

Joseph Beuys



Joseph Beuys (Krefeld, 1921 – Düsseldorf, 1986) embodies, perhaps unwillingly, some of the major dichotomies paired by art during the 20th century. A clown and a shaman, a torchbearer at dawn and a messenger at dusk, Beuys the man and his body of work present a fold challenge that is not always easy for contemporary spectators to grasp: to what provocations reinvents the public sphere.

RADICAL TEACHING, DIRECT DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL PLASTIC

05.03 – 23.05.2021

Joseph Beuys (Krefeld, 1921 – Düsseldorf, 1986) occupies a fundamental place in the dominant accounts concerning art of the 20th century. Even so, or perhaps as a consequence, his work is still interpreted on the basis of extreme dichotomies stoked by certain historiographical approaches and by those stereotypes of a reactionary nature that read contemporary artistic output in terms of decay.

In any event, whether Beuys is viewed as a shaman or as a clown, as a torchbearer for the art to come or as a messenger telling of the supposed decline of the arts, it is necessary today to restore to their rightful place the various frameworks that shaped his career, among them, his period of history, the era that extends from the late 1950s to the mid-1980s, the height of the Cold War; his cultural context, in which the German institutions took over trusteeship of the public sphere, implementing a social-democratic perspective and resulting in an ideological divide with other visions of culture; and lastly, his own evolution as an artist, the path—often ignored—that led Beuys from a relatively traditional sculptural practice, linked to northern European and even figurative primitivism during the first half of the 1950s, to his association with the Fluxus movement and his later acclamation by the media.

This exhibition, based on the holdings of the Archivo Lafuente in Santander, considers three different aspects that are crucial to understanding Beuys's career. Each of them is explored in a chapter specifically given over to the various projects that the artist showed in documenta in Kassel in 1972, 1977 and 1982, which sum up, as it were, the three themes that provide the structure of this display.

The “Radical Teaching” section focuses on Beuys's activity in the realm of art education, in which he advocated a veritable dismantling of the codes, methodologies and ways of thinking of standard teaching, endeavouring to fulfil the mission of the Freie Internationale Universität (FIU, Free International University), the educational and activist platform for creativity that he founded in 1973 together with Heinrich Böll, Klaus Staeck, Georg Meistermann, Willy Bongard, Caroline Tisdall and Robert McDowell. The FIE's

manifesto sets out this mission, stating: “Each one of us has a creative potential which is hidden by competitiveness and success-aggression. To recognise, explore and develop this potential is the task of the school”.

The “Direct Democracy” section explores the construction of structures of citizens’ counter-power through which the role of artists in the public sphere could be expanded. Examples include Beuys’s contribution to the founding in 1967 of the Deutsche Studentenpartei (DSP, the German Student Party), which styled itself a ‘meta-party’; his interest in the Organisation für direkte Demokratie durch Volksabstimmung (Organization for Direct Democracy Through Referendum), set up in 1971; and his involvement in Die Grünen (the German Green Party), standing as one of its candidates in the European Parliament elections held in 1979.

Lastly, “Social Art” looks at Beuys’s formulation of a new symbolic space for the production and use of the work of art, raising its relevance outside the legitimising protocols of the theorising elites, and beyond the formalisms and the ready-made of Duchamp and the Dadaists, within a creation and dissemination set-up that the artistic and commercial systems were, to an extent, unable to appropriate.

WANTED

Ángel González García

1

“Officially, I am dead. I have lived for 35 years in the mire [...]. They say I am a criminal because I worked for the Nazis. In fact, I have nothing to do with politics; I am an artist and because of my talent I have received major commissions. That is all.

[...] Germany is guilty. Germany is in the wrong. [...] I cannot show my work anymore because I am guilty. I have not been able to work for 35 years because I am guilty. And if someone insults me in the press or wherever, it is impossible for me to defend myself, as there is no judge so bold as to give me justice. I am dead as far as my government is concerned; and as far as the whole world is concerned, I am a man who was in the wrong: one of the vanquished. I am defeated...”

(Arno Breker, *Paris, Hitler et moi*)

2

“He came unto his own, and his own received him not”, says the Gospel of John.

Ambiguity—as we know—is one of the most disconcerting and troubling aspects of prophecies and the interpretation of omens. The Jews, for example, expected a very different Messiah, a military leader and a liberator, and so they did not recognise him. Macbeth waited in disbelief for an army of trees, and Great Birnam Wood began to march.

Prophecies speak wrong and auguries confuse.

In frenetic Germany of the 1920s, many as well as good citizens heralded a saviour in hope, and he did indeed come and he led them to death.

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What we will never know is whether Beuys believed himself predestined to succeed all those who bore the burden of the

tragic destiny of the German nation, that chilling metaphor for the destiny of all men.

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As a boy, at which time he was living in Kleve, Beuys was profoundly struck by reading the saga of the Tartars and by the astonishing deeds of their leader Temüjin, Genghis Khan, “the Universal Ruler”. Beuys played with his friends at being Tartars and in 1929, when he was eight years old, these games must have been staged at the make-believe grave of Genghis Khan. Two years earlier, a London newspaper had reported the news, later denied, that Professor Kozloff had discovered the tomb of the first khan near Khara-Khoto, to the south of the Gobi Desert.

However, Genghis’s tomb has not been found and probably never will be. It must have been dug in the forest next to a huge tree and, over time, the roots of the surrounding trees will have destroyed all trace of it.

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Beuys’s childhood games alongside the grave of Genghis Khan were without question premonitory. In 1943, following a dangerous plane crash, Beuys fell into the hands of friendly Crimean Tartar tribesmen, the descendants of that magnificent and terrible Golden Horde founded by Batu, the son of Jochi, Genghis Khan’s unfortunate firstborn child. The Tartars rescued Beuys, covered him in animal fat, wrapped him in felt and buried him in the forest, whence he returned transfigured a few days later.

“LIFE COURSE/WORK COURSE”, said Beuys in 1964.²

Bergamín said, not without reason, that outside the bullring there is no bull, no bullfighter and no spectators. Beuys would have been very much in agreement: outside art there is no artist. There is no *biography* other than that of the works. The idea that the artist exists without works or in spite of them is unequivocally Calvinistic and was popular among the Roman-

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tics in northern and puritan Europe. Beuys was, without doubt, a Romantic and northern, but he was also a Catholic, and the foundation of his life exists solely in his works, be they school games, such as the “exhibition at the grave of Genghis Khan”,³ or war games, such as the one in 1942 at Sebastopol: “exhibition while a JU 87 is intercepted”.⁴

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Contrary to the awful modern habit of prying and meddling in the lives and miracles of artists, of savouring everything about them, relishing every last piquant detail, Beuys hid or silenced long periods of his life:

“1956-57: Beuys works in the fields.”

“1957-60: Beuys recovers from working in the fields.”⁵

Five years amid the shadows... It as if he were saying: outside art, far from the works, there is no life. Or rather, my only life is art; and it is all art apart from all those long secret, silent periods... Intervals of penitence and asceticism; rests along the arduous climb towards art: works of another kind. Nothing of importance to us.

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Old biographies did not go into much detail about the domestic lives of artists, and some information that may seem trivial or simply curious is, in fact, testimony of the virtues that became them, such as liberality or industriousness, or evidence of their character. And if the biographers of Caravaggio tell us at length about how short-tempered he was or that he was a murderer, it is not so much because he was a killer but because painting itself was among his victims.

In old biographies, everything is significant. Nothing is impertinent or indiscreet.

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Beuys’s make-believe *biography* is not a work of art—he was not a Dadaist—but a kind of outline or profile, a silhouette in which his

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works are accommodated. His life story would be nothing other than that of a man who is the result of fitting together all his works like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle whose general arrangement we are familiar with in advance; the final and necessary aggregate of the pieces, and at the same time the model or guide to their aggregation. The outcome being that any documented episode in Beuys's life should correspond to one or more pieces: it is in Beuys's skeletal *life* in order to contain or sustain the flesh and fat of his *works*.

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Beuys did not declare the Crimea episode in his *biography*. It is known only to initiates, though these have grown ever more numerous over the years. Beuys publicly stated the most secret—his *Exhibition at the Grave of Genghis Khan*—and silenced, though not entirely, the path that led him to this mysterious secret. Everyone was familiar with the mystery yet hardly anyone knew it because in order to do so, you also had to be familiar with the dark initiation rite.

Beuys gradually shaped the probable figure of this interweaving of secret and mystery, the figure of a Eurasian with remarkable powers: a shaman. But was this perhaps the mystery? I do not think so: rather, it is solely the secret, as confirmed by its quiet dissemination and the final adoption of the title of shaman by Beuys himself. What, then, is the true mystery? Possibly what was proclaimed from the outset: something next to the tomb of Genghis Khan.

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The Mongols have a legend that a white horse appears every year on the tomb of Genghis Khan. We can see a white horse in one of Beuys's most famous actions, *Iphigenia / Titus Andronicus*,⁶ but it appears as if trapped between these two cannibalistic tragedies. There is, however, another more explicit photograph in which Beuys shows us the apparition of this white horse on a kind of embankment.

“But whom say ye that I am?”

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“When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?”

And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?”
(Matthew 16:13-15)

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In 1964, Beuys made a highly controversial work: *The silence of Duchamp is overrated*.⁷ Who better than him to say it? He, who had silenced so many episodes of his life and who knew that silence conceals nothing of interest, nothing truly significant. The title looks, at first sight, to be mistaken because *überbewertet* could be understood as ‘exaggerated’ or ‘disproportionate’, but also ‘overvalued’. So Beuys could have meant that the value of Duchamp's silence is not as great as is sometimes claimed, and neither were its frequency or duration. It occurs to me that this could quite easily be the solution: silence is worth very little, but the fact of the matter is, fortunately, that Duchamp was not very silent.

Furthermore, there is no reason to deny that the silence was exaggerated and that it was, moreover, Duchamp who exaggerated it. As demonstrated by *With My Tongue in My Cheek*, which we can take to mean ‘laughing on the inside’ or ‘laughing in secret’. An ironic and corporeal silence—the tongue in the cheek—exaggerated.

An exaggerated silhouette and outline: thriving. Duchamp amused himself constructing a body that could serve as a receptacle for the legendary chapters of his obscure make-believe biography. That disturbing nude of *Étant donnés* and that gas lamp that ruined his *Portrait of Chess Players* are to Duchamp what fat and felt are to Beuys: triggers that spark a deliberately arbitrary yet suggestive and plausible synthesis of his live as an artist: the mortar that ensures the solidity of his legend. “WANTED”.

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Years ago, an Italian critic went so far as to introduce Beuys in an interview as the “messiah of a new society, a kind of Jesus Christ”. Beuys replied evasively, saying that he had never given up “making things visible”. Shortly before his death, he himself expressly stated, “Christ was not a creator; he was not a painter”.

Someone who was a soldier and then just a pastor. Someone like Ignatius of Loyola, to whom Beuys devoted one of his actions in 1966, *Manresa*.⁸

Like Beuys, Ignatius of Loyola was a soldier; and like Beuys, Ignatius discovered in the entrails of the earth, in that blessed cave in Manresa, the affirmative, benevolent power of his militancy. Like Beuys, Ignatius of Loyola had no wish to give up making things visible; and his *Spiritual Exercises*, “written with inspired supernatural light”, as Father Rivadeneira puts it, used painting as a means to imagine the “composition of place” of the Christian mysteries.

There was something ghostly and terrible in the print of Ignatius of Loyola arriving in Manresa in 1522, dressed in a coarse woollen robe, badly wounded, using a staff to support himself. Very soon, people began to call him the “poor man of the sack”.

In 1919, the streets of German cities were filled with pitiable and threatening spectres: wounded soldiers dressed in rags came from every battlefield to testify to the fact that Germany was badly wounded and incomplete. They were guilty and their guilt underpinned the later construction of the National Socialist redemption. It was Hitler who promised them new arms and legs; their implacable surgeon, the fantastic mirror in which they could no longer see their wounds and mutila-

tions. The new official art was nothing but the make-believe, reconstructed image of all those tortured bodies, which had, nevertheless, learned nothing from their past sufferings.

Some historians ask why in Italy modern art enjoyed the benevolence of fascism, whereas in Germany it was dubbed “degenerate art” and was relentlessly persecuted. The answer is simple: because those bodies were real.

In a discussion with Jannis Kounellis, Anselm Kiefer and Enzo Cucchi, Beuys declared that it was the British, and not the Germans, who had lost the war. And he said something else that 50 years earlier would have seemed blasphemous in the mouth of a good German: “in Germany, the Slavic character has infiltrated as far as Hamburg. It’s a very interesting phenomenon from the spiritual point of view. The spirit of the East and the spirit of the West meet in Central Europe. Germany’s task should have been to create harmony, but as the Germans did not understand their mission, they made war break out”.⁹

When in 1964 Beuys recommended that the height of the Berlin Wall should be raised by 5 centimetres, he was not talking nonsense. “Better proportions!”, he argued.¹⁰ A divided Germany is more proportionate. The myth of the ‘vital space’—a myth that accounts for the heroic deed of the Teutonic Knights—led Germany to a string of unnecessary catastrophes. Worse: the greater the space that Germany aspired to or succeeded, even, in occupying and ‘civilising’ by force of arms, the greater and more tremendous its defeat.

On 9 April 1241, near Legnica, the Mongol armies of Genghis Khan that were operating in Poland under the command of two of his grandsons, Kadan and Baidar, inflicted a crushing defeat on

the joint forces of Henry II the Pious, High Duke of Poland, and the Teutonic Order. The order's Grand Master and 500 men-at-arms died in this battle waged against those who knew no other borders, no other 'vital space', than the felt tents of their camps.

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It is not that Beuys supported the division of Germany. What he advocated was a recognition that it always had been divided, and into many parts.

Modern states, born of a violent, though perhaps reasonable, compression of mixed fragments of nations or legendary nationalities, repelled him and for that reason he backed the independence of the Basque Country.¹¹

The extension and unity of modern states, that isotropy revealed in the integrated communications network, is nothing other, in effect, than submission to the powers-that-be of the spread and universality of the commodity. And if Hitler was bent upon building a vast network of motorways, it was not so that his armoured divisions could travel along them, as some naïve types have believed, but *Das Kapital*, as Beuys would have said.

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"I would like, once again, to begin with the wound. Let us start with the fact that I too may die, that I already have died and must descend to the grave. Well, in that grave, there would be a promise of resurrection. If I find myself here today to talk about my own country, it is because I believe that the well-spring of this resurrection is nothing other than what we call the German language."

(Joseph Beuys, *Lecture on My Country: Germany*, 1985¹²)

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Beuys's portrait—the one he himself deliberately painted of himself—is no more enigmatic, no more significant, in the

depths of the primordial German forest than in the deepest basement of the Düsseldorf Academy or in an art gallery in Berlin. Similarly, his botanical and hunting scenes are no more evocative than his industrial ones. Beuys was not a shaman because he served as a mediator between humankind and the spirits of plants and animals, but because he worked wonders; because he made—made visible—and instilled in those around him that same urge and ability to make.

But might the same not occur with any other artist? Only to a certain extent. A Matisse painting, for example, produces sensations above all else; a painting by Duchamp, interpretations; an image by Beuys, however, produces new images. And I am not referring to the somewhat comical fact that, for years, thousands of young radical Germans dressed like him, but to a genuine spread and multiplication of images; as if Beuys's lacked something, were incomplete. It is not, then, or at least it does not seem to me to be a case of pedagogical hypnosis, but the persuasive display of something that is imperfect, insufficient, unresolved... Something totally unconnected, or only slightly connected, with the participatory art of the 1960s or with collective creation, but instead with the tragic repetition of something that is tragically incomplete; something that perhaps more closely resembles a multiple and different initiation into a mysterious tragedy than a religious ceremony or community rite.

Beuys's images seem, in effect, to be incomplete. But the artist does not expect anyone to complete them for him, though he does take care to remain near his own incomplete images, waiting for the moving *mystery of the incomplete* to re-occur. Beuys's images await their harvest of images and we can almost hear the pulsating of this wait. Beuys has undoubtedly acquired disciples because of this. Disciples, I say, not pupils; companions on his descent to the inferno of a tragic destiny; companions necessarily near, and far, however, on the dizzying paths that he presumed the new travelled along: the edifying promises of the artistic vanguard and the political vanguard.

He washed their feet. He gave them food.

“And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full.”
(Matthew, 15:37)

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Beuys sowed the tragic awareness of *the incomplete* as he went and pulled us towards it. But it did not go very far, nor, perhaps, was that his intention. On foot, like a beggar; that was his ultimate dream. He distrusted the media as much as he distrusted an extensive and isotropic state. The horizon of his obsessions and of his machinations was virtually limitless, as was Genghis Khan's: an entire world to pillage and plunder rather than conquer. Like Genghis Khan, Beuys halted and amused himself at every step. In fact, both their universes were narrow, lengthy and convoluted, however much their orders reached an incalculable distance. Incalculable, above all, because the immense distances they had to traverse were not subject to any unit of measurement, nor would they, moreover, have tolerated anything as swift as the passing of these self-same orders by a relay of post horses.

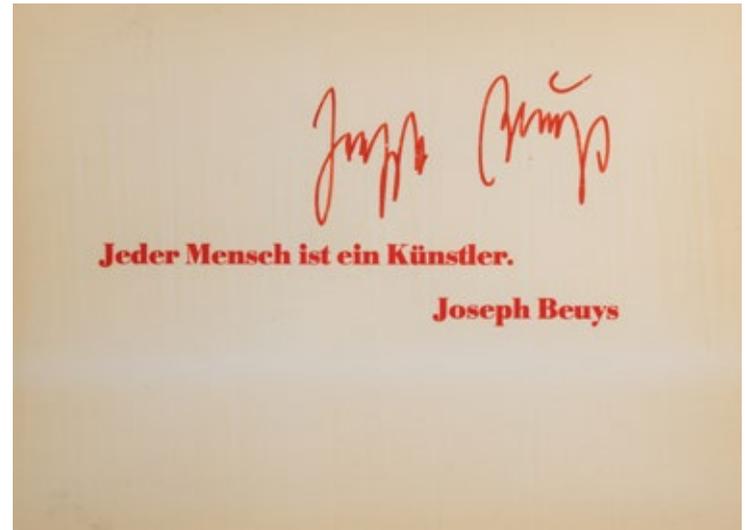
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When Beuys arrived in New York in 1974, masked and menacing, Harold Rosenberg took him for a professional agitator. He even joked about Beuys being a “saint” and laid the blame for it at the foot of Sartre's *Saint Genet*.¹³

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The problem does not consist of deciding whether Beuys was or was not a revolutionary, or whether Picasso was, but of determining the symbolic *status* of a number of modern artists, among them Beuys and Picasso, Duchamp and Malevich. All of these, and undoubtedly others, have been the object of a hero cult, even of a certain superstitious veneration, for which there are many prestigious precedents in the Western tradition. In

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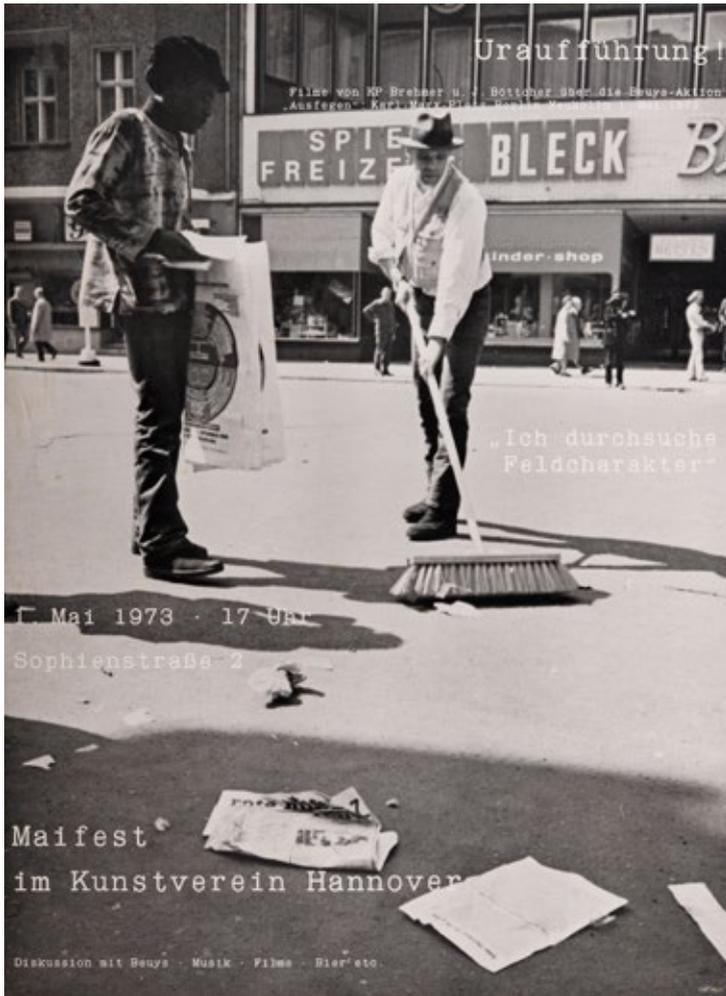


Everyone Is an Artist [Jeder Mensch ist ein Künstler]
Cologne: Westkunst, 1981

Democracy is Fun [Demokratie ist lustig]
Heidelberg: Staeck, 1972



In Beuys's class, 5-6 December 1969. *Pangnese* action by Stüttgen, Anatol and Verhufen. Beuys offering help to Verhufen. Photograph: Bernd Jansen.



Sweeping up [Ausfegen]
Hannover: Kunstverein Hannover, 1973

this legendary context, or mythical in some instances, the term ‘revolutionary’ must be regarded as a mere modern—profane—version of the old adjective ‘divine’; or rather, as another, entirely relevant, aspect of their remarkable character. Being a ‘revolutionary’, by analogy with the legendary heroes of armed political action, constitutes, in short, an attribute, and not always the only one, of the modern genius.

Warhol would only be a star.

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Right from the legendary origins of art, we find outstanding artists caught up in legendary disputes about their respective *powers of realisation*. Apollinaire, with good reason, recalled the most famous of all these, the one that pitted Protogenes and Apelles against each other, in his famous book *The Cubist Painters*.¹⁴

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For more than a hundred years, Europe has sighed for a redeeming artist; a benevolent tyrant who would impose his artistic laws; a great reformer. Someone far more powerful than Giotto, because whereas he saved painting from its decline, the long-awaited redeemer of modern painting would have to save it from something a thousand times worse: heterogeneity.

It is now averred that this is not a misfortune but a blessing; that plurality and heterogeneity in styles and trends are pleasing attributes and inevitable given our condition. But regardless of whether such good fortune—that the pleasing is inevitable—is true or not, until only a very few years ago, the diversity and confusion of art, which dates back to the eclecticism of the 19th century, were viewed as intolerable, and the early Avant-garde devoted all their efforts to remedying this disorder, introducing criteria of certainty and a tragic aspiration to attain the ‘truth in art’ that would free artists, and above all the public, from their uncertainty and continuing bewilderment.

In fact, the Avant-garde did not propose to keep up the conflict between tradition and innovation but to eliminate it, which is the same as turning innovation into tradition. However, not a tradition of the diverse and disordered but of the unvarying and orderly; a paradoxical project, as later became clear, because the *new order*, whatever that was, could only be founded on a degree of prior disorder, and while some were of the view that in order to ensure the transformation of innovation into tradition, it was necessary for the origins of innovation—or of the order of the certainty in art—to remain in the dark realm of legend and myth—implying a certain disorder: the disorder of uncertainty—others, like Cocteau and his *Rappel à l'ordre*, legitimately believed that this certain legendary disorder of the origins of order was disorder pure and simple, and they conceived of order, then, as the opposite of innovation.¹⁵

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The concealment or mystification of the origins of the new artistic order fostered by the Avant-garde movements was on occasions deliberate, and in other instances the outcome of chance or of a series of uncontrollable circumstances. In any event, however, it seems to have been achieved by means of two different though not mutually exclusive processes: by spreading legends about the origin of certain artworks, such as Kandinsky's first *Improvisation*, Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, Duchamp's *Large Glass* and Beuys's *Staff of Eurasia (Eurasiastab)*; and by attributing the reform of modern art, the initiative of that new artistic order, to artists endowed with heroic, almost superhuman, attributes and surrounded by dark legends concerning their lives and powers of realisation.

The reformers of art were or claimed to be many in number, thus seeming to turn this project of regeneration into a collective undertaking in the manner of the Trojan War or the expedition of the Argonauts, and consequently to refute the secret aspiration that there should be just one. But it was

not so because we see them tirelessly bickering with each other, vying to be the legitimate successor to the one whom many would agree in acknowledging as the first among them all, Cézanne.

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The disputes over the succession to Cézanne were more than squabbles between brothers in the notary's office. Instead, they call to mind those dying family lines presented in a number of Greek myths and legends associated with the founding of cities and the signing of alliances between them, or are reminiscent of the bloody dynastic feuds recounted in Shakespeare's plays... Imagine, for example, one of the pretenders to the throne denying the legitimacy of the person occupying it and, for the first time according to his rivals, claiming to be the heir of another, all the while refusing to give up his bid to succeed to the one he denies.

Duchamp did not aspire to be recognised as Cézanne's successor but as Odilon Redon's; he condemned Matisse and called Picasso a fraud. In contrast, the artist whom everyone took to be his legitimate successor, Joseph Beuys, mocked him, calling him a "relic", and declared himself to be the heir to a misfortunate leader, Malevich, who, despite having always remained far from the battleground, was unable to conceive of any successor to Cézanne other than himself, poor, unarmed and banished as he was... Picasso also believed himself to be the sole legitimate heir to Cézanne and, in fact, managed to succeed him; but his supremacy was hotly disputed by Matisse, whom he feared... Must the history of art necessarily resemble a novel or legend? The truth is that I do not know how to answer this question, though I could say:

1. That the legendary models, such as Vasari's *Lives*, have proved very useful; not only because they have produced a certain order in historical and critical discourse, but also because they have induced or fostered the production of art.

2. That in this century, more than in any other, undoubtedly, fruitful make-believe and mystifications have done well; deliberate, and without doubt intriguing, legendary constructions or formations such as those that André Breton tried with Jacques Vaché, Arthur Cravan and Jacques Rigaut, or those that Duchamp and Dalí attempted with themselves.

3. That these legendary formations were not always deliberate but also, and very often, by the way, the result of continual breakdowns in the *systems for conveying the new*.

How is Max Dvořák different to Vasari? In the fact that Dvořák was incapable of sustaining the unavoidably novelesque character of his arguments in a persuasive manner, which Bellori, Diderot, Baudelaire and Vasari himself did. Dvořák was not one of them. And if it were true, as Hans Robert Jauss argues, that all modern historiography is inspired by the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Dvořák's book on Mannerism would not be *Ivanhoe*¹⁶ but the *Life of Napoleon*: the projection of a national prejudice.

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“Tatlin and Malevich had their own particular destiny. I cannot say when it all began, but from my first memory of the pair of them, they had already divided up the world—the Earth, the Heavens and the interplanetary space—establishing their sphere of influence everywhere. Tatlin generally reserved the Earth for himself, striving to push Malevich into the outer space of non-figuration. But Malevich, while not relinquishing the planets, refused to surrender the Earth on the rightful grounds that the Earth is also a planet and so it too could be non-figurative...”

(Nikolai Punin, *Iskousstvo i Revolioutsia*¹⁷)

1. Arno Breker, *Paris, Hitler et moi*. Paris: Presses de la Cité, 1970.
2. *Lebenslauf-Werklauf, curriculum vitae*, drawn up by Beuys for the programme of the Festival der neuen Kunst at Aachen, 20 July 1964. English translation authorised by the artist published in *Strategy: Get Arts* (exh. cat.), Edinburgh International Festival Exhibition, Edinburgh College of Art, 23 August to 12 September 1970; reproduced in Gene Ray (ed.), *Joseph Beuys. Mapping the Legacy*. New York: Distributed Art Publications Inc., 2001, p. 14.
3. Ibid.: “1929. Exhibition at the grave of Genghis Khan.”
4. Ibid.: “1942. Exhibition of my friends, Sebastopol. Exhibition while a JU 87 is intercepted, Sebastopol.”
5. Ibid.
6. Action based on *Iphigenia in Tauris* by Goethe and *Titus Andronicus* by Shakespeare, presented on 29 and 30 May 1969 at the Experimenta 3 theatre festival, organised by the Deutsche Akademie der Darstellenden Künste in Frankfurt-am-Main.
7. *Das Schwigen von Marcel Duchamp wird überbewertet*: action by Beuys broadcast live on Germany's second television channel on 11 December 1964.
8. *Manresa*: action by Beuys, with Henning Christiansen and Bjørn Nørgaard at the Galerie Alfred Schmela in Düsseldorf on 15 December 1966. That year, Beuys travelled around Spain, making a visit to Manresa in the company of Per Kirkeby for a cure for a chest complaint. See *Joseph Beuys. Manresa - Hauptbahnhof. Una experiència de Joseph Beuys a Catalunya inspirada en Ignasi de Loyola i Manresa* (exh. cat.), Sala Plana de l'Om, Manresa (4-27 November 1994), Centre d'Art Santa Mònica, Barcelona (17 January—5 March 1995) and Fundació Caixa de Manresa, Generalitat de Catalunya, 1995.
9. Jacqueline Burckhardt (ed.), *Bâtissons une cathédrale. Entretien*. Paris: L'Arche, 1988, pp. 207-208. (*Ein Gespräch*. Zurich: Parkett-Verlag, 1986.) Debate at the Kunsthalle in Basel in June and October 1985 between Beuys, Cucchi, Kiefer, Kounellis and Jean-Christophe Ammann.
10. *Lebenslauf-Werklauf, op. cit.*, p. 244. The Minister of the Interior for Rhine-Westphalia sent Beuys a questionnaire about this declaration in his curriculum vitae, which he responded to in a report of 7 August.
11. See *Bâtissons une cathédrale, op. cit.*, pp. 225-235.
12. Joseph Beuys, “Discours sur mon pays”, in *Par la présente, je n'appartiens plus à l'art, op. cit.*, p. 19. (*Reden über das eigene Land: Deutschland 3*, Munich, 1985.) Lecture given on 20 November 1985 at the Kammerspiele in Munich.
13. See Harold Rosenberg, “On the Edge: Documenta 5”, in *Art on the Edge. Creators and Situations*. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1983, pp. 162-273 (271).
14. See Guillaume Apollinaire, *The Cubist Painters*, translated, with commentary, by Peter Read. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2004, pp. 12-13. (*Méditations esthétiques. Les peintres cubistes*. Paris: Eugène Figuière 1913.)

15. Jean Cocteau, *Le Rappel à l'ordre*. Paris: Librairie Stock, 2nd edn., 1926.
16. Max Dvořák, "Über Greco und den Manierismus" (1920), in K.M. Swoboda and J. Wilde (eds.), *Kunstgeschichte als Geistesgeschichte. Studien zur abenländischen Kunstentwicklung*. Munich: R. Piper, 1928, pp. 259-276.
17. Nikolai Punin, *Iskousstvo i Revolioutsia* (Art and Revolution), unpublished memoirs. Quoted in Jean-Claude Marcadé, *Malévitch*. Paris: Nouvelles Éditions Françaises/Casterman, 1990, p. 18.

Text from the book *El resto. Una historia invisible del arte contemporáneo* by Ángel González García, published by the Museo de Bellas Artes de Bilbao and the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, 2000.

CURRICULUM VITAE / LIST OF WORKS

Joseph Beuys

- 1921 Kleve, exhibition of a wound drawn together with plaster.
- 1922 Exhibition of Rindern dairy, near Kleve.
- 1923 Exhibition of a moustache cup (contents: coffee with egg).
- 1924 Kleve, open exhibition of heathen children.
- 1925 Kleve, *Beuys als Aussteller* [Beuys as Exhibitor] documentation.
- 1926 Kleve, exhibition of a stag leader.
- 1927 Kleve, exhibition of radiation.
- 1928 Kleve, first exhibition of a furrow dug with the intention of excavating a trench.
- Kleve, exhibition to determine the difference between loamy sand and sandy loam.
- 1929 Exhibition next to the grave of Genghis Khan.
- 1930 Donsbrüggen, exhibition of heathers and medicinal herbs.
- 1931 Kleve, connecting exhibition.
- Kleve, exhibition of connectors.
- 1933 Kleve, underground exhibition (excavated to a shallow depth).

- 1940 Poznan, exhibition of an arsenal (with Heinz Sielmann, Hermann Ulrich Asemissen and Eduard Spranger).
Exhibition of an airfield, Erfurt-Bindersleben.
Exhibition of an airfield, Erfurt-North.
- 1942 Sebastopol, exhibition of my friend.
Sebastopol, exhibition during the capture of a JU-87.
- 1943 Oranienburg, interim exhibition (with Rolf Rothenburg and Heinz Sielmann).
- 1945 Kleve, exhibition of cold.
- 1946 Kleve, warm exhibition.
Kleve, Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] Artists' Union.
Happening at Heilbronn Central Station.
- 1947 Kleve, Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] Artists' Union.
Kleve, exhibition for the hard of hearing.
- 1948 Kleve, Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] Artists' Union.
Düsseldorf, exhibition at the Pillen Bettenhaus.
Krefeld, *Kullhaus* exhibition (with A.R. Lynen).
- 1949 Heerdt, Total exhibition three times in succession.

- Kleve, Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] Artists' Union.
- 1950 Beuys reads from *Finnegans Wake* at Haus Wylmermeer.
Kranenburg, Haus van der Grinten, *Giocondologie* [Giocondology].
- Kleve, Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] artists' union.
- 1951 Kranenburg, Van der Grinten Collection, *Beuys: Sculpture and Drawing*.
- 1952 Düsseldorf, 19th prize in Stahl und Eisbein [Steel and Knuckle of Pork] (an explanation of a light ballet by Piene).
Wuppertal, Kunstmuseum, *Beuys: Crucifixes*.
Amsterdam, exhibition in honour of the Amsterdam-Rhine Canal.
Nijmegen, Kunstmuseum, *Beuys: Sculpture*.
- 1953 Kranenburg, Van der Grinten Collection, *Beuys: Painting*.
- 1955 End of the Kleve Profil Nachfolger [Profile of the Successor] Artists' Union.
- 1956 Beuys works in the fields.
1957
- 1957 Beuys recovers from working in the fields.
1960
- 1961 Beuys is appointed Professor of Sculpture at the Düsseldorf State Academy of Art.

- 1962 Beuys, *Erdklavier* [The Earth Piano].
- 1963 Fluxus at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art. Beuys exhibits his warm fat object on a warm July evening on the occasion of a lecture by Allan Kaprow in the Galerie Zwirner in the Kolumbakirchhof, Cologne.
- Fluxus stable exhibition by Joseph Beuys at the Haus van der Grinten, Kranenburg, Bas-Rhin.
- Beuys adds two chapters to *Ulysses* at James Joyce's request.
- 1964 Kassel, Documenta III, sculpture and drawing.
- Beuys recommends that the height of the Berlin Wall be raised 5 centimetres (better proportions!).
- Beuys, *Vehicle Art*.
- Beuys, *Die Kunstpille* [The Art Pill], Aachen, Copenhagen Festival.
- Beuys, *Filzbilder und Fettecken* [Felt Works and Fat Corners]. WARUM? [WHY?].
- Friendship with Bob Morris and Yvonne Rainer.
- Mausezahn happening* [Mouse Tooth Happening], Düsseldorf-New York.
- Beuys, Berlin, *Der Chef* [The Chief]; Beuys, *Das Schweigen von Marcel Duchamp wird überbewertet* [The Silence of Marcel Duchamp Is Overrated].
- Beuys, *Braunräume* [Brown Rooms]; *Beuys Hirschjagd*, [Stag Hunt] (behind); 1965, *und in uns... unter uns... landunter* [and in us... below us... land

under], Galerie Parnass, Wuppertal; *Project Westmensch* [Western Man Project]; Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf: *...irgendein Strang...* [...Any Rope...]; Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf, *Wie man dem toten Hasen die Bilder erklärt* [How to Explain Pictures to a Dead Hare]; 1966, *und hier ist schon das Ende von Beuys: Per Kirkeby "2,15"* [and here already is the end of Beuys: Per Kirkeby "2,15"]; *Eurasia 32nd Movement*, 1963—Galerie René Block, Berlin—... mit Braunkreuz [...With a Brown Cross]; Copenhagen, *Traekvogn Eurasia*; Affirmation: The Best Contemporary Composer is the Thalidomide Child; *Division of the Cross*; *Homogen für Konzertflügel (Filz)* [Homogen for Grand Piano (felt)]; *Homogen für Cello (Filz)* [Homogen for Cello (felt)]; *Manresa*, with Bjørn Nørgaard, Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf; Beuys, *Der bewegte Isolator* [The Moving Insulator]; Beuys, *Der Unterschied zwischen Bildkopf und Moverkopf* [The Difference between Image Head and Mover Head]; Drawings in the Galerie nächst St. Stephan, Vienna; Darmstadt, Joseph Beuys and Henning Christiansen, *Hauptstrom* [Mainstream]; Darmstadt, *Fettraum* [Fat Room], Galerie Franz Dahlem, Aha-Strasse; Vienna, Beuys and Christiansen, *Eurasienstab 82 min fluxorum organorum* [Eurasian Staff 82 minutes *fluxorum organum*]; Düsseldorf, 21 June, Beuys founds the DSP Deutsche Studentenpartei [German Student Party]; Mönchengladbach, *Parallel Process 1* (Johannes Cladders); Karl Ströher, *Das Erdtelefon* [The Earth Telephone]; Antwerp, Wide White Space Gallery: Image Head and Mover Head (*Eurasian Staff*); *Parallel Process 2*; *Der grosse Generator* [The Great Generator], 1968, Eindhoven, Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Jean Leering; *Parallel Process 3*; Kassel Documenta 4, *Parallel Process 4*; Munich, Neue Pinakothek; Hamburg, ALMENDE (Art Union); Nuremberg, ROOM 563 x 491 x 563 (fat); Earjom Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Braunschweig,

Würm-Glazial (*Parallel Process 5*); Frankfurt: Felt Television, *Das Bein von Rochus Kowallek nicht in Fett ausgeführt (Jom!)* [The Leg of Rochus Kowallek Is Not Made of Fat (Jom!)]; Düsseldorf, Felt Television III, *Parallel Process*; Galerie Intermedia, Cologne: VAKUUM-MASSE (FETT) [Vacuum Mass (fat)]; *Parallelprozess... Gulo Boreales... für Bazon Brock* [Parallel Process... Gulo Borealis... for Bazon Brock]; Johannes Stüttgen, FLUXUS ZONE WEST, *Parallelprozess* [FLUXUS West Zone, Parallel Process], Düsseldorf Academy of Art, Eiskellerstrasse 1: *LEBERVERBOT* (No Liver Allowed); Galerie Intermedia, Cologne: Drawings 1947-1956; Christmas 1968: Überschneidung der Bahn von BILDKOPF mit der Bahn von BEWEGKOPF im ALL (*Space Parallelprozess*) [Intersection of the orbit of the *Image Head* with the orbit of the *Moving Head* in the SPACE Parallel Process], 1969, Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf, FOND III; 12 February 1969, presentation of *Moving Head* in the Düsseldorf Academy of Art; Beuys takes the blame for the snowfall between 15 and 20 February; Berlin, Galerie René Block: Joseph Beuys and Henning Christiansen concert: *Ich versuche dich freizumachen-Konzertflügeljom (Bereich Jom)* [I Attempt to Make You Free, Grand Piano Jom (Jom zone)], Berlin, Nationalgalerie.

Berlin, Akademie der Künste: *Sauerkrautpartitur-Partitur essen!* [Academy of the Arts: Sauerkraut Score, Eat the Score!]; Mönchengladbach: *Veränderungskonzert* [Transformations Concert], with Henning Christiansen.

Düsseldorf: Exhibition at the Kunsthalle (Karl Ströher).

Lucerne, *Fettraum (Uhr)* [Fat Room (Clock)].

Basel, drawings at the Kunstmuseum.

Düsseldorf, PROSPEKT ELASTISCHER FUSS PLASTISHER FUSS [Brochure: Elastic Foot, Plastic Foot].

Basel, Kunstmuseum, works from the Karl Ströher Collection.

1970 Copenhagen, works from the Karl Ströher Collection. Hessisches Landesmuseum.

Darmstadt, Karl Ströher Collection.

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Curator: Valentín Roma

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