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1.2: The audience that attends the exhibition:

How to describe an exhibition opening? Do I start by describing the floor plan—the path(s) that my feet took round and around until I felt confident that I had /seen/ or /experienced/ the work? Or do I tell you how many beers I drank? Or list for you who I bumped into? Do I try recall the topics brought up in conversations? Or do I first outline what the artist, Stephan Blumenschein, said about the work—the way he introduced the work to me and a few others—before the exhibition opened? Do I introduce it to you from a position of privilege ~an insider's view~ or perhaps from P////AKT's perspective? Do I tell you what Nienke told me after Stephan's timed sliding doors finally allowed her back into the bar after waiting for 4minutes outside? Or do I skip the exhibition altogether and tell you about the connections and series of events that landed me this job? Should we dig into the reasons why you're reading my writing and not someone else's? Should we jump straight into it?

Or should we entertain the more pedestrian line of thought? I could, for example, start by telling you how I entered and re-entered the room in the back of P////AKT's exhibition space—the one Stephan called "INSIDES"—three times? I could tell you how it took me three visits to listen to the entire record *Hmm...1, or 2 or so meters. Inside.* that was playing there. I could describe the mismatched chairs for you—the ones Stephan had borrowed from friends and family— were evenly placed in the room (1.5 meters apart? Aesthetic and curatorial decisions through the lens of Covid-19?), and could tell you that the green chair that I ended up sitting on looked both uncomfortable and comfortable at the same time, and that this made me hesitate about committing to it as my chosen listening spot. I could tell you that the actual discomfort of the chair ended up being its central position in the room, more than the lumpy velvety fabric.

Or maybe you want to know about the record itself? I could tell you how it had to be restarted manually; how this action had to be made by one member of the room, and that this action appeared to be both spontaneous and voluntary. I could tell you how in the 5second moment ~the one in which the room silently decided who would volunteer~ I realised that I definitely would not, as I have probably only flipped a record three times in my life and I was not about to make my fourth attempt on a record that the context had momentarily designated as an art object. I could tell you how, while someone else flipped the record, my mind wondered about if records, for my generation, are objects of taste more than of nostalgia? As in, how contemporary records are printed as a qualitative choice, and how the phrase "it sounds better on vinyl" is an aesthetic judgment, rather than an observation about the development of technology. How for us, vinyl came *after* the CD, but before Spotify. I think about the one record I own, despite not owning a record player, the one that ~as a visual artist peripherally involved in a punk / grunge music scene a decade ago (a small point Stephan and I may have in common)~ I designed the cover of. And that it is likely that this specific heat record is never going to be played (should I buy a record player for it? Has it warped in the summer heat waves without me noticing?). I could go down these rabbit holes.

But perhaps it's time to make a statement. To tighten my word count, to delete the question marks, the could-be's and perhapses. Perhaps [I]t's time to say that for me, these rabbit holes are the material of conversations and that ~~for me~~, exhibition openings are defined ~framed~ by them. For example, my experience of Stephan's exhibition / opening was framed by discovering, a few days prior, that the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein had designed the modern door handle (a development from the older /door knob/ [a real game-changer for cats *if you're looking for an image for that statement, check youtube]) and that, as I walked into Stephan's exhibition, I realised that the door handles on the doors that Stephan had installed—as a nod towards the doors that are usually absent from exhibition spaces— were Wittgensteinian door handles (or at least derivatives of) and that my first thought was, "Oh that's so funny, they're both from Austria." (My second thought being, "Of course simply adding doors is inevitably more than simply adding doors.") I voiced this observation to a friend, after congratulating him on becoming a father, and for the next quarter of a minute, the two of us tried our very best to summarise Wittgenstein as succinctly as possible to his friend, who had missed the reference. I think my description of Wittgenstein was, "That language philosopher," and then we tried to figure out in which period he was active. My guess was slightly off the mark, and after leaving the exhibition I downloaded an audiobook of a brief introduction to his work and walked round and around Vondel park listening to a disembodied voice describe Wittgenstein's argument about pain to me, thinking, "He's obviously

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never been in a position where his experience is doubted or actively denied by society.” It annoyed me, and I decided not to read *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, despite being vaguely frightened of the danger of making judgements solely from a mediated source. This was what, for me, framed Stephan’s exhibition.

But you too are informing yourself about something through a mediated source. If you did not visit the exhibition / opening, you are trying to gain some kind of insight into what happened, what it was, by reading this text. Perhaps you are kind of hoping that Wittgenstein was somewhat right, that it *is* in the power of language to draw an accurate / parallel / picture of the world, and that it is up to the skill of the speaker/writer to do so. And perhaps you’re hoping that I am such a skilled wielder of language. If you *did* attend the opening, perhaps you have instead put your hopes on me as an insightful spectator: that I have seen something that you have not, and that I will share it with you. In either case, you are hoping that I am generous, articulate and observant.

But we will soon discover that it is *you* who is observant. It will be you who notices that I have only described two works out of the four-ish works at the exhibition, and that this word count is already coming along (maybe you have already flipped forward a few pages to see how long this still goes for), and that there are at least two other works that still need to be noted: the sliding doors (that I have briefly mentioned but not yet described) and a boat ride (and this is the first time you’re reading about it). That there had also been the bar (as per usual), P/////AKT’s archive (not always open), and the hand sanitiser (because of Covid-19) ~and that *now* stock has been made of the exhibition~

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But I’m not here to list, I’m here to draw a picture or make an observation. If the exhibition opening was characterised by conversation, and framed by serendipitous references (is there a word between serendipitous and accidental? that’s the word I want), then it’s tempting to describe the works themselves (and the bar and the sanitiser) as notes that turned the space into a composition—these elements denoting rhythms and tunes that play into an experience—and that each visitor might be a musician reading and interpreting the score.

Is it therefore possible for the exhibition to be experienced as P/////AKT’s own text described? With Stephan “Blumenschein ask[ing] visitors to read through movement just as one listens to a song with a tune and a rhythm”?

can this exhibition really be thought of as a score—
able to be reinterpreted by other bodies, in another form, in another space?

1.3: The audience that experiences the exhibition through documentation:

Waiting for the moment of (not)captured. Exchanging fragmented feelings of fears for smiles and making an in debt gaze ‘here and now’. Hullabaloo hullabaloo sounds like a ghost-presence of gathering and dispersing. Communality and community, exclusivity and strangeness all come with the automatically generated rail system-sliding door which closes and opens by the clock’s second hand and the doorknob’s kinetic seconds of pull and push. Ticktocticktock comes through heartbeats of acquaintances, transmitted by each moment of open and close. Entrance with in debt gaze appears and disappears with questioning of invited people and (un)seen moments.

Maybe maybe maybe through the vessel of blood, intergenerational silence of untold stories from my and your ascendants collides under the doors emotionally and practically. Then can we connect the broken silence of here and now~~there and past together? Can we invite solitary souls as well? Can we give invitations when the sliding doors open one more time, one movement of the second hand later? Then perhaps the unfolding space of art becomes visible because we are not only sharing geo-

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graphically and physically the same thresholds of mouth and ears but also sharing (un)invitation letters for solitary souls.

Solitary souls travel through the corridors and thresholds and rooms for the ears. Finally arrive at the private rooms for ears. What chains hold us here and now and what gaps bring back to there and the past. The letter chains through a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend. In short, it can be called Freundesfreund. For better pronunciation, stretching the tongue ~ffffff.

But even though it doesn't work well, don't worry a friend of a friend will guide you through heart and after mouth and eyes and canals and arches and flats and kitchens and drawers and room for the ears, every pathway has entrances with a door and a bell, maybe a host and maybe you can ring the bell with an (un)invitation for lonely souls. Then someone whom it may concern will narrate to you right before 'here and now' were behind the doors.

2.0: This text?

The first section of the text is numbered 1.2 because it is written from a spectator's position and assumes the first viewer ~1.1~ to be the artist. I didn't want to number the artist 1.0 because somehow that makes me think of the artist as 1 overall, and I just want to think of the artist as part of 1—part of the (first) audience. So in this text, 1.2 is the audience that attends the exhibition and 1.3 is audience who experiences the exhibition through documentation (I kind of feel like we're back to a clumsy reference to Wittgenstein) starting my own number system here because there's no unanimous system for this thought. Some art theorists call the audience at the exhibition the 'first' audience, those reading the documentation the 'second'. But others quote Marcel Duchamp who says the artist is always the first viewer of the work, making the exhibition audience the second, and therefore the audience reading the documentation the third? Or maybe there is a difference between a singular

(first) viewer

and the anonymous

collective body of an

audience hijacking an opening

with a performance perhaps

it doesn't matter so much

in the frame of exhibition-culture in contemporary art. It can be friendly interpreted as a gesture of radical celebration. It can be generously interpreted as a gesture of connecting parallel works holding through performative presence. It can be simply interpreted as the hospitality of the artist, moderator and audiences. It is somehow settled as

a new way of

celebration.

- Text by Dieuwertje Hehewerth and Valerie Tee Lee