HET ANDREABEHRR PAMFLET 41

Pals BFFs

tessa
James schmit
Barbara Wien
Gelbe Musik
Ottoline
Otto Schwanz
kitty
Knud Pedersen
Grafen
Haufen

Copenhagen Museum of Modern Art
Anna Castberg
Robert
Robert Rehfelot
Baader-Meinhof
Jane
John Cage
Erica
Eric Andersen
Francien van Beveringen
Pharaoh Islands
Goodie BFF

Florian Cramer – Johanna Monk – Dalin Waldo – Lula Valletta
storyteller – editor – illustrator & HERstorizer – collagist & juffrouw
to become friends with people who don't have many friends. There are people in camps and others who have been grandfathers and have been planted in homes around NJ. Of course, these people do not have the same network as you. Become a friend, make a friend! It may seem gross to seek strangers and start a new friendship. But think about how many borders that person has had to cross....
School of non-utopian believers anyone.
The Royal Conservative sorry I mean conservatoire.
No we don't believe.
Unpredictability is a big part of my friendship with Goodie. 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’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 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 constructor, 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 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 constructor 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 his 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 Marsha Messer. 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, 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 rival gangs in a nearby street. The boss of the first gang went to jail and was replaced by another one 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 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 Kiki Pedersen and translated into German by Lula 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, Graf 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 Rehfeldt, who had succeeded in working and surviving as a professional artist in East Germany, even though his 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 himself. 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 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 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”.)

Rehfelot told me how he had first traveled to the West in 1977. He had been invited to the 6th Documenta in Kassel, and obtained a special permit and visa from the East German authorities, because he 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 S. Burroughs). Rehfledt told me how traveling from East Berlin via West Berlin through East Germany made her paranoid. She suspected all fellow travelers in her compartment to be Stasi spies. In Hanover, she changed trains to Kassel. The longer she sat in that train, the emptier it became. Shortly before Kassel, she was the only person left in the whole wagon. When she stepped out of the train, she was suddenly faced by machine guns. She was pushed to the ground and searched—but released as soon as the special command unit found 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, Kim 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 he only had to pay letter-rate postage — a typical Pedersen move. Graf Haufen and I had discovered her little booklet Body
Miracle

The white music we were all supposed to make anything
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 Tessa Schmit, a first-generation Fluxus artist and close friend of Gosewitz. I became friends with Tomes in the years before her death (while Goodie was close to Gottfried Metzger in London in the years before Metzger's death). 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 self-made books. She offered him to sign it, but the customer - thinking that he was dealing with a mad person, not the legendary Tessa Schmit - recoiled in horror.

I remember that Graf Haufen had called "The Fight Against Bourgeois Music" 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, he installed a jukebox that played John Cage and other avant-garde music. Likely, this was
"ART HUGGLE"

"BE AWARY! THE ART LUSTER MAY BE LAUGHING IN YOUR 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 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 daughter. She didn’t know that her 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 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 Jørn lived there, as did her brother 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 Pedersen explained— divided into an American-dominated, minimalist school influenced by John Cage and La Monte Young, and a European-Nordic shamanist school influenced by Joseph 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 Henning Christiansen, a collaborator of Beuys, represented Nordic shamanism.

According to Pedersen, Andersen hated shamanist Fluxus with a passion. When he 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 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 Revolution! The Royal Kingdom and all the politicians has agreed to open their hearts and their homes. Peace Palace is becoming 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 you. With 355 rooms. They are all for you, 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 and her use of the museum.

When Goodie 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, “I will do everything for a Muslin 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 Goodiepal 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 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 Goodiepal arrived, and we needed to find new pants for her even though most shops were closed. Biking through Rotterdam’s Charlois district, in a street full of artist-
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 who had immigrated from the Dutch Antilles. Seeing Goodie walk in, the shop owners asked her where she was from, resulting in the following conversation:

Goodie: Faroe Islands.

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

Goodie: 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.
Dis story is soo manifest... I'm out of it.
gloria

Florian Cramer grew up in West Berlin and lives with a German and NSB 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.
Johanna Monk is roughly one half of the artist collective Vanita & Johanna Monk, 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.
Dalil 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 tack.

She has given lectures in DK and several European countries about the so-called EMA, Emotional Machine Activation, in Danish Rømantisk Lyøgenererering and also laments a lot about esoteric engineering and elooptical 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-bourgeois protest. She has been cutting and pasting since Kindergarten. At the age of 18, she wandered to Berlin for the sake of art only to return 8 years later arm ater 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. Specimen of her collage art are self-published in a series of booklets; an agglomeration of mélée into blobs and misprints. To make a living she promotes, archives, and assists in the process of creating printed matter.
Eerste druk April 2022. Geheel
Vervaardigd door Boekie Woekie.
Printed in the Netherlands.
ISBN/LIBN: 978-9078191937

HET ANDREA 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: Joan Voss.
Beschermmer: André Behr. Foto: Karin Meierhofer.