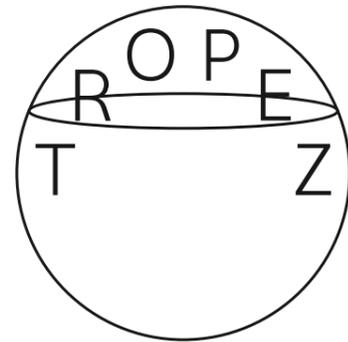


tropez

the pool  
reader

3



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# Ziemowit Nowak

*prologue  
 or the one  
 the fridge  
 fell  
 on  
 my finger*



It was May 2019 when I received a call from Nele that the pool decided to open two weeks earlier. I had just come back from Italy and literally made it from the airport to Tropez for an emergency meeting. We set up a team and started to build and plan *AMOUR*. One point on our to-do-list was to move the one million kilogram heavy fridge from the kitchen to the basement. This was the kind of furniture you'd see in action movies during getaway scenes through the kitchen: full metal, industrial chic. Scott, our craftsman, and I seemed to be pretty optimistic about that plan. We already made it to the staircase. Next step was to flip the fridge so we could move it down to the basement. Unfortunately, the fridge was not really as flexible as we thought and double-unfortunately it was standing on the wrong side of me. That damn way-too-heavy refrigerator fell right on my hand. Splish-Splash Gore! The bleeding was that silly intense kind that looked like a bad special effect. Of course, I was like, "No I'm fine, it's nothing". I got this Robert Smith tan so Nele was pretty worried like, "No discussion: You go to the hospital!" What a carrying boss. X-Rays done. Finger kaput. When the grungy male nurse installed the splint, I told him to leave my index finger free so I can still type on the computer and point at people: "You! Yes, you! Move the fridge back to the kitchen!" This happened obviously on day one of this fantastic season so I quickly learned how to type with six fingers and, most important, how to love the pool without getting wet. Actually, you can still get a sunburn, eat three portions of fries daily and, well, enjoy the show of Tropez' 3rd year *AMOUR*.

\*mostly known as just Jemek



Photography: Judith Bruch-Nowak



# Constant Dullaart

OK all  
born kind

figure corpus shaped  
 endearment disinfect  
 it is limbs limber length  
 hesitant to erase, give chase  
 uncertain of cleansing strength  
 doubt's scuffed, scuffed embrace  
 temple built by causality inflicted without  
 presence of  
 just read (past tense) the about  
 quantified untouched friends  
 how to: identity building within feedback  
 loops of social echo and reward  
 hits back for back  
 scratch yours  
 on all fours and all it's its  
 grow to host a you in a you  
 even you just passing through  
 you  
 carrying the newer new  
 your body mon amour  
 life's tender length  
 not hesitant to embrace  
 want that clenching strength  
 to release in two the wild  
 you young dull born child  
 Frozen chosen  
 Born in storms  
 Fresh dull born kind  
 Forced through accident and routine  
 Smiling casual norms  
 Chapters waiting  
 Clumsy narrative beyond my time  
 Numbing Oxytocin tread  
 No more future fled  
 Through your body mon amour  
 Never leave you unread  
 comfort in tender strength  
 Form is your father  
 Next rather  
 Yes and more

instagram.com/explore/tags/yourbodymonamour/



@arambarthol1



@arambarthol1



@sammyoonalee



@office\_impact



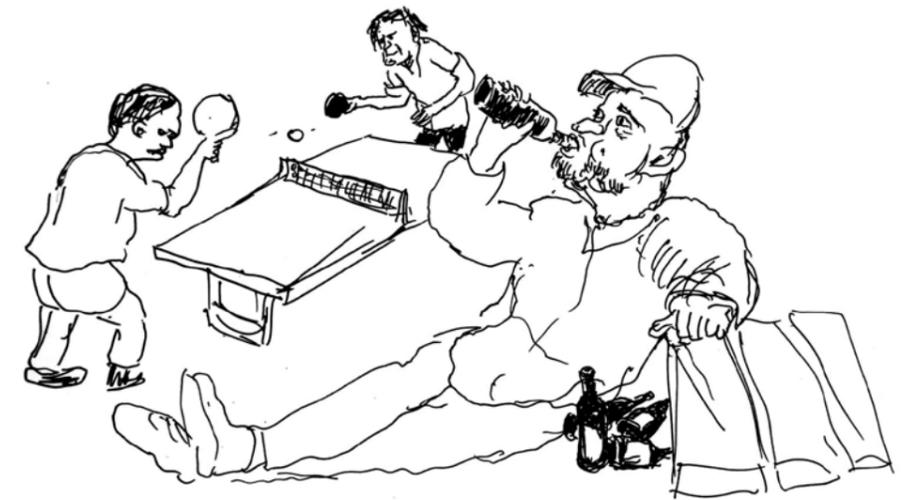
@beateva



@dulltech

Felix Loycke

# Erinnerungen



# an den Sommer in St. Tropez



Peter Cant and Krzysztof Honowski

AND NOW  
THE SCREEN

IS STRUCK  
by  
LIGHTNING



# The Anonymous Writing Group

Die  
 ANONYME  
 Liebe

## Excerpt from *DIE ANONYME LIEBE*

created by The Anonymous Writing Group, June/July 2019

Billy Miles, Elisabeth Wood (ed.), Hanna Fiegenbaum, Jack Randol, Jaime Heather Schwarz, Manuel Stotzka, Masha Vedro, Melone, Pompiis, Rena Lermöhe, Sasha, SHAI

der Lektorand der Lektorand  
 spektakuliert, verliert und friert  
 der hat Kompetenz im Schrott  
 der hat Kompetenz im Schro\_\_\_\_\_tt  
 und  
 die Diagnale, banale und schmale  
 der unvermessliche Streit und treibt  
 sie hat Kompetenz im Schrott  
 ja sie hat Kompetenz im Schro ott ott ott  
 ott ott ott ott

Warum der Pflaum im weiteren Raum  
 so streng und kaum bessessen gibt  
 uns noch sein eins zwei drei  
 und frei, wer weiß  
 [ich weiß] [ich weiß] [ich weiß] [ich weiß]  
 ja der hat Kompetenz im Schrott  
 der hat so ein Kompetenz im Schrott

aber ich, das letzte Imbezil, mit Grill  
 und einer französichen Brille,  
 fühle alles ist so tief und reif und schön und göttlich und das weiß ich  
 auch ich habe Kompetenz im Schrott  
 ich habe Kompetenz im Schrott

Unzumochtender Schrampel im Wasser, gib zu!  
 Weil es scheint etwas zu geben, unter dem eine solche Traurigkeit widert weiterwachsende Mehr,  
 eine verschrümpelte Kollektion Deko.  
 Unter Druck steht Susanne.  
 Susanne, willst du dich zu mir sitzen?  
 Wie war es, Susanne?  
 Wie es war, Susanne

Unzumochtender Schrampel im Wasser, gib zu!



Gili Avissar

Seven  
Suns



Gili Avissar, "Seven Suns", 2019  
Photography: Ink Agop

Gili Avissar, "Work in progress", 2019  
Photography: Gili Avissar

## Miriam Stoney and Richard Frater

Richard Frater

It was five years ago, when I first encountered the Kaka, an endemic parrot to Aotearoa, New Zealand. I would walk up to an elderly lady who fed the Kaka at ‘witch-hour’ from her balcony. I started following breeding Goshawks in Berlin three years ago after my first encounter with ‘the ghost of the forest’ on a winter run at Templehof. It was snowing and the hawk was perched on a switched-off floodlight. The sociality of these two birds could not be more different. The parrot has a high sociability, which has positive and negative outcomes when they interact with a growing trend to feed them. The hawk, on the other hand, is a highly elusive example from an elusive species. It is a solitary bird that lives alone for nine months of the year and avoids humans. Both of these birds’ behaviours have crept into my working method. In Germany, it was widely reported in 2018 that insect and bird populations have declined by 70% over the last 30 years. These statistics, these patterns of communication, modify and replace what I have seen and experienced while bird watching around Berlin-Brandenburg, and the continent at large. There isn’t a word for this feeling. I also cannot put into words some of the encounters that I have had with birds. Overwhelmed to the point of tears or ecstatically yelling towards where no one can hear. Over-reactions. These over-reactions are thickened by a sense of dramatic loss. It is a part of shared time with birds. Earlier this year, I was in New Zealand sorting through 27 years of stuff at my parents house and I came across a visual assignment I made at the age of eight titled BIRDS OF PREY. I had no recollection of making it at the time I rediscovered it. What do I do with the memories I have had of drawing on those pages, writing notes, now? What are these so-called ‘recollections’ attempting to validate?

2015

Miriam Stoney

I moved abroad in the autumn after I graduated with my boyfriend at the time. He spoke an academic version of the language they spoke there, which he had learned in an expensive school. He worked at a Thinktank that wasn’t exactly Union-sceptic, but the people there didn’t see the referendum as something dangerous in and of itself. I haven’t followed their movements since the result all that time ago, but I doubt even they can look positively on the way things turned out. I didn’t speak the language at first, but it was very important to me that I learned it, so I went out a lot. I met a lot of people who wanted to talk about the referendum with me. Many seemed to think that I, personally, was responsible for what was happening. I don’t know if they were right. But anyway, I would be asked quite directly, “Why are you doing this?” to which I could only respond apologetically that the current government was not the one I had voted for. I don’t even know if I voted in that election at all, perhaps I was too young at the time, or just too ignorant. In that case, maybe I was in some way responsible. So yes, I felt the shame they were looking for, so was that enough for now? No, of course not. Sometimes these interrogations were enough to make me give up, give in, go home.

It was quite tiring. At that time, I wasn’t an especially political person, or at least the company I had kept never brought the individual into broader political debates—we were too polite to one another for that. I avoided these conversations after a while, or else I’d stay aloof when the subject came up. Sometimes I’d play Devil’s Advocate, ask what’s the worst that could happen? It’s funny now to think how far our speculations were from the actual turn of events that was to come. I was just so sure that these people (myself included?) were too weak-minded to make something so catastrophic happen.

Richard Frater

Everyday, I encounter articles, images, memes, interviews that carry awesome, sublime, spectacular information that reinforce my sense of immobility and alienate me from human experience. Sublime indexes stand apart from experience. Common examples of these are cautionary comparisons, assimilations of human to natural lethality, sports statistics describing deeply irreversible events, and statistical alarms. Millions of years ago the planet Venus underwent a runaway greenhouse event and today the surface temperatures would melt lead. The rate of species extinction today is estimated to be considerable and rivals the rate of extinction during the KT event that killed off the dinosaurs. The climate changes brought about by the Toba super eruption seventy five thousand years ago decreased the population of homo sapiens to a few thousand breeding pairs. The forest fires currently raging in the arctic circle are larger than the area of Switzerland. The Amazon is being cleared at an alarming rate of one football field per minute. These patterns of communication do very little to narrow the distance by which they outreach human measures. These are evidently exhaustible themes. There is not a lot of mileage left in any of the pathways available to humanity, so we are told daily. We are quick to pun and I have wondered what tools have we to mobilise our experience?

2016

Miriam Stoney

My relationship with that boyfriend started to break apart, and in the spring we were separated. He left to go back to the capital, to go home. Unlike him, I didn’t—don’t—come from the capital. I come from a small town in the north of the island where there is a tired steel industry and much economic despair. It’s a town that voted quite certainly to leave the Union. It’s also a town that I left some years ago. To be here, or rather, there. With that once-significant other, now gone. Suddenly I had to find ways to keep myself content, to find a reason to look after myself—to eat, to sleep, to work, to leave the house, to read, sometimes, even to think. As something like an intervention, a friend of mine took me to an outdoor pool one day, where I swam some ten lengths of a weak breaststroke in a cold, empty pool, without goggles. That’s when it began. At some point I made the switch to front crawl. I watched a lot of YouTube videos about breathing and catching and recovering and it just kind of worked out. By the time the results came in, I had become properly attached to the pool, had come to know myself

better in the water. I woke up and saw the panicked text messages from my friends back on the island and decided in the first instance not to go any deeper into the matter. I didn't want to know which regions had voted which way, because I just couldn't mix shock with hatred. What seemed like a lack of responsiveness was perhaps what I would have called a change of tactics. I was among the first to pass through the barriers that morning. I dropped my sad body into the water, felt nothing of the fatigue in my limbs that kept my thoughts from moving forwards. I swam a kilometre and then I kept going, just a little longer, until I'd counted 28 lengths. One for each member state of the Union. I was delaying, forestalling the inevitable, surviving within a condition rather than overpowering it.

Richard Frater

The Kaka parrot was extinct in Wellington for most of the 20th century due to large scale deforestation of the region during the 19th century. As part of an incentive to address the devastating impact of deforestation, a region above one of the key ridges of Wellington was reforested, a dam was built, and from the bottom up an ecosystem has been developed based on what fauna and flora was recorded there during the early stage of European settlement in the region. The Karori Bird Sanctuary is the latest custodian of this vision. It was set up in 1999 with a new enclosure and the goal of being entirely predator free. In 2002, a few pairs of Kaka were introduced to this Sanctuary from Hamilton Zoo. These Kaka were taught a whistle by the zoologist, similar to the sound of shots fired in the early computer game Space Invaders. The population has increased and diversified, drawing in partners as far away as Mount Taranaki, and now the urban population is well over 200 breeding pairs. The whistle is only present in the Wellington population, where it is transmitted from generation to generation. This distinct vocalization is part of their cognitive capacity to draw on the influences of an environment that is transformed by them as they in turn are transformed by it. Vocal mimetics are a common adaptive trait of the parrot genus. The Kakas' calls are divided between harsh squawks that can unnerve an entire valley and soft conversational whistles at feeding time. Learning the kewu-kewu enables me to draw them down from the sky. Recognizing that this is not an astonishing or unique connection is the harder task. It is just a shared vocalisation.

2017

Miriam Stoney

My sense of any chronology starts to dissolve at this point. I remember feelings but can't always match them up with events. I know that I was very frustrated during this time. My family seemed not to take the Referendum result very seriously; they didn't see the personal side of their political decisions. I had been living on the continent and couldn't help feeling that certain members of my family had finally decided to cut me loose when they voted 'In favour of leaving'. When I visited home in the months after the vote, I was often called 'continental' when something of my behaviour was too pre-tentious for them. Once I asked, "Is there an outdoor swimming pool somewhere within

driving distance?" To which someone replied, "We don't swim outside here." The irony was that there are plenty of outdoor pools around the country, just not in the region where they live. This was the climate in which I moved back to the island that winter. Everyone was wrong. I tried to find peace in the capital city, where there are pools that are fifty metres long, that are unheated and that stay open through the winter. In November the water was below ten degrees Celsius and in it I discovered a new kind of rush that soon became an addiction. The shock, the hurt, the numbness, the euphoria, the lasting warm buzz. That was the water, but the people were something else. They were so stoic and so unshakeable, so calm and so reassuring. I only once spoke to another person there. As the cold hit my brain, I clung to the edge of the pool, scared I might pass out. I turned to a fellow swimmer and asked, "How do you bear the cold?" to which he replied, "You learn not to talk about it".

Richard Frater

The sedentary Goshawk typically requires a habitat of mature conifer trees, for example, large forest regions where they can hide in the canopy, not small parks in cities. Ornithologists in Stockholm are aware of approximately 50 breeding pairs and their territories. All of them are located outside the city in the surrounding woodlands, nesting in the crown of conifers. For the last 30 years they have waited patiently for the breeding territories to encroach the city. It hasn't happened. Berlin city is an example of the urban anomaly. It has the largest population of goshawks in the world, over 100 breeding pairs. Encounters with the elusive birds in their remote habitat is extremely rare. I have seen only one sighting outside of Berlin near Liepnitzsee whereas in Berlin I track 10-15 active nests each year. What attracts them to Berlin? The abundance of their favoured prey, pigeons, is the simple answer. The remnant islands that accumulated from two failed urban-green plans is another answer. The ratios of food availability and different forms of predation dramatically shift between forest residents and urban park residents. For example, in the city exposure to pesticides and heavy metals is lower as is illegal hunting while indirect forms of human predation, such as window collisions, take a significant dent out of the population. What these shifts in the urban task-scape indicate is a topological clarity to the temporalities of landscape. Namely that is dynamic and changing, not something to be left to the background, where concepts of Nature congregate. Urban environments display a different social entrainment. Either the hawk will navigate traps and dependencies with the learned behaviors of their ancestors or these behaviors will entrap them. The behaviors are where they carry on, one by one, moment to moment.

2018

Miriam Stoney

Some attachments last better than others. The pool became my most favourite friend, and I was a jealous child who had to learn to share. Once I moved back to the island it was the only place I could find where I could be alone. I liked that people didn't seem to see me at the pool; that invisibility made me feel strangely powerful. I was swimming so



regularly that I was actually getting quite good at it: I was getting faster and stronger all the time and could swim without a break for over an hour. It started to define me; there were few things I preferred talking about. The stakes seemed so pleasingly low. That summer I went back to the continent to write a research project about swimming pools. I received a grant from a pro-Union funding body, which had the aim of promoting cultural exchange between the island and the continent. I had this idea that, since there were so many new arrivals in the city who had begun spending time at the pools, a new kind of national identity was being formed in these places, which were relatively open to a proper pluralism of behaviours, customs, habits, or whatever. So I went to the pool every day, as though there were an underlying motive. I was swimming lengths one day when I nearly crashed into a woman who was standing in the lane, wrapped head-to-toe in black fabric, which ballooned in my face as I narrowly slipped her. I stood up in the water to show my frustration. Then I dived under the floating line to carry on crawling, only to find myself in the middle of some family beach ball affair. I suppose something occurred to me at that moment, which got close to self-awareness, but wasn't really an enlightenment. I was making the claim for these places that they embraced difference, lived and let live. And yet, in my desire to be free to keep doing what I thought I should be able to do here, my body was always very physically negotiating the parameters of intolerance. Some days were better than others, but I never did finish that research project.

Richard Frater

What about this environment that we are in? Are there tools that effectively trace the changing dynamics of a bird's taskscape here? The Mäusebuzzard captured up there on the flag, looks over the pools. It notices that there are "perch" tones surrounding the pools. During courtship the female displays its under feathers on a branch and the branch develops a "stage" tone. The male collects small branches from beech trees, which for the bird have a "nesting" tone. I observed this young juvenile buzzard over the last few months while it was fledging and learning to fly. It would perch on branches, on the public speakers surrounding the pool, and even on the edge of the slide, attaching to these a "perching" tone. Observing how a bird adapts to urban environments does not lead us away from their typical behaviours and territories. For that it can be helpful to plot out the tones that are repeated and observable across natural and human engineered structures alike.

2019

Miriam Stoney

Now I just float without even thinking about it. That's what bodies do anyway. In the water I have found peace, or rather my body has found its balance and I know exactly how to bend my elbows so that my thumbs lead the way into the catch, how to grab a handful of water and simply throw it underneath me so that it brushes my thigh, and I am propelled forward. Swimming is an immersion that is not so easily re-made through media but sometimes it's the only time I can really breathe. A friend told me just the

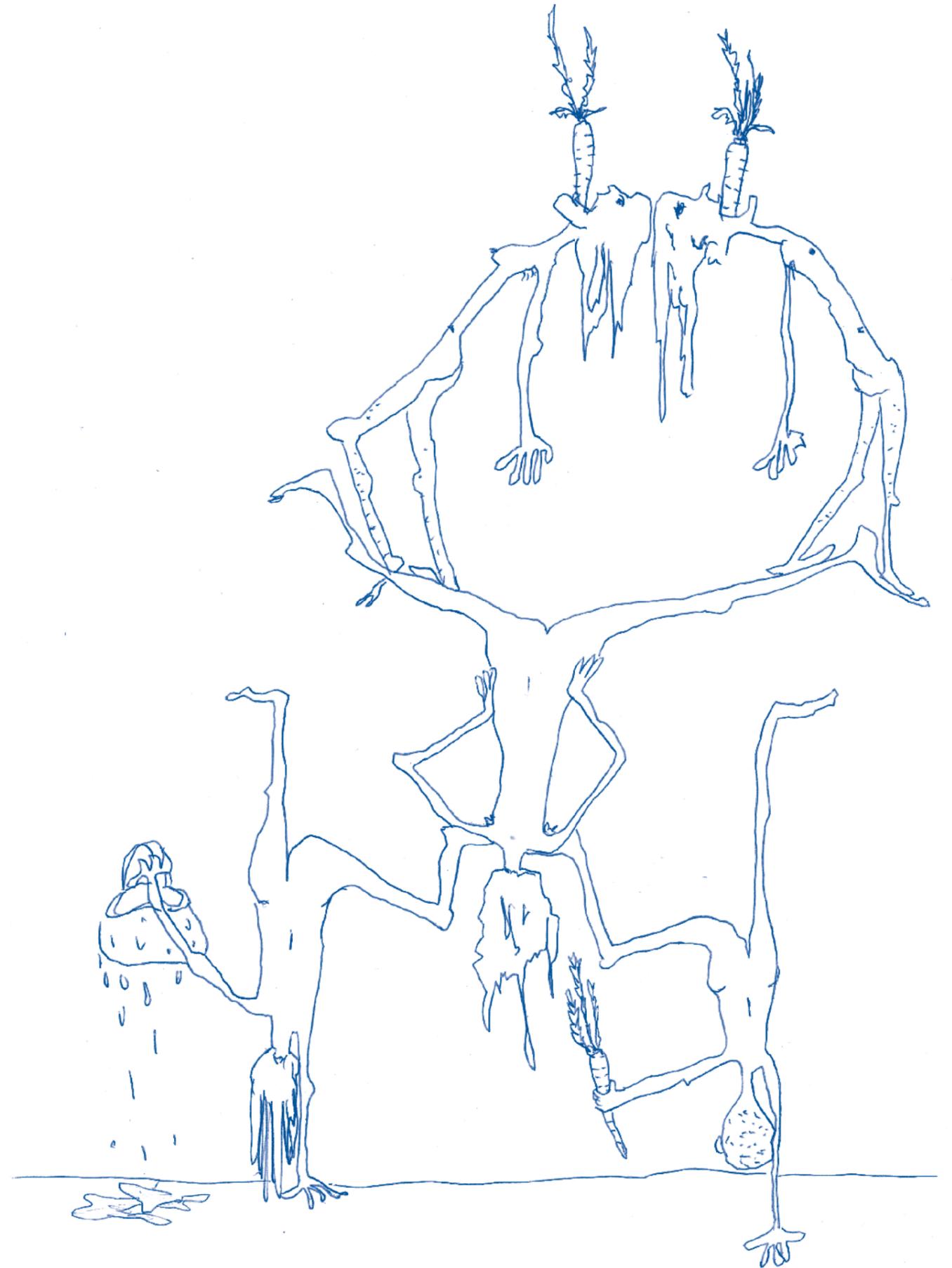
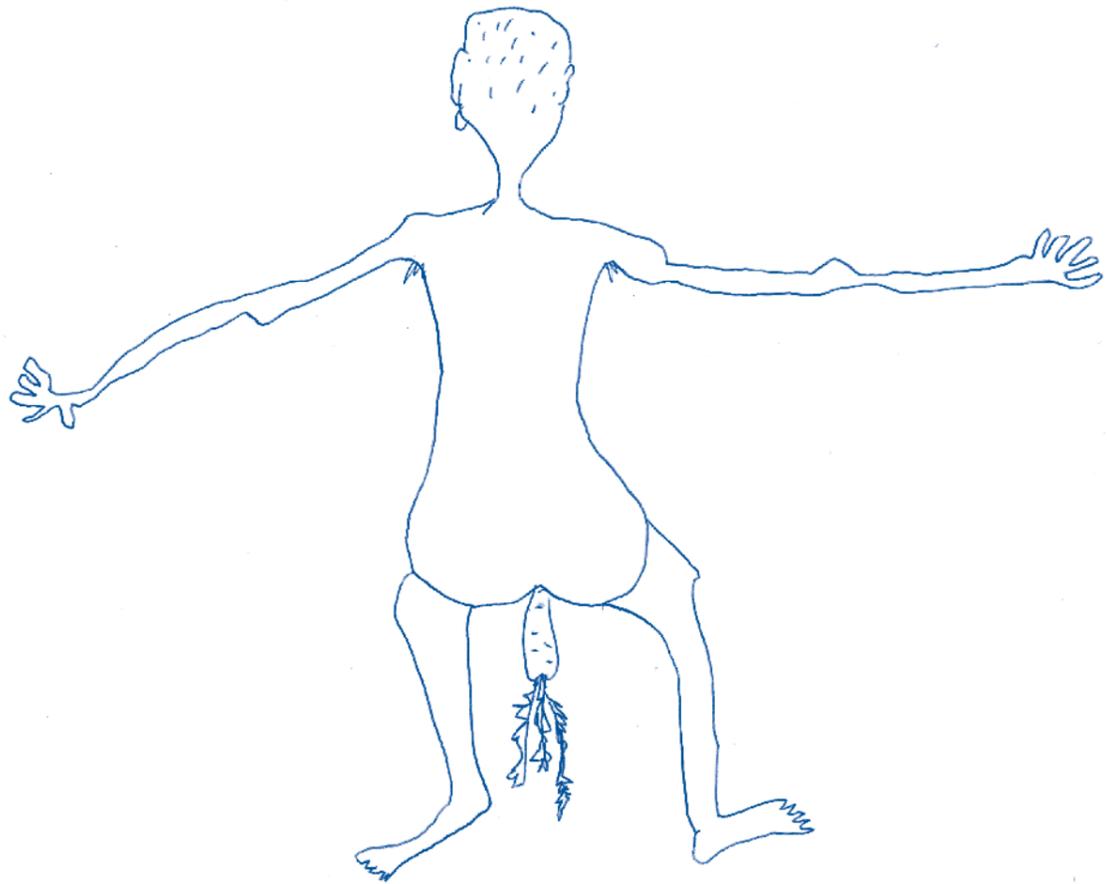
other day swimming is calming because you have to exhale long and slowly, pushing the air out of the lungs with conscious effort, while the inhalation is simply a gush of air through your open mouth. The deep-breath-in is just a passive process of filling a space you've opened up in your body... Soon, I will leave the island. I will migrate properly this time, it won't be seasonal, I'll stay on the continent as long as I possibly can. I will arrive in the autumn, just as the outdoor pools are closing and no deals are being struck. I will stop this flying to and fro from island to continent to island to continent, while the world is baking below me. In the winter I will not shower with the pigeons under the many different blue, overcast, reddening, angry, and sedate skies, but under ornate tiles while time passes imperceptibly in the city outside. I might have to wake up and listen quite carefully to the gossamer whispers that weave my fate. Hopeful that I will last the winter to see my local Sommerbad open again. Cut loose, I won't hear the bells tolling on the island as it drifts away.

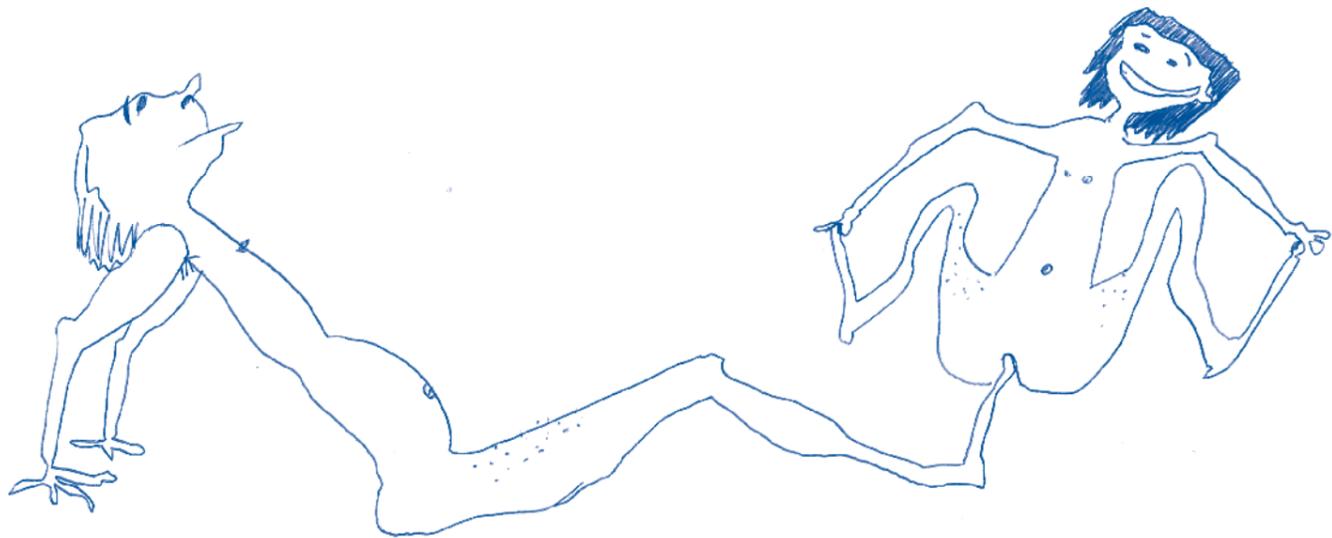
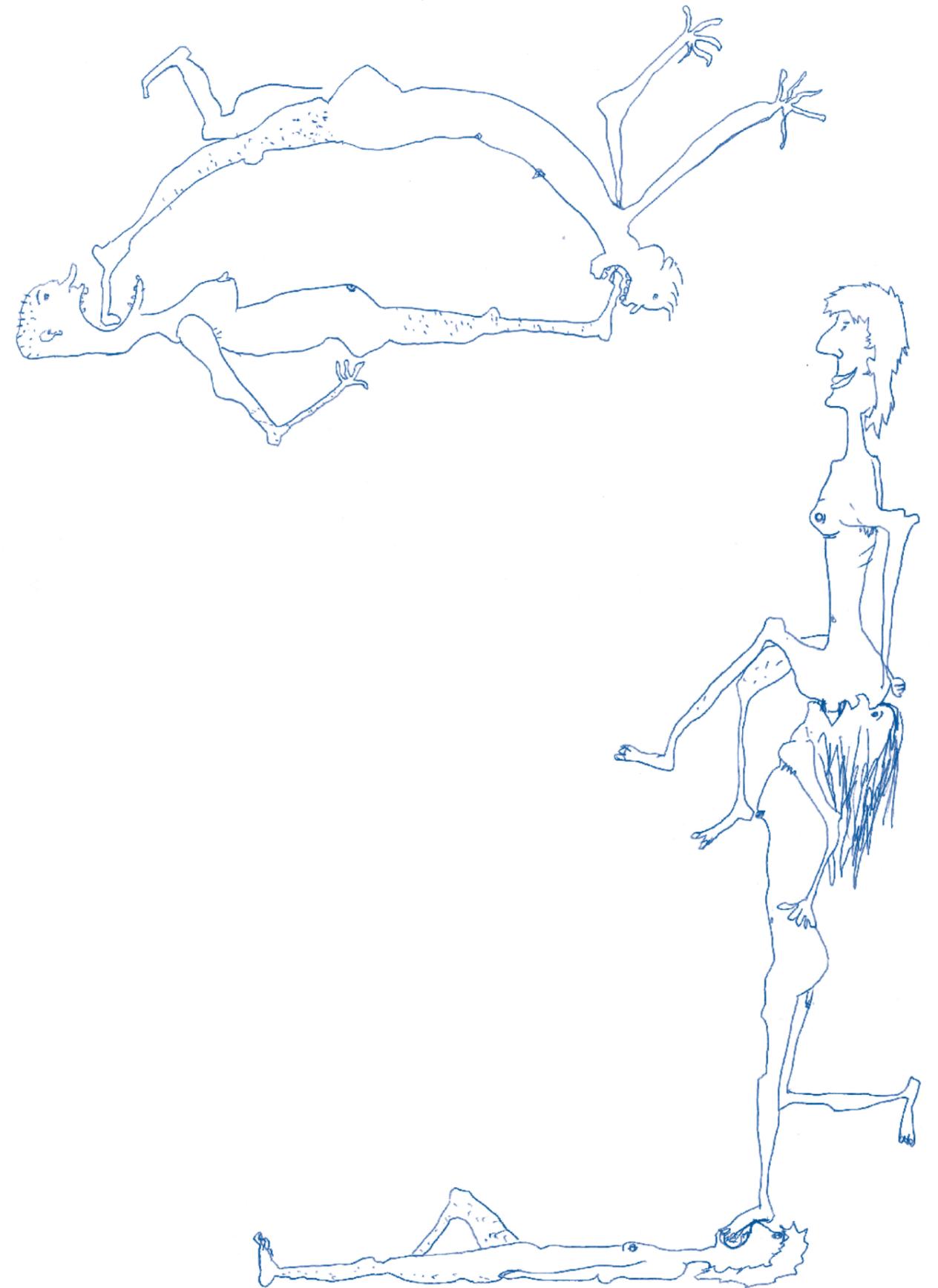
Richard Frater

Cultural animals, the ancestors of birds and humans, developed their capacity for offline thinking or thinking at a distance a long time ago. There is knowledge that is transmitted through social copresence and coalescence and then there is knowledge of a different kind. Observing these entrainments from a little distance. The earliest examples of thinking-at-distance are not unique to humans. They appear to be available to primates and birds too. Imagine smoke without fire, the shadow of a predator bird without the bird present, the sound of commotion on the other side of a hill, these all demand responses that are generated from memory rather than social organisation. What signs appear in the social life of birds? What is the sign and the signifier approaching for them? Right now it is spring in Aotearoa, New Zealand. Each year, the yellow Kowhai flower is an abundant source of nectar for the Kaka parrot. This yellow flower is a sign of sustenance for the next month to come. It is common to observe the Kaka with bright yellow cheeks from the pollen of the flowers during spring. The distance they can travel across a city in one day makes them an important shape-shifting vector of the transfer of pollen across widely-spaced fragments of native forest, further widened by urban fragmentation. What about the blue shape of the pool for the breeding buzzards nesting here at Tropez? Buzzards and Goshawks always nest close to where there is access to moving water. But the water inside the pool is not drinkable. Instead, the Buzzard pair breeding here drink from the washing bays where people wash their feet and shower before entering the pool. The shape of the blue pool, however small it becomes at their soaring heights, maintains a strong image of where to return to in their cognitive world. High up there, out of the fourth colour cone of their eyes, with colours that humans cannot see, they catch the glimmering urine trail of a mouse. Taking a moment to find who it belongs and now committing to their descent.

# Young Boy Dancing Group

young boy  
dancing  
group





Kira Bunse

*Côte d'Azur*



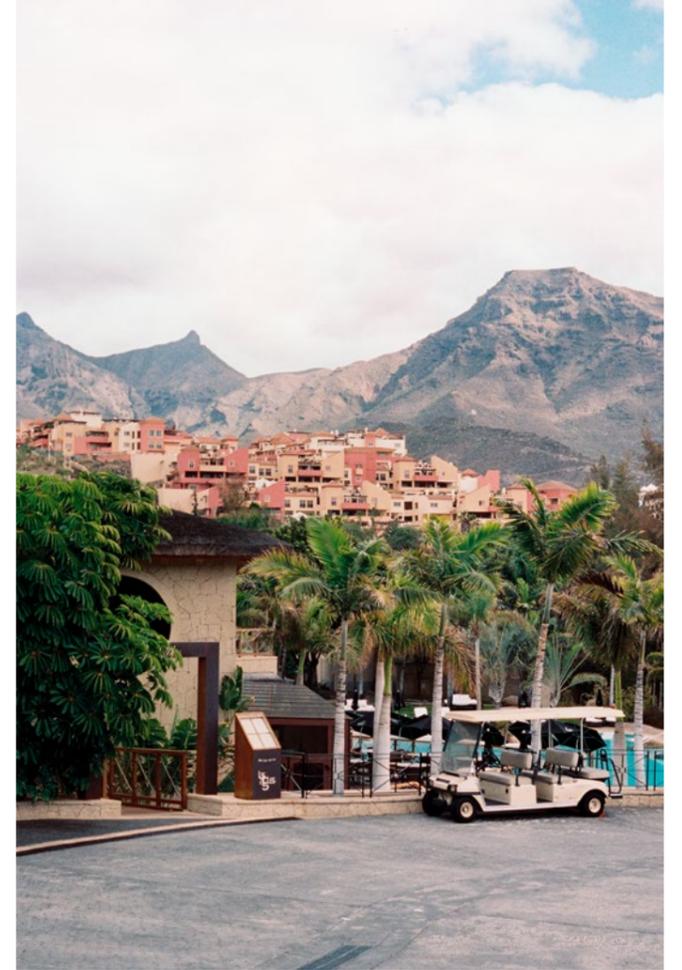
Kira Bunse, "Côte d'Azur", 2019

*Portugal*



Kira Bunse, "Portugal", 2019

# teneriffa



## Dylan Spencer-Davidson

We haven't left our apartments for weeks. I decide to hire a car from a rental company offering special deals encouraging people to spend money during this uncertain time. I drive us out to Brandenburg. On the way, a few wrong turns take us through a deserted airport complex that I guess may never end up being an actual airport. Then my phone in your hand leads us through a suburb of big box stores and giant car parks. You say this looks exactly like where you grew up. We continue down a road where all the side streets are named after birds and eventually we reach the edge of the forest.

It's the first time we've been in nature in what feels like years, and I'm overwhelmed by the twisting dance the trees are making above us. I can suddenly see that trees are, in fact, always seductively reaching towards each other in slow motion. We park the car and walk along a man-made canal. I make a comment about how beautiful the sun is reflecting off the water and how I can't imagine any computer ever generating a reality this rich and healing and full of life. I feel awkward and nerdy after saying this. It feels decadent and naughty to be here. The legal situation isn't clear to us but our mental health demands it. We eat hummus and carrots and gluten-free focaccia bread. Behind us, a woman with dreadlocks is singing and dancing alone in the forest, hang drum music playing from her phone. There aren't many people but every now and then, a couple walk past our bench. Everyone is four decades older than us. Trekking shoes, hiking backpacks, beige hats. We gradually realise it's almost all German lesbians. I wonder how they vote.

We continue walking, on a path right next to the forest and you start taking a few steps in. I get a sudden feeling that it might not be a good idea to follow and decide to continue along the path instead. I can tell by the way you're acting and the way you're talking that something in your perception is shifting. You have gone particularly quiet. I'm aware of your eyes avoiding mine. Your breath is growing shallower. You are slowly veering deeper into the forest. These changes are so slight it feels odd to address them, and yet I'm getting more and more concerned by them. I get the sense that I must act the right way if I am to keep you from spiralling off. I am scared of losing you. I feel strongly that I mustn't enter the forest with you. The look in your eyes. The redness in your face. Every signal now a threat.

I take a single step in and all ambient noise from the canal fades out. All that remains are voices only I can hear. *Pine, oak, beech, ash, birch, maple, larch, spruce, alder.* You look at me with anger and suspicion and fear in your face. I open my mouth to say something to calm you, but out of my mouth comes the voice of an authoritarian boomer father. *Adrenaline, norepinephrine, cortisol.* I'm seven years old and I'm being accused of lying. Your look tells me I'm everyone who has ever done you harm. We're lost. I start shouting to drown out the voices but it only makes them louder. Everything around us is melting away. I'm barely aware that I'm in time or space. *Ventral, sympathetic, dorsal.* A nickname a bully once called me. I'm clenching on to my anger. A bundle of pulsating, mentally and emotionally distant energy. Trapped by immense forces. The only escape is within. Then blank silence. I look down on the situation from above. I feel an eerie calm, detached, on a distant planet. I start speaking with infinitely cold rationality and confidence. And eventually you hear me.

We make our way back into the sunshine and out of the forest. Dizzy, exhausted, but cautiously safe. The Cardigans play on the car radio as we take the turning into the nearest village. The trees waving at us in the rear-view mirror.

Julie Favreau

MUSE

Muse. Spread their smell in the womxn studios.  
Heads spin, blood comes to the skin surface.  
They thrive on controlling the explosions at distance.

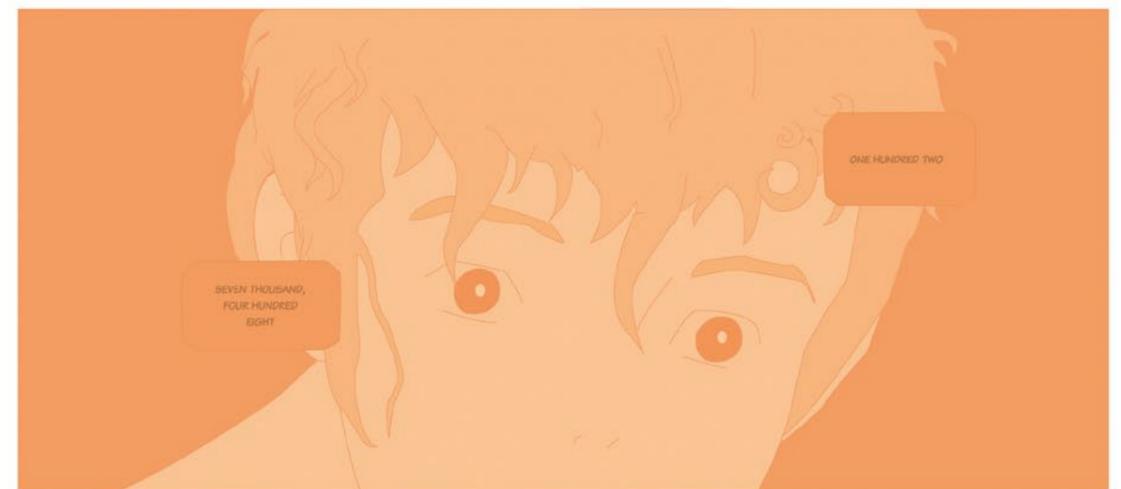
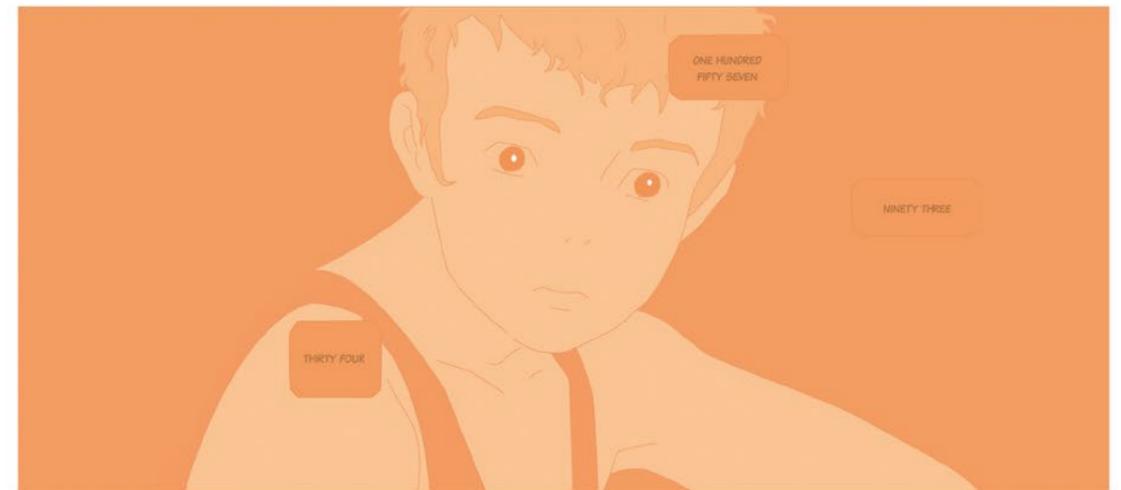
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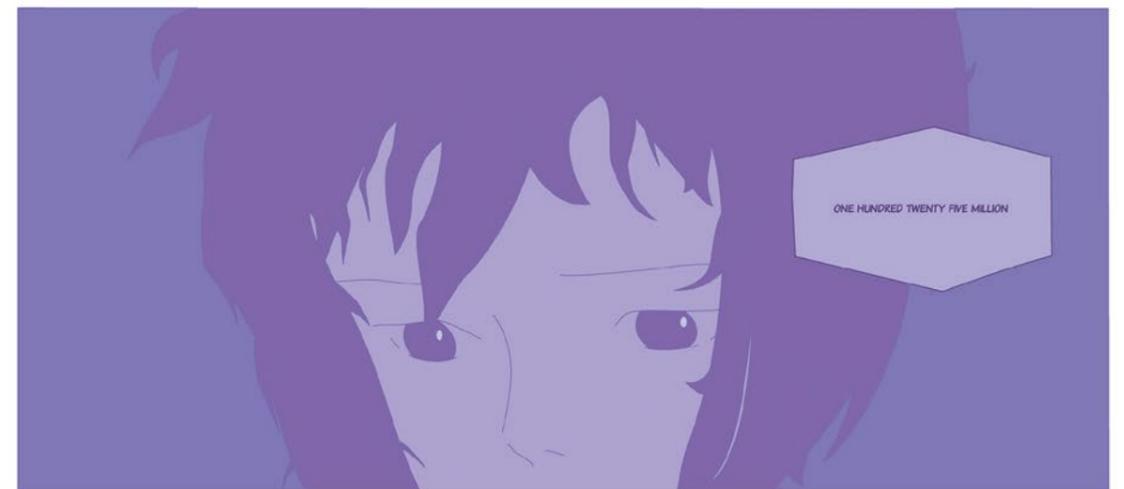
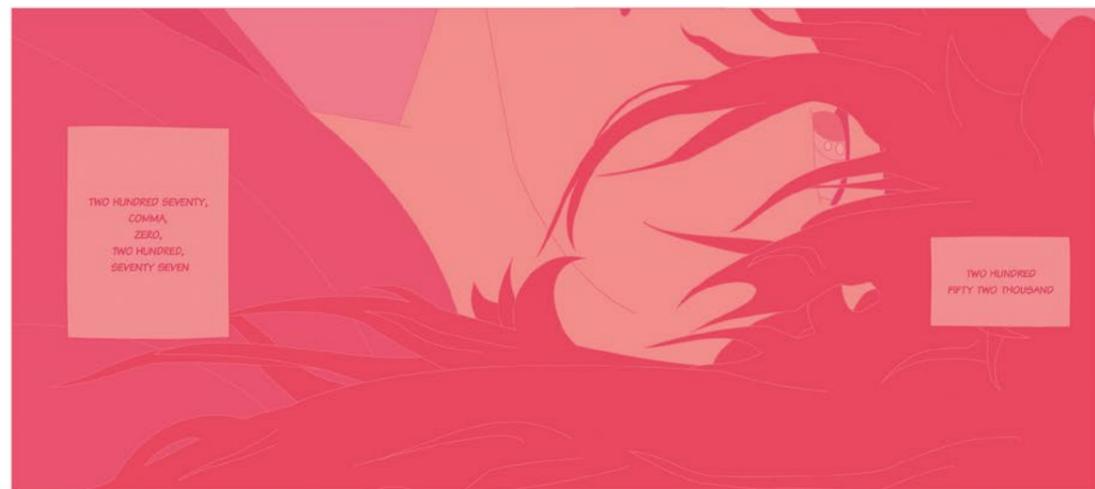
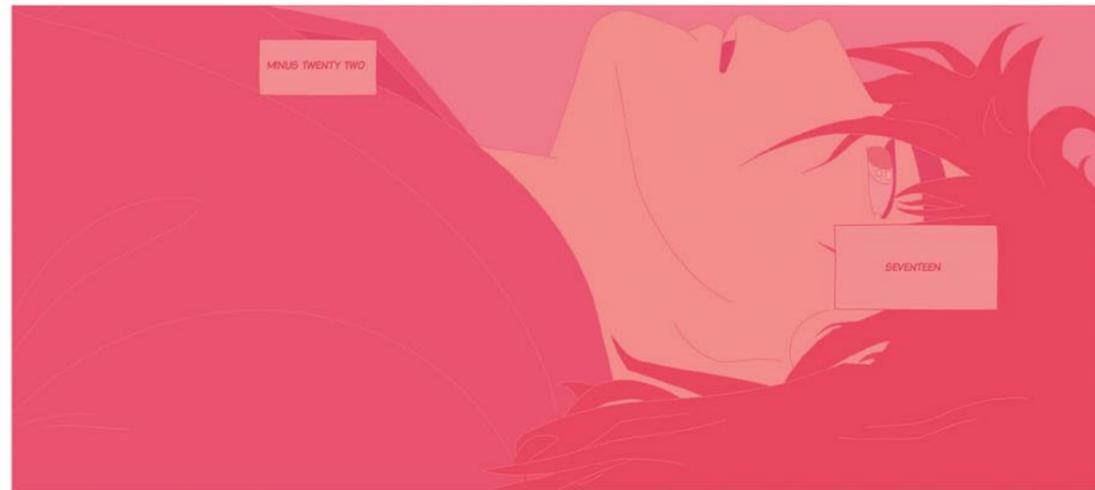
Womxn:  
«Stand behind the plinth and don't move  
till my sculpture is done.»

Julie Favreau, "Muse", 2016, Inkjet-Print



# Bertrand Flanet

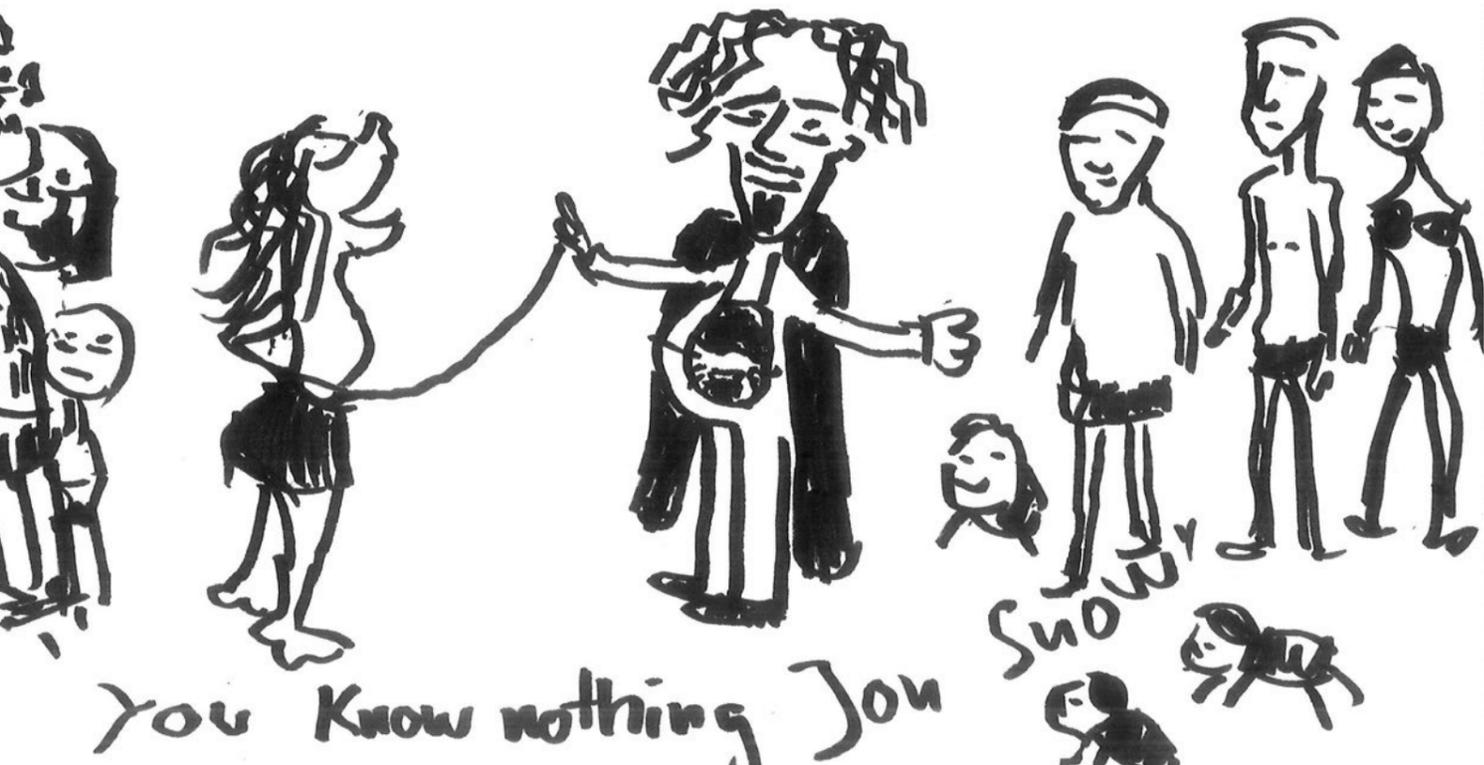




Florian Loycke

ERINNERUNGEN

St Tropez  
Jagritt & John (HELMi)



AN  
DEN SOMMER  
IN  
ST. TROPEZ

st. Tropez  
HELMi & GOT



Florian Loycke, "Erinnerungen an den Sommer in St. Tropez", 2019

Gehirrrrnnn!!

Luzie Meyer

The Pool Reader

# 14

# DREI

Aaah!  
HILFE!

Luzie Meyer

Ahhhh...

Gehirrrrnnn!!

Aaah!  
HILFE!

Ahhhh...

Wuaah..  
Ge - Hiiiiirrrnn...

Ohh..  
aua!

Wuaah..  
Ge - Hiiiiirrrnn...

Ohh..  
aua!

HALLO  
ICH HÄTTE  
EURE  
DRAGON

HALLO,  
ICH HÄTTE GERN  
EUREN  
DRAGONBALL!

Es war Meister  
Freezer!!!!

Fiiiiuuuummm!!!

Es war Meister  
Freezer!!!!

Fiiiiuuuu

Das nennt man  
SCOUTER.

Whaaamm!

Whaaamm!

Es war Meister  
Freezer!!!!

Fiiiiuuuummm!!!

Das nennt man  
SCOUTER.

Luzie Meyer, "Drei Minuten Filme", 2019

# 15 CONTRIBUTORS

The Anonymous Writing Group began in 2015 as a side project of collective authorship linked to The Gray Voice Ensemble, directed by Elisabeth Wood since 2013.

Gili Avissar creates large-scale textile collages. His installations do not simply occupy the exhibition space, but rather they function as set and costume, facilitating interaction with the viewers moving around in them. Avissar lives and works in Israel. Most recently, he exhibited at the MEWO Kunsthalle Memmingen (2018) and Galerie koal (2017).

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 comprises a gallery project space Büro BDP and a publishing house and has published over 70 titles and organised many exhibitions and events.

Kira Bunse reflects the attitude of adolescents and young adults in her work. In her fashion photography as well as her artistic work, she captures generation specific poses and distinguishing features. Bunse lives and works in Paris. She last showed her photographs at Libre Service in Paris (2019) and at ITALIC in Berlin (2017).

Peter Cant and Krzysztof Honowski have been working together since 2012, invoking queer histories through extreme close-ups and highly saturated colour. Their live film performances explore the mediation of intimacy and the spells cast by the screen.

The interventions of the conceptual artist Constant Dullaart are critical comments on the technical developments of communication media and their impact on society and identity. He mainly works with the Internet as an alternative place of presentation. Dullaart lives in Amsterdam and Berlin, and has had work in the KINDL Center for Contemporary Art in Berlin and the Vienna Biennale in 2019.

With her videos, sculptures, performances, photographs and installations, Julie Favreau creates spaces that trigger the sensory consciousness of the viewer somewhere between intimacy and the unconscious. Favreau lives and works in Berlin and Montreal. Her work was last presented at Casino Luxembourg (2019) and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (2016).

Bertrand Flanet's work includes 3D animation videos that mimic the mechanics of video games and installations. The reduced animations have a hypnotic effect on the observers, who lose themselves in dystopian scenarios. Flanet lives and works in Berlin, where he is currently having a solo exhibition at the Eigen + Art Lab.

Richard Frater's work captures the preciousness of life processes. In doing so, the work often exposes both destructive and productive human impacts on biodiversity today. He was born in Wellington and currently lives and works in Berlin.

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.

Das Helmi Puppet Theatre was founded by Florian Loycke, Emir Tebatabai and Brian Morrow in Berlin in 2001. Das Helmi is based in Ballhaus Ost, has six permanent members, four permanent guests, and many other colourful famous occasional guests.

In her performances, objects, texts, compositions and videos, Luzie Meyer combines autobiographical with appropriated material to negotiate experiences of authority and absurdity in social spaces. Meyer lives and works in Berlin. Her work was recently exhibited in the Kunsthalle Lüneburg in 2019 and in San Serriffe in Amsterdam.

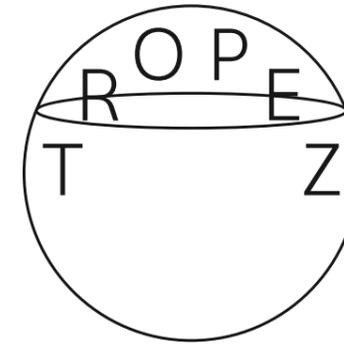
Having grown up in West Berlin with a Polish background, Ziemowit Nowak works as a graphic designer, art director and musician. In his solo-project Jemek Jemowit he has toured most of Europe and released, among others, on Fabrika (GR), Cleopatra Records (US) and Martin Hossbach (DE). Since 2019 he works as production manager in the art space Tropez initiated by Nele Heinevetter.

Dylan Spencer-Davidson's work explores the emotional conditions of contemporary life, using live bodies, music, writing and video to explore the conflicts between our embodied experiences and the rational narratives we ascribe to them. His dance performances investigate the tensions between communal identity and individual subjectivity. Recent performances include: "The way I feel under your command" at RA Schools (London, UK), "I don't feel safe to tell you" at Haus N (Athens, GR) and "SOFT SHELL HARD CORE" Ashley (Berlin, DE).

Miriam Stoney (London, UK) is a writer and researcher interested in the ways in which built environments can influence a sense of wellbeing and belonging.

Young Boy Dancing Group was initiated in 2014 as a mercurial dance collective with initially no name and an ongoing alternating cast. Since 2016 the group is titled Young Boy Dancing Group. Latest shows have been held at Athens Biennale, Greece, Baltic Triennial, Estonia, Norbergfestival, Sweden, Ceremony festival, Mexico, UV estudios, Argentina.

18  
colophon



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