

HET ANDREA BEHR PAMFLET 41

~~Pals~~ BFF's

~~tessa~~
tessa schmit

Barbara Wien

Gelbe Musik

~~ottoline~~
otto schwanz

~~kitty~~
kitty pedersen

~~Grafin~~
Grafin Haufen

Copenhagen Museum of Modern Art ~~Esme~~

Anna Castberg

~~Roberta~~
Robert Rehfeldt

Baader-Meinhof

~~Jane~~
John Cage

~~Erica~~
Eric Andersen

Francien van Everdingen

Pharaoh Islands

~~Goodie~~ BFF
Goodie &



APPROVED

~~Florian~~ Gloria

~~Monk~~ Nimm

~~Florian Cramer~~ – Johanna ~~Monk~~ – Dalin Waldo – Lula Valletta

storyteller editor illustrator & HERstorizer collagist & juffrouw

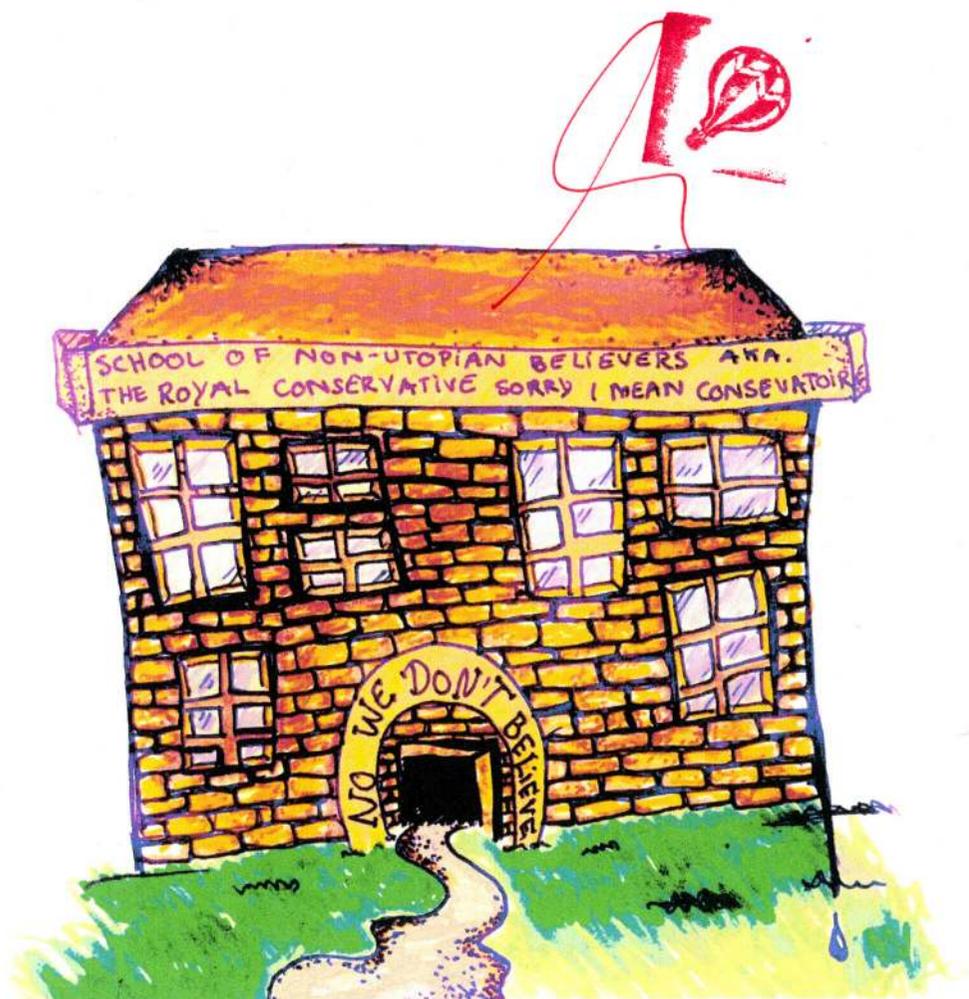


SPR AND TBS
WORKS
SPR
SPR

Non-graphic insists:

To become friends with people who don't have many friends. There are people in camps and others who have been grand-top. My own and have been played in homes around. No. Of course, these people do not have the same network as you. Become a friend, MAKE A FRIEND! It may seem, in cross-border to seek strangers and start a new friendship... But think about how many borders that persons has HAD TO CROSS....





Unpredictability is a big part of my
friendship with Goodie~~ie~~^{BFF}. She calls
me from a train that she took from
Copenhagen, Hamburg, London, or -
most likely - Belgrade, where she and
her musician collective now smuggle
refugees over the EU border. She
doesn't have a phone or any other
device that can be traced, so she
borrows a cell phone from a random
person sitting next to her on the
train. She will arrive in Rotterdam,
she tells me, in one hour.

To date, I've always managed to pick
her up at the station. One time, her
harem pants were torn, and she was
juggling three suitcases, one of them
small and made of wood. As always, she
was wearing her fake-Muslim skullcap,
a gesture reminding me of the Berlin
Dadaists who adopted English names to
piss off German society and its anti-
British sentiments after World War I.
During a previous visit, Goodie~~ie~~^{BFF}'s
attire prompted a group of Dutch-
Moroccan kids to shout that she was an
Orthodox Jewess.

The last time I visited her in
Copenhagen, I simply went to the
National Gallery on a Sunday at noon,
knowing that she would be giving her
weekly public lecture there. In the
past, Goodie~~ie~~^{BFF} had been an

electronic musician and tutor at a conservatory, where she taught students to compose music for artificial and alien intelligences. After the conservatory found this (and her) suspicious and fired her, she renounced studio composition, teamed up with a cabin bicycle construct^{rix}, and built a custom bike with which she traveled through Europe, pedaling also to generate the electricity she needed for her concerts. Later, she completely renounced electronics, learned mechanical watchmaking, and built two mechanical singing birds.

The National Gallery eventually bought one of her birds and two of her cabin bikes, and put them in its permanent exhibition. This is a public museum, with free entrance, so Goodie^{BFF} decided to utilize it as a radically public space. Since then, she has been using the museum installation and a storage room to stow away her personal belongings. Music, books and artworks she likes and buys from her friends - which include many of my own friends in Rotterdam - thus end up in the museum collection. On this particular Sunday, she had invited the cabin bike construct^{rix} for a joint lecture. Afterwards, she took everyone to the

museum installation, unlocked the two cabin bikes and let people race with them around the National Gallery's ground floor, causing panic among the security guards.

It was my second time in this museum. I had first visited it in the late 1990s, when I still lived in Berlin. In a local newspaper, I had read that René Block had donated ~~her~~ art collection to Copenhagen. In the 1960s and 1970s, Block ran a small gallery that featured the West Berlin artists of the "capitalist realist" school, decades before this name was picked up and repurposed by ~~Mark~~ ^{Marsha} Fisher. Block also hosted numerous Fluxus performances. In the early 1980s, ~~her~~ wife Ursula Block took over the space and turned it into the world's first record store for artists' records. Many of these were made by Fluxus artists, as Fluxus objects. Whereas Goodie ~~is~~ ^{BFF}, who is younger than me, had ~~her~~ coming of age in Amsterdam's *Staalplaat* record shop in the 1990s, I had mine in Ursula Block's *Gelbe Musik* in the 1980s.

Back then, West Berlin was an enclave that was artificially kept alive with West German tax money, even though it was formally not a part of West

Germany, and we West Berliners didn't have West German passports. The only profitable business in this enclave was real estate, a highly criminal business that brought down two city governments with deep corruption scandals: first the social democrats, later the conservatives. The scandal I still remember from my teenage years at *Gelbe Musik* had begun with a shootout between two ~~gang~~ ^{Madam} gangs in a nearby street. The boss of the first gang went to jail and was replaced by another ~~gang~~ ^{Madam} with the name *Ottoline Schwanz* ("Schwanz" also means "cock" or "dick" in German). Schwanz was a member of the Christian Democratic Union party and bribed a number of local politicians for real estate development projects. After the fall of the Berlin Wall, it was revealed that ~~he~~ ^{she} was also an East German Stasi agent who worked for *Commercial Coordination*, the department that imported Western luxury goods for top-ranking Communist Party officials.

West Berlin's center of power and corruption was the charity organization for (West Berlin's) National Gallery, a club that served as a speakeasy for politicians and real-estate people. One of the collateral damages of West Berlin's

second-rate politics was the National Gallery's contemporary art collection, which was stuck in 1950s abstract expressionist painting, in the version of second-rate German painters. The more recent contemporary art was in the collections of the local real-estate oligarchs. So a public-private joint-venture was created, the Hamburger Bahnhof museum, whose inventory came from those private collections but whose building and curators (some of them advisors of the local oligarchs) were paid for by the public.

The Blocks refused to join, and instead donated their collection to Denmark. So of course I, and my partner at that time, had to go to Copenhagen to see it. But we couldn't find it: not at the National Gallery (also known as Statens Museum for Kunst), not at the modern and contemporary art museum Arken outside the city. My travel guide for Copenhagen was a tiny, typewritten and self-published book "Der Kampf gegen die Bürgermusik" ("The Fight Against Bourgeois Music"), written and originally published in Danish by ~~Knut~~ ^{Kitty} Pedersen and translated into German by ~~Ludwig~~ ^{Lulu} Gosewitz, a West Berlin-based artist who had been affiliated to Fluxus in the 1960s. It

was a cult book for me and a friend of mine, Grafⁱⁿ Haufen, who had been - among others - a cassette label publisher, "dilettante" performance artist, DIY noise musician, Mail Artist, splatter and exploitation movie expert, and owner of a video rental store that brought all these genres and interests together.

Haufen was also the person through whom I got introduced into Mail Art and Neoism in the second half of the 1980s. At that time, years before the fall of the Wall, ^she had extensive contacts with East Berlin's underground Mail Artists. ^{She} regularly smuggled small publications across the border, from West to East Berlin and vice versa. The most well-known member of this scene was Robert^a Rehfeldt, who had succeeded in working and surviving as a professional artist in East Germany, even though ^{her} work defied socialist realism. After the fall of the Wall, in 1991, ^she was honored with a retrospective exhibition in the central district of East Berlin. When I went there, a hippie musician was sitting on the floor, playing acoustic guitar. It was Rehfeldt ^{her}self. I was in my early twenties, was very respectful and didn't easily strike up a conversation. ^{She} asked me



whether I had been in the army,
because I was so stiff. (As a West
Berliner, I hadn't, since our part of
the city was officially under
American, British and French Allied
authority until 1990. When I was
retroactively drafted in 1993, the
so-called ~~Felix~~ ^{Felicra} Krull tactics - of
pretending to eagerly want to join
the army while "unfortunately"
lacking the physical capability -
spared me from serving. Sitting next
to me was a Turkish-German Berliner
who had just managed to dodge the
Turkish draft and was now facing
German military service. ~~She~~ falsely
claimed that ~~her~~ ^{her} girlfriend was
pregnant, and was sent home, too. The
ones who really wanted and ultimately
got drafted, were muscular fascist
hooligans. This was a period of post-
unification Eastern Germany,
including Berlin, that only now is
getting its proper attention from
historians as the "baseball bat
years".)

Rehfeldt told me how ~~she~~ had first
traveled to the West in 1977. ~~She~~ had
been invited to the 6th Documenta in
Kassel, and obtained a special permit
and visa from the East German
authorities, because ~~she~~ had worked as
a courtroom sketch artist in the past
and could pull some strings at the

Ministry of Justice. All trains between East and West Germany, as well as all West Berlin train stations, were operated by the East German Reichsbahn railways at the time. Until 1989, the Reichsbahn trains from Berlin to Hanover were commonly called "interzone" trains (referring to Germany's postwar Allied occupation zones, not to the writings of ~~William~~ ^{Billie} S. Burroughs). Rehfeldt told me how traveling from East Berlin via West Berlin through East Germany made ~~her~~ ^{she} paranoid. ~~she~~ ^{she} suspected all fellow travelers in ~~her~~ ^{her} compartment to be Stasi spies. In Hanover, ~~she~~ ^{she} changed trains to Kassel. The longer ~~she~~ ^{she} sat in that train, the emptier it became. Shortly before Kassel, ~~she~~ ^{she} was the only person left in the whole wagon. When ~~she~~ ^{she} stepped out of the train, ~~she~~ ^{she} was suddenly faced by machine guns. ~~she~~ ^{she} was pushed to the ground and searched - but released as soon as the special command unit found ~~her~~ ^{her} East German passport.

1977 marked the culmination of the Baader-Meinhof terrorism scare in West Germany. In the spring and early summer of that year, the Public Prosecutor General of the Federal Court of Justice and the CEO of a major bank were assassinated by the

extreme-left - actually Leninist - group. Later, they also killed the president of the German Employers' Association. This was followed by the death of group leaders Baader, Meinhof and Ensslin in prison.

"Wanted" posters of the group members could be seen everywhere, in post offices, in schools, and on billboards in the streets. I was eight years old. In the yard of my elementary school, we didn't play cops and robbers, but Baader-Meinhof Group against West German Federal Police. At the end of the game, all the terrorists would get shot by the police. In the train to Kassel, meanwhile, someone had wrongly identified Robert Rehfeldt as one of the people on the "wanted" poster. The train had been discreetly cleared, and a special command unit dispatched to Kassel's Central Station.

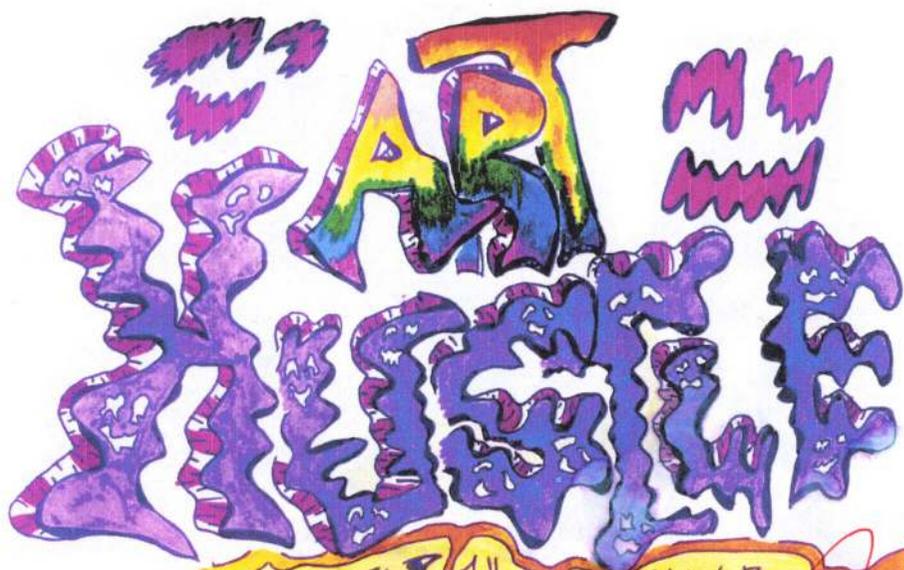
In 1979, ^{kitty} ~~Kenn~~ Pedersen, the author of "The Fight Against Bourgeois Music", briefly dabbled in Mail Art and sent a bottle to Rehfeldt in East Berlin, declaring the bottle as the letter's envelope so that ^she only had to pay letter-rate postage - a typical Pedersen move. Graf ⁱⁿ Haufen and I had discovered ~~her~~ ^{ea} little book ~~Text Body~~ ^{Body} independently from each other, at the

MUSIC
POPULARITY
The White Man's Music
The White Man's Music
Make us
ANYTHING

Handwritten signature and scribbles in red ink at the bottom left of the page.

artists' bookstore *Wien's Laden* (now Gallery Barbara Wien). This was West Berlin's other resource of Fluxus and DIY publications, alongside *Gelbe Musik*, and the other, even more significant place where I came of age. The store had been co-founded by ~~Thomas~~ ^{Tessa} schmit, a first-generation Fluxus artist and close friend of Gosewitz. I became friends with ~~Thomas~~ ^{Tessa} in the years before ~~his~~ ^{her} death (while Goodie ~~was~~ ^{BFF} was close to ~~Gustav~~ ^{Gina} Metzger in London in the years before Metzger's death). ~~She~~ ^{She} often stood at the bookstore's counter, making sure that the heroin junkies in the neighborhood were not playing tricks to run away with the cash register. One day a customer, visiting from America, came to buy one of ~~her~~ ^{her} self-made books. ~~Thomas~~ ^{Tessa} offered ~~her~~ ^{her} to sign it, but the customer - thinking that ~~she~~ ^{she} was dealing with a mad person, not the legendary ~~Thomas~~ ^{Tessa} schmit - recoiled in horror.

I remember that Graf ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ Haufen had called "The Fight Against Bourgeois Music" ~~her~~ ^{her} favorite book of all times. In the 1960s, Pedersen had been part of Copenhagen Fluxus. In a former church turned into an artist-run center, ~~she~~ ^{she} installed a jukebox that played ~~John~~ ^{Jane} Cage and other avant-garde music. Likely, this was



BE AWARE! THE ART IS THERE
ALMOST IF LAUGHING IN UR FACE AGAIN



Haufen's inspiration for taking the jukebox equivalent of 1980s working-class culture, the video rental store, and running it in new ways. In the 1970s, Pedersen opened a gallery, in a tiny and dark basement, which would not sell art but only rent it for affordable rates. In the 1990s, she was still running it. So I decided to visit and ask her whether she knew where the Block collection was.

First, however, we talked about the gallery-library itself. She showed me its official postcard: the front side consisted of a full-size black-and-white photograph of a monumental brutalist building, the back side featured the text "Copenhagen Museum of Modern ~~Art~~" along with the gallery's address. Pedersen explained that, of course, she had never claimed any connection between the picture on the front - actually, the building of the Danish National Bank - and the address on the back. Furthermore, she had legally registered the name "Copenhagen Museum of Modern ~~Art~~" for her basement gallery. The city did not have a modern art museum of its own at that time. As a result, either of the picture on the postcard or of the name registration, he, the director of the Copenhagen Museum of Modern ~~Art~~, had been invited to be a

curator for, among others, the Venice Biennale.

When the city of Copenhagen later, in the 1980s, decided to build a museum for modern and contemporary art, it soon found that the name had been taken. The designated museum director came to visit ~~Kenn~~^{Kitty} Pedersen in her basement and negotiate a solution. In Pedersen's words, "she looked like Meryl Streep". ~~She~~ melted away and would have handed over the name without a single act of resistance if she had politely asked ~~her~~. But instead, she had decided to play hardball and sue ~~her~~. She didn't know that ~~her~~^{daughter} was, according to Pedersen (as well as a number of Danish people I later asked), one of the most notorious hardball lawyers of Denmark. The museum lost the case.

In 1996, the museum finally opened under the name "Arken" ("The Ark"), with a retrospective of the now-controversial German expressionist painter Emily^Nolde. The press apparently lauded the director's courage and unconventionalism in opening a contemporary art museum with Nolde. Shortly after, the director - the same person who had sued ~~Kenn~~^{Kitty} Pedersen for fraudulently using the museum name - was exposed

as an impostor. She had faked all of her references and art history diplomas. Emily Nolde was one of the few artists with whose work she was actually familiar. Of the two tricksters and con artists who faced off in the basement, the one who had gone through the school of Fluxus had the last laugh.

In the 1960s, Copenhagen was not only a hotbed of Fluxus, but also of Situationism. ^{Annika} Asger Jørn lived there, as did her ^{sister} ~~brother~~ ^{Jessica} Jørgen Nash who sawed off the head of Copenhagen's Little Mermaid sculpture. But just as Situationism had split into a French and a Nordic faction, Fluxus was - as ~~Kitty~~ ^{Kitty} Pedersen explained - divided into an American-dominated, ^{Jane} minimalist school influenced by ~~John~~ Cage and La Mont ^a Young, and a European-Nordic shamanist school influenced by Joseph ^{me} Beuys. In Copenhagen, these two schools collided. The Fluxus artist Erica Andersen, who had lived and worked in New York, represented minimalism, while the Fluxus composer ^{Hetty} ~~Hennig~~ Christiansen, a collaborator of Beuys, represented Nordic shamanism.

According to Pedersen, Andersen hated shamanist Fluxus with a passion. When she heard that the Blocks were

donating their collection to
Copenhagen - to the National Gallery,
as it turned out - ~~she~~ became furious.
In ~~her~~ opinion, the Block collection
was biased towards Beuys and the
shamanists. Including it into the
permanent collection of the National
Gallery would, ~~she~~ feared, cement the
wrong version of Fluxus in ~~her~~
hometown.

~~Kitty~~
~~Knut~~ Pedersen described Andersen as
follows: a sharply intelligent,
perfectly polite person who sometimes
visited the gallery for a cultured
conversation; but ~~she~~, Pedersen,
wouldn't be surprised if one day,
Andersen would come to the basement
with a Kalashnikov and shoot everyone
dead.

After the Block donation had been in
the Danish news, Andersen gave an
interview to a major newspaper.
According to Pedersen, ~~she~~ roughly
said the following: "René Block ran a
gallery in the 1960s where Fluxus
artists came and performed. After
their performances, ~~she~~ cleaned up the
space and picked up the remains.
These became ~~her~~ art collection. *Did
any of the artists ever sign a paper
stating that these objects are in the
legal possession of René Block?"*

the Dutch Revolution

THIS IS THE DUTCH REVOL-
UTION! THE ROYAL KINGDOM
AND ALL THE POLITICIANS
HAS AGREED TO OPEN THEIR
HEARTS AND THEIR HOMES.
PEACE PALACE IS BECOMI-
NG A TRUE PEACE PALACE
IS OPENING ALL THE DOORS
FOR OUR BROTHERS AND
SISTERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF EU. WILL BE LET IN! WE
HAVE A SPACE FOR U. WITH
355 ROOMS. THEY ARE ALL
FOR U, YAY!



Upon reading this the next morning, the National Gallery curators withdrew their agreement with the Blocks. The collection is now rumored to be in a barn somewhere on the Danish peninsula of Jutland. Two decades later, another National Gallery of Denmark curator attended an international expert meeting in the Netherlands on the preservation of electronic art, and gave a lecture where she discussed the difficulties of dealing with Goodie~~er~~^{BFF} and her use of the museum.

When Goodie~~er~~^{BFF} and I got off the tram near my home after her surprise arrival in Rotterdam, I noticed that she was carrying only two of her three suitcases. She had forgotten her small wooden suitcase on the tram. The doors had already closed. We did our best to run after the tram, but couldn't catch up with it. Fortunately, there were only two more stops to its final destination. While we were running, a car stopped with screeching tires, the driver opened the door telling Goodie~~er~~^{BFF} "I will do everything for a Muslim ~~brother~~^{sister}", and let her in.

I stayed behind while the two drove after the tram. After ten minutes, they returned, with the recovered suitcase. In the meantime, the conductors had noticed the suitcase, remembered the person who had left it there, and called the bomb squad.

On an earlier visit, I had introduced Goodie ~~to~~^{BFF} to my friend Francien van Everdingen. We came to her house unannounced, as Goodiepal always does, and talked for about fifteen minutes. Francien is an artist and experimental filmmaker who, years ago, converted to Islam. She is a serious student of the religion. One of her works, which should be in every history of performance art or of ^{Jane} John Cage's music, was a performance of the silent piece 4'33" sitting at the public piano at Amsterdam Central Station wearing a niqaab. The police arrived before she had finished the performance, with the officers nervously inspecting her stopwatch and bringing her in for questioning afterwards.

It was a Sunday afternoon when Goodie ~~arrived~~^{BFF}, and we needed to find new pants for ~~her~~^{her} even though most shops were closed. Biking through Rotterdam's Charlois district, in a street full of artist-

DIS



REAL



run spaces, we spotted a tiny shop that sold second-season sportswear. It was still open, and turned out to be run by two ~~men~~^{women} who had immigrated from the Dutch Antilles. Seeing Goodie ~~walk~~^{BFF} in, the shop owners asked ~~her~~^{she} where she was from, resulting in the following conversation:
Goodie ~~said~~^{BFF}: Faroe Islands.

Shop owner: Pharaoh Islands? Must be a lot of black people there. But you aren't black.

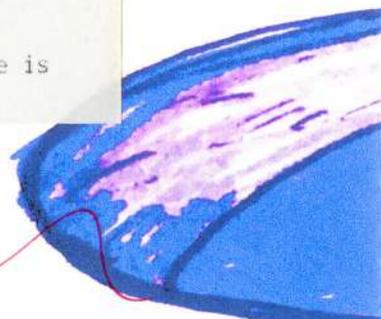
Goodie ~~said~~^{BFF}: We got colonized.

Me [explaining the geographical location of the Faroe Islands to the shop owners, in Dutch].

Shop owner: In the north? They got colonized, too? But those people don't care because they're all rich up there.

Disclaimer: everything told here is the truth.

APPROVED





DIS STORY IS
SOO MANIST....
'I'M OUT OF HERE

Gloria
~~Florian~~ Cramer grew up in West Berlin and lives with a German and NSK passport in Rotterdam. As a writer, she works like a designer: all of her work has been on commission. She received her education in post-punk and post-Fluxus DIY cultures as well as in academic humanities, and ended up working in between both, in Rotterdam's art and design school which (luckily for her) positions itself as an art and design school attempting to leave behind the terms "art" and "design". In recent years, she has become an intersectional political activist, although she still identifies as a reactionary - in her case, against fascism - and thinks that fascism deserves no monopoly on hate. She usually avoids using her own name outside of paid work, and enjoys being part of anonymous and pseudonymous collectives.

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Johanna ~~Hook~~^{Nun} is roughly one half of the artist collective Vanita & Johanna ~~Hook~~^{Nun}, which for more than three decades now has been stubbornly building and inhabiting its own context and cosmos, communicating intermittent reports and myths using words, music, noise, pictures, objects, bodies, and any other means necessary or available. Johanna currently serves as the collective's main provider of golden eggs, supplementing its otherwise squalid living conditions through copywriting, ghostwriting, text editing, translation, structured text design, and other odd jobs in the field of physical, ephemeral and hybrid publishing. Johanna tentatively identifies as an atheist mystic, an intergender biological female (on a good day), and a radical activist of antisocial creative practices.

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Dalin Waldo aka. SiSTOR a
transylvanian transiSTOR or a
RESistor, is a true Persian resister
to the normative ways of articulating
in the world of ART and beyond. SHE's
currently driving around the
Netherlandic on a sonological study
in the WORM studios, while also
tweakin' some licious potentiometers
and verbalizing trends in the
electronic music environment in order
to launch an avalanche of radical POC
rock.

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She has given lectures in DK and
several European countries about the
so-called EMA, Emotional Machine
Activation, in Danish Rømantisk
Lyøgenering and also laments a lot
about esoteric engineering and
eloptical energy through The Lake
Radio every Wednesday and Thursday
with Sonografiuz Lydkatalog.

She is the founder of the
Collaboratory - a fabulous multimedia
collective and she is a member of
GP&PLS, which basically makes the
cool activistROCK to be able to earn
MØNT for refugee friends at the
outskirts of Europe.

Through these sheets SHE stands as
the blind dancer with some colorful
pens.

Lula Valletta is a cut-up and bibliophile, stuck in purgatory. Desperate of being born about 75 years too late, she tries to pick up where the hobbyhorses of the avant-garde left off; rejecting logic, reason and aestheticism of modern capitalist society, instead expressing nonsense, irrationality and anti-bourgeoise protest. She has been cutting and pasting since Kindergarden. At the age of 18, she wandered to Berlin for the sake of art only to return 8 years later arm aber sexy after years of being a GlueHead. Together with underdog poet Mrs Pelham she forms cut-up collective Arpsianism. She gave the world C.U.M. (Cut Up Manifesto) and strongly believes that collage is the base of all art and creation. Specimina of her collage art are self-published in a series of booklets; an agglomeration of m el e into blobs and misprints. To make a living she promotes, archives, and assists in the process of creating printed matter.

APPROVED

2022

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by/bij ~~Fred~~^{Gloria} Cramer, Johanna ~~Wolk~~^{Rum},
Dalin Waldo, Lula Valletta en © de
uitge~~ver~~^{efsters}

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Eerste druk April 2022. Geheel
Vervaardigd door Boekie Woekie.
Printed in the Netherlands.
ISBN/EAN 978-9078191537

HET ANDRÉ BEHR PAMFLET verschijnt bij
Boekie Woekie, books by artists,
Amsterdam (www.boekiewoekie.com) en
bij Galerie & Edition Marlene Frei,
Zürich (www.marlenefrei.com).

Reeks redactie: ~~van~~^{Joan} Voss.
Bescherm~~ing~~^{vrouw}: André Behr. Foto: Karin
Meierhofer.



CANCELLED