

Half concept art (or: playing for the whole!)

while sitting on the train home under the impression of a network meeting of self-organised houses in another city and an exhibition of beautiful, bumpily stumbling paintings at a stopover in yet another city, the conversation with a friend in transit echoes...

... about semi-open starting points in Leonie's play/work, and how they touch on unfinished-unfinishable questions... that 'finished' forms don't make that much sense anyway in relation to infinite games¹, where it's not about winning and losing, or with questions that can't ultimately be answered... that the concept (or meaning) cannot be fully developed at the beginning (and then only executed or not), but that with such semi-definite decisions it is about getting started and doing what these 'decisions' enable in the first place. And then see what comes next, perhaps discard it, expand it, move it... concept if at all rather at the end through the process than fixed and set at the beginning. And first of all clearly also for the initial player/artist herself... and what ALL this (and that's not even all!) has to do with (making) art - and the toys (tools), which are then also not (end) products...

With this muddle in my head, I try to imagine the exhibition. Quite a bit of fantasy and somehow not quite what it's all about. I know roughly what the room looks like - but without the kissing number installation and the 'Real Suns' film.

I know the balls too, but that's about as remote as looking at contemporaryartdaily or instagram on some surface - a difference of (almost) EVERYTHING. Because the sense and nonsense will only emerge for me and the others who come there by engaging with all the parts of the installation in the space and in being there. By entering into the few decisions/rules and the context.

And how and what then unfolds, from what was consciously created in it and has already been dealt with, as well as from what is unconsciously in there and therefore possible. Not everything (—> see decisions/positions), but also not only what has been thought before and in the process. Each time and through each person, the arena/playground, the area of tension can be entered, the scope can be expanded... a fuzzy-logic, semi-open offer is positioned in the space.

(side note & reminder almost 2 myself: Searching for a connection/relationship or meaning when visiting art spaces - if an entry into the attempts were not possible in principle, visiting art spaces would make even less sense than it already does due to the daily susceptibility to failure of the human-art interface. If, for example, you are already completely tired and your mind and body are elsewhere. After all, it is work, albeit play-work, rather than consumption, that is needed for art to go on, up and on)

Another question: What does it need to get something rolling, how many rules and how few, knowledge, access, what is missing (for me), can 1 contribute, where can 1 contribute? From there, the associative leap to questions such as: In what forms do people negotiate bindingly important things in their lives? And then, just because it's a matter of getting to the bottom line, isn't that just playing? And how does this relate to the upcoming

¹ Life/living as such 1 game: (Big) Bang before and at the beginning and at the end, the big NOTHING around it, also flickers massively in filming and playing with the kids on the adventure playground. As well as other existential and everyday questions, around which games with fire, nails, wooden balls, toilet paper, clay, mud, tears, laughter, music and other things revolve.

film with bottle spinning as a boundary-pushing ritual that makes it possible to do things that are in the room as potential or desire - not limited to kissing (numbers).

What interests me personally, as a clown...., is the thing with the spheres, the balls: Why they are such a universal tool, whether it has anything to do with the fact that we are hurtling through space on a relatively tiny, bright blue, spinning sphere, seen from a distance, a rush called life, a tiny flare of (sometimes free) spinning energy, feeling and thought? And how can this become tangible for me, since I can't touch the spheres/balls... but I'll see and experience that when I move through the offers in space, perhaps animated by the installation to move like with "singstar" - c u there...

But for now it's all still an illusion, it's now dark outside and light again, days have passed and I'm sitting on a new train, a different bullet train (marble run)...

bonk4∞

In the third dimension the kissing number is not quite so easy to determine.

Leonie Nagel & KERFE

12.10.2024 - 03.11.2024 (open on Thursdays 4-7PM and Sundays 12-4 PM)

Cittipunkt e.V. Brüsseler Straße 36a, 13353 Berlin

Dozens of possibilities, 2024, 5 shelves, each 9 cm x 150 cm x 11 cm with 12 balls Ø 7 cm, wood, lacquer, acrylic paint and one shelf 8.8 cm x 150 cm x 9.8 cm with 12 balls, acrylic glass, glass

Verbs (The word says what is happening and in which time something happens.), 2024, 4 dots, each 150 cm x 150 cm, laser print on red copy paper

Real Suns

Film, 2024, 44 min., Colour, German with English subtitles

a Film by and with KERFE

KERFE this time: Anjali, Daria, Henrietta, Jona, Juka, Leonie [Nagel], Lia, Mathilda, Maxime, Micha [bonk4∞], Oskar, Pauline, Samuel, Sophia und Tim

The sun is being stolen in Sun City, but so is the money. Several thieves are on the run independently from each other and a group of detectives is on their trail together with their meerkat and their pink monster. The nice library employee is murdered and the killer can only be identified by means of psychological/medical research. On the one hand, the plot is repeatedly negotiated in between and on the other hand, it is played out while acting. Discussion and improvisation create a chaotic crime thriller in which 'real' and 'fake', idea and action, frame and play are barely distinguishable from one another.

The film was shot at the FORCKI adventure playground in Berlin Friedrichshain.