

chaaaaiiiiiirrrrrrr. The chaaaaiiiiiirrrrrrr. The brown clothes
and the chaaaaiiiiiirrrrrrr. She covers her face with the
hand. Peekaboo. And then there was that moment when
she put both her arms up...vierhundertzweiundzwanzig...
vierhundertdreieundfünfzig...vierhundertsechzig...
vierhundertachtundneunzig . . . Eva Fuhrer (Bern/CH), «Between numbers and breaks»

Tststststststststststsssssstsssss...tsssssstsssssssss es
Wasser. Es Wasser kommt. Antonia Röllin (Luzern/CH), «chraft_werch» Take an
empty water glass, walk to the waterfall, take off your shoes,
fill the glass you have brought with you with water from the
waterfall. Walk back inside with the glass of water, place the
glass on top of the suitcase. This is the suitcase that you
travelled with from Vietnam. Is it your suitcase or is it your
friend's suitcase? Bring your head close to the water and
place your left eye inside it. Is this your eye or his eye?
Their eyes. Ask your friend sitting in the crowd to lend you
an analog camera. First she must show you how it works.
Take a photo of the glass. You are wearing a white shirt,
black trousers and socks. You are wearing socks because
you have left the shoes at the waterfall. Get a knife! Place
its blade inside the water, cut your finger and bleed into the
water, take a marker and leak ink into the water, place an
effervescent tablet into the water and let it dissolve. By this
point, you are screaming. You are screaming into the water.
Follow the glass outside and pour its contents back into the
river. Clap! Phu Luc (Vu Duc Toan, Nguyen Huy An, Ngo Thanh Bac) (Hanoi/Vietnam),

«Tobelgrabä» ...vierhundertdreieundfünfzig...vierhundertsechzig...vier
hundertachtundneunzig...fünfhunderteinunddreißig...

fünfhundertzweiundvierzig...fünfhunderteinundachtzig...Eva

Fuhrer (Bern/CH), «Between numbers and breaks» Es Wasser. Es Wasser kommt.

Tststststststssssssssssssssss duuurRRRRrrrrrr de
BeRRrrrrrge. The water flows in through a microphone and
speakers. It climbs in through the open window. The
mountains have delivered a jug of water that she drinks
from. The kids bring in the alphorn and place it in front of
her. She hands them Bränchlis: sweet Swiss chocolate.

Nestlé. Thuy Anh Dang (Hanoi/Vietnam) «Ten things about sweetness» The sound of the
alphorn is hollow and empty. I laugh at the helmet, I laugh at
the portable drum kit, I laugh at the sounds, I laugh at the
golden confetti in the air, I laugh at this absurd parade of
instruments. I laugh because they all look the same and
they are wearing gel in their hair. The water flowed
duuurRRRRRRrrr de Berge and in through the window,
dressed itself up as an alphorn and is parading through the
hall with her family band. I want to be silly like them. Antonia Röllin

(Luzern/CH), «chraft_werch» ...fünfhunderteinunddreissig...

fünfhundertzweiundvierzig...fünfhunderteinundachtzig...

sechshundertdrei...sechshundertvierzehn...

sechshundertsiebenundvierzig... sechshundertdrei...

sechshundertvierzehn...sechshundertsiebenundvierzig...

sechshunderteinundneunzig... Eva Fuhrer (Bern/CH), «Between numbers and breaks»

Welcome to a teeth brushing workshop: Lai Dieu Ha invites
her viewers to brush their teeth using their fingers. She
brushes her own teeth with a toothbrush and looks us in the
eyes. She offers Tiger Balm to the crowd. She hands the
ointment around, saying thank you. She covers her whole

body in camphor, menthol, maybe even methyl salicylate. Belly out. Her whole body must be burning. She pulls down her pants and smears it on her butt. Her bare butt. Eva Fuhrer (Bern/

CH), «Between numbers and breaks» She places walnuts on red scarves, then mixes flour with water, covering herself with dough. She rolls the dough on the floor using a wooden rolling pin.

Drawing a circle Vu Duc Toan (Hanoi/Vietnam), «Lieber nichts sagen», inspiriert von der Performance «Lieber nichts

sagen» von Monika Günther & Ruedi Schill, 2004 with it on the floor. She does a

somersault and covers head with the scarf. The dough is in her hair and on her face. Lai Dieu Ha (Hanoi/Vietnam), «P/S+» . . .

siebenhundertzweiundzwanzig...siebenhundertfünfundsechzig...siebenhundertfünfundneunzig...

achthundertachtzehn....achthundertvierunddreißig...

achthundertachtzig... Eva Fuhrer (Bern/CH), «Between numbers and breaks» The little

papers with lieber nichts sagen made the same sound as the crocodile when Monika was talking to it. The little papers in the circle are a reference to all the little plastic animals in the circle. I saw the wooden hand on mirror.

He lights the candle, cuts it and rolls it across the hall. Vu Duc Toan

(Hanoi/Vietnam), «Lieber nichts sagen», inspiriert von der Performance «Lieber nichts sagen» von Monika Günther & Ruedi Schill, 2004

I am from where I am from where I am from where I am from where I am from where one does not stay neutral in situations of injustice. I am from where you do not stay neutral in situations of injustice. After the performance I overheard someone say: "I am happy to finally hear someone use their voice. I am happy to finally hear someone speak."

Trân Tran (Lausanne/CH), «COW HOW? CÂU HỎI?» Ist das ein Pausenzeichen? There is a pause sign on his shirt. Can

someone press play? Where is the play button and who is the ghost? They are sitting opposite each other at a table. He is balancing the table on his head and she is carrying it on her back. Art is the only space you can act insane without being labeled insane. She is lying on the table, then she takes her socks off. He helps her tape the bottom part of a bike pump to her foot. She walks with the bike pump on one foot. He is laying on the floor blowing at the glass ball. Blue hose. Yellow tape. He is speaking gibberish to the wall and the chair ends up on the table. He goes away and when he comes back the performance is over. ACHTUNG

VERSORGUNGSLEITUNG. Karin Meiner & Boris Nieslony (Burgbrohl/DE) «We are still in

discussion» Bare feet, dimmed lights, the heart enters through the side door. Who is in the heart looking for something?

Jogging is good for heart. Climbing is good for the heart. Swinging is good for the heart. Asking questions is good for the heart. Wasn't your heart looking for something? Do you hear my heart? My heart was looking something. I offer you my heart. Can you hear my heart? No? It's beating. I hear my heart. Wearing a red, full-body dress, the heart resembles a caterpillar in a cocoon, with a bicycle backlight beating in its chest. The heart beating inside the heartbeat.

The heart as object, as machine, as alive, as animal, as needy, as universe, as landscape, as muscle, as centre, as temporary. The heart as human. I do not know anyone who could count that high. $60\text{minutes} \times 1\text{day} \times 24\text{hours} \times 1\text{year} \times 365\text{days} \times 80\text{years} = 2,943,360,000$ times. Expressed in scientific notation as 2.94336×10^9 times

Rita Ambrosis (Locarno/CH)

«2'943'360'000» Cowbells hanging from belts. White masks. Fake fur. Nests on their heads. Hoods. Was this sexy??????

Someone had told him that this performance was culturally appropriating the Appenzeller tradition. I replied, well if you cannot reinterpret or reinvent the traditions and rituals of your own culture then there is nothing left to do or nothing left you can do. I believe in remixing: turning an old hydroelectric power station on Lake Lungern into a dark forest where yodelling echoes – a space that invites ancestral negotiation and blurs the boundaries between Christian traditions, carnival celebrations, and the ritualistic art world of the 21st century. Aren't we all watching, consuming, producing culture. If I were a child, I would be scared of these creatures. When I was three, I saw teenagers dressed up as pirates on Halloween, which made me cry because I thought they were real pirates at our door. Does your boyfriend yodel like this? I ask my sister, whose boyfriend is part of a yodel club. I can't watch the YouTube video because I don't have that much data but I am pretty sure he doesn't yodel like in that video. But I like how they're yodelling. I think it's beautiful. 'n Schuppel (Zürich, Trogen, Wildhaus/CH) I remember her eating the powder from behind the curtain with a spoon and then spitting the powder into red beverage. The powder is sticking to her hair and to her face.

Lai Dieu Ha (Hanoi/Vietnam), «P/S+»

Did you see what was inside the milk powder pile? Isabelle told me to go back and take a look at the ceramic cow figurine. Then, I let the tiny square of KitKat chocolate

dissolve completely in my mouth. We follow her along a trail of repulsive sweetness on which she tells us that in Vietnam, they use a knife to open cans of condensed milk, which is considered a luxury there. As a child, one can could last them a year, but she is going to eat this can all at once.

In the end, she switched off the main lights and turned on the strobe lights. Was she wearing fake boobs that she then removed? No, she was wearing two piles of silicone nipple covers. Oh, I didn't know they were nipple covers. Was the nipple a theme in the performance? Well, I guess there was a cow and the nipple covers sticking on the wall and the breasts and the milk and the story with the <3mother<3 living in a house full of sweetness and the condensed milk.

Then he told me some story about the Kim Kardashian controversial nipple bra . Thuy Anh Dang (Hanoi/Vietnam) «Ten things about sweetness»

Soooo Leonard Cohen as we dance to the end of love??? Which part was ironic, which part was professional, which part was amateur, which was funny, which was serious, which was tradition, which was ritual? Which move was a performance art trope? Lai Dieu Ha tells me that my dog looks like her paws have been coloured in chalk but maybe they have been dipped in flour or in powdered or condensed milk and Monika Günther tells me how much she loves dogs. Abschluss