In the summer months he opted for a lighter material, like cotton or linen, which would be more breathable and better suitable for the hotter weather. The depth of the pockets was essential, because he always had to have the paintings on him, at any given moment in time, in any possible place he might find himself in. A prepaid mobile phone was kept inside the second coat pocket. It was one of those cheap disposable ones that can be purchased at convenience stores all across LA county and would most likely have cost him a bit more than 20 bucks.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, he fell in love with a poet living in the far away city of Alexandria. He let his guard down whilst exiting a taxi and allowed one of his precious little oil painting to miss his grip and drop on the ground, touching the dirty sidewalk and breaking into a million pieces. Once upon a time his heart was opened. He tried to patch it back together but was unsuccessful. His mysteries laid bare on the ground, his childhood mischiefs and teenage catastrophes had exited the limbo of his mind and started sprinting all over the place, in any possible direction imaginable.

The poet living on the other side of the Atlantic, one was in LA and the other in Alexandria, had a peculiar predisposition when it came to loving someone.

The fairytale became real: the story of someone traveling across two continents, a man finding himself in the middle of the ocean, a person swelled up by the tides and smacked across the face with the irony and the wit of his forefathers, comes face to face with the life-saving properties that a pre-paid mobile phone has for any young painter.

The sea is the origin of all.
The sea is the mother of all paintings.

“Painting across the Atlantic presents itself as an acute predisposition” he thought to himself, searching for the origin of the world while falling in love. Connecting the scarce dots through a net of space and time, becoming alive and pulsating at many different places at the same time.

So, they started to paint over the phone, one on the one side and the other on the other of a great wide sea. As soon as one work was done, they just jumped on a plane and agreed to meet in the middle, right where one part of the ocean meets the other. They both managed to find their way to a tiny forgotten island called Nausicaä strategically located right in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in a place almost literally forgotten by all but them and with notoriously bad phone reception. That was to be their meeting spot, the place where painting over the phone could for just a couple of weeks become a reality and enter physicality.

This is the story of a painter and a poet that fell in love over a bunch of broken oil paintings right in front of an open taxi door and started painting together over the abyss of the Ocean, meeting only once a year for a couple of weeks on a tiny lost island somewhere in the middle, the sea always following them along.



Act 2

“So, when the time comes, I must die right? Humanity dreams of painting, but it’s a dream cursed with an unattainable beauty, that is always a step ahead of us. We are never really meant to reach it right?” He sincerely wrote down on a piece of paper and rushed to the post office before it closed. His letter had to be delivered to the poet across the sea as quickly as possible, or else he would never be able to make it to their small island in time. They used to meet there and paint together. It seemed a logical choice at the time, since they both lived so far away from each other and the sea always brought them together. The sea, which used to hold them apart, became the thing to tie them up.

Flushing herself to everyone passing by, flowing from one place to the next without even realizing the time difference, she comes and goes as she pleases; she breaks down barriers and washes away sins and virtues; she sleeps until she wakes up and chatters away with her old pal the sky whenever she doesn’t feel like going to work. The waves smashed on the shores on both sides of the Atlantic and the sea rose up almost 30 meters high and made her presence known. She bled through my dress, she battered her wings in front of the tears of her lovers, she grazed upon the hands of passersby with the promise that they would hug again. And they rode on the back of the dragon and made sure to bring everything they needed on that tiny little island, for they would not be able to have any real contact with the outside for weeks to come.

He flew across a world, he left an ancient empire behind, she opened her beautiful wet arms and embraced them. The poet and the painter opened the door to their tiny little room and got to work. Their bodies shook and quivered under the cold light of the moon. But no matter what, they had to get to work because painting waits for no one. The curse of old men trembles under the threat of the power of present women doesn’t it? The poet and the painter decided to leave their past behind and break away towards the future.

So, he dreamed of his poet, he yearned to touch him again, to see his colors glistening in the sun, to dance away under an uncomfortably small apple tree that’s perfectly located on an open field right across from a

forbidden lake in the outskirts of a grey German city. He made his magic happen so they both could meet on a small forgotten island in the middle of the ocean. The place was quite famous for its exotic greenhouse flowers, which were indigenous to the local ecosystem. The poet and the painter had a mission: to bring her back to life, to resurrect that, which was never actually gone, but simply neglected. The sea flanked around them, she broke up her tides into half and carried her prisoners as far as she could. But no matter what she was, she was always going to be there, she was always meant to outlast them all, to redefine her own prerogatives and her expectations.

The sea is the mother of painting,
her perfect blue is the answer,
the poet and the painter,
the water and the greenhouse flowers and even Nausicaä herself,
they all had to play their part for an appearance to emerge through the faceless screen.

A gust of warm wind blew by as the poet was struggling to pick up the pieces of his broken paintings that had already picked up dirt from the sidewalk. The cab door shutting behind him. “Do you need help with that? You know, oil paintings are not supposed to live inside coat pockets. It makes it harder for them to breathe in there”, said a raspy voice from across the street. The painter slowly looked up to see who was talking.



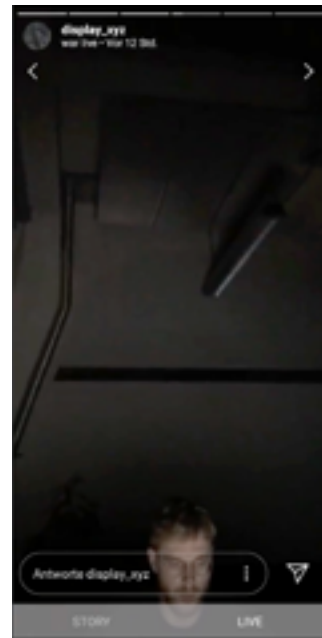
Katensen - NI (GER)



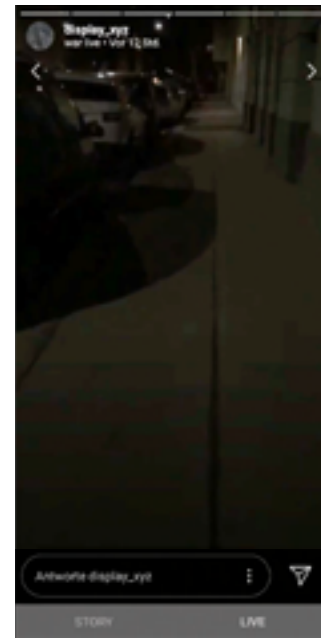
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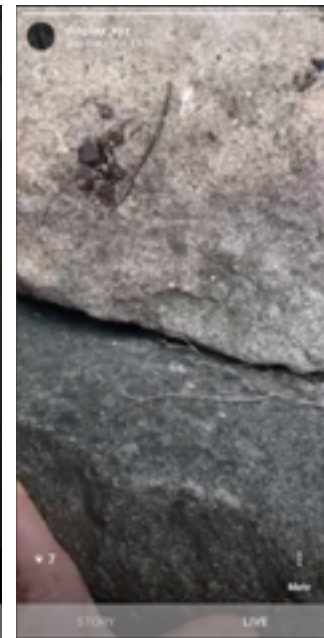
San Diego - CA (USA)



Karlsruhe - BW (GER)



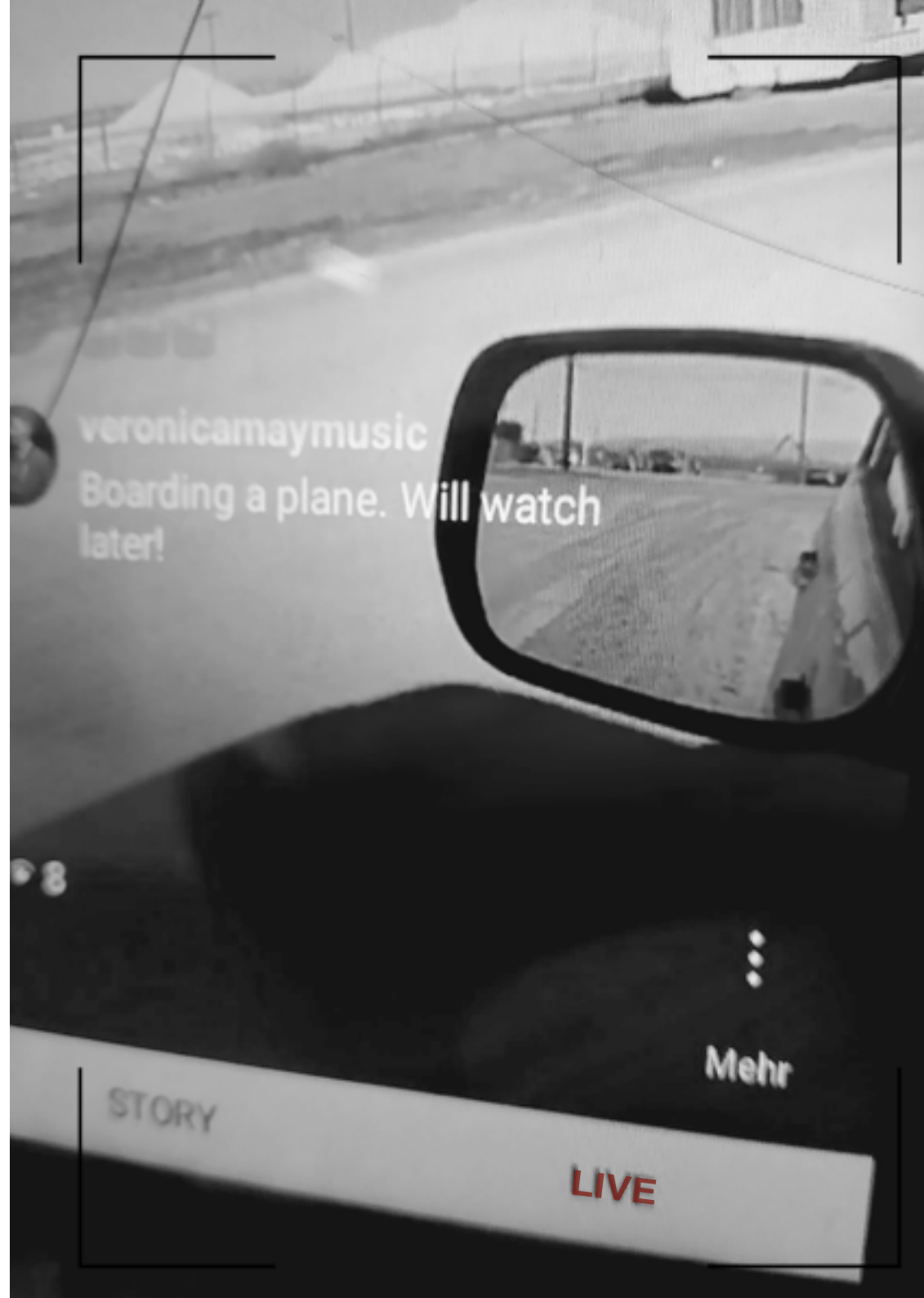
Vienna - VIE (AUT)



Los Angeles - CA (USA)

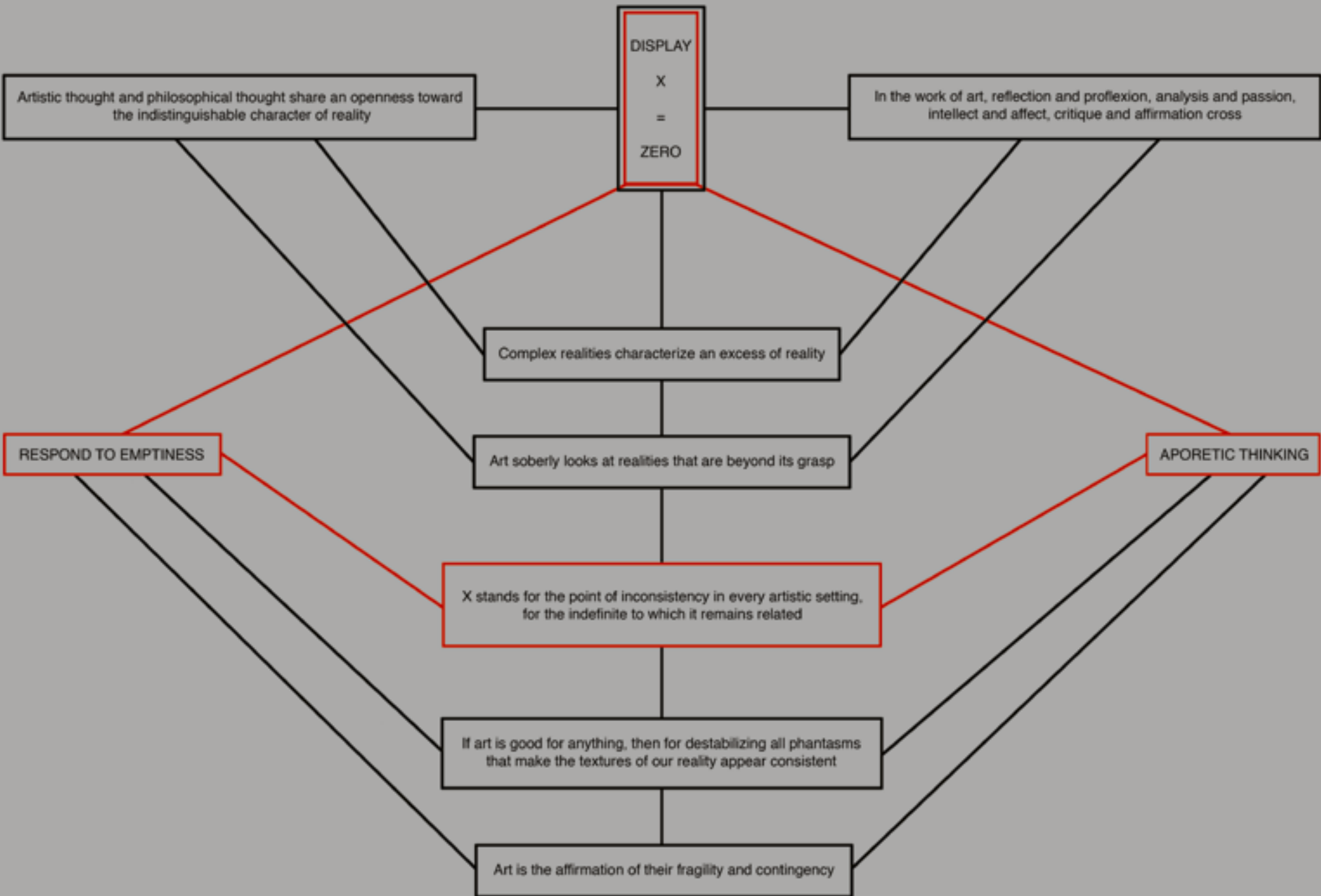
What is a space that is not constituted by concrete components - buildings, environments or functions - but one that is created by the reading of actions? What is a space that is neither concretely inhabited nor constant over time, which always arises when people come together through forms of expression that precede the outlines of places? By this we mean manifestations of fugitive moments, that can dissolve or persist without necessarily being visible. In this space the singular can be disturbed by a de-centered driving force, by the plurality of its possibilities, by the arbitrariness of the principle.

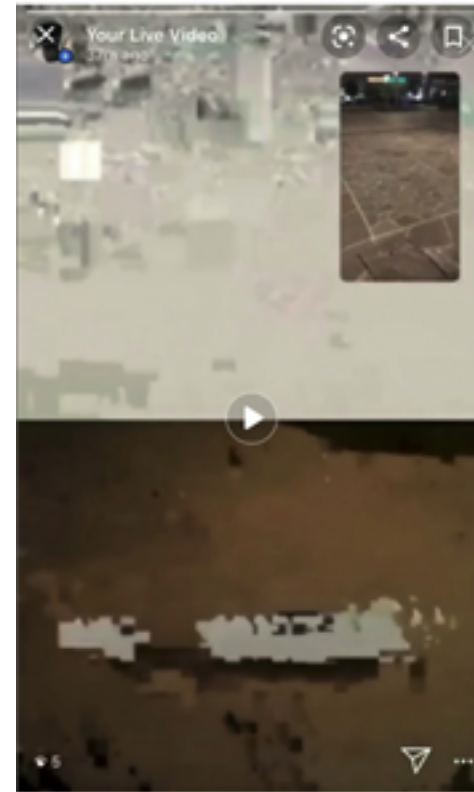
The coming being is neither individual nor general, but arbitrary. Singular, but without identity. Certainly, but only in the empty space of the example. And yet neither general nor indifferent: on the contrary, it is such that it always concerns. It is the real object of love. Its logic: the paradox of set theory, the indistinguishability of a class from its elements, a thing from its description. Its ethics: only being one's own way of being, nothing but one's own possibility or potency, experiencing language as such. Its policy: to form a community without any condition or condition of belonging, the irrevocable departure from the state, the construction of a communicable body, the creation of a *Dise*. In that moment of the in between, of that glimpse of time.



sensory
levels
what's in
between
knowledge
human
and
animal
reaction to
the moon
essence of
human is
image of
animal
human
character
paired
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let's talk
about
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The Dynamic Archive
DATA POETRY - LIKE A
MESSAGE | The Dynamic...

Besuchen



off the edges, 4 Wo.

Von 88 gesehen
Von 45 gesehen

Highlight

Mehr

Falling off the Edges ***(Reality from a different Angle)***

Delia Jürgens, Erik Arkadi Seth, Jessica Dillon, Tarik Kentouche

“The sea appeared as something completely isolated, detached from society, self-contained and closed in itself, above all it had boundless breadth and uniformity which spread out into nothingness. Into the non-space of the sensually indiscernible, into the optical and its limits.

We did not travel to pursue adventure, not for the sake of society, but to see for ourselves and take the measure of things with our own hearts. “

Rosalind Krauss: The Optical Unconscious

Gifhorn | Berlin | Alps | Los Angeles

A walk and a livestream, October 17th 2019. It was around one hour before sunset and it was getting dark.

We were walking through the fallen leaves and blades of grass, through sludge of muddy soil. The smell of wet moist drizzle was around us when the moment zoomed in as if time didn't exist. Pace changed into flickering instants of déjà vu agreements, free from all boundaries of logical circumstances, free from all habits into one united moment of shared values.

We were in free fall, feeling elevated and weightless. In total stillness as if time stopped. The membrane of our collective body gave us a view into two directions. There was the trail of the past and the trail of the future, both together forming the present stasis.

Location is a matter of positioning oneself. When you feel lost you can create a map of sharpness. A grid of orientation.

Binder are fragmented structures and rhythms. We were holding its film in a fluid way where no trust could be put into detail. Born through several minds, guided by context, following the interfaces of collaborative impressions and meant-to-be, never at the end of transformation. We were holding it in our hands to understand this amorphous fury and took a walk through the changing landscape, to lose all orientation of vertical

and horizontal understandings. It felt like walking through ruins where we unlearned and clarified. We engaged in the wildest sense, falling off the edges in a thicket, in clear existence without a frame.

“Where were you?”

“At the aircraft hangar!”

It was something we are all intimately involved in, reshaping the human body by modern technology. Feeling united and though apart. A part of the whole can't be separated. It needs its universal codes, its fellows around to create meaning. Walking helped us to move the body forward. The mud was sticky and made sounds each step we passed. There was no horizon in this bubble vision of movement in this total stillness of free fall. The edges blurred into shapes of different filters. Different pasts and different futures merged into one undivided imagery of what was feeling lost or what was feeling kept. The edges of individual perspectives became blurry fading into one reality of existence. Turned around into a wrong 360 degree panorama that was tilted into one unified globe. An artificially created film of life activated by movement and the mind.

“Is it your or my AI that we are shaping?”

In the forest you are somehow completely alien and completely yourself. And if you completely indulge into the forest's mood, then you are soon no longer alone. You meet flora and fauna in yourself, your most intimate fears and desires. If you fear losing or getting lost or even dying in the forest, it means that you will never return from it as the same. In the forest you are looking for change. You are disoriented in the slings of green patterns of habitus, of flickering light blinding your eye which adjusted to the dim. Your feet are crushing against the moist weight of fallen leaves and shrubs, slowing your move down and making each step wised up.

Light was slowly fading into shades of black. Our footprints became invisible and colors evaporated in fog. The earth felt like a glimpse of time reflecting the last visible light in the watery surface of the grass. We sat down to embrace the damp atmosphere of the nighty forest. The ground smelled like bark and the universe. Flashes of light were reverberating in the dark discovering the hidden.



From: Eva Garber <evargarber@gmail.com>
Date: March 16, 2019 at 1:35:56 PM PDT
To: Eva Garber <evargarber@gmail.com>

Everywhere you look, a problem. It is a problem that I bought the boots made of baby buffalo and it is a problem when I consider all of the cheese burgers I've eaten and how those burgers came to be, and how cheap and cruel the meat I have consumed. In Jewish conversion class, the rabbi talked about milk and meat, why observant Jews don't eat them together. You are not supposed to cook a baby in its mother's milk. It says so in Exodus, the second of the four books of the Hebrew Bible. We call it the Hebrew Bible and not the Old Testament because that's Christian phraseology. I always mocked myself as a Jew by calling myself a Jew without really understanding what it meant. I didn't really care until I got called a Jew by a crackhead outside of a Mexican restaurant who yelled "get the fuck out of my way Jew." When he was half way down the block, he told me to get the fuck out of his way Jew again and then charged at me. I hid in the La Abeja bathroom and cried. Nobody called the police. Nobody asked if I was okay, and that's when I learned what it was to be Jewish. I guess nothing feels like reality until it scares you. My mother's mother wasn't too fond of the idea that her daughter married a Jewish man and had with him half Jewish children, and my father wasn't too fond of the idea that my mother enrolled us in Christian pottery class in a Minister's basement when we were little – where we painted plaster angels and crosses with glittery gold and pastel pink and ate arrow root cookies while the minister filled our ears with Jesus in the after-class bible study. We lived in a rural suburb north of Toronto that I still find it difficult to describe: part equestrian elitism, part middle class Italian, part white trash, and then us – my father a doctor, my mother a house wife, no ties to this part of the world, perhaps just there to hide, we lived off a dirt road in a rammed-earth cottage built by a woman from mud and flagstone on the carrying place trail where the first nations people used to portage canoes between Lake Ontario and Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay. My father bought my mother a cream colored Aga cooker to remind her of England and we used to play in a tree house made of plywood covered in green moss with pink and white curtains that we kept up all year, all through the winter, maybe disgusting by contemporary standards. My upbringing was wild, cage free, too much freedom to explore. I saw things I would never wish on myself had I had the option. We had a huge trail littered with animal skulls and antlers. We had ghosts, and strange noises, and a basement storage filled with the detritus of all the people who lived there before us, all the shit they didn't want to take with them. There was no structure and nothing was clean. Life was a nebulous expanse of nature and catastrophe, of primal urge and isolation. Once, during a hypnosis session in Echo Park, I visited my childhood home and when I knocked at the door I was greeted by an older version of myself. I walked in through the basement walk out and hanging in an open closet was a fuzzy pink sweater that my mother bought my sister in 1998. I remember the year because I was obsessed with time as a child, which is ironic, because I came to waste too much of it. I one asked my grade 5 teacher, Mrs. Stephens what would exist if not the earth and the stars and the moon and the sun, and she stopped and said, "time would exist in the absence of everything," though how can time exist without reference? This is why it is so important to die.

As a child I used to dream about America. I used to think I would be prettier if I was American, and that I would be happier if I had unfettered access to Abercrombie. America was different to Canada, and if I lived in America I would be different to how I was in Canada. This was very rudimentary math. I used to wear a tankini in the bath and think about how nice it would be to swim all day in the topical United States. To this day, I have a similar sense of things, in so far as I live with unrealistic dreams, in so far as I live in a constant state of delusion that things would be better if they were different.

I didn't appreciate Canada until I left it and started to understand her from the vantage of disappointment: America.

Hejira is an Arabic word that refers to an exodus – defined as a journey undertaken to escape from a dangerous or undesirable situation. Joni Mitchell appropriated this as the title for an album she wrote on a road trip to Los Angeles from Maine. In 2012 I fled from Canada, not a dangerous place at all, but a place that threatened to stifle any chance I'd have at authentic self-expression – Canadian social customs don't lend themselves to free movement – it is not a culture of migration, not a culture of expansion. I had a limited understanding of Joni Mitchell in my early 20s – I knew her catalogue of radio songs, her music for stable white women, I didn't understand that there was more, not until I heard the Last Time I Saw Richard, not until the specificity of the percolator, and in this specificity a new understanding of parallelism came into focus – that in order to create anything, a person must also be paying attention and living a life parallel to productivity, which is to say, a person has to take out the garbage and walk the dog and clean the coffee pot and walk to the store to buy dental floss and scrub the shower mold, you can't live only for your work.

I've always admired women from the prairies – the fictitious Hagar Shipley and Joni Mitchell, as well as a woman named Vivian from Saskatchewan I met on an Air Canada flight who told me she loved her husband but lived for her affairs. She said she grew up on a diet of rutabaga and peanut butter brownies that were stored year round in her grandmother's deep freeze. Her grandmother had the freezer for 50 years and it had recently died. Vivian told me she almost died once – from a brain aneurysm while she was masturbating. She told me things women don't ordinarily tell strangers. This was a deep brutal feminism for which I was not aptly prepared at the age of 25, and which only occurred to me later when I heard Song for Sharon, that women are sovereign.

I went to staten island
To buy myself a mandolin
And I saw the long white dress of love

On a store front mannequin
Big boat chugging back with a belly full of cars
All for something lacy
Some girls gonna see that dress
And crave that day like crazy
Little Indian kids on a bridge up in Canada
They can balance and they can climb
Like their fathers before them they'll walk the girders of the manhattan skyline
Shine your light on me Ms Liberty
Because as soon as this ferry boat docks
Im headed to the church to play bingo
Fleece me with the gamblers flocks
I can keep my cool at poker
But im a fool when loves at stake
Because I cant conceal emotion
What im feeling s always written on my face
Theres a gypsy down on bleeker street
I went into see her as a kind of joke
And she lit a candle for my love luck
And eighteen bucks went up in smoke
Sharon, I left my man
At a north Dakota junction
And I came out to the big apple here
To face the dreams malfunction
Loves a repetitious danger
You think id be accustomed to
Well, I do accept the changes
At least better than I used to do
I started reading joni mitchell lyrics when it was too painful to listen to joni mitchell songs, when i was heartbroken and desperate for anything to look at besides my face in the mirror, and the dog piss on the floor, i would read them into the mirror, into the phone, outloud to myself to hear that i could still speak, retain, think, convey, that i existed and that i was a woman and apart of some shared experience of womanhood and disappointment and migration.





Losing Horizons

John Junhun Lee

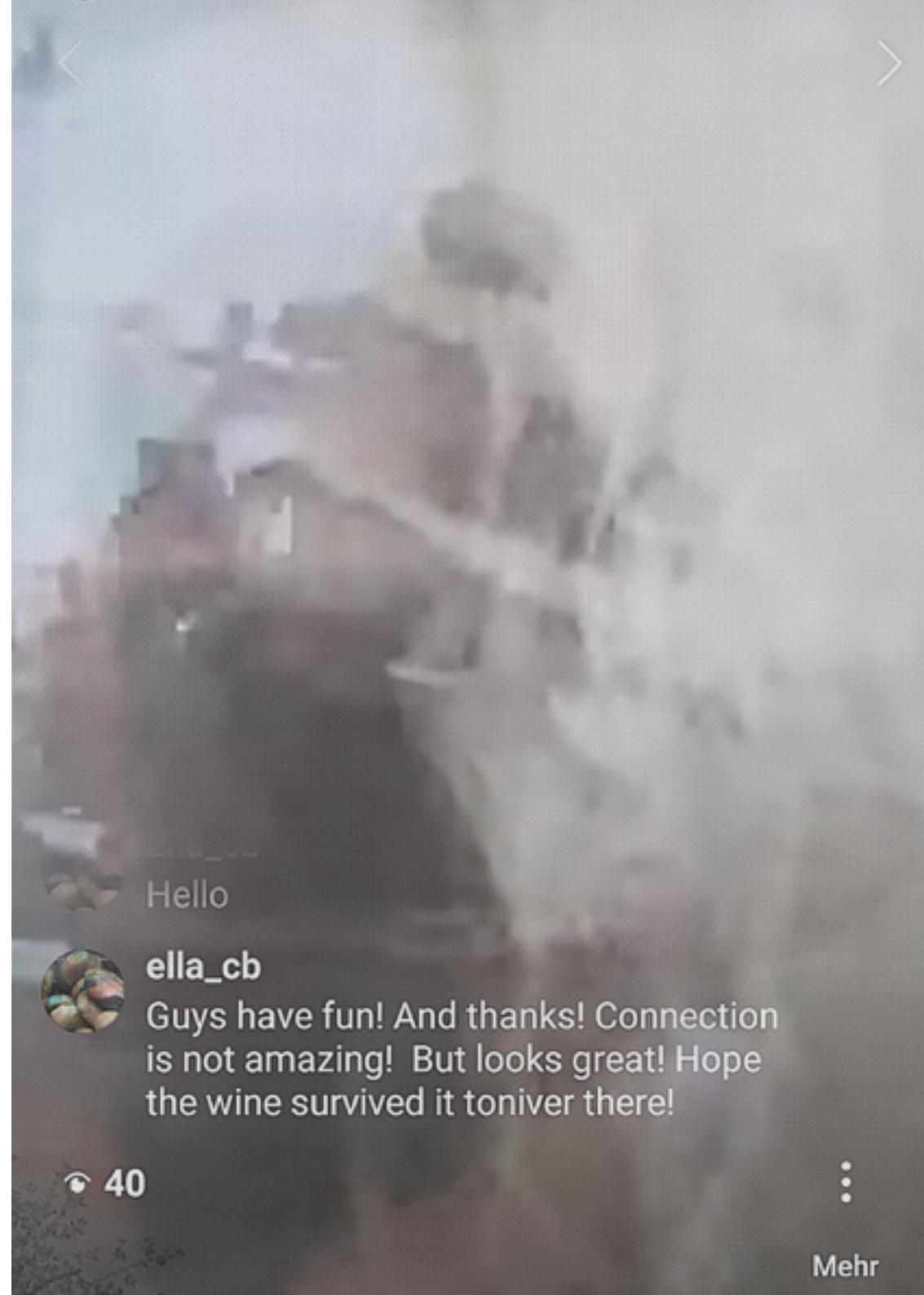
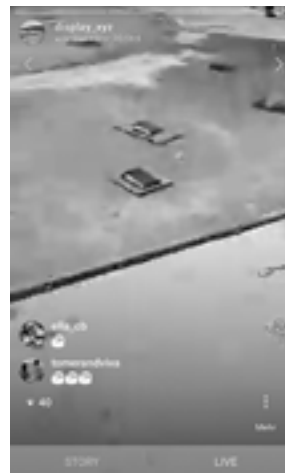
There is a sort of elegance that a flock of birds exuberates from the sky. First, I notice the distinct, graphical shapes that the swarm makes as if they are painting the sky. A wide v-shaped line or a peculiar oval would move in between the clouds so smoothly. Then, I notice a dissolution of these shapes from an unknown cause. The dissolution often resembles a plot graph for statistical data in its scatteredness and chaotic nature. The ability of the flock to constantly shapeshift and renavigate itself convinces me that there is an undergoing, organic orchestration. The flock somehow reenacts a kind of individuality. Its organic fluidity formates what looks like an agency. The flock gains the body and mind of its own. The flock is a living entity.

I wonder what it is like to be a bird in a traveling flock. The vision of the bird must be distracted and blocked by hundreds of its kinds. The bird must lose its ability to see the horizon. The bird must have no idea what it's destined to nor immediate incoming dangers. Instead of the horizon and other surroundings, the bird only sees its peripheral peers and their mediated response to sudden danger. The bird in this instance knows how to respond to danger only in relation to its flock's flying formation. For the bird in a flock, its optic is compromised for the group. Rather than seeing, the bird feels the group's collective latitudinal desire and destination that are deeply engraved in genetics.

In the age of neoliberalism, where an abundance of visual and intellectual distractions and the virtue of competition prevail my life, I see my engagement with the world becoming more and more myopic and distracted. I also see myself deeply implicated and operating under the collective desire for success and consumption. Most importantly, I realize that I am feeling this present moment from the inside rather than

seeing it from far. Seeing something from far implies that the observer is distanced from the observed. The distance may be literal, mediated, or even a critical one.

In opposition to the analogy of birds, I propose an analogy of drones. Unlike the bird, which is an observer that is inescapably implicated in one's surroundings, the drone has a potency to detach itself. The drone operates as a remote optical device that enables the observer to see oneself as observed. Through distancing, the observer can see their place in the world and the way their unconscious desire operates. Maybe this mechanism of optics is what Rosalind Krauss pointed to when she was describing video as a "psychological medium"—the estranged experience of seeing my subjectivity as an object. I even wonder if this experience is at the core of art-making—to experience the self as a visible, thus understandable, object.





deep cracks
open
we ask
when do they stop
what are they called
how to predict
a cause
that wakes
the trails
the marks
the tracks
deeper than our own.

objects floating
scattered
drifting
flowing
flying
falling
a wreck
a miss
flying far
falling fast
the debris
tells us the strength
of all rows left

to tell the story
one day
trails
trunk
curving
path
patterns
they wander
they dive under
they rise
they touch the surface

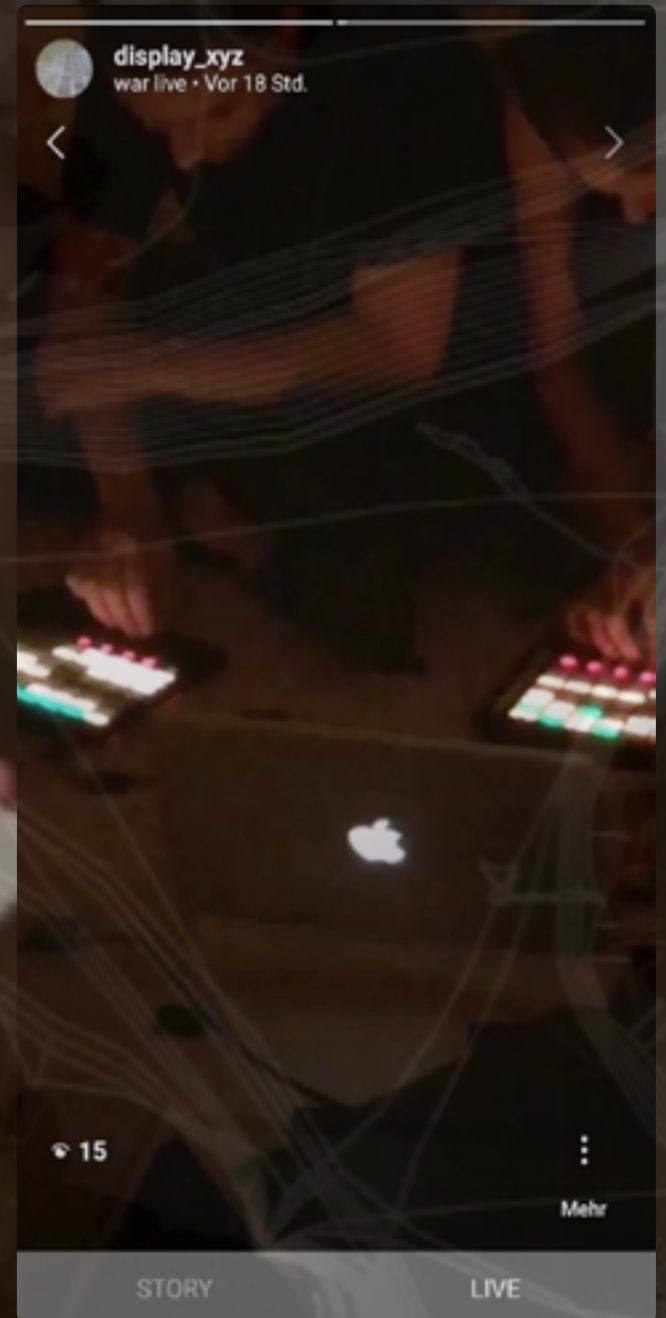
some reach far
and wide
some huddle quiet
and close
our migrations
have only increased in speed
our placelessness
our only common theme
reaching back
with curiosity
to find some other
some version of mouth
the melted rock
we think
we know
is there
the screen
a subtle
not so steadily
an immodest portrayal
an attempt

we reach
we extend
(your hand
is there
it touches
curtisan plane
extends
beyond all things
the forge
the earth
we trust

water that connects
the endless scims
the screen
gravity
has it trapped in
hints of an argument
a fight
waves crash
the cosmos rolls
scattered
aboves
but all the while
every molecule
strapped in
the blanket

all we see
surrounds and covers
the truth that we all stand
on one star
an orb of dust
on terra
we ignore
we celebrate

*the modern cave
is not shared
is isolated
alone
fragmented
disenchanted
we remove the dust
bury the walls
what lays beneath
behind
beyond
thoughts arise.
echo*



From End to End

Stella von Rohden

“But you dare! The factories are spinning day and night, the demonic will of this one person drives all the wheels ahead. Whole mines of iron and copper are used for this one string, whole forests of rubber farmers need flowers in order to create the gutta-percha sheath at such a great distance. And to do nothing that needs to be done.”

Stefan Zweig, 1927

In the Occurrence *SCREEN*, projections become reflections on things in space, whose likenesses are already circulating on the internet. I recognize some of them, others I only glimpse or never see. I see shoes there, photos in frames, cell phones, sand and shapes, prints and fragments of reality. The vessel does not withstand the water, leaves a diffuse field and remains empty. Wetness dissolves their contours. As remnants of human symbolism, in which one believes to materialize, the artefacts appear shifted in space and withdrawn from their certainty, now floating on flooded glass. Superfluous, somehow sad, like archaeological evidence of culture and yet free from it. I want to hold onto things, but I can't. The image of water as the original motive is omnipresent. Chaotically it drives me to think things in motion, opening up as a state of the possible. Abstract and virtual at the same time. Without orientation, their images circle around mirrored in the water. Artifacts again, this time disembodied and without intention, as image disturbances and noise. We establish contact across the ocean.

The greatest hour of mankind in 1854. The oceanographer falsely certifies that it is only two nautical miles deep, a transatlantic plateau, without significant rifts and also with little current. The cable breaks, then it sinks irretrievably into the Atlantic. Silence. Convinced of the mastery of nature, it breaks out again, then in August 1858 the jubilation breaks out. The first words: Repeat please, repeat please, send slower

for the present, send slower for the present, how do you receive? The response is great, the newspapers are overwhelmed by enthusiasm for the success. The world is connected, space-time apparently overcome, 103 words in 16 hours. The earth now appears as a globe. Development, and with it life, is fast. Dizziness, despite new coordinates. You should hurry if you want to see something else, warns Paul Cézanne at that moment and encourages movement. The image becomes a moving image, it becomes distorted, the landscape becomes blurred and free. By 1900, twelve undersea cables from volcanic and earthquake zones are already running through the sea. The communication may not yet really work out, practice is missing. Confusion and misunderstandings still determine traffic. Next success: simultaneity is achieved through duplex and quadruplex. Two or four messages from both sides of the continent, then already 10,000 a day. The distance of the earth is lost in the moment. A new cosmos emerges.

Things soften and relate endlessly. They remain, as Nietzsche said yes to chaos in 1882, as human fictions and inventions, only seemingly permanent, just there to provide a firm hold. It is the beginning of the time of the networks, the shift of coordinates and the sea of forces, 160 terabits per second, now we too are in contact. 24 time zones on paper, 9 hours between us. AJ just woke up, his room in Los Angeles shines as a projection in the empty old building apartment in Hanover and metaphorically curves the room. The outside of the inside becomes present, the hereafter in the here and now. Somehow AJ has turned the camera upside down and we look under his bed, see his feet and instruments. He still has time, with us she runs. Shift in plan, the cables also wet in the water, here without bad luck and gutta-percha. Stream in stream, almost as fast as flashes of light and thoughts his disembodied information reaches us, tones as abstract signals, then sensuality as Athena calmly turns her rounds.

With Hesiod, chaos is the yawning and gaping. Good morning Alexander, we look forward to getting to know you. Repeat please, repeat please we call them *Cave Echoes*. Let's get together here! Come together here! Echó, as the detection of the things that are no longer. We enter and travel with them, time travel because signs travel. Space becomes time, the faster, the closer, voices everywhere without being there. Only the

compression of layers reveals what appears to be concrete, what remains is the longing for union. Again I think of the ocean. Aleatoric game of tides, intoxication and simultaneity. Unrest, the most distant and microscopic waves meet one another, communicate, collide and break, only to withdraw into the other unknown, into the depths and caves of the times and worlds from which they come, to behind the *SCREEN*, under the surface of the water to become still again.

To sink to the bottom under the sign of the current, where the rust of the cable crumbles with her. There is something elementary about it, something primary, delicate appearance tells of disappearing, fragile and free. I got a little nervous because the controls got derailed, but I know it's good. Screen is a place that allows it, wants to let it through, wants to emerge and contact. Who wants destruction in order to be able to see anew. *SCREEN* resists distance, through polyphony and resonance. The ocean is conceived here as a medium in which, with all its productive power, shakes the boundary between the I, the us, and the artefacts in the room, in order to then reconnect with them and apparently re-find orientation with them again, I think.

Inspiring literature/video for this text:

Asendorf, Christoph: Currents and Rays. The slow Disappearance of Matter around 1900. Gies-sen, 1989.

Böhme, Hartmut: Cultural History of Water. Frankfurt/Main, 1988.

Böhme, Hartmut and Gernot: Fire Water Earth Air. A cultural History of the Elements. Munich, 1996.

Böhme, Hartmut: Fetishism and Culture. A different Theory of Modernity. Hamburg, 2006.

Warburg, Aby: The Snake Ritual. Berlin, 1988.

Weibel, Peter: On the Disappearance of Distance. Telecommunications and Art. Cologne, 1990.

Zweig, Stefan: Great Moments of Mankind. Leipzig, 1927.

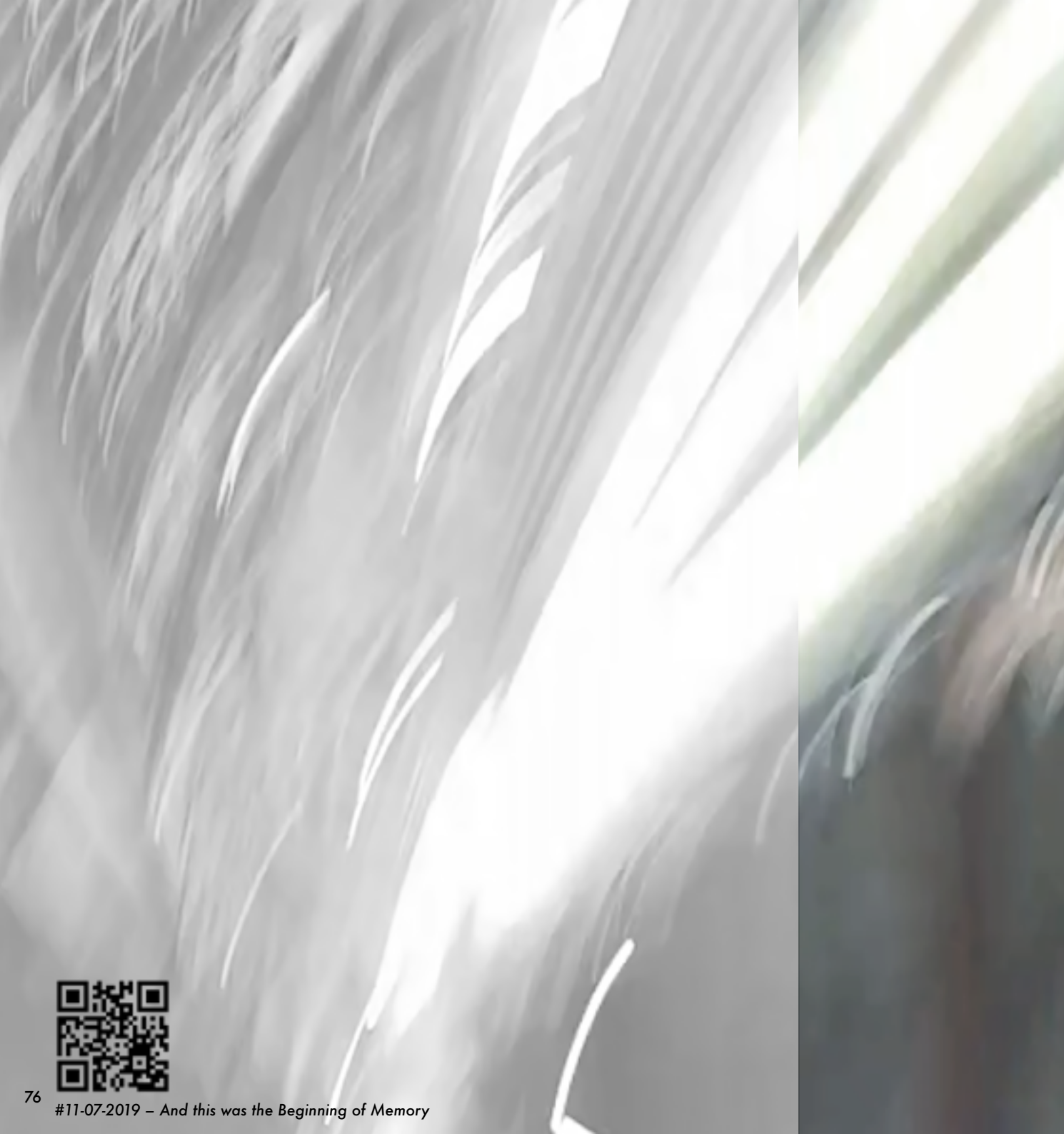
Gerstl, Sebastian: The Line that connected the World for the first Time. www.elektronikpraxis.vogel.de/die-leitung-die-erstmal-die-welt-verband-a-543858/ (last viewed 2021).

Kluge, Alexander and Holtorf, Christian: Transatlantic Cable from 1858.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=wrSaacZAWpo (last viewed 2021).

Reicher, Maria E.: How Thoughts become Things. A Philosophy of Artifacts.

www.degruyter.com/document/doi/10.1524/dzph.2013.0018/html (last viewed 2021).





Leon Battista Alberti tells of a lost painting. In it, the Greek painter Apelles painted his own slander by the Egyptian king Ptolemy, instigated by his artistic rival Antiphilos. This description, allegorically transmitted by Lucian, is presented by Alberti in his treatise on painting as a successful subject for a painting. The narrative serves Alberti, as well as the remaining content of his treatise, to assert the apparent supremacy of painting over the other art genres. In the knowledge of this text Botticelli again painted the slander of Apelles. By this connection to the past, he puts himself in relation with the existing, allied himself with the sovereignty claim of painting. By doing so, Botticelli strengthen his position, materializing a glorious past for a glorious future. A humiliation becomes a sign of power.

And yet, we still do paintings. Where does this subconscious desire to make paintings comes from, when this medium is so weirdly predetermined? Does these narratives still have such an influence on us that we repeat these old stories in our processes? We draw a line in the past and in doing so, we do not want to find hold in our present. This line is a construct, showing that it is problematic to make pictures, showing the difficulty of locating himself in the field. Just as Apelles painted the moment of his greatest weakness, we choose our own discomfort with the medium as a successful subject.

display_xyz
war live • Vor 23 Std



„Und es wird [den Malern] von Nutzen sein, Gefallen an den Dichtern und Rednern zu finden. Diese haben viele Zierstücke mit den Malern gemeinsam; und da sie reich an Kenntnissen in vielen Dingen sind, werden sie viel dazu beitragen, den Vorgang schön zu komponieren, dessen Ruhm gänzlich in der Erfindung besteht. Welche Wirkung eine schöne Erfindung besteht. Wenn dieser Vorgang schon durch die Erzählung Gefallen erweckt, so stelle dir vor, wie viel Anmut und Liebreiz er besitzen muss, als man ihn noch betrachten konnte, gemalt von der Hand Apelles.“

Mehr

Hand Apelles.“

While experiencing the heaviness of being stoned, I scrolled through the Wikipedia page for “Sublime (Philosophy).”

The sublime is evoked by such qualities as: terror magnificence power darkness solitude vastness infinity
It's a concept that strikes the mind in such a way that one is unable to take it in as a whole.

Bas Jan Ader referred to it as “the miraculous.”

The Netflix Original Series The O.A. referred to it as “the rose window.”

The counter-culture of the sixties referred to it as “turning on, tuning in, dropping out.”

Religions and cults have referred to it as “being reborn” or “going clear.”

In 1960, Yves Klein leapt “into the void,” though in fact, he only leapt onto a life net.

In 1974, Philippe Petit walked on a wire between the World Trade Centers.

A symbolic act, with the personal stakes as high as they could be.

The precarious walk of capitalism very few, the 1% really, make it off the wire unscathed.

In 2017, Alex Honnold free soloed El Capitan.

His ineffable compulsion to climb the potential that the attempt will result in death he publicly acknowledges and accepts.

“An accident” functioning as a cover up for something we can't quite understand. It's more of an attempt to overcome suicide. The urge to jump affirming the urge to live.

L'appel du vide / Call of the void

Live in your Head: The Power of Association

Nele Kaczmarek

DIS-PLAY is a virtual presence in the initial format of a website, which appears temporarily as a physical unit and communicator for the public. The flexible and specific framework of DIS-PLAY enables the research and comparison of different (artistic) perspectives.

„In order to train a Leviathan, people, plates, palaces, rituals and habits, (...), factories and technical systems, etc. are mobilized, which is why the essence of Leviathan cannot be stabilized in the usual metaphors. It is machine, market, code or body in equal measure. In addition, there is not just one Leviathan, but many, like chimeras intertwined, each claiming to represent a possible reality.“¹

The question of how temporarily existing collective structures are formed in translation processes from a collection of individual actors - with the help of objects - is central to the work of DIS-PLAY. Their complex and lively organizational form is based on social relationships: from the sum of the contents, objects, bodies (entities) involved and their interactions, temporary events, occurrences are formed, which can be held in a possible form for the moment, only in the next moment open again for a multitude of other possible translations and reconfigurations. “All forces and currents (materialities) are alive, endowed with emotion (or can become so) and send signals. For this reason, a speaking, affect-gifted human body does not differ radically from the affect-gifted, signal-sending, non-human beings with whom this body coexists, which it harbors, with which it enjoys, serves, consumes, produces and competes.”² DIS-PLAY develops a kind of newsfeed, a constantly evolving Leviathan structure in which digitally and physically substantiated content, personal insights and extensive research circulate equally. They are united by an attempt to visualize the subtle, invisible and unspoken and to make it accessible to

an audience using existing resources and infrastructures in (semi) public spaces.

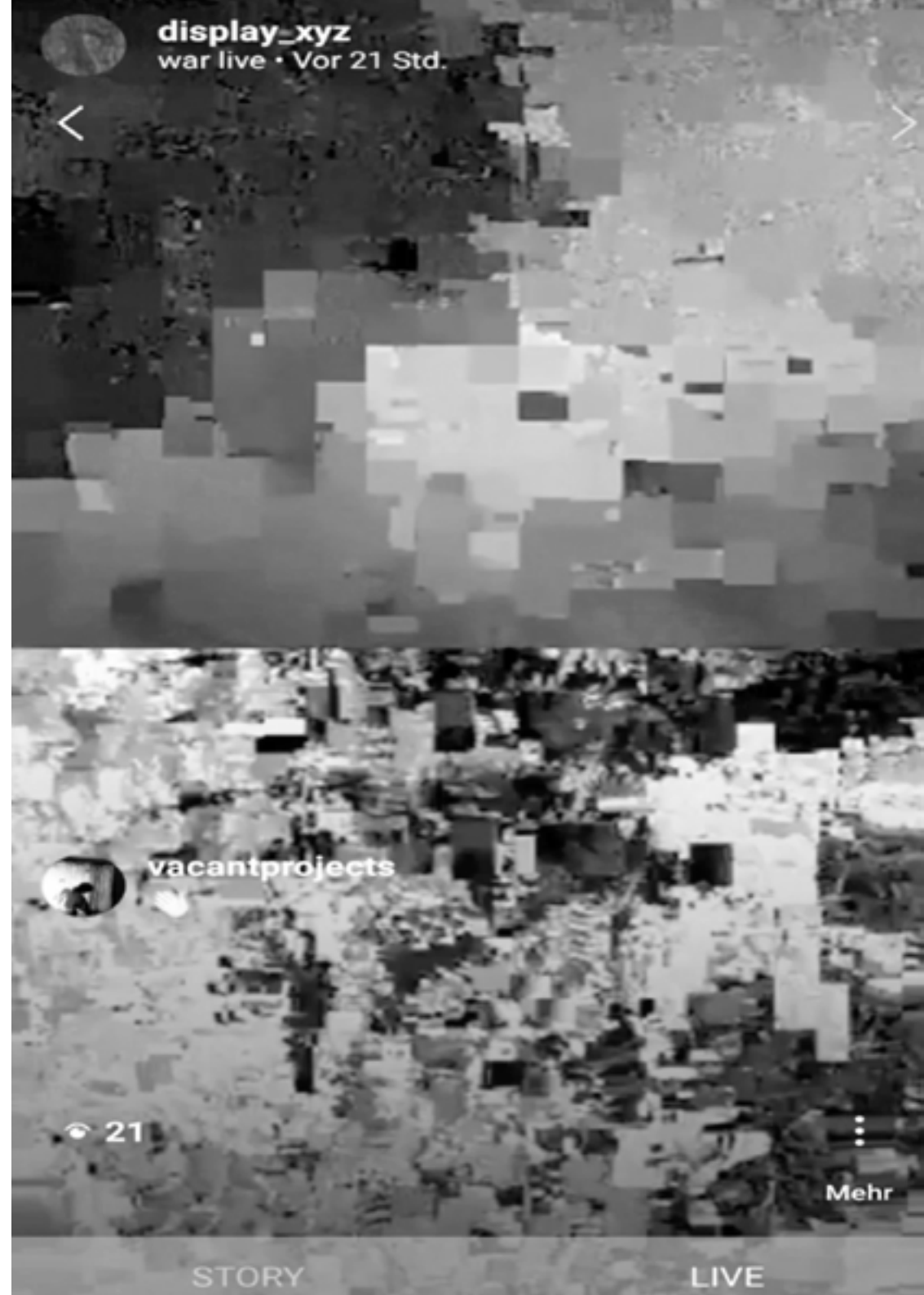
„In order to stabilize society everyone need to bring into play associations that last longer than the interaction that formed them, the strategies and resources may vary (...). For instance, instead of acting straight upon the bodies of colleagues, parents and friends (...) one might turn to more solid and less variable materials.“³

With the vision of an independent artistic network, which itself becomes part of the work, DIS-PLAY acts as a kind of micro-society based on successively changing links. In addition to the video essays produced - which in turn can take the form of an mp4 file, an LED projection, etc., texts, sculptures, photographs in different aggregates, etc., the bodies of the artists, the communication with each other, become the place occupied and its history, as well as the devices used, the image carriers, as equivalent components of the recognized artistic practice.

1 Schölzel, Hagen: The great Leviathan and the actor network worlds. Statehood and political Collectivity in Bruno Latour's Thought. Toronto, 2019

2 Cohen, Jeffrey Jerome: An Ecology of the Inhuman, Minneapolis 2015

3 Callon, Michel; Latour, Bruno: Unscrewing the big Leviathan: how actors macro-structure reality and how sociologists help them to do so. In: Karin Knorr-Cetina and Aaron V. Cicourel (Ed.), Advances in Social Theory and Methodology. Toward to integration of micro and Macro Sociologies. Boston, London, Henley 1981





You've already begun
To get back up
Even when you're falling
You're looking and you're ready
Ready to ricochet
To bounce back

Some articles might change
What will become

I'm interested to articulate
The moment of decision
The ability to start over and over again
Where does that leave us

To get back up
You've already summed up
the courage
You already know some ways that will work
Some methods

You can claim some experience
You can seek to prepare the experiment
more tightly
To put everything into place
To go deeper and let it all go once you're in place
These decisions are there to guide you
To provide a material through which to dream through
To bring your baggage
Gather it up and let it grow
Then let it all go
That gesture has already begun

—
*

Now Let it happen between you
Your memories and this space
A distance that spans both long and short
Between my childhood and my adulthood
somewhere in between
Abandoned and with freedom
All at once

Only at the same time
Up the spiraling staircase
Spinning in between
Forgetting the layers
Which room goes in between
A path led by my memory
Which fluidly steps across
Other streams of history
Looping back and forth
My dream
Her stream
Your island

—
Ex-Act

1 / 92
46-47 **DIS-PLAY X = Zero**
Marcus Steinweg

2-11 **#09-11-2020 – Was bleibt**
Konnektor - Forum for the Arts, Hanover / Facades, Berlin (GER): porch Los Angeles (USA) / lawn Brunswick (GER) / google earth 29 Palms (USA) | 09/11/20 - 12/15/20 | Carlotta Drinkewitz + Delia Jürgens + Gaston Wilhelm Gnefkow + Janis Binder

12-19 **to display DIS-PLAY**
Felix Koberstein

20-24 **#10-02-2020 - Gaps of the Inbetween**
LAPSUS, Timișoara (ROU): Streets + Weekly Market, Timișoara (ROU), Streets + Weekly Market, Mexico City (MEX) / google maps of both cities | 10/02/20 - 10/11/20 | Carlotta Drinkewitz + Delia Jürgens + Tarik Kentouche + Sarafina McLeod + Diego Salvador Rios

25-27 **#07-02-2020 - BLACK HOLE**
bei_vier, Cologne (GER): Facades, Los Angeles (USA) / Facades, Brunswick (GER) / Facades, Vienna (AUT) | 07/02/20 - 07/06/20 | Carlotta Drinkewitz + Delia Jürgens + Gaston Wilhelm Gnefkow + Lorenz Liebig + Tarik Kentouche

28-33
37 **#10-28-2019 - Like a Black Hole, a Message.**
Ernst August Galerie, Hanover (GER) / CHASE, Korea-Town Los Angeles (USA) / Volkswagen-Halle, Brunswick (GER) / Bank of America, Mid-Wilshire Los Angeles (USA) | 10/28/19 - 12/20/19 | Carlotta Drinkewitz + Delia Jürgens + Lorenz Liebig + Tarik Kentouche + Yoni - Yean Gi Hong

34-39 **Nausicaä - Painting over the Atlantic**
Haris Giannouras

40-43 **#01-30-2020 - The coming Community**
Braunschweig University of Art, Brunswick (GER): Field, Lower Saxony (GER) / Field, Tuscon (USA) / Road, San Diego (USA) / ZKM - Center for Art and Media, Karlsruhe (GER) / River, Vienna (AUT) / Backyard, Los Angeles (USA) | 01/30/20 - 02/02/20 | Christian Mühlbauer + Christina Schönthaler + Delia Jürgens + Felix Kolberstein + Jessica Dillon + Karolina Lavergne

44-48 **#11-01-2019 - BLOOD MOON**
REWE Brunswick (GER) | 11/01/19 | Sarafina McLeod

49 **#05-07-2020 - DATA POETRY**
Plaza, San Diego (USA), Plaza, Los Angeles (USA), dorm, Jena (GER) | 05/07/20 - 05/08/20 | Christina Schönthaler + Delia Jürgens + Tarik Kentouche

50-55 **#10-17-2019 - Falling off the Edges (Reality from a different Angle)**
Gifhorner Schweiz (GER) / Berlin (GER) / Clausthal-Zellerfeld (GER) / Alps (AUT) / Los Angeles (USA) | 10/17/19 - 11/22/19 | Delia Jürgens + Erik Arkadi Seth + Jessica Dillon + Tarik Kentouche

56-65 **#02-16-2019 - TOUCH**
OtherPlacesArtFair, San Pedro - Los Angeles (USA): Store, Los Angeles (USA) / Apartment, Los Angeles (USA) / Studio, Brunswick (GER) / Mexican Restaurant, Los Angeles (USA) / Apartment, Berlin (GER) / Autobahn, Brunswick (GER) / MDBK, Leipzig (GER) / Streets, Berlin (GER) / Studio, Seoul (KOR) / www, Los Angeles (USA) / Studio, Berlin (GER) / Back Yard, Leipzig (GER) / Santa Fé (USA) / Beach, Los Angeles (USA) / Playground, Berlin (GER) / Studio, Los Angeles (USA) / Apartment, Berlin (GER) / Kunstverein, Brunswick (GER) / Home, Los Angeles (USA) / Desk, Brunswick (GER) / Park, Brunswick (GER) / Beach, Cologne (GER) / SPA, Los Angeles (USA) / Dumpsters, San Pedro-Los Angeles (USA) | 02/16/19 - 03/17/19 | Adam Gerber + Alexander Collins + Delia Jürgens + Eileen Lofink + Eliot Yasumara + Ella CB + Eva Garber + Eva Noeske + Fine Bieler + Flaviu Cacoveanu + Heejung Kang + Jessica Dillon + John Junhun Lee + Jonas Schoeneberg + Judith Crasser + Julian Marasa + Karolina Lavergne + Lotta Bartoschewski + Morgan Waltz + Moriah Askenaizer + Nele Kaczmarek + Ren Ebel + Sarafina McLeod + Sophia Lökenhoff + Stella von Rohden + Tarik Kentouche + Tatiana Vahan + Taylor Zepeda + William Kim

62-64 **Losing Horizons**
John Junhun Lee

66-69 **#08-30-2019 - SCREEN**
Billy Jacob Projects Hanover: Main Station, Hanover (GER) / Apartment, Hanover (GER) / Mid-Atlantic Ridge / Apartment, Los Angeles (GER) | 08/30/19 - 09/01/19 | Adam Gerber + Alexander Collins + Delia Jürgens + Eileen Lofink + Eliot Yasumura + Eva Garber + Eva Noeske + Fine Bieler + Flaviu Cacoveanu + Heejung Kang + Jessica Dillon + John Junhun Lee + Jonas Schoeneberg + Judith Crasser + Julian Marasa + Karolina Lavergne + Lotta Bartoschewski + Morgan Waltz + Nele Kaczmarek + Ren Ebel + Sarafina McLeod + Sascha Kregel + Sophia Lökenhoff + Stella von Rohden + Tarik Kentouche + Tatiana Vahan + Taylor Zepeda + William Kim

70-73 **From End to End**
Stella von Rohden

74-79
83 **#11-07-2019 - And this was the Beginning of Memory**
Dong Xuan Center Berlin (GER) / MOCA Geffen Los Angeles (USA) / Elevator, Brunswick (GER) / Cesar E. Chavez Bridge, Los Angeles (USA) | 11/07/19 - 12/13/19 | Andy Bennett + Carlotta Drinkewitz + Delia Jürgens + Gaston Wilhelm Gnefkow + John Junhun Lee + Lorenz Liebig + Tarik Kentouche

80-82 **Live in your Head: The Power of Association**
Nele Kaczmarek

84-85 **#12-01-2018 - URSUBSTANZ**
Bube Leipzig (GER): Home Depot, Los Angeles (USA) / David Kordansky Gallery, Los Angeles (USA) / Peking Palast, Leipzig (GER) / The Garden Hotel, Guangzhou (CHN) / Peking Palast, Leipzig (GER) | 12/01/18 - 12/22/18 | Delia Jürgens + Ezequiel Olvera + Judith Crasser

86-87 **#08-17-2018 - Can we ever be free?**
Städtische Galerie Hannover: Narita International Airport, Tokyo (JPN) / Motel Inn, New Orleans (USA) / Ihme-Zentrum, Hanover (GER) / Les Eyzies (FRA) / Kunsthau Bellamarta, Munich (GER) | 09/17/18 - 10/28/18 | Delia Jürgens + Erik Arkadi Seth + Jessica Dillon + Stella von Rohden + Tarik Kentouche

DIS-PLAY is a virtual presence, a live piece of art, a platform and an artist collective that transforms organically. It brings together artists with international backgrounds to circulate ideas and unify their individual and independent approaches. Using environments as a context for art DIS-PLAY connects virtual with physical prospects beyond a physical representation and stages a merged image of different reality states by re-considering traditional techniques of exhibiting, curating, preserving and creating art. It's flexible frame-up enables the re-exploration to visualize the often hidden power structures of global networks while making it accessible through the internet, through live streams and social media, through diverse devices, overall used screens in urban scenery and miscellaneous landscapes and places around the globe. All given fragments form an Occurrence by claiming the real as an encounter beyond existing limitations and hidden facts to create space for active thought as a hybrid of life, inspiration and art practice itself. In this parallel form, DIS-PLAY poses current questions about today's reality, in which the edges and boundaries of virtual, digital and physical space as well as private and public space seem to dissolve in a linkage of both. It argues that the possibilities that the internet offers for self-organization and the exchange of information are undermined by often hidden power structures of the economy and meditates on ideas of collectivity and togetherness with an emphasis on perspectives that have not historically been uplifted: from womxn, BIPOC, non-binary, trans, and queer writers, artists, and others. Each virtual appearance occurs physically at different venues across cultures, countries and time zones and brings together a wide array of artists and people to engage and rethink the actual.

DIS-PLAY was founded by Delia Jürgens in 2016 as a result of the previous digital exhibition projects *urinvited.net* (2012 - 2014) and *حليب* [halib.biz] (2014-2015). Besides public spaces around the globe, DIS-PLAY was institutionally exhibited at the Kunstverein Hannover (GER), the Städtische Galerie Hannover (GER), at the OtherPlacesArtFair Los Angeles (CA - USA), Billy Jacob Projects Hanover (GER), Moca Los Angeles (CA-USA), David Kordansky Gallery Los Angeles (CA-USA), Dong Xuan Center Berlin (GER), Ernst August Galerie Hannover (GER), at the University of Arts Braunschweig (GER), at *bei_vier*, Cologne (GER), at the Gallery Weekend Berlin (GER), at *Lapsus* Timișoara (ROU) and at *Konnektor - Forum for the Arts* in Hanover (GER).

DIS-PLAY denotes the negation of an automated playback *dis* (= not) - *play* (= play) and relates to Nordic mythology. Completely different than initially expected, DIS-PLAY is nothing to which something is depicted, represented or snapped, but rather the working or being of a ‚Disen-Wesen‘, an unspecified, surreal female being herself.

We would like to thank

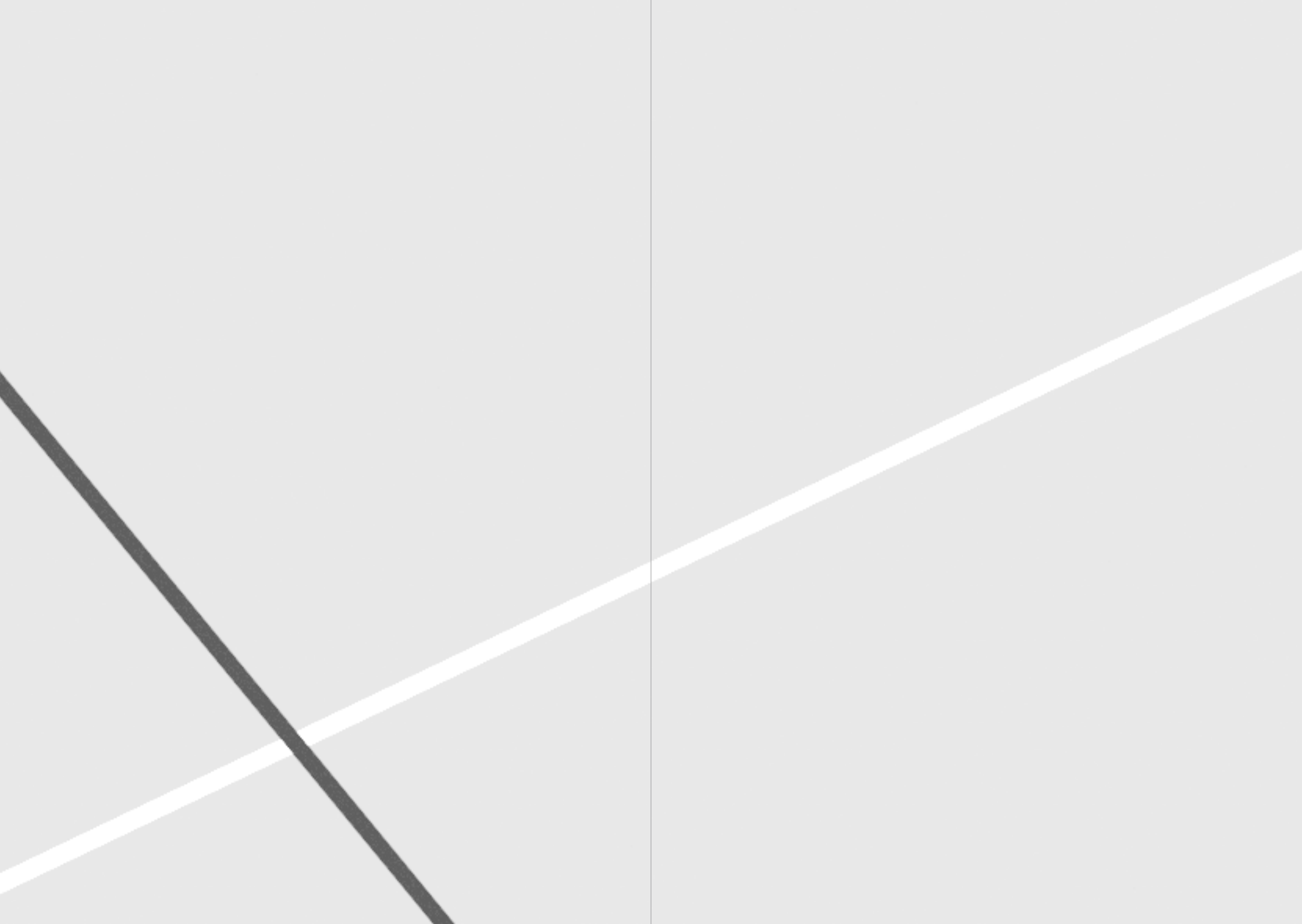
Adam Gerber, Alexander Collins, Andy Bennett, Carlotta Drinkewitz, Christian Mühlbauer, Christina Schönthaler, Delia Jürgens, Diego Salvador Rios, Eileen Lofink, Eliot Yasumura, Ella CB, Erik Arkadi Seth, Eva Garber, Eva Noeske, Ezequiel Olvera, Felix Koberstein, Fine Bieler, Flaviu Cacoveanu, Gaston Wilhelm, Haris Giannouras, Heejung Kang, Jessica Dillon, John Junhun Lee, Jonas Schoeneberg, Judith Crasser, Julian Marasa, Karolina Lavergne, Lorenz Liebig, Lotta Bartoschewski, Marcus Steinweg, Morgan Waltz, Moriah Askenaizer, Nele Kaczmarek, Ren Ebel, Sarafina McLeod, Sascha Kregel, Sophia Lökenhoff, Stella von Rohden, Tarik Kentouche, Tatiana Vahan, Taylor Zepeda, William Kim, Yoni - Yean Gi Hong, the Cultural Office Hannover and family and friends for the most essential and biggest support

DIS-PLAY

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„In order to train a Leviathan, people, plates, palaces, rituals and habits, (...), factories and technical systems, etc., are mobilized alongside humans, why the essence of the Leviathan can not be stabilized in the usual metaphors. The Leviathan is equally machine, as chimeras, each claiming to represent a possible reality“

