

Who wants the monster to disappear? Hands up!

Opening, Bochum (1979). North of the main entrance and exit, across the forecourt, on a traffic island, right of the Bus station, left of the Mercure Twin Towers, just above the U-Bahn. The access is supervised by a coalition of two red and green traffic lights. On this circular square, the art posse ponders, surrounded by various journalists, who likewise have made their way from the central station, tightly packed with citizens, well watched and witnessed by sympathetic regional politicians. Turning cars wriggle round and round the masses and from its core, surrounded by this throng, the artwork (Kunstwerk) juts out. The metal bars needed one light Sunday traffic to bolster each other intimately and now the visitors demand movement. Right there, a hand jolts up in the air and prompts the other hands to follow. The next jolt is not far behind. The up-and-coming politicians of the CDU leave their homey beer tent and cover the Kunstwerk with letters, which are supposed to be forming sentences. Lots of hands reach to the sky now. A citizen feels the sudden urge to talk about the cowherd-memorial at Kortum, which depicts a cowherd with his herding dog. The Kunstwerk warms up; the atmosphere is boiling. C.T. drives her B-van toward the packed crowd. Dr. Kambartel relentlessly quotes the 18th century. A citizen cannot believe that Russian A. Vesely blocked the view on the Church of the Redeemer at the urban park. *Die CDU ist bürgernah und für alle.* A child sojourns near a toilet or rat shelter. In spite of recurrent calls, Vater Staat does not speak out at all. Hans-Peter Ewers, resident at Flaßkuhlstr. 15b, wants to use the red marker at hazardous streets like the Querenburgerstr. G. Boller begins to use his rust-proving paintbrush. L.H. insists on "Kunstwerk" instead of Kunstwerk. The "Kunstwerk" rests in its scruffy appearance. Not every poem gets a chance today. Bundestagsabgeordneter Biedenkopf does. The gallery owner explains the "Kunstwerk" *für alle*. A citizen wants life to move into the museum. A citizen is not interested in the fact of who degenerated art. The sandblast takes action. Dr. Erny has a stomach ache. So does C.T. The sandblast polishes 100 tons of steal. Finally, the carnival parade leads a never-ending polonaise around the "Kunstwerk".

The exhibition is open to the public from 0 till 0 o'clock at the Ostring in 44787 Bochum

