

ending(s)

Performance Garten 10
 October 2, 2023
 Bau1, Cologne
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The end is a strange thing, although we encounter it every day and know many of its forms. Sometimes it is long awaited, sometimes sad and disturbing, sometimes it remains pure fiction. Performance Garten 10 walks around the ubiquitous figure of the end, exploring its plural readings and levels of meaning. How do we think about, talk about and embody the end of something? Which endings are particularly close to us? And what makes an ending an escape that opens up to something new? The questions provoked by the presented artistic works are manifold and reflect the variations of passing, ranging from individual human death to socio-ecological mass phenomena such as species extinction and extractivism, to historical narratives and mythological tropes of end-times and apocalypses. The ending thus appears as an intimate as well as a political topos, as a micro as well as a macro phenomenon and, above all, as a performative process. Seven works by regional and international artists will be presented. Access to the exhibition is barrier-free.

Matthias Conrady

das war's erstmal

A post-apocalyptic preacher gathers the congregation to tell them about the end of the world, which unfortunately never really happens. Biblical apocalypses and the dream of world revolution hold out the hope of a paradise born of collapse, but in pop culture it is the other way around: the post-apocalypse is the horror vision of having to survive, the apocalypse itself is the fulfilled pipe dream of not having to die alone. In reality, none of this is happening – how do I find my place in this dilemma?

Julio Lugon

and until we meet again

She left calmly and taught us to keep flowing even if all things collapse. While vibrating with the elements around us, there is no way to know what is going on beyond our human perceptual system. That threshold could be sound art, since from very abstract phenomena we can assimilate tangible issues. This sound performance with plants wants to talk about the beautiful saturation and collapse that results after very concentrated sessions of sonic meditation, which end at some point, only to be deconstructed to use the pieces that shine the most.

Mathilde Hawkins, Max Mauro Schmid

End Game

With »End Game«, we embark on our second round of darts. Like in any game, the aim is to kill time. We shoot and score. We hesitate and miss. We find ourselves in a loop of anticipation and boredom. Between our turns, we count sheep, count the stars, count down: the winner is the one who reaches zero first. The game is never just a game: dartboard, dart player, dart flights become universe. End Game is a reckoning with our desires and ambitions, an endless attempt to direct them, into the bullseye and beyond.

Nikolai Blau

Spoiling The End

A captured heart makes every magnetic field glow. Anytime. Invisibility doesn't stop at a beginning. The cutting sound of metal on metal fades away far too quickly. Sparks fly, their lights sometimes shine far. On and on it goes, unbridled. Milestones blur into streaks, at most stating time. Big words everywhere but no remaining. Seems to be okay. Bring us the horizon, at least a little bit. Time probably draws its circles like me and ends at most in infinity.

Nina Sarnelle

Mouth Noise

Nina Sarnelle presents a series of music/video compositions from their new performance project »Mouth Noise«. The set begins with a participatory choral score in which audience members vocalize the English common names of species recently declared extinct. What does it mean to memorialize creatures – to »say their names« – in a language that means nothing to them? As nature videography melts into AI animation, the hallucinations of an insufficient data set convey a sense of frenetic searching: How do we know when a species is truly gone?

Rina Schmeing

Wohnzimmer

My grandparents' apartment has been rented out to different people for several years. Right now it is empty. I let my eyes wander. The room seems larger. There are no more orchids or decorative fountains on crocheted doilies by the window. There are no more prisms hanging in the light. There are no more regularly gathered lace curtains to shield me from the prying eyes of my neighbors. Only the brass flower on the wall reminds one that they could also be tied neatly to the side. The living room I knew no longer exists.

Lorina Speder

My Happy Ending

»Can you tear down this wall?« – the question of the impatient female voice recalls a famous line from Ronald Reagan's speech in West Berlin in 1987 and transfers it in an abstracted form to the present. As posed, it sounds suggestive. But what is the answer? Can we tear down the walls, isolate the generations from each other? And how is it that, for all their diversity, mental phenomena like trauma can persist across generations? Do they ever come to an end? The sound piece »My Happy Ending« opens up a meditative space for these intimate and at the same time political questions.

Yohan Holtkamp, Evie Elen Reckendrees, Tom Taurus

The Break's Made For Plucking

A collaborative exploration of trans corporeality, transformation and queer utopia. The transformed and hybridized human form becomes a site for self and mutual care. A collective transformed body emerges that is constantly re-discovering itself, breaking into pieces and coming back together. A work about the ends of the world, the end of a form of queerness and ends of a transformation that are none. In the texts, autofictional narratives combine with mythological stories of transformation and historical theories of gender.

Yohan Holtkamp, Evie Helen Reckendrees, Tom Tantorius: »The Beak's Made For Plucking«

*Ask me again, I might lie and say: I was born with two heads through the anus of my mother.
A human head and the head of a pigeon. Quite frankly, Mother was shocked.*

*Erst konnte ich das Flattern der Schwäne nicht deuten,
das ich vor meinem Fenster vernahm,
einem Dachfenster mit weißen Gardinen davor.*

*Das Auf und Ab der Flügel der Schwäne war laut und bestimmt,
wie ein Auf und Ab es zu sein hat.*

*Ich lag also in meinem Bett, in dieser Kammer mit den weißen Gardinen und spürte, dass das
Flattern der Schwäne für mich bestimmt war. Also zog ich fortan aus, sie zu suchen.*

*After careful examination, the doctors declared my pigeon head a deviance and because they couldn't
just cut it off like a withered leaf, they pushed it back into my body, still warm and sticky from Mother's
orifice and held the invert in place with medical tape, cling wrap and polyester fiberfill.*

*This is a story of loss.
Sechs Jahre nicht zu sprechen ist keine lange Zeit.
Ich behaupte, ich habe schon länger als sechs Jahre nicht gesprochen und niemand hat es gemerkt.*

*I heard: it's easier to break a ship than to maintain it
I am breaking a ship inside of me, with your help, unknowingly, hear the creaking
inside of my voice, hear the cracking inside of it
there it is, can you hear it?*

*You are turned on by me. At least on dating apps. Your pass your laws and legislation to make it easier
to find out who you can fuck and who you can't. Laws of attraction. I know you think about me at
night. I know you and your friends. You want to impose morals, as you call them. You want to ban us,
you want to kill us, you want to fuck us but you never do.*

*Did you like that? The idea of this monstrosity forming in a perfect female body, oozing out of the
unspoken behind – I bet you liked it when I said "anus". I understand it's a powerful thing, rarely
spoken about. Especially a woman's anus.*

*there seems to be endless possibilities in which we could've worked out
are we broken up by now?
have we still not seen each other?
or did we maybe perform an act of sex that is so strange and unfamiliar to the
both of us that we enjoyed it?*

*that arose a whole system of categorisations, forming neo-sexes, sub-sexes, sex overgrowth, a catalogue
of inborn sex formations. Every deviation gets a nifty little dovecone. Every nifty little dovecone is a
building under God. Why give a beak if it's not meant for plucking?
Wer darf von Gott bitten, ein Wunder zu thun? Ich war eben ein Sonderling, nämlich von Natur.¹*

*This is where we differ. I made myself pigeon, because I wanted to, injected my muscles with 40
milligrams of testosterone cypionate and my body in return, will ridicule biology, disrupt the fiction of
divine creation. There's nothing in my blood that makes me a descendant of a Greek primordial deity.*

*Wieder andere Versionen machen Zeus zum Opfer in der Geschichte. Aphrodite bedroht ihn vom
Himmel aus als Adler, sodass ihm nichts anderes übrig bleibt, als sich in den Schoß der Nemesis zu
flüchten. Ich denke, das ist eine Geschichte, zu der viele männliche Personen hier im Publikum relaten
können. Schönheit, Liebe, Harmonie, wie sie am Horizont aufscheinen, machen so viel Angst, dass
man erst einmal seinen Penis in einen Wasservogel, der einen hasst, stecken muss. Happens to the best
of us. Am I right?*

*I begin to see now, the slight touches of your acrylics were never meant for them but for me. I can feel
you tracing my history within your hands, it pierces your lungs but doesn't suffocate you. It liberates
you through the exchange of tiny tiny glimpses of what life could be like or what life could've been like
if someone just held her in their arms when she was falling.*

*The disgusted and appalled crowd will stare at weird – the genetic and the fabricated – a child chases
after a clay pigeon, someone gets shot. Well, pluck your heart out, I grow feathers. I grow feathers made
of polyester. How is that for an ornitho-ontology?*

*Leda oder Nemesis oder wer auch immer von Zeus vergewaltigt wurde legt daraufhin ein Ei, aus
dem Helena schlüpft, die schönste Frau der Welt, Ursache des größten Chaos und Gemetzels, das
die Antike je gesehen haben will. Ich empfinde diese Geschichte als inspirierend für uns als queere
Künstler*innen, die Art von Geschichte, die Buzz Feed uns als motivierendes faith-in-humanity-
restored-tale erzählt. Dass wir, während wir versuchen für einen Moment mal nicht in den Arsch
gefickt zu werden, Kunst schaffen, die so schön ist, dass eine Zivilisation daran zugrunde geht. Mensch
wird ja wohl noch träumen dürfen.*

Questions based on false assumptions come as no surprise to the transsexual.

*was das alles mit mir macht? wie ich mich verändert habe, fragst du? ich bin nicht mehr die, die ich
vor jahren war, und du bist es auch nicht. das weiß ich. das seh ich in der art, wie du sprichst und dich
bewegst. wie du mir von dem sex mit anderen leuten erzählst. wie du mir von deinem körper und
deiner pussy erzählst.*

*Nature is a non-place. A backroom we pass through. There is nothing natural about my pigeon body.
Synthetic hormones, synthetic feathers, synthetic clitoris – nature itself was constructed under synthetic
circumstances, how could I be anything less than a product of hybridity? So, I find myself in transit,
mostly unconcerned with answers, a strenuously learned naivety. You could think about the origin of*

*have we kissed each other?
was there an exchange of saliva? any other fluids?
did I swallow?
did you even cum?*

*You want me to be your Leda-fantasy? Your half-angel you might corrupt to shed my wings? There's no
human arm underneath, just a plucked chicken.*

*Ich mache die merkwürdige Erfahrung an mir: je mehr Beweisgründe ich entdecke für mein
System, je sicherer und je klarer ich in demselben werde, um so mehr schmilzt alle meine frühere
Bitterkeit dahin über die erfahrenen Unbilden.¹*

*Sympathy prevails bitterness prevails perversion. It's the natural order of things in a city: there is
human life and there are pigeons. And some can't help their filthiness. And those that do... Well, it is
important to find reasonable solutions. You can't go around calling someone Big Bird or Dyke.*

*Einmal war ich an einem überfüllten Badese. Neben mir drohte ein Mann einem Schwan, sich mit
ihm zu prügeln. Der Schwan stand aufrecht vor ihm, den Schnabel begierig auf- und zuschnappend
und dabei den Mann mit Worten liebkosend. Der Mann sagte immer nur: „Ey Maschine!“ oder
„Zurückbleiben, Maschine“ und versuchte ihn damit in Schach zu halten. So einfach kann man
einem Gott gebieten. „Pass auf, Maschine!“*

*Stranger fictions offer comfort, no matter how many birds get plucked. Such is life.
Ein Tontaubenschießen.*

*Die Verführung der Leda durch Zeus in Gestalt eines Schwans ist ein beliebtes Motiv in der
Kunstgeschichte. Es war schon immer natürlicher, eine Frau beim Sex mit einem Schwan darzustellen,
als mit einem Mann.*

*Karl Heinrich Ulrichs was a German sexologist, born 1825. He was also a homosexual, who didn't
know the word "homosexual", as it had simply not been invented yet. He was just a faggot, then, I
assume.*

*In alternativen Erzählungen des Leda-Mythos war es nicht Leda, die Zeus begehrte, sondern Nemesis.
Nemesis verwandelt sich in eine Gans, um seinen Avancen zu entkommen, doch er vergewaltigt sie in
Gestalt des schönen Schwans. Nett von ihm, dankbar hat sie zu sein. Der Patriarch-Herrscher-Gott,
der sie vergewaltigt, ist nicht hässlich dabei, sondern schön anmutig und ästhetisch.*

*And he called himself an Urning, descendant of the god Uranus, the firstborn, a true man with the
feelings of a true woman. He possessed a male body and the female's sex-love for men. And from*

my sex. Or we could fuck. After all: declining what I was given made me a bad, bad bird.

*Und bin ich nicht auch Schwan? Und Mensch? Und Gott und schönste Frau der Welt? Was reiße ich
mir eigentlich die Federn aus? Auch ohne Federn werde ich nicht unschuldig sein. Es ist nicht zynisch
zu sagen: Ein Vogel ohne Federn ist kein Mensch, auch wenn er aufrecht geht. Ein Vogel ohne Federn
ist ein gerupfter Vogel und Blut klebt an ihm und an allem, das ihn umgibt.*

*how does my name sound to you when the dissonance between your lips shut and my mouth open
makes it to your eyes? will you see the difference between us or will I make us come together in a place
that is so defining of who we are not that everything else just dissipates?*

*I make their bed in the morning, sip a cup of coffee. I know what I felt like last night and I'm very sure
they do too. I wake up, a low-dose of K still in my bloodstream, some say it makes everything clearer
when you wake up. It makes the world seem normal. The only reason I ever started was because every
trans girl I know was doing it in their twenties. I start applying two pumps of estrogen, the stench of
alcohol makes me remember why I quit.*

Willst Du armes Geschöpf von Mensch es besser wissen als der Schöpfer?

*I think I'm happy simply knowing I know more. Ornithologists are mostly useless these days. After
all, it was me who cut the pigeon's head off and stitched it to my neck. I had to treat the wound with
ointment, clean it, sit through the pain, I am used to waiting. I am always waiting for something. For
the medication to start working, for the person on the other end of the telephone line, for my voice to
break on shore, for breakfast, for surgery, for lunch.*

*I want to have small moments in which I don't think about anyone violating my body. my left breast
feels so sore. I wish he would've never touched me. I wish you did instead. I top you in my dreams but
don't have to prove it to you that I can.*

*Forgive me. All this talking and no kissing makes me tender and susceptible to memory. I have to
grieve.*

*affinity through closeness thought
in the space where we meet each other
every couple of months feeling blessedness
we never thought possible but also
never lost to our bodies
we know
we know of us when in proximity to something that gives us devotion
not submissive but humane
but submissive if we choose to
natural progression of life
we choose not to deny ourselves
our pleasure*