Gegen
Stimmen
Kunst in der DDR
1976–1989
Art in the GDR

GEHEN
STIMMEN
Voices of Dissent

Kuratoren/Curators:
Eugen Blume
und/and Christoph Tannert
Autoperforationsartisten
Sibylle Bergemann
Eugen Blume und Erhard
Monden ■ Joachim Böttcher ■
Micha Brendel ■ Hans Brosch ■
Manfred Butzmann ■
Hartwig Ebersbach ■ Christiane
Eisler ■ Anatol Erdmann,
Stefan Reichmann und Hans
Scheib ■ Lutz Fleischer ■
Thomas Florschuetz ■
Michael Freudenberg ■ Lutz
Friedel ■ Else Gabriel ■ Rainer
Görß ■ Eberhard Göschel ■
Wasja Gütze ■ Peter Graf ■
Hans-Hendrik Grimmling ■
Sabina Grzimek ■ Bernd Hahn ■
Klaus Hähner-Springmühl ■
Angela Hampel ■ Volker Henze ■
Peter Herrmann ■ Sabine
Herrmann ■ Martin Hoffmann ■
Veit Hofmann ■ Petra
Kasten ■ Ralf Kerbach ■ Klaus
Killisch ■ York der Knoefel ■
Andreas Küchler ■ Michael
Kunert ■ Verena Kyselka ■
Mark Lammert ■ Helge
Leiberg ■ Via Lewandowsky ■
Walter Libuda ■ Ronald Lippok
und Bert Papenfuß ■ Frank
Maasdorf ■ Ute Mahler ■
Werner Mahler ■ Peter
Makolies ■ Oskar Manigk ■
Yana Milev ■ A. R. Penck ■
Oscar Pioppi ■ Steffen
Reck ■ Robert Rehfeldt ■
Reinhard Sandner ■ Jürgen
Schäfer ■ Wolfram Adalbert
Scheffer ■ Hans Scheib ■
Hans Scheuerecker ■
Hanns Schimansky ■
Christine Schlegel ■ Cornelia
Schleime ■ Gil Schlesinger ■
Bernd Schlothauer ■
Annette Schröter ■
Hans-Joachim Schulze ■
Frank Seidel ■ Reinhard Stangl ■
Matthias Stein ■ Gabriele
Stötzer (Kachold) ■ Strawalde ■
Gudrun Trendafilov ■ Joachim
Völkner ■ Trak Wendisch ■
Jochen Wermann ■
Karín Wieckhorst ■ Michael
Wirker ■ Ruth Wolf-Rehfeldt ■
Reinhard Zabka

Dr. Andreas H. Apelt
Vorwort 27
Georg Fahrenschon
Grußwort 29
Christoph Tannert
Kuratorisches Vorwort 31
Eugen Blume
Gegen den „Meister“ 163
Wolfgang Engler
DDR im Endspielmodus 171
Paul Kaiser
Instabile Wertelage 183
Annett Gröschner
Mein Prenzlauer Berg
ist nicht dein Prenzlauer Berg 191
Jan Faktor
Geruch und Augenblick 201
Angelika Richter
„Ich bin Du“ 209
Heike Willingham
„Vögel müssen fliegen“ 357
Ulrich Kayka
Zweiseitige Sicht
auf doppeltem Boden 365
Carolin Quermann
„Es lacht das Salatschwein“ 379
Sara Blaylock
Aufstand des Materials 395
Hans-Eckardt Wenzel
Noch mal Gemeinsinn! 403
Filmprogramm zur Ausstellung
Soundtrack zur Ausstellung 490
492
Christoph Sandig Bildstrecke
English Translations
Essays, Statements of the artists
Namensregister 553
Impressum 557
Deutsche Gesellschaft e. V. 559
Milev, Yana

1964 geboren in Leipzig
1983–1985 Studium der Malerei an der Hochschule für Grafik und Buchkunst Leipzig
1986–1992 Studium Bühnenbild an der Hochschule für Bildende Künste Dresden
1992–1995 Meisterschülerin an der Hochschule für Bildende Künste Dresden
2005–2008 Doktoratsstudium für Philosophie (Kulturphilosophie und Anthropologie der Kunst) an der Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien
2008 Promotion an der Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien
2014 Habilitation in Kultursoziologie an der Universität St. Gallen
Lebt und arbeitet in Berlin
www.aobbe.com
In Aspik
Der Aggregatzustand des Minimal-Wohnraums

Jede Wohnraumzone hat ihren Aggregatzustand: dickflüssig oder luizide, amorph oder luftlos, wind- offen oder parfümiert, abgedichtet oder porös und so weiter.


Ich halte so einen kleinen runden Pappbecher in der Hand, der etwa an seinem unteren Drittel abgeschnitten ist und somit also kein Becher mehr ist, sondern eine Art Pappschale. Büchse kann man es auch nicht nennen, eher Napf. In diesen Napf ist eine Gallermasse eingegossen, in deren Mitte ein Stückchen Hering festgesetzt, ganz genau so wie der bizarre Einschluss eines Insektis in einem Bernstein, die in Ostsee-Shops gern feilgeboten werden. Obendrauf eine Scheibe Ei und eine Scheibe Möhre als Deko. Das Ganze ist abgedeckt mit einer dünnen, durchsichtigen Folie, auf der in blauer Schrift zu lesen ist: „Hering in Aspik“.

Dieses handliche Menü gehörte zu meinen Dauerkonsumfavoriten. Ich habe ihm eine starke Metapher zu verdanken: optisch, haptisch, geschmacklich, psychologisch, ideologisch.


Zum Geleebecken kamen noch andere Objekte hinzu wie Neonstab, Eierkillmaschine oder Federgrill, die in S-B-Szenarien und gebauten Installationen zum Einsatz kamen.


Yana Milev
Horror Vacui – Eine Messe, 1989
Installation und Multimediaperformance,
Ausstellungshalle Fučíkplatz, Dresden
Courtesy the artist, Foto: Felix R. Krull, Dresden

Horror Vacui – Eine Messe, Aufstieg
Horror Vacui – Eine Messe, Federungsgrill

314
that showed happiness, transcendence, hopelessness, resignation or closeness. In 1988 I took my last photo for this project. I felt as though I’d found enough answers to my questions.

Werner Mahler

Sixth-Formers 1977/78-2015

I was in the fourth year of my studies when we were given the task of photographing a series of twenty milieu portraits. That was 1977. My younger brother was doing his Abitur (German A-levels) at the time. I thought it would be really interesting to portray photographs of a group of adolescents with a lot in common. So I photographed each sixth-former in his/her own room.

At the beginning of the eighties I was talking about the Ameri- can photographer Irving Penn with Arno Fischer. Penn asked famous personalities to go into a tapering corner in his studio. They had to deal with this situation without stage directions. This produced fascinating psychological portraits. Arno Fischer talked about his idea of taking such photographs of an individual person every year through to old age, but he felt he was too old for this. He was 55 at the time.

As I turned thirty, and I remembered the film about the children of Gozow by Barbara and Winfried Junge. The first summarising film in long-term documentary format, Lebenstürme (Resumes), was broadcast in 1980 and showed the development of the children from age six to age eighteen. Fascinated by this kind of documentary and the idea of a portrait series, I decided to make the portraits of my brother’s sixth-form class the starting point for my long-term study.

Since 1977 I have been photographing the group of sixteen sixth-formers every five to six years, always in their private surroundings. The models are free to choose their clothes and the location themselves. I have very little influence over stance and expression. By 2015 there were up to seven portraits of each person. I lost contact with some of the people, others refused to take part in the project, and three of them have died. Gaps have arisen. These likewise bear witness to the passage of time and life.

Werner Mahler

Peter Makolies

Everyone from Dresden knew his corner masks on the annex to the Semperoper opera house, which was reopened in 1984. The sculptor Peter Makolies had also made a name for himself with his enormous respect for his material and with voluptuous female forms. The magical radiance of his stones was a great sensation. In 1984 he produced a work that stands out from the rest of his oeuvre and has barely received the praise it deserves: Der Schutz- heim (The Crash Helmet).

This heavy marble head, hermetic in its overall mood, only 4 centimetres tall, rejects everything that is comfortable, every nuance of playful levity.

In the typically Makoliesian navigation through the present of the remote past, a figure of rejection appears, suddenly, brought to an abrupt halt by today. As a counterpart to the cheerful musical comedies of the final stage of Socialism, a defensive expression takes shape that momentarily interrupts the perspective of yearning for security in the female. Makolies’ sculpture, a guardian or a warrior, can be understood as a symbolic form. It expresses resistance in timelessness and puristic stubbornness, resting on the one hand within itself and on the other hand confronting its exterior with a clear distance. Certainly, this stone too is surrounded by a trace of magic and eternity. But just as we perceive his archaic face as expressing that which is timeless, we also feel its counterforce in a potentially interminable process that must always be reconceived, that signals its defensive option for the very time of its genesis too. Enacted therein is the refusal to engage with this subject, an evasion. The boycott of a perspective that renders art a contest about radicality.

Christoph Tannert

Oskar Menigk

Even in the time of the GDR, one year was not like the next. Although it sometimes – more and more often – seemed that way to us, I didn’t pack up and leave, like a celebrity, and I didn’t stay with grim determination, like a staunch believer. I stayed in my place, as a local, the same place I’d been in during the war. A place that belonged to me, and that I didn’t want to give up. Although there are more important areas, I accepted it as “home” despite its bleakness and its monosyllabic ways. Although I was actually a Berliner. And – lucky boy! – was allowed to take part in excursions to the Tiergarten. With my aunt’s daschund on the leash.

I used my studio like a hiding place. I immersed myself in my work, often only for short, solitary moments, which were usually only enough for a hasty beginning. That’s why I always put off the painstaking effort of execution till the next day. And, as you can see, I was only ever able to add a sparse sprinkling of allusions to my pictures. Their exterior remained unimportant, and without paintlessly opulent. But there are a lot of them. And they linked arms and formed an unwieldy chain, as if there were something there to defend. And perhaps there was.

Oskar Menigk

Yana Milev

In aspic

The state of matter of the minimal living space

Every area of living space has its state of matter: viscous or lucid, amorphous or airless, open to the wind or perfumed, sealed or porous, and so on. The area of living space I’m referring to was jellyified. Set in gelatin: that was the basic state of this specific precarity. And it came from the edges, pushed its way into the inner spaces from outside.

I’m holding a little round paper cup in my hand. It’s cut off at the bottom third, so it’s not a cup any more, but a kind of paper bowl. You couldn’t call it a box either, it’s more like a dish. A gelatinous mass has been poured into this dish, and in the middle of the gelatin a piece of herring is trapped, just like the bizarre embedding of an insect in a piece of amber, a popular item in souvenir shops on the Baltic coast. On top of it there is a slice of egg and a slice of carrot as a garnish. The whole thing is covered with a thin, transparent film, with blue letters saying “Herring in aspic”.

This handy meal was one of my long-time favourites. I have it to thank for a powerful metaphor, relating to appearance, texture, taste, psychology and ideology.

In a glazier’s workshop in the Weißen Hirsch district in Dresden, I had a glass tank built for myself, one cubic metre in size. I had to fit it into completely, as the herring fitted into the dish. Just the thought of this one-cubic-metre-sized living area made me completely happy, because it finally gave visible form to a fundamental state. And this was what my performances were about: making visible the invisible, namely the fear of death by suffocation in an outer vacuum (horror vacui).

The tank of aspic was followed by other objects, such as a neon tube, an egg-laying machine, or an eccentric suspension, which were used in S-B scenarios and built installations.

In Aspic was my first action with the aspic tank; it took place during the continuous performance Nachtmärk at the Hochschule für Bildende Künste in Dresden. In Aspic was followed by three further performances with the tank: Ehenopern, Second up and Eine Messe.
...the painting is mostly arranged into simple zones, as such - sky, earth, light - dark, etc., which, in the final act of drawing, are sometimes stage-like and sometimes strung across a whole patchwork surface, indeed interwoven with it. This gives rise to landscapes of a peculiar kind."

Oscar Pippo, Notes, 2011

Steffen Reck

Dresden, late 1950s - rarely laughed as much, it was a sadly comical time when I became a puppeteer. Alexander, the shabby church caretaker, was so pleased with the puppet he saw his Tub Libreto perform in Pfaffroda. Schoib built a tall plaster angel into the landscape, Pencik painted over everything with melancholy hexagons. Or Künstlers Erdenwall in Dresden's Leonhardi Museum: commissioned by a puppet with a paper head and real money. The black puppet stage: "inscription of our emotion - Pencik hidden on violin and drum this time. Above all - with Ralf in his studio, making resonant music. The "gap" in this general pickle. We didn't speak much. The laughter when Father Ubu swore the minister, when Bougres was taken by two grey men - foam rubber. Puppet theatre. The laughter in the Leonhardi Museum when the artist sold his commissioned piece for one thousand GDR marks. Laughter. Travelling with Peter Graf in his golden Renault to Moritzburg and talking about the bridge painters. Drinking beer in the evening on the Spree Wunder - Peter Herrmann is painting it. Berlin is different. Pencik again on the slow train, quite by chance: You are the light in the darkness. And you? I am the one who throws questions at the lamp. Puppet theatre was such a gap. Perenzlager Berg, Kollwitzplatz: rehersing Kasper with Hans and Gabi. Guardman Scheuermann, your papers. Laughter. Hot sand and a lost ... laughter. With Jochin in the folding kayak on the Elbe, toxic water. The emissions of the GDR factories. Manoeuvres, river of grief. No searchlight captures us naked. Berlin, through the palace of tears with a travel bag. Forget me not.

Artist

Who is knocking so forcefully? Fritzeli, look Boy.

It is the man with the fat wife.


Robert Rehfeldt

Dear Robert,

You were one of the "fantasies of Jericho" (in Pankow).

Your melody of conscious art brought down the wall!

Art = life. I said!

Survival = art, you say!

- NO PASARAN -

- VENCEREMOS -

Vestec 26. 6. 61

Reinhard Sandner

Reinhard Sandner's pictures of the 1980s were inspired by a combination of surfiness, comedy and melancholy. For all their playfulness they examine - and this was easily overlooked - a poetically existentialist theme. This painter, illustrator and graphic artist could describe people and deliver punchlines through drawings and graphic works.

He belonged to the artists' circle of the "Brücke" commemoratory summer, for which Cornelius Schöne, Wolfgang Smey and Ralf Korbach had made the pilgrimage to the Moritzburg ponds, and had taken part in the legendary Türen (Doors) exhibition at Dresden's Leonhardi Museum in 1979. In the early 1980s he was one of the spearheads of the neo-expressive form language movement that...