

HEINZ MACK

OTTO PIENE

COUNTDOWN TO

ZERO

Personal Structures Art Projects # 10

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This book is the documentation of *Personal Structures Art Projects # 10*. It has been published as a limited edition. The edition comprises 110 copies of which 50 DeLuxe, numbered from 1 to 50, 50 DeLuxe hors commerce, numbered from I to L and 10 Artist Proofs, numbered from AP # 1-10. Each item of this limited edition consists of a book and a DVD in a case, housed together in a cassette. The DeLuxe edition is signed by Heinz Mack and additionally contains a photo of the "Entrance ticket" on the hand of Mack for the ZERO-Party at Bahnhof Rolandseck, 1966.

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When one talks about himself, it is very personal.
In my case, it is always related to certain emotions,
which I cannot completely abstract from the events.

— Heinz Mack

10

What I tell you now is all very complicated, but it belongs to my life. My father was a man, whose dream it was to make a career as an intellectual. My mother was the exact opposite. She came from the countryside. But she had attended a high school, and apparently had good grades. She was 22 years old when she married my father. I played a lively role at my parents' wedding—although invisible to the public, I was very close to the heart of the bride.

My father had attended a commercial college and also spent some time in London. He then worked as a secretary for a labor union. In 1933, when the Nazis came to power, my father immediately lost his job. I think now that he must have been bitter about not being able to follow his ideas anymore. In 1939, he was drafted into the army. In 1945 he died in a French prisoner-of-war camp near Bordeaux. He was always interested in my career and my future.

I grew up in the Westphalian village Lübbecke, where my parents had built a house. From the steep saddle roof you could enjoy a view on the North German plain. There you could see sunrise and sunset, with all that went on in the sky.

[That I would become an artist] one could read in my family history. A cousin of my mother, Agnes Niemeyer, who I never met in my life, was a very talented and good painter. Her paintings hung on our walls. [...] There was something artistic on my mother's side of the family. When I was six years old, my mother encouraged me to draw and paint and gave me a real adult sketchbook for Christmas. [...] Something was in the air and also in my hands and fingers, and thank God my family was very stimulative. When I was 13 years old, few years before his death, my father told me: "Yes, when you want

Already before the war started, the financial situation was almost a catastrophe. Most of the money my father earned was saved to buy a very small house. My family on my mother's side, they were farmers and businessmen and they were also very thrifty. They could support themselves, but that was it. Under these conditions it was amazing that my father had the idea of buying a piano.

Perhaps he was influenced by a note, which I had received from my music teacher at school. It said that I had musical talent and that I should learn to play an instrument. When we were evacuated, the piano was transported in a freight wagon. It was brought to Lollar and was the only piano in the entire village. When the war was over, my mother, my sister and I were transported together with our piano in a freight wagon. It took three days to get from Lollar,

to become a painter, I would find that very lovely, good and right. But, so that you will not waste too much time and energy living in poverty, you should earn a living as a drawing teacher." I promised him this and kept that promise until the completion of all examinations in 1957. *

which is in the centre of Germany, back home to Krefeld. We were like refugees. But the piano had to go with us.

I was also good at singing. Today I smile about it. During the Nazi-time, when there were festivities, all boys were dressed in uniform. There were approximately 100 boys in the choir. The final phrase of the song was "*Morgenrot, Morgenrot, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod*" [Dawn, dawn, shine me to early death]. I was chosen as the soloist to sing this song, in front of an audience of pupils and teachers. I was so moved, deeply emotional, that I was trembling more and more while singing. Tears came and the last phrase... I only breathed it.

When I finished, in my recollection, my teacher came to congratulate me on my singing. A few days later, however, I was

punished because I had insulted the nation. My singing had been too emotional, too feminine. It was not heroic. Today it seems absurd, but this was the reality of that time.

Another story is that one day a week, one of the pupils had to stand in front of the class, make "*Heil Hitler*" and then recite a poem. Of course, this had to correspond with the Third Reich. When it was my turn—I was about 12 years old at the time—I did not find any text. In the home of my grandmother there were only three books: a cookbook, a Bible and *Mein Kampf*. On the back of a calendar, I found a saying. The next day, when I stood in front of my class, very proudly, I said: "*Glück und Glas, wie leicht bricht das!*" [Fortune and glass soon break, alas!]. That day, I was called to see my teacher after school. How I had come to this text!

Shortly after the bombardments of Krefeld, in which over a thousand people were killed, my parents decided that we could no longer stay there and had to evacuate. We were sent to the family of my mother, who lived in Lollar. In the village, there were many parades and festivities by the Nazis.

Everybody had to hang the flag outside of their houses. It was absurd. When you look back at the pictures from that time, you can see one flag next to the other. The house of my grandmother—where I was evacuated to—had no flag. A man from the SA, with his brown uniform, came and shouted at us for not having that flag. My uncles and aunts defended themselves by saying that the flag had been dirty and needed washing—which was already an offence in itself.

I was blessed to have a most impressive grandmother;—she really was a personality. She was very strong, very tall and thin and, as she was a widow, wore only black. She was a very quiet character. For hours, she could sit without saying a word. But when she said something, it was very meaningful.

One day, one of those soldiers came to my grandmother's house and she was sitting in the kitchen. He offered her the "mother cross": a medal given to women who had many children. My grandmother called him by his first name—she knew him from the village: "From you I accept nothing! And tell your Leader, he should first get married and have children himself. Then you can come back!" And she showed him the door. It was very dangerous, of course. Betraying each other back and forth—the Germans are world champions at that, they did that very well in WWII. It is absurd!

It was a remarkable decision of my father: we should not take part in any religious education. He advised this in one of his letters from the war front. A strange word from the Nazis was *gottgläubig* [god believer]: one would believe in a god, but it did not have to be a Christian god. I could prove that I was *gottgläubig* and did not have to follow the classes in religion. I spent these hours in the schoolyard with another pupil of my class, a Jewish boy. Not much later, he disappeared and was never seen again. Nobody could explain to me why he was not there anymore. I remember this was very irritating. I still know his name: Samuelis.

Later, my absence from the classes in religion was frowned upon in the village and I had to get the sacrament of confirmation. I had to take part in these confirmation classes in church. The day

of my confirmation, there was an air raid. Panic everywhere. It was the first time that a single house in Lollar was destroyed. One person was killed. Until this day I have not gotten the sacrament of confirmation.

Instead of religious education, my father had especially saved money to buy the Brockhaus encyclopaedia. For some reason they were placed in the laundry in the basement. By the lemma about the Sahara, there was a tiny image in colour, which was glued inside. I painted a work after this image, which I then covered with water glass, to make it shinier. From all the images in this 12-volume encyclopaedia, this one fascinated me the most. It's very interesting when you think of my *Sahara-Project*, which I devised several years later, in 1959.

There wasn't much to do in Lollar and there were only farmland and fields outside of the village. Consequently, I was reading as much as I could. My father sometimes sent me these very small books, which were especially made for soldiers. Once, he sent me Plato's *Symposium*. Coming from this farmland, this book was strange to me. I read it twice, but it was still strange. As far as he could, my father tried to support my education.

There is a relation to Günther Uecker here, who grew up under similar circumstances. He also grew up on a farm and neither had an innately intellectual education. But I must say that over the years he has studied all sorts of philosophical questions in depth, so that he is a very interesting conversation partner. He also started with nothing. Piene's case was different. His father was the director of

a high school and had taken intellectual influence on his children from the beginning on.

On the other hand, I did not really know my father. Once, he visited us when he was on leave. Immediately, he took off his uniform and slipped into regular clothing. It was only for three or four days. One cannot have a big impact in such a short time. I never saw him again. For two years, my father was recorded as missing. It was a long time before my mother heard that he was one of more than 8,000 who had died of typhoid in a French prisoner-of-war camp. The Americans did deliver penicillin to the prisoner-of-war camps from very early on, but it was not given to everybody.

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I was a member of the *Hitlerjugend* [Hitler Youth]. It was not a question of choice. One had to go. There was no alternative. I was not very proud to be part of it. All the boys there were much stronger than I was and the main exercise was to beat each other up. I was proud of wearing the uniform, but for some reason I did not fit into this world. Because of my musical talent, I was appointed to the drums and fanfare. Nevertheless, it was all quite strange.

You can imagine that when the war ended, it left me disillusioned. All the ideals I had as a young boy died overnight. To explain to you exactly what this meant to me, I'll tell you a story.

It was in 1945 or 1946, the war was over and the American soldiers were stationed in Lollar. In the village, there was

I belong to the Flakhelfer-Generation, like Karlheinz Stockhausen, for instance, or Günter Grass. **

One of my most depressing experiences, when I arrived at the Flak on 10 January 1944, was the farewell to my father. Because he was a headmaster, he had to bring our class to Minden. His facial expression, I will never forget. As a disabled from WWI, he knew the horrors of war. As he accompanied us, it must have occurred to him as a transport to the slaughter. Six week later, on 27 february, he was dead. Stroke. All these events and developments caught me unprepared. Consequently, the psychological burden was large. We knew hardly anything of my brothers at the west front, and nobody calculated with their return. We were so concerned with survival, that we have not come to thinking.

only one telephone. There was one veterinary that also cured people. And there was also a barn where films were shown. There were seats for the ones who paid for a ticket; others were sitting on the ground. The Americans showed their films there, too. As youngsters, we were very curious, of course. There was something happening there! Through a back entrance, I secretly slipped into the cinema.

Documentary material was shown from the concentration camps, photographed by the Americans. Those were horrible documentations. I even think that later, they were never shown again, because they were so terrible, as in a slaughterhouse. There are documentations that I have seen repeatedly, but these photographs... I never saw them again. It was an unbelievable shock.

We had to carry bazookas along, but they were never used. Nor were our guns. For the so-called *RAD-Infanteriedivision* [RAD Infantry Division] we only marched, respectively tripped with our baggage, from West in direction East. It was only when we reached the Elbe, that our regiment was used. Neither did we look an enemy in the eye, nor did we shoot anyone. The whole undertaking was not only life-threatening, but also absurd. *

[During] WWII, the bright sky was the most dangerous time and the darkest night was the safer time. In certain ways the values were reversed. It certainly has something to do with what I experienced and had done and how I worked during and after the war.

To be directed towards the sky is not a bad thing, but to experience the sky as a battlefield was new. It came with the excitement

That was the first time that I realised—of course, in all my youth—that the world I had grown up in was a devil's world and I hadn't known that.

of watching fliers and flying machines and shooting into the sky, which is a pretty scary, and at the same time somewhat exhilarating, activity.

Although it is very scary, the light rays of the Flak were absolutely fascinating. It's like drawing in space. Except you can hardly see it because you are incredibly rattled by this overwhelming noise of the guns, so it is a combined experience that is definitely multi-sensory, and while it is happening you don't really have time to notice it or register it, but it somehow remains somewhere and comes out later when there is time to think about it. That's part of the experience of my generation but not all experience and not all my values come from being exposed to the war. And that's quite all right. **

8

My mother had suffered a lot from the death of my father. In 1949, the year I had to finish high school, I went to France. We had received the message that my father had been buried near Bordeaux. I did not speak any French, well, only very badly. How I got there, I still don't remember. In those days, it was very difficult to travel. When I came to Bordeaux, I saw my father's grave. Then I could tell my mother that my father was honourably buried.

During the war many schools were burned down. Many teachers had to fight during the war. Only old people were left.

As to be expected from that time, my school years were very improvised. I had started at the humanitarian high school with Greek and Latin. The first year was hardly over and the school

As great the fear of war and death, as strong, yes euphoric, was my experience in the first days of May, to finally be free. [...] When I was told that we were fired from the army and the war was over, in the first moments I experienced a deep wonder to still be alive.

In the last war months we had lost the belief in a plausible way out. The older soldiers around us, had said: "Dear people, you can be glad when you get out of this mess alive." Before being fired I was in hospital for more or less amusing reasons. As not completely surprising with a teenager of 16 years old, I had boil, i.e. pus in my system, first in the one and then later in the other jaw. In hospital, I came together with other wounded, injured and sick soldiers. When they spoke, they swore less about the enemies, who bombarded Dresden, than about the system and the leadership that had let it happen.

burned down. At another high school, only languages were taught. In the end, I graduated at a scientific high school.

The closest high school was 20 kilometres away. Every day I had to wake up early, walk to the train station and then take the train to school. After school I had to wait in the city for two hours, because then my piano lessons would start. My parents had saved money so that I could take these lessons. "We will turn you into a pianist." Everybody had told them that I was very talented and that I should practice. I always came home very late. In the winter, it was basically dark around that time.

One night, I came home and it was quite dark. It was already later than the curfew ordered by the Americans. Suddenly a large man stood in front of me, an American soldier. He held a flask in his hand

On the way home there was an extraordinary moment of happiness of such an intensity, that I never experienced again. When I heard that I was fired from the army, I realised how close I was to the North Sea. As I had never seen the sea, I decided, instead of marching South in direction Lübbecke immediately, to take a detour West.

I reached the dyke along the Elbe not far from Glückstadt, where the river widens itself to the sea and thanks to its width seems like the sea. From east onto the crest of the dyke, I suddenly saw myself confronted with this unbelievable cloud of water and light. Because there was not the slightest bit of wind, the water surface of the Elbe was motionless and glassy and the atmosphere full of peacefulness. She shined like a giant sea of light, in which the purity of the sunshine was being mirrored.

and shouted: "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" In my right hand I was holding my bag. With my left hand I reached for the bottle.

My hand was injured. Today you can't see it anymore, but my finger was totally cut, also the tendon. Because it was night, I could only go to the village's doctor, the veterinarian. The next morning, I was brought to the animal clinic. Of course, they were not interested in a pianist. It took a very long time until my hand was healed so that I could play the piano again.

During the time of high school graduation, every day I practiced for two or three hours. Finally, it became too much. In addition to that came the fact that my teacher, a very educated and sensible person, was homosexual. I did not know this. I did not even know what homosexuality was.

The Holocaust was not known, and the persecution of Jews only fragmentary. The extreme degree of persecution and deaths, so the total madness of the systematic destruction, only came to light in postwar Germany when newspapers reappeared. [...] This was crushing. *

One day I came to him for my lesson. It was the time that we had to bring potatoes to lesson. These potatoes were put on the fireplace, so that they would heat up. We would then hold them in our hands before the lesson started, to heat up our fingers. It was so tremendously cold!

I was standing with my potatoes in my hands when the door opened. I could see how my teacher was hugging another student. My world fell apart. He had always told me I was his favourite student. Overnight I told my mother I would never go there again.

Also, I could not become a professional pianist after my hand was injured.

The question arose: what now? Another profession, I could not imagine. My painting was moderate at that time. For some reason, however, I had the idea of applying to the Academy.

7

Piene and I met each other at the Art Academy, already in 1950. He had already spent two years at a private Academy in Munich.

Half of the Academy in Düsseldorf was in ruins, because it had been bombed. There were very few students. There were two teachers with an artistic reputation: Ewald Mataré and Otto Pankok. They were the only teachers we could look up to. The other had been painting armoured cars and propaganda during the so-called Third Reich.

I applied to Mataré's class, who accepted me until he found out that I was in the course of becoming a teacher, not an independent artist. Of course, I wanted to become an independent artist, but I had to make some money first.

Due to the examination regulations for trainee teachers I had moved from Munich to the Düsseldorf Academy. [...]. On the first day already, I met Hans Salentin, Walter Küpper and Heinz Mack there. *

Mack and I became instant friends [...] and we've done many things together. We also studied philosophy together. The one difference is that he was always in a hurry. He finished his philosophical pursuits three years earlier than I did. I just took my time to study philosophy and I think that was a good thing to do. **

[Mack] had just graduated from high school, while I had been studying art in Munich for more than two years and had witnessed there the big Carnival celebrations in the Haus der Kunst, which during that time was flooded by artists and art lovers. From





It was all very complicated. I had no money. The caretaker then allowed me to sleep in the Academy. The day the Minister of Culture came to visit the Academy and saw my washed socks hanging to dry in the classroom, it was over.

There I met Piene. From the beginning we got along, because we both had a lot of questions that the teachers could not answer. We had to answer those questions by ourselves. It was phenomenal that we met each other so early on.

At the Faculty, both Piene and I followed the course that eventually let you become a high school teacher. There were two exams to do in order to get this degree: one at the academy and one in a 'scientific' course at the University. Both Piene and I had chosen Philosophy.

Düsseldorf I was not expecting much. I just wanted to make my exams and perhaps be in the teaching profession. [...]. Contrary to my expectations, immediately in autumn of 1951, I read there on the bulletin board of the academy the tacked note of the fashion school in Düsseldorf: 'We are looking for a teacher for life drawing and the like'. I introduced myself and was promptly taken.

The work in the class turned out to be boring, because we were taught by a man we rejected, for he had worked as head of the propaganda unit in WWII. Because we were too difficult for him, he allocated us, so Mack, Salentin and me, a private space.

That he basically isolated us, turned out to be an advantage. For if we had not just a studio for us, but could also develop our own ideas of painting there unseen. The fact that we were on our own,

Quickly, our friendship became stronger. Piene had children, even sooner than I did. His son became my godchild, so there even were family connections.

In a way it was a duplicity of incidents. Each one of us had created his attempts for himself. We went our own way. Both studios were next to each other. Both of us worked on our own, but we were also very curious what the other was doing. It was so positive, that a certain correspondence arose. However, there was a whole range of things that I did not show him, because I was afraid that it would influence him. I did not want anybody to make something similar as what I was doing. But it was also insecurity: I was not sure whether what I had been making was

we dared not only more than other students at the Academy. In self-study, we worked through the essential phases of modern painting, entering into the feeling that we had not found a suitable territory for ourselves yet. The latest, with which we were concerned, was informal painting. Besides that, I myself was also interested in Italian Futurism.

My luck appeared to be that in addition, I was studying art history. My teacher, Professor Schmidt, who obviously liked me, provided me with stipends from inside the Academy of 100 or 150 Mark, which at the time was not a small amount. *

at all sufficient. I did not want to expose myself too much, or disgrace myself.

We did not speak about what we were doing in the sense that we decided to do something together. Our *Homage à Fontana* was a real exception. There were only very few *Gemeinschaftsarbeiten* [team works].



6

By far I was the youngest student at the Academy. Most of the other students were older than I was. They had been in the war. Beuys, for example, was in the same class as I was. I was proud of being accepted at the Academy.

I had promised my mother to study in order to become a teacher. She had requested this from me. In fact, she had told me she would kill herself, if I didn't do it. It was a kind of desperation.

My sister, who was actually doing better in school than I was, had to leave school and became a hairdresser. Every weekend, she would go from door to door to cut hair, in order to earn some extra money for the family. The living circumstances after the war were horrible. My mother only received a very meagre pension. In my

I finished all my exams, to honour the promise I had made to my father. During the test, Liebrucks, who was totally focussed on language as consciousness, asked me whether I would stay with philosophy, whether I would want to become a philosopher. Hardly back in my studio, this idea had vanished. It was not as important to me as art.

Mack was the first to have a space on the Gladbacher Strasse and then a relatively large apartment in the Herzogstrasse. In his space sometimes I, sometimes someone else moved in. In the end the large space where a woman had held a ballet school became empty. To rent this space, where later the evening exhibitions took place, five artists joined together: Mack, Kurt Link, Hans Salentin, the photographer Charles Wilp and I. [...] When [Link] left, the

archive I still have all these small receipts from during the war. I could cry when I see it. She hardly had enough to buy the utmost necessary things.

After a few years of working as a teacher, I decided to quit my job and become a full-time artist.

Eight days later, I went to New York and stayed there for a few years. That was a true sensation. I had to really make money, part of which I sent home to my mother.

At that time, many gallery owners in New York were Jews. In the USA, the Jewish community plays a big part in culture, they are very well-educated people. It was amazing for me that Howard Wise gave me 1000 \$ every month, also when nothing got sold.

He trusted me. Fortunately, everything went well. On top of that, I had gotten married too young. That was a big mistake, maybe my biggest.

After the catastrophe of World War II, it was remarkable how quickly Germany recovered.

One should never forget that the Americans invested a lot of money in recovering Germany. I am disappointed that after building the country up in such a short time, the Germans took a seat on their sofas and found they had the right to have a bourgeois mentality and could sit in all quietness.

For the elections around that time, chancellor Konrad Adenauer advertised himself with the slogan: "Adenauer, no experiments!"

space was taken over by Heinz Mack and now and then it was used for the evening exhibitions. [...] Slowly, I took over the large studio, of which the rent was 65 Mark. Either we worked there together, or at different times of the day. The large studio was bombed out and only provisionally covered and the windows were leaky. We moved in this space in 1953, I kept it until 1966.*

When I saw this on the posters, I went to my studio, took a brush and a pot with black paint and went from advertisement pole to advertisement pole, to over-paint the word "no" on these posters. After 12 or 15 posters, the police came and stopped me. It was symptomatic for the Post-war-society to establish their welfare and private luxury. We demonstrated against it. Of course, we were not part of this society.



5

In the mid 1950s I was experiencing a time of intense self-doubt. We were on holiday somewhere. I had become a father and next to the baby's stroller stood my easel, right there in the landscape. Later I over-painted these works with black, without knowing that Arnulf Rainer had already done that. That was despair.

Then this true philosophical, speculative thought arose: what is left? Where can I start again if I forget about everything that I have learned before?

I like to compare it to a pianist who can play a Rhapsody by Franz List, in which he uses his ten fingers to play a piece that has more than 1,000 finger strokes in a very short time. Then he decides to start using only one finger and one note. In this way frequencies

What painting is about in my opinion, is that, what is called "filming". It was my mind, that by applying raster- and relief techniques and by using light colours, such as white, yellow, silver, gold and black, you can see a visible air that is defined by light. Yes, something like a light space is created between image and viewer. *

There is a fascination in all elements, but it was fire where my fascination was particularly strong and the reach maybe more intense. The intensity of producing things, of making things as well as of experiencing things. There is also the element of speed and instantaneity and quickness to processes that employ fire. So, there are many advantages. We all know, that it is not just in art that these things are important. They are also instrumental in the industry and in the crafts and in many many situations of production. And then

come into being. Something totally new! It is axiomatic! After that there is nothing, only true emptiness.

I abandoned all composition and focused solely on structure. I deployed materials to which light reacts. My sculptures are like instruments on which light is playing. Without light, they do not really have a function.

Piene was especially advanced. Later came the acknowledgement that someone else had done it before, even 20 or 30 years before. We dedicated our precious lifetime to this, this one thing.

of course there are all the advantages of using fire because it is also warmth, it is heat. It is a little bit like the air; it keeps us alive. And at the same time brings with it, you know, the dangers of over-doing it.

Working with fire is also something that brings out the thought and feeling of death: if it doesn't work well, things burn up, *kaputt*. It functions along the borders of what lives and what dies. [...] You know, fire is one of the elements that constitutes life, so it is a constant dance between things that live and things that die, things that come and things that go. They are what human feelings, values and initiatives have been about forever.

[Light]—in many ways, not just in a physical way or in a physics way—means many things. Light means not only warmth and lighting; it also means enlightenment. That is one of the basic

miracles that happen when we enter into or face the light: that we see things that we did not see before and that then we feel things that we did not feel before and that we therefore, are richer than we were before, when we had not been exposed to this incredible phenomena of light and had not been practicing it and experiencing it. It really adds things to the human vocabulary that are not possible without light. Beside that, beyond all that, without light we cannot live anyway, but we can live better, we can live better with better and with more mature, more intense and more refined light than just with common lighting means. Beside that, the technology has given us so many more forms of light than we had before and they produce wonderful things. So, light art is something that is very close to and very closely related to sky art, both deal with elements that keep us alive.





Underneath it all, light is material and as time becomes visible in light, time also becomes material. In that respect it is less frightening to think about time and thinking of time that is the element that also becomes tangible in death. So, they are very close and they are very, somewhat frighteningly, conjoined.

Mack looks at light and uses it very much in a situation of reflection, you know, those physical reflections. Light gets reflected by shiny surfaces of various materials, most of the time solid materials, such as metals. So, that was actually the origin of ZERO.

I use light increasingly in a physical sense, as 'light', as the 'immaterial' substance, because it is not really immaterial. But that is the common way of describing light: it is immaterial; certainly it is not solid material. And I used light increasingly. Its

most important characteristics are described in a 'popular' way as an immaterial carrier of messages, of lighting, of illumination. The more interesting part, of course, is that light also becomes kind of the overall medium of the technological means, which initially hardly existed. But then it became more and more part of the media in art. So, in addition to originally making objects such as paintings, I increasingly made rooms, made spaces, events, Sky Art, and all of that. These were mostly made possible by the use of light and its capacity of filling entire rooms, traveling long distances and carrying messages over long distances in a way, which is not reserved for art and the practice of art and the pursuit of traditional art vocabulary. So, I made light rooms, I made a light ballet, and light in architecture and increasingly Sky Art, which is somewhat different from using heavy metal, heavy

material carriers, but not precluding the use of materials, heavy materials as an architecture.

Initially, particularly my friend Heinz Mack criticized the use of artificial light. I mean, he was very naïve and didn't know what he was doing. For the first two or three years he criticized the use of light in the form of electric light. And from there on it changed. However, he has always been on the kind of material side of light, except when it takes on a lot of dimensions as he did in his desert project quite clearly and quite sympathetically in a film.

Anyway, our belief in the encompassing energy of light was strongly shared, or strongly enough. That became the basis for forming and practicing the ideals of group ZERO. So, as of 1956-1957, we moved towards thinking together and working together. **









4

It was only after the war that I realised how many different countries actually are close to Germany. Interestingly, ZERO was born along the Rhine, in Düsseldorf. Already since centuries, rivers have either separated or connected parts of the world. From Düsseldorf it is not far to Holland.

We were interested in everything that happened in the world. It was a splendid time, because we came into contact with foreign artists such as Lucio Fontana, Yves Klein, Piero Manzoni, Enrico Castellani, Jesús Raphael Soto, Jean Tinguely, Jan Schoonhoven, Jef Verheyen, Yayoi Kusama, Jiro Yoshihara, and many others, whom we had never seen before, but who had ideas that corresponded to ours.

The result was group ZERO and the idea of making a magazine. And more important yet, the *Abendausstellungen*, the night exhibitions that were really the nucleus of the ZERO group and forming and attracting groups of people beyond the studio. **

The internationality was a new experience. The Germans, having lost WWII and their felony against the Jews, were justly frowned upon. The country was isolated. [...] [The *Zeitgeist* was] characterised by similar experiences. The experience of war is also something connecting.

We all made our way to something of our own and investigated or had been following informal painting. Because we were full of energy, the situation arose that we, before ZERO, were invited to the





On the other hand we spent many nightly hours in our studios and felt completely isolated. Nobody was interested in us. Shortly after the war, there were no galleries that supported us.

The idea behind the *Abendausstellungen* [evening exhibitions] was: "If no one helps us, we will help ourselves." It wasn't necessarily about becoming known to the public. We wanted to present our works in a public forum to give them a new dimension. Hanging on a clean white wall, our works were objectified. They were drawn out of their context, not showing where they were from. This way of seeing our work fascinated us. Finally, we could see our works next to each other and observe how they corresponded with each other.

Gruppe 53 and the Winter Exhibition. It was a time of great upheaval in Düsseldorf, linked to the desire of many, to make exhibitions.

We wanted to show our work. When I say "we", besides me I do not only mean Heinz Mack, but also Peter Brüning, Johannes Geccelli and at the beginning also Joseph Beuys. Because at the time there were no exhibition possibilities, we did not want to make content oriented exhibitions. It was simply about showing what we as 20 to 25 year olds were creating. Somehow the idea arose that we could use the studio in the Gladbacher Strasse as a temporary exhibition space.

Yves Klein made a very strong impression on me. He demonstrated the model of the independent artist, who devises, works out and

We simply invited some friends, and with a small invitation card we created an evening exhibition. The next day, we all had to work again. But seeing those works next to each other—even for just one night—we developed a certain sense of community and friendship.

On the one hand, ZERO had nothing to do with politics. We were true pacifists. On the other hand, ZERO was—this has been described repeatedly—the first artists' movement after WWII, which did not respect the borders anymore. All participants—the Germans, the Dutch or the Italians—crossed the borders as if they were not there anymore. Mentally, we did not want to perceive them anymore. We sensed a kind of ubiquity: similar artistic ideas

creates his own world. Having lost WWII, we Germans were not self-confident.

That Yves showed my work to others, was more than just a gesture. It was an act of friendship with practical consequences. *

[The] practical thing [is] that in many many cases, in many many situations more people can achieve more than one person. Hence the idea of group work can be quite productive and can be quite inventive and can be quite enriching. That can be extended beyond art and other areas of life, such as sports events, which are not very very far from the goals of art. The togetherness, the group effort produces beautiful results that cannot be achieved by a sole artist, a sole person in his or her lonely studio far away from the

came up simultaneously at various places. It fascinated us and wasn't rationally explainable.

Today, one can say it was astonishing that artists from different parts of the world autonomously developed surprisingly similar ideas. In various places there evolved projects and works, which evinced an elective phenomenological affinity and mutual closeness. It developed a huge awareness of mutuality. One felt confirmed, no longer isolated.

This feeling was so strong that, when for example someone would have started swearing at Henk Peeters, I would have passionately defended him. This was my world! And others would have done the same for me.

It is a magnificent history! Today one could rightly say: how did Europe emerge? To say it a little easy: the ZERO artists have anticipated the idea of Europe.

A story I always like to tell is about the time I visited Yves Klein in Paris. It was very early on, I think in the beginning of 1958. Of course, I didn't have any money and slept in his room. I slept on the same sofa on which he later died. I think I was the first German artist who discovered Yves Klein and committed to him. I had a Volkswagen, one of these old, rusty things. There was no highway and I had to drive all the way over these country roads, past all these old cities. When I went back to Germany, Yves Klein gave me one of his large monochrome works, which I had to give to Alfred Schmela.

world, and that people thought of as the ideal for the 19th century genius... **

[The] artists at that time were not only intellectually or artistically connected, but also practically. They supported each other, and so formed the community or group called ZERO. *



My car was parked so unfortunate, that we had to carry the painting all the way over the street to the parking place. Then the work didn't fit into the car. Yves Klein was annoyed. We had to go all the way back and up the stairs. With today's money, we brought back a million. Then came a smaller picture, maybe 90 x 70 cm, and it fitted into my car.

On the way back to Germany, I had to go through customs with it. Of course the questions came, first in France. What is that? Well, "*une peinture*" [a painting]. They were immediately offended. Okay, but it is far from being finished! He was irritated, as if he was thinking: Of course I can see that it is not finished, you stupid! And that all in the night, because I wanted to go home urgently.

In my archive I still have these custom forms. At that time, when we wanted to cross the border, we were stamped all over. Some forms are unreadable, because of having so many stamps.

It was symptomatic for this time. One was concerned about the other artists. That was our passion. I was similarly passionate about helping Alfred Schmela open his gallery. Schmela seriously considered exhibiting a horse with hay in order to sensationally address the public. Schmela had asked me: "What do you think, if I make the opening with a horse?" He was serious! We discussed it and I personally pleaded him to leave the horse in the stable. Instead, I suggested Yves Klein. It was the first exhibition of Yves Klein in Germany!

In Krefeld, which is very close by, there was a museum built by Mies van der Rohe. Its director Dr. Paul Wember was great. He made the first Tinguely exhibition, for example, and showed the first works of Mack, Piene, and Uecker. He did not have any inhibitions and was always immediately enthusiastic. He was a strong Catholic and was impressed by Yves Klein's spiritual attitude. When we would





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hang a blue painting next to a pink one next to a golden one—then we would have the Holy Trinity. He was keen to interpret works in this way. At a certain point, I had enough of that. We had some strong discussions. I say this, because I was one of the first who started asking other artists for their works and exchange it with one of mine.

In 1959, I had my first exhibition in Paris in the Galerie Iris Clert—also Yves Klein and Tinguely had exhibited there. At the end of the show, only one small relief had been sold. Years later I visited Lucio Fontana and found this work hanging in his studio! He was the only one who had bought something! This incident reveals the correspondence between us artists. It was very alive. Fontana could have been my father, but his artistic spirit was as young as ours.

When other artists visited us, they worked in our studios. Once Christo visited me. He wanted to make a work for me and asked what it should look like. I told him I wanted it totally wrapped in black, with a little silver cord over it. A few days later he came to me and complained how difficult it had been to make the work. He had been walking for days through Düsseldorf to find this silver cord. It was a gesture that was so loving and great!

These relations were truly intense. One suddenly felt confirmed. It was a feeling in the sense that, well, there were at least two, three people that found it interesting what I was doing. But at the same time, everyone was still alone. We were all *Einzelgänger* [loners]. It is like this: when you go through the desert, there are no signs that direct you which way to go. Everybody must follow his or her own way. And with time, that seems to have been the right decision.



3

Before we eventually decided to study Philosophy, there were many nights of long discussions. All sorts of people were there—artists, but also authors, journalists etc. We were sitting in the cellars that had served as air-raid shelters during the war.

Albert Camus was very important to me. Also Sartre, of course. Both of them, each in their own way, have freed the 'nothing' from the regularities, from mythology. It went back to Nietzsche and his radical thinking. Thereto came *The Principle of Hope* by Ernst Bloch, which I read several times. Franz Kafka was also an important influence. Every construction pointing towards heaven was exposed as a mirage, as pure human imagination. Religion was thoroughly discussed, and we often argued from an atheistic point of view, to the point of absurdity.

ZERO is many things. ZERO is on one hand this world beyond everyday concerns and on the other hand it is also something that tells us about the world beyond that what we try to reach with art, any time, much of the time as an endeavour that does not only have to do with Sky Art, but also has to do with traditional art forms that in many ways try to tell us about what we do not know.

The experience of war [...] had a very strong motivating force momentum in the becoming of ZERO after the war, because I felt that we really needed to see how bad it has been and how it has to be better in the future. Not just as a kind of entertainment of the idea of change, but also as something that is necessary to happen. When WWII was over, I as well as many other people with me, thought that now people would have learned and never want

What is humanity?

Being human also means to be responsible for your own actions. We discussed these and other highly complex questions, because they prepared us for facing the vast emptiness that lay before us. It was a speculative question: what was left to do in art?

One only makes a slit. Fontana. Another over-paints everything with a blue colour. Monochrome. Later some hung their paintings with the front turned towards the wall. For me the essential, cardinal question arose: was there anything I could do that hadn't been done before?

These questions made me doubt my work and myself; they left me in despair.

another war again. In my youthful wisdom I thought it would be at least 25—or maybe even more—years until people would get tired of peace and would be ready for another war. Unfortunately, that is what really happened. Some people do not need peace because they are just made in a very strange, very disharmonious kind of way. That is really unfortunate. So, I hope that the great catastrophes will not be upon us so soon, if ever.

These terrible things are kind of unthinkable, as many people have said. But they happen anyway, how and why is for me very very difficult to understand, because I have seen enough bad things in the war and other catastrophic situations. Some people just do not get it. In many many ways that is not just a matter of rational

When you passed through European Art History, it seemed like there was nothing left to do. For me, at that time—it was around 1956 or '57—the European panel painting was over. Picasso had ended it with his analytic Cubism. In a positive way, he had repeated and destroyed the complete history of European painting from Giotto to the Impressionists. What was left was a raster of particles. I couldn't think of anything to add. I had been an enthusiastic painter before, but then I dropped everything. I told myself: everything you have learned, you must forget it, forget, forget! Otherwise you will never even have a chance of finding a new beginning. Then the question arose, whether I was a painter or more a sculptor. I discovered the relief as something in between. The relief was a new beginning for me, with which I could continue.

thinking or rational instruction, but also a matter of education. That has played a big big part in our cultural life, in our intellectual life and we should not forget it. So, if people think that teaching to artists is beyond the artist' dignity or sense of adventure, it is not quite true. It is a beautiful enterprise if it works out and hopefully it will be working out further.

[The] ZERO artists argued strongly in the service of ecology and re-harmonization of human labor, human effort, human toil, and the benefits to humans, and amongst those were the cleaning up of industry and of the air, and so on. It was part of ZERO argumentation and values, hence this obsession with the clean image, the clean picture, the white picture or canvas. In a certain way, this is an expression of purity. And purity is an expression of

I think, what we—Piene, Uecker, me and other artists, Castellani etc.—have changed is that we started making works without any kind of composition. The classical three dimensions are over, once and for all. That is Picasso's cubism. We live in a new world, in which structure is very important. Actually, there is a very close relation to natural science. Modern natural science only thinks in raster. It is no longer about the landscape; it's about what is underneath the electro microscope and how to visualize it on the computer. From this perspective the world looks very, very different. To me, it is mind-blowing that despite its abstraction art still has its relation to nature. What I also find fascinating in this regard is the relation to the Orient. Oriental art has always been objectless. Not only Malevich but the complete Orient was objectless all along! For this reason I have been interested in this culture and its expressions for a long time.

the longing for a better world, a cleaner world, for a world that is in harmony with the creation and whatever else we can quote in this context.

I wanted, or we wanted, to alert other people to the possibilities of an expanded art. And the possibilities of expanded life and increased alertness, an increased being awake and being productive. Those are all things that I want and I hope to happen. I have been trying to achieve—or at least to detect—this since I have been a thinking artist.

[Art]—like banking—is very much about safety: museums are the safest places in the world, safer than bank offices. In that respect, art isn't much better than business: looking for safety and security. But if you really go into nature and work with nature and

confront nature, then it becomes quite difficult. It becomes quite a challenge—though a beautiful and really exciting one. And nature will always become stronger compared with what we can do.

The idea of an art outside of the museum had something to do with our urge to communicate. [...] For us it was about making things in public, that are conform our understanding of democratic behaviour. The participation, the identification or the taking part is based on voluntariness. Neither party nor squad, ZERO was an organisation not practiced by force, but rather it was a voluntary community of ideas and idea-makers.

The artist is a social creature. And if the artist is a social creature, it translates his or her convictions into the work. That's just fine. And it would be okay if more artists would do it and be less materialistic

Art always has something to do with morality, in a platonic sense. It is the old platonic, or platonian, dictum that the beautiful is also the true and the just, an ideal which lives on to this day. All these artists who do PC-art and who are involved in criticism of whatever political system or the social system altogether, all act along the lines of this old human ideal. Essentially, my view was not different from that, either. Except that: it is so general, it implies so much, and it means so much that it is very difficult to pin it down to paragraphs of that constitution of whatever we are talking about as a standard of human life.

Utopia is really what drives lots and lots of things. Without utopia there is no life. Because utopia is related to the future and the future is what draws us along. So, utopia is as natural as blood. This

is really one of the things that motivates and motorizes people, and sometimes utopia is also beautiful and it is great fun to project. Nietzsche once said: "Man is the animal that can make promises." That is the basis of utopia. **

2

When Otto Piene proclaimed the New Idealism, this led to a lot of discussion. In Piene's text everything was idealised. I sent him a letter that I did not agree with this and that if it would not change I would leave the group. For me the New Idealism started with Hegel and Fichte and ended at last in the Third Reich.

Upon that, the French started their own group. It was a reaction upon the New Idealism. This happened at the end. Uecker and I agreed that ZERO was already in its closing time. After that, each of us could go his own way. Why should we continue to polemicize?

What is important to understand is that after the war there was a huge intellectual vacuum. There were hardly any books in the Düsseldorf library. There was no information!

Neither I was the intellectual of the group, nor did I like the notion of the intellectual. There was no organisational structure. However, I did not only essentially contribute to the world of ideas of ZERO. I also published a lot. [...] It was often interpreted as if I were the chief ideologist or even leader of the group. Yet I reject ideologies since forever.

Mack often said that an artist on the long run can only compete as soloist. From the start he was more an individualist than a group motor, and Uecker a loner. In this respect, it was clear since the beginning that the group would be temporary. *

Piène was a passionate advocate for the ZERO movement. He was always CEO and representative. He had a great rhetorical talent and a lot of intellectual discipline. His way of thinking could be somewhat demanding. I never wanted an ideology. To me, ZERO was a completely open situation, and all artists were equal. ZERO should not have a doctrine that each artist had to follow.

It was not a coincidence, on the contrary: it was actually symptomatic, that in a previously communistic country, in the time of the communist government in former Yugoslavia, there were these conferences about "the new tendency in Modern Art". Quickly they said that I was no longer welcome, because what I was doing was not consequent. There the doctrine was so strong, that he who did not fit into the picture was not accepted. Consequently

continuing in the same way, for me that was the dead art. Piène had started a painting, which originally he had been fighting against. He made a whole sequence of paintings that look "Informel", not far from Karel Appel, where he wildly, expressively paints. This is nothing bad. But the result looks like a quickly written down, journalistic gesture.

Then there was a situation after the last ZERO publication appeared, ZERO 3. We had to pay for it together. Piène had gotten a position at the Fashion school and earned his money. I earned money at the admissions office, but it was very little. Later I often wondered how I was able to sustain a life, feed my children, pay for my studio etc. We did publish this last publication, but needed 6 months to pay it off. Nowadays this is the standard publication about ZERO.

It came to an encounter in Piene's house. There was red wine, I remember very well. I drank too much and in this alcoholic state, Piene explained to me that he was actually the one who founded ZERO. I replied by saying: "Well, I will ask you again tomorrow, when we are both sober, if you still think this is true." I left his house. The next morning I called him up. "Yesterday you told me that you are the big originator of ZERO, are you prepared to repeat this?" "Yes", he said. With that the call, and not only the call, was over. Much more ended there. Our deepest trust was destroyed.

Nowadays, I must say that all three artists, Mack, Piene and Uecker, were equally important for ZERO. There was not one who was dominantly present and who could have done it alone. Since that time, we are behaving diplomatically. Uecker once said it very well:

"We were married once, but after 50 years we do not still have to say that we have loved each other." I was the one, in 1966, who said that we do not need to institutionalize ZERO. Everybody lives for himself and is a free man. For me it was over. It took almost 10 years! To us, it was not something that needed to be buried. We celebrated it! Uecker was immediately there. Piene was appalled. He had hoped that it would continue forever.

1

We have been asked if ZERO is still alive. Piene said: "The king is dead, long live the king." Uecker and I then immediately said: "The king is dead and he stays dead." For me, ZERO is a historical event. Many of my contemporaries have told me that even what I am doing today, still has something to do with ZERO. There is art made by Otto Piene that for me is not ZERO art, although he was of the opinion that it still continues to live. Uecker and I see that differently.

Now the question is: how did ZERO become so up-to-date again?

Well, it is a bit like this old wisdom, when they say there must be one generation in between, to activate another generation that had almost died.

I am not proud of society today, but I can always see the need for improvement. ZERO has a lot to do with the necessity for peace. There can never be enough peace—so to speak. [So] I hope that more ZERO will be visible and can be heard and can be felt in the future as well.

One thing that I hope for in the future is that Sky Art becomes more Sky Art. Meaning: it really conquers the sky, so we can conquer and experience and enjoy more our, the larger universe. Because what we see on earth or from the earth is just a small part of the grand creation of the universe.

I guess art is very much motivated by thoughts of death. Because art is something that people do so that they have something that stays.

What is very fortunate is that the city of Düsseldorf has fixed its support of the ZERO Foundation for the next 30 years. So, they can keep working even when I am not alive anymore. That's a great achievement.

A lot has changed. Today there is not such a common spirit between artists. Everything is completely commercialised. They only think about how to prevail over the others.

If I would have had a better financial situation, I could have reached more. A large part of my life-energy, I have spent on art in public space. Often I have been criticised and laughed at for doing this. I have always been interested in monumental sculpture that communicates with the light and space of its surroundings.

Monumental sculpture can only have its place outside, also to reach many people. The question whether it is art or not, should not arise. People should take it as a given in the city. Like in a garden, where something grows that was not planned, but which is beautiful. Things that stand outside must be taken care for. Otherwise people destroy them with graffiti, for example.

What I like to say, and I say it slightly proudly, is that in the last 2-3 years, there has been a series of artistic occurrences, of which I can say that somewhere Heinz Mack had an influence.

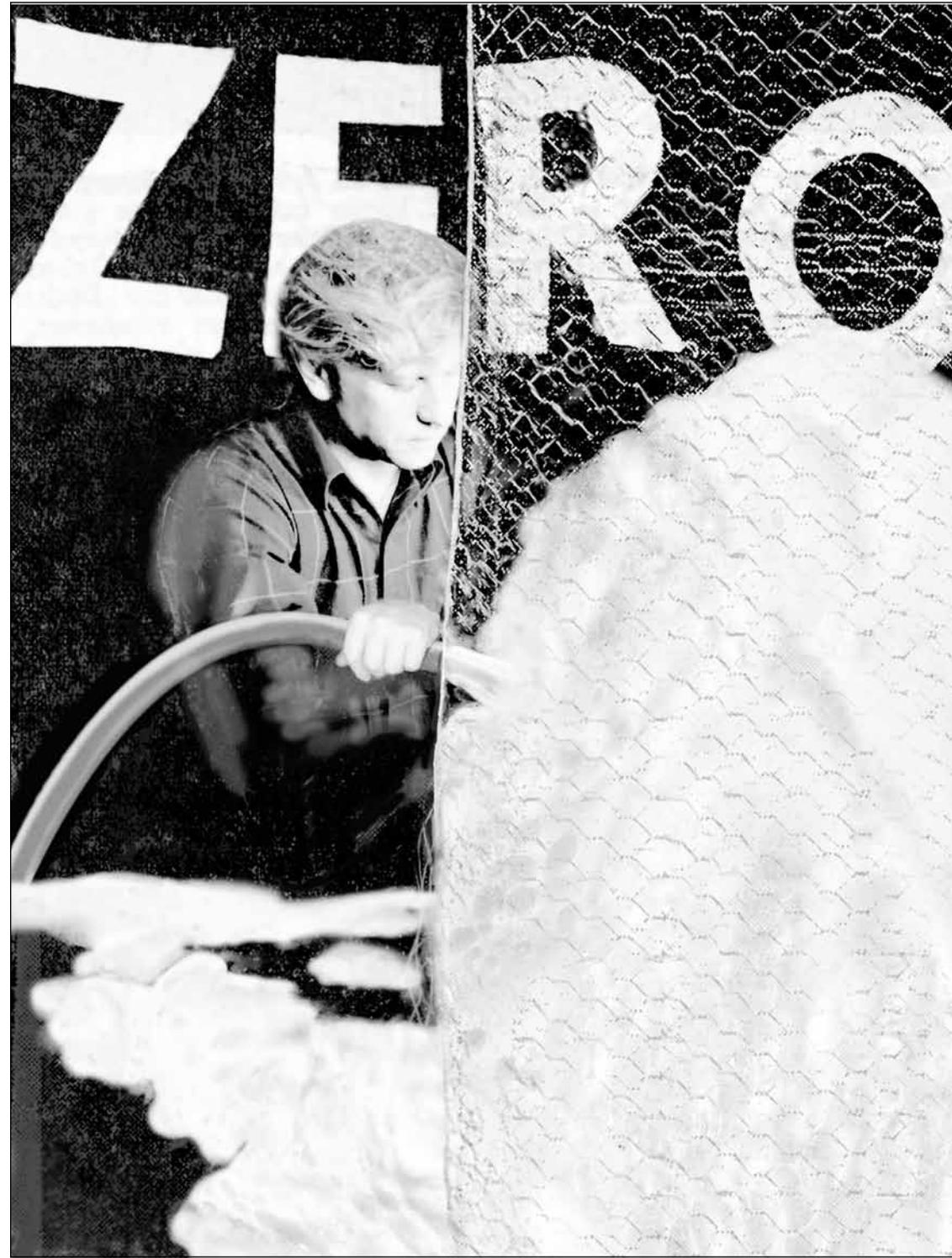
[Of] course people think about how long they live, if they live long. Even if you have lived long already, you still think life is forever, or you act as if life is forever. And there is very little we can do about that. **

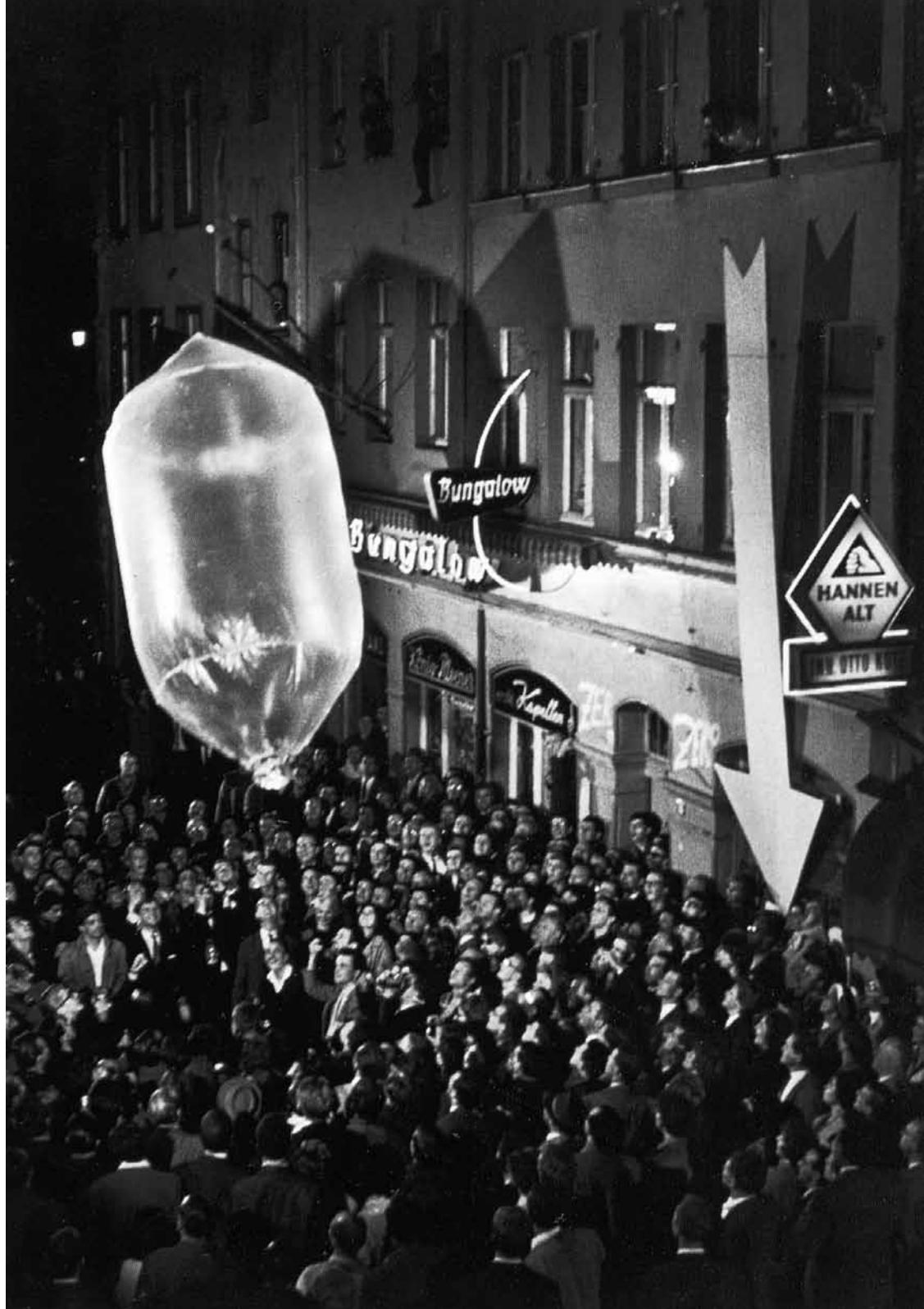
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CREDITS

The quotes from Otto Piene are marked as follows:

* Selected by Ulrike Schmitt and translated into English from: Otto Piene, in: Anna Lenz; Ulrike Bleicker-Honisch: Das Ohr am Tatort: Heinz-Norbert Jocks im Gespräch mit Gotthard Graubner, Heinz Mack, Roman Opalka, Otto Piene, Günther Uecker, Ostfildern 2009

** Excerpts from interviews with Otto Piene for PERSONAL STRUCTURES in 2009 and 2013. As published in: Karlyn De Jongh & Sarah Gold, PERSONAL STRUCTURES: TIME SPACE EXISTENCE 2, Global Art Affairs Foundation, 2013. And: Peter Lodermeier, Karlyn De Jongh & Sarah Gold, PERSONAL STRUCTURES: TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, DuMont Verlag, Cologne, Germany, 2009

Image captions:

41 Mack and Piene after the end of the first Abendausstellung in Pienes Studio in Düsseldorf, 1957. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

42-43 The Art Academy in Düsseldorf. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

49 Heinz Mack, Otto Piene, Günther Uecker: Lichtraum (Hommage à Fontana), 1964, Documenta 3, Kassel, 27.6.-5.10.1964. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

58-59 Studios in the Gladbacher Str. 69 in Düsseldorf, around 1957/58. (left: Atelier Piene, right: Atelier Mack). Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

66-67 Heinz Mack with a ZERO-painting in his studio on Gladbacher Straße 69, Düsseldorf, ca. 1958. Photo: Charles Wilp / Archiv Mack

69 Heinz Mack in his Studio, Kaiser-Friedrich-Ring, Düsseldorf 1959. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

74-80 Otto Piene working on his fire painting, in his studio in the Gladbacher Strasse in Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1966. Photo: Maren Heyne

86-87 A famous photo taken in Antwerp, 1959, after the exhibition "Vision in Motion, Motion in Vision." From left to right: Mack, Piene, Tinguely, Spoerri, Bury, Klein. Photo: Charles Wilp / Archiv Mack

88-89 Reconstruction of the 7th Abendausstellung "Das rote Bild" (1958), Atelier Gladbacher Str. 69, Düsseldorf. Photo: Heinz Mack

94-95 Otto Piene and Yves Klein, 1958. Photo: Heinz Mack

98-99 From left to right: Henk Peeters, Günther Uecker, Heinz Mack, Monika Schmela, Alfred Schmela; Front: Ad Peetersen. Works: left from Jasper Jones, right from Jim Dine. Credit: Photo from "Domus"

100 Heinz Mack in front of Galerie Schmela in Düsseldorf, 1961, on the occasion of the exhibition "ZERO Edition, Exposition, Demonstration". Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

105 Heinz Mack and a part of his former ZERO-Collection, around 1963. Photo: Horst Müller

133 Image from ZERO Vol. 3, 1961. Design: Heinz Mack. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

134-135 Mack, Piene and Uecker at the NUL-Exhibition in Amsterdam, 1962. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

136-137 From left to right: Yiro Yoshihara, Hans Haake, Henk Peeters, Rotraud Klein-Uecker, Jan Schoonhoven, Lucio Fontana, Pol Bury, Gianni

Colombo, Teresita Fontana, E.L.L. de Wilde, Nono Reinhold, Yayoi Kusama, George Rickey, Raphael Soto, Otto Piene, Nanda Vigo, Alfred Schmela, Heinz Mack, Emile Soestbergen, Günther Uecker. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

139 Heinz Mack during the ZERO-Exhibition in Galerie Diogenes, Berlin 1963. From an article in "Spandauer Volksblatt", Berlin Westsektor, 3 April 1963. Credit: Weiss-Henseler

141 "ZERO - Edition, Exposition, Demonstration" in the old city centre of Düsseldorf, organised in front of and in Galerie Schmela, 1961. Photo: Paul Brandenburg

143 Mack, Piene and Uecker in the Carneval Parade in Düsseldorf, 1964. Two persons pulled a third person sitting in a chair with small wheels. Each person pulled awhile. Credit: Archives Heinz Mack

144-145 Günther Uecker, Heinz Mack and Otto Piene in Düsseldorf, 1964. Credit: Archiv Heinz Mack

Extra: "Entrance ticket" on the hand of Mack for the ZERO-Party at Bahnhof Rolandseck close to Bonn, 1966. Photo: Fischer



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[Photo: Yugashima, Japan, 24 August 2015, 13:05.]



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[Photo: Yugashima, Japan, 24 August 2015, 13:01.]

Personal Structures Art Projects # 10

HEINZ MACK OTTO PIENE COUNTDOWN TO ZERO

Personal Structures Art Projects are projects which are documented as special edition artists' books. Each project centralizes one artist and emphasises their work. All books in this series will be published by Global Art Affairs Foundation, the Netherlands. An excerpt of each project will additionally be published in the ongoing series *Personal Structures: Time · Space · Existence*.

Previously published in this series:

LAWRENCE WEINER: SKIMMING THE WATER [MÉNAGE À QUATRE]

HERMANN NITSCH: UNDER MY SKIN

ROMAN OPALKA: TIME PASSING

ON KAWARA: UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

ARNULF RAINER: UNFINISHED INTO DEATH

LEE UFAN: ENCOUNTERS

BEN VAUTIER: INTROSPECTION TRUTH ART & SEX

HERMAN DE VRIES: BEING THIS JOY EXPERIENCE UNITY

YOKO ONO: ARISING

In discussion to appear as part of *Personal Structures Art Projects* in 2016 is:

NOBUYOSHI ARAKI

