

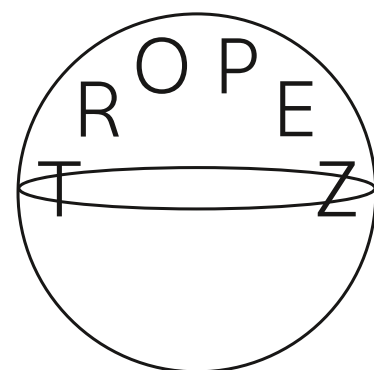
tropes

the pool
reader

1



BROKEN DIMANCHE PRESS



- 01 Nele Heinevetter
SUMMER PARASITE
- 02 Sophia La Fraga
Gratitude #6, 20.08.17
- 03 Samson Young
大熱 / Big Hot (張國榮 / Leslie Cheung)
- 04 Søren Aagaard
Fry Fanatic
- 05 Mary-Audrey Ramirez
Let No Man Steal Your Thyme (Roud #3)
- 06 Creamcake
Europool
 - 01 Marta Cillero
The Impurest Feminism
 - 02 Jessica Lauren Elizabeth Taylor
Origin Stories
- 07 Eliza Ballesteros
POSTCARDS FOR JUDY P. LANGER THE SUMMER OF 2017—A STAYCATION
Objects swim in my practice
- 08 Zoë Claire Miller
Having a Coke with You (Frank O'Hara)
- 09 John Holten
Pommes and The Swimming Pool
- 10 Luzie Meyer
Too Often
- 11 Martin Ebner
Aquatic
- 12 Michael Kleine
La Laguna
- 13 Nico Anklam
Sauce Tartar from Denmark
- 14 Jen Rosenblit
Stand In
- 15 Contriburors
- 16 Colophon

Nele Heinevetter



“I fear that harmony is only a heavy fol-de-rol for minds that crave only repetition. The world around us, in us, victoriously defends itself against this stupidity with the miraculous torrent of the unexpected.”

Michel Serres

The Sommerbad in Volkspark Humboldthain feels like home to me. Rain or shine, I’ve spent hours in this public pool. It’s not a light-hearted summer fling. It’s true love to a point where I run past during off-season—which is the majority of the year—to peek through the fence and check on the pallid basins, the withering slide and the leafless trees waiting for the visitors to return. By summer the facility will be as neat as always—a true working class idyll with bright blue water, lush green trees and quaint flat-roofed structures. If it wasn’t for the ridiculously strict regulations, intimidating security guards and screaming attendants who govern the up to 50,000 people that visit the pool from June to September, Sommerbad Humboldthain would be a paradisiacal refuge in the middle of the city for visitors of all ages and from various cultural contexts who interact more or less peacefully.

It’s a very physical place. The playing kids, the flirting or fighting youngsters, the bored parents, the voracious family clans, the lazy freelancers, and the ruthless sporty types—I love watching all of them, how they (inter-)act. I observe myself observing them and think of one of my favourite lectures *Techniques of the body* (1934) by French sociologist Marcel Mauss. Inspired by an article on swimming and his own observation that more and more swimmers transitioned from breast-stroke to crawl in the early 20th century, his proposition was as simple as it was groundbreaking for ethnology: We learn to use our body (eat, swim, sleep etc.) through imitation and education within our society and according to our role in this society. Such techniques of the body vary between different foreign cultures, generations or even communities. Especially on hot days, when a lot of very different people with very few clothes on co-exist in a very tight space, the study of body techniques can become crucial to classify one another and adjust the respective

behaviour to avoid stressful misunderstandings. Yet, if even presumably genuine actions such as eating or the according to Mauss “gymnic art” of swimming can express cultural differences within the context of a public pool, to consider also the idea of addressing a public with culture becomes an even greater challenge. Because I’m not just content with feeding the visitors: I want to inspire them, too.

TROPEZ in Sommerbad Humboldthain is a dream come true. The kiosk serves fries, sodas and icecream to all swimmers and non-swimmers. Meanwhile the invited artists, performers, musicians and authors realize installations, plays, screenings, talks and concerts in and around TROPEZ. They perform during the pool’s opening times. The cultural program is an offer to each and every visitor of the Sommerbad Humboldthain. Especially such unexpected encounters can change someone’s day, summer, and thus entire future. It starts with the kids that run their hands through the slippery pearls between runs on the slide or surprise everyone with their spontaneous improvisation on stage—as done by super talented Adam and Yasan last year. And it ends with adults that question the artworks on display or the presented performances—and thereby also challenge the perception of all contributors to the program of *POOL*. Neither groups expected such encounters when they queued at the pool entrance on a sunny morning. Our offer is about surprise and dialogue. That does not mean that we are content with approachable art works, but the setting invites the beholder to ask for explanations. We simply want to create potential for contingencies—on both sides.

I’m aware that TROPEZ was not missed before. But as French philosopher Michel Serres writes in his fabulous book *The Parasite* (1982): “There is only something new by the injection of chance in the rule, by the introduction of the law at the heart of disorder.


An organization is born from circumstances, like Aphrodite rising from the sea.” (Serres: 127f) The accusation from within the administration of Berliner Bäderbetriebe that I was profiting from an existing public and that culture didn’t belong in such a place is peculiar. Nobody is forced to come inside and have a look at the works on display, borrow a book or discuss. Nobody is forced to sit out a reading, watch a screening or attend a performance. TROPEZ is a parasite in the best possible sense, i.e. that sense coined by Serres, according to whom it literally means “to eat next to”. Only that the thing next to eating would be speaking he explains, and the “next to” refers to the actual difference between expansion (speaking) and reception (eating). The notion of the parasite stands for the idea that any minor disruptor can change the power play of a system by introducing complexity and the unforeseen so vital for any sort of evolution. Yet he highlights specificity as the attribute of the parasite: “It is not just anything that troubles a passing message. It is not just anyone who is invited to someone’s table”. (Serres: 230) In the case of TROPEZ it is visionary artists, musicians, writers, curators as well as curious swimmers and non-swimmers that are invited to share a table by TROPEZ to spice up their respective routines. In this sense TROPEZ provides the food to be eaten next to the pool—only to claim space for the art to take place next to the food to be eaten next to the pool—to a public that came for the pool—not for the food and not for the arts, yet won’t be able remember it otherwise.

I hope for TROPEZ to become a home to many people that will look back at their summers and remember a feeling of belonging and optimism, inclusion and progression. To my understanding, culture confers an identity. Culture operates with segregation. It differentiates itself against other cultures. But the creation of shared experiences, memories and stories guarantees the cohesion and resistance of a community. Since previously invited artists, curators, writers and myself cannot wait for the Sommerbad Humboldthain to reopen, we’ve spent the grim winter months dreaming of the pool, writing down our experiences, memories and stories of season I for season II. *THE POOL READER* is a collection of texts and pictures assembled or

created by those who made the first season of TROPEZ so special with their participation in *POOL*. Once again, we want to initialise a dialogue, put our observations up for debate, communicate our standpoints, inspire unlikely thoughts or just want to entertain our readers. We picture you by the pool a little dizzy by the high-standing sun and the high-pitched voices of screaming children. You might have even eaten your icecream too soon after your fries. You thus read very slowly, process the content in short day-dreams—abruptly ended by someone splashing you with water...

Without the courageous and generous support of Capital Cultural Fund for our summer project *POOL* at TROPEZ I would have never been able to invite such great artists like Søren Aagard, Sofia Duchovny, John Matthew Heard, Hervé Humbert, Michael Kleine, Kris Lemsalu, Zoë Claire Miller, Alejandro Almanza Pereda, Michael Schiefel, Mary Audrey Ramirez, Jen Rosenblit, Markus Wirthmann, and Samson Young as well as the musicians, performers and authors invited by John Holten (Broken Dimanche Press), Nikola Dietrich and Martin Ebner (Starship), Daniela Seitz and Anja Weigl (Creamcake) as well as Nico Anklam: AGF, Ink Agop, Shane Anderson, Yuko Asanuma, Riccardo Benassi, Lisa Blanning, Jay Boogie, Ricardo Domeneck, Perera Elsewhere, Jemek Jemowit, Prof. Dr. Jasmin Joshi, Sungeun Grace Kim, Göksu Kunak, Bill Kouligas, Melissa Lacoste, Larry, Sophia Le Fraga, Linda Lee, Roman Lemberg, Alizee Lenox, Inger Wold Lund, Jeshi, Josep Maynou, Mobilegirl, PAM BAM, Theresa Patzschke, Neda Sanai, Mary Scherpe, Jessica Lauren Elizabeth Taylor, Mundi Vondi, Steven Warwick, Juha van’t Zelfde, and Ziúr. And I also thank Leonie Pfennig, Alexander Nussbaumer, Silke Neumann, Franz Schütte, Karsten Stein, Lavinia Steiner and Valerie Chartrain for their amazing contribution to TROPEZ—not to forget my friends and family headed by Katharina Beckmann, Oliver Bischoff, Maurin Dietrich, Stefanie Gerke, Ersan Gomüsbuga, Mary Scherpe, Nadine Sanchez, and Henrik Siemers who were always there to fry with me.

Sophia La Fraga



Wow you guys thank you so much for coming out today on this somewhat beautiful Sunday to the last reading of the season at TROPEZ and to see my old Berlin friend Shane Anderson, Göksu Kunak, and, well, me! I'm so humbled to be reading with you guys at this amazing pool, my second I think, pool reading ever. And I'm thrilled to be in Berlin after being away for two years with a lot of the people I love. Thank you guys so much for coming out and sharing this Sunday afternoon with me.

Thank you, John, for organizing this reading and this series, and thank you to everyone who has come out to TROPEZ to support Broken Dimanche's pool curation, and to everyone who's read here before me. John's a great friend of mine who has been super supportive of my art and poetry since I first came here in 2011 when he allowed me to show some of my silly erasure poems on his walls. Then we did it again two summers ago. I am so grateful for how much faith he's shown in me over the years and I earnestly wouldn't be where I am in my making silly art/text practice if it wasn't for his generosity.

Thank you so much to Shane Anderson, who welcomed me with open arms when I came to Berlin for the first time in 2011 and let me read at his now late? Saint Georges series *Here! Here! Here!*. Thank you to St. Georges for hosting such memorable events and for carrying great books for anglophones to read during their Berlin stays. Thank you also, Shane, for later coming to visit in New York, and for all the Skype readings and Facebook chats we've shared since.

I'd be remiss if I didn't also thank TROPEZ and the Sommerbad Humboldthain for so generously hosting these cultural events this summer. Thank you so much Nele Heinevetter, Leonie Pfennig and Alexander Nussbaumer, and thank you also to the other performers, musicians, authors and curators who have shared and programmed this stage with me, namely Søren Aagard, Creamcake, Sofia Duchovny, John Matthew Heard, Hervé Humbert, Michael Kleine, Kris Lemsalu, Zoë Claire Miller, Alejandro Almanza Pereda, Mary Audrey Ramirez, Jen Rosenblit, Starship, Markus Wirthmann, and Samson Young. Thank you so much for having me and including me in such a humbling roster of artists and minds.

Thank you guys so much for being so patient with me. I've been pretty nervous about this reading because I've spent the past week and a half that I should have spent preparing for this and my performance in Geneva this week just drinking and being hungover. After Geneva Thursday I'm flying straight to India to visit my girlfriend who I haven't seen in two months and to meet her parents who have never met a partner of hers. I've also never been to India and haven't met a girlfriend's parents in years, so like I was telling Caique and Adam the other day, take a good look at me now because I might come back here on September 12th a totally different person. My chakras might be all crazy!

Thank you so much to my roommate Zarah, who has been so hospitable in letting me stay and smoke in her lovely Mitte apartment with abandon. I've felt so at home there the past few days that I'm already feeling it will be hard to leave, and not just because I have to at 4 in the morning on Wednesday. By the way if anyone can offer me the fastest and surest way to get to Schönefeld for an early morning flight without breaking the bank, I'll make sure to thank you in my next performance.

I want to quickly thank, and maybe also unthank, Elena Ferrante for her exquisitely written Neapolitan novels. After much skepticism over this new series, which I arrogantly, and perhaps not completely erroneously, once dubbed the Harry Potter for emo adults, I have taken the plunge and have had no choice but to completely resign myself to it. I spent every sober and slightly tipsy moment of the days I should have been working devouring her fiction, and had to make myself expressly store the book out of sight so that I could 1) catch up on all the writing I need to do 2) actually socialize with my friends in Berlin and 3) save some of this tome for India, lest I finish this second book before having secured the third.

It would be insane of me to stand here today thanking all of these people without once making mention of my favorite food in the world, for which I am eternally grateful and which is the real reason I could never become a vegetarian: hotdogs.

<COMMERCIAL BREAK>

Are you hungry and looking for something delicious, quick, and portable? Unlike juices, hotdogs are true meal replacements that contain mysterious ingredients and perhaps even, some of the nutrients your body needs to get through the day.

Plus, if 9 Euros sounds like an excessive sum to spend on a beverage, imagine spending that on one without fibers, vitamins, minerals or protein?

Insane, right?

Juicing straps fruits of these beneficial properties, leaving you with an expensive, watered down version of a sugary drink you might be better off skipping in the first place.

So, next time you're looking for something tasty AND affordable, pick up a hotdog. They're easy to find, go with almost any garnish, and the price of one equally empty juice will cover 2 or 3.

It's actually crazy that something so cheap can taste so good.

Thank you all in advance for the drinks you'll buy me tonight, and to Caique and the Pool for the drinks you've already gotten me. Thank you to my press, Spork, for publishing this book of mine which is for sale, and thank you ahead of time to those of you who will buy this beautiful out-of-print hardcover edition for 10 Euros with which I will get some dinner tonight.

Very lastly, I'd like to thank my legs for supporting me, my arms, which are always by my side, and finally my fingers, since I can always count on them.

Without further ado, please welcome Göksu.

Samson Young



大熱

作詞:林夕
作曲:張國榮
編曲:唐奕聰

我撲向你似撲向了懸崖
我要抱你要抱到你腐壞
若未領會銘心刻骨怎瞭解

愛這世界哪夠愛你偉大
吻過了你會使我更自大
願望實現地廣天高都瓦解

憑著髮膚之軀愛火中燒
足夠將破壞力炫耀
誰在煽風點火我的高燒
鐵石亦會被融掉

大熱 像赤道重疊
命運 注定若離別
世界 快將有浩劫
殞石最終碰撞磨滅
大熱 越愛越狂熱
妒忌 像火焰強烈
血氣 鑄出鋼鐵
地球大戰怎比愛轟烈

憑著髮膚之軀愛火中燒
足夠將破壞力炫耀
誰在煽風點火我的高燒
鐵石亦會被融掉

大熱 像赤道重疊
命運 注定若離別
世界 快將有浩劫
殞石最終碰撞磨滅
大熱 越愛越狂熱
妒忌 像火焰強烈
血氣 鑄出鋼鐵
地球大戰怎比愛轟烈

大熱 像赤道重疊
命運 注定若離別
世界 快將有浩劫
殞石最終碰撞磨滅
大熱 越愛越狂熱
妒忌 像火焰強烈
血氣 鑄出鋼鐵
地球大戰怎比愛轟烈

張國榮 (2000)

Søren Aagard



I was standing in line at the local fast food restaurant the other day. Six people in front of me and after several minutes, I noted that the line was not moving at all. I stood there like a statue in a museum, watching helplessly as the customers in the line were looking at a big pile of nicely arranged potatoes in front them—a sculpture or marketing trick of some kind. I kept a bland smile on my face while inwardly fuming: What’s going on? There are perhaps six options on the menu to choose from and you’ve certainly had plenty of time to think before getting to the front of the line, so why aren’t you moving. One customer broke the silence and said: “Actually potatoes were first domesticated in Peru and Bolivia between 8000 and 5000 BC. Since then they spread around the world and become a staple crop in many countries”. The other customers in the line looked at the guy speaking. He was wearing a green chef coat and looked like the Nordic chefs on Netflix, a little crazy, pale and shot. The chef stepped out of the line and moved towards the pile of potatoes while whispering. “It’s Russet... it’s Russet Burbank potatoes—the best potatoes for making French fries.” Then he suddenly took a huge step to the top of the big pile of potatoes while turning half way around so he was facing the entire restaurant (4 tables—6 people + me and the 5 people in the line). Then he started speaking again.

“In Belgium, people eat French fries with cooked mussels or fried eggs on top and in the Middle East, fries are wrapped in bread with chicken, and in France they are served with grilled steak. Canadians serve a dish consisting of French fries and cheese curds, topped with brown gravy!”

It seemed like the chef was a French fries expert or a kind of fry fanatic. Most of the costumers in the restaurant now were aware of the scenario but tried to ignore it by eating their fries and looking at their phones.

“What about you?” The chef yelled to the teenager behind the counter. “Do you like French fries?”

“Yes, I love French fries,” the counter boy answered while his face turned red.

Chef: “That’s what I like to hear.”

This was getting interesting and I forgot all about my important meeting. The counter boy looked embarrassed and ablaze at the same time.

Counter boy: “I work here to be able to make and eat fries every day.”

Chef: “So cool, then tell us how you make them”

Counter boy: “French fries are made by deep frying the potatoes in oil. In our case, we actually fry them twice to make them extra crisp. You can also fry them three times. The famous chef Heston Blumenthal is my hero and he makes triple cooked chips for an extraordinary crisp. And my father told me that the French fry was ‘almost sacrosanct’ for Ray Kroc, one of the founders of McDonald’s and in the beginning French fries were made from scratch every day—peeled, cut and fried in the McDonald’s kitchens—just like we do it here. My boss is not here today so I will cook a hell a lot of fries and give them to you for free.”

Chef: “So true counter boy. But McDonald’s is also a perfect example of how simple stuff can be made complicated and bad. They began switching to frozen machine cut fries in 1966 and now it all comes from huge manufacturing plants that can peel, slice, cook, and freeze two million pounds of potatoes a day. The taste of McDonald’s French fries is largely determined by the cooking oil they use. For decades McDonald’s cooked its French fries in a mixture of seven percent cottonseed oil and 93 percent beef tallow and it tasted so good and gave their fries a unique flavor. In 1990 they switched to pure vegetable oil and started to make fries that subtly taste like beef without cooking them in beef tallow. Can you imagine how this problem was solved?”

Counter boy: “By adding flavors?”

Chef: “*Exactly* by adding what they call ‘natural flavor.’ That ingredient helps to explain not only why the fries taste so good at McDonald’s but also why most fast food tastes the way it does.”

The chef was furious and almost speaking in tongues.

A brave costumer yelled from behind the restaurant. “Why the hell are you telling us this. Who are you?”

The chef opened his chef coat a bit. He was sweating.

Chef: “My name is Søren and I am a chef from Denmark. I love oysters, kebab, curry dishes, truffles, chorizo, beef tartar, poached eggs, humus and whole fish with fresh herbs but my favourite food is French fries. I prefer classic slim French fries and I usually eat them with ketchup and mayo but on special days I like to eat them with Tartar Sauce. I know Tartar Sauce is usually reserved

for seafood, but it’s mayonnaise-based so it pairs well with fries if you want to give them an elegant twist. A wonderful thing is that you can pair fries with a variety of sauces, seasonings, and toppings. So when I’m tired of eating fries with ketchup I mix things up with some cheese, vinegar seasoning, or even a pile of pulled beef.”

Embarrassed silence. Everybody had stopped eating and was now observing the scene with full attention and a bit of fear. The counter boy broke the silence.

Counter boy: “Some fries are sliced extremely thin, while others are thick.”

Chef: “Yes and shoestring French fries are some of the thinnest fries that you can get. Traditional French fries feature julienned potatoes so they’re fairly thin. They’re best served with a dipping sauce. Curly fries are cut into a coiled, spring-like shape. They’re fun to dip into a sauce or condiments. Wedges are also extremely thick because the potato is actually cut into wedges rather than slices. They hold up well to heavy toppings.”

One customer in front of the line was running out of patience and screamed: “WHO CARES! JUST GIVE ME MY FUCKING FRIES!!!!”

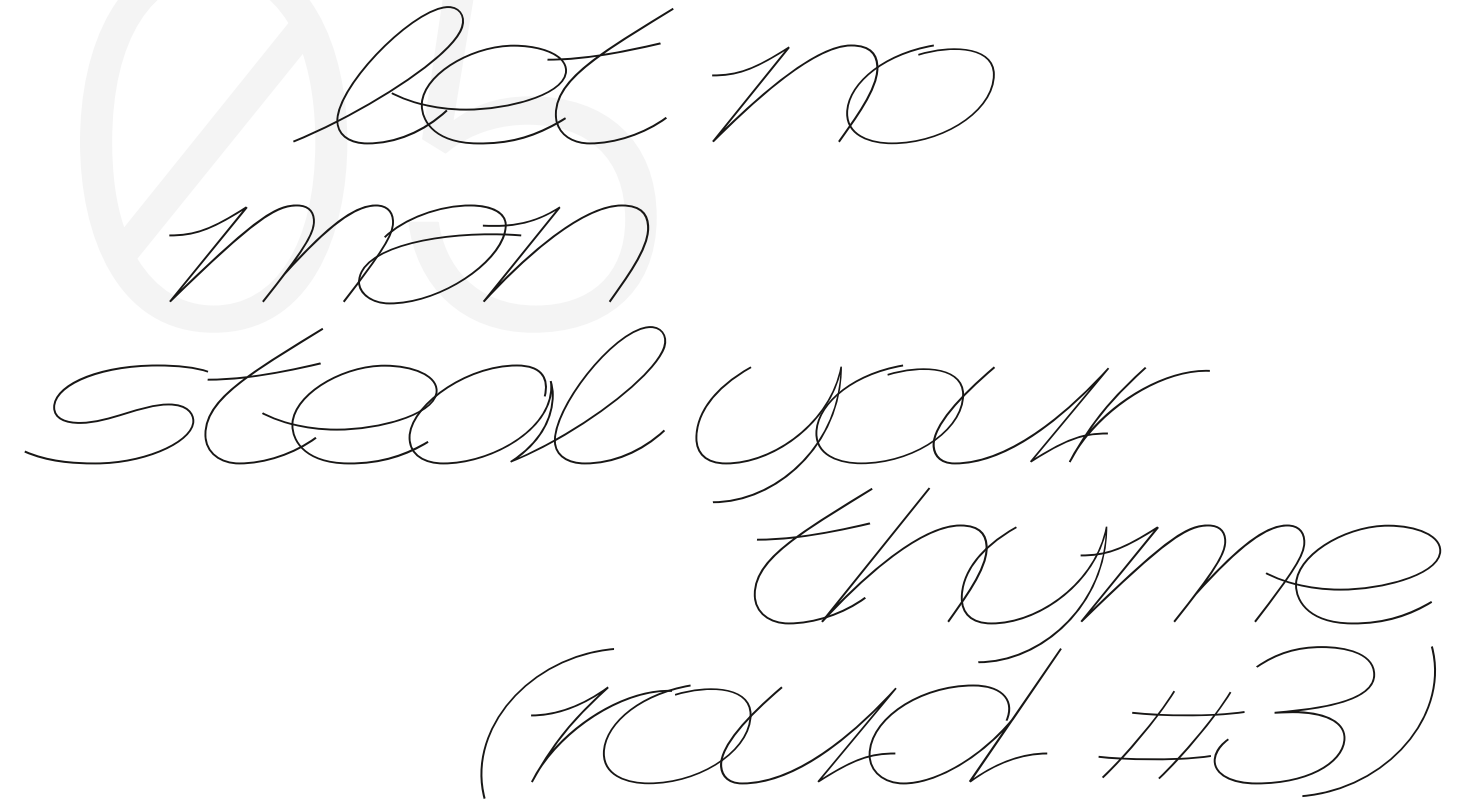
The chef looked straight into the eyes of the angry customer while the counter boy hurried up and arranged an enormous portion of free French fries on the tray in front of the angry customer.

Chef: “Who cares, you say! Everyone should care! You should pay attention to the small things around you. They might be the most interesting things and might teach you about the essence of life. Be humble and happy for the soil we all came from.”

Counter boy: “Yes and did you know there is an ongoing dispute between the French and Belgians about where fries were invented. Both countries claiming ownership.”

Chef: “So true, so true! The history of French fries is the history of human civilization. Listen now! The history goes that French fries were introduced to the American soldiers when they arrived in Belgium during World War I. The Belgians had previously been catering to the British soldiers’ love of chips and continued to serve them to the Americans when they took over the front. The Americans took them to be French fried potatoes because they believed themselves to be in France with French being the local language and the official language of the Belgian Army at that time. So, American! Right!”

Mary-Audrey Ramirez



let no
man
steal your
thyme
(road #3)

The angry customer was now calm after having the free fries on his tray and spoke.

Angry customer: “Why does a gourmet chef want to focus on fries? Why not New Nordic or French cuisine?”

Chef: “I tell you! When I was trained as a chef in the late 90s I remember preparing seafood, cutting beef, and making fancy dishes but all I was interested in was making French fries and coming up with great dipping sauce pairings. I learned about French, Italian, Japanese, Middle Eastern, Mexican and New Nordic cooking. I like it all—especially a dish with seafood and caramelized butter—but still after all these years my all time favourite food is French fries and I have decided to dedicate my life to the small yellow sticks. There are endless opportunities. You can add whatever cheese you like to your fries—Cheddar, Monterey Jack, Pepper Jack, Mozzarella, and Gruyere all melt well or you can give your cheese fries a kick by adding chopped jalapenos to the sauce or to the shredded cheese before melting it. There are no limits here. Chopped crispy lamb bacon and green onions make ideal garnishes for a plate of fries and you may want to try topping your fries with short ribs, shredded barbecued chicken, pastrami, or your favorite mustard! It’s clear why French fries are one of the most popular servings across the world. It’s cheap, it’s easy, it can be eaten by vegans and vegetarians, it can be eaten by people with all religious backgrounds, it’s great for sharing and it taste good.”

The chef looked exhausted!

I will never forget the next thing that happened. The chef started to transform. His body melted like yellow butter onto the floor. The butterlike substance started to transform into something round but yet undefinable. There was steam around the small yellow thing and you couldn’t see what was going on. After a minute or so the steam disappeared and next to the pile of nicely arranged Russet Burbank potatoes, there was a single lonely potato lying on the ground. It seemed like it was supposed to fit in the big pile next to it—but there was no room for it or maybe it was trying to escape. Something about the episode reminded me of *Back to Nature*, a Storm P. poster I had on the wall in my teenage room.

The chef was gone and everybody was shocked. A few minutes later they started speaking about the weird episode while laughing, smiling, and eating French fries.

Come all you fair and tender girls
That flourish in your prime,
Beware, beware, keep your garden fair
And let no man steal your thyme.

For when your thyme is past and gone
He’ll care no more for you.
For every place that your thyme was waste
Will all spread o’er with rue.
The gardener’s son, he was standing by,
Three flowers he gave to me.
The pink, the blue and the violet too
And the red, red rosy tree.
But I forsook the red rose bush
And gained the willow tree,
That all the world may plainly see
How my love slighted me.

For woman is a lofty tree
And man’s a clinging vine,
And from her branches carelessly
He’ll take what he can find.

Creamcake at TROPEZ

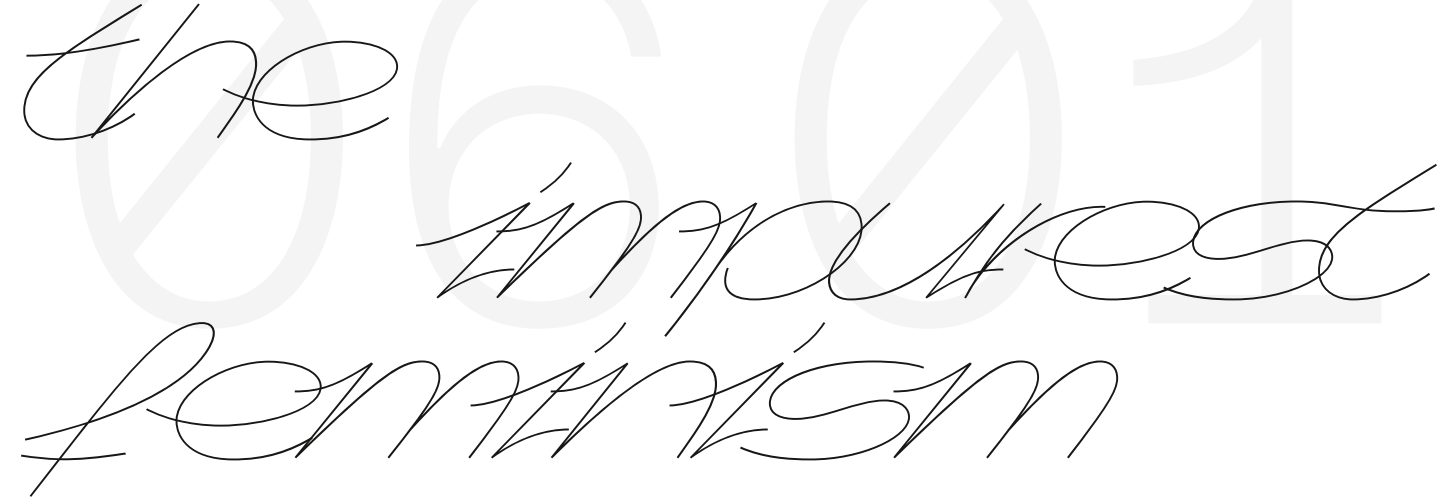


Europool is a platform and a public space for communication. The daytime event aims to encourage exchange across disciplines and experiences, while exploring how openness, care, and solidarity can have its own influence on the broader socio-political landscape. The summer series at the Sommerbad Humboldthain recreation center springs from a belief in grassroots political organisation and direct action during three months of cutting edge thinking, listening and dancing. Europool invites artists who often incorporate political and queer messages in their work at the intersection of music, performance, and activism to participate in and reflecting on the relationship between the pressures facing the music industry and wider political issues. They are united by a belief in creative expression as being indicative of the contemporary milieu, and a will to change social realities. While this drive is deeply connected to local Berlin artists, it is also a concern that is not geographically centred: many of the people that make up this creative scene come from networks formed online. In a sense, national identities here are replaced by a shared mentality. The Europool program moves to expand and empower its artistic community to take part in a greater discussion of social justice because a challenge to the dominant power structures can only come from its alternatives.

Recognize something you hadn't recognized before.

→ Fig. 06.01: Riccardo Benassi, *European Gangsta Rap Flag* (CGI by Meggy Tu), 2017

Marta Cillero



→ Fig. 06.01.01: @Badgalriri, 22.1.2017

In her article *The Failure of "Choice Feminism"* for *Jacobin* Magazine Amelia Ayrelan luvino says that feminism is having a moment in pop culture: "celebrities are clamoring to identify with a word that was more likely to be used as an insult in mainstream conversation just a decade or so ago, and products as wide-ranging as exercise routines and absorbent underwear are marketed to millennial women under the guise of 'empowerment.'" On a Sunday afternoon walking through Brooklyn, luvino reports that she saw no fewer than three "The Future is Female" t-shirts peeking out from beneath denim jackets. Even if one can recognise the contradictions and ambivalences caused by the commercial use of feminism, it is also important to recognise the real impact and penetration that this has in some sectors of society and celebrate the irruption of feminism in the dominant normalised contexts, discourses and backgrounds.

Can artists like Rihanna, Emma Watson or Beyoncé be a medium with a bigger outreach to challenge patriarchy than Judith Butler or Luce Irigaray?

This conversation is returning almost like déjà vu from 2014, when Beyoncé performed in front of a luminous ten feet high display of the word "Feminist" at the MTV Video Music Awards. It was an important moment because millions of women across the globe could identify with a message of empowerment, self confidence and strength, openly embraced by Beyoncé and directly connected with the word she had behind her.

→ Fig. 06.01.02: Beyonce performing at the VMA 2014

Since then, it has been interesting to read and listen to the debate about whether or not we can call Beyoncé a "real feminist". We could ask ourselves, for example, if Beyoncé has read all of what is needed to be a so-called "good feminist", and if she has an economic interest behind portraying herself under the F. word. But in our daily and arduous task as feminists of conveying

and communicating our discourse to everyone, and especially to those women who do not feel represented by feminism, Beyoncé is above all an ally. It is irrelevant to consider how "pure" her feminism is. Instead, it is important to recognise the role that she plays, creating a collective imagination, bringing up feminist issues in unexpected contexts, speaking about relationships, empowerment and race in her songs, addressing social and political questions that target communities that might not be reachable by other mediums.

Artists like Beyoncé are introducing and normalising feminism in new contexts where previously the discourse was not arriving. Tagging and labelling feminism as "good" or "bad" is counterproductive and does not further the collective action needed to produce real change which would have a lasting effect for women and the majority of society. In a recent article for *The New Yorker*, Jia Tolentino divided and classified the main arguments against contemporary feminism into two opposing categories:

“Either feminism has become too strict an ideology or it has softened to the point of uselessness. On one side, there is, for instance, Kellyanne Conway, who, in her apparent dislike of words that denote principles, has labelled herself a ‘post-feminist.’ Among those on the other side is the writer Jessa Crispin, who believes that the push to make feminism universally palatable has negated the meaning of the ideology writ large.”

The opening of the article suggests that women (and feminism) have infinite ways to fail, as if there were “good” and “bad” ways of being a woman, as if there were good and bad ways of being feminist. This puts first an incredible amount of pressure into young (and not that young) women who consider themselves feminists but do not feel they have the right, or knowledge, to claim so. At the same time, it discourages and keeps away women who might through feminism find a way out, a community, a narrative, a discourse and even an idol with which they can find their way to speak out.

Women need to find their way to actively participate as protagonists in political moments with the tools and means that each of us have available. We need a more inclusive feminism that moves across different disciplines, spheres and con-

texts, a feminism that touches all women regardless of their ideology, race, nationality, social class, religion, gender and especially, education. This means the full and on-going integration of women in politics and political discourses but also in popular discourses: we need a popular feminism that reaches all wo(men) and a feminism where men also participate.

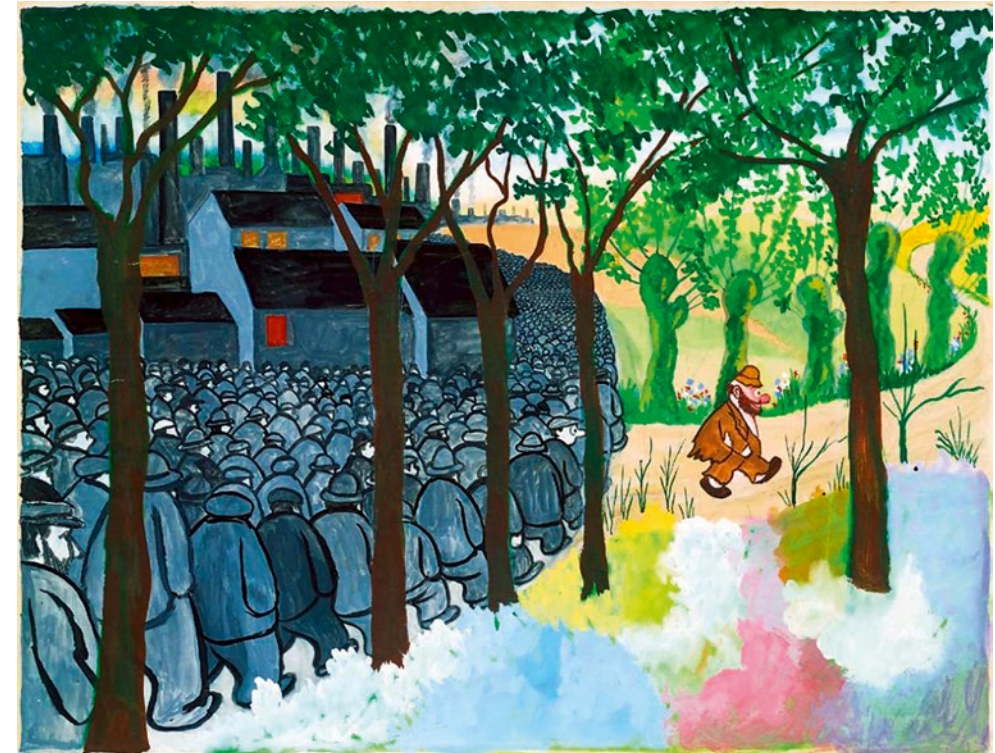
In the current political conjuncture it is fundamental that feminism is able to connect with the majority of women from across the world. To do this we must be extremely generous, open and flexible in our speech and our language, able to challenge all these women that do identify with a discourse of change that address and influences them. Feminism has to enable all women to achieve political and personal emancipation. Therefore, we must prioritise its capacity to meet its objectives, to make it useful in the context where we live and experience the daily oppressions of patriarchy. Such feminism must take into account woman migrants who are often forgotten in political spaces and discourses, recognising the difficulties they face participating in political organisations and accessing spaces for discussion. The same is true for women from ethnic minorities, women with functional diversity, and women with lower levels of education.

The feminism of the twenty first century needs to be one that does not distinguish between that of “the activists”

and that of “the academics”. It must be thought of as a proposal of majorities capable of connecting other perspectives to achieve a generalised social and political transformation. We live in a historical moment where we need a transversal, brave and open feminism, a transformative movement for all. But in order to achieve it, in order to increase its range, we need to put feminism and feminist discourses in mainstream magazines, in Facebook videos, on Instagram accounts.

We cannot afford to leave out women like Beyoncé who are reclaiming feminism on a daily basis, taking selfies and posting photos of the Women’s March on Instagram, who are taking responsibility and raising their voice in a common struggle. The women’s mobilisations that have been taking place in 2017, are just one expression of a common political and social sentiment that is growing across the world, finding a way to raise its voice, with the ultimate goal of a radical feminism which ultimately means social justice and equality for all people.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PeonBmeFR8o>



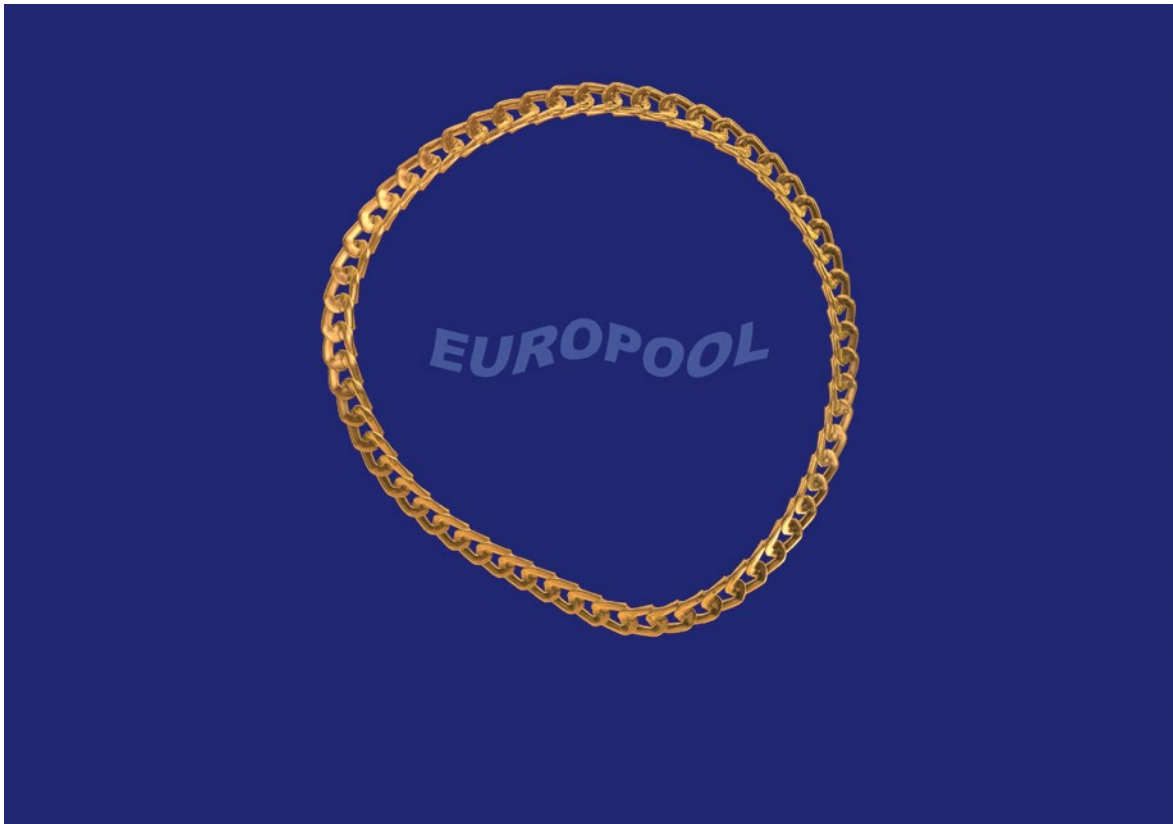
→ Fig. 04.01



→ Fig. 05.01: Mary-Audrey Ramirez, *Loads of thoughts in my bathroom*, 2015



→ Fig. 05.02: Mary-Audrey Ramirez, *Dumm Unterwegs*, 2015



→ Fig. 06.01: Riccardo Benassi, *European Gangsta Rap flag* (CGI by Meggy Tu), 2017



→ Fig. 06.01.01: @Badgalriri, 22.1.2017



→ Fig. 06.01.02: Beyoncé performing at the VMA 2014

Eliza Ballesteros

postcards
for jake p.
bender
the summer
of 2017 -
a staycation
objects
sun in my
practice

20.07.2017

The truth is I AM NOT A QUICK TEA GIRL
(QUITTING A LONG TERM GROUPIE RELATIONSHIP
WITH A MUSICIAN FROM LA)

21.07.2017

THE SEXY MAN POOL
(ABT GOOD LOOKING GUYS AT ARTSCHOOL)

27.07.2017

Footfetish guy hatin my crocs still fallin for my self
tanned legs.
I get aroused by attitude CONFESSIONS WITH MY
TWENTIES ENDING



31.07.2017 VS 31.07.1988

TWENTY FINE YEARS HEAVY, LIFE IS OMG

05.08.2017

YOUR EYEBAGS HAVE RIFFLES

05.08.2017

NO FLARES NO FEARS / BE GOOD

07.08.2017

CHARGING MY CRISTALS ON THE WINDOWSILL
IN THIS HUGE MOON ITS A LIONS-GATE PORTAL
ECLIPSE / THE MOON BELL

09.08.2017

I OPEN MY LEGS AS WIDE AS I OPEN MY HEART

13.08.2017

UNBUCKLE MY PANTS SO GENTLY
so I find myself sitting at the Prater Biergarten
nipping at a spitz wine, hoping to meet my fiancée,
casually reading R. Barthes

27.08.2017

CHOOSIN SKYLINE OVER SUNTAN
(SPEAKING ABOUT ROLEMODELS)



31.08.2017
THE MODERN SMELL OF WITHERED FLOWERS //
L'ODEUR MODERN DES FLEURS FLÉTRIES

02.09.2017
SAFER, SO GOOD
(BUYING PRESERVATIVES AS A PRESENT)



02.09.2017
BLOTTING MY FACE IN THE FRIEKITCHEN
(FINDING BLOTTING PAPER—A JAPANESE BEAUTY
SECRET)

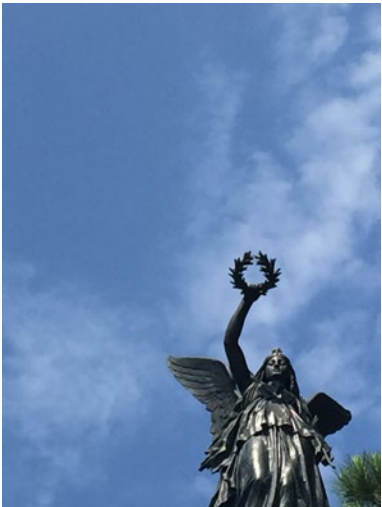


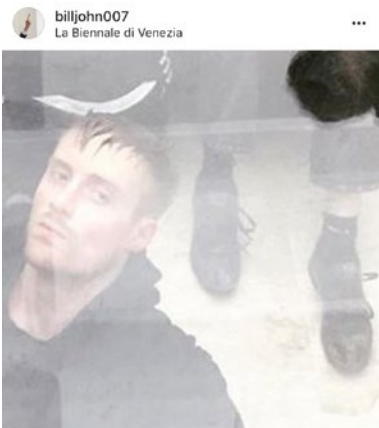
06.09.2017
SUMMER IS OVER AND SO IS MY FLING 

09.09.2017
FALLING INTO POTENTIAL
UNE CERISE SUR UN GHETTO // A BLACK CHERRY

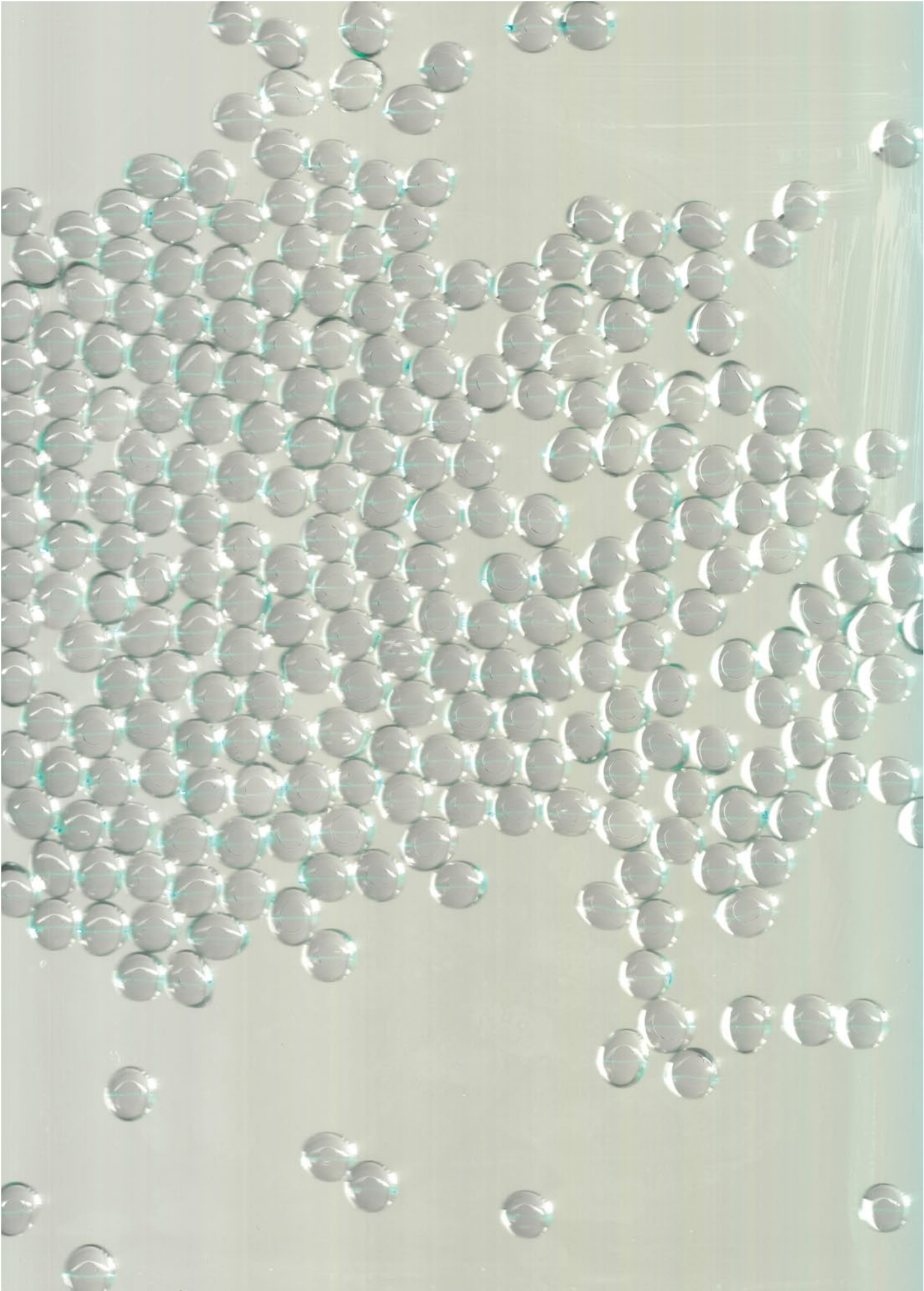
11.09.2017
BASEMENTGHOSTS AND COMMITMENT PHOBIA

13.09.2017
U WILL GET MY FAITH
(BAW PARTY ENCOUNTERING BILLY the Anne Imhof
performer)

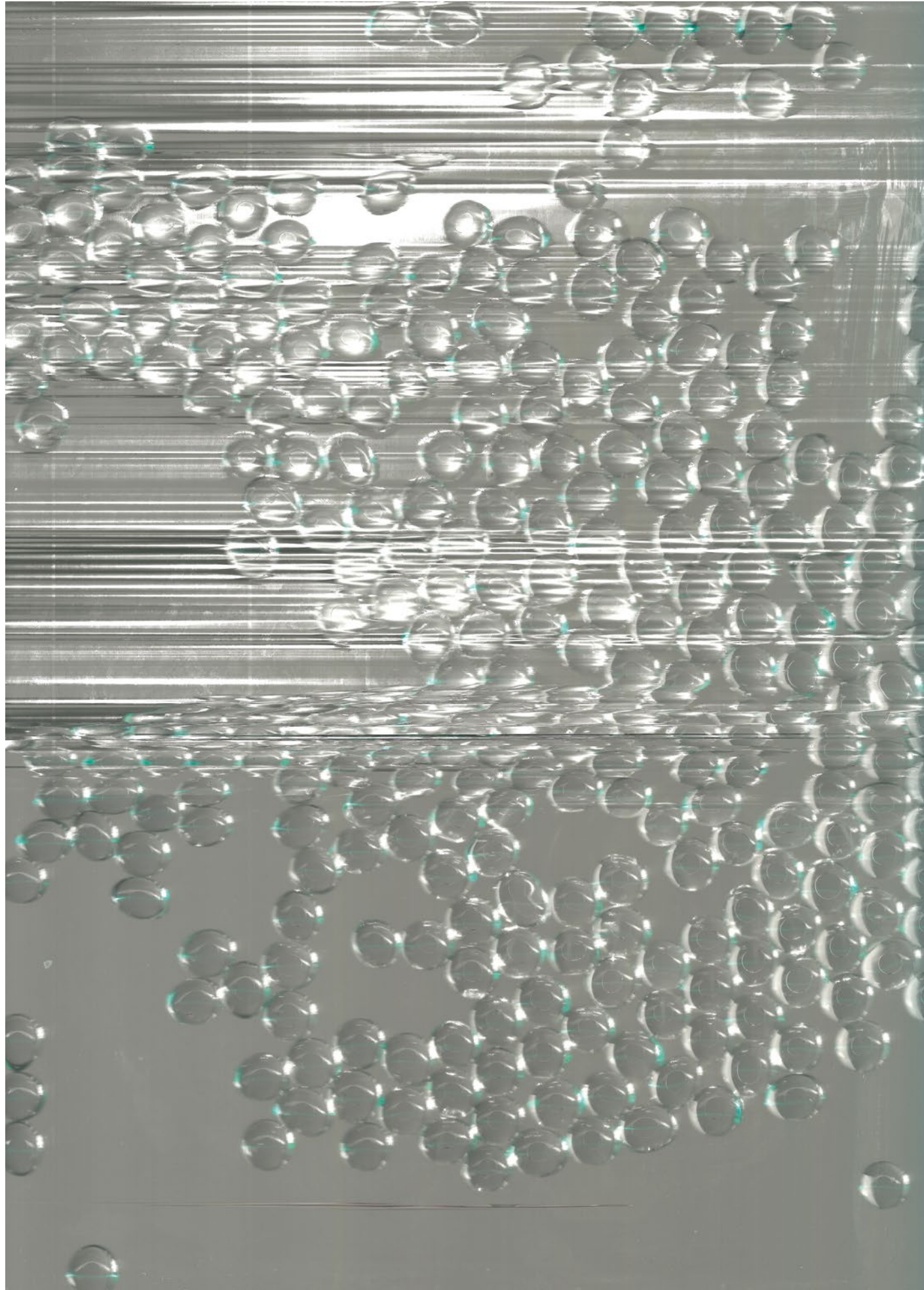




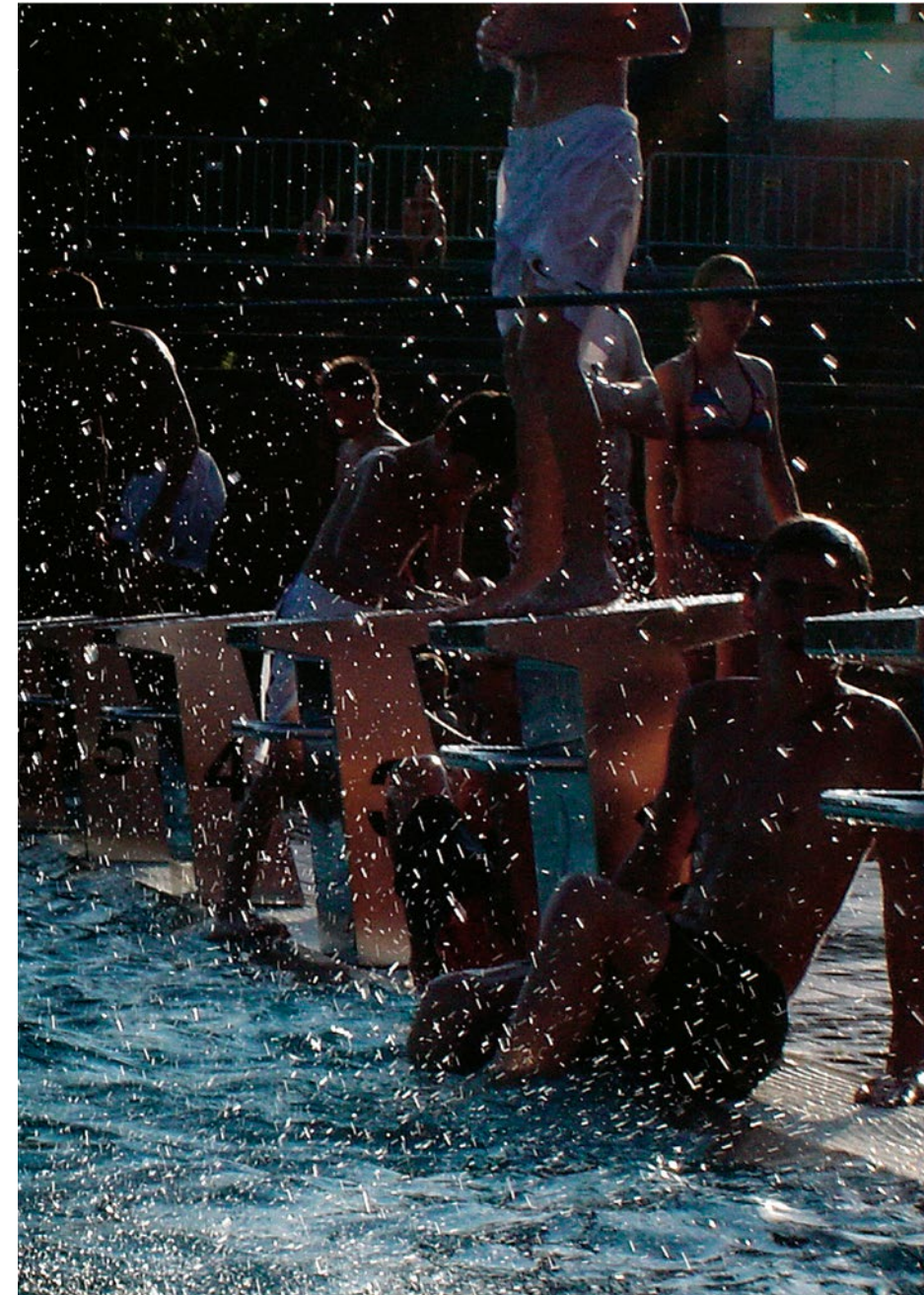
14.09.2017
WHEN IN DOUBT: EAT A FIG
(JUDY EATING A FIG PIC)



→ Fig. 08.01: Pictures: Zoë Claire Miller, *Studies for Slipperiness I*



→ Fig. 08.02: Pictures: Zoë Claire Miller, *Studies for Slipperiness II*



→ Fig. 11.01: Martin Ebner, *Darkening*, 2003



→ Fig. 12.01: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu



→ Fig. 12.03: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu



→ Fig. 12.02: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu

Jessica Lauren Elizabeth Taylor

ORIGIN
STORIES



→ Fig. 14.01: Jen Rosenblit, *Stand In*, 2018
Picture by ink Agop



→ Fig. 14.02: Jen Rosenblit, *Stand In*, 2018
Picture by ink Agop

Notes on: Exchange + Appropriation in European* Music

And that’s our jump off: origin stories. The music industry could be about the haves and have-nots. Your proximity to instruments, equipment, lessons determines your success. Or, in the age of soundclouds and tinyurls does it matter? And does the role of musician infer a social awareness duty as Nina says? Yuko Asanuma thinks its relevant, Neda Sanai says definitely and Jeshi is still growing up. As artists, should you be free to simply make music or must you use the music as a strategy for resistance? Artists of color especially are the ones tasked with making heavy, message-laden music. Putting their lives and experiences onto a track and defining what it is to be “real.” But when are they allowed to be light-hearted, damn even carefree? We all agreed that the music industry is pretty whitewashed, from the club owners to bookers and agencies. Hip hop/RnB/trap nights are extremely popular in Berlin but these events are often catered towards a white European (there we go again) audience. On one side you have Mykki Blanco saying that “society owes a debt to urban culture” and then you have Questlove saying “if you love something you gotta set it free.” At what point does the inevitable exchange of ideas and stylistic markers in music become a question of appropriation? The line of appreciation is blurred, stepped over and then erased. I can’t count how many times I’ve seen a new dance or beat or slang/phrase come from local communities of color to the Internet and then get commodified by big businesses and fed back out to the masses to be consumed without any reference back to that community. How should equity be addressed in terms of who is credited and more importantly who gets paid in the music industry?

Let’s take a break with some Cardi B:

* The title itself is already problematic (starting to really hate my overusage of that word) because who defines what is European? Of course when we think European the default is white. But that’s the problem with defaults, they’re pre-determined.

Look, they gave a bitch two options: strippin’ or lose
Used to dance in a club right across from my school
I said “dance” not “fuck”, don’t get it confused
Had to set the record straight cause bitches love to
assume
Mama couldn’t give it to me, had to get at Sue’s
Lord only knows how I got it in shows
I was covered in dollars, now I’m drippin’ in jewels
A bitch play with my money? Might as well spit in my
food
Bitches hated my guts, now they swear we was cool
Went from makin’ tuna sandwiches to makin’ the news
I started speakin’ my mind and tripled my views
Real bitch, only thing fake is the boobs
Get money, go hard, you’re mothafuckin’ right
Never been a fraud in my mothafuckin’ life
Get money, go hard, damn fuckin’ right
Stunt on these bitches out of mothafuckin’ spite
Ain’t no runnin’ up on me, went from nothin’ to glory
I ain’t tellin’ y’all to do it, I’m just tellin’ my story
I don’t hang with these bitches cause these bitches be
corny
And I got enough bras, y’all ain’t gotta support me
I went from rag to riches, went from WIC to lit, nigga
Only person in my fam to see six figures
The pressure on your shoulders feel like boulders
When you gotta make sure that everybody straight
Bitches stab you in your back while they smilin’ in
your face
Talking crazy on your name, trying not to catch a case
I waited my whole life just to shit on niggas
Climbed to the top floor so I can spit on niggas

Zoë Claire Miller



nothing a coke
with
you

is even more fun than going to San Sebastian, Irún, Hendaye, Biarritz, Bayonne
or being sick to my stomach on the Travesera de Gracia in Barcelona
partly because in your orange shirt you look like a better happier St. Sebastian
partly because of my love for you, partly because of your love for yoghurt
partly because of the fluorescent orange tulips around the birches
partly because of the secrecy our smiles take on before people and statuary
it is hard to believe when I'm, I'm with you that there can be anything as still
as solemn as unpleasantly definitive as statuary when right in front of it
in the warm New York 4 o'clock light we are drifting back and forth
between each other like a tree breathing through its spectacles

and the portrait show seems to have no faces in it at all, just paint
you suddenly wonder why in the world anyone ever did them

I look

at you and I would rather look at you than all the portraits in the world
except possibly for the Polish Rider occasionally and anyway it's in the Frick
which thank heavens you haven't gone to yet so we can go together for the first time
and the fact that you move so beautifully more or less takes care of Futurism
just as at home I never think of the Nude Descending a Staircase or
at a rehearsal a single drawing of Leonardo or Michelangelo that used to wow me
and what good does all the research of the Impressionists do them
when they never got the right person to stand near the tree when the sun sank
or for that matter Marino Marini when he didn't pick the rider as carefully
as the horse

it seems they were all cheated of some marvelous experience
which is not going to go wasted on me which is why I'm telling you about it

Frank O'Hara (1960)

John Holten



pommes and the
swimming
pool

You try and understand a place and wonder: do I know the people of this
place better by knowing how they behave naked? The ritual of recreational
swimming takes many guises, we can agree on that. Then we can add that
the ritual of food and eating takes on as many forms and guises as there are
people on the planet. Put recreational swimming and the ritual of food both
together and perhaps we approach a greater understanding of a place and
its people. Or maybe it's just summertime.

In Germany there is the distinct combination of pommes and pooltime—the
summer rolls around and finally Berlin is not the dark, cold city of uniform
streets and underground bahnhofs, hurried walks through snow to overly
insulated workplaces, smoky bars, stifled yoga dens: it is instead a breezy
trip to your nearest outdoor swimming pool. Wedding, Berlin, hosts the Som-
merbad Humboldthain, and for anyone who hasn't been there, it's safe to say
they've missed out: it's treelined with deep lush city forest, in the lee of the
Flakturm and settled back from the ring bahn, the pool feels more like a lake,
a glacial tarn as it were, an oasis for the good people of north Berlin to flock
to and get their cool on.

Now, as someone forever trying to better understand the country I find my-
self in, getting to grips with the pommes at the pool and the attendant kiosk
ritual is relatively easy. Simply hang out, eat pommes; serve pommes. Before
I join the fray—see what I did there, I almost said fry (Jesus, the heat must be
getting to me)—I talk with a few Germans about pommes at the pool and ev-
eryone agrees its an integral part of visiting a swimming pool. The few times
I've gone to an outdoor swimming pool, I don't think I ever paid any attention
to the kiosk if I'm honest. Just another a failure of cultural integration I guess.

Luzie Meyer



I find myself on one of those extremely sunny Sundays of June when there is literally nothing else to do other than go to the nearby swimming pool. It's easily climbing into the high 20s and when I get to TROPEZ, the pool's kiosk that has been turned into an art and culture centre, there is already a long queue forming in front of the pommes window. TROPEZ is a wonderful, attenuated swimming pool fixture: you have the eis and drinks kiosk and the pommes and wurst window, two sliding glass window vitrines through which cheerful and constantly occupied staff serve the expectant visitors. Such a fixture is taken for granted in an easy, summery kind of way but perhaps a little unexpectedly this summer it is also operating as a cultural dynamo, a kind of undercover art centre. Not all that surprising for Berlin, for what part of everyday life does art not infiltrate in this city? The city is there for the eating and we're all really hungry in the artworld: now where is the pommes?

Maurizio Cattelan would be proud of this: a patient, docile line—a very long line—of scantily clad, pretty much naked group of all shapes and sizes sweating it out for a portion of fries. But this isn't art. It's ritual. Close cousins certainly from an anthropological point of view, yet going to the swimming pool is also a recreational event and as such it is normal that it includes the eating of food, and somewhat greasy, unhealthy food too such as pommes.

Behind the open window I venture and help out the incessant cooking and processing of the naked line of hungry swimmers. It's hot, but not unbearably so, and it is certainly slick, not with sweat or chlorine tinged water, but rather the oil that is boiling in the four pens of the cooker, trays of pommes submerged in each at various stages of being cooked. The instructions are fairly simple, if not rudimentary: the pommes are put into a plastic bucket from out of their plastic bags, 5 kilo bags which come in cardboard boxes. From this bucket they're poured into the tray and submerged in the fryer. Their anaemic off white has to turn a kind of golden orange and they start to float to the surface before they can be considered fit for consumption. Then they're lifted out, the tray is given a quick shake, and they're dumped into a large metal bowl and liberally seasoned with salt, tossed, and then portioned out onto paper trays, large or small. Then of course the choice is given: ketchup or mayonnaise? Most people opt for both. One teenager also wanted curry powder—a gourmand in the making. For of course, let us not forget the other option on the menu: the stately currywurst, Berlin's singular food contribution to the world. These sausages are lightly sliced and thrown into the bubbling fat, when they blister they're cooked: sliced through into a little collection of meat coins, they're then covered in ketchup with curry powder talced heavily atop. I'm writing this and I'd be lying if I said this must be some of the worst food imaginable to eat while naked, sun kissed and exercising through a variety of swimming strokes before stretching out to rest under the dappled shadow of a tree. And yet: it does in fact all somehow make sense. This is what people want, it is exactly what people want, no more, no less, and for most of the afternoon the line for pommes is 30 plus deep, with a waiting time of up to 30 minutes, while next to it the line for eis and drinks stands largely empty.

The last diners take their pommes away as the calls to vacate the pool echo over the still waters from the tannoy system. They gingerly make their way, pinching a French fry precariously, blowing on it before getting it into their mouth. A day at the pool involves a tray of fries, to be brought back to your place in the sun, placed on the grass beside your towel and picked at as you dry out after a dip in the pool, in between reading distractedly from your book. It's a ritual and its fun, and in this part of the world for the people of Berlin, it is the taste of summer time: pommes at the pool.

I repeat.
To others what I have collected.

Repetitions are helpful as long as I mean to repeat a specific thing.
Often I end up repeating things unintentionally, and there I go,
I am stuck in symbolic misery.
In a slackening compulsion,
which then makes me angry, or numb.

It repeats.
To persons what it has collected.

Repetitions are helpful as long as it means to repeat a specific thing.
Can it mean.
Often it ends up repeating things aimlessly, and there it goes,
it is stuck in symbolic misery.
In a slackening compulsion,
which then makes it angering, or numbing.

Reality, that gaping narcissistic wound
of which it seems that I am about to write.

Thinking more about repetition than the average person
I can confirm that there are ways
in which the continuous occurrence of repetitions
can either be helpful to
or destructive of
the human consciousness.

Before I continue writing this,
let me get up
and walk to the stove.
So that I can make coffee.

I am back at my desk now.

Not often enough
I ask

How is it that the same thing
can cause you to either
feel
weary
or
joyful
?

What does same mean.

It took me seven hours to write the last 31 words.
When the sun goes down it means I can switch from
coffee to wine.

Martin Ebner



“What
I
demand
of
a
city
I
am
supposed
to
live
in:
asphalt,
street
cleaning,
door
keys,
air
heating,
warm
water
supply.
Comfortable
I
am
for
myself.”

Karl Kraus

But this is not Vienna in 1911, it is Berlin in 2019, and a lot has happened in the meantime. Streetlight here has been privatized, for example, inevitably the night has grown a bit darker, which is interesting, sometimes problematic. Still there exist some public pools, one of them in Humboldthain, and whoever is willing to pay the entrance fee and walk through the front door can spend a day in summer sunlight, underneath beautiful trees near the water, amidst a crowd of young and old, thick and thin, swimming, jumping, shouting, reading, sleeping. This is luxury, which might still seem as normal, but to me the rare, egalitarian luxury of a pool like this lies in its very normalness: everything that makes a public pool complete is present, including a very spectacular transparent water slide, all the other things that might be added on top of that, just are not. There is no animation, just some casual, but definite attention by the guards, and an occasional voice over the

speaker system. Here coexistence is a matter of behavior, based on the assumption that all are in the same pool together, and this pool is considered best being rather half full than half empty. Can it be true that a space becomes larger, the more things are in it? It is also the absence of some other things which really helps. Street clothes, no one really misses.

Watching the random, ephemeric movements of all the people in and around the water, listening to the threedimensional spray of noises, one easily can imagine this being a cinematic sensation, cinematic in the sense that a picture is to be seen in public, by a public, but also perceived in individual singularity. Everyone is creating this picture at the same time, acting in and around the scene, and able to experience, enjoy and consume a part of the whole, lasting a day or a summer, self similar. Maybe the surface of the pool is a screen, just that we cannot swim through that surface of canvas or glass.

In 1978, Jack Goldstein's short animated film *The Jump* formed a monument to the “spectacular instant” of now: a diver's turning silhouette in the air, glittering in slow motion for a second. Jack Goldstein was a conceptual artist and experimental filmmaker living in California, a critical intellectual full of complicated questions, wishes, demands and doubts. He would have rarely been seen at a pool or beach at that time, his orientation was different, analytical, his intention was to make something visible that is hidden behind the constructed surface of consumerist living reality, an intention he did share with a lot of other artists of his time. He also painted, his work and articulation exists now both in the field of contemporary art and experimental film, and is revisited and watched again by younger generations. It is remarkable that while the work of a certain artist is re-entering the perception of a different time, the degree of complexity in its reception is increasing, and not only the potential of the artwork constantly keeps unfolding, but also the individual character of its maker seems to begin to speak through the work more clearly.

Showing selected video works from the 1970s and 80s as part of the POOL program at TROPEZ in Sommerbad Humboldthain in 2017, we also spent some seven minutes of time with Lili Dujourie's 1974 silent black and white video work *Sonnet*, watching the artist moving slowly in front of a large window, doing almost nothing except smoking a cigarette, maybe listening to music. This is the viewer's inclusion into a very private moment, made possible through the early use of video, which allowed the artist to be alone with the static camera for some time without having to think about the length of the remaining film roll. After four minutes, she slowly moves outside the view, only to appear a little later as a distant reflection in the window, like a memory.

Seven minutes seems to be an effective time span to move from one emotion into another. In film, it can be the the time to bridge boredom, and maybe to prepare for the encounter of surprise. Chieko Shiomi's flux film *Disappearing Music for Face* silently shows the close-up of a smile changing to a non-smile over time. In George Brecht's *Entrance to Exit* the white screen is gradually getting darker and darker, for the last minute the public watching the empty, unlit surface of the screen or wall.

In the evening, when the bathing day is done, and the water surface gets back to flat, still, reflecting, blue, sometimes music is played through the loudspeakers, the signal to leave and return to the city. In Vienna, in the Bundessportbad Alte Donau, it is Enrico Toselli, *Serenata Op. 6 No. 1* for violin and piano.

Michael Kleine



a musical performance by Michael Kleine with Ni Fan/percussion, Roman Lemberg/keyboard and Anna Fusek/recorder and Jemek Jemovit, Johanna Ziemer and Lisa Fütterer/performers.

In the evening after closing hour at the public pool:

1st position:

The audience sits on the edge of the pool. It's a chilly summer evening. The sound of the splashing pool mixes with jazz sounds coming from the vibraphone. In the background there are giant trees, once in a while swimming pool guests show up. A woman jumps into the pool and does a lap of crawl. A superintendent stoically sits on a bench observing what happens. Far away a car drives by, loudly playing a radio.

2nd position:

The audience follows the sound of a drum, through water basins to a large lawn for sunbathing where towels have been spread out. In a parked car someone plays recorder. Smoke from a trash can drifts through the park. Virtuously the percussionist plays a large drum kit.

→ Fig. 12.01: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu

→ Fig. 12.02: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu

→ Fig. 12.03: Michael Kleine, *La Laguna*, 2017
Picture by Alexander Gheorghiu

Nico Anklam



The Danish painter Niels Simon-sen painted a small canvas in 1854 titled *Arab pirates aboard a felucca on the Mediterranean*. Therein we see a small ship quietly in the water, nothing can be heard, except now and then, a little splash from small waves against the bow. On board? Four figures, all of whom seem to be waiting for prey that has not come in a long time. Two smoke comfortably on their long pipes and most notably in the middle a pirate stands out: if this was really a buccaneer, then it is remarkable how elegant and well-dressed he sits with his crossed legs and rolled up trousers, while he exhales smoke clouds. It seems as if Niels Simonsen paints less a portrait of four pirates in the Mediterranean, but rather offers an exoticized space of desire in which his contemporaries could project themselves into it. In short, the smoking pirate is not so much a smoking pirate as he is

an offer to the Danish 19th century viewer to also be on deck in the Mediterranean.

Danish art of the 19th century demanded mainly national themes from its artists—the Danish landscape was to be painted in order to find a unique visual language for a country, which had recently lost Norway in 1815 and was heavily bombarded by the British in 1807. At the same time, Denmark not only yearned for a constructed place of desire called the Orient, like many other young European nations of the time did, but it saw itself associated with it in its own way. Elisabeth Oxfeldt, under the heading “Nordic Orientalism” vividly demonstrates this with regard to Danish literature: the author of the Danish national anthem Adam Oehlenschläger also produced a celebrated reinterpretation of Aladdin and the magic lamp—which came from Persia via France to

3rd location:

The evening ends on the terrace of the swimming pool's kiosk. The bar is opened. The sounds of a keyboard clang from the pool superintendent's intercom.

Jen Rosenblit



Denmark. And at that same time, just outside the city walls, Copenhagen builds a Foucauldian heterotopia par excellence: a miniature Orient, an amusement park where one could smoke a pipe and sit on Ottoman upholstery for the new “in-drink” coffee—this is Tivoli Amusement Park that today is found just outside of the main station. And so is it not quite on point and sharp when the Danish artist Søren Aagaard and the curator Magnus Kaslov organize an evening with the Pacific oyster in the wing of the Golden Age of Danish painting of the Danish National Gallery and the visitors of the exhibition taste from the New Nordic Kitchen against the visual background of this very same national romanticism in the form of painting? And isn’t it just as wonderful—and also quite amusing, and indeed so perfectly fitting—when in the Berlin summer heterotopia of 2017, in the little art Côte d’Azur

called TROPEZ, people are dreaming themselves far away with rolled up pants by the pool smoking an electronic cigarette and right there Søren Aagaard serves an excellent sauce Tartar with first class French fries. Already the French in the Fries carries all the national(istic) complications in its name. The Sauce? An umbrella term for a fantasy of the Tartars, of which not everyone who has eaten Sauce Tartare could say where the Tartars actually came from. From the Orient? Hmm, was there not something in the news recently on the Crimea? And doesn’t that all somehow connect very poignantly, in the summer of 2017 in a place called TROPEZ in Berlin’s Wedding, where only now and then on a Tuesday morning during August you hear a splash from the kids on the waterslide or a the smell of sun lotion and friteuse gently disseminate with the wind?

They go everywhere together
try to stay out of the shade
for you ultimately
but first, or now—they will share with someone else
define yourself by changing all the time
cut the celery quite small so that no bite is bigger than the other
they love a picnic for that egg salad
they should make more effort in sharing with others
For the backroad—the longer way
just as you approach the driveway
another mentions sin up to the waist
by this time all the petals have fallen from the stem, littering
loitering table
floor.
Its a good floor.
Tender, just beneath the scythe
but still, they locomote.
to others, advisors
referred to in the singular named for the plural
soldiers
dispersed bits
At ease.
Im gonna need another one
Anyone?
Im gonna need another.
Its here where the tickle with eyelash
a teasing clitoris makes for quenched thirst
insert- something- new- here-
repeat
actually, don’t
Its temporary
how things Stand In

15 notes on contributors

Copenhagen based artist [Søren Aagaard](#)'s oeuvre is informed by his interest in sociology, anthropology, linguistics and, most importantly, by his background as a chef. As such, food is one of the varied mediums he employs to examine how genres, labels, etiquette, codes and social conventions function to construct meaning within visual art, film language and everyday phenomena.

[Nico Anklam](#) is a Berlin based art historian and curator. He was lecturer for Art Theory at the University of the Arts Berlin and conceived exhibitions at Kunsthal 44 Møen, the Rietveld Pavilion Amsterdam and YEARS Copenhagen, amongst others. Most recently he realized a traveling exhibition and performance program around the Fluxus composer Henning Christiansen between Denmark and Norway. As a fellow of CPR (Curatorial Program for Research) he was in Estonia and Finland. Currently he works as a research fellow of *THEORIA* at the University of Greifswald on art and image production of the 19th century in Northern Europe and its former colonies.

[Eliza Ballesteros](#) is linked to Berlin by being part of the exhibition collective team titanic until 2014. After her studies at the Academy of Fine Arts in Leipzig she is currently continuing her studies at the Arts Academy in Düsseldorf. She is a multidisciplinary artist working in the field of sculpture and installation as well as with performance and new media. Topics she addresses exist around female identities and their construction. She uses tools like Twitter to perform a semi-fictional persona, the latin princess from southern California, a valley girl. Catch up with @eglitza on Instagram for info regarding forthcoming events.

[Broken.Dimanche.Press](#) is a European press interested in all aspects of books within the wider discourses of contemporary art and literature. It is committed to operating beyond and across national borders and language regions. Founded in Berlin in 2009, BDP is comprised of a gallery project space Büro BDP and a publishing house and has published over 70 titles and organised many exhibitions and events.

[Marta Cillero](#) graduated in Media Studies, Journalism and Communication. Her background is in Gender Studies. She is currently the Communications officer at the transnational organization European Alternatives. Previously she worked with with Anushay Hossain as community manager and research assistant. For two years she has reported monthly for United Explanations and other Spanish blogs. She has volunteered for many years with different NGOs and she has experience assisting in Data Journalism Research Projects.

After his studies of opera direction in Hamburg, [Michael Kleine](#) has developed an artistic language in between musical theatre and performance across the borders of exhibition, concert, theatre and performance. In his work he questions the role and history of the venues and the social aspects of each genre. Kleine has worked for theatre and opera houses such as Hamburgische Staatsoper, Staatstheater Stuttgart and Volksbühne Berlin. His exhibitions and

performances were shown at Helga Maria Klosterfelde Galerie Berlin, Künstlerhaus Stuttgart and Schinkel Pavillon, among others.

[Sophia Le Fraga](#) is a poet and artist. She is the author of several publications, including *Other Titles (If a Leaf Falls, 2016)* and *The Anti-Plays (Gauss PDF, 2015)*, among others. Her practice has also seen her included in *This Known World* (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles), *Greater New York* (MoMA PS1) and *Performa 15* (New York). Le Fraga is the poetry editor of *Imperial Matters* and a member of Collective Task.

[Zoë Claire Miller](#) lives and works in Berlin. The artist and curator studied at the Kunstakademie Karlsruhe and at the Berlin University of the Arts. She is a founding member of Berlin Art Prize, board member of bbk berlin, and participates in international exhibitions regularly. She was awarded the 2017 Working Grant by the City of Berlin.

Daniela Seitz and Anja Weigl of [Creamcake](#), a regular music series in Berlin, have since 2015 organized 3rd Festival that combines interdisciplinary projects at the intersection of avant-garde, pop, performance, and visual arts circling around crucial changes in the digital society. Cooperating with numerous institutions including Akademie der Künste, Berghain, Hebbel am Ufer, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, OHM, Südblock, Schwuz, Vierte Welt, Creamcake has positioned the project as an open and queer series, presenting visionary, nonconformist, and experimental sounds, from the outset.

[Martin Ebner](#) is an artist based in Berlin. He is co-publisher of the magazine *Starship* together with Gerry Bibby, Nikola Dietrich, Ariane Müller, and Henrik Olesen. *Starship* was founded in 1998 in Berlin and has ever since been published by artists.

[Nele Heinevetter](#) is a Berlin based art historian and media scientist. Since 2009 she's the managing director of niche Berlin together with Katharina Beckmann and Stefanie Gerke. From 2012 to 2014 she directed the Schinkel Pavillon together with Nina Pohl. With Nadine Sanchez she published *Was mit Medien* in 2008. She was a lecturer at the Humboldt University Berlin and the Bauhaus University Weimar and wrote for *Die ZEIT*. In 2017, she founded TROPEZ to share her interest in art, discourse, pools and French fries.

Editor in Chief of BDP, [John Holten](#) practices as an artist, publisher and writer. He has published two novels as well as many texts in collaboration with visual artists. His writing has appeared most recently in *Momus*, *Welt am Sonntag* and *Contemporary Food Lab*.

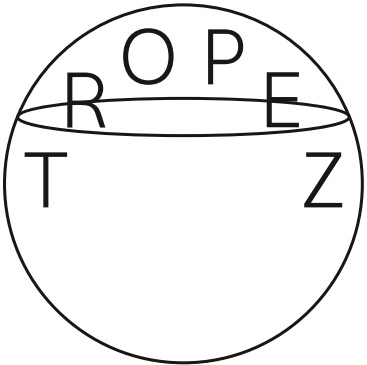
[Mary-Audrey Ramirez](#) lives in Berlin. She studied at the Berlin University of the Arts in the class of Thomas Zipp and at the Glasgow School of Arts. She was a scholarship holder of the Ursula Hanke-Förster Foundation as well as of the Ulrich und Burga Knispel Foundation.

[Jen Rosenblit](#) is a New York City based artist currently living in Berlin. Her performance works are concerned with bodies, ideas and architectures surrounding the impossibilities of togetherness. An approach of improvisation becomes increasingly important in her new body of works. In 2015, she was part of the exhibition Greater New York at MoMA PS1. Her piece *Swivel Spot* was performed at The Kitchen, New York, and in the Sophiensäle, Berlin.,

[Jessica Lauren Elizabeth Taylor](#) is an artist, filmmaker and community organizer. Taylor's work manifests through performance, text, dialogue, dance and community building for Black People and People of Colour. Her work centres on themes of ritual, visibility and identity mythology. Her current project *Muttererde*, a film series that calls for femme forms of ancestral history in the face of the often interrupted historical knowledge of the African diaspora in Europe and elsewhere.

[Samson Young](#) is an artist and composer. His drawings, installations, live performances and compositions circle around sound as a notion of aesthetic experiences and as a medium to explore the vicissitudes of identity and rework historical events. As a practising musician, Young is a member of multiple bands and has collaborated with ensembles and orchestras worldwide. Recent solo exhibitions include Kunsthalle Düsseldorf, Team Gallery, New York City, Hiroshima City Museum of Contemporary Art, Japan and he presented Hong Kong at the 2017 Venice Biennale.

[Luzie Meyer](#) is an artist currently living in Berlin. She graduated from Städelschule Frankfurt in 2016 and holds a BA in Philosophy from Goethe University Frankfurt. Her video pieces have recently been screened at the Montreal Biennale of Contemporary Art, MMK Frankfurt, Museum Wiesbaden, The National Gallery in Prague. Her readings and performances have recently been shown at Simultanhalle Cologne, International Art Bookfair Frankfurt, and Broken Dimanche Press Berlin. For 2018, she received a studio grant from the Hessische Kulturstiftung at city Paris.



The Pool Reader
TROPEZ

A Broken Dimanche Press Publication
Berlin 2018
www.brokendimanche.eu

First Edition
ISBN: 978-3-943196-71-9

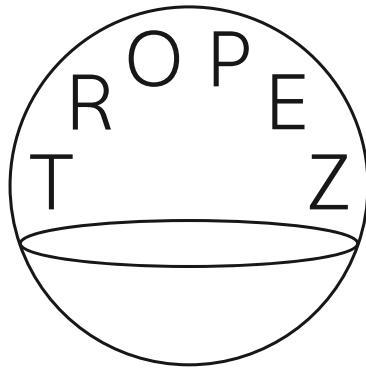
Design: FONDAZIONE Europa

Copyright © the authors and artists

This publication was made with the generous support of
Hauptstadtkulturfonds and the kind support of Danish Arts Foundation.

Broken Dimanche Press
Büro BDP
Mareschstrasse 1
D-12055 Berlin





The Pool Reader
TROPEZ

First Edition
ISBN: 978-3-943196-71-9