

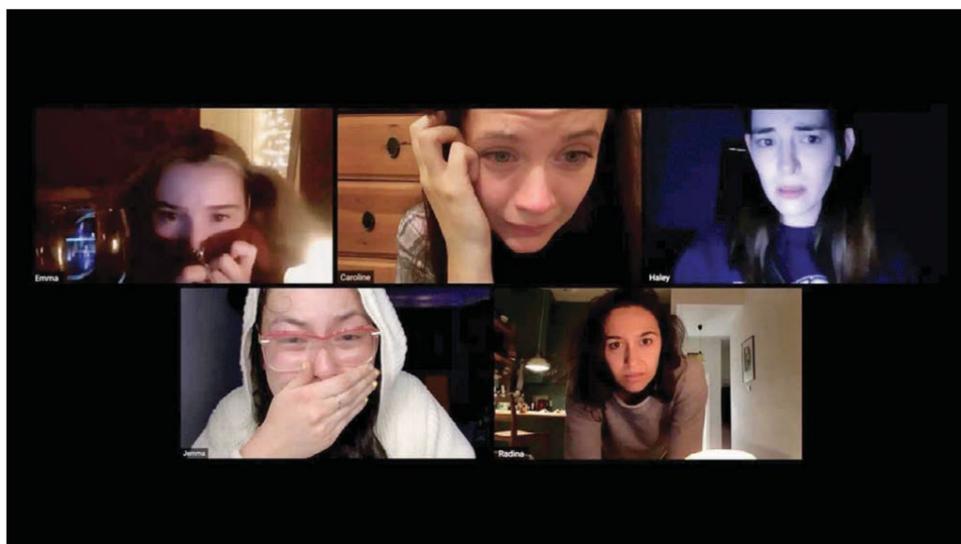
**HEIKE KABISCH**

PRESS SELECTION

Dread October

Is contemporary art frightened of fear?

by Martin Herbert



above *Host* (still), 2020, dir Rob Savage. Courtesy Shudder

facing page Huma Bhabha, *Joan* (detail), 2012, wood, metal, paint and clay, 89 x 33 x 28 cm. Courtesy the artist and Clearing, New York & Brussels

Midway through Ben Wheatley's black-and-white horror film *A Field in England* (2013), which is set during the English Civil War, an alchemist's assistant is dragged into a tent by a vicious rival of his master. We hear a succession of spine-freezing screams: the subordinate, we'll discover, is being occultly tortured so as to serve as a human divining rod on a quest for treasure. The victim emerges, plunging across the eponymous haunted field while attached, doglike, to a long rope. He now wears a grotesque grin that signals terminal lunacy. The viewer's stomach is likely to plunge somewhat, despite the fact that this personality-wipe is something of a genre trope. Wheatley's film is in an explicit lineage with folk-horror movies including Piers Haggard's *The Blood on Satan's Claw* (1971), in which you see the same kind of hideous rictus on the face of a young woman who has just received an occult visitation in an attic bedroom. The reveal shot that her hand has transformed into – yes – a huge claw is less frightening than her visible yet opaque madness.

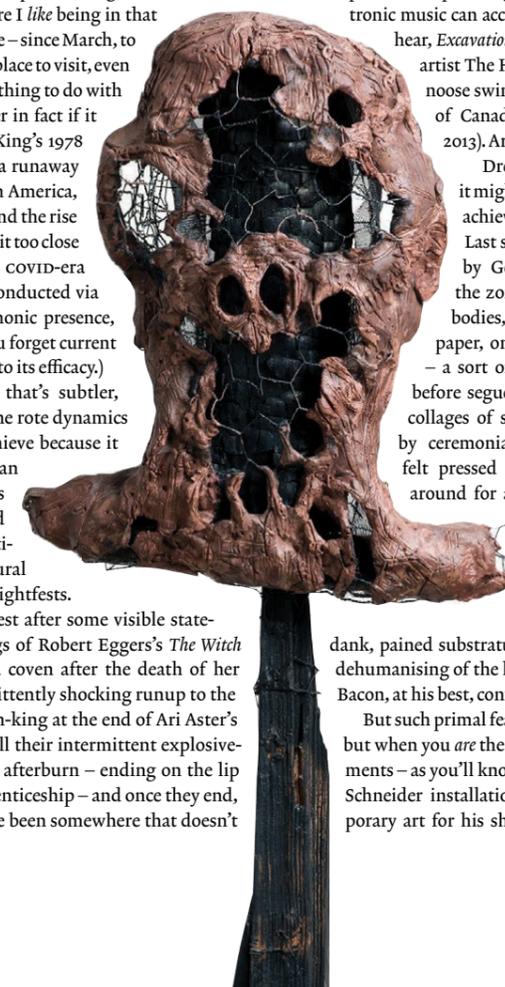
The emotional tenor aimed at and achieved in both cases is unbridled dread. Something terrible has happened, or it is insinuated that something of this nature has happened; it signposts worse to come. In the case of Wheatley's film, the 'worse', rather later on, is a mushroom-fuelled, hallucinatory, symmetrical phantasmagoria that all but defies description. I'm not sure I like being in that state of extreme anxiety, but of late – since March, to be precise – it's felt a fairly honest place to visit, even if the given film's narrative has nothing to do with pandemics and mass death. Better in fact if it doesn't: I tried reading Stephen King's 1978 novel *The Stand* lately – in which a runaway superflu kills almost everybody in America, leading to the collapse of society and the rise of a totalitarian cult – and it felt a bit too close for comfort. (*Host*, Rob Savage's COVID-era 2020 quickie in which a séance conducted via Zoom conjures a murderous demonic presence, feels at first topical then makes you forget current events, which may be a testimony to its efficacy.)

Dread is a pitch of feeling that's subtler, more elusive, more bodily than the rote dynamics of most horror. It's harder to achieve because it has to commingle violence with an aura of the numinously ominous (different to suspense) and avoid being traceable to, say, the Ligeti-like soundtracks that are the aural lingua franca of contemporary frightfests. Dread can and often does manifest after some visible state-change, as in the parallel endings of Robert Eggers's *The Witch* (2015), where a daughter joins a coven after the death of her entire family, or the long, intermittently shocking runup to the crowning of a young male demon-king at the end of Ari Aster's *Hereditary* (2018). Both films, for all their intermittent explosiveness, also deliver a dark, seeping afterburn – ending on the lip of a monstrous, pitch-black apprenticeship – and once they end, or rather stop, you feel like you've been somewhere that doesn't

so much diverge from the ongoing terrors of our moment as run on a parallel expressive track.

The horror-movie genre has been booming anew awhile, helped along by flexible auteurs like Wheatley and Aster, and it's not hard to think of reasons why. Getting shocked is a way out of feeling numbed, if you're lucky – though it's a circular process, since in the long term the experience tends to numb you too – but at the same time, and even when it reverts to, say, the seventeenth century, cinema is clearly a seismograph of unshakeable contemporary anxieties. (One time that horror wasn't particularly big, at least in the West, was during the 1990s, when everything was peachy.) What's ironic, or maybe just strange, is that if I watch some kind of nerve-shredding movie after a day of looking at contemporary art, I'll remember that hardly any art at all seems capable of, or willing to, engage with fear as an embodied quality, in an age and at a moment when it's all around us. The existentialist era, reckoning with the horrors of the Second World War, had – in Britain – the sculptural movement known as 'the geometry of fear'. Go to a gallery now, when arguably we have rather more to be frightened of – nuclear threats, environmental meltdown, neofascism and now viruses – and the modern version of such productive quivering mostly isn't there. Contemporary electronic music can access this murky realm: witness, or rather hear, *Excavation* (2013), by Aster's preferred soundtrack artist The Haxan Cloak, the aural equivalent of the noose swinging in darkness on its cover, or Boards of Canada's inexorable *Tomorrow's Harvest* (also 2013). Art? Not so much, apparently.

Getting shocked is a way out of feeling numbed, if you're lucky – though it's a circular process, since in the long term the experience tends to numb you too



Dread is rare enough in art, perhaps because it might seem to require theatrical dynamics to achieve it, that it's an event when it manifests. Last summer, at Berlin's Chert Lüdde, a show by German artist Heike Kabisch broached the zone: it comprised sculptures of headless bodies, mingled with plastic bags and shredded paper, on filthy mattresses under reddish light – a sort of crepuscular, fearful makeout scene – before segueing into a series of ill-omened photocollages of sculptures whose heads were obscured by ceremonial bowls and giant hands. A viewer felt pressed up against murky ritualism. Casting around for anything it reminded me of – indeed, anything with a similar charge – I could only think of Huma Bhabha's sculptures, which are nightmarishly distorted, part human and part bestial, and seemingly tugged up from some dank, pained substratum of the mind, and conclude that the dehumanising of the human body is a locus of terror. (Francis Bacon, at his best, conveys the same insight.)

But such primal fear operates not only when you see a body but when you are the body, as in certain constructed environments – as you'll know if you've ever stepped inside a Gregor Schneider installation. Schneider is an outlier in contemporary art for his sheer dedication to constructing sites of



Heike Kabisch, *frothing, you and I*, 2019 (installation view, Chert Lüdde, Berlin)  
Photo: Trevor Lloyd. Courtesy the artist and Chert Lüdde, Berlin

ArtReview



trauma: a Guantánamo Bay interrogation room, the birthplace of Joseph Goebbels and most notoriously his own childhood home, which he's subjected to endless, compulsive room-within-room rearrangement. The impression one has of Schneider as an artist is not of someone playing with thematics so much as working out, of necessity, his own psychological damage. In the process he latches onto atmospheres that seemingly can't be faked. Something similar might be said of Mirosław Balka's more kinaesthetic works, most famously *How It Is* (2009), the Polish artist's 30-metre-long, ramped steel box for Tate Modern's Turbine Hall, a walk from light into enclosing blackness in the company of invisible, shuffling bodies, which perfects a Minimalism of terror in evoking both the Holocaust – the ramp entry to the Warsaw Ghetto, or boxy vehicles destined for the death camps – and the existential dimensions of the extinction waiting for even the luckier of us.

Bodily anxiety is often sparked by waiting, as it were, for the other shoe to drop; it's why the *Paranormal Activity* films (2007–), for all their economy, can work well; you spend most of them peering into the corners of rooms on infrared CCTV cameras, wondering if you just saw evidence of a malevolent presence. (As with many things, Bruce Nauman got there first: his multiscreen, night-vision video *Mapping the Studio 1: Fat Chance John Cage*, 2001, is the *Paranormal Activity* aesthetic six years in advance, with spooks replaced by rodents.) A pandemic,

it turns out, means living in a constant, agitated anticipation of the worst happening: yourself or your family getting sick, perhaps fatally; a news cycle that comprises a rapidly or slowly rising death count; a realisation, in some countries, that people you might expect to protect you have little interest in doing so, might even wish you dead.

Where once one might have turned to art, or culture generally, to be placed in a temporary state of affect, of heightened emotion, the latter has become the daily norm, even monotonously so: a perpetual low, juddering psychic rumble. It remains to be seen how

**Dread is rare enough in art, perhaps because it might seem to require theatrical dynamics to achieve it**

artists will react to such a condition, whether upping the ante of anxiousness, retreating into insularity or other approaches. Speaking only for myself, I think this condition of ubiquitous ambient fear is at the root of my current,

near-involuntary gravitation to bracketed, self-authorised trepidation, whether cinematic, sonic or artistic. Whereas once the desired state-change might have shifted from being jaded to being temporarily scared – a move surely traceable to the relatively stultifying (until recently) safety of the modern world – in 2020 one might only move from being scared to being scared *differently*, because escapism hurts more. ar

*Gregor Schneider's Tote Räume/Dead Spaces is on show at West Den Haag, The Hague, Netherlands, through 6 December*

## REVIEWS

universality implicit in timelessness impregnates his paintings with a metaphysical depth. It is in that sense that they appear egregiously simple and at the same time immensely complex and intangible. The exhibition succeeded in immersing the viewer in the “formal concentration” of Federle’s art without denying that its price is historical obfuscation.

—David Misteli

## BERLIN

## Anna Daučíková

KW INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

What makes Anna Daučíková’s work so fascinating is its severe, even acerbic lucidity on the one hand, and its poetic refinement tinged with eroticism on the other. Both qualities were on display in the new piece that Daučíková, the recipient of the 2018 Schering Stiftung Art Award, created for the exhibition of her work at the KW Institute for Contemporary Art. Titled *Expedition for Four Hands and Accompaniment*, 2019, it consisted of several sheets of engraved glass, a publication commemorating the late Greek human-rights activist and drag queen Zak Kostopoulos, and a three-channel projection. Its central screen featured footage of the depths of a cave along with schematic drawings of hand positions, derived from Caucasian folk dances, whose sexual connotations evoke a world where traditional masculinity is alive and well. The left screen showed the artist’s own hands cutting glass; on the right were a man’s hands, with red-painted fingernails, carefully folding clothes. Combining hard and soft, feminine and masculine, the sharp edges of cut glass and a voyage into a dark and mysterious interior, the work was profoundly ambivalent and exuded an air of danger, sensual allure, and lyrical intensity.

This was Daučíková’s first institutional solo show outside her native Slovakia. Born in Bratislava in 1950, she studied at the city’s Academy of Fine Arts and Design with the Czech glass artist Václav Cigler. In 1979, she moved to Moscow for love and became involved in the Soviet capital’s underground lesbian scene. Returning to Bratislava after the disintegration of the USSR, she became a prominent voice of the local



Anna Daučíková, *Upbringing Exercise*, 1996, ink-jet print, 27% × 19%.

LGBTQ community. She identifies as transgender, leading, as she puts it, an existence “in between”—in her art no less than in her life.

Glass has remained one of Daučíková’s favorite materials, for its physicality as much as its immateriality; invisible in itself, it can serve as a barrier as well as a projection surface. A group of photographs titled *Upbringing Exercise*, 1996, shows the artist in a room with tiled walls, perhaps a clinical setting, as she pushes her breasts against a glass pane: Flesh yields to deforming pressure. The title of a less eye-catching piece, *Chthonian Greeting for C. Paglia*, also 1996—in which hands cleaning a bowl in a sink appear on a monitor—hints at the theoretical ideas that nurtured Daučíková’s oeuvre. Proposing to regard not excess but the ordinary as abysmal and inscrutable, the American feminist Camille Paglia prefers the term *chthonian* for anything to do with the underworld, “the blind grinding of subterranean force, the long slow suck, the murk and ooze.” And such depths lurk everywhere in this artist’s work, even in acts as innocuous as the washing of a dish.

A room divided by glass walls was especially compelling. It contained a display case with steel ornaments, minimalist representations of female and male genitals that brought instruments of the subtlest torture to mind; the photographs *Ground research (sitting)*, 1996/2019, in which Daučíková strikes the poses of male thinkers; the slide projection *24 Kisses (performance)*, 1997–98/2019, featuring close-up shots of lips “kissing” a glass pane; and the three-channel projection *On Allomorphing*, 2017, in which the camera pans across the shelves of books in the artist’s personal library. The glass walls reflected the projected images, framing perspectives on the works while acting as invisible/visible obstacles establishing distance. Lips pressed up against glass in a sensual gesture cross-faded into the words on the spines of challenging texts; the vulgar jewelry clashed with the distinguished figure of the thinker. Knowledge, violence, sexuality—have these three not always been intertwined? Yet rarely has art rendered their relations more cogently. That this artist has so far garnered little international attention is baffling; with this exhibition, that situation is bound to change.

—Noemi Smolik

## Heike Kabisch

CHERTLÜDDE

To manifest real disquiet in a gallery is not easy, but Heike Kabisch’s “frothing, you and I” got close. The main room in Berlin gallery Chertlütde’s modest Kreuzberg space, half-lit by murky pink strip lights above a wall-size image of guileless rhododendrons, grew darker in every sense as you looked down. On the floor were blackened ceramic sculptures of desperately scrawny legs poking out from various kinds of covering, numbered as a series of “poses,” 2019–, and collectively titled *I told you to be more passionate . . .* (all works 2019). Left of the door, a coital scene was unfolding, heads and torsos cloaked—or at least that’s what was suggested by what looked like a dirty towel and, beneath it, a stuffed garbage sack—with one partner supine and the other atop, missing a sock lost in the tussle. Another fat-free figure, mostly inside a duvet, lay partied-out nearby. Two more—one properly dismembered—rode yellowed foam mattresses; and a third pair of lower halves met on the floor, conjoined at the waists by an unlovely mass of crumpled black-and-white paper.

In a second room, the intimations of clandestine sex-and-violence ritualism intensified under full light. The cracked-clay figure *Exotica* wore a dirty striped robe, with abutted brass bowls instead of a head. That similar queasily inhuman substitutions exist in occult imagery—in depictions of the goat-headed demon Baphomet, for instance—was

also recalled by the adjacent relief *Hour of Devour*. In this work, a black-and-white photograph depicts a bronze Georg Kolbe sculpture of an idealized female figure—seemingly one of those in the German artist’s West Berlin museum, whose gardens are planted with rhododendrons—with a large sculpted hand engulfing the head like the “facehugger” in *Alien*. Dirtied towels cover most of the woman’s body. But the towels were apparently used to sculpt the hand in clay before it was cast in acrylic resin mixed with natural mineral crystals; a clay-like material also splattered the print. Further undermining any insinuations of creepy ritual, the *I told you . . .* works and the darkened mise-en-scène punctuated by rutting and unconscious bodies constituted, according to the handout, a fragmented memory of a teenage “party basement” in the German town of Münster, where Kabisch grew up.

Any other competing narrative seemed to recede, angling toward thematic familiarity: The core subject appeared to be the process of artmaking itself and how it can evoke memories at once nagging and hazy. The artist seemed to be circling around some disturbing experiences from her youth—leading her, from an adult perspective, toward gender concerns and power relations, toward macho modernist sculpture and the flowers surrounding it—and infusing all of this with horror-movie dread, a certainty of tone rather than of detail. (No faces were visible, for example.) This show thus melded stage and backstage. Kabisch’s repeated passes at the same motif of horizontalized and half-concealed bodies suggested the artist probably hasn’t gotten it right yet, whatever “it” is. And so the uneasy atmosphere also felt like a proxy for the let’s-call-it-existential stress of making art, the continual revision toward a finessed shadow of something else.

A little overhung, “frothing, you and I” incorporated other nudges toward darkly unstable forces. In the gallery’s actual basement, mattresses and limbs got an upgrade: A single pair of legs rested on a princess-and-the-pea stack of nine foamy palliasses, a glowing coil of pale green LEDs standing in for the torso. Elsewhere, we saw an outsiderish drawing of a couple, composed of galactic red stripes and bubbles and festooned with unreadable annotations; a children’s board book interlarded with sketched spiders menacing collaged skinny legs; and a splayed, suspended sculpture of some small beast. These artifacts aimed at a feeling and glancingly missed, gifting their maker a task for tomorrow.

—Martin Herbert

## “Rust &amp; Bones”

GALERIE TANJA WAGNER

While some things deteriorate with time’s passing, others resist its effects. Or so the title “Rust & Bones” seemed to remind us. But this tight gathering of works by Ulf Aminde, Nilbar Güreş, Laurel Nakadate, and Justin Liam O’Brien was more oblique than that. It was an exhibition



Nilbar Güreş, *Elsewhere’s Palm Trees*, 2012–18, HD video, color, silent, 9 minutes 2 seconds. From “Rust & Bones.”

about relationality and confrontation that asked viewers to privilege efforts at reconciliation and togetherness over the conflict and isolation that often seem their inevitable outcome.

In Nakadate’s short video *Exorcism in January*, 2009, the artist, a young woman, visits an older man in his messy, gray apartment. The two met by chance as neighbors; he’s asked her to perform an exorcism on him to help alleviate his depression. “Go away, spirits,” she commands, as his body, belly trembling, convulses on the bed. Another scene shows her, alone in her room, steeped in the same dusty light and the same sense of staled existence. In the second half of the piece, they change positions. In a denim skirt and pink tank top, she shakes on the floor. “She’s a good girl,” the man reasons with the spirits. “Leave her alone.” Even those who believe in exorcisms probably would not have much faith in this pair’s ability to cast out demons. Rather, complicit in the potential for exploitation between an artist and her subject, or a man and a younger woman, the work portrays the uneven territory traversed in our battle against loneliness.

Güreş’s video *Elsewhere’s Palm Trees*, 2012–18, shows two women wrapping and unwrapping themselves in the same piece of cloth, which becomes a dress for one and a head scarf for the other while tying both of the performers together. What seems like a naive analogy for happy multiculturalism is set on a fake beach with a view of Manhattan, two ruler-straight palm trees framing One World Trade Center mid-construction. Güreş knows the value of absurdity. Amid the Islamophobia that followed 9/11, what happens under these trees is a dream from elsewhere.

O’Brien’s four small paintings testified to the private dreams of a younger generation. Blurry light-green-and-orange figures glow from within, their round bodies almost sexless as they try to get close to one another, their phone cameras taking aim at bare skin. One of the works, from 2019, featured Picassoesque bodies intertwining like a landscape of hills, yet still the title begged *Say my name, say my name*. O’Brien’s paintings are not manifestations of intimacy achieved, but show it instead as a fata morgana, always just out of reach and more beautiful (and true) because of it.

Far from O’Brien’s tentative longing, Aminde’s video *critical whiteness*, 2017, seemed almost unhinged. In it, the artist, a white man, has the words DENIAL, GUILT, SHAME, RECOGNITION, and REPARATION tattooed onto his arm in a gesture of solidarity with those who suffer from racist violence and oppression. Where Nakadate shows ritual and superstition as vehicles for social interaction, Aminde’s position, at first seemingly politically rational, spawns an unproductive conflation of the individual body with societal injustice, which ultimately leads to contact with no one. At the end of the recording, the camera pans up

Previous

Atiena Riollet "The Cycle of Three Tails" at zaza', Naples

## EXHIBITIONS

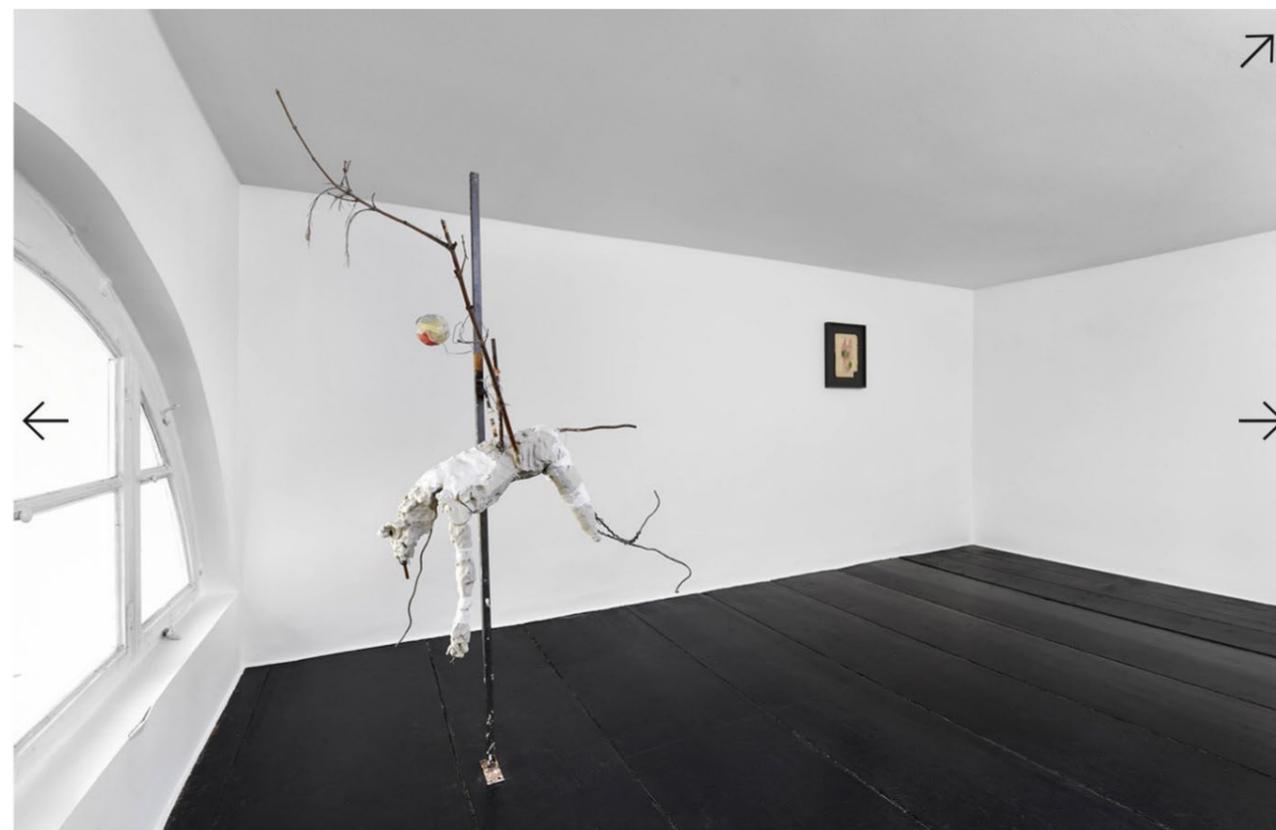
## Heike Kabisch "frothing, you and I" at ChertLüdde, Berlin

Share

ChertLüdde is pleased to present its fourth solo exhibition with German artist Heike Kabisch (b. 1978, Münster).

For her exhibition, titled *Frothing, you and I*, the artist has created sculptural installations representing an investigative process into herself and the inner workings of her studio. Observing the changes in her work over time, Kabisch exposes its increasing fragmentation and collage-like elements in the fractionated human body, a dismemberment that invites narrative speculation of who, and why. Fragmentation is a process of simultaneous omission and giving of hints, an intentional setting of gestures.

Kabisch reveals an ongoing conflict in preserving the momentary and existential processes that take place in her studio, the site of feelings such as strength and doubt, and where personal experiences that span everyday life are translated back into conscious and unconscious artistic actions. In Paolo Bianchi's "*Das Atelier als Manifest*" ("*The Studio as a Manifesto*"), the studio is a place that contains the unsolvable mystery of artistic activity, a zone which allows for both exhibition and secrecy, a manifestation of artistic being and doing. In the creation of intimate spaces, Kabisch opens doors to inexplicable emotions and states of being, not only for herself but also for others. Yet the journey from studio to gallery entails loss, which occurs when the sacred environment of the studio is interrupted. The exhibition presents the surviving remnants of creation, leaving the conception of what was lost to the imagination.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Heike Kabisch, "frothing, you and I" installation view at ChertLüdde, Berlin, 2019

Courtesy: ChertLüdde, Berlin. Photo: Trevor Lloyd

In the first room, ceramic legs recline in different poses on dirty foam mattresses. Remains of the modeling process are still visible: towels with which the clay was kept moist, paper fats. While some evidence of the art-making process remains, much of it has not survived the migration. Serving as backdrop to the room's contents is a wallpaper of a rhododendron tree. Evocative of bronze sculptures in parks and of a party cellar from the artist's youth, the environment is a fabricated space of the self.

Hanging from the wall of the second room is the work *Hour of Devour*, a template for *Exotica*, a depiction of the highly idealized sculpture *Frauenfigur* by Georg Kolbe. A three-dimensional hand is attached to the print, holding a towel soaked in clay, which wipes or covers the head. Patches of clay that have dripped during modeling of the sculpture have been printed and enlarged. Kolbe's classical icon is transformed by Kabisch, crumbling and dripping over time.

10. juli 2019

donnerstag, 4. juli 2019

- Gurke oder Banane. Die Gorillas. 20.30 Cuvrystr. 20
- Scheinbar Varieté (☎ 784 55 39) Open Stage Varieté. Adam Weiss (Mod.). 20.00 Monumentenstr. 9
- Shakespeare Company Berlin (☎ 21 75 30 35) Macbeth! Tragödie mit Musik. 20.00 Prellerweg 47-49
- Staatsoper Unter den Linden (☎ 20 35 45 55) West Side Story. Gastspiel. Der original Broadway-Klassiker (in Englisch mit dt. ÜT). 20.00 Unter den Linden 7
- Tanzfabrik Wedding in den Uferstudios (☎ 200 59 270) The Skin of the Space. Showing der Teilnehmer\*innen des Performance-Projekts. 21.00, Studio 3 Uferstr. 23
- Theater an der Museumsinsel (☎ 47 01 89 49) Die Vögel. 18.00; Faust – Schönheit, Liebe, Arbeit. 20.00 Monbijoustr. 3
- Theater des Westens (☎ 01805 44 44) The Band – Das Musical. 18.30 Kantstr. 12
- Wühlmäuse (☎ 30 67 30 11) Alte Mädchen. Popkabarett. 20.00 Pommerallee 2-4
- Zilles Stubentheater (☎ 66 30 93 18) Zille allein zu Haus. Albrecht Hoffmann, Altberliner Programm. 15.00; Iss doch Wurst ... Albrecht Hoffmann, Altberliner Programm. 19.00 Jägerstr. 4

**Wort**

Periplaneta Kreativzentrum (☎ 44 67 34 33) Rühmchen – Die offene Lesebühne. 20.00 Bornholmer Str. 81a

**Kinderhort**

- Amerika-Gedenkbibliothek (☎ 9 02 26-0) Ferienprogramm: Ferienspaß mit Schnecke Daisy. Vorlesen und Basteln in der Kinderbibliothek ab 5.1. 15.00, Kinderbibliothek Blücherpl. 1
- Archenhold-Sternwarte (☎ 536 06 37 19) Stups, die kleine Sternschnuppe. 10.30 Alt-Treptow 1
- Berlinische Galerie (☎ 78 90 26 00) Offenes Atelier. ab 6.1. 15.00 Alte Jakobstr. 124-128
- Berlin mit Kindern (☎ 33 02 98 70) Familienführung: Berlingeschichte in Geschichten – Die Entstehungsgeschichte Berlins: Das Nikolaiquartier. ab 6 bis 11.1. 11.00 Hertzbergstr. 13
- Cabuwazi – Zelt Kreuzberg (☎ 29 04 78 40) Zirkusferien Kreuzberg. Workshop ab 7.1. 10.00 Wiener Str. 59H
- Deutsches Historisches Museum (☎ 20 30 40) Ferienprogramm: Geheimnisse am Hof – Ein Kriminalfall im Königshaus Friedrichs des Großen. Treff: Zeughaus ab 8 bis 12.1. 11.00 Unter den Linden 2
- Deutsches Technikmuseum (☎ 90 25 40) Sommerferienprogramm: In der Werkstatt: Gehackte Maschinen. Workshop ab 6.1. 11.00, Altbau, 1. OG, Textiltechnik; Kälter als kalt – coole Versuche bei -196°C. Vorführung, 11.30, 14.00, 15.30, Science Center Spectrum, EG, Veranstaltungsraum Trebbiner Str. 9 (☎ 53 07 10)



**Beate Scheder schaut sich in Berlins Galerien um**

Auch die Kunst scheint der Sommer müde zu machen. Zumindest haben sich in Heike Kabischs Einzelausstellung „frothing, you and I“ bei Chert-Lüdde die Skulpturen wie zu einem Nickerchen auf Schaummatratzen und in Raumnischen hingelegt. Es handelt sich um aus Keramik geformte, teils mit Handtüchern umwickelte menschliche Beine in unterschiedlichen Posen. Im Titel der Skulpturenreihe „I told you to be more passionate ...“ spiegelt sich das innerliche Auf und Ab der Künstlerin zwischen Hochgefühl und Selbstzweifel wider, das für Kabisch eng mit dem Atelier verbunden ist, dem Ort, an dem sich Ideen in Kunst manifestieren oder auch nicht, in Werken, die sich außerhalb dieser vier Wände erst bewähren müssen – vielleicht indem sie als Fragmente anders zusammengesetzt werden. In der größten Arbeit der Schau, „Hour of Devoir“, bringt Kabisch das auf den Punkt: Eine dreidimensionale Hand verdeckt mit schmutzigen Handtüchern den nackten Körper einer auf Papier gedruckten Kolbe-Frauenfigur. Sie überlässt deren idealisierte Formen der Imagination (bis 24. 8., Di.–Sa. 12–18 Uhr, Ritterstr. 2a).

Die erste Skulptur Alf Lechners begegnet einem schon außerhalb der Galerie Nagel Draxler. Vorausgesetzt man geht von Norden aus über die

Rosa-Luxemburg-Straße. Da liegt sie herum, einfach so, auf dem Rasenstück Ecke Altmstadtstraße. „Kreuzlagerung“ aus dem Jahr 2000, gefertigt aus massivem gebranntem Stahl, wirft Schatten, stellt sich einem halb in den Weg. Lechners Stahlarbeiten folgen allesamt streng geometrischen Formen, es sind Kuben und Quader, rasterhafte Würfelteile, Flächen und Ecken, die einen allein durch ihre Beschaffenheit, ihre rohe Oberfläche, ihre schmucklose Monumentalität und Schwere fast umhauen. Lechner verstarb 2017, die aktuelle Ausstellung, in der neben Stahlskulpturen auch Papierarbeiten und eine herrliche kleine Sammlung an Ausstellungsplakaten zu sehen ist, ist die erste bei Nagel Draxler, hoffentlich nicht die letzte (bis 31. 8., Di.–Sa. 11–18 Uhr, Weydingerstr. 2/4 + Rosa-Luxemburg-Str. 33).

Kaum ist das Project Space Festival vorbei, drängt mit „Interiors to Being“ die nächste Veranstaltungsreihe in den öffentlichen Raum. Den Juli über führen situationistisch angelegte Happenings, Spaziergänge, Performances und Ausstellungen in sechs Kapiteln quer durch Berlin. Beteiligt sind 51 Künstler\*innen und sechs Kurator\*innen. Am heutigen Donnerstag etwa flaniert Andrew J. Burford durch das queere Kreuzberg. Treffpunkt ist um 16 Uhr am SO36 (Programm unter interiorstobeing.org).

11/9/2014

la guida di i-D ad Artissima 2014 | i-D Magazine

i-D

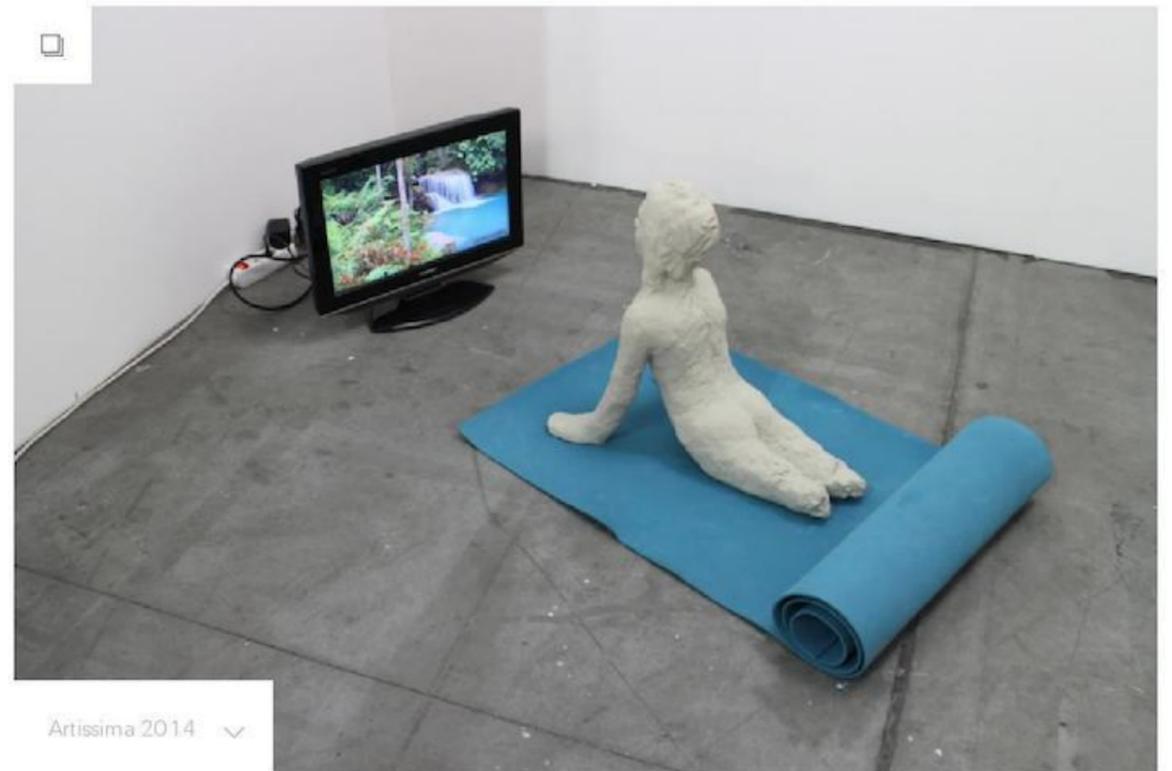


think pieces

ID TEAM | sat 8 november 2014

# la guida di i-d ad artissima 2014

Ecco la guida di i-D alla nuova edizione di Artissima, la fiera d'arte più all'avanguardia in Italia. Gli artisti, le gallerie e le tendenze che sono emerse in questi primi giorni e che fanno di Torino, per un week-end, la capitale dell'arte internazionale. Qui un riassunto sintetico delle opere e delle gallerie più interessanti, dedicato a chi non riuscirà a visitare la fiera.



Artissima 2014

### Harry Sanderson da Arcadia Missa

Terre rare, pubblicità targhetizzata e connessione a distanza, sono i concetti chiave della ultra tecnologica presentazione di Harry Sanderson per la galleria Arcadia Missa di Peckham, il nuovo quartiere hip di Londra. Ad Artissima l'artista inglese porta in scena i detriti della nostra vita materiale, all'interno della sfera delle tecnologie digitali e del lavoro globalizzato. Le opere in mostra sono fra le prime nel loro genere a cavallo fra mondo digitale e mondo reale. [arcadiamissa.com](http://arcadiamissa.com)

### Marinella Senatore da Peres Projects

La galleria Peres Projects è veterana ad Artissima, quest'anno - ci racconta Nick Koenigsnecht, manager della galleria di Berlino est - si celebra il lancio del nuovo catalogo della recente mostra personale di Marinella Senatore presso il Castello di Rivoli. Oltre alle due nuove opere scultoree della Senatore, nota per le sue performance corali, la galleria porta, a Torino, anche alcune fra le super start dell'arte del momento, Leo Gabin, Mike Bouchet e Mark Flood. [peresprojects.com](http://peresprojects.com)

### Dorothy Iannone da Air de Paris

La Galleria Air de Paris porta ad Artissima le opere della meravigliosa pittrice americana Dorothy Iannone: "una vera combattente per la libertà"! Basta uno sguardo alle opere sensuali ma anche sovversive della Iannone - classe 1933 - per capirne il perché. Compagna di vita dell'artista Dieter Roth, la Iannone ha inaugurato di recente due retrospettive, alla Berlinische Gallery, fino al 9 Novembre ed al Migros Musuem a Zurich. [airdeparis.com](http://airdeparis.com)

### Ugo La Pietra da Camera 16

Una passione per la fotografia quella di Carlo Madesani il volto dietro i progetti della galleria milanese Camera 16. Proprio la fotografia sembra essere uno dei trend di questa edizione di Artissima. Il team di i-D sceglie i lavori degli anni '60 di Ugo La Pietra, artista, architetto ed intellettuale radicale che ha cercato di far emergere nel suo lavoro il lato umano del design. Ugo La Pietra sarà in mostra questo Novembre alla Triennale di Milano nella prima retrospettiva a lui dedicata. [camera16.it](http://camera16.it)

### Servane Mary da A Palazzo Gallery

La fotografia e le sue mille sfaccettature. La galleria A Palazzo di Brescia propone i lavori della franco-svizzera Servane Mary. L'artista nei suoi lavori si appropria di immagini di donne trovate in

pubblicazioni degli anni '40-'70. In questa azione di "riconfigurazione" dell'immagine, esplora i collegamenti esistenti tra identità e storia. Le immagini stampate su coperte termiche d'emergenza tramite serigrafia danno quasi un corpo fisico alle memorie evocate dall'artista. [apalazzo.net](http://apalazzo.net)

### Heike Kabisch da Chert Gallery

Utilizzando immagini e suoni presi da Internet l'artista tedesca Heike Kabisch incorpora i nuovi media nella sua pratica scultorea, riflettendo sui profondi effetti che la tecnologia ha sulla nostra società. Queste immagini di sfondo - racconta ad i-D la gallerista Jennifer Chert - riguardano la cultura consumistica, la vita quotidiana, situazioni superficiali ordinarie che sono gli argomenti al centro della ricerca dell'artista. [chert-berlin.org](http://chert-berlin.org)

### Raphael Danke e Daniel Faust da Norma Mangione

Norma Mangione è la voce fresca ed indipendente dell'arte torinese. Ad Artissima il tema del doppio e dei multipli sembrano accomunare le estetiche diversissime di Raphael Danke e Daniel Faust. Raphael Danke scatta con il cellulare delle immagini quasi dadaiste, l'effetto Photoshop è ottenuto sfruttando invece soltanto la trasparenza delle pagine delle riviste patinate. Daniel Faust esprime bene il suo essere artista outsider con la sua ossessione per i musei di tutto il mondo. La sua curiosità è contagiosa. [normamangione.com](http://normamangione.com)

### Mounir Fatmi da Analix Forever

La galleria Analix Forever di Ginevra porta ad Artissima le opere "dinamiche" dell'artista di origine marocchina Mounir Fatmi. Le opere sono, infatti, ricavate da skateboard ricoperti di tappeti. Fatmi si occupa della decostruzione di dogmi e ideologie. Il suo interesse per la morte di certi oggetti iconici del consumismo offre uno sguardo al mondo da una prospettiva diversa, rifiutando le convenzioni. [analix-forever.com](http://analix-forever.com)

#### Credits

Testo Fabrizio Meris

Foto Gloria Maria Cappelletti

## A Rare Breed of Sculpture



Seen Medusa Lately? Photo: excerpt of "1,2,3" by Heike Kabisch. Photograph courtesy of Chert

Seen Medusa in Berlin lately? Julie Anne enjoys Heike Kabisch's stone-like sculptures, but can't escape the haunted feeling of the room...

Stepping into the Chert exhibition space, one could easily feel as if they are interfering in the private affairs, or lives, of the sculpture beings. Seemingly caught off guard, the once animated sculptures now appear frozen in place. As if Medusa had set them into stone.

The room embraces the sculptures; the figures fill up the room as if created precisely for the gallery space. They are recognizable as human figures, and yet something unsettling pervades the room. Perhaps it is the unevenness of their bodies, or expressionless, stone-glazed eyes.

No David here...

Heike Kabisch's second solo show at Chert, entitled "Deep Down into the Ditch," is quite astounding. Her sculptures, based on real studio models, carry heavy faces as if the figures are weighted by struggles of their own, struggles that they will not divulge to the viewer. What stands out initially is that the bodies are not quite proportional with the slightly oversized faces, and the naked bodies have neither male or female body parts – somewhat hermaphroditic. While reminiscent of romantic or even Renaissance sculptures, clear evidence of the artist's hand in sculpting the rough and overlapping edges and curves reminds the viewer that these figures are not meant to be read figuratively.

In the elevated portion of the room – on what appears to be somewhat of a stage – the two "male" figures appear to communicate with one another in their silence. Unsure of whether or not to stay in the "audience" or to join the scene on stage, I finally decide to walk through and examine the sculptures closely, and yet I can't help but to feel as though I'm interfering in something.



Make a wish! Photo: Under the Umbrella by Heike Kabisch, courtesy of Chert

You can stand under my umbrella

Unfortunately, the first association I have when viewing the presumably male and female figures under an umbrella in a fountain is that ridiculous Rihanna song. But I get past the pop-culture curse and enjoy the beauty of the work. The really intriguing part about this "Under the Umbrella" fountain sculpture is that it was made this year, and yet it reminds one of classical sculpture that appears aged and weathered... almost like something you'd see in a piazza in a small Italian town. In another setting, I can imagine kids running around and jumping into the fountain.

Then I notice that the couple under the umbrella seem to be staring at the figures on the stage – is there some kind of connection I'm missing? Definitely a challenge to the viewer; more questions enter my mind (and stay unanswered) as I explore deeper and deeper into the exhibit.

Feeling very much like I've gotten "Deep Down into the Ditch" and have begun wallowing with the sculpture figurines, I'm not quite sure that I want to get out just yet...So I stay a while longer to enjoy the impressive sculptures.

- Chert - "Deep Down into the Ditch" - Heike Kabisch - March 10th - April 19th 2012, Tues-Sun: 12pm-6pm

Frieze Art Fair | Heike Kabisch

3/19/11 4:02 PM



- *Oh My Lord, I Am So Bored*
- 2008
- Wood, plaster, paint, iron and lamps
- 240x400x300cm
- **Courtesy:** Chert

## Heike Kabisch

**Born:** 1978

**Lives:** Dusseldorf

**Shown by:** Chert R22

Curiously small figures populate the dream-like spaces of Heike Kabisch's intimate scenarios. Sculpted from Jesmonite, her characters often appear with their eyes closed, seemingly isolated and unapproachable. In a scrappy, set-like interior, one figure, bathed in blue light, strikes an odd pose, arms raised in an ambiguous mannerist gesture. Another child-like figure crouches to observe a drawing on the floor, while a third can be glimpsed through a window, trousers around her knees, looking warily over her shoulder (*I Am Blue So Are You*, 2009). 'The whole thing is like something between a building site, peepshow and altar,' says the artist. Kabisch constructs a psychological, anxiety-riven space in which ambiguous emotions are played out between the strange protagonists. (KB)

Dusseldorf {name}

# Die Langeweile und der Voyeur

## BERGISCHER KUNSTPREIS

Das ST besuchte Preisträgerin Heike Kabisch in ihrem Düsseldorfer Atelier.

Von Jan Crummenerl

Wenn sich am 18. Juni die Tore zur 61. Bergischen Kunstausstellung im Museum Baden öffnen, wird sich dem Publikum eine seltsame Szene bieten: Fünf identische Figuren sitzen auf Bänken, Hockern, Leitern und Tischen – einander scheinbar zu- und doch abgewandt. Darüber leuchtet melancholisch eine bunte Lichterkette. „O my Lord, I'm so bored“ heißt die Installation der Bildhauerin Heike Kabisch (31), für die ihr der Bergische Kunstpreis 2009 zuerkannt wurde.

„Die Figuren sind isoliert, eine Kommunikation findet nicht statt“, erläutert die Künstlerin. „Ähnlich geht es dem Betrachter. Er ist hingezogen und zugleich abgestoßen. Beides aus dem Grund, dass er nicht weiß, wozu es geht.“ Die Szene bleibt rätselhaft. Mit dem nicht Auslegbaren ist man alleine, auf sich selbst zurückgeworfen. Kabisch: „Es berührt auf einer Ebene, die man in Worten nicht fassen kann.“ Und das sei auch das Wunderbare an der Kunst: „Ich kann Dinge erzählen, ohne Worte benutzen zu müssen.“

### Wenn der Kunstbetrachter durch fremde Fenster gucken muss

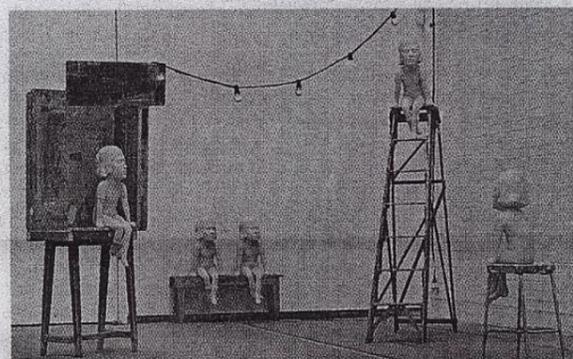
Die Figuren selbst bergen den Zwiespalt schon in sich: der große Erwachsenenkopf auf einem jungen, kindlichen Körper.

Rund ein Jahr experimentierte die Bildhauerin, die in Münster und Glasgow studierte, mit ihren fünf Figuren. „Es sieht wie beiläufig aus, aber es war ein langer Prozess, in dem nichts dem Zufall überlassen wurde.“ Die Figuren saßen im Atelier wie bei ihr zu Hause. „Es wird dann etwas sehr Persönliches. Und es ist seltsam,



Kunstpriesträgerin Heike Kabisch (31) in ihrem Bildhauer-Atelier in Düsseldorf-Derendorf.

Foto: Crummenerl



„O my Lord, I am so bored“ (Oh mein Gott, ich bin so gelangweilt): So lautet der Titel der Installation, für die es den Bergischen Kunstpreis gibt. Foto: privat



Zeichnungen sind für Kabisch die Quelle für die Skulpturen. Repro: crm

dann so etwas Privates bei einer Ausstellung zur Schau zu stellen.“ Der Betrachter wird so zum Voyeur. Damit spielt auch die Künstlerin in ihrem neuen Werk, an dem sie in ihrem Derendorfer Atelier arbeitet. In einem hüttenähnlichen Kasten hockt eine Figur. Der Betrachter muss sich niederbeugen, um sie durch das

kleine Fenster sehen zu können. Daneben präsentiert sich eine Figur als freches Selbstporträt mit heruntergelassener Hose in einer Art Schaufenster. Kabisch: „Das Ganze ist etwas zwischen Baustelle, Peepshow und Altar.“ Wiederum verwirrend vielschichtig.

Wie bei vielen Bildhauern ist auch bei Heike Kabisch das

Zeichnen ein wichtiges Element. „Ideen für Skulpturen kommen aus Zeichnungen. Sie sind so wichtig, weil sie schnell entstehen und deshalb spontan und ehrlich sind.“ Dann erst geht es an das aufwändige und auch kostspielige Bildhauer-Handwerk. So wird auch das Preisgeld von 3500 Euro in die nächsten Projekte fließen.

# Groteske Leichtigkeit

Die Jury der 63. Bergischen Kunstausstellung hat Heike Kabisch den Bergischen Kunstpreis 2009 zugesprochen. Die 30-jährige Künstlerin thematisiert menschliche Befindlichkeiten und zwischenmenschliche Beziehungen.

VON MICHAEL TESCH

Die fünf identischen Figuren mit ihren erwachsenen Köpfen aber kindlichen Körpern verweigern den Blick – untereinander, und damit auch jegliche Kommunikation mit dem Betrachter der Installation „Oh my Lord, I am so bored“. Die durch Verschiebung der Körperproportionen grotesk anmutenden Figuren sitzen im Raum verteilt auf einfachen Atelier-Möbeln, die unterschiedliche Farb- und Abnutzungsspuren aufweisen, die bei handwerklicher Arbeit entstehen. Zwei Figuren teilen sich eine Bank, jeweils eine sitzt auf einem Tisch, einem Hocker und einer Leiter.

Beleuchtet wird das trostlos wirkende Ambiente, das den Betrachter zum ungebetenen Voyeur werden lässt, stimmungsvoll durch eine einfache Lichterkette mit farbigen Glühbirnen. Die allerdings keine romantisch-idyllische Atmosphäre erzeugt, sondern in ihrer Kitschigkeit vielmehr die Isolation und Einsamkeit der Figuren noch stärker hervortreten lässt.

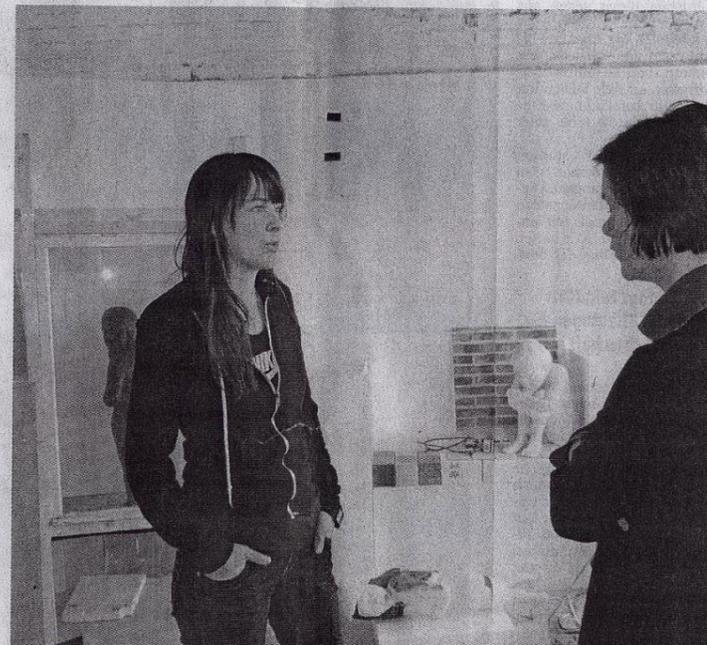
### Träumen eine Gestalt geben

Heike Kabisch stellt in ihrem 2008 an der Glasgow School of Art in Schottland entstandenen Werk einen privaten Moment in einer eingefrorenen Momentaufnahme öffentlich zur Schau. Für „Oh my Lord, I am so bored“ erhielt die in Düsseldorf lebende und arbeitende Künstlerin von der Jury der 63. Bergischen Kunstausstellung jetzt den mit 3500 Euro dotierten Bergischen Kunstpreis 2009 der Deutschen Bank. „Heike Kabisch verleiht menschlichen Träumen Gestalt und schafft magische Räume und imaginäre Orte, die den Betrachter zugleich anziehen, verunsichern und sich jeder eindeutigen Interpretation entziehen“, so die Begründung der in diesem Jahr fünfköpfigen Jury um Gisela Elbracht-Iglhaut, der stellvertretenden Leiterin des Museum Baden.

Grundlegende menschliche Befindlichkeiten und zwischen-

menschliche Beziehungen untersucht Kabisch in ihren Skulpturen, Installationen und Zeichnungen. Bei der Bildfindung geht die Künstlerin allerdings nicht von einer Situation, sondern von einer Person aus. „Diese lade ich dann ins Atelier

ein, mache Fotos und dann modelliere ich die Figur. Dann ist die Figur da, und erst dann entwickelt sich nach und nach eine Geschichte“, erzählt Kabisch. Die dabei vorgenommene Veränderung der Körperproportionen ist für die Künst-



Kunstpriesträgerin Heike Kabisch (links) in ihrem Atelier im Gespräch mit der stellvertretenden Leiterin des Museums Baden, Gisela-Elbracht-Iglhaut. FOTO: MICHAEL TESCH

## INFO

### Heike Kabisch

Heike Kabisch wurde 1978 in Münster geboren. Sie hat an der dortigen Kunstakademie zunächst in der Bildhauerklasse von Katharina Fritsch studiert. 2005 wurde Kabisch Meisterschülerin von Fritsch. 2005 erhielt die Kunstpreisträgerin ein Stipendium der Künstlerförderung des Cusanuswerkes, 2006 folgte dann noch ein DAAD-Stipendium für die Glasgow School of Art.

lerin „ein Zurück in die Kindheit“. Manchmal steht sich die Künstlerin für die Ausgangsfigur eines Werkes selber Modell. Wie etwa in einer neuen großen Installation, die gerade im Atelier für die Ausstellung „Gipfeltreffen“ (ab 30. Mai) im Düsseldorfer KIT (Kunst im Tunnel) entsteht. Als Vorlage für die Figur mit heruntergelassener Unterhose wählte Kabisch ein Foto, das sie als Kind mit herausgestreckter Zunge zeigt. Kabisch hat der Gipsfigur eine bronzeartige Haut gegeben und sie in eine Art Schaufenster gestellt. Blaues Neonlicht verwandelt diesen Teil der Gesamtinstallation für das KIT in eine skurrile Peepshow. Ihr Werk wirft Fragen auf zur Rolle des Individuums in der Gesellschaft auf und zu Grundfragen menschlicher Existenz. „Heike Kabisch bedient sich einer Bildsprache, die Alltagsgegenstände mit monoton gestalteten Skulpturen konfrontiert. Sie bewegt sich zwischen Bedeutungsschwere und grotesker Leichtigkeit“, so die Begründung der Jury.

# Provokante Posen

Am 16. Juni wird **Heike Kabisch** im Museum Baden feierlich der **Bergische Kunstpreis 2009** der Deutschen Bank verliehen. Noch bis zum 9. August ist im Düsseldorfer KIT die neueste Installation der **Bildhauerin** zu sehen.



FOTO: MICHAEL

Die Bergische Kunstpreisträgerin 2009 **Heike Kabisch** vor ihrer Installation im Düsseldorfer KIT.

**VON MICHAEL TESCH**

Mit die spannendsten Ausstellungen zum aktuellen Kunstschaffen finden derzeit in Düsseldorf statt – in einem Tunnel. Dieser findet sich unter der Rheinufersperrmauer der Altstadt in Nähe des Familienministeriums in einem langgezogenen Raum zwischen den beiden Tunnelröhren für den Autoverkehr. Seit 2006 hat sich dieser so genannte Restraum unter dem Namen „Kunst im Tunnel“, kurz KIT, zu einem Szenetreff für zeitgenössische Kunst entwickelt.

Ein verglastes Pavillon, in dem sich auch das Café Curtiz befindet, dient als Eingang zum Ausstellungsort unter der Erde. Bis zum 9. August ist im KIT die von Gertrud Peters kuratierte Ausstellung „Gipfeltreffen“ zu sehen, die junge Bildhauerei aus der Schweiz und Deutschland vorstellt. Ganz am Ende des auf der einen Seite fast spitz zulaufenden Raumes wird der

Besucher durch ein dunkelblaues Neonlicht angelockt – und schon steht er mitten zwischen den drei Elementen der Installation „I am blue and so are you ...“ von Heike Kabisch, der Bergischen Kunstpreisträgerin 2009.

**Zwischen Baustelle und Peepshow**

Kabisch hat für die Ausstellung ein unbehagliches Szenario zwischen Baustelle (aus Baumarkt-Materialien konstruierte kleine Räume) und Peepshow (eine Mädchenfigur zeigt in einem Fenster provozierend ihren nackten Hintern) geschaffen, in denen sie auch auf Erinnerungen aus ihrer eigenen Kindheit und Jugend zurückgreift. Auch die neuen Figuren zeigt Kabisch wieder in merkwürdig und irritierend verschobenen Proportionen: Auf kindlichen Körpern sitzen erwachsene Köpfe.

Neben dem Girlie, welches dem Betrachter frech und provozierend die Zunge herausstreckt – ein eigen-

es Jugendfoto diente hier Kabisch als Vorlage –, hockt in einem einfachen Bretterverschlag der Installation ein aus hellem Gips gefertigtes hockendes Mädchen. Versunken scheint sie über die Zahlenkombination zu grübeln, die auf einem vor ihr liegenden Blatt aufgemalt ist: 37089.

Beleuchtet wird der kleine Raum, der über keine Tür verfügt, durch

**INFO**

**Künstler der Bergischen**

In der Ausstellung „Gipfeltreffen“ im Kit sind neben Heike Kabisch auch zwei ehemalige Teilnehmerinnen der Bergischen Kunstausstellung vertreten: Felicitas Rohden und Jeannette Schnüttgen. Die **63. Bergische** ist vom 18. Juni bis 30. August im Solinger **Museum Baden**, Wuppertaler Straße 160, zu sehen.

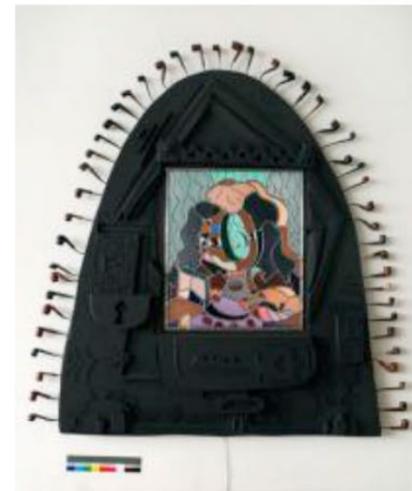
einen weißen Stern. In ein Plastikflaschen stecken S weißer Lilien. Seit der Antil diese Blumen nicht nur ein S der Reinheit und Schönheit dern auch des Todes.

Die dritte Skulptur der Installation im KIT stellt einen Mann ebenfalls aus dunkel-glänzendem Material gefertigt – auf einer Palette in einer eingefrorenen tänzerischen Bewegung. Die Skulpturen von Heike Kabisch in ihren provokanten oder viertigen Posen grundmenschliche Befindlichkeit zeigen, verweigert nicht r Mann, sondern auch die a Figuren von „I am blue and you ...“ den Blick des Betrachers. Wie in der Installation „Oh my Lord, I am so bored“, die die Meisterin von Katharina Fritsch Bergischen Kunstausstellung gen wird, sind sie in sich verkniffen die Augen zu oder h einfach geschlossen.

## Deutsche Bank's Bergischer Kunstpreis Awarded to Heike Kabisch



Heike Kabisch, *Oh my Lord, I am so bored*, 2008 Photo: Katharina Kiebacher



Alexander Esters, *Hitzeblick, am Ende die Tunnel*, 2009 Courtesy VAN HORN, Düsseldorf



Johannes Jensen, *Laboratorium*, 2008

It was an odd scene: five identical white figures seated beneath a garland of lights—hybrid beings with childlike bodies and the heads of grown women. *Oh my Lord, I am so bored* is the title Heike Kabisch gave to her sculpture, which Deutsche Bank has awarded this year's Bergischer Kunstpreis.

"Kabisch lends form to human dreams and creates imaginary places that attract and unsettle the viewer and defy all clear interpretation." This was how the jury explained its decision in favor of the 1978-born master student of Katharina Fritsch. From the more than 350 applicants to the Bergischer Kunstpreis, the jury selected 13 artists now introduced at the Museum Baden in Solingen. In the words of Friedhelm Hütte, Global Head Art, Deutsche Bank, "The high quality of the works of contemporary art shown at the 63rd Bergische Kunstausstellung reflects the outstanding level of the regional art scene, which accords with international standards. This explains why the Bergische Kunstausstellung has become a renowned show of emerging talent that draws more than just museum and gallery people to Solingen each year to discover young art. The show has long since developed into a magnet for visitors from well beyond the region."

**63rd Bergische Kunstausstellung**  
6/18 – 8/30/2009  
Museum Baden, Solingen



