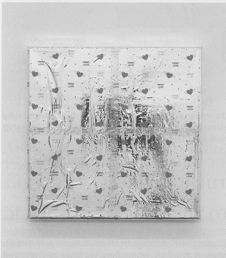


multiple desires can be projected. All the works are highly sensitive and invite an emotional response, due to the specific choice of materials used and the references they conjure. Everything on show encourages us to speculate on the container and by extension on the content of these gifts.

But who knows what is inside? Maybe Cracki"s? Happy birthday again.



Foundation CdP WC

ON "FLYING HIGH:  
KÜNSTLERINNEN DER ART BRUT"  
AT KUNSTFORUM WIEN,  
15.2.-23.6.2019

Winter Fall Summer Spring

Every house has at least one damage. Some fix, some hide, some fix and hide. I woke up at all inside her home. Sky blue, Her pain walked on 6 legs, her cost staged praying in, cursing out. Blood knitted,

challenges were inevitable. Her city can fly but has horns of a devil. Where does that horn come from? Who rates stars and rank points on human?

AFTER A COUPLE OF SHOWS  
AND A COUPLE MORE  
GROUP SHOWS, SEASONS  
PASSED BY.

After a couple of shows and a couple more group shows, seasons passed by.

Some yes but most titles cannot grab pieces of life. A piece of life? At the end of the day, ashes don't have gender.

\*Foundation CdP Writing Cooperation

FCdP WC *Foundation*  
**CdP**

We value the spirit of Hermes (Greek: Ἑρμῆς) and fireflies in the middle of the night. We support "Room Service" style policy for any written forms. We aim a new way of customised interaction and collaboration through writing services. We aspire to deliver flexible word lending offerings in order to meet the unique client needs. We focus on creating virtuous circle of depths on produced awareness. We want to remember, look back and contemplate on lasting images or after-images. We do not provide pick-up lines for Homo sapiens. We seek and suggest one to write one's own writing to each individual's implicit person. We take risks, e.g. We decorate words on demand.

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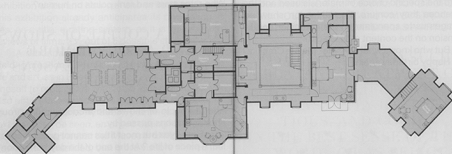
Jens Funder

ONCE

Once again, the world was presented with allegations against Michael Jackson; this time in the form of a two-part documentary film extending over four hours. These allegations have been a recurring event, beginning long before the unmasking of predatory men in the entertainment industry became everyday news. Once again we had to consider our stand on the guilty/not guilty verdict, and perhaps wonder why we couldn't acknowledge what we kind of already knew.

The question of credibility has been the primary topic of many of the film's reviews and comments, be it that of Michael Jackson, or that of the two main protagonists, Wade Robson and James Safechuck. When writing this text I choose to believe the stories of Wade Robson and James Safechuck, though I admit I haven't thoroughly examined the argument that

MAIN RESIDENCE-SECOND FLOOR



calls them liars. Listening to their stories had me convinced on a gut level from where I experienced the entire documentary film *Leaving Neverland*. In this text I want to highlight aspects of the film that, for me, reach beyond the scandalous fulcrum, but still depend on honest reporting. In order to do so, I have to account for some personal experiences from growing up in the '90s.

I was a Michael Jackson fan back then. I wasn't a superfan, I didn't have any MJ posters in my room, but I had a close friend who did. I remember that he had several copies of the same posters, gathered from family and friends who subscribed to the same magazines. It was a sparse, but passionate fandom. The cover for his copy of *History* (1995) was worn out from being opened and examined countless times. I remember my friend bursting into a full-blown MJ dance routine at the supermarket; I had witnessed these outbursts many times before so I was a bit surprised by my mother's eagerness to stop him. She gently grabbed the arm he used for the signature MJ crotch-grab-move and he snapped out of it willingly. I also remember my brother once casually telling me that Michael Jackson sleeps with children.

In 1994 I went to Kansas and Florida with my family. As an eight-year old I got to experience children my own age speaking the language that was spoken in the films I watched back home. These children struck me as authentic, whereas I felt like an intruder wearing a Kansas City Chiefs cap and a Jurassic Park T-shirt in an attempt to conceal my foreignness. I witnessed the children in Disneyland and SeaWorld all seemingly interconnected by a feeling of collective hope and fun. It was as if every child would return home to Neverland at the end of the day—as depicted by Steven Spielberg in 1991's *Hook*. As a child, visiting the U.S. at that time felt like moving closer to the epicenter of magic, the epicenter into which James Safechuck and Wade Robson were invited by a gentle, ageless god. This god existed in the form of a human inhabiting their living room, eating popcorn on their sofa, escorting them around the world and introducing them to other, otherworldly figures. James Safechuck tells the story of his visit to

the *Indiana Jones* set, and how he was instructed by Harrison Ford to use a whip. He got to take the whip home with him afterwards.

## AS A CHILD, VISITING THE U.S. AT THAT TIME FELT LIKE MOVING CLOSER TO THE EPICENTER OF MAGIC.

Looking at the footage of Michael Jackson and those chosen children when they occasionally showed themselves in public, running from building to limousine or standing on a balcony, I recall a sense of envy imagining the limitless fulfillment of these children's play-related desires. It was as if they had entered a world of fiction with the rumors of Neverland surrounding it as a magic shield. Two early-1990s films starring Macaulay Culkin strike me as being representative of this fantasy, a fantasy in which children's play knows no material limit.

In *Home Alone* (1990) Kevin McCallister, the youngest of five, becomes master of the house when he is accidentally left behind as his family goes away on holiday. The house is turned into a momentary wonderland where every room is accessible and his siblings' and parents' rules cease to exist. Two burglars intrude, and Kevin builds an amusement park (of pain) using homemade traps that mutilate the grown pair. Perhaps an even better portrayal of the extravagance of Michael Jackson's Neverland is depicted in 1994's *Richie Rich*, where Culkin plays Richie, a super-rich boy who has every imaginable toy at his disposal, including a human slingshot and multiple ATVs. Culkin, of course, gets mixed up in my recollections, as he himself was one of Michael Jackson's chosen children. I see him in his Run DMC-like outfit in the music video for "Black or White" lip syncing: "See, it's not about races, just places, faces, where your blood comes from is where your space is".

The narrative style of *Leaving Neverland* could have easily been faster paced; the editing style could



gotten sounds and images shed their golden hue, becoming unrecognizable in a mere four hours.

I guess the ambition of every work of art is the attempted communication of what cannot be communicated. In this case it is the personal trauma of both James Safechuck and Wade Robson which upon hearing about it, is a complex matter entailing once happy memories that turned out to be anything but. The cinematic choices of *Leaving Neverland* seem to carve an empathic channel with which the viewer can access this complexity. This channel goes through the nostalgic network of imagery and sound surrounding MJ at his prime, thus giving this personal trauma a universal proximity. The undeniable magic of being anointed by the King of Pop is underlined by director Dan Reed, rather than excluded, allowing the viewer to share these once happy memories with Safechuck and Robson and feel them darken as the insight of adulthood takes one deeper into the forest.

## Marie Karlberg

ADAM MARTIN,  
GANDT, 31-45 37TH ST. QUEENS,  
NEW YORK 11103

As an artist, I've found that it's hard to find any excitement when it comes to visiting shows in New York as of late. Chelsea galleries have long since felt "dead", with exhibitions touting price tags and little else. The same goes for the Lower East Side. "How much does this cost?" or "I've heard it's all sold out" have become the latest conversational norms. The extent of our responsibility for critical engagement follows suit; judgment has been reduced to the dressing room either/or of "it's good" or "it's bad". Despite this, shows seem more ambitious than ever—cost-wise anyway. Massive production budgets are pumped into exhibitions as a desperate guarantee that works will "matter" and "impress people", and will not be neglected in favor of the next shiny object. It's not hard to see that bohemianism is a thing of the past, succeeded now by the culture of the entrepreneur for whom the "emerging artist" is expected to ape.

Galleries have to stay "alive" by making decisions that are "safe": they can no longer afford to take risks in a climate that doesn't seem all that different from a game of Russian roulette. In a way, it's hard not to sympathize with the lame-duck decisions most galleries make in an art market held together by prohibitively high rents and intensified asset speculation. Survival is the look and it's easy to see the ones who don't quite pull it off. In recent years we've seen so many small to mid-sized galleries closing, while the bigger ones just get bigger. How can we experience gallery shows these days when everything feels ruined by the compromises galler-

ies have to make just to stay in business? In the race to the bottom, have we found our lowest point?

A couple of weeks ago, I received an email with a photograph of the artists Matthew Langan Peck and Marc Kokopelli holding a sign that read "GANDT coming soon...". One week later they announced that the first person to have a show at the new artist-run space would be Adam Martin. The title of the show, "Competitive Endurance Manipulation". I didn't make it to the opening but made it to the last day which took place in an outer borough house. I had to call Marc when I was outside so that he could open the door and take me downstairs to the basement. I first stumbled upon a couple of people sitting on a couch giggling as they clicked their way through the centerpiece of the show; a digital visual novel called *CEM (Competitive Endurance Manipulation)*.

The work consists of documentary photographs and a text-based narration detailing Adam's experience taking on a job for a company that produces all-male fetish porn where no one fucks, they just get tickled. As an art-school dropout, desperate for cash, Adam started working for Jane O'Brien Media about three years before documenting his experience.

I sat down on the couch, put my hand on the computer mouse and started to click my way through *CEM*. It begins with a contract that all participants have to sign. I click through the contract and the cursor on the screen becomes the shape of a feather, "Only those who attempt the absurd are ever capable of achieving the impossible", a quote by Miquel Cervantes pops up on the screen. The photo documentation begins and the music gets harder. A soundtrack by artist and musician Chicken. I get a feeling of un-

