

**PROGRAM OF THE OPEN AVOND
OF JUNE 15, 2016
AT DE APPEL ARTS CENTRE**

Andrius Mulokas

Profile, video, 2016

Statement of the foundation of de Appel

Accompanied by noises of Gunnar Gunnsteinsson and Nikolaus Urban's piece *Songs for Elephants*, released by De Appel arts centre in 1982.

Introduction of The Open Avond(S)

by Emma Panza

Ieke Trink

Performance Monologues, 2016

Beginning this year Ieke started visiting artists to record their spoken description of a past performance art work. This makes it possible to replay and memorize a recording. This afterlife often survives by being passed on through memory and speech. Her voice and person become a medium, to facilitate the afterlife of performance.

The performances recited are from the artists: Toine Horvers (NL), Michal Samama (USA/IL) and Joseph Ravens (USA).

Hezy Leskly

Another of My Hopeless Salads

Collective re-staging of a performance happened at de Appel during the Open Avond of the 2 April 1980, as described by Leskly on Artzien Vol.2 No.6/7 April/May 1980 (project by Michael Gibbs in collaboration with de Appel).

Ohad Ben Shimon

Reading of:

Hezy Leskly *If You Want*, 1990-1992.
Untitled poem by Ben Shimon, from his book "Two blue cups on two different corners of the table", 2012-2013.

Ivan Cheng

flat dogs - pragmatism on ice (2015)

Originally performed with Kayije Kagame as Ivan Cheng and Ivan Cheng playing the clarinet, for the 2015 Sackler Conference at the Watermill Center. For Open Avond(s), Ivan Cheng will assume the role of himself.

Intended to be re-staged on the spiral fire escape visible across the courtyard from the first floor gallery of De Appel, but now to be seen from LocusSolus. Unparticular light and dislocated sound. Written to be performed on the roof of the Watermill Center's knee building, with Kayije on a ladder facing East and Ivan facing West, so that the setting sun only cast light on Kayije and acoustics are retained in the high concrete walls, but actually performed in the corner of the bottom of the formal entrance.

Edmondo Za and Wies Smals

Live translation of an original recording, from the archive of de Appel. Conversation with Nell Donkers, librarian and archivist of de Appel, about a proposal for the Moderna Museet, 1979.

Urok Shirhan

The Post-National Anthems, 2016

The Post-National Anthems revolves around the embodiment and disembodiment of national identities. This performance is part of a larger research that considers questions of the 'voice' as well as a wider understanding of the 'tongue' as relating to language, phonetics and dialects. Underlying the work are notions of displacement and assimilation, understood both geographically as with regards to aesthetic form.

Andrius Mulokas

Angelina, video, 2012

Vito Acconci

Indirect Approaches, video extract, 1973.

From the video collection of de Appel started by Wies Smals.

Gunnar Gunnsteinsson

Closing of the Avond.

THE APPLE AND THE WORMS part 1

a silly fairy tale for unintelligent children by an unintelligent writer.

Once upon a time there was an apple, a big red apple. Of course, it was not always big. It started small and red. Everybody that had a pair of healthy eyes popping out of his blond head could see that this apple had a future. And they were right. Faster than they expected this apple became the talk of the village. The rumour about this mighty apple spread very quickly, as it usually does in small villages.

The village's one-channel TV was transmitting the same quiz show all over again. The village's only cinema showed films about people with problems. The village's only theatre also showed pieces about people with problems, and the quality of this theatre was a problem in itself. The village's only restuarant was serving third-rate food made in Hongkong, and some famous Bulgarian dish known as pizza. The people of the village had known each other for years, and had said to each other everything that could be said. Therefore, conversing was simply boring. Visual art was hanging on walls, or was stuck in the middle of gardens like a thorn in an arse for the last 9,781 years, and it was definite, yeaterday's news. The newspapers told them the shocking news of the 0.008 increase in the price of matches over the last twenty years. And books were too expensive.

Now, children, we should come back to our apple, which was supposed to be the hero of our story, and not the

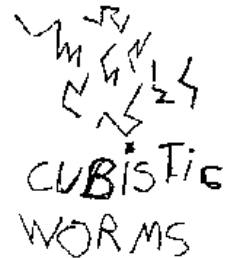
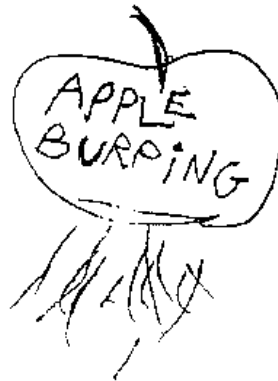
village people (later on, you'll discover that actually they are the real heros of our messy story). So everybody came to see the apple. The apple was doing all these funny things. He was beating himself up, he hanged himself, he shitted all over the place, he was burping and farting, and from time to time vomiting. He cut himself to pieces until he looked like apple mousse rather than like a big red apple. He was really a bad, bad apple, and everybody loved it, and thought that the apple was terribly cute. So many people came to see the astonishing apple that sometimes he had to shit twice or even three times in an evening, so everybody could enjoy him. But the apple was not only shitting all the time. He was also smiling meanwhile, and everybody mentioned loudly how sympathetic he was. From time to time the apple would sit on a chair for six hours and repeat the sentence, "I sit on a chair and I bore you and myself to death." He repeated it approximately 30,521 times. Everybody thought that it was very, very interesting.

Nobody knew how it happened - slowly the village people started to discover that all the farts smelled more or less the same, and that the blood was usually red, and that the pieces looked frequently nothing more than pieces. And that, what the apple said while sitting on the chair, was really true. The cinema was then showing films about married, unmarried, divorced men and women who had just returned, or gone, or didn't return from the bad witch's land, Vietnamland. There were a lot of films in all the languages of Babel. They discovered that boring conversations could be entertaining, and that bad food could be fun,

and that it was possible to buy second-hand books. They had also discovered another apple - the Big Apple, and they had discovered Bloomingdales. Fewer people came now to see the village's apple. The apple started to get worried. He started to organise big events, with apples that were not only red on the outside, but also on the inside. These strange red apples sat on a table instead of a chair, and it was not for 6 hours, but for 7 full hours. For a second, that made the village people think that something new was really happening with the apple. But soon they discovered that nothing had really changed. The apple was a bore.

And then one morning the apple woke up and felt something itching under his left arm. He discovered to his great astonishment a worm, and then another worm, and another one. He panicked.....

(to be continued....)



story and drawings by
Hezy Leskly

THE APPLE AND THE WORMS, Part 2

Some people accused me of being a racist. I answer them: I don't hate apples. On the contrary, some of my best friends were seen lately eating apples in the American Hotel. But the sad thing about apples is that apples are not forever. Staying fresh for more than a few days (not to talk about weeks) is an impossible mission, even for the most sophisticated apple. Sooner or later, the worms will come.

There are few ways of preventing the worms' appearance. One is to cook the apple with a lot of sugar, so it becomes a bad parody of a fresh apple. It can also be conserved, and become a sort of tasteless, half-alive mummy. It can become an apple-purée, something that hardly looks like anything. It can also become a part of a huge fruit salad - this depends, of course, on the apple's capacity for integration. There are also two other possibilities which might sound a little unconventional to the reader. The first is that the apple will simply decide to stop being an apple, and the second is that the apple will decide to become a watermelon, for example.

About how an apple becomes a watermelon you can read in the next issue of Artzien.....

Hezy Leskly