



# LIEBLINGSFARBE

Michael Hazell  
Pawel Jankiewicz  
Ester Shein

**Am Park**

391 64 08

One could say: there is colour,  
although limited.

( – How limited?)

One could say: there's no  
colour, but there is glow.





The room is painted white. There's also a painting, a radiator painting by the doorway to another room. Brezelface arrives this way.

It's an apparition. And it announces the rule of a limited visibility. Seeing you not seeing; seeing without being seen – entirely. The stillness of vision is thus violated.

\*

What does he want? Does he look at the onlooker?

His coat gets illuminated. It's the radiation of an analogue TV – running up and down, in ripples. It reflects in his glasses, through the pretzel. A defacing bastard of a pastry.

An off Marseille achromatism takes away so much, raising the stakes.

\*

With the rippling on the coat, scintillation in a pretzelhole, we hear "Enter the Dragon":

*Kick me. Kick me.*

*What was that? An exhibition? We need emotional content. Try again.*

*I said emotional content, NOT ANGER! Now try again, with meaning.*

*That's it. How did it feel to you?*

*Let me think.*

*Don't think. Feel. It is like a finger pointing away to the moon. Don't concentrate on the finger or you will miss all that heavenly glory. Do you understand?*

*Never take your eyes off your opponent. Even when you bow. That's it.*

\*

Brezelface may take a hit, but – with his content intact – he keeps staring at the finger. Here's a predatory formation. To domesticate it? It would mean confinement to a gallery. This is not the case. It is dogs that care for human social cues, that follow the pointing, hoping it would lead them to a food source. A wolf doesn't trust the master. Which is always only a dog's master.

A gesture might be carrying violence – so what?

They say the cleaning lady saw his room.

\*

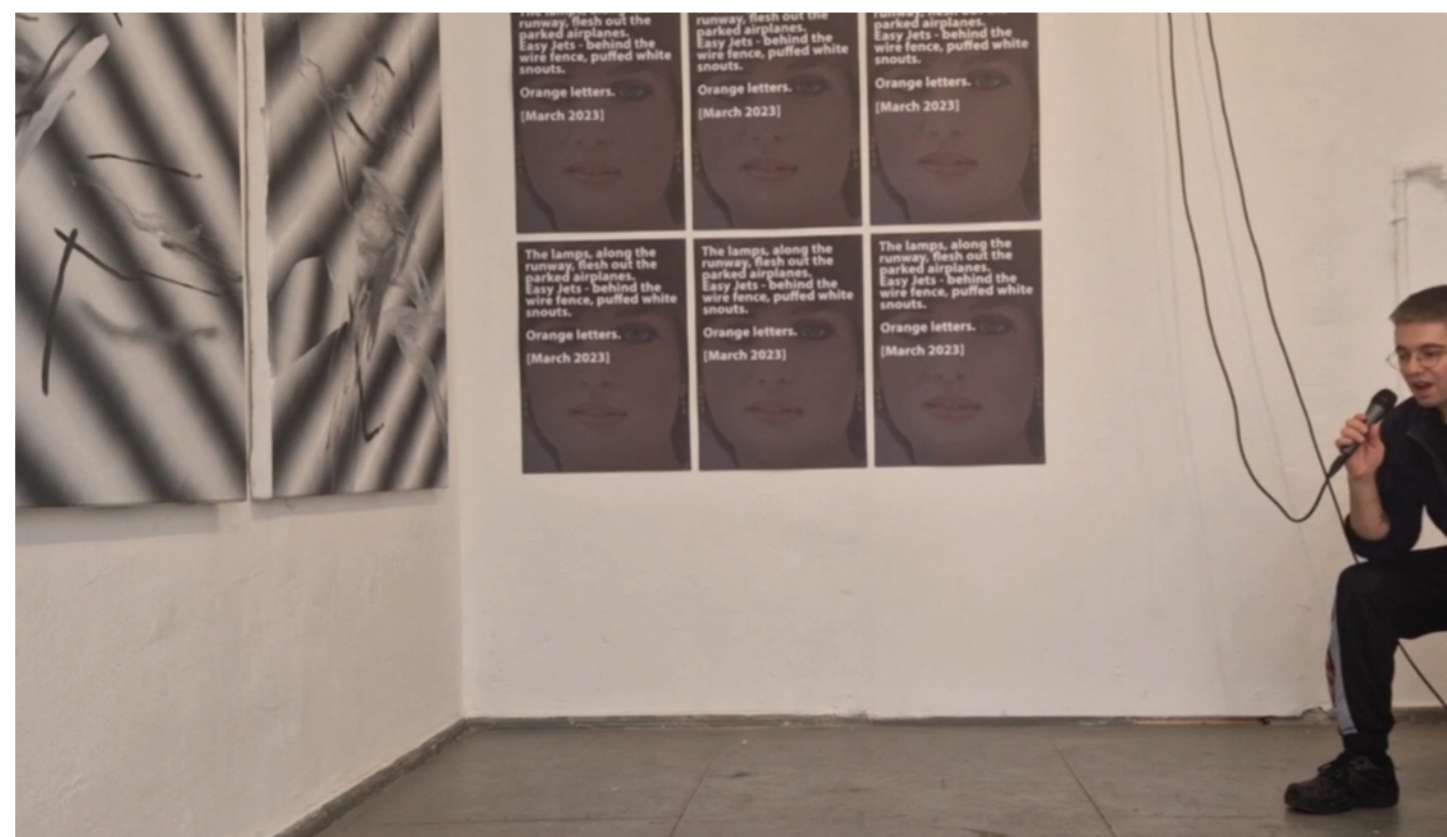
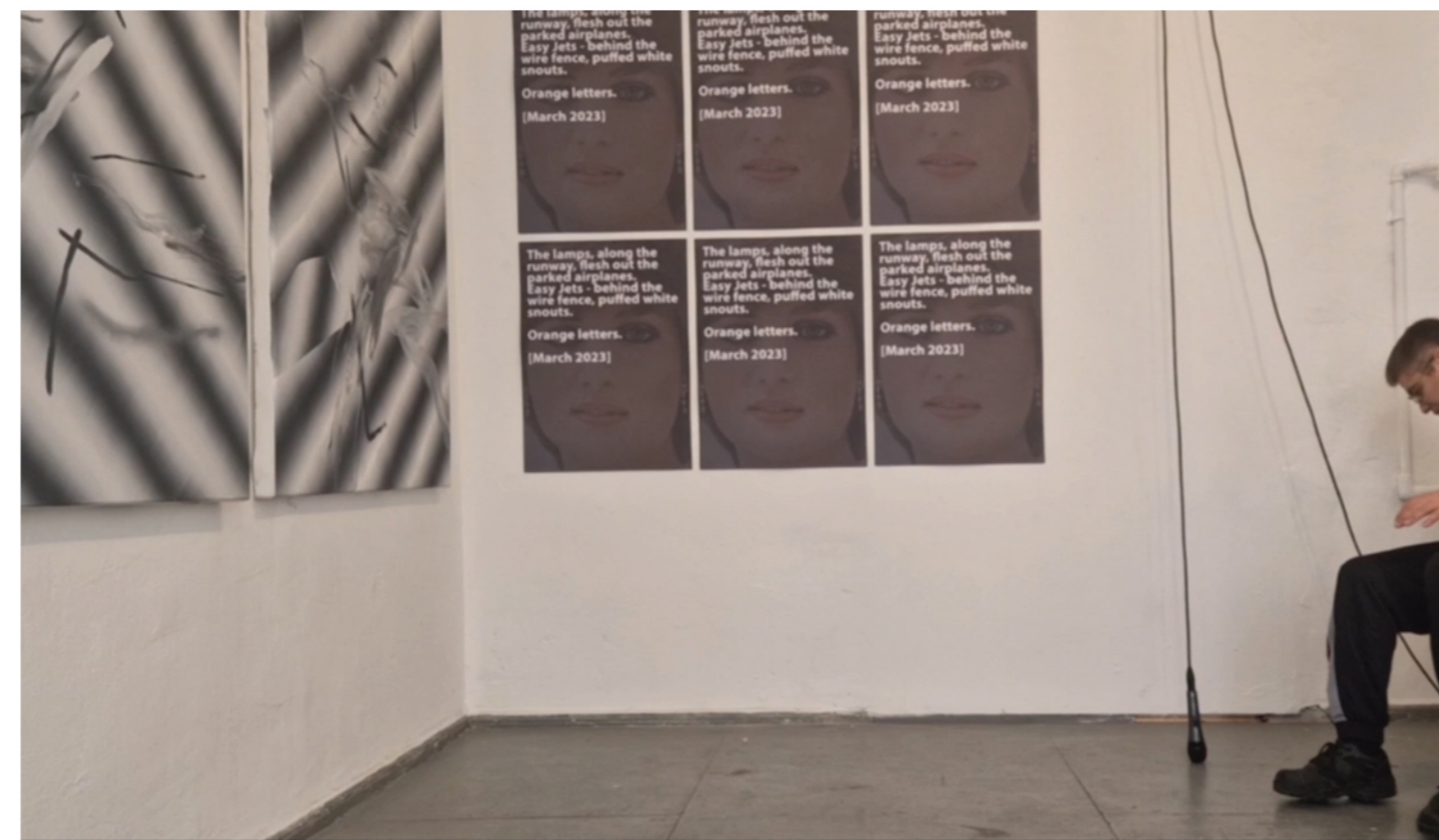
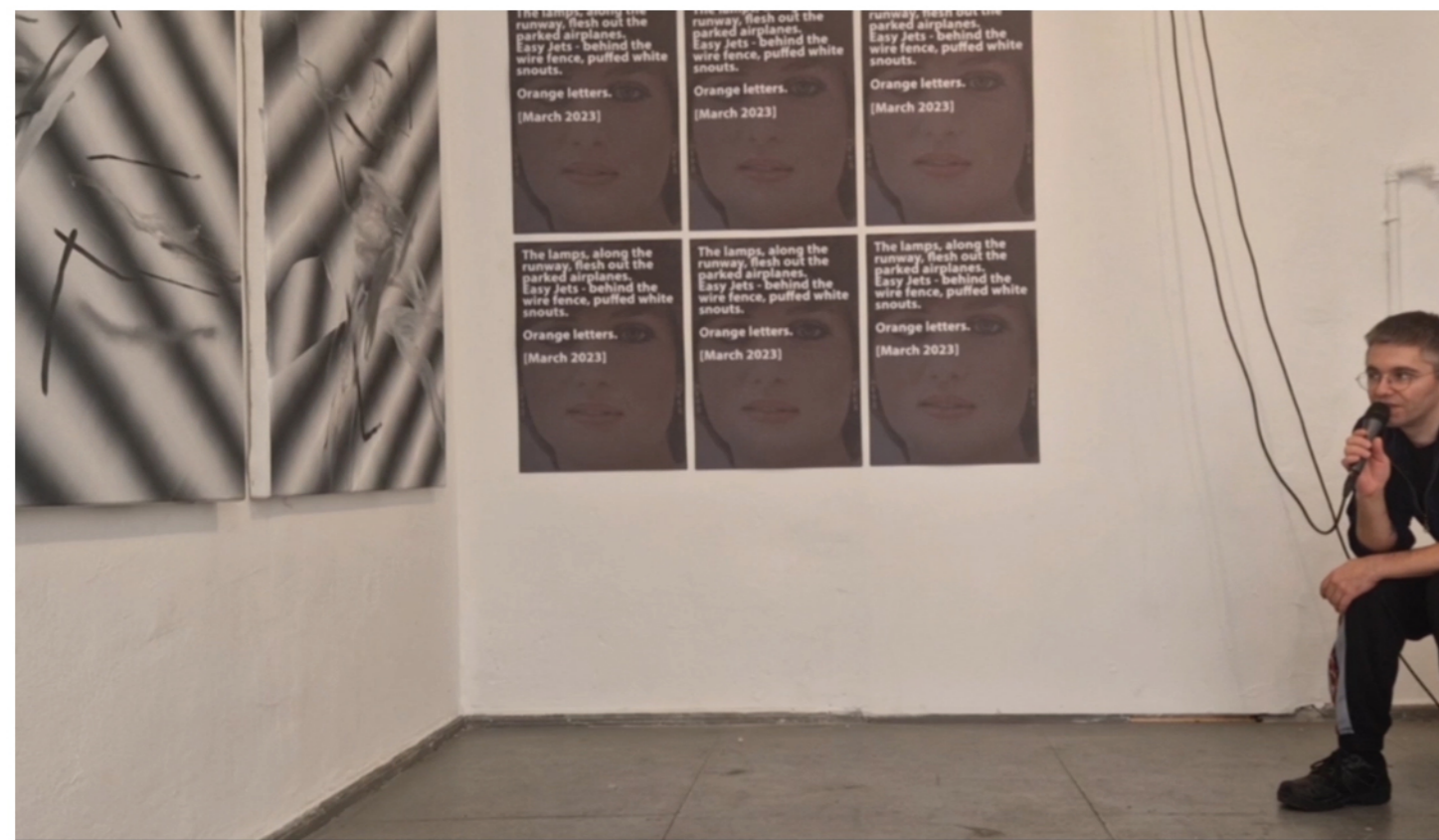
With a feral cut, Brezelface inscribes the visor effect into the aggregate. And, perhaps, his gaze. It keeps an eye on the commotion, as he roams the premises. There's a stir of vested interests, surely. Of neurotic sterile habits, expectations of the heavenly.

But something might occur right here.

\*

A pounce is an attribute of corners.

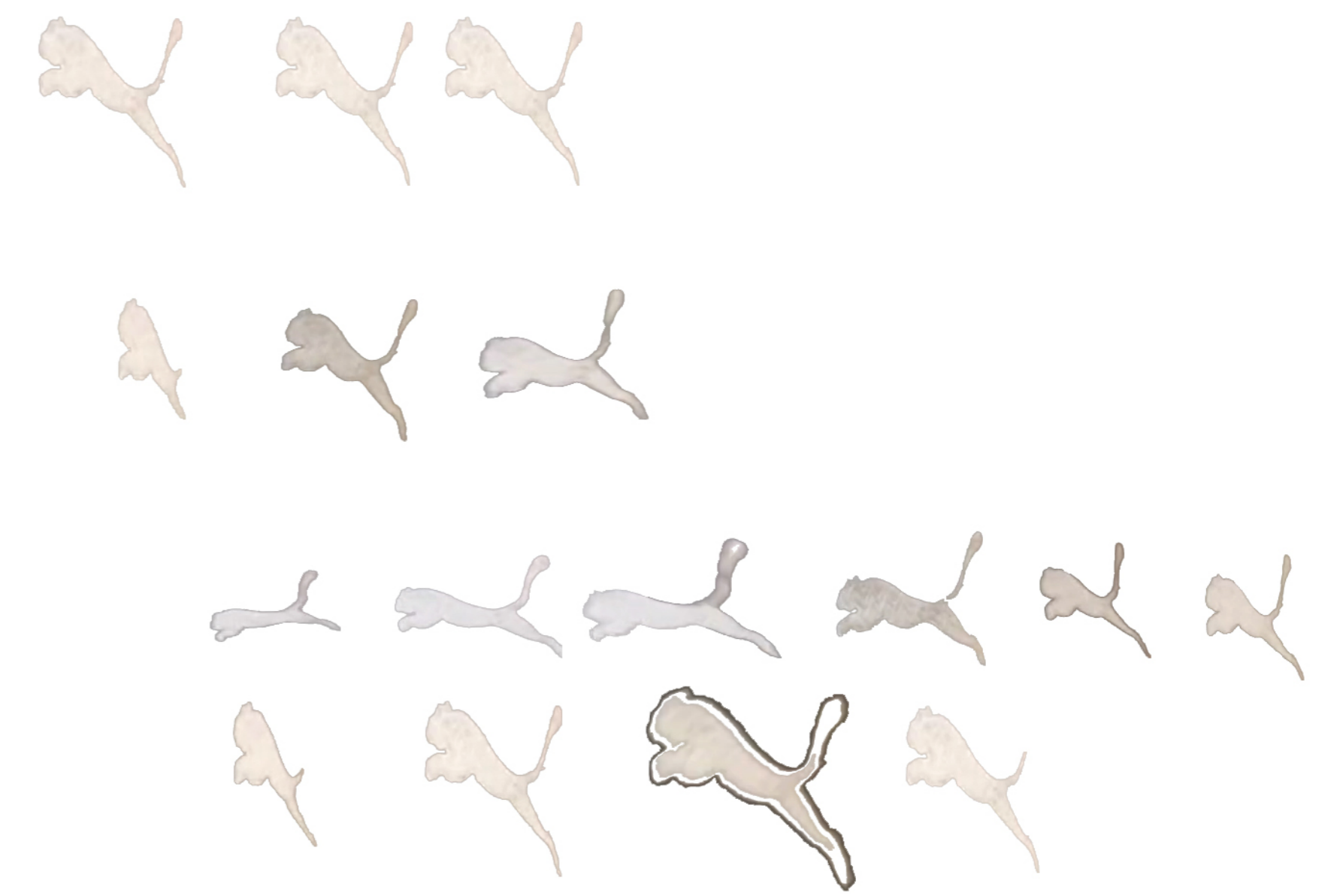
De Chirico's cities: where the blunt *pissotte* got removed. (Were they anti-bandit, or anti-pissing humps?). A neoplasm of space, of time, is to nest and spawn another culture. Here's the sweet, danger.



# LIEBLINGSFARBE

Michael Hazell  
Pawel Jankiewicz  
Esteria Shein

Text Pawel Jankiewicz  
Photography Moritz Haase  
Reuterstr. 82 12053 Berlin



*after Sandy*

This place, this empty room,  
where my own being triesto destroy me.

We walk like caged tigers, in circles,  
keeping an eye oneach other.

The icon, hanging on the wall,  
a sister of mercy with a towel  
holdingher wet hair, tied,  
her eyes closed–

looking at us.  
The intricacies of self. Watchful.



**Aggregate** – having its core, its own, obscure, gravitational pull.

– which results in extractions, in captures from weakening regimes – like the one of pure excessive signification, lacking ground, or from regions of stasis. If the experience of a speaking being is bound to the realm of signs, aggregate informs it with structures and blobs that cannot be properly signified. These are new and don't lend themselves to understanding yet. They, perhaps, laugh at the jokers.

"Sculpture is what you bump into when you back up to see a painting," remarked Barnett Newman in the fifties. It was then repeated by Rosalind Krauss, in the late seventies, by way of exposition of the expanded field. Of what it concretized, back then. In said essay, nonetheless, the humour of the formulation flew below her radars. Or so it seems. It's more the text itself which registered it. At first a minor rhetorical wrinkle, by now it should distinctly figure – whether deflationary or not – out there.

Humour shaves off the edges, moves things forward.

NAME-DROPPING? Alain Badiou has put it exceptionally well, about installation – about its long hegemony – as a form, a symptom and a stilema of contemporary art. He admits that the name is adequate, for "there is an idea of something quiet and stable, like the installation of a young couple in a new apartment. But the new space is, precisely, inadequate – to this quiet idea."

We are, in other words, haunted by who-knows-how-large unconscious growths.

Fringe formations, say, they loom as relevant – because they are on the fringes. They are excessive.

And humour makes a neat remainder and reminder here.

A HOLLOW aggregates. It is machinic. Industrial and industrious. Like night, like Teutonic humour – it falls. Deadly serious. As, perhaps, a means to mortify things-unnecessary. And to open up. To a value.

*NOTE: A weed takeover. Cracks and sprouts, gracing an abandoned stadium – witness to a nuclear autumn, and a nuclear winter, and the following demise of sports, the spectacle, and audiences.*

A HOLLOW volumes, shading things anew. It suspends the predatory claims of their hitherto-environment – the prattle, the templates of the stall, the day, the theory. It deflects and redirects the pressure, back to its neurotic tissue and the artificial hunger. For the aggregate itself is raw and coarse. Stretched and stretching. Running from the odd job sweat and the mean streets premonition – to the gallery, and on.

There are workings of matters. Not unlike caricature, they counter the authoritarian face – weighing down signification, its hypertrophy. Listen. Look. Feel. It ensures the circulation of the overlooked. The grey resolve of Überzeugungskraft must be telling, it pierces through. Those who dig the ore can tell.

Decals of the distillate make a good departure point. Here we sense the muscle of the aggregate.

*NOTE: agents of the aggregate, fighting tooth and nail to reach the vernissage on time. Implicated. Densely implicated into the nocturnal, as well as the quotidian. Here's another outlet of the setup – dynamic, potentializing, although overheated, under a heavy trench coat. Mid-winter. Continental Europe. A swelter in Australia.*

Aggregate connects and orchestrates. Here's a group of paintings, here's a hacked didactic panel. And over there – an approach (Simplicissimus of it) and a standing object. Here's a book which plants a cuckoo egg. There – there's madness in this position. It does not, however, nullify the criticism, "but rather calls for the critical to be recast from the point of view of an irreducible and ever restless irony, whereby irony would be a bathetic or workless laughter at the heart of discourse, that Blanchot terms, with reference to the work of Klossowski, "the hilarity of the serious"<sup>1</sup>. The hilarity of mud, A HOLLOW.

<sup>1</sup> Reads "In Other Words: Writing Maurice Blanchot Writing", by Nikolai Duffy – who cannot dodge the comical of his signature.



Push Up The Daisies  
oil on canvas  
60 x 50cm  
2022





Kick The Bucket #2  
oil on canvas  
60 x 50cm  
2022



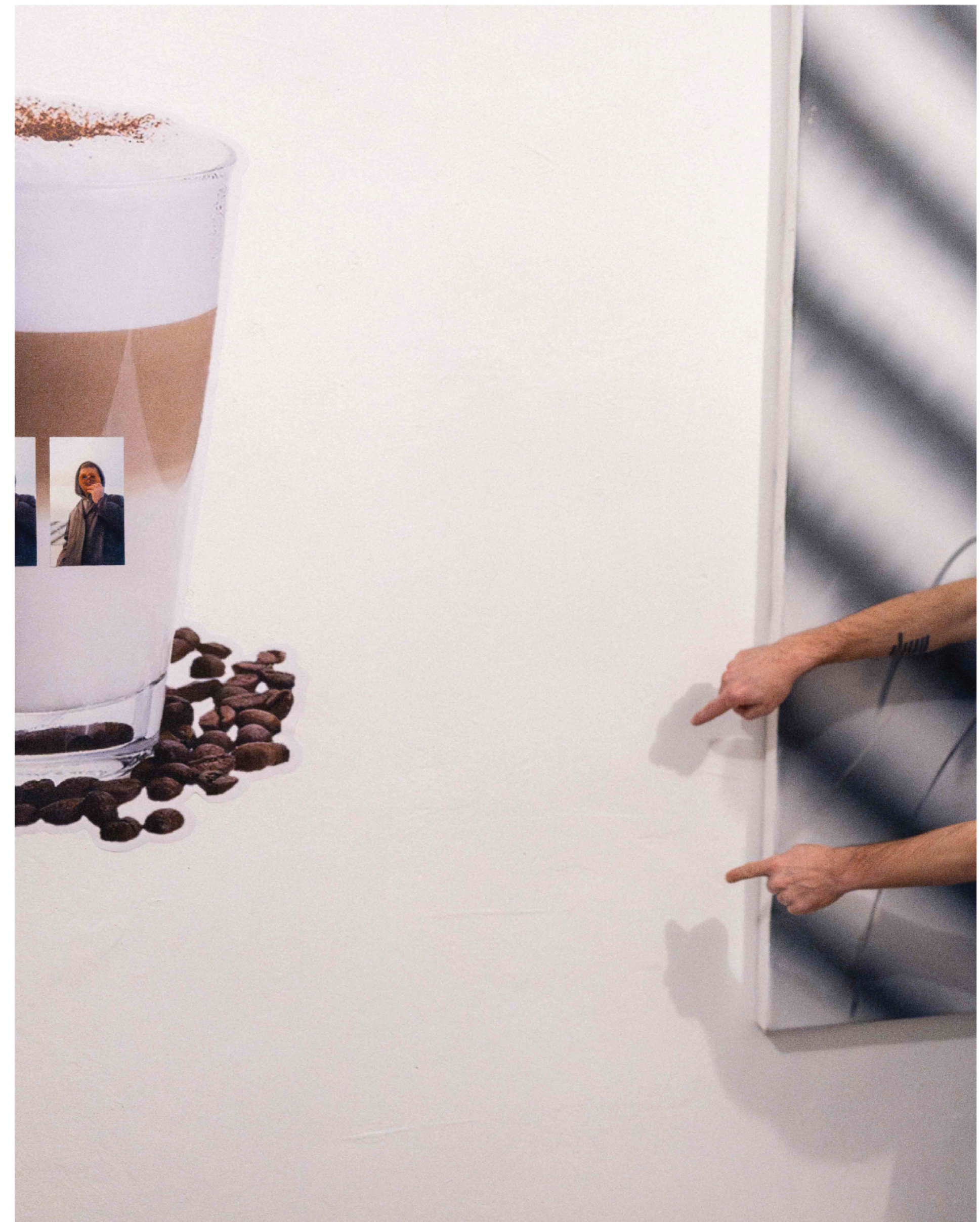
Lieblingsfarbe installation view



Lieblingsfarbe installation view



Lieblingsfarbe installation view



Bite The Dust #2  
oil on canvas  
150 x 110cm  
2022

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD  
CINEMA OF THE ABSURD  
THE ABSURDIST JOKE AS A FORM AND FORMALIZATION

We're talking about jokes that are not necessarily funny. Granted, they begin following certain procedures of joking ("A naked woman enters a doctor's office...") but then they swerve elsewhere. Stan Douglas's television spots and monodramas, say, or Samuel Beckett's teleplays. They could have an air of a failed arthouse cinema piece (a "genre" which, as John Waters bemoans, one doesn't see that much these days). But this failure, and this aestheticism, can lead us directly to possibilities which were repressed, brushed aside, unadmitted, or otherwise censored. A naked woman enters a doctor's office – she's Jewish, he's a Nazi – he's Dirk Bogarde, she's Charlotte Rampling – they fall in love, begin an intimate erotic theatre in the deep recesses of the post-war Vienna – and we need to revise everything we know about the world. What we wanted to know about it. What we were told.

"A naked Palestinian woman enters Israeli's doctor's office..."

\*

One can use jokes as a means of formalization, of getting to grips with the absurdist cloudings that surround us. The joke, as a formalizing device, rests on the vibrancy of its figures, their capacity to transmit their own internal truth, and to sensitize the public to something in their milieu. Formations hidden hitherto, responding to something.

Some of the jokes are singularities. Some are conceptual.

If these forms of enunciation are poems, or pieces of performative arts – as we, indeed, should consider them, within the aggregate we craft – what is their vector? Do they chart a new territory? or are they old dada, surreal, or absurd in the existentialist sense? (pointing us, perhaps, to the fact that we live in a post-war period, again, and the Third World War is something embarrassingly huge – that we have overlooked).

\*

There's a Fredric Jameson's meditation about the contemporary art – asking, whether it is conceptual in the old sense of the term. If it is a production, then, of physical (or verbal) objects which flex mental categories by pitting them against each other (as, perhaps, Hegel's determinations of reflection were). He points out that the categories in question, whether we can express them or not, are still universal forms. These conceptual objects are, therefore, a little like antinomies, or paradoxes, or zen koan, in the verbal, philosophical realm – occasions for a strange kind of a meditative practice. Postmodern neoconceptualism, however, is different. Its works are soaked in theory. And it is thus that they take the stage – that is: the discourse. They don't illustrate an idea, nor offer material for meditation, or mental or conceptual exercise. Nor are they necessarily funny. The concept is there, but it is singular. The joke's there, but it doesn't await laughter. It doesn't fawn upon the audience's clapping.

In the introduction to Duchamp's interviews with Cabanne, Salvador Dalí wrote:  
*It is already forgotten that, during the Dada period, the then leader, Tristan Tzara, in a manifesto proclaimed:*

*Dada is this; Dada is that; Dada is this;  
Dada is that; Dada is nevertheless shit.*

*This type of humor, more or less black, is lacking in the newest generation, who believe, in good faith, that their neo-Dadaism is more sublime than the art of Praxiteles!*



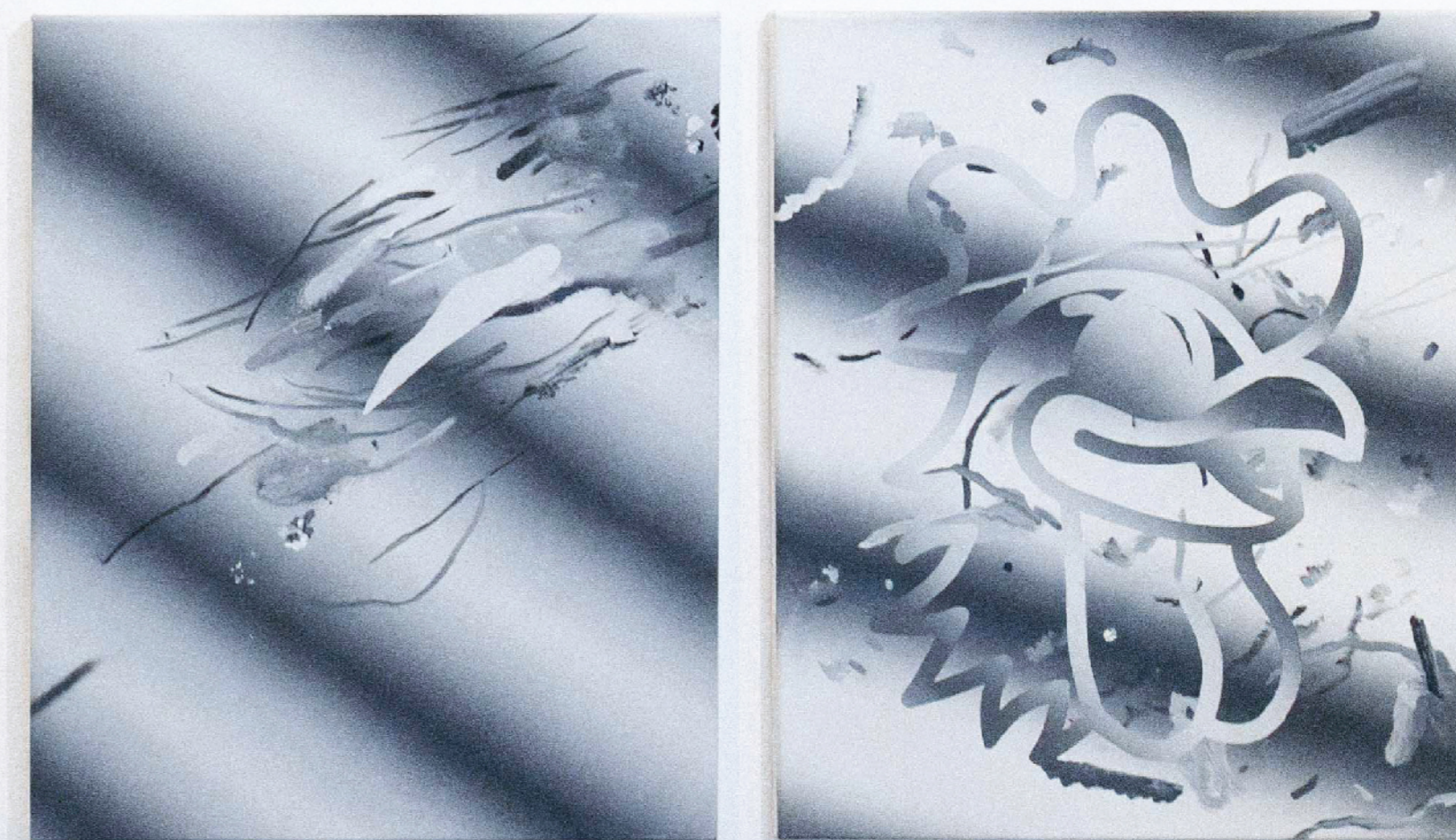
Kick The Bucket  
oil on canvas  
150 x 110cm  
2022



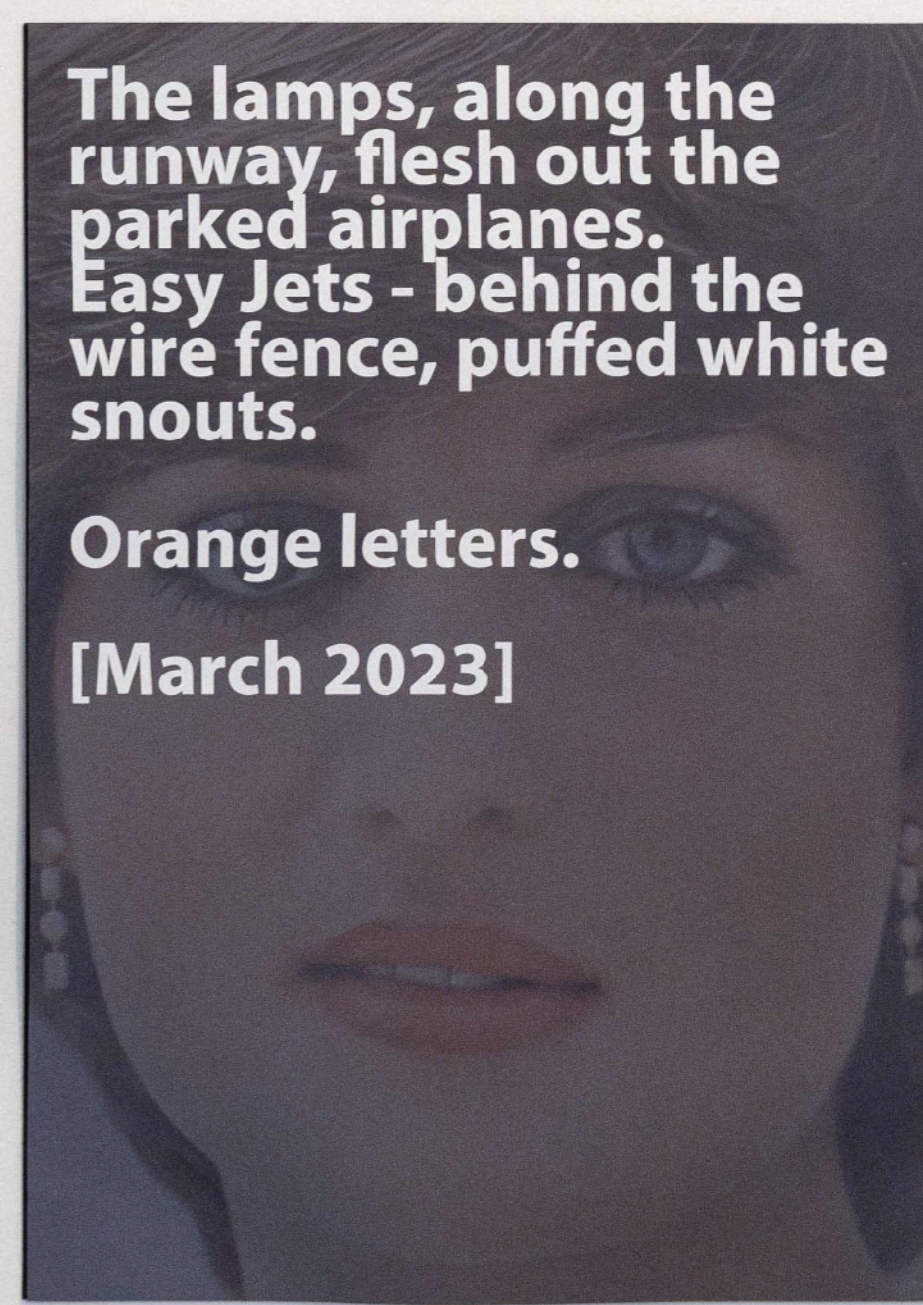
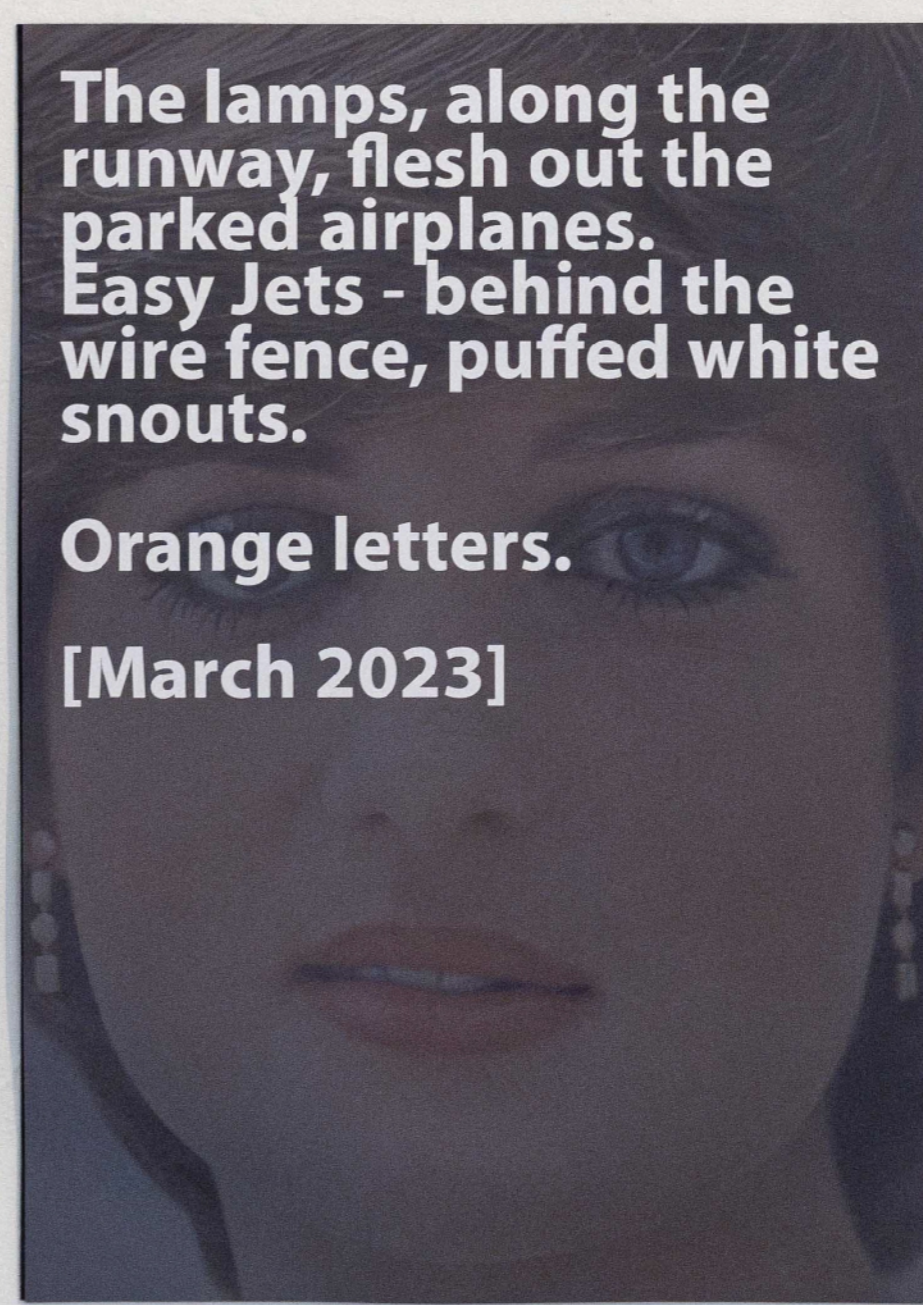
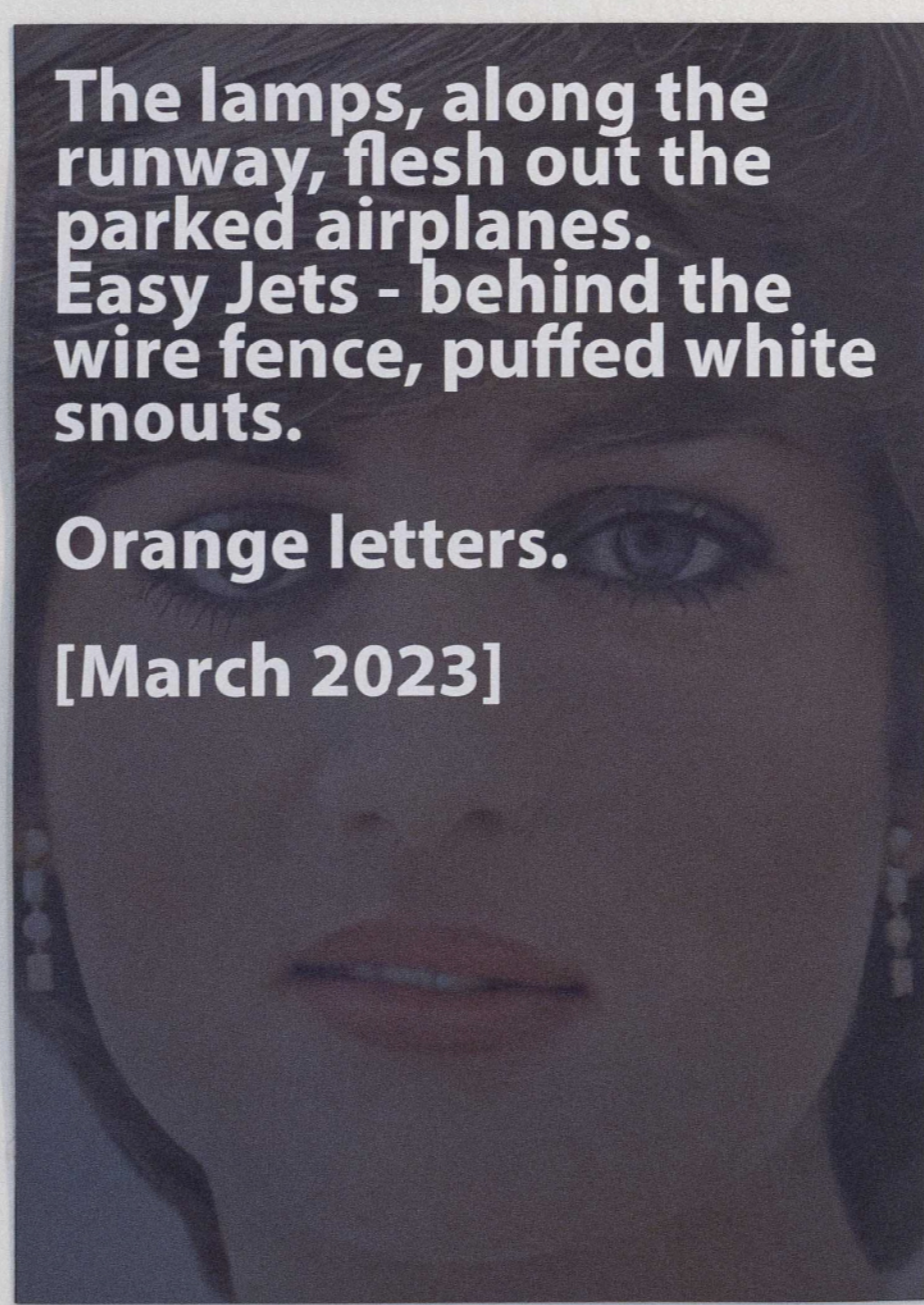
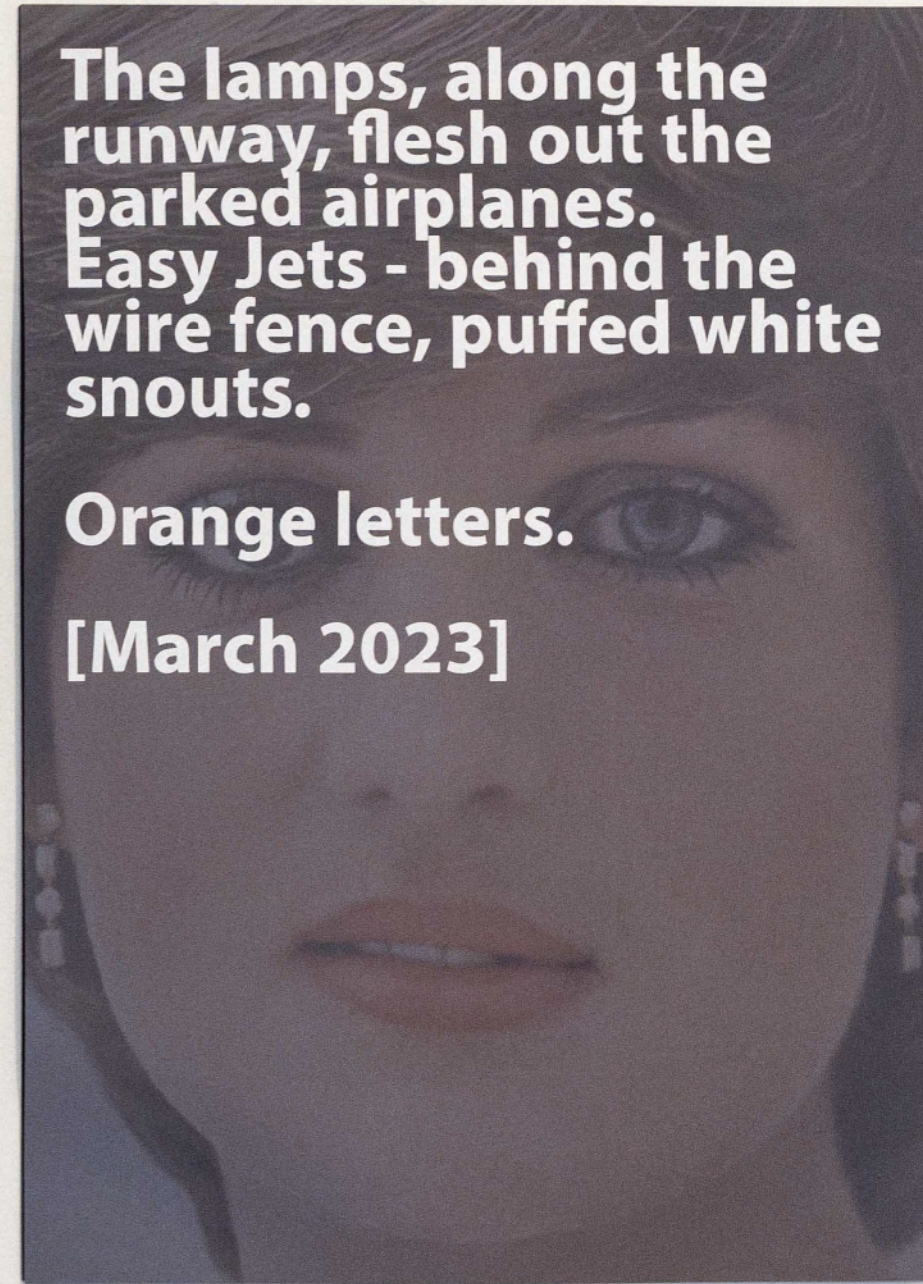
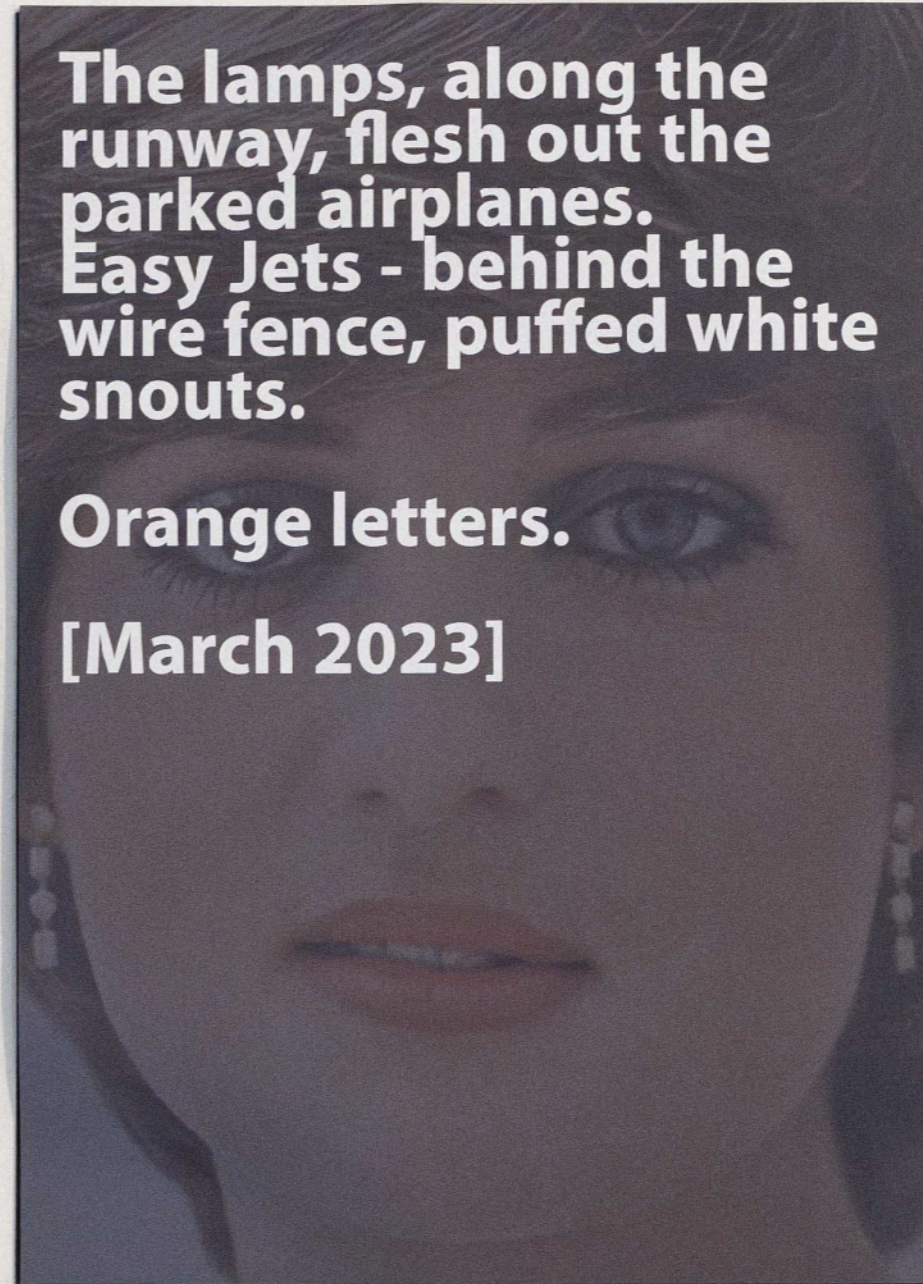
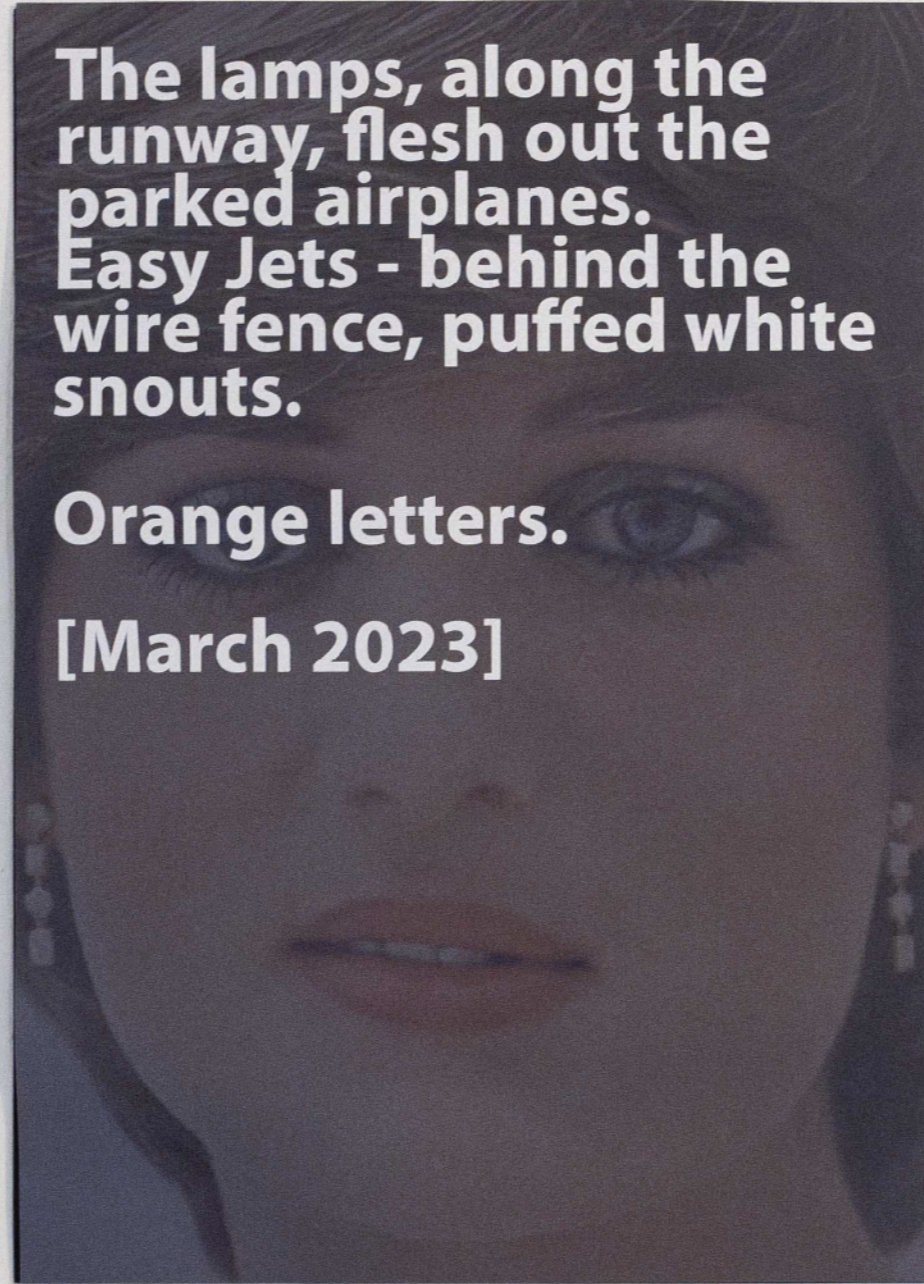
Cosmic Latte  
Digital print on vinyl, Paper  
120 x 95cm  
2022ipsum

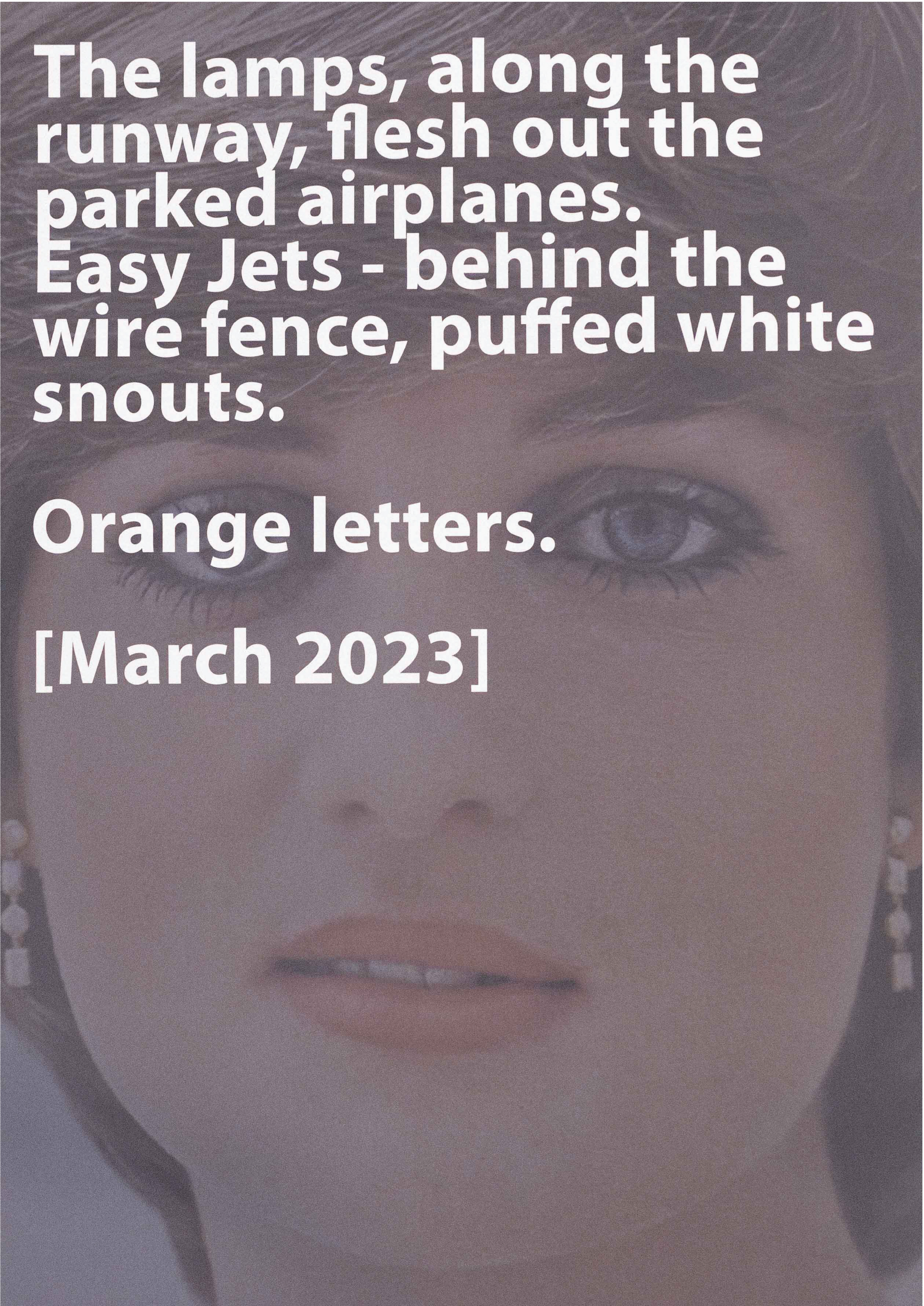
# Park

64 08



**Am**  
**391**





**The lamps, along the  
runway, flesh out the  
parked airplanes.  
Easy Jets - behind the  
wire fence, puffed white  
snouts.**

**Orange letters.**

**[March 2023]**

