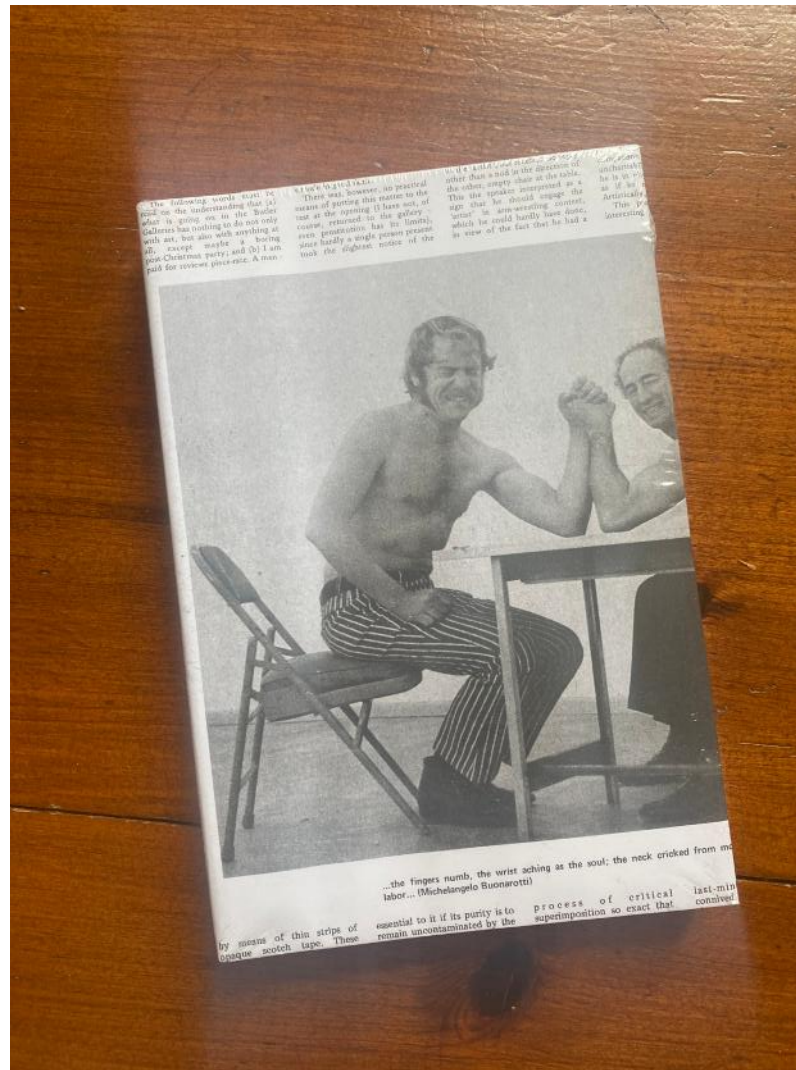


DEC 62

*Wolfgang Stoerchle (1944-1976)*



*Wolfgang Stoerchle, Success in Failure*, édité par Alice Dusapin  
interviews avec David Salle, Helene Winer, Matt Mullican,  
Paul McCarthy, et Daniel Lentz  
graphisme par Coline Sunier & Charles Mazé  
publié par Daisy éditions et Christophe Daviet-Thery, Paris, 2022

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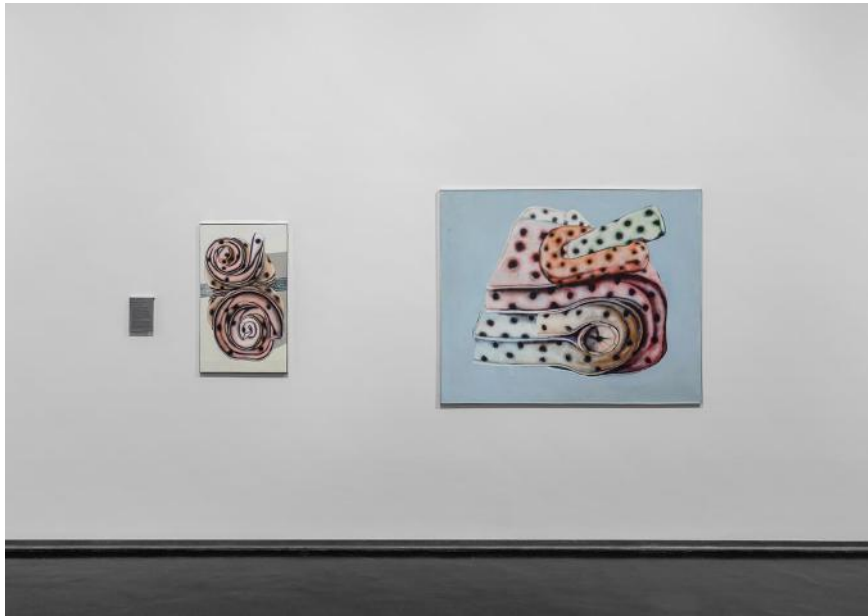
« Stoerchle, Binet, Divola »  
30 Novembre 2017 - 20 janvier 2018  
Ampersand, Lisbonne







«Wolfgang Stoerchle, before you can pry any secrets from me»  
18 Mars - 21 Avril 2018  
Galerie Overduin & co, Los Angeles



« 10 Things We Know about Wolfgang Stoerchle »  
3 Février 2021 – 27 Juin 2021  
Macro Museum, Rome



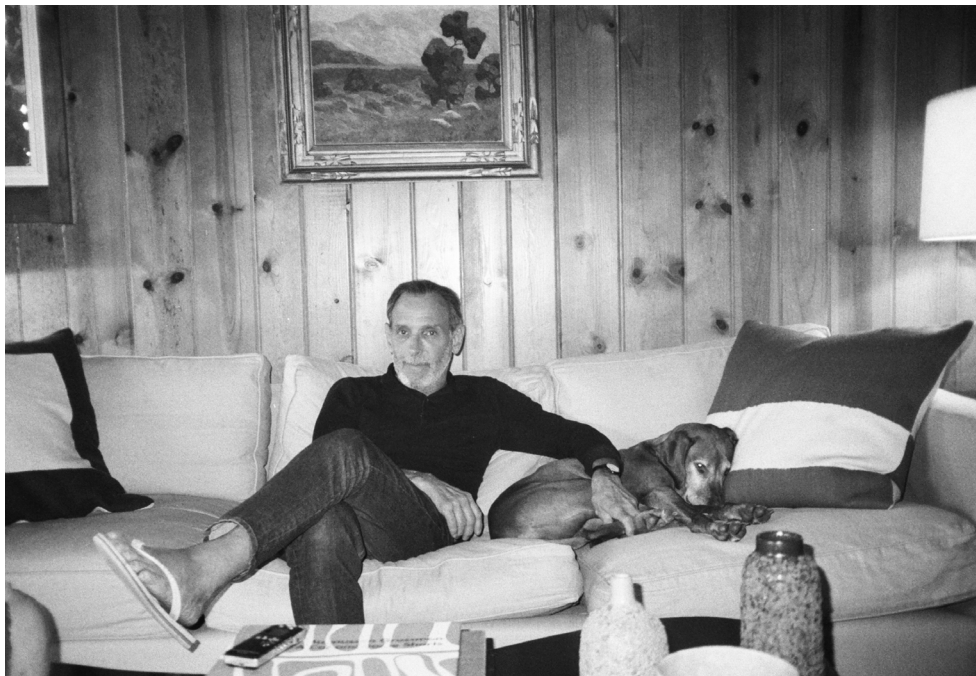
Berlin & Los Angeles  
2017 - 2018  
Rencontre avec  
Peter Stoerchle





Norman, Oklahoma  
2017 - 2018  
Rencontre avec Karen Couch Wieder





Los Angeles & Santa Barbara  
2017 - 2018  
Rencontre avec Carol Lingham, Daniel Lentz & David Salle





Wolfgang and Peter Stoerchle arriving in Los Angeles, 8mm film, December 23, 1962.

County already is or an onslaught of expected from other living on the Moon Twp.

adline for petition-supreme Court for ing of the case is

ommissioners said General Kennedy's on in the plea for around on the matd assist immeasur-obtaining a re-hear-

Kills Baby, er Accused

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State Men Crash

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15 officers and enlist-ors their lives when ingne plane crashed during a low-level er a successful air-

MEMORANDUM FILED  
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 15 of 15  
 16 of 16  
 17 of 17  
 18 of 18  
 19 of 19  
 20 of 20

burgh and born in the emadelpia division—has begun overing daily that much salty Pacific Ocean waterin- to fresh, usable water.

The plant, located in Point Loma near San Diego, Calif., was dedicated yesterday. In the ceremonies, Gwilym A. Price, Westinghouse chairman of the board, officially turned the plant over to U. S. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

It is the second de-salting plant to open in the nation.

ording to Roy Gaunt, sales manager for Westinghouse's Heat Transfer Division in Philadelphia which built the plant.

It would be "no problem at all," Mr. Gaunt said, right now to erect a desalting plant which could put out 150 million gallons of fresh water a day.

No Drop In Bucket

And that's no drop in the bucket. The 150-million-gallon figure is nearly twice the

in the U. S. will reach 880 billion gallons a day by the year 2000, according to some estimates.

"This is more than 300 billion gallons greater than the nation's estimated usable water supply."

The Westinghouse-built plant uses a so-called "flash" evaporation method to purify salt water. Salt water is raised to a high temperature and then sprayed under high pressure into a chamber of lower pressure.

the equipment producer in the world, the Pittsburgh-based firm has been operating large de-salting plants in Kuwait, an Arabian shiekdom which is oil-rich and water-poor. The source is the Persian Gulf, one of the saltiest.

The aim of the experimental projects is that man, faced with present and future water shortages, will no more have to look longingly at the salty ocean and say, in the words of Coleridge:

"Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink."

To California On Horseback

Pack Train Shuffles Down Rt. 8

It isn't every day you see a "pack train" on Route 8. Or a horse racing through the Western Pennsylvania countryside with a 15-foot ladder around its neck.

But all this may only be the beginning as a strange slice of the Wild West winds its way through Allegheny County today.

This is no ordinary slice, either.

To begin with, it comes from the North and East—near Toronto, Canada.

Even odder, it comes equipped with a genuine German accent and a distinct flavor of old Baden-Baden.

For Wolfgang and Peter Stoerchle, who left their German hometown only two years ago, are now on their way to California — on horseback.



Passerby watches Wolfgang and Peter Stoerchle saddle up.

Bed Down Here

Traveling by way of Buffalo, they were first noticed in this district Friday.

Heading south from Butler on Route 8, they turned off on the Orange Belt and bedded down at Bakerstown Golf Course for the night.

It was on Route 8 that photographer Charles R. Martin, of Bradford Woods, spotted them while driving to Butler.

Prayer Group Leaders Convenes On Friday

The executive committee of the Anglican Fellowship of Prayer will meet Friday to plan for the fifth annual Prayer Groups Conference to be held Saturday, April 7, at Calvary Episcopal Church, East Liberty.

Conducting the prayer conference, which has helped to organize more than 200 prayer groups, will be Bishop Frederick Hugh Wilkinson of the Anglican Church, Toronto, Canada.

ing to remember the last time he had seen one on Route 8. It must have been about 1910, decided Mr. Martin, who is about 30.

The photographer stopped to make pictures on the snow-covered highway—then invited the two men and three horses to spend last night at his home.

The brothers, who have been averaging about 15 miles a day, say they could double this except for having to stop everywhere and explain to the curious just what they are doing.

They are avoiding big cities like Pittsburgh, he said, because of an unfortunate experience in Buffalo:

The blast of a noon factory whistle there caused Wolfgang's horse to rear, throwing his rider.

But even deep country hasn't been entirely safe for the pair.

While bedded down in a barn one night, one of the horses put his head through the rungs of a ladder to reach some hay—then couldn't pull his head out again.

Immediately the animal panicked—and the neighborhood for the next few hours was treated to the spectacle of two men chasing a wild horse with a 15-foot ladder around its neck.

Usually this strange caravan—a sort of three-horse-

power, hay-burning version of "Route 66"—has been warmly received.

But not always.

"Riding up to one house, the brothers said, they were met by two infuriated "old maids" who screamed at them to get off the grass.

"How did we know we were on the grass?" shrugged Wolfgang. "It was under two feet of snow!"

'Dear Mr. President'

President Kennedy gets letters from child the country. Author Bill Adler cued 120 of ti new book "Kids Letters to President Kenne find them delightfully humorous in a series The Press tomorrow.

NO DINGS To Robber Two Wom By Three

Greentree poli reported "nothing way of clues to jewel robbery at Dr. George A. Luby Lane.

Three bandits way into the Luc day night after posed as a spe agent.

Once inside, th tape to gag and Lucey's wife, M niece, Anna Mar 16, of 1001 Pee Dormont.

Dr. Lucey, p borough affairs ing Dormont, ha ing in Miami wi for the past sev

The bandits stu coats, a muff, an usable pieces of a pillow case, ti diamond ring Lucey's finger be

Allerdice Contest W

Susan Shane, Taylor Allde School, took for the 14th annu hire-the-handic contest, it was yesterday.

Susan, who wo Savings bon with 13,208 st 326 high schools

First prize w and Mary Bro High School at who won \$200 l a four-year scht for the Univer burgh, Temple Pennsylvania S ty.

Chess Ma Slated Su

Pairings for th in the Pittsb League matches Triangle YMCA are:

Westinghouse Koppers Co. I Pittsburgh vs. I McKeesport YM Corp of Ameri Tech vs. Pe School, Civic Cl Rust Engineerin

Allerdice Hig U. S. Steel Cor Civic Club.



Associated Press Wirephoto

CHRISTMAS IS COMING . . . And that's when two brothers from Toronto, Canada, hope to reach Los Angeles by horseback. One of the brothers, Wolfgang Stoerchle, offers a cigarette to M/Sgt. Ernest Nicely, Lexington, who provided a night's lodging for Wolfgang and his brother, Peter Stoerchle, who is on horse.

Canadian Horse Riders Reach Bluegrass Area

Lexington, Ky., April 9 (AP)—Two brothers from Canada, making a horseback trek across the nation, have arrived in the Bluegrass area.

Peter and Wolfgang Stoerchle stayed overnight in Lexington with M/Sgt. Ernest Nicely, Air Force recruiter, who met them as they were bedding down their horses at a Thoroughbred farm 7½ miles north of here.

They planned to seek jobs here for about a week to fill their nearly empty moneybags. If not, they'll continue on their way toward Los Angeles.

Peter, 22, is a beautician. Wolfgang, 19, plans to enter U.C.L.A. to study architecture. Born in Baden Baden, Germany, they went with their widowed mother four years ago to live in Umbridge, 50 miles north of Toronto.

They must feed and lodge the horses as well as themselves.

Since they must stop when they can find a barn for the horses, they sleep mostly in barns. They get other odd accommodations—at Ripley, Ohio, they spent the night in a jail. At Maysville, Ky., they slept in the Courthouse. At Millersburg, they were in a funeral home.

The brothers find Americans very friendly, and have some interesting tales to tell.

Sheriff Seeks Driver's Licenses

For instance, they tied their horses to a fence outside Terry's Store north of Lexington Sunday afternoon. A few minutes later, by coincidence, they met two friends from Toronto, Gordon Gibbons and Ted Raymond. They stopped by the same store while taking a load of broodmares to a Thoroughbred farm.

At Millersburg, Sheriff James Pruitt jokingly asked the youths for their driver's licenses.

Peter said the horses are now calm in city traffic but "we have had several close calls when speeding cars just missed us by inches."

The brothers hope to reach Los Angeles by

Left In Below-Zero Weather

They left home January 29 with the temperature at 10 below zero and promptly encountered a snowstorm. Since then, they have traveled 600 miles at an average of nine miles a day. They travel faster some days, but often have to stop to take odd jobs before they go broke.





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# Teen Screen

Published by Savoy Publications, Inc. at 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90018. Also Code 213 — HOFFEED 4-3917

March 1, 1964

To Whom It May Concern,

It has been my good fortune to work with Wolfgang Stoerchie at Teen Screen Magazine, where he began as my assistant in the Art Department. When our organization decided to publish an additional magazine, after only three months of getting acquainted with our working procedures and editorial policies, Mr. Stoerchie took over as Art Director of Teen Screen and excelled in that capacity while also helping me to layout the new magazine, Movies Illustrated.

It is now my pleasure to be able to recommend Wolfgang to you. He is a pleasant and able employee, prompt, reliable and enthusiastic. During the time we worked together he has shown himself to be capable of working under extreme pressure and willing to do more than his share.

His honesty and integrity are above reproach. Everyone who meets him will immediately recognize his qualities as a gentleman.

His employment would be a benefit to all concerned I'm sure. Please feel free to let me know if there is anything further I can do in Wolfgang's behalf. My card with the address at which I can most easily be reached is enclosed.

Sincerely,  



Hans Cannon  
 Managing Editor  
 Movies Illustrated

HC/ea  
 encl.

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# Picked OU After 4,450-Mile Horseback Trip

The Norman (Okla.) Transcript, Thurs., Feb. 18



**WOLFGANG AND FRIEND** — Wolfgang Stoeckle, OU art student who is originally from Germany, is pictured with his friend, Wolfgang, before they started their 4,450-mile horseback trip from Toronto, Canada, to Los Angeles. Stoeckle is on the right and his friend is on the left. They were both seen in the photo when they were in the city of Las Vegas.

ed a young jackass to use as a pack animal.

"He nearly drove us out of our minds," Stoeckle said.

"He remained on a buck as the 11.5, we just rode off of Flagstaff, Ariz. There were some of the horses and there we were in the middle of the desert. We stayed there and wouldn't budge. My brother was ready to shoot him right there, but I prevented it.

"When we finally got to Flagstaff, we traded him for a pack horse."

The boys slept in the open but covered with a tarp and took something heavy when they awoke. "It had started raining the night," Stoeckle said. "The boys were still there, everything was wet and we couldn't build a fire. It was miserable."

They traveled from Flagstaff, Ariz., to Boulder, Colo., then on to Las Vegas, Nev. "The travel didn't seem a word to most of us as we approached Las Vegas," Stoeckle said. "He said we could stay there for a few days to rest and then we would start the trip this week to make up an outfit and go on."

streak: we got fatigued up in Las Vegas.

"I was only 300 miles to Los Angeles, and our brother came out to see to sleep the way. We had said we would make it by Christmas, and we did—we arrived on Dec. 25."

The brothers had had 100 packs each. The horses, well stabled during the journey, had each gained 25 pounds. Stoeckle gave them to a Los Angeles man they had met during the trip.

Stoeckle worked for a year in Los Angeles as an art director for a magazine magazine. Then, he decided to come to Norman, Okla., and Mrs. Wilson had given him an offer to live on their ranch in Norman while attending OU.

Stoeckle lives at the ranch with his mother, who raises the best German apple pie in the business. "I'm grateful to the Wilsons for their kindness," he said. "They really make us feel at home."

He looks after the horses and cattle at the Wilson place and also works at the OU anatomy research facility in Dinkley to help finance his art studies during the winter. Although it's a rough way to make a living, he hopes to be a free-lance artist in the academic field.

found a paleo-quest and most of it had slipped on his feet and he had to find a way to stand through the mud. It was a car to him. The mud was a farm about as wide as the road, and they really had to make it. We cleaned the mud off the top of the horse's mane again so that it made it into a good place for the hair to grow. We had to clean it up and make it look like a horse's mane. It was a heavy operation. It was a job. It was the best job I've ever had.

I all day, but had, of course, I spent the money, but we really money together as a step to personal-horse jump a to show the high-ye could't catch the three hours left of their money. I think, Pa, the it the night, in a well so much that the horse had enough the horse's to feed them the day. They were dirty, and took as the time to last a few days, the boys were with the money the people. They were restless all to square the with their own.

had started the each and inter- that way across the a half mile, equipped with of hair along the used the horse S.T.V. Stoeckle as right and we I a place for our decided that this in we would travel.

of playboys getting on a above."

The boys stopped over in Lexington to work for awhile and pack up more travel expenses. Stoeckle started dating a young schoolteacher who had a brand new automobile. The boys were driving the new car one day and had stopped to wait for a traffic light. She saw enough who asked that up because then the light in the big black car. She cast a critical eye at the boys and the new car.

"Yes," she said, "didn't I say you were just a couple of playboys?"

The boys spent two nights in a college dorm in Bowling Green, Ky. In Lexington, they spent the night in just because it was the only place available.

"We spent many nights in just during the trip," Stoeckle said. "and persons never stopped in sleeping there. It was always of our own free will—we were never put there," he added with a grin.

The boys crossed the Mississippi River on a ferry, and Stoeckle and his horse almost fell in when the captain blew the whistle. They crossed Missouri and headed into Oklahoma. It was 1000 degrees when they passed through Tulsa, and they stopped there.

Stoeckle said: "We weren't in the best physical or mental condition and the rest had worn our clothes and the hats of old Oklahoma and leather is it."

Stoeckle's horse developed a saddle sore just outside of Amarillo, so he stopped his saddle and went ahead and rode back to his hotel. He was met by a man who said Stoeckle, "I'll take the horse to get it fixed."

They got into Amarillo and Stoeckle and his horse stayed in a hotel. Stoeckle said they passed through Tulsa, and they stopped there.

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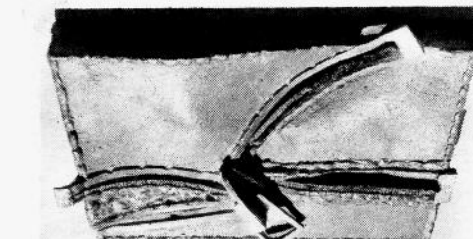
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Stoerchle's ZIP #1

## Horseback Artist Opening At CAF

A German artist who entered the United States on horseback, and then traveled across the country the same way, painting for his supper, will open a one-man show of paintings, drawings and sculpture Sunday at Contemporary Arts Foundation.

Wolfgang Stoeckle, whose travels finally brought him to Oklahoma University where he now is completing requirements for his BFA in painting, began competing professionally little more than a year ago.

Since then, the 24-year-old artist has participated in a baker's dozen exhibitions, including shows at Wichita, Monroe, La., and in Michigan and North Dakota.

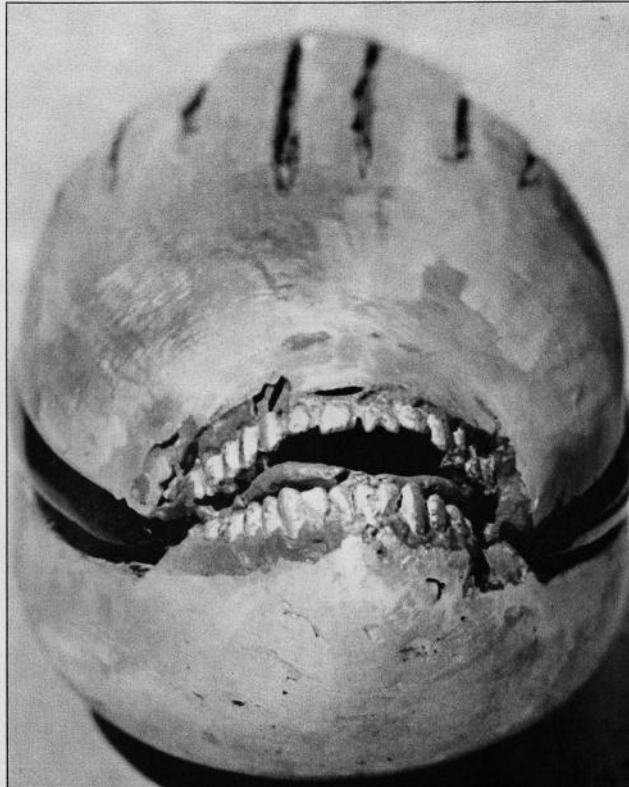
Born in Neustadt, Germany, Stoeckle grew up in Baden-Baden, and emigrated to Canada with his family in 1959. He studied architecture from 1960-62 in Toronto, and rode on horseback through the Port of Buffalo, N.Y., in February of 1962, with his brother, Peter.

The two traveled across the U.S. for 11 months, working at part-time jobs and painting for food and lodging. Stoeckle arrived in LA in December of 1962, where he worked as an art director for a teen magazine, until leaving for Norman two years later.

Stoeckle is the first senior in the OU school of art to have his senior show off the campus. He was granted American citizenship in 1967, about a year after he married Karen Couch, daughter of the late dean of the University College, Glenn Couch.

Stoeckle has had two previous one-man shows, both on the OU campus.





STOERCHLE  
AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE  
MARCH 24 - APRIL 24, 1968

# Stoerchle Plans OC Art Show

By JACK CRADDOCK  
Of The Transcript Staff

Wolfgang Stoerchle, bearded, curly-haired art major at OU, will become the first Fine Arts school senior ever to hold his senior year one-man show off campus.

A native of Germany who became a naturalized American citizen in November 1967, he has achieved considerable professional recognition for a young painter only 24 years old.

His senior year one-man show, a requirement for all

graduating art school seniors—he's due his degree in August—will open Sunday at the Contemporary Arts Foundation, 609 Robert S. Kerr Ave., in Oklahoma City at 4 p.m.

Many artists have worked under the handicap of poverty, misunderstanding and the curse

of being too far ahead of their time, but Stoerchle has one special handicap he'll always have with him, even if he were to become as famous as Picasso or Dali.

He's allergic to oil paint. Progress in materials with which the artist works, however, have come to his rescue and he works mostly in the polymers, or so-called plastic paints, to which he is not allergic.

This is a media comparatively new and requires a radically different technique than that involved in laying oil on canvas. Consequently he has developed a technique mastery not yet achieved by some artists older and more experienced than himself.

☆☆☆

His subject matter has not always met popular acclaim, however, in spite of the critical acclaim given him by jurors, museum directors and some critics.

His one-man show opening Sunday will give a more complete retrospective of his work in a variety of media, including drawing and sculpture.

Since January 1967, his works have been accepted for inclusion in the Oklahoma Biennial at the Oklahoma Art Center; National Polymer Exhibition, Eastern Michigan University; 33rd Exhibition of Contemporary American Graphic Arts and Drawings, Wichita Art Association; 27th Oklahoma Artists Annual, Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa; 9th Annual Eight State Exhibition, Oklahoma Art Center; Oklahoma College Art Students Exhibition; and one-man shows at OU and in Oklahoma City. In 1967 he won the T. G. Mays Memorial Purchase Award for his entry in the OU Art Students Exhibition.

☆☆☆

Born in Neustadt, Gernay, he grew up in Baden-Baden and came to Canada in 1959, where he studied architecture. In February 1962, he and a brother entered America at Buffalo on horseback. They traveled the U.S. for the next 11 months, doing odd jobs.

At year's end he was art editor for a Los Angeles teenage magazine and came to Norman in August 1964. He has held scholarships here since 1965 and has kept his grade average at 3.66 to 4.

In November 1966, he married Karen Couch, daughter of the late Glenn Couch, dean of the University College at OU.



Wolfgang Stoerchle . . . Allergic to Paint

# Practiced Eye Needed At Stoerchle's Exhibit

If one subscribes to the philosophy expressed by Charles Baudelaire, a mid-19th century critic of unquestioned stature, that every age possesses its own beauty, either eternal or transitory, one can accept the works of Wolfgang Stoerchle.

But not without a practiced eye.

This OU senior, due his degree in August, is currently holding his one-man show, a graduation requirement, in the Contemporary Arts Foundation Gallery at 609 Robert S. Kerr Ave. in Oklahoma City. The show runs through April 24.

The implication in viewing Stoerchle's paintings with a practiced eye is that an understanding of the technique and mastery of the media in which

he works is needed. The paintings, sculptures and drawings, with few exceptions, should not be viewed for content of subject matter alone.

Stoerchle works in polymers instead of oils because of his allergy to oil paints but he succeeds well in achieving a tonality and shading in these works one would expect in a more mature artist. He is 24.

Stoerchle's work is completely and totally Freudian in its preoccupation with sex, so much so that unless one concerns himself with the technique and interpretation of the subject on canvas, paper or in metal, it is a bore.

Artistic anarchy was as much in vogue, in Europe, anyway, in the mid-19th century as it is

in America today. Art, and artists, are looking for new ways to say new things, but one gets the feeling that they may possibly be more concerned with new projections of old subject matter than they are with new ways of expressing that subject matter.

### Imagination Needed

Imagination is the capital upon which the creative artist must draw in order to see life in a synoptic way, thereby merging the topical with the eternal, the natural with the supernatural, the moral with the metaphysical.

If Stoerchle, and others of his ilk, are attempting to interpret our age to itself through imaginative grasps of its occasional and paradoxical acts of a protesting kind of heroism in a setting of what they regard as moral and spiritual desolation, they are not, we contend, employing the synoptic kind of overview we like to think of our artists as having.

### Question Posed

If we subscribe to Baudelaire's definition of pure art, the creation of a suggestive magic containing at one and the same time the object and the subject—the external world and the artist—one is left to wonder in which direction so talented a young craftsman as Stoerchle will turn next.

Pure manual dexterity, undirected by imagination, or Soul, if you prefer, is not enough. Possibly all this generation's artists should re-examine their personal weltanschauung. — JACK CRADDOCK



*Zip #4*, cast bronze, h. 53 cm, 1968



*Erection I*, cast bronze, 1967



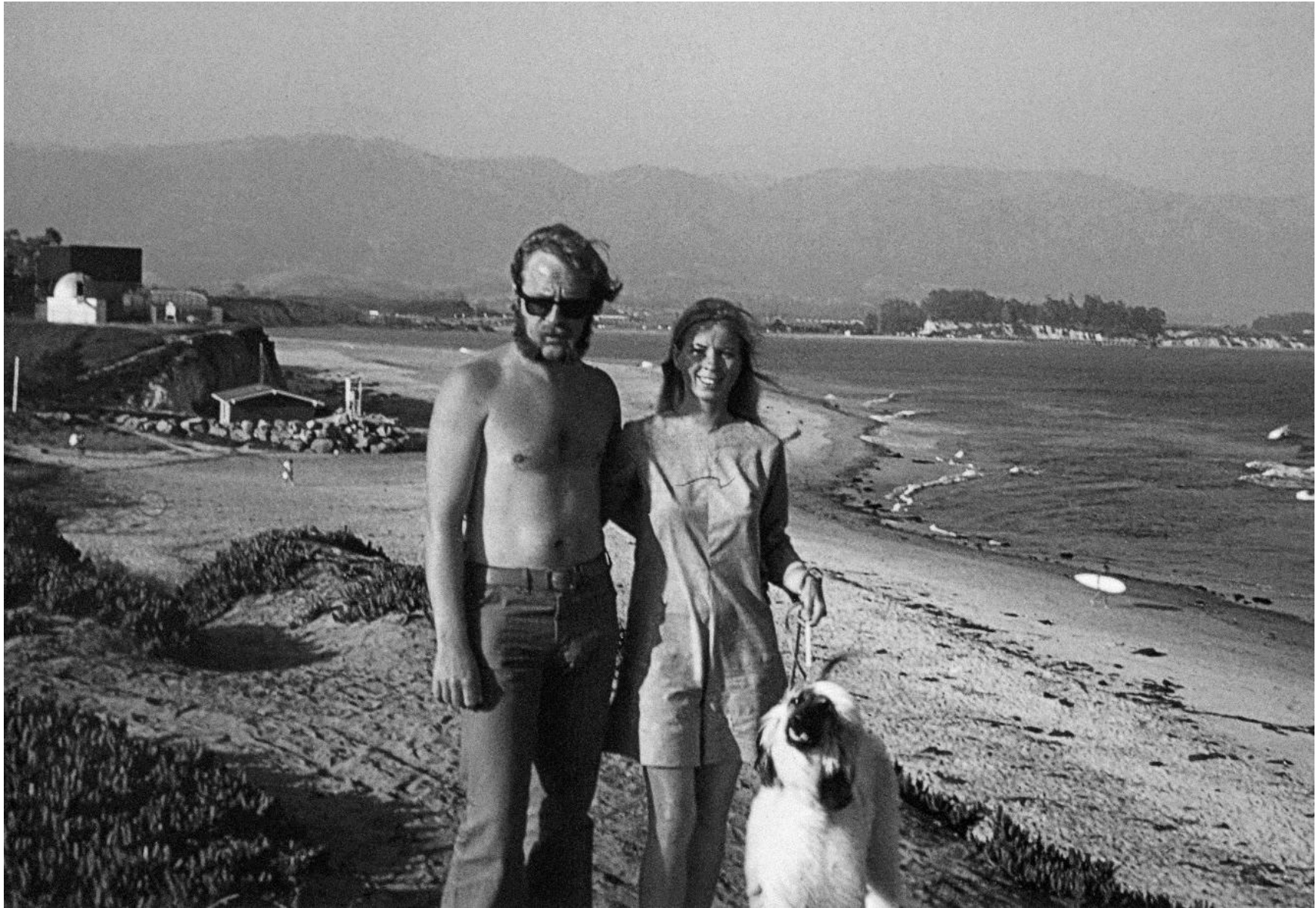
*Before You Can Pry Any Secrets From Me*, cast bronze, 43 × 30 cm, 1968





*Zip #3, cast bronze, 35 × 48 × 5 cm, 1968.*





Wolfgang Stoerchle and Karen Wieder Couch, summer 1968

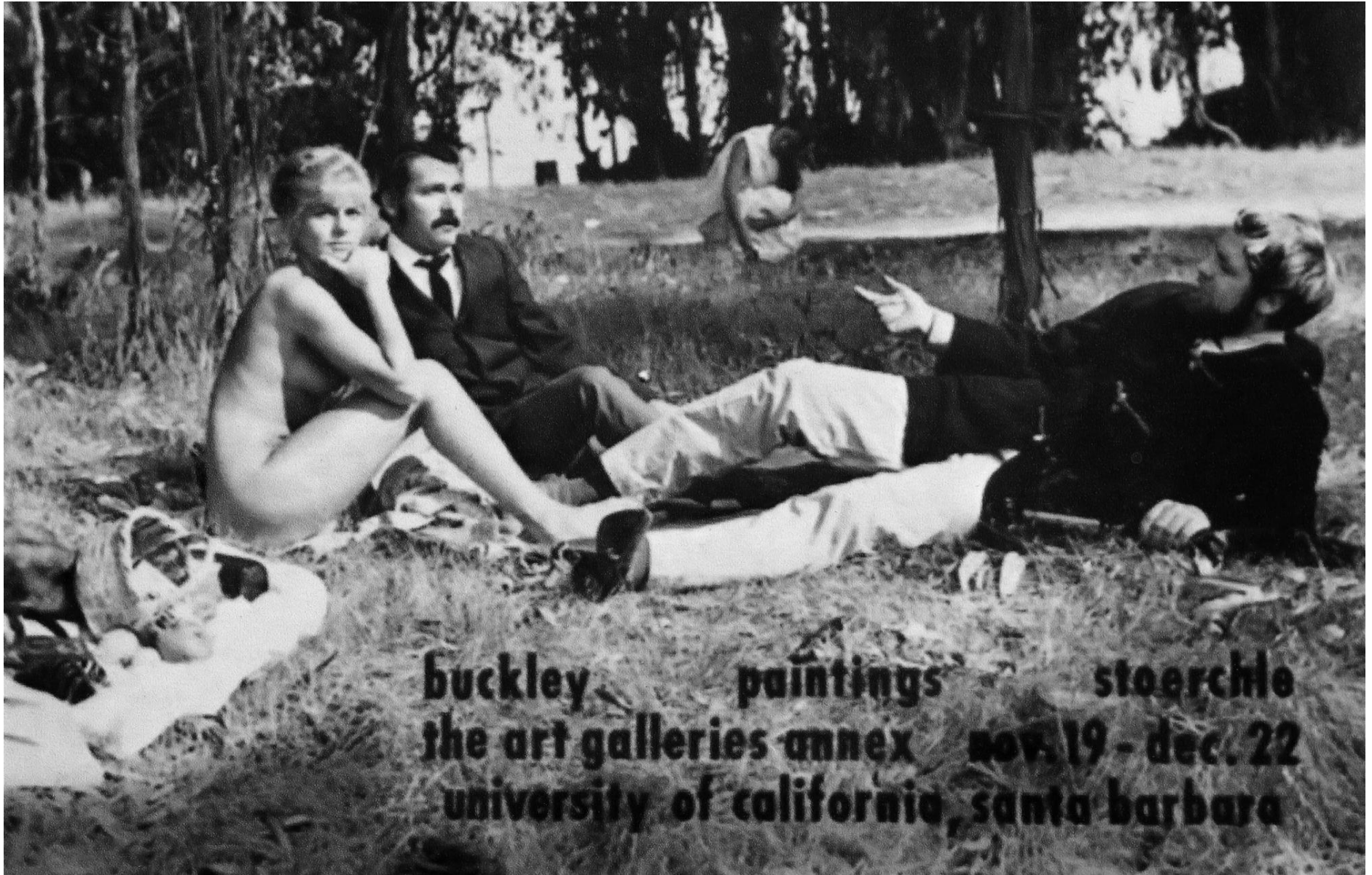


*Untitled (Banana and Tire Track)*, rigid polyurethane foam, mixed media, 48.5 × 47 cm, 1969.



*Untitled (Folded Mattress)*, acrylic on canvas, 132 × 160 cm, 1969





**buckley paintings stoerchle**  
**the art galleries annex nov. 19 - dec. 22**  
**university of california, santa barbara**

## CALL TO ARMS AT THE BUTLER GALLERY

There is some pretty aggressive and challenging art at the Butler Galleries this week. Arm-wrestling, and for real. An artist for whom we have learned to expect something new every time, Wolfgang Stoerchle, just sits there, in the middle of the gallery, and challenges the public, individually, to arm-wrestle him. No doubt at all that the show generates considerable excitement — as long as the public responds, as it certainly should if it has any taste at all. Since the A new form of art demands new critical standards, and since the best form of criticism is criticism from the inside, I can do no better than describe how I personally fared in this new Art Experience.

I engaged my opponent with a regular, four-square, minimal overlap grip. I outlined a few preliminary manoeuvres, then threw in some heavy reds and umbers, straight from the tube. My opponent went down at least three inches, but I was overdrawn, my compositional energy flagged, and the other arm came up in a trenchant rising diagonal, which tipped back into the middle-ground again. For a moment I was really worried; I detected a fanatical Supremacist glint in the eye opposite me, and my hand was sinking as fast as the Santa Barbara sun on a winter's evening. I summoned up the battle-slogan which had served me in previous critical situations: Per — spective! In I zoomed, sending (as it seemed to me at the time) at last the enemy arm ceded a fraction, the elbow lifted an inch, abandoning the corner repoussoir where it had been anchored for so long. Two backs arched in symmetry; eight fingers and two thumbs tightened until the knuckles turned complementary shades of blue and orange. By this time my brachial artery: then the vanishing-point upon which the mind-sights had been fixed melted away in the dust of distant horizon-line, my vision dissolved into impressionist flecks, post-impressionist dots and cubes, and expression distortions; until, at last, my wrist flailed over, my arm crashed down, and my consciousness rothk.o.ed into black on black.

The artist appeared to have defeated the critic; but I discovered that, once more, the dice had been laid against the critic; why, that fellow had been trained as an action painter!



"Wolfgang Stoerchle" and Robert Morris ("artists") locked in "artistic" combat at the Butler Gallery.



Views in the Stoerchle exhibit, comprising several kinds of art, including this one.

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## MINIMALIST ANTI-POLLUTION SYSTEM AT WORK

In an atmosphere polluted by smog and the fanatical fanaticism of our current Movement, it is refreshing indeed to breathe the pure air of environmentalist Wolfgang Stoerchle's exhibit, now showing at the Butler Gallery, 5001 La Cumbre. With its work, we breathe enjoyment along in the name of lake-lake-lake "social reformer", with classic Art showing after the path of least resistance Change. Of Art unambiguously caught in the grasp of "psychic" ritual, spirit, and Pop Art, unambiguously delivered to the proposition that all human work and reward, equal (Stoerchle's plastic material, costing around \$70,000 a time, being strictly mass equal this side), and so I gathered out in the course recently after fly and fly there was only be Stop Art — the atmosphere turned at all movements, the art movement which takes us to the people, out of the gallery into the street, where an (artistic) movement, incorporating a novel introduction of lighting and light effect, is to be noted at every hour intersection, but to down in the subject is hard without further backing of the artist's hand — even at moments after several impressions have been showing with good success up the lines steps of "adjustable" the art of Stoerchle appears, as far as the highest degree, approached in the path of greatest multiplicity possible.

MINIMALIST PLASTIC SYSTEM  
Stoerchle shows upon the gallery with multiplicity upon

## BRAZEN PERFORMANCE WITH A CAST OF SIXTEEN

By Hene Segalove

Q. Mr. Stoerchle, how many years does this exhibition cover?

A. Let's see, the first was Ingrid, which would make it six years.

Q. Is it true that these 16 "casts" are all former girlfriends of yours?

A. Well, I knew them all rather well.

Q. Did you have any girlfriends who are not forever enshrined here?

A. Of course, one or two wouldn't let me get beyond a navel cast.

Q. Did this then signal the end of your relationship?

A. Not necessarily, but usually.

Q. Didn't making the molds hurt the girls?

A. I Was very gentle.

Q. I understand you are married now.

A. Yes. Q. Well? Q. Well! Q. What I mean is doesn't this mean that your collection won't expand?

A. Oh no, I am very detached and all business about it now, and my aims are now to expand the collection with more aesthetic and less emotional considerations.

Q. Thank you and good luck...err-r-r, it's a lovely show.

A. You're welcome; Would you be interested in seeing my casting facilities after the opening?



"BOBBY" a bronze casting by Wolfgang Stoerchle, currently showing at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. The show can be seen from September 1 through October 2.



## BRAZEN PERFORMANCE WITH A CAST OF SIXTEEN

By Jane Squires

- Q. Mr. Stoenhild, how many years does this exhibition last?
- A. Let's see, the first was liquid, which would make it six years.
- Q. Is it true that these 16 "casts" are all former girlfriends of yours?
- A. Well, I know them all rather well.
- Q. Did you have any girlfriends who are not forever embittered here?
- A. Of course, one or two wouldn't let me get beyond a navel cast.
- Q. Did this then signal the end of your relationship?
- A. Not necessarily, but usually.
- Q. Didn't making the molds hurt the girls?
- A. I was very gentle.
- Q. I understand you are married now.
- A. Yes, Q. Well? A. Well? Q. What I mean is doesn't this mean that your collection won't expand?
- A. Oh no, I am very detached and all business about it now, and my aims are now to expand the collection with more aesthetic and less emotional considerations.
- Q. Thank you and good luck...er...it's a lovely show.
- A. You're welcome; Would you be interested in seeing my casting facilities after the opening?



"BOBBY" a bronze casting by Wolfgang Stoenhild, currently showing at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. The show can be seen from September 1 through October 2.



Wolfgang Stoenhild and Robert Morris ("artist") looked in "artistic" mood at the Butler Gallery.



Visitors to the Stoenhild exhibit contributing essential forms of non-comprehension.

## CALL TO ARMS AT THE BUTLER GALLERY

In an atmosphere polluted by smog and the four letter lexicons of our campus masochists, it is refreshing indeed to breathe the pure air of anti-minimalist Wolfgang Stoenhild's exhibit now showing at the Kinzie Gallery, 6001 La Cienega. With so much art lagging desperately along in the wake of false-liberalist "social relevance", with Kinzie Art whoring after the gods of Instant Structural Change, Op Art occasionally peering to the verge of "psychedelic" ritual religion, and Pop Art emphatically dedicated to the proposition that all bananas were not created equal (Oldenburg's plastic version, costing around \$20,500 a time, being obviously more equal than others), and as I pointed out in this column recently, after Op and Pop there can only be Stop Art - the art movement to end all art movements; the art movement which takes art to the people, out of the galleries into the streets, where an idealistic movement incorporating a novel interminably shining red light effect, is to be created at every busy intersection. But to return to the subject in hand without further beating of the critical drum - since all art movements after abstract expressionism have been changing with fixed frequency the lifted alloys of "objectivity", the art of Stoenhild appears as a bold, marvelous Piere, revealed in the highest degree, spiritualized to the point of supremely metaphysical non-being.

The artist appeared to have defeated the critic, but I have discovered that, once more, the dice had been loaded against the critic; why, that fellow had been trained as an artistic painter!

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DYNAMIC PLASTIC KNIVES  
Stoenhild creates upon the gallery wall rectangular spore

## ART NOTES

By David Kato

The most critic at the Butler Gallery was arrested, as usual, by this critic; after a few minutes clearing when the "show" was about, I was in no doubt that the engagement to review it should be long passed on to the workbooks, or just possibly to the Ignorance Department. I jokingly suggested the latter alternative but the Ignorance Department, in their fully-daily way, could find some other willing or qualified to undertake such a task. "Some kind of a hippy-kind show?" was the typical reaction. From my sporting colleagues a short post across the hallway.

"The following words must be read on the understanding that it's what is going on in the Butler Gallery has nothing to do not only with art, but also with anything at all, except maybe a boring post-Christian party and I'll be paid for writing this piece. A man

once an artist, has in five I have just received my letters and my critical lengthy. May I be forgiven by the many who guard the portals of Olympus.

The person described in the gallery, however as "the artist", a man, called Wolfgang Stoenhild. Just, I realize, his real name - he has good reason to conceal his true identity, within himself in the gallery; in the booklet it is pompously stated "the artist is the exhibition." He sits at a table placed at the rear of the gallery, which is otherwise bare. He is good with his right elbow on the table, forearm raised, hand curled. An empty chair stands on the opposite side of the table. Again according to the booklet, he is "turning the public to non-verbal affect loss." We may assume, also, that he often reads to himself.

There was, however, no practical means of getting the matter to the rest of the opening (I have not, of course, returned to the gallery - even the promotion has its limits), thus hardly a single person present took the slightest notice of the

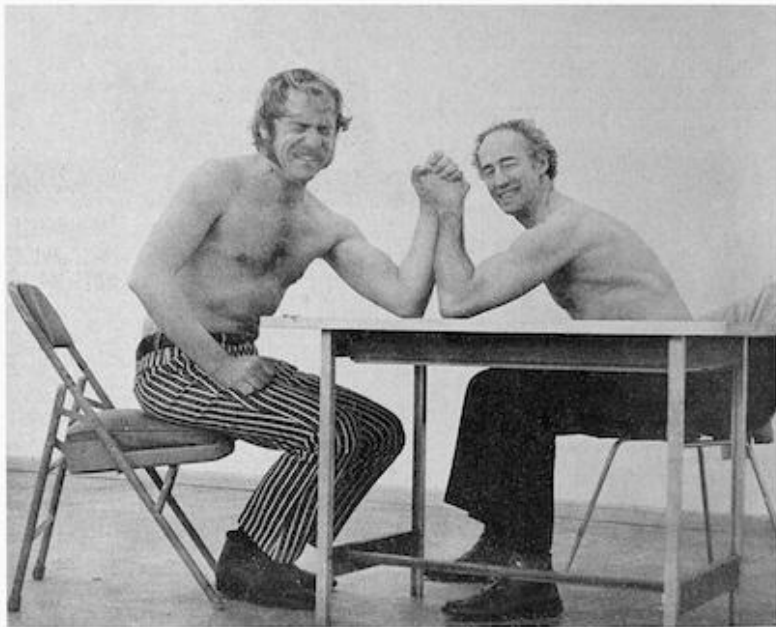
"artist" called Stoenhild. It may be that they were all, like myself, only busy getting drinks and chatting each other up. I had a chance to talk to an old friend I had not seen in months, so I cannot say my cast was entirely wasted time. I realize that there have in the past been other shows in Los Angeles (as in very big cities) reminiscent for no other reason, than that one had a good talk with a colleague or friend, or that the drink seemed lovely. But in the instance the "artist" is of a kind which makes one actively look for the friend, or for the drink.

Curious glances were occasionally cast at the lonely figure sitting so politely at his table, but no one ever thought of bringing him a drink. I am told someone took the trouble to speak to the "artist", but no one on my right other than a nod in the direction of the sign, empty chair at the table. This the speaker interpreted as a sign that he should engage the "artist" in an unending conversation, which he could hardly have done, in view of the fact that he had a

drink in one hand and a girl in the other.

According to the booklet, it was said in 1961, I presume, reported that the public, by engaging the "artist" in this "gesture", should thereby become "part of the artistic experience." This concept is patently obvious to anyone who has seen a man, such as a secretary, lawyer, and bank clerk of plastic show, in no conduct to muscular development. But the notion and about ending heavily against the major guests, in the long past, receiving heavily loaded with negative over help neutral surface. Think of Michelangelo, slash of Rubens and Delacroix! What gets, physically as well as artistically.

And back at the arena of modern sculpture, demonstrating their artistic impotence by giving their poor art to words against a public which (happy), reads spurs them.



...the fingers search, the wrist aching as the soul; the neck cricked from months of horizontal labor. (Michelangelo Buonarroti)

PHOTO BY HOLMELBACK

by means of this strip of opaque Scotch tape. These spores reach an extreme point of the intangible, as perfume to enter (by the back door, or from the other side, as it were) the realm of metaphysical tangibility. Visitors to the exhibit (see photograph), by trying to establish a literal rather than metaphorical physical contact, failed totally to grasp the meaning of the show. This is exactly as the artist intended. Non-comprehension of his work is essential to its success, because non-comprehension means non-participation, which is

essential to it if its purity is to remain uncontaminated by the spectator. Even this review is a form of contamination, which could be removed only by the possibility (desired by me, alas, by my friends) that no-one reads my column. I have accordingly offered an alternative minimalist review, motivated in the spirit of Stoenhild's work, which the editor will refuse to print. (Wrong. See space to right - ED). Even if this alternative review were printed, it could not do justice to the art of Stoenhild, for any process of extensive duplication, especially a

process of critical reproduction as exact as the typed and eye are deceived, must appear as nothing less than the most grotesque form of parody.

YULETIDE COLORING  
Stoenhild has made the ultimate sacrifice as artist of integrity to make in this day and age: in an attempt to prevent apparent-comprehension-contamination, he has not exhibited the work as originally conceived. The work was planned to be shown without the thin strips of opaque Scotch tape. This

last-minute addition was conceived at by Stoenhild but the exhibition catalogue (which is by the way lavishly illustrated and was riveted out of print before the show opened) presents that it was forced upon the artist by the gallery owner, who felt obliged to make this "concession to popular taste". Such a transparently implausible fiction serves the artist's purpose in ensuring maximum non-comprehension; and it is, finally, in the spirit of calculated non-comprehension that I append the following comments:

"Stoenhild's Minimalist art appears pretentious compared with the genius of John God, who shows an empty gallery actively devoid of any extraneous symbols or objects with emotional associations or tangible properties. God thus deprives us, necessarily of anything perceptual, creating a mind-numbing characteristic of the art of the mid-sixties. But, despite its detachment, has an aggressive vitality capable of establishing a symbiotic relationship with the patient viewer. This narrow literary Stoenhild is, in yet, unable to master." - DMK





*Exchange of Clothes, Event, University of California, Santa Barbara, c. 1970*



*Outdoor Plaster Drops, event and sculpture, variable dimensions of plaster planks and participants, University of California in Santa Barbara, c. May 1970.*





Wolfgang Stoerchle and Daniel Lentz, 1969





*R.R. Event*, postcard, 10 × 15 cm, 1970.

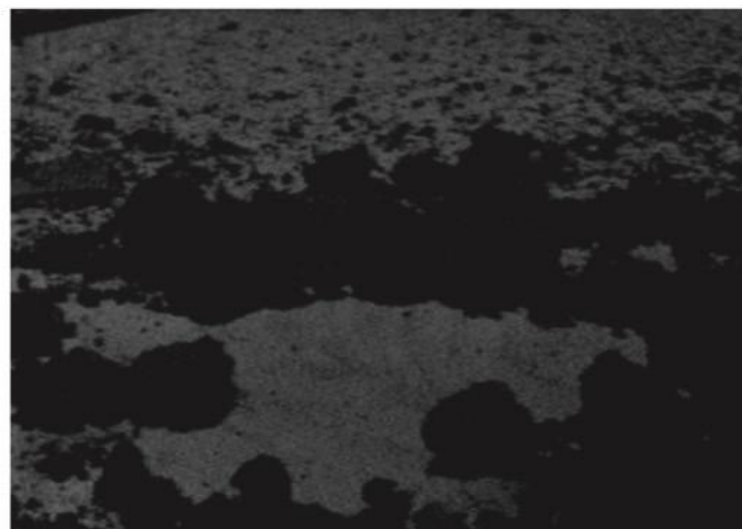


Master of Fine Arts Exhibition, Performance and sculpture, structures and plaster boards  
The Art Galleries, University of California in Santa Barbara, June 2, 1970.

### Dirt Blowing

Video, black and white, sound, 3:22 min., c. 1971.

A large block of dark earth is in the center of the frame, formed into a neat, clean cubic shape—like a small geometric sculpture—and sat on a light-colored flat surface. Immediately, Stoerchle starts blowing at the block of earth, with great physical exertion. Stoerchle's face enters the frame, in silhouette, as he attempts to blow as close to the earth as possible, then quickly retreats out of the frame as he draws his breath. It looks and sounds exhausting. Slowly clumps of earth start to fall off the cube in response to Stoerchle's blowing, but the earth seems very resistant to the force of his breath. Stoerchle blows and blows, repeating the action until the block of earth has entirely crumbled and scattered all over the surface, leaving a clean negative space in the center where the block of dirt once stood.





## Box Dropping

Video, black and white, sound, 15:32 min., c. 1970–72.

A dark interior space. The top of a plywood box falls heavily into the frame from the right. Stoerchle enters the frame and lifts the box by the bottom of its top edge, moving it back upright into its previous position and thus out of the frame again. This action continues over and over again. Each time the box is pushed over and back into the frame more of the box enters the image, as it shifts forwards a few inches with the movement of its fall. We eventually understand the scale of the box: taller than the frame of the image, around the same size as a human being or tall bookcase. As the action continues, it's like the box is walking across the image, slowly advancing from right to left. We hear the constant slamming of the box against the floor, and feel its weight. A microphone has been positioned inside the box, amplifying the sound. Occasionally we hear some music or voices in the background (including bits of Johnny Cash's "One More Ride" and The Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction"—it sounds like a radio gaining and losing reception). When the bottom of the box finally makes it all the way over to the left side of the frame, the action continues in reverse, with Stoerchle now pushing the box over to the right. Off screen, the microphone has been moved outside of the box, to now amplify the external sound of its fall. The video ends when the bottom of the box finally leaves the right side of the frame, back from where the box first appeared.

Stoerchle met Robert Morris in 1969 in Santa Barbara. Morris's piece *Box with the Sounds of its Own Making* (1961) can be recalled here, and Stoerchle's work gestures towards it with a wink.



### Running with Light

Video, black and white, sound, 2:14 min., c. 1971.

We see a light flickering in the darkness and hear the echoing sound of running footsteps in a pitch-black room. We gradually understand we are watching, and hearing, Stoerchle jogging as he holds a light in his left hand, which he swings with the natural rhythm of a runner's arms. Stoerchle's back is to us, and he slowly moves away from the camera, jogging on the spot then advancing a step or two. Parts of the room and Stoerchle's running body fade in and out of visibility, depending on how the light is swung and what it illuminates. Eventually the light's beam, then Stoerchle, reaches the rear wall of the room. Stoerchle turns to head back towards the camera, and the process reverses. Stoerchle eventually reaches the camera and keeps on approaching until his face fills the frame in extreme close-up, illuminated on and off by the rhythm of the swinging light, as he continues to run on the spot.

A version of this piece was also performed live in front of an audience in Robert Irwin's studio in 1972 on Market Street, Los Angeles (see p. 270).



Untitled (Tunnel Effect with Boots)

Video, black and white, sound, 1:02 min., c. 1970–72.

The image frames a TV monitor on the floor. A pair of cowboy boots flank it on either side, a pile of clothes—white underwear and a pair of pants—lie in front of it. On the TV, we see an image of the TV repeated in a tunnel of video feedback that seemingly extends into distant infinity, but three sets of televisions are most clearly visible on screen. Stoerchle performs a series of actions that create the illusion of him coming towards us through the televisions. He enters then exits the image on each TV, from the most distant to the closest, discarding items of clothing—his boots, his socks, then his pants and underwear—each time. Eventually, his now bare legs enter the frame in front of the physical TV monitor itself, and he discards his white T-shirt on top of the pile of clothes already placed there. Stoerchle leaves the frame and, in sequence, turns off each on-screen TV from farthest to closest, until he turns off the physical TV itself. We hear his footsteps running away. The tape stops.





## Penis with Disney Characters

Video, black and white, silent, 4:32 min., c. 1971.

A cropped, close-up image of Stoerchle's naked groin—his private parts and upper thighs. His penis slowly droops, and a small plastic figurine slowly emerges from between its closed folds of foreskin, before dropping onto his thighs. The image cuts and the action repeats, to show a succession of figurines emerging from the end of his penis, almost as if Stoerchle is giving birth to them. At one point we clearly see Mickey Mouse; other characters appear to include Donald Duck, Bambi, and a dog, though it's a little hard to identify them. Towards the end of the tape the image gets darker. After this succession of Disney figurines, the final objects we see emerging from Stoerchle's penis appear to be two matches.

This tape was made while Stoerchle was teaching at CalArts. Through playing with famous figurines and his penis, Stoerchle makes a sly reference to the founder of the school: Walt Disney. This piece has also been referred to as *Disney Toys* or *Birth of Disney*.

*My favorite and most memorable video is his Birth of Disney. It is a video of his uncircumcized penis unfurling and spitting out at the end small Disney characters like Mickey Mouse, Goofy, etc. It was shockingly funny. Disney money was the money behind CalArts. It was Walt Disney's last wish to start an art school with all the arts represented under one roof. He had no idea how much the art world had changed, become leftist and radical. More importantly, he had no idea how contemporary artists viewed him and his milk-sugar sentimentalism as the source of our problems. Wolfgang's piece directed a very sure arrow at that target.—Eric Fischl, January 2018*



WOLFGANG STÖERZELLE

MARCH 2, 1971



*Spill*

Performance, March 2, 1971.

Photographic documentation exhibited in "Pier 18" at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, June 18–August 2, 1971.



Performance, March 2, 1971. Photographic documentation exhibited in "Pier 18" at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, June 18–August 2, 1971.

Invited for a group project independently curated by Willoughby Sharp, Stoerchle performed the piece *Spill* on an abandoned pier on Manhattan's West Side. For the "Pier 18" project, Sharp invited 27 artists to use the pier for a work to be photographed by Harry Shunk and János Kender, according to the artists' instructions. *Spill* sees an assistant pile a large, unwieldy heap of timber into Stoerchle's arms, before Stoerchle walks a distance, and eventually drops the pile of wood and falls over it.

"Pier 18" was originally intended to be exhibited at Pomona College Art Gallery, then under the direction of Helene Winer, but it was not completed in time for the planned March 19 opening date. Shunk and Kender's 370 photographs of the "Pier 18" actions were instead exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, as the second exhibition in the museum's new series of "Projects" exhibitions devoted to "recent experimental work." In the MoMA show, 13 photographs of Stoerchle's *Spill* were exhibited.

## The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cabin: Modernart

NO. 80  
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

PROJECTS: PIER 18

Pier 18, the current exhibition in the series of recent experimental work at The Museum of Modern Art, will be on view through August 2. The exhibition consists of series of photographs by Shunk-Kender, documenting the work of 27 artists on an abandoned pier in the Hudson River last February and March.

The artists were invited to use the pier by Willoughby Sharp, and each work was recorded in photographs upon their instructions. The works take a variety of forms but all relate to the pier. Some artists used the location to carry out an activity or stage an event: Dan Graham was photographed while himself making a series of photographs dictated by shooting with the camera positioned against parts of his body, from the feet to the head. Bill Beckley played 8 notes on a trumpet. Others responded to the physical characteristics of the site itself: George Trakas paddled around the pier in his boat to make drawings of it. In some cases the idea was executed entirely by the photographers, such as Michael Snow's work with simultaneous shots from 2 cameras placed in varying positions, or Jan Dibbet's series from light to dark as the sun goes down.

Other artists in the exhibition are: Vito Acconci, David Askevold, John Baldessari, Robert Barry, Mel Bochner, Daniel Buren, Terry Fox, Douglas Huebler, Lee Jaffe, Richards Jarden, Gordon Matta, Mario Merz, Robert Morris, Dennis Oppenheim, Allen Ruppersberg, Italo Scanga, Richard Serra, Keith Sonnier, Wolfgang Stoerchle, John Van Saun, William Wegman and Lawrence Weiner.

The exhibition was installed by Jennifer Licht, Associate Curator, Department of Painting and Sculpture.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Additional information available from Elizabeth Shaw, Director, Department of Public Information, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St., New York, N.Y. 10019. Phone: (212) 956-7501.

July 1971

Press release for the exhibition "Pier 18," The Museum of Modern Art, New York, June 18–August 2, 1971.



**HIRO KOSAKA**  
Monday, March 6, 8 PM



**WOLFGANG STOERCHLE**  
Monday, March 13, 8 PM



**CHRIS BURDEN**  
Monday, March 20, 8 PM



**ARTIST'S FILMS**  
Thursday, March 2, 7 PM

**ARTIST'S PERFORMANCES**  
**POMONA COLLEGE ART GALLERY**

A.T.E.

Video, color, sound, 58:12 min., 1972. Featuring Wolfgang Stoerchle, Allan Kaprow, Pauline Oliveros, Emmett Williams, Clare Loeb, Daniel Lentz, Helene Winer.

A dark studio. The seven well-dressed guests sit around a spot-lit circular dinner table, covered with a white tablecloth and set with a meal, wine, and champagne. Credits introduce the show and each guest. The guests drink, eat and talk, Emmett Williams in particular, about airplane food, the classical idea of the symposium, hometowns, change in New York City, etc. After about 13 minutes, the guests begin to each present a piece of their work, at someone else's prompt or request, which the group then talks about (alongside other general chatter). Allan Kaprow shows TV footage of his happening *Gas* (1966). Kaprow says his work is more "boring" these days, and he and the guests talk about the idea of boredom. Wolfgang performs his piece *Dodging* in which he sits on a TV, which shows a live-feed of his head. They then proceed to discuss Stoerchle's recent performance at Pomona College, which Helene Winer had curated. Pauline Oliveros reads from her dream journals, as her field recording of gibbons from San Diego Zoo plays in the background. Daniel Lentz performs *14 Echoes*, one of his tape-loop wine glass pieces, which little by little pieces together the phrase, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we shall die." The guests all toast, then chat. Emmett Williams is asked to show his piece, a video he made for Düsseldorf Art Academy, but he declines. The camera pulls back to show the whole table, credits roll, and the video stops, mid-conversation.

Recorded in a professional studio, with a professional TV director (Bert Walker), and funded by author and philanthropist Kit Tremaine, this substantial production is Stoerchle's only work in color, and, alongside *Sue Turning* (see p. 346), it is notable for its higher production values. Produced by Stoerchle and Daniel Lentz, this televised show-and-tell, or "TV dinner" as Allan Kaprow describes it during the video, was recorded on April 17, 1972 at Video Tape Enterprise. The piece's title is a deliberate play on E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology), the non-profit organization that promoted collaborations between artists and engineers, founded in 1966. The piece Stoerchle performs during the dinner, *Dodging*, also exists as a separate video work (see p. 254).



### Hypnosis Piece

Video, black and white, sound, 28:20 min., 1972.

We see the corner of a white interior space, with a wooden chair on the right. Stoerchle enters the frame fully clothed. He starts taking off his clothes; first a pair of boots, then his sweater, then his pants (he wears no underwear), until he is standing there naked. He places his clothes on the chair and his boots next to it. Stoerchle stands there, nude, in the same position for the entire tape. Stoerchle's voice enters the soundtrack as a separately recorded voice-over, and begins to describe the origins of the performance we are watching him practice, and to analyze his experience in his various attempts at performing it—in private and public. His penis occasionally gets a bit more or less stiff, rising and falling, but never becomes fully erect. Eventually Stoerchle's monologue ends. He walks naked out of frame, and the video stops.

This video depicts a rehearsal, filmed in his studio, of a live performance Stoerchle attempted several times, in which he tried to get, or to will himself, an erection in front of an audience, without any visual or physical stimulation. Over the top of this video, Stoerchle recorded his own monologue describing the origins of the performance and his experiences in preparing for it with the help of a doctor who specialized in hypnosis, as well as his rehearsals in private and his performance of the piece live in front of an audience. The voice-over of this video has been fully transcribed (see p. 274), as evidence of the background of the piece and Stoerchle's motivations. Here the video has been titled *Hypnosis Piece*, in accordance to what was physically written on the tape, but Stoerchle also referred to this performance at different times as the *Erection Piece*, *Attempt Public Erection*, or *Penis Piece*.







Wolfgang Stoerchle performing *Attempt Public Erection*, Market Street Program, Los Angeles, 1972.

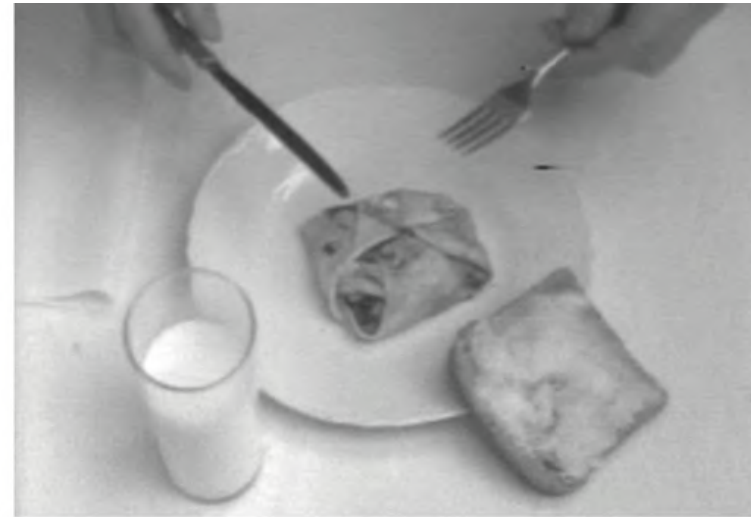


Wolfgang Stoerchle, Jack Goldstein and Allen Ruppertsberg, summer 1972

## Lunch

Video, black and white, sound, 3:46 min., 1972.

Shot from above, we see a plate with what looks like a mushroom crepe, placed on a table with a white tablecloth. A knife and fork flank the plate, a piece of bread rests against it, and a glass of milk is placed to its side. Classical flute music plays in the background. Stoerchle's hands enter the frame and he proceeds to cut up the crepe with the cutlery, moving each forkful of food out of the frame to eat it. This action continues until the plate and glass is empty, and the bread eaten.





Untitled (Tunnel Effect with Flip-flops)

Video, black and white, sound, 1:31 min., c. 1973.

The image frames a TV monitor on a wooden floor, in daylight. A pile of clothes and a pair of flip-flops lie in front of it. On the TV screen, we see an image of the TV repeated in a tunnel of video feedback, seemingly extending into distant infinity. The action comes towards us through each TV in turn, getting progressively more visible and creating the illusion that Stoerchle is moving ever closer to us, from within the screens. On the most distant TV, Stoerchle takes off his underwear. His legs move forward and enter the next TV, where he takes off his sweater, leaving us with an exact image of the clothes that we see placed in front of the actual TV itself. Then Stoerchle, in sequence, turns off each TV from farthest to closest. The tape stops.

Stoerchle's "tunnel effect" pieces were numerous, shot over several years, and began during his time at CalArts. This work shares the same process as *Untitled (Tunnel Effect with Boots)* (see p. 248) but uses different items of clothing.

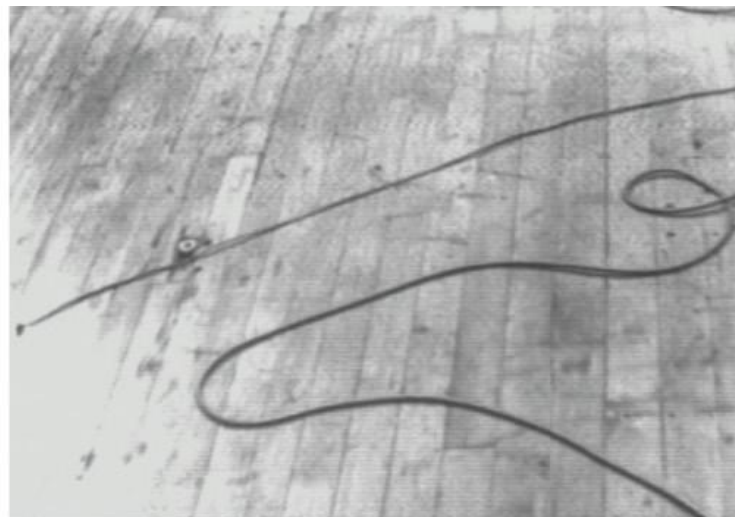


Untitled (Studio in New York)

Video, black and white, sound, 7 min., c. 1973.

Images from a handheld camera as it roams around Stoerchle's studio in daylight. It explores the interior—the studio's walls, windows, floor, radiators, ceiling, etc., and a cable (presumably that of the camera itself) which snakes across the floor. The image moves in and out of focus, zooming in and out a little, as it traces the mostly empty studio's details. We glimpse the camera's TV monitor on the floor. Midway through the video, the camera starts zooming in and out frenetically, very quickly, as it continues to take in different parts of the space. The zooming stops and the camera continues to roam around the studio, before slowly zooming in and out along details of the ceiling. The image blurs then stops.

There are several different videos, spread across different tapes, in which Stoerchle explores his New York studio with his camera and microphone. These appear to be raw sketchbooks of audiovisual ideas and experiments, with Stoerchle testing out the technical possibilities of his equipment to see how they might be incorporated into his work, as he roams about his studio. One video incorporates a long sequence in which the camera captures its own reflected image, as Stoerchle's hand zooms its lens in and out. Another video appears to almost catalogue its own making, tracing the network of cables and devices—from the camera to its TV monitor to the microphone to a man monitoring a reel-to-reel tape recorder that captures the audio—as Stoerchle plays around with a radio, captures street sounds, and welcomes a visitor into the studio to hum a melody. The particular video listed here feels the most resolved and discreet, and is a dizzying thing to watch in which Stoerchle appears to be exploring both his studio and how the camera can see, as if the camera was an extra limb or eye.



## Sue Turning

Video, black and white, sound, 12:10 min., 1973.

The top of Sue's head is glimpsed at the bottom of a black screen. We hear Stoerchle's voice off screen in voice-over instructing the camera operator to pan down to different levels of Sue's face and body, and the camera changes position accordingly. Dialogue between Stoerchle and the camera operator continues throughout the video—about camera movement, framing, focus, contrast, zoom, etc. We hear the film crew answer him, and see the camera's image follow his orders. Through this the video slowly, eventually, traces Sue's body in close-up from head to feet—dressed in a long dark dress, eyes closed, rings on her fingers—as she turns on the rotating platform. While framing different parts of Sue's body the image jumps and dissolves between different camera angles and focal distances, as the image moves down to her toes. At times electro-acoustic noise, clanks, and whistles enter the soundtrack, voices are doubled, audio effects and delay intermittently used, while edits between cameras become faster and slower, changing the pace of the video and the action it describes—creating rhythms and action out of a dancer's body at rest, as the artist-director calls the shots. After eventually reaching Sue's feet we hear Stoerchle ask a crew member to stop rotating the platform, and the camera operator to fade to black.

This video was made during a workshop at the American Dance Festival (summer 1973), held at Connecticut College, and organized by Allegra Fuller Snyder. Stoerchle was given one week's exclusive access to the college's new TV facility. For this piece, Stoerchle used three fixed cameras to film the dancer Carolyn Pfaffl, also known as "Sue," from her head to her toes as she stood on a rotating platform. We could refer to the video as a dance without movement. The video is notable for having more professional production values than normally seen in Stoerchle's work.





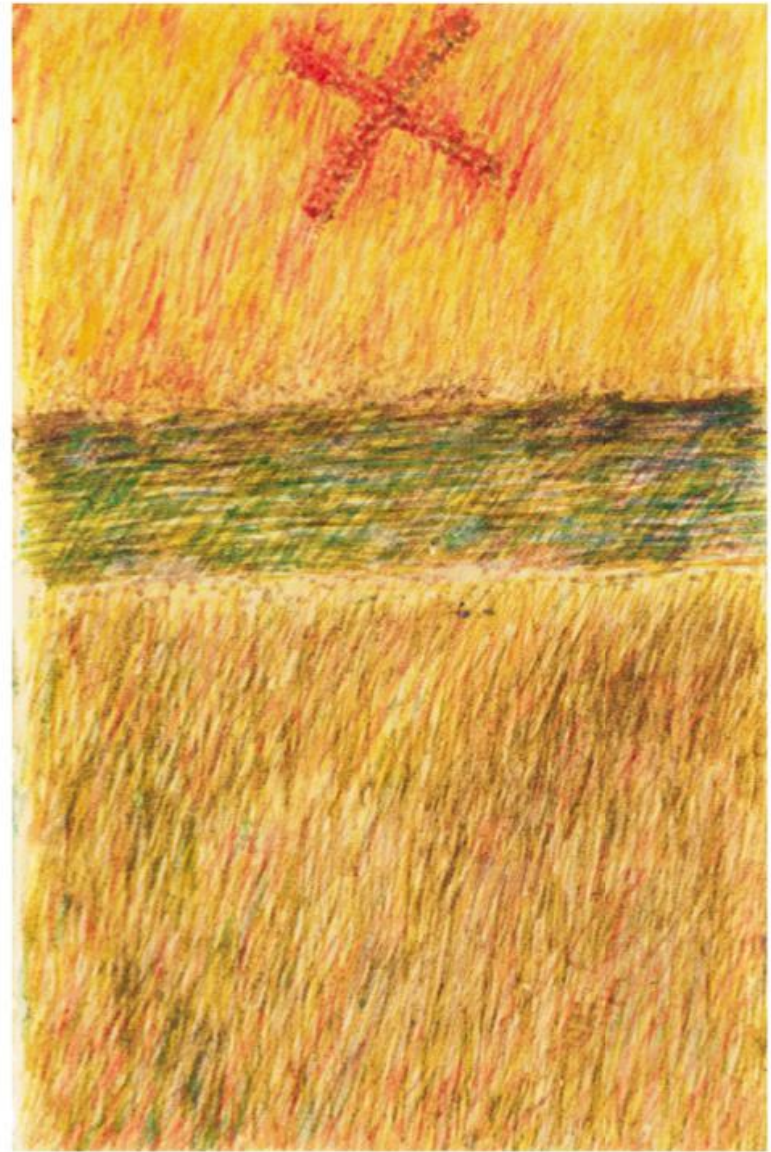


Carol Lingham and Wolfgang Stoerchle, Santa Ynez, January–February 1975.



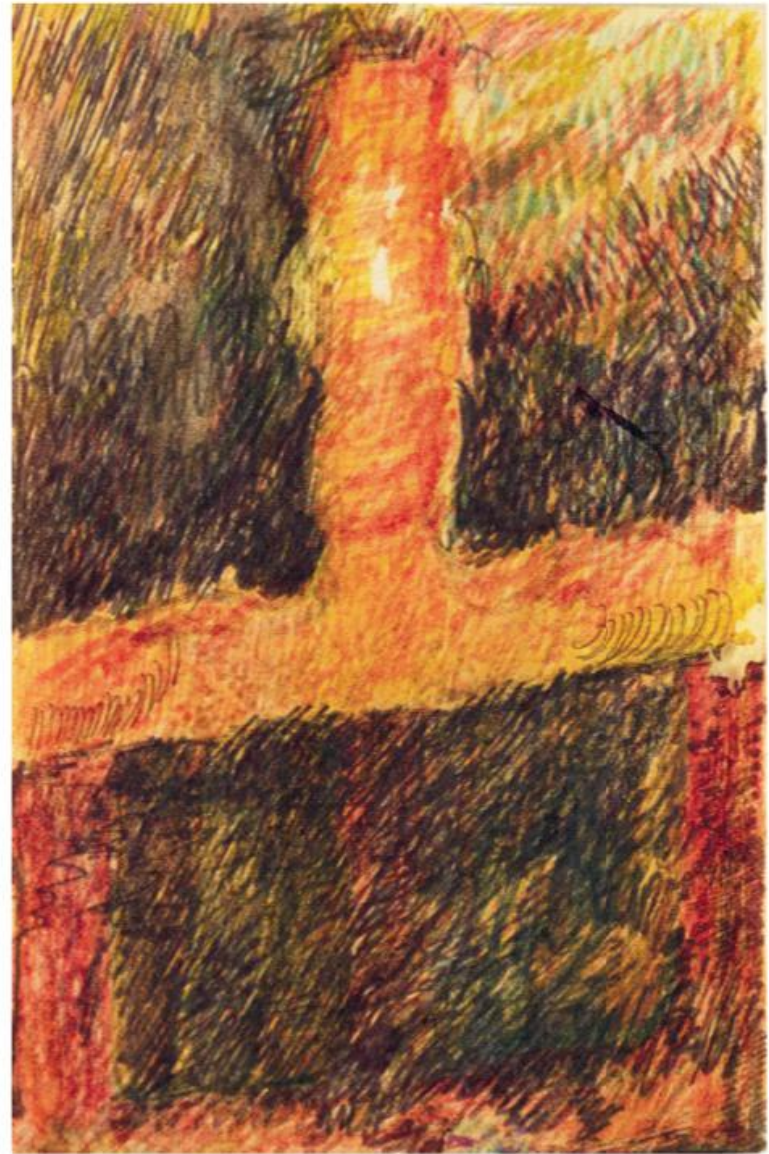
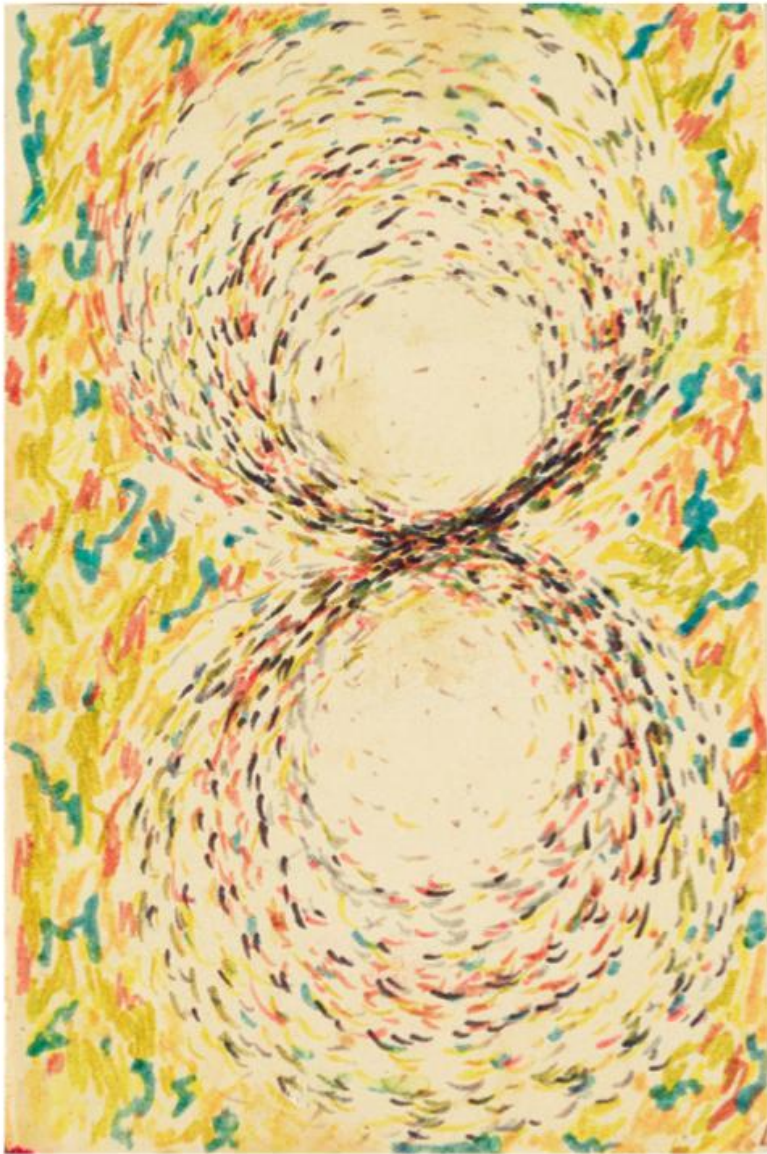






*Untitled (Mexico drawing)*, pen on paper, 15 × 10 cm, 1975.





*Untitled (Mexico drawing), pen on paper, 15 × 10 cm, 1975.*

Untitled (The Last Performance)

John Baldessari's studio, Los Angeles, October 17, 1975.

This performance has been posthumously titled "The Last Performance," in reference to it being Stoerchle's final work in public. It was also his first new work in around two years. He would die five months later. The performance has been subject to much rumor, transformation, and speculation over the decades, illustrating and offering a concrete example of how Stoerchle and his work often created, or else became shrouded in, myth. To determine the actual performance is to navigate the many stories that have been told about it, and the memories of those who were in the audience. But what seems to have happened goes like this: Stoerchle started the piece by giving a long personal monologue encompassing art, sexuality, morality, and boundaries, as a small kitten ran around the studio. At the conclusion of this monologue, Stoerchle asked for a male from the audience to volunteer to receive a blow job from him. A volunteer came forward, got undressed, and Stoerchle started to perform oral sex on him. For around ten minutes the sexual act continued, before the two men embraced, and the performance concluded.

Aside from two photographs, no formal review or documentation exists of this work, but a variety of testimonies have been collected and researched for this publication. These include an unpublished text on the performance by James Welling, a letter from Deirdre Beckett to Stoerchle, and a letter from Steven Cortright to John Arvanites, all written shortly following the performance. The interviews conducted with Paul McCarthy, Daniel Lentz, Matt Mullican, and David Salle also include further recollections and thoughts about the event.

*My last personal encounter with Wolf was the performance he did in John Baldessari's studio in Santa Monica. A lot of CalArts people were there. I'm told that was also the last performance Wolf ever did. If true, it made perfect sense as it illuminated my mostly off and on relationship with the performance artist, Wolfgang Stoerchle. The piece was confessional in nature. I don't know much about Wolf's family history in Germany or if religion was a part of it, but that performance was a ritual cleansing, not just through the male-on-male sexual act that ensued, but a work of immense pain, self-doubt, and transcendence. In my mind, there is no doubt that Wolf had a vision of his own death, and that premonition did in fact play out some time later in Santa Fe.—Sam Erenberg, February 2020*



Photographs documenting "The Last Performance."



Untitled (The Last Performance)

Review by James Welling, October 1975.

James Welling attended the performance and wrote this review and reflection on the piece a couple of days after it took place. The piece was written for the magazine *Artweek*, which Welling was a regular contributor to, but the review was never published. In the process of discussing Stoerchle's life and work through an exchange of dozens of emails as part of research for this book, Welling located this article in his archive. Being contemporary to the event itself and written with a critical objectivity, this article could be said to be the most reliable document of the performance.

*Wolfgang Stoerchle's performance on October 17 occurred like this: Stoerchle enters the performance space with a grey kitten; he lets the kitten run freely throughout the performance. Stoerchle undresses and thanks the audience for attending. This performance, Stoerchle announces, will be about his sexuality; he intends to have oral sex with a man from the audience.*

*Stoerchle wants to be, as he half jokes, a "cocksucker." He will solicit a man with an explanation of his intentions. A lengthy monologue on Stoerchle's art and sexual wandering follows. When Stoerchle brings us to very recent past, he backtracks in his narration and begins to locate the sexual forces in his life, which have led him to this performance. Stoerchle distinguishes two sexual forces. The first is the urge to strip art of its veiled formalism in favor of a direct display of sexual energy. The second force is an oppressive, formless, demonic sexual energy, which feeds on the darkness of the soul. By exposing this second force directly before a large group of people, Stoerchle suspects that he will free himself of it. His voice quivers. He tells us that this is the first time he has discussed these feelings with anyone. He asks for a volunteer. A flurry of questions follows, mostly by women of the audience. Stoerchle differentiates his need from a homosexual energy and adds that this oppressive force stands in the way of his ability to communicate with men. Stoerchle continues, commenting that the expression of his feelings is somewhat easier than he expected. Still no one*

*steps forward. More questions. At length, a man emerges from the back of the audience and walks forward. He talks about his initial reluctance to come to the performance and now talks about his eagerness to assist. Stoerchle massages him and slowly begins. After about ten minutes they stop. It is not clear to me what happened. Stoerchle and the man from the audience mumber to each other embrace warmly and the performance is over.*

*The energy in the space after Stoerchle described the parameters of the piece was tremendous. I felt tension in the air. The kitten skittered all over the space, sensitive to the vibes. Stoerchle repeatedly stated that he thought of the performance as a work for men only and that possibly the experience he was sharing was an exclusively male one. The men in the audience felt particularly anointed. One of my strongest feelings during the performance was one, which I associated with religion. I experienced an extreme preciousness within this gathering of artists. As Stoerchle asked us, "How is it that art is the only place left for the expression of these feelings?"*

*Undoubtedly this performance caused discomfort. Initially I felt hostility toward Stoerchle for putting me in this position. Alternately, I knew that I chose to come to this performance and whatever feelings I was experiencing were my own. I suspect that the very presence of the audience as conscious or unconscious voyeurs created the performance dynamics, which Stoerchle was working with. The performance was intimidating. Taking risks and bullying the audience appeared in previous works by Stoerchle but in each performance, as in this one, the artist's vulnerability offset that initial affront.*

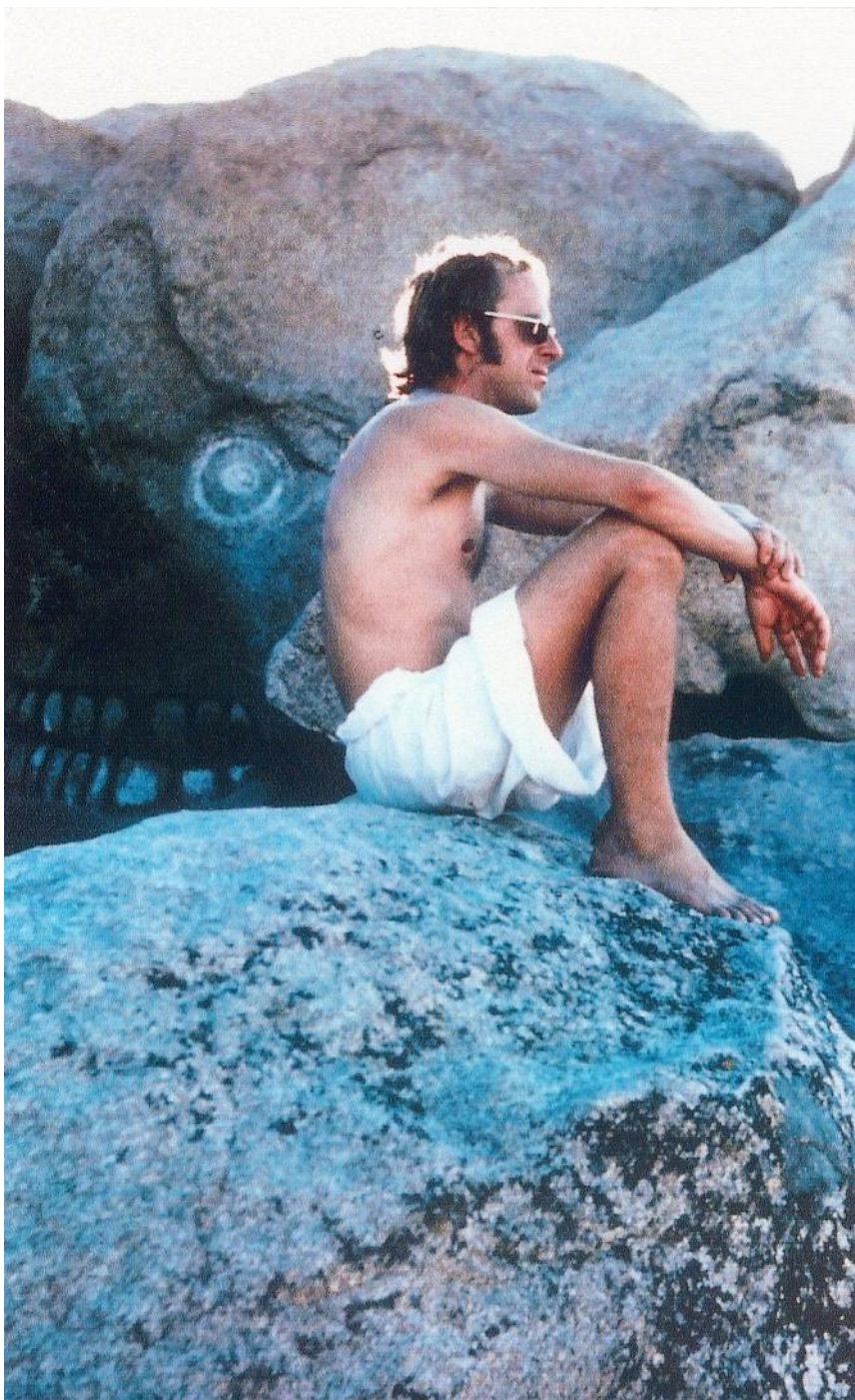
*If the performance is about anything, it is about resistance. Stoerchle stated that his art takes the low road. And in our culture the low road, the road of the unconscious, is given the strongest resistance of all. To express this in public, to give momentary light and visibility to these lunar forces as Stoerchle did, took an extreme effort.*



whatever life quest he was on, and I think if he was alive I would certainly want to know what he was thinking and doing. I think he was capable of a journey that a lot of other human beings aren't capable of.

AD I agree.

PM There is something, especially at that moment in time, the idea of moving away from the art world, artists were doing it. Not for monetary reasons, I think for other reasons, the process of making art had led them to the process of affecting their life. I think Wolfgang was attempting to affect his being. And I think that is what that last piece is about. He is affecting who he is. And is it confrontation? I think that is just a side effect to the real thing, which is to affect his own being. And I think that's where Wolfgang was going. At that point, did he need the art world—what could the art world give him?

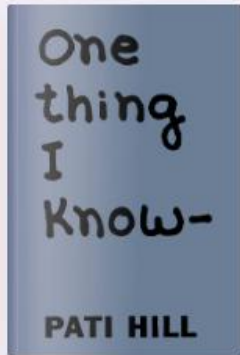


«When I think about Wolf's life and work, I like to imagine that the automobile accident in New Mexico was a staged performance piece and that he's still alive on a ranch somewhere in Wyoming riding horses.»—Samuel Erenberg, February 2020

DAISY, catalogue, colophon

*Taking risks and bullying the audience appeared in previous works by Stoerchle but in each performance, as in this one, the artist's vulnerability offset that initial affront. —James Welling*

*from p.369, Wolfgang Stoerchle,  
"Success in Failure", published  
in 2022*



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*One Thing I Know*  
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*Published in 1962, One Thing I Know was written in the purest tradition of the American coming-of-age stories. It follows a sixteen-year-old*



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BERN PORTER  
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*A poem first published in 1975 by Bern Porter, presented in alphabetical order, with the same number of acts for each letter...*