

PERSONAL STRUCTURES

Crossing Borders

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Palazzo Mora . Palazzo Bembo

Colophon

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Contents

Introduction	9	Beatriz Gerenstein	84	Veronique Rischard	174	Zinaida Lihacheva	252
		Valerie Ghossaini	86	Nicolas V Sanchez	176	Pep Llambías	256
Palazzo Mora	13	Andrea Guastavino	88	Sebastian Schrader	178	Michael Luther	260
Marc Abele	14	Kimberley Gundle	90	Amber Sena	180	Steff Lüthi	262
Hans Aichinger	16	Mau Harrison	92	Justin Orvis Steimer	184	Una H. Moehrke	264
Gus Albor	18	Xenia Hausner	94	Karl Stengel	186	Munkhtsetseg Jalkhaajavin	268
Carl Andre	20	Anne Herzbluth	96	Martin Stommel	188	Lili Nalövi & Jesko Willert	272
Narine Arakelyan	24	Dieter Huber	98	Josephine Turalba	190	Phebe Parisia	276
Orly Aviv	26	Manfred Kielnhofer	100	Günther Uecker	192	Ki-Woong Park	278
Bruce Barber	30	Joseph Kosuth	102	Guy Van Den Bulcke	198	Daniel Pesta	280
Bigert & Bergström	32	Jarosław Kozłowski	108	Lawrence Weiner	202	Triny Prada	282
Ivana Boris	34	Lee Nam Lee	110			Martina Reinhart	284
Eric Bourret	36	Norma E. Lopez	114	Palazzo Bembo	207	Annina Roescheisen	286
Daniel Buren	38	Manifold	116	Lore Bert	208	Daniel Schaer	288
Stefano Canto	42	Louise Manzon	118	Simon Bilodeau	210	Greg Semu	290
Norberto Carating	44	Marcello Martinez-Vega	120	Maartje Blans	212	Jonathan Shimony	292
Soojin Cha	46	François Morellet	124	Riana Hw Chow	216	Mihai Topescu	294
Manohar Chilveru	48	Nam Hong	128	Antonio Freiles	218	Vitaliy & Elena Vasileva	296
Paul Ching Bor	50	Houria Niati	130	Katrin Fridriks	220	Walter & Zoniel	300
Glen Clarke	52	Hermann Nitsch	132	Andras Gal	224	Dörte Wehmeyer	302
Michael Cook	54	Yoko Ono	138	Han Ho	226	Arnix Wilnoudt	306
Karlyn De Jongh	56	Roman Opalka	144	Hassan & Larreta	230	Zhang Yu	310
Herman De Vries	60	Mike Parr	148	Lisette Huizenga	234	Zheng Chongbin	314
Iris Dostal	68	Wolfgang Pavlik	158	Helen Kirwan	238		
Jayne Dyer & Wayne Warren	70	Qin Chong	160	Seema Kohli	240	Curators	319
Carole A. Feuerman	74	Saad Qureshi	162	Beat Kuert	242	Captions	325
Marc Fromm	76	Jörg Remé	164	Guillaume Lachapelle	246	Sponsors	331
Daniele Galliano	78	Reko Rennie	166	Sam Leach	248		
Kristaps Ģelzis	82	Rene Rietmeyer	168	Myungil Lee	250		

IMAGINE

PARADE



INTRODUCTION

Introduction

By Karlyn De Jongh, Sarah Gold, Valeria Romagnini & Rene Rietmeyer

“We, artists, creative entrepreneurs, researchers, as a collective group, we believe that there is a need for an emblematic space, located in Venice, dedicating time and space and presenting the existence of the culture of Europe. A centre devoted to cultural exchanges, meetings, artistic projects, laboratory, with Europeans and others, it is our aim to cherish our differences and strengthen cultural commons.”

PERSONAL STRUCTURES: Crossing Borders is the opening exhibition of the European Cultural Centre, which was created in 2014. This exhibition should be seen as a platform for artists from Europe and other parts of the world to visually present personal expressions of their thoughts and being.

Sixty years ago, the Swiss philosopher and great pioneer of European integration, Denis de Rougemont, believed in a cultural Europe, in a Europe with direct participation of people beyond the nation-state with culture as a vital ingredient for Europe’s post-war rebuilding and healing.

Today, sixty years later, the importance of culture within the paradigm of our society’s wellbeing still needs recognition and further active stimulation, more than economic growth. To achieve a sustainable Europe, the environmental, social and cultural objectives have to be rebalanced against the financial and economic ones. The role of creative and critical thinking, fostered by arts and cultural activities, also plays a key role if the citizens are to regain trust in Europe.

The reason for the need of the existence of a place for European arts and culture is rooted in these statements by Denis de Rougemont.

Today’s ‘Erasmus generation’ is living Europe and is its future. Coming from Europe and abroad, they share an interest in the development of alternative approaches and improvement of cultural research and awareness. Implementation of knowledge, which leads to an ongoing questioning. Even though knowledge and many connections come through the internet these days, a real physical venue in the city of Venice offers everybody a unique meeting place in Europe to explore, experience, document and present cultural togetherness.

The Global Art Affairs Foundation organised the exhibition *PERSONAL STRUCTURES: Crossing Borders* with these thoughts in mind. Since 2002, the GAA-Foundation has worldwide organised exhibitions, symposia and published books highlighting philosophical themes in contemporary art and architecture, in particular regarding the subjects Time Space Existence, bringing together artists and architects from various cultural backgrounds and different ages. Also in this exhibition at the European Cultural Centre, the concepts Time Space Existence are central and presents artists from all over the world, next to each other, a documentation, often regardless the personal preferences of the organizers. As sincere as possible, the Global Art Affairs Foundation presents in this exhibition what can be seen as a modest cross section of European visual art, in dialogue with several non-European artists.

Although the European Cultural Centre hosts this exhibition and presents it as its first statement in Venice, *PERSONAL STRUCTURES: Crossing Borders* does not only show works by European artists, but rather a global togetherness—a shared concern about Time Space Existence, a dialogue that goes beyond cultural background, age,

race, and sex. Yoko Ono says in an interview with us about her new work ACT PEACE, which was especially made for this exhibition, “All backgrounds are backgrounds for peace.” And: “The true emotion we have is love. Love will conquer all.” [Note of the organizers: Love *should* conquer all]

The European Cultural Centre reflects upon the dynamics of European culture and influences, upon how Europe is seen within and outside its borders. Our aim is to go beyond our geographical borders. Borders—in the widest sense of the word—have to be crossed in order to develop ourselves as human beings, in order to understand who we are. “To cherish our differences and strengthen cultural commons”, this goal can only become reality if we open ourselves up to the world around us and share our thoughts, without prejudice.

“To cherish our differences and strengthen cultural commons”. This mission of the European Cultural Centre [ECC], which, as a place for reflection, research and creation for interdisciplinary encounters, as well as a centre for resources and experimentation, provides the conditions to invite artistic and creative practices from all fields—visual art, dance, performance, theatre, music, literature, architecture etc., seeing them as a process of learning and experiencing. The ECC is a place for investigating the most vital contemporary issues, designing a shared future.

Since hundreds of years, Venice has been a place of cultural exchange and an important exporter of European culture. Venice, however, was chosen as the seat of the European Cultural Centre not only for its historical importance, but also for a number of specific features that make it the ideal venue for the realisation of the objectives of the ECC. Venice is a city with an extraordinary concentration of facilities and organizations dedicated to culture. The historic centre is only populated by approx. 60,000 inhabitants, but it sustains: 45 museums and seven theatres, 14 foundations with the objectives to promote and develop culture; two leading universities, an art academy, a conservatory and many public libraries; 32 consulates and regional offices of a.o. UNESCO, WHO and the Council of Europe; places of

worship for many religions, but Venice is also home to a large atheist association, and it is also the city of La Biennale di Venezia. All of this makes Venice an excellent place to study the sociological and ethnological development of the European society in general. It is the ideal place to come to understand who we are and how we are seen.

In the context of La Biennale di Venezia 2015, the European Cultural Centre presents *PERSONAL STRUCTURES: Crossing Borders* in two of its prestigious Palazzo’s in Venice, Palazzo Mora and Palazzo Bembo. The exhibition shows an extensive combination of established artists and artists whose practice is less known, as a cross section of what can be seen as art today. Their common ground is the artist’s subjective, personal expression of his or her reflection on the concepts Time, Space and Existence. This results in artworks which visually appear to be very different.

The exhibition mainly presents recent artworks by living artists, either site-specific, especially made for this exhibition, or coming directly out of the collection of the artist. Conform the aim of the European Cultural Centre, the exhibition features a broad variety of artistic media; video, sculptures, paintings, drawings, photos and installations. Since the more than 100 participating artists originate from very diverse cultures representing over 50 countries and are also of very different age, the topics Time, Space and Existence are highlighted from unusual, very personal points of view. Despite today’s easy access to knowledge, the exhibition manifests that intellectual development and emotional expressions in contemporary art still show great differences. Not only from culture to culture, but even within one culture.

PERSONAL STRUCTURES: Crossing Borders shows the commonness and differences between Europeans, in dialogue with works of Non-Europeans. In addition the exhibition stimulates a more conscious relationship from the spectator towards his daily surrounding aiming to increase the awareness of their own personal Existence as human beings influenced by a specific Culture within Space and Time.



Palazzo Mora

Marc Abele

Time frame

What is our time like?

Where is society?

What are the features of

Our time,

How is it characterised?

We are moving through a phase of differences,

The processes of a globally networked society, in which many things

Are changing into something else in a wide range of constellations.

Society has developed over recent decades into a plurality, characterized by rejections of what is different, often contradictory: truths contradict one another, exist and grow into many variants alongside one another, opposed to one another, distortions of one another, or they suddenly cease to exist at all.

Post-modernism, of the type we have talked about up to now and the end of which we now say has at least begun, cannot—yet—be interpreted, described as a cultural epoch, the juxtaposition and confusion and separateness and absurdity and connectedness of diverse opinions and views of the world seem too great.

Daring to speak of the “early digital age”

May turn out to be far too specific to denote

“Transitional postmodernism” in its entirety.

Moreover, we are not able to view our own age from a different one,

In other words with the crucial distance. (Which may reveal this text

To be speculative...!)

At least at the moment, the following impression predominates for me: developments and achievements seem replaceable at an often astounding pace, the throng is dense and always in motion, and that is precisely why no insight seems able to create a new, fundamental,

Epochal reality.

For now.

This plurality and vicissitude confronts us with an

Explosive, exciting, rich potential of variety,

With this tension of interconnecting possibilities, precisely this

“Between-ness”,

Steeped in risks and opportunities.



Hans Aichinger

„Aichinger’s current realism has something inevitable, something mercilessly direct about it. The pointed placement of his figures in the Euclidean clarity of the pictorial space looks almost monstrous. The presence of personnel and a backdrop that repudiates any enlightened understanding of the picture produces a naturalistic-looking certainty of being, which is shocking to look at, in part because the seemingly almost tangible figures have fallen into a kind of lifeless rigidity, as if they were cut off from the eternally pulsating vital current, only to remain fixed between the things surrounding them for all eternity. Here, it is as if a truth inherent in the medium of the painting were being somewhat unscrupulously revealed.

[...] Hans Aichinger’s new paintings represent a vehemently allegorical realism, in which the *conditio humana* of the present is illustrated on well-calculated stages. It is painted anthropology that technically and poetically, as it were, dovetails grandly with an allegory of the medium of painting. The thread running through all his recent paintings is the theme of the creature that creates itself—*homo faber* and *divino artista*, so to speak—in search of the meaning of its existence. Frequently, Aichinger manages to present in individual paintings, precisely by means of the exaggeratedly posed quality of their figures, a symbolic content that goes beyond the level of concrete action. This results in parable-like paintings à clef of a human existence that connects the course of time. [...] Hans Aichinger’s allegories obtain their disturbing effect from a connection—one that is sensed more than actually seen—to a contemporary aesthetic conveyed by cool realism with archetypal forms of thought that rise out of the

symbolic worlds of old, increasingly forgotten myths, resulting in a peculiar afterlife in the garb of the present.

[...] The extreme sharpness, capturing every point on the picture plan, in which he causes the viewer to see his symbolic figures, should be understood as an effort to outdo photography’s claim to reality—which in the meanwhile has taken on almost mythological status in the media age—and hence as a joyful affirmation of the concept of illusionism. On the other hand, Aichinger seems to be removing from the contemporary production of paintings the media-reflective and media-imitative veil—which has become a formative stylistic influence in order to focus again on the reality in the image on the canvas. The resulting, virtually blinding clarity of the pictorial events can be seen as a question about the truth of the world. But that can be understood only by a medium that depicts a reality that is deceptive—indeed, even false by nature—when measured against the living.¹

Joachim Penzel, art historian, curator and publicist, talking with Hans Aichinger about pictorial spaces and the space of the observer, being human and the sense of being, timelessness and a tangible claim to reality, all summed up in the essay „By Nature False—or, The Truth of Painting“.

1. From: Joachim Penzel „By Nature False—or, The Truth of Painting“. In: Monograph: „Hans Aichinger. Truth or Duty“ Hirmer 2013.



Gus Albor

Matters of Horizontal and Vertical Motions: My work is presented in two forms. One, as an art object; the other, as a floor installation piece. The art object consists of two panels working as a pair and possessing a weaving mechanism, interpreted in a conceptual structure. This “conceptual structure” has an inherent functionality. It speaks of traversing motion, basically inspired by the hand weaving traditions found in the northern and southern parts of the Philippines.

The “traversing motion” is in essence done in two ways—lateral, left to right, and right to left, which is Horizontal; and longitudinal, upwards and downwards, which is Vertical. Either way, playfulness is exemplified by the way poured flowing pigment runs across the given expanse, manually pressed as well as guided by a device attached to the structure, which actually forms part of the whole.

Scroll: The floor space is defined by an over-size scroll. This is in the form of fabric, in this case, raw canvas, laid down almost flat on the floor, with its two ends resting on long tube lights to serve as “holders/fasteners.” Apart from these two elements—fabric and light—water is also introduced. The clear-ocean-blue water, chemically and safely colored, is contained by a square transparent top-open container that sits somewhere off center of the piece, as if it is an island on a magnified sea. The water vessel measures 50 x 50 x 12 cm. A mean but nonetheless a meaningful part, it references the tiniest fraction of an ocean, referring to West Philippine Sea where intruders dwell.

The Scroll is a vessel of countless messages; poetry on love, documents for legal matters, declaration of marriage, political agreements of war and peace, etc. What holds them together in this setting conveys a profound symbolism—the Light that is partly hidden hugs the entire piece.



Carl Andre

By Karlyn De Jongh

1- In your works you have always gone back to The Elements, seemingly reducing “things” to their essence. You are now 77 years old and seem to have lived an intense life. What would you say is the element of life? When you reduce life to its essence, in your opinion, what is it about?

2- In the past years Sarah Gold and I have exhibited your works in several PERSONAL STRUCTURES exhibitions, f.e. in Bregenz, Austria, in 2010 and at the Venice Biennale in 2011. It seemed to me that in creating your works, you carefully consider the weight and size of each unit. But thinking about the materials, I can imagine there have been other important aspects in creating your works, such as the value or cost of the materials and the possibility of being dangerous for humans to get in contact with. Considering these aspects, your work seems very ‘human’ and gives the impression to show a lot about how you think as a person. In my opinion, your work is much more than “an investigation of the properties of materials” [Alistair Rider, 2011] and a wish of using, like you once said, “wood as wood, steel as steel, aluminum as aluminum [and] a bale of hay as a bale of hay.” Your works show ‘that you exist’. Your work shows ‘minimalist characteristics’, but at the same time seems very personal. What are your thoughts about this minimalist appearance and your personal presence within your works? Are your works anything more than just the proof of your existence?

3- Since your works of the early 1960s, scientists have ‘discovered’ several new Elements. The number of Elements known in the 1960s has expanded, reaching 118 Elements today; it seems the so-called

‘knowledge’ of the world has changed over time. If you would have had the knowledge that you have today, would you have done anything differently in your life?

4- During our Art Project with Lawrence Weiner—staying on his houseboat in Amsterdam for 24 hours—we spoke about ‘Sculpture’. Lawrence told Sarah and me about Ad Reinhardt’s definition of sculpture: “the things you trip over in the dark.” Many of your works lie ‘flat’ on the floor and do not seem to fit this definition; your work seems more to deal with ‘changing a space’. What does space mean to you?

5- Two weeks before he died, Roman Opalka visited our 2011 Venice Biennale. He had so much respect for you, that when I showed him your work “Crux 14” (2010), he took a big step over your metal plates, making sure that he would not touch it. Dedicating his life to show ‘time passing’, there were very few contemporary artists who Opalka admired: there were four in total (himself included). Opalka explained me that he admired you, because in his opinion you maintained an “Avant-Garde” position: while time has been passing you stayed active in the front line, without becoming repetitive. When you look back at the oeuvre you have created, do you think Opalka judged you correctly?

6- In an interview for our first book *Personal Structures: Time Space Existence* in 2008, you stated that “Life is what makes art possible”. I have heard the rumor that although you are still alive, you have stopped making art. Is that possible?

ANSWERS FOR KARLYN DE JONGH 23MAR2013

1. THE ESSENCE OF LIFE IS NOT BEING DEAD.
2. MY WORKS ARE ESSENTIALLY THE GRATIFICATIONS OF NEEDS THAT CANNOT BE GRATIFIED IN ~~THE~~ OTHER WAY.
3. MOST OF THE NEW ELEMENTS ^{ANY} ~~WAS~~ ^{HAVE BEEN} ~~THE~~ ^{CREATED} IN ATOMIC REACTIONS CAUSED BY HUMAN INTERVENTIONS. THEY ARE NEVER FOUND IN NATURE. THEIR ~~WAS~~ HALF-LIVES ARE MEASURED IN NANoseconds.
4. SPACE IS THAT WHICH IS HERE & THERE & ALL AROUND & EVERYWHERE. THINGS CANNOT EXIST BEFORE SPACE & TIME OR AFTER. * ‡
5. AS HENRY MOORE SAID, HE JUST CONTINUED TO DO AS AN ADULT THE THINGS HE DID AS A CHILD.
6. IF IT APPEARS THAT I HAVE STOPPED MAKING WORK, IT IS BECAUSE I HAVE ALREADY USED THE COMMONLY AVAILABLE MATERIALS IN THE CONFIGURATIONS THAT SATISFIED MY NEEDS. IF GOLD & SILVER SHOULD SUDDENLY BECOME AVAILABLE IN THE SAME WAY THAT COPPER & ALUMINUM ARE, I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO MAKE LARGE IN GOLD & SILVER. I AM NOT INTERESTED IN

MAKING JEWELRY.
NOTE FOR KARLYN DE JONGH: FROM THE NATURE OF YOUR QUESTIONS, I CANNOT ESCAPE THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU HAVE NEVER REALLY EXPERIENCED THE PLEASURE THAT I HOPED ~~MY~~ MY WORKS WOULD PROVIDE. I HOPE THAT I AM MISTAKEN. WHEN I VISITED THE GREAT GARDENS OF KYOTO WITH SOL LEWITT, WE WENT FROM ONE TEMPLE TO ANOTHER IN A STATE OF EXALTED BLISS. AT EACH TEMPLE, A MONK WOULD BE PRESENT TO EXPLAIN THE ALLEGORICAL MEANING OF EACH STONE & PATCH OF MOSS. AT RYOANGI, THE SIMPLEST & MOST PROFOUNDLY MOVING OF ALL THE GARDENS, THE MONK SIMPLY SAID THAT THIS GARDEN IS FOR THE PROVISION OF PLEASURE ONLY.

MOST OF ALL KARLYN, I WANT TO THANK YOU MOST SINCERLY FOR YOUR INTEREST IN MY WORK. BE WELL, @carl andre
* INFINITY & ETERNITY ARE ESSENTIALLY RELIGIOUS CONCEPTS. THE INFINITY OF MATHEMATICS IS SIMPLY A STATEMENT OF THE INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF CERTAIN OPERATIONS SUCH AS THE DETERMINATION OF VALUE OF π .

‡ WHEN AD REPEATED HIS DEFINITION OF SCULPTURE TO ME I REPLIED: “THAT’S TRUE, AD, BUT WHEN YOU TURN OFF THE LIGHTS ~~NO~~ THE PAINTINGS DISAPPEAR BUT YOU STILL TRIP OVER THE SCULPTURE.” HE WAS NOT PLEASED WITH MY REPLY. I MUST MAKE IT CLEAR THAT I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRER AD’S PAINTING & I ENJOYED HIS COMPANY VERY MUCH.



Narine Arakelyan

Stigmata

The concept of this work reflects quintessence of suffering as a sensual abstraction connecting with their energy and conducting two worlds: material and spiritual.

Art as the supreme suffering, as an absolute unit of senses capable of changing the very structure of time and space, which gives the ability to reason, is irrational to explore, how to realize the structure of time (compression and expansion). In this work I have tried to express the strength of a creative way, when the art translated through the artist becomes for him only possible through self-sacrifice for the sake of the spirituality that exists and develops from his work.



Orly Aviv

“Landscapes, and especially wide, open spaces that are remote, offer me an endless body and mind experience. I perceive landscape as an opportunity to evoke a rich association.” — Orly Aviv

Orly Aviv is a visual artist whose diverse work incorporates a number of different media: photography, video art, installations, sculpture and sound in order to evoke meditative thoughts on time and duration, and place and space. Dealing with themes of the ocean, ecology and sustainability, Orly works according to the ancient Aboriginal belief that one's spirit remains eternally imprinted in nature, which is why she doesn't work on a set or use props; she photographs her imaginative, artistic and emotional vision as it appears in nature. Finding symbolism for her messages of optimism, energetic engagement, and individualism,

Orly is drawn to nature because it is the most accessible, but often forgotten or degraded, tool to available to all of us. As a mathematician, computer scientist, brain researcher and an artist, Orly attempts to convey these important messages using the most innovative editing and photo manipulation techniques, allowing her to convey the deep and primal messages of nature in striking, visceral images.

Orly Aviv's work sampling nature photographically in order to digitally create new images, or video art presenting to the world its own digitally enhanced representation. By photographing an image or by shooting a landscape and then digitally manipulating that image towards abstraction, duration is involved in the final production, expressing more than mimetic representation by symbolically interpreting the flux status of reality.

Contemporary life, a globalized village phenomenological vast to the existential condition, is eloquently expressed as a space of perpetual movement and in turn, innumerable possibilities in Aviv's artwork.

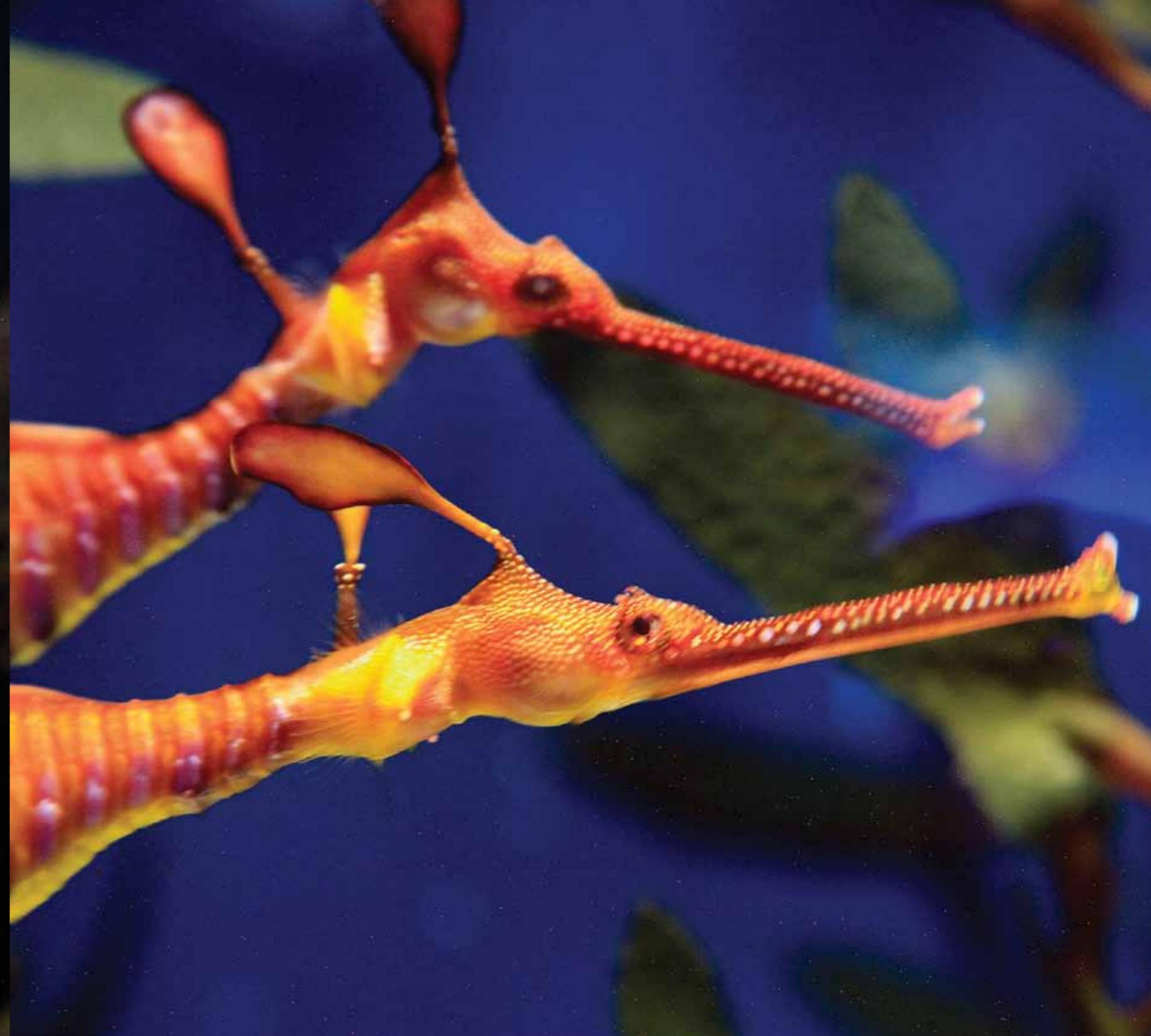
One acquires a sense of optical actuality, but instead of limiting her representation to mere vision, Aviv presents reality as a visual and sensational space, one that is experienced momentarily through temporal duration.

In Aviv's work, one recognizes the importance of time in understanding the world, realizing that with technology, one does not necessarily recognize the distance remarkably lapsed within moments; time regains autonomy and is actively recognized, in conjunction with space, as a defining characteristic of the contemporary age.

'Nervous Organ' a groundbreaking, interactive video/audio art installation/performance—brings diving experience to land. This special installation simulates harmony diving and opens access to an underwater experience. "Nervous Organ", a variety of sea life, creates a superior magic.

Derived from her education and skills, she brings together artistic innovation and technological prowess. Cutting-edge software works in conjunction with sensors, projectors, loudspeakers and reflecting floor, enabling visitors to conceptualize a purely original and individualized 4D emotional deep ocean experience.





Bruce Barber

Spectres of Marx has its origin in a small work I produced in 1983 to commemorate the centenary of the death of Karl Marx. This consisted of a postcard which I made with a détourned logo from the journal of the CPCML (Communist Party of Canada Marxist Leninist) that originally showed Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, whom I excised/erased as a result of his going out of favour globally for his dictatorial policies, the Gulag and forced starvation of millions. What's interesting for me is that all of these figures, including Mao and Gramsci, wrote about art and artists, the role of culture as both a conservative reproducer of ideology and potential agent of change, if only, in Stalin's case, to propagate/propagandize his social-realist ideology.

My subsequent reading of Derrida's *Spectres of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning and the New International* occurred in the late 1990's and I was very much taken with his evocation of Marx's hauntology "A spectre is haunting Europe" and his notion of an international movement that will counter neo-liberal ideology. The tripartite process for producing [my] "Spectres of Marx" is indebted to and parallels Derrida's process of deconstruction which in his text is a process of submitting Marxism to *sous rature* [erasure] to engage the continuing possibilities of [Marxism] challenging hegemonic capitalism, after the fall (of the Wall). His discussion of the spectres haunting Europe, the work of mourning and the new international, I have taken as a model for my [performance]—existential gestures in time and space, art without art, party without party and revolution without revolution.

The preliminary drawing in the installation is therefore a tracing of the reflection/projection of the iconic figures of revolutionary Marxism followed by black on white painting/tracing over the trace, followed by a sanding of the surface to remove slight protrusions and finally an over painting/erasure, white on white—perhaps 'white washing' (also documented for this exhibition on video) that nevertheless leaves the spectral forces somewhat evident and intact, with the spectral image of Italian Marxist Antonio Gramsci added, that to my mind continues the deconstructive process of "haunting" that Derrida perceived to be a necessity for a critically engaged and radical project of reinvention. Hence my endorsement of a key paragraph on the character of the New International proposed in *Spectres of Marx*:

"The 'New International' is an untimely link, without status ... without coordination, without party, without country, without national community, without co-citizenship, without common belonging to a class. The name of New International is given here to what calls to the friendship of an alliance without institution among those who ... continue to be inspired by at least one of the spirits of Marx or of Marxism. It is a call for them to ally themselves, in a new, concrete and real way, even if this alliance no longer takes the form of a party or a workers' international, in the critique of the state of international law, the concepts of State and nation, and so forth: in order to renew this critique, and especially to radicalize it." (*Spectres of Marx*)



Mats Bigert & Lars Bergström

By Bigert & Bergström and Lydia Chatziakovou

Explosion of Speech is a film and a fiery paean to the importance of free speech and the power of poetry. The film follows a common thread—a burning fuse—that winds through Europe leaving a burnt-out trail of text in its wake. Words become sentences, evolving into a collective poem created by a group of poets from the cities through which the burning fuse passes. The film evokes words of flame, burning with anger over such topics as financial inequality, unemployment and growing xenophobia. But it also contains bright sparks of hope and love as this cut-up poem takes shape through the use of gunpowder and matches.

There is no written script. The fuse interventions are developed on location, while the poem's verses are distant from each other temporally and spatially. We transition between the cities through images of travel and transport—the fuse burns along a railway track, a country path or in the trees of a wooded grove on the edge of a suburb. Once inside the city, the fuse adheres to more urban structures and begins to form words in a specially designed font. A wall, flags, hanging laundry or a barbed wire fence become the canvas on which the poets' words burn.

As performative and cinematic endeavour, the work cuts through time, space, individualities and realities. Its improvised urban scenography signals the city as the space par excellence where democracy is made possible, animated through polyphony, debate and conflict. The burning poetic word dethrones the slogans of politics as expression of the people's voice, articulating dreams, aspirations, needs, prophecies, admonitions... In that sense, the work becomes an agency, even more

so a peaceful call to arms or a vehicle of transformation, as it positions multiple individualities at a vantage point, that of an emancipated protagonist of a delightfully utopian film, projected into what could very well be the near future—as opposed to the all encompassing sentiments of hostility and defeat that the current political and financial circumstances so bluntly and literally impose.

Explosion of Speech is the final episode of a short-film trilogy that also includes *Moments of Silence*, 2014, and *Important Message to the General Public*, 2015. The films consist largely of rituals and actions based on our inherent need to express opinions in various ways. They are also attempts to spotlight these opinions and key social issues in new ways through art.



Ivana Boris

Walking along the coasts, on sea cliffs hit by the wind and stormy sea. Indistinct destiny.

Sailing. Far from the banks, in the Mediterranean Sea, into the Ocean. The vessel gets under way, leaving the noise and the artificial light of the mainland. Its only landmark, the horizon. And then consciousness opens, projected to infinity, sensing a possible truth that demands form and silence.

The negative, photography, is for me the natural unconditional response to this experience. Profile of my journey into the world, it represents the living space, image by image, through which a collective memory could be interpreted.

I am the witness.

The sea is the trace of human movement; the ship is the history of research, and conquest. Trade, slaves, pirates, emigrants are characters of this tale, a story of love and separation, of ghosts and monsters, suddenly emerging in my vision, and disappearing afterwards. Images of distant lands, into the dark and into the light, enigmatic lines of the unconditional absoluteness of existence.

THRU SANDHYA is an ancient Sanskrit word, moment of transition between day and night, symbiosis instant with the elements, thought and reflection on the state of things.

THRU SANDHYA is a possible answer for the soul, an invitation to re-emerge from the bottom of the sea, to find air, rhythm, breath, again.

Be there, not anywhere else, transported, in transit, transformed. And finally understand.



Eric Bourret

By Pierre Parlant

In his *Valaisian Quatrains*, Rilke wrote these simple but striking lines: “In the sky full of attention, / here the earth recounts; / its memory surmounts it / in its noble mounts.” They are lines one cannot but think of when looking at the distinctive, powerful images that Eric Bourret brings back from his voyages into distant mountains, and which he puts before us here.

This artist’s work is certainly singular. It combines both the desire for photography and the asceticism inherent in weeks spent walking at high altitudes, in Ladakh or Zaskar, where, for years, he has been seeking out, discovering and contemplating, in the sky, epiphanies that he summons up in the form of astonishing images through the repeated effort of walking. Far from being just photographs, albeit impressively beautiful (as they are), these images also, if not first and foremost, attest to a subjective experience whose importance and significance go beyond their undeniable aesthetic efficacy.

Bourret, as he himself says, is a walker-photographer, or, better still, an “altitude pedestrian”. And these two practices—these two forms of existence—are inextricably bound up, correlated, conspiratorial. At this point, one might be forgiven for thinking that his equipment and its optical system, more than in the case of other photographers, play the role of a perceptual prosthesis for the recording of that which, between the Earth and the surrounding void, is invented in light, and is simultaneously, as a phosphorescent trace, shown to be a crucial moment in the lived duration of emerging consciousness.

A moment ago we mentioned Rilke. Now, to return to him: “[T]he earth recounts”, he wrote. But can we hear what it says? Let us look at

Bourret’s images. What is immediately striking is the undecidable apparition of which they are the theatre, starting with two elements whose infinitely fragile consistency concerns the void of the sky and the nebulosities that appear to occupy it. And the scintillation of the clouds is accentuated by the way they stand out against obscure density. Looking at them attentively, one begins to wonder about the logic from whence such a phenomenon might derive. Is it a question of the way in which blackness takes over the entire surface, to the point of inaugurating the absoluteness of night? Or, on the contrary, is it the pearly gleam of the nebulosities themselves, which, with their luminous, lacteal power, announce a victory over nothingness? In other words, do these images disclose the imminence of a closure whose tragic character is self-evident, or rather an imminent triumph of light? It is of course impossible to decide; and the force of the images results from this very impossibility. Here, what “the earth recounts” coincides with the uncertainty of a strange dialectic, forever unresolved on account of its being constantly renewed. A “memory”, as Rilke says, can ultimately find a place there; and the sky, “full of attention”, can display its ephemeral archive. Which is precisely what Eric Bourret delicately embraces, and shows.



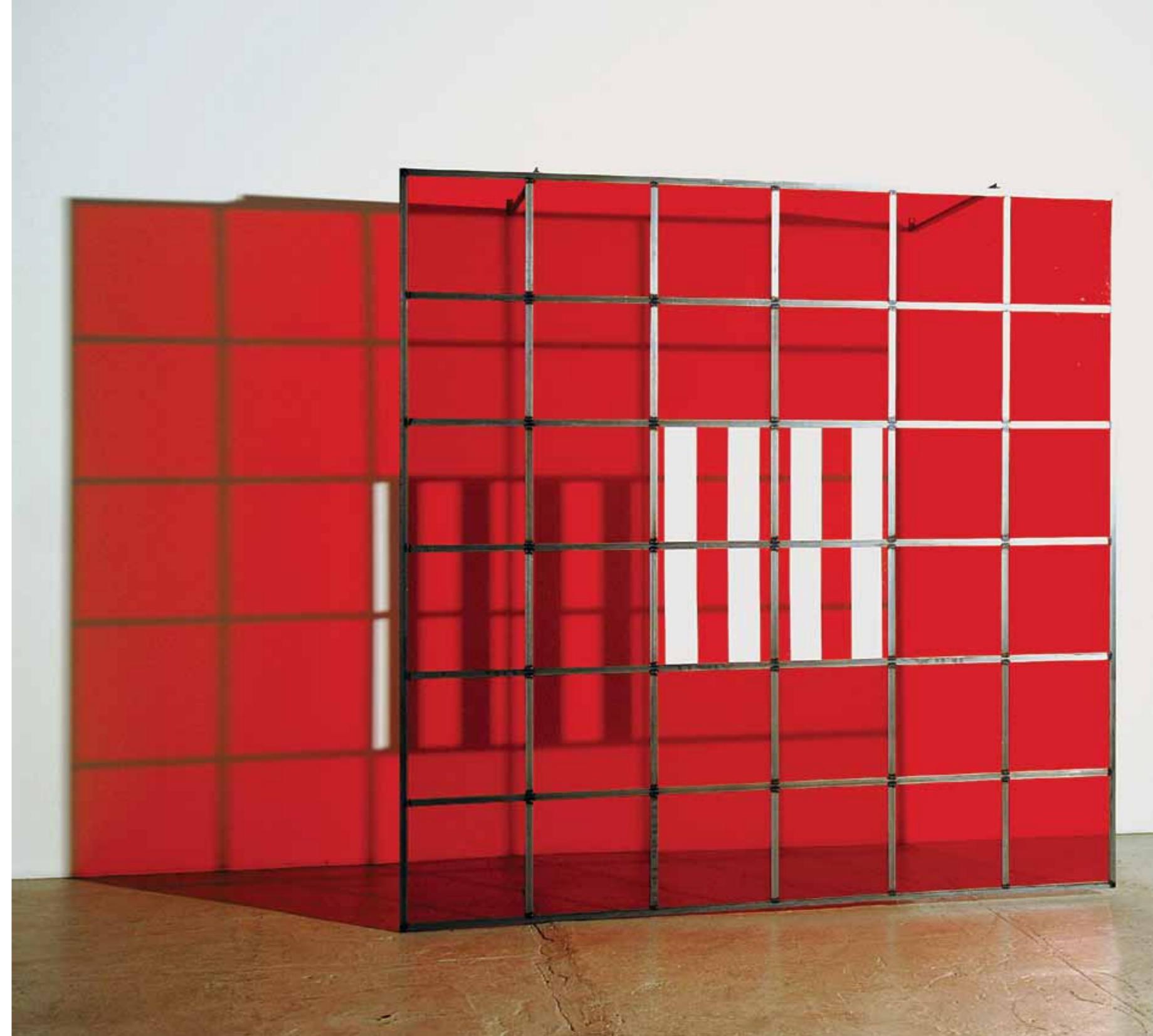
Daniel Buren

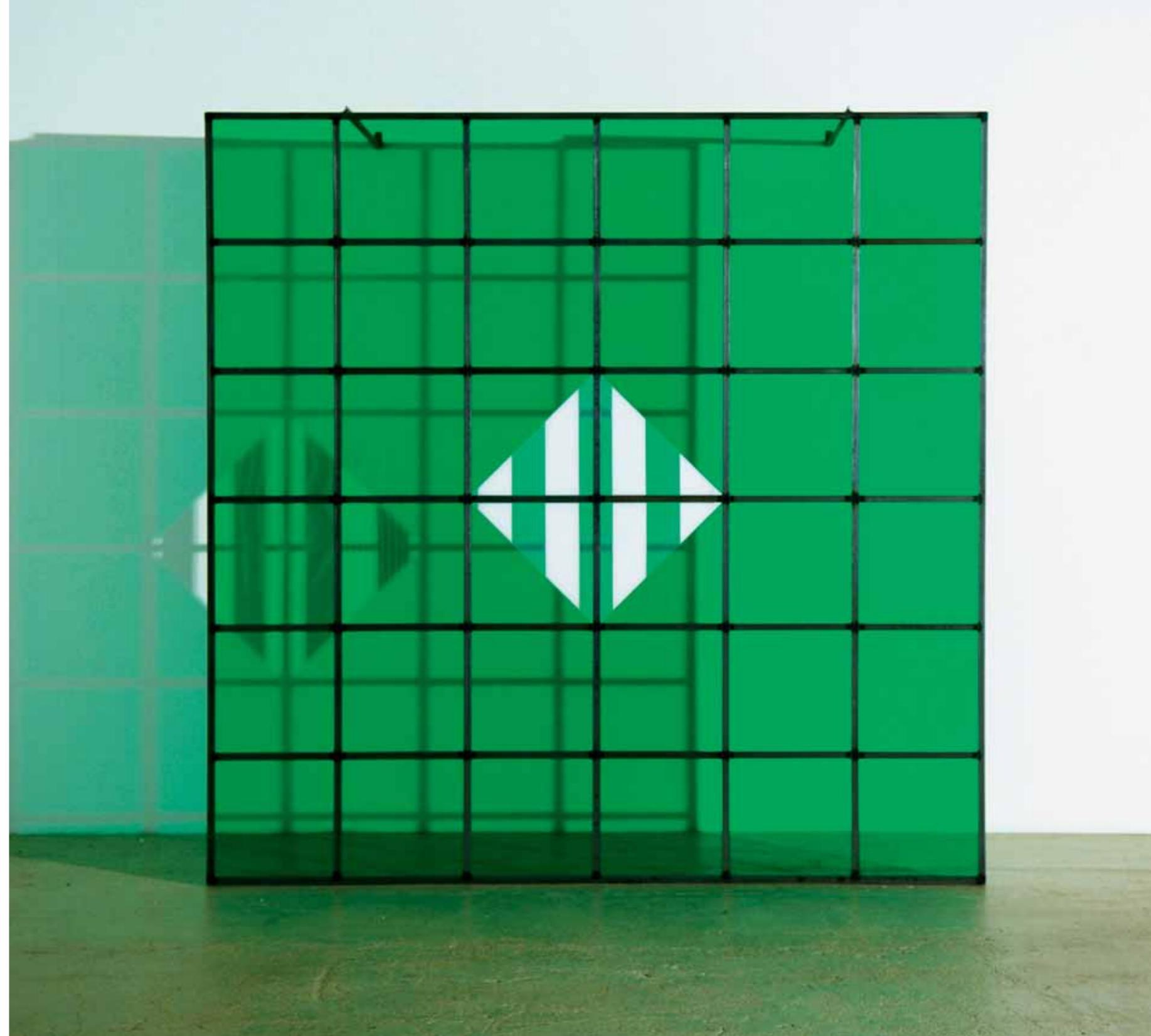
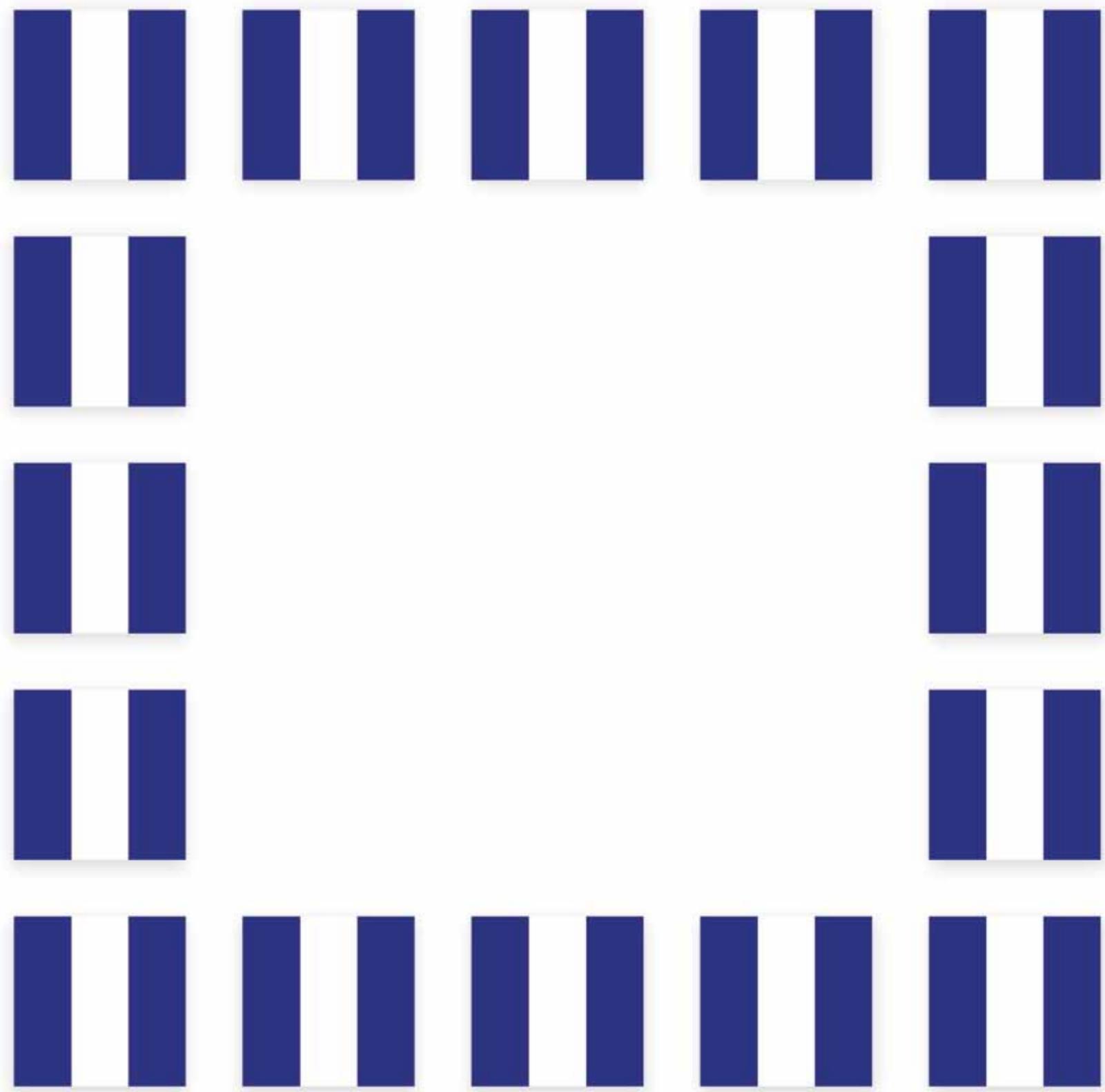
Since I started working, I have always been exceptionally interested in colour. Colour is the lively thinking in art. Colour is that, what cannot be said, and therefore a true part of the language of a visual object, without the possibility of another interpretation. It is even impossible, to define a colour in words. For example, you say “red”, but I do not know what type of red you are speaking about, and automatically I imagine a red, which has probably nothing to do with the red that you are referring to. And the more you are trying to come closer to this red through words, the more difficult it gets for you to present me with certainty this particular red of which you are speaking. Only the seeing of this colour in its dimensions and shapes can “speak” to me, without one word being said.

Since more than thirty years, as time is passing, I am developing a handling of colours, that originates from this conclusion—as good as I can and with various results. After working extensively with the deconstruction/construction of spaces in which I applied this colour directly on the walls, since several years, I am now trying to develop my research into the use of colour—still in spaces—but 3-dimensionally. For this I am often, but not systematically, using mirrors. Mirrors are not only a specific material, rather they are for me a colour—the colour of the things they reflect. On the other hand, a few years ago—with and without mirrors—I started to use colour that was floating in space, that changes the light and the environment in space—either by applying transparent coloured foil on glass plates “in situ”, through the direct use of coloured glass or coloured and transparent plexiglass. These diverse colours, which are installed in a space following special guidelines, on the basis of overlays, suddenly

and immediately new colours are constituted and mixed in the eye of the beholder, colours that in reality do not exist at all. Certain colours appear and disappear again, depending on how the viewer moves through space and changes his position. It is no longer “the painter”, who in a special way presents the results of his own colour mixes. Rather it is the viewer, who plays with these colours as he likes, on the basis of his special arrangement with these overlays, mixes and intersections and thereby can create the relations and nuances that appeal to him and in the end determine the work.¹

1. This text is a translation of an excerpt of Daniel Buren's interview with Eckhard Schneider, January 2001.





Stefano Canto

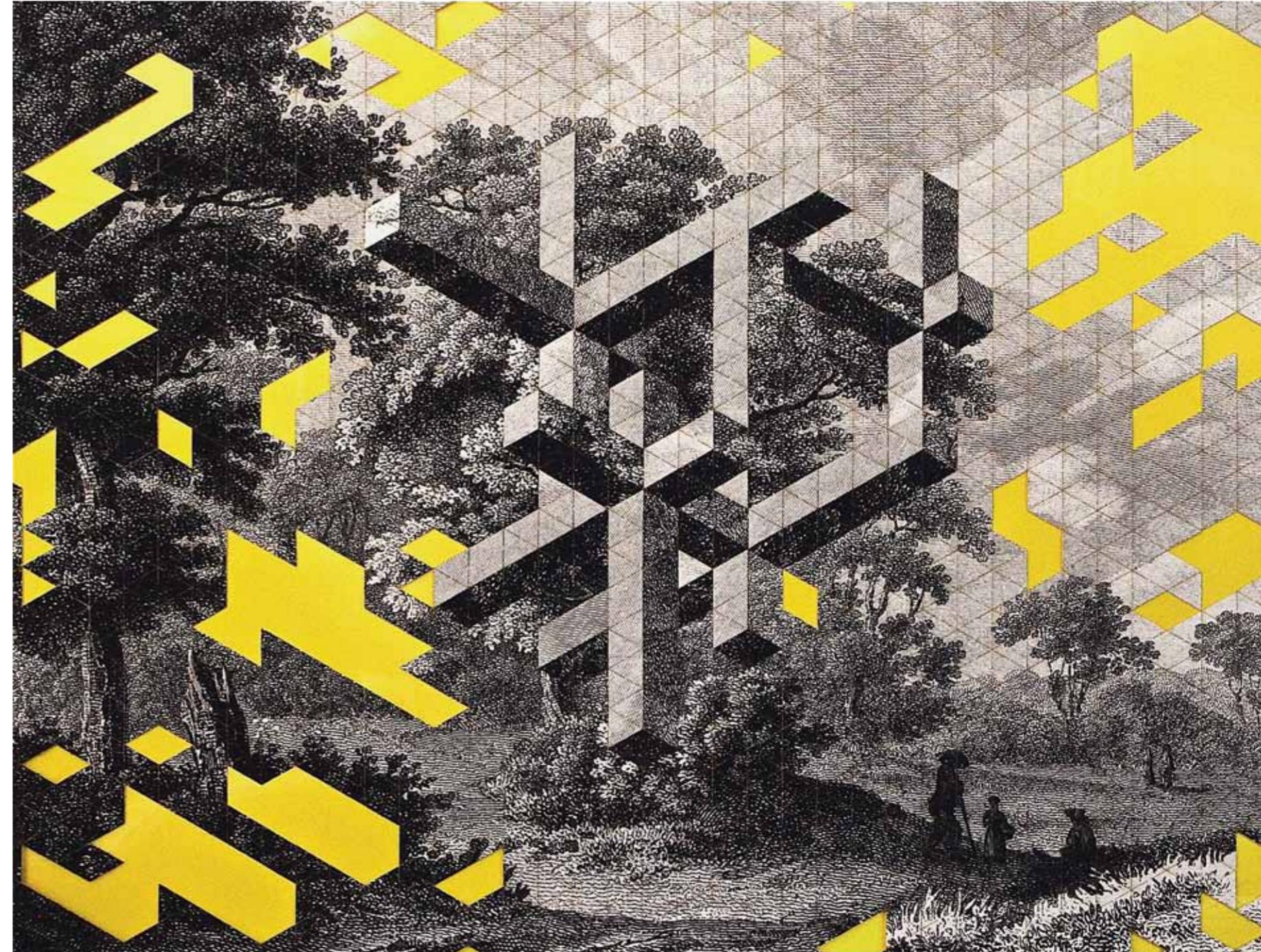
By Valentina Gioia Levy

Interactivity, surprise, critical dialogue with a given context—both physical and related to meaning—are common themes in Stefano Canto's works which often focus on the human and environmental conflicts which emerge in towns and in broader socio-geographical spaces. Often, the Italian artist focuses on the strong bond between transformations in the natural, urban and human landscape and the representation of the processes that have determined it in the present stage of human evolution.

Decomposition and re-composition are recurrent actions in his artistic practice. This modality—that is typical in Neoplasticism as in other movements that are much studied in recent times, like the Russian Constructivism—underlays the group of works, which could be re-titled with affectedness Re-composed Landscapes. These works comprise a series of antique prints on cotton paper representing natural landscapes, which have been laser-cutted, according to a strict repetitive triangular pattern. The landscape is therefore deconstructed into basic forms that evoke the fractal geometric patterns of Sierpinski or Richard Buckminster Fuller. Some of these triangular elements have been subsequently taken apart and reassembled, by hand, to build skeletons of architectural structures, which invade natural space and deconstruct it at the same time. The voids become full and the natural, unnatural. The original background images from a landscape are subject to a process of screening and measurement, in this way almost converting them into palimpsests of materials and elements of architectural construction, offering again a primordial mode of architectural operation that is used to single out locally available materials to build a man-made landscape

that, unequivocally, could only dialog and integrate with the original, natural one. Stefano Canto's research questions the concept of what the World Heritage Committee has defined as "cultural landscapes" which consist in a combination of works of nature and humankind. The geographer Otto Schlüter formally used the definition of "cultural landscape" as an academic term in the early 20th century. He defined two forms of landscapes: the *Urlandschaft* (original landscape) and the *Kulturlandschaft* (cultural landscape) that means a landscape shaped by human culture. According to the human geographer Carl O. Sauer: "culture is the agent, the natural area is the medium, the cultural landscape is the result".

Inspired by the observation of global socio-geographical changes, Stefano Canto digs into the story of landscapes that express a long and intimate relationship between peoples and their natural environment. It is the story of endless landscapes, which the artist runs through, calling certitudes into question and making the course of this process visible and almost didactic.



Norberto Carating

Life's Wefts and Warps

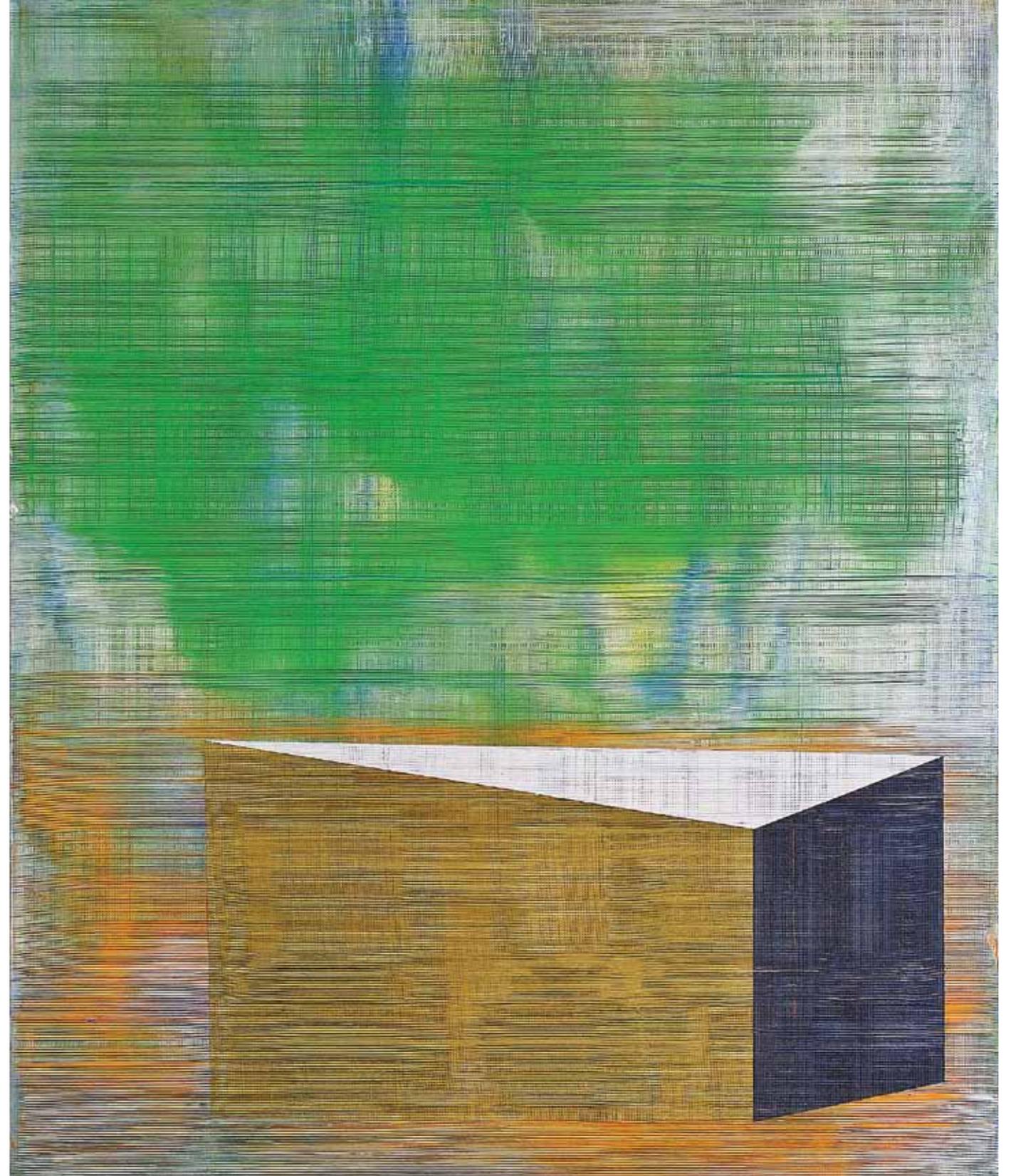
The linear horizontal and vertical grooves present in my paintings are appropriations of the idyllic European countrysides I saw in my travels. These awesome images got stuck in my mind. At the same time, the delicate linear patterns are almost reminiscent of the fragile crisscrossing of the wefts and warps in our *sinamay*, a stiff coarse open textile woven in the Philippines chiefly from abaca.

Nuancing textures foregrounds my art. With the use of what has become my identifying medium, i.e. metallic acrylic, I capture and explore with textures in my compositions. I generously apply layers of metallic acrylic to the canvas in almost concrete fashion like masonry. This way, they serve as slates for my textural inscriptions and incisions and thereby achieve a rarefied combination of antique, iridescent, dark and bright finishes.

I approach painting from a polyptych point of view. I join two or more panels together to create an imposing panorama of textured grooved of verticals and horizontals. My paintings provide not only physical but perceptual textures. The textures are perceptibly moving, even vibrating. I transform my pictorial field into grids, and appropriating the process of fresco painting, I work on my pictorial field *giornata* after *giornata*, favoring the *buono* rather than the *seco* technique. This way, I accomplish my linear patterns in one gestural sweep, without disruption or hesitation. When natural or artificial light falls on the works, they assume a multi-faceted visuality, often pulsating in the glow of light.

My paintings are mostly depictions of the various times and moods of the day. They empower my paintings with queries and responses, revelations and respites in well-appointed places. Whether in terms of color or in the stimulating juxtaposition of geometric shapes, I always make my pictorial field visually engaging.

I would like to think that my art is emblematic. It finds a cousin in mediaeval symbolism where the mystic language of geometry informs the sparse iconography. It foregrounds a worldview where I see the celestial and the corporeal as complementary axes. Through the scarce use of signs and symbols, a whole cycle is narrated, thus given life and incandescence.



Soojin Cha

My signature work uses embroidery in drawing, collage, and installation with a linear element. I explore the corporeality of thread in both two- and three-dimensional spaces. As a function of extending the traditional line, I embroider a variety of strings including thread, cord, wire, tube, rope, resin, leather, paper, and vinyl with delicate aplomb. Elegantly merging discordant materials, I achieve an aggregation between the physical and emotional upon a singular plane.

In earlier works, I concentrated on the wounding and healing of living things, based on my experience of what I refer to as ordinary days. Several series focus on the relationship between moments of pain and repair: its mechanisms being the same as creation and destruction in nature and ultimately, the natural process and activity of energy. My concept of energy and space is based on Eastern philosophy and modern physics.

My recent works convey the resonance of a wave inspired by the energy of organisms. Energy and its manifestations are not static or permanent, but dynamic and transitory. Thus, I express the energy of the wave metaphorically by using three-dimensional thread lines and the gesture of sewing maps to measure real space and structure.

My embroidery works refer to the relativity of time within the extension of space. Embroidery demonstrates the accumulation of time as a procedure that is inherent to its process. My progressive and active emotions and thoughts are preserved in the work as time advances and records the reiteration of the three-dimensional lines. My deft handling of embroidery holds cultural resonance as well as

exemplifies my heritage through the use of traditional Korean methodologies. The use of Korean embroidery highlights the influence of my culture while engaging with the past and the future.

The installation, *Eternal Protocol*, which spans the entire space of a room, requires an audience's active participation as viewers weave through the hanging hand-embroidered tube, threads, and wires of the expansive work. The work simultaneously addresses the physicality of the participant while light and shadow play with the ephemerality of the material.

My most recent work on canvas, *Eternal Incense*, embodies my energetic construction technique. These include threads that sweep up and around the energy on the panel, trailing off and expanding at turns. Vivid pastel hues serve as the backdrop for intense tones and flows, which conjure the perception of constant movement.

In my work, I seek to illustrate the creation and destruction of energy in the universe through a personal, social, and cultural lens.



Manohar Chiluveru

By Valentina Gioia Levy

Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?
“The Rock,” T.S Eliot

Possible Effects is an ongoing project of Manohar Chiluveru, which comprises a series of paintings, sculptures, site-specific installations, performance and discussion panels. According to the artist, this art project takes reference from history and everyday life in the age we are living in.

The first idea came to Chiluveru from a recent reflection upon the relationship between ignorance and wisdom, after he met the industrialist Mr. Akshay Munjal. When Mr. Munjal asked him “what is knowledge?” he started to think about the idea of ‘knowledge’ that he considers at the basis of any past and present civilizations all over the world.

Recently, the artist assisted to the creation of the 29th state of India, Telangana. The new State, which is located in the south of the Indian sub-continent, was born in July 2014 after a struggle lasted 60 years. Originally, the Telangana region was a part of the Nizam’s princely state of Hyderabad. In 1948, central government of India put an end to the rule of the Nizams and created an independent state, but in 1956 this was merged with the Andhra Pradesh state. The Telangana people were against this decision especially because they feared job losses, on the base of the fact that education level and development in Andhra were higher than in Telangana region. Despite many other important reasons were claimed by the population in order to support the creation of an independent state, culture-knowledge-wisdom-education were all focal points of the battle.

These important facts strongly influenced Chiluveru’s work. Ignorance can be as destructive as a nuclear explosion. The artist has recently says. Ignorance can be noticed in simple daily aspects of life, in not getting a proper education, or maintaining good health or in not protecting environment and the effects of ignorance in these simple things could be huge.

Manohar Chiluveru’s practice ranges from painting to sculpture, site-specific installation, performance and video. Generally, his site-specific installations explore the relationship between individual identity, social relationships and global changes. Like primate cavemen lost on the edge of a transmuting world, the life-size figurative sculptures of Chiluveru remind us of the danger of living in a hyper-modernizing world. Nuclear risks, social inequality, illiteracy and ignorance, loss of social cohesion, are all issues which he explores in his project. Human history has received devastating lessons from the past. He also said. Invention of Nuclear weapons is an application of knowledge but the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a question of Wisdom.

Possible Effects is an attempt to rethink about ignorance’s consequences upon the human existence through time and space. According to the artist, since every human action is a Possible Effect, it is our choice as individuals to decide what kind of Effect we want to be. War takes place between humans, but there is a constant, silent war between Man and Earth. There are 196 countries in the world today, all attempting to “advance” as nation-states and with individual greed at it’s highest, the carbon footprint and destruction of natural resources is at an all-time high. What could be the potential long-term damage to the Earth and rest of the species on the earth? Imagine Earth as self, self as earth, how would we look at it and how would we treat it?



Paul Ching Bor

Roots and contrasts

My work keeps circling around the intriguing center of my life, New York City. New York has it all and reflects the currencies and tensions of the world in a dynamic and intense manner.

The city reflects in a way both spirited and painful the origin and background of its inhabitants. Global conflicts culminate in its center, destroying self—evident truth as well as confidence.

The way I use water medium is rooted in thousands-years-old Asian traditions and contrasts to the use of the medium close to sketch.

My artworks are constructed from many layers and reworkings. The paint acquires a life of his own through spraying and scratching. Washing and smearing destroy, remove, alter and reinvent what has already been found. But what seems to have been lost remains in the structure of the surface.

The genesis of my pictures accordingly reflects the fragmentation and turmoil of their subjects.

Water is one of the starting materials of our life. It forms the land and etherealizes into the air, and its materialization leads the pigments of my colors and forms the meandering flow of realization while I work.

Imbuing the paper, water enables both transparency and transcendence in one act of creation.



Glen Clarke

By Rajesh Punj

A History of Violence

There is an impressive complexity of paper and pattern that constitute the work of artist Glen Clarke. As a heady cocktail of politics, economics and aesthetics are neatly folded into each of the origami styled cannon of his works; in order to create these symmetrical configurations of banknotes and thread. That when pinned together, layer upon layer, note upon note; become the intricate detail for a much larger mosaic styled image. Which from a measured distance prove utterly compelling. And when given to examining Clarke's works with a forensic eye, they read like the DNA for a coded reality of a greater set of truths. That are as destabilising as they might well appear decorative.

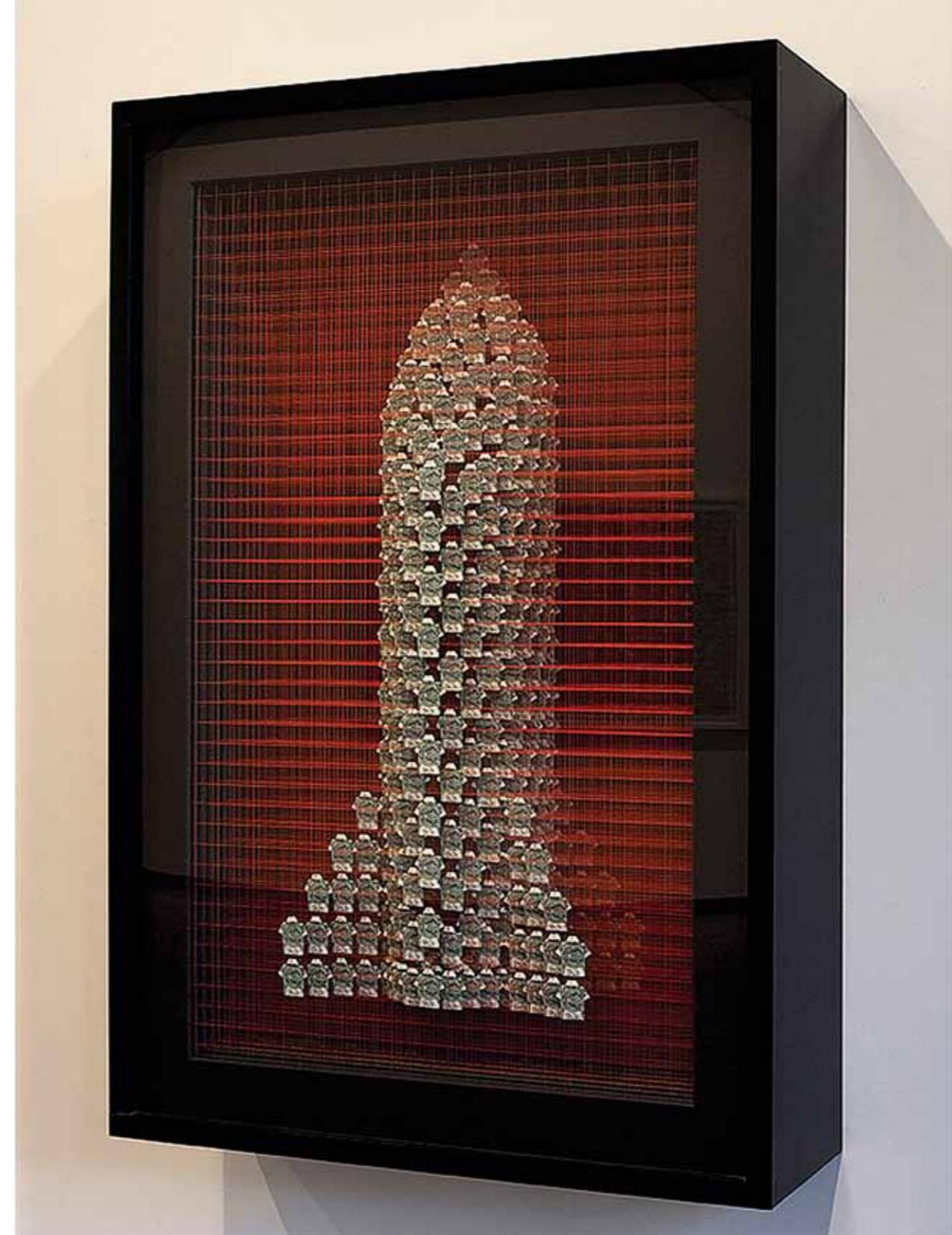
For Clarke detail is as much about the universe, as it is the anatomical elements holding all things together. Which he explains as a calculated appraisal of the "spaces once occupied" by material form. "I was trying to determine and promote an awareness of our physical relationship to objects in space." As he seeks "to understand the relationship between objects." And of how such architectonic details can be unsettled entirely by the intervention of uncivilised wars. Permitting the devastation and damage of landscapes under occupation. Where we might all concentrate entirely on the actions of the populous, as they seek to defend themselves from the bombardment of battle; Clarke draws attention to how such devastation can transform the solemnity and silence of a landscape beyond repair.

Unearthing details in the dirt, that act as the catalyst for his work; Clarke is interested in a lunar landscape of man-made 'voids', 'craters'

and 'explosions', that have been fashioned by internal and external wars historically. As Clarke is absorbed by how such critical conditions come to alter space entirely. Domestic, social, political; space is the favoured currency of conflict. In which countries create their own refugees, and a growing state of unease allows for a temporary infrastructure that serves to promote one set of ideas over another. Thus such a history of violence, regional and international, constitutes an archive of misshapen memories that alters the lives of the living.

Significantly for Venice, Clarke envisages introducing a work born of *Project Renew* that he has been actively involved with since 2000. Based in Vietnam, *Project Renew* is dedicated entirely to educating the populous of 'mine risk awareness', and of the consequences of the ignorance of living with such explosives for many years thereafter. As new generations seek to cultivate and culture the unsettled landscape for their own purposes, Clarke sees the collateral creativity of his new works for Venice are an emotional reflection of his "distain for cluster bombs", and the media's "lack of interest in a conflict not determined by an interest in oil".

Artist as humanitarian, Clarke intends to draw attention to the impossible politics of conflict and of its repercussions upon the lives of the individual; and for Venice he talks entirely of the space, negotiating everything in terms of his forensic interest in the situation and circumstances that have allowed him to transpose a critical and well researched work onto the biennale stage.



Michael Cook

Provenance

Exploring socio-political themes in post-colonial Australia, the photographic series *Provenance* combines historical research with personal experience of people with patriarchal and elitist views. The new series unfolds in five panels, designed for display in the distinctly Venetian setting of Palazzo Mora. A million miles away, Australia is not without its imported architecture and customs. Shot on location at Labassa, a 19th century National Trust property in Melbourne, an aesthetic mimicry is apparent.

As in other faraway places, the culture of the 'old world' was deposited without regard for its suitability to the landscape and climate, and with complete disregard for the Indigenous inhabitants, who had many millennia on the new arrivals. My contemporary telling of the impact uses images of arresting contrasts to convey a slice of Australia's history that's still with us today, and translates to a shared experience of minorities the world over.

I've recreated fanciful dinner party scenes, where each image leads to the next, forming a narrative which turns divisions—class, gender, colour—on their head. The commentary rests in quirks of pose, dress and status by the characters in play.

The role reversal sees Indigenous subjects interacting with people as props; the once elite, recast as objects. From the perspective of the controlling subject, an object doesn't exist for its own satisfaction and gets no sense of achievement from its inherent 'use'.

The 'object' is doomed to serve, the subject void of feelings of discomfort and guilt. Empathy is impossible if one cannot identify with the abused, so slavery averts its eyes to people's distress.

The boredom of privilege creates a rupture—a disconnect with reality. Status is taken for granted, it doesn't humble, or satisfy. The subject is hollow, like the grand surroundings in which they're positioned. Even the pampered pooch 'serves'—pets a narcissistic vehicle for the ruling classes to demonstrate 'charitable ownership'.

Exaggerating how early high societies perceived foreign cultures highlights a lack of understanding and interest in the breadth and depth of difference. Such assumption of superiority led to the kind of wholesale pillage that is still apparent in the current sociological gap between different racial groups.

I never aim to offend, as offence risks a defensive ignorance. I aim to shock, because that kind of buzz can get a person thinking. Thinking of disrespect, of history, of divisions in society. Shock is a little slower, but more effective in the long-term, so while inequality exists, I'll pursue an art that highlights human bias and challenges my audience's interaction with the work, and society at large.



Karlyn De Jongh

28 March 2015—Saalbach, Austria

14:15

This is my work:

I visually express my thoughts by applying material on a surface, for a certain moment of time. I write my thoughts (thoughts about time, life, or simply about what just happened, whatever occupies me at that moment) and choose colours as they fit to what I am thinking. Intuitively, I choose the colour and write my thoughts in a manner that—in my opinion—fits to that particular moment. Sometimes fast, sometimes slow, small, large, wild, careful, with pain, pleasure, freedom etc. In this moment, I express who I am.

The moment lasts as long as it lasts. It lasts as long as I need to express my thoughts of that moment. The moment starts when I decide it starts. The moment ends when I am finished—this is a feeling, when there are no new thoughts and momentarily I have nothing left to say.

It is not determined by visual reasons, by reasons of beauty or visual liking of the work. I visually like my work, but that is a judgement that comes (if at all) after I finished the work and look at what I made.

Always it is a moment of honest expression, reflection and action.

Although a moment can be very short, and seems that it has no meaning, decisions taken in an instant can reach very far and can have a huge impact on the way a life goes.

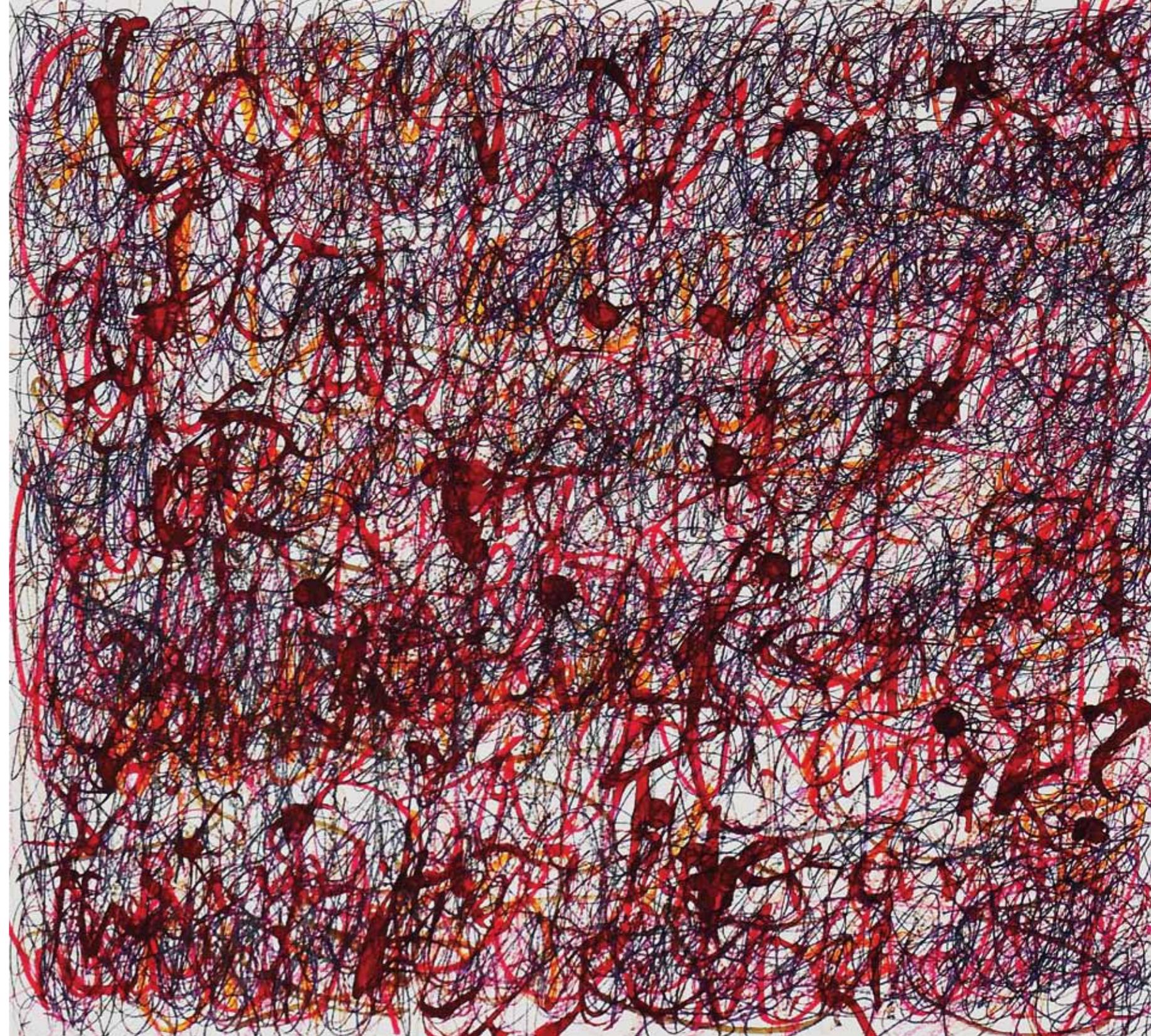
While writing, my thoughts become 'reality'. During this process, I am aware. Everything I write, leaves the hiddenness or secrecy of my brain, and is there for anybody to read.

While making the work, my thoughts become objectified. They become accessible, and as expressions of my being, I want them to be true. I mean: not only the chosen words should be true expressions of my thoughts—true, at least for the moment that I was thinking them. I also want to be true to myself. The thoughts themselves should be sincere and true—giving as little as possible room for false thoughts. Complete honesty to myself, with all the consequences it may have. Without fear of what I am really thinking.

While expressing my thoughts and emotions, I reflect. I correct myself. I have set certain guidelines for my life and when I notice that my emotions are not conform these guidelines, I correct myself and force myself to 'better'. I do the same while making statements about whatever is the subject in this moment. And after the moment ends, I try to act in this manner, take the consequence.

All these reflections, corrections, actions, are expressed in writing. Whatever I thought in this moment, is written in the work.

This moment is a moment of full concentration. I am simultaneously (or almost simultaneously, as there is probably a fraction of a second difference) in my thoughts and on the paper. Besides my mind, my hands, my materials, I do not really perceive anything. However, it is there and has influence.



I need my body to express my thoughts and my physical condition determines in great extent how I think. It probably also determines the length of the moment itself. However, usually after I finished, I feel energized. Like a new, fresh start, a chance.

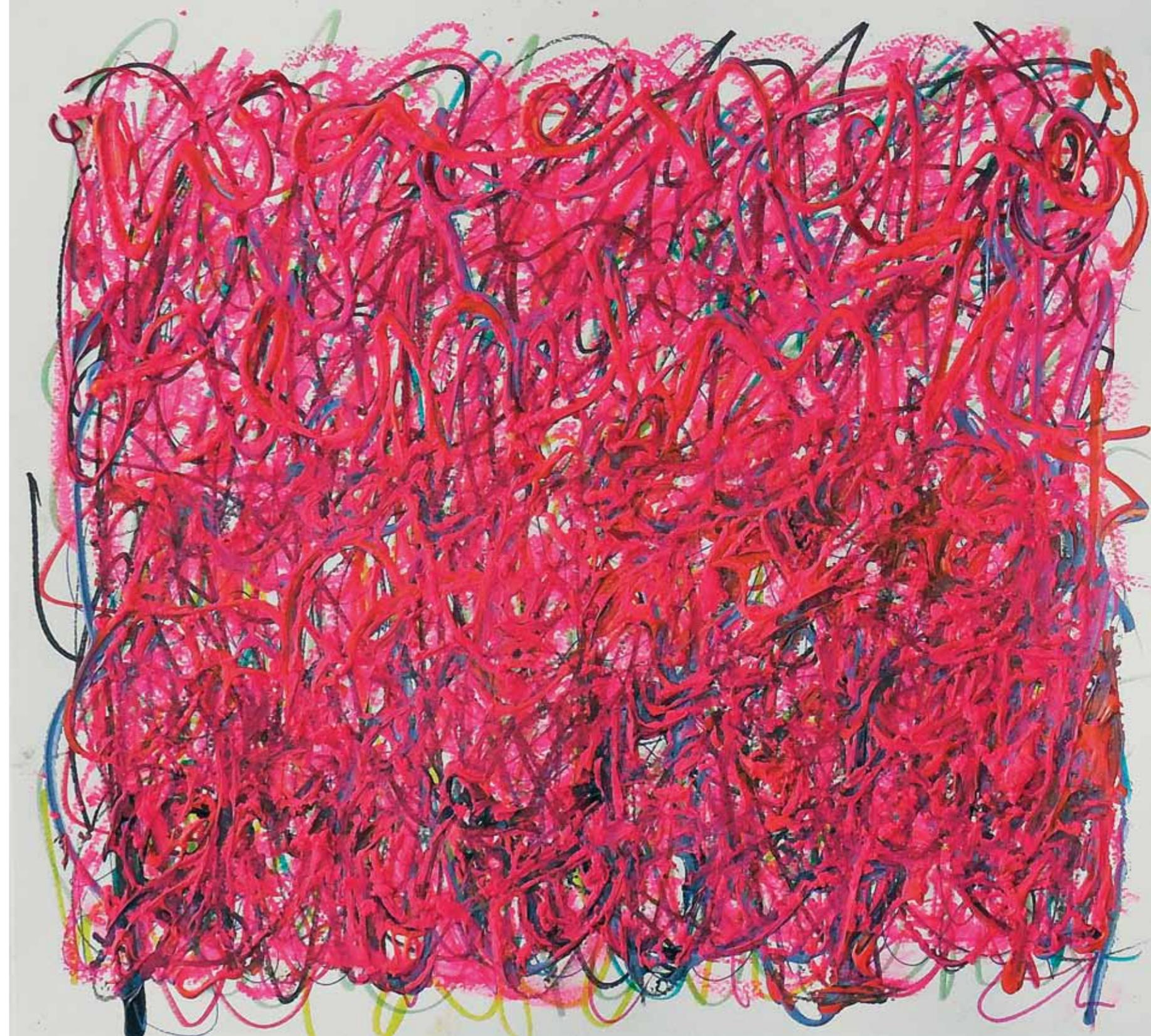
I sometimes have difficulties to find the right word. Then I don't wait too long, but just choose one that is close-by, one that may not be so accurate, just so that I can move on. Waiting too long can also 'break' the moment.

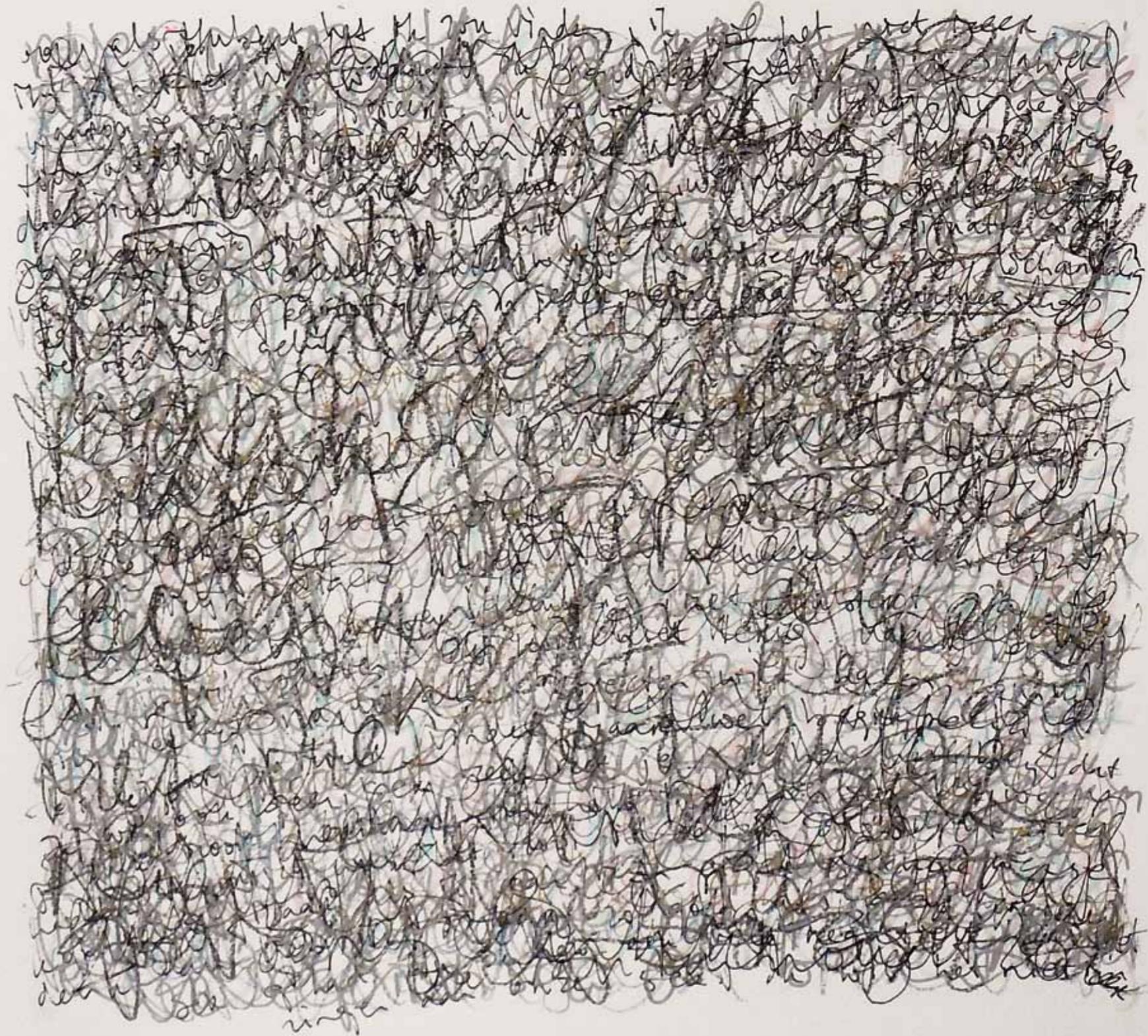
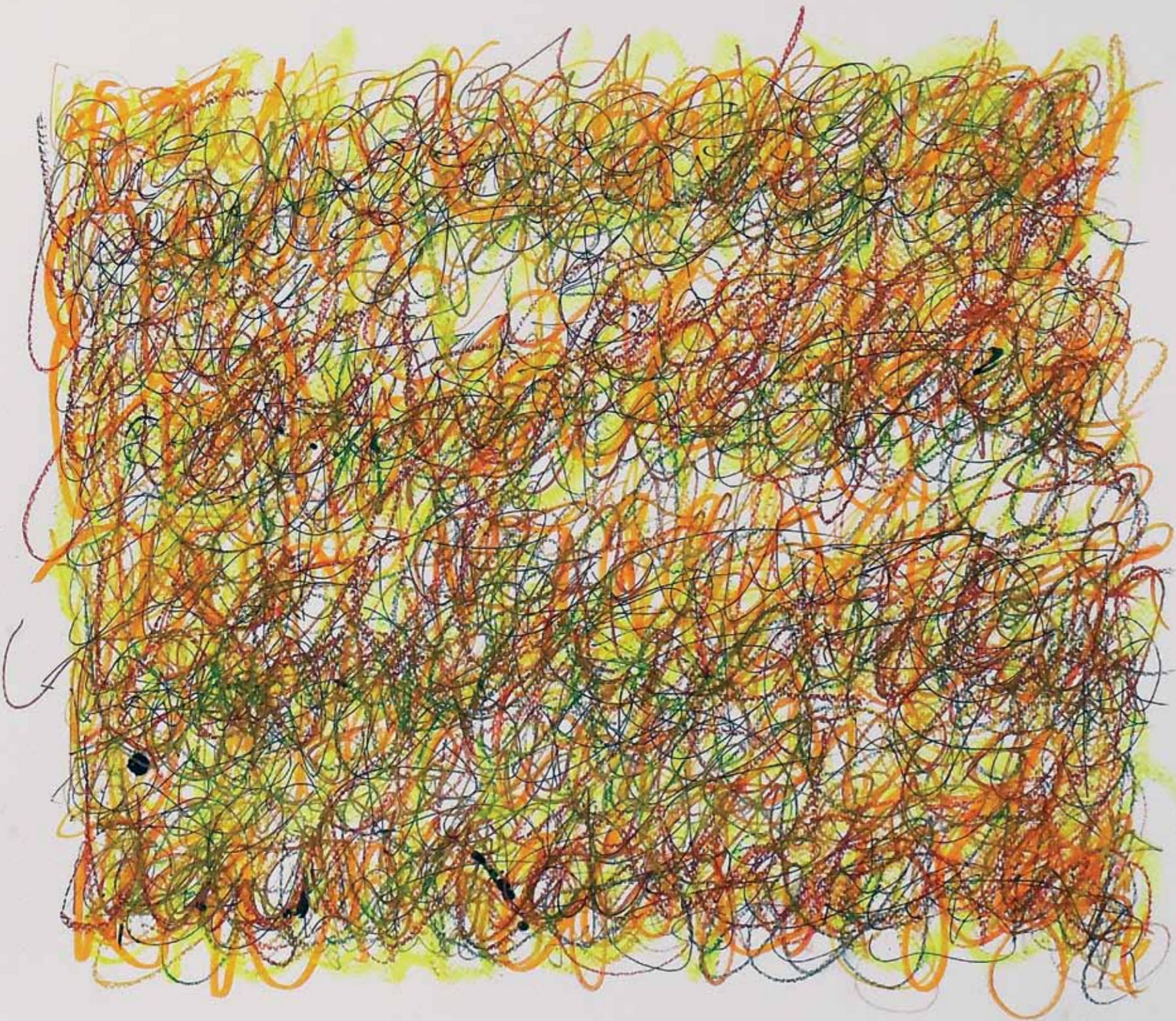
The moment itself. It is maybe only a short moment, but when I am in this moment, I do not have a time experience. If I must say something, then it feels 'timeless' or 'forever'. I do think that this moment is strongly influenced by past and future, as my thoughts come from 'somewhere'. It 'starts' in a certain way, because I am occupied with something.

Maybe the moment feels 'endless', because only that exists (those thoughts) that I can still remember. Everything else is gone. The thoughts that I wrote before, at a certain point, I cannot read them back anymore—not like in this text. With that, it may also point to the linearity of time: everything that passed, has passed and will not come back. Although the moment may feel timeless or 'forever', the minutes are ticking away. This lived time never returns. That is one of the reasons why I want to keep moving.

I used to take 'the day' as the starting point of my work. But I noticed that actually, the day is too long to express as a moment of time. I am here-and-now. I am in this moment. This moment can take a day, or longer or shorter, but it is more simplified, reduced, to keep to the moment. A clear cut. One. It is not a predetermined time-frame, because it is not framed, at least not by guidelines outside of me. 'The moment' is free, more floating and has nothing to do with social structures. With regard to my work, it is entirely personal.

16:16





herman de vries

by karlyn de jongh & sarah gold

28 - 30 july 2014
steigerwald, germany

karlyn de jongh: herman, we are sitting here together in the middle of the steigerwald, germany, and are looking at your text piece “all in one one in all”, carved into a stone. when we first approached you to do this personal structures art project with us and make our special edition book, one of the first things you said was that you would like the book to be printed in the typeface “futura”. also “all in one one in all” is in this typeface. i have the feeling that you like this font not only for its visual appearance, but also for its reference to time, future. what does the future mean to you?

herman de vries: in first instance, i think it means expectation. expectation and hope.

kdj: yesterday, you told me about a conversation you once had with roman opalka and that you said to him that in your opinion time does not exist. if you believe that, can you still believe in a future? can you make a ‘division’ of time in past, present and future?

hdv: well, you notice that you exist from one moment to the next. you have a view on the past. and you have an expectation regarding the future, that everything will continue to exist from moment to moment. the distance between then and now shifts together inside of me. it is present in you and me. time is no longer present in what has been given. it all comes back in the now.

kdj: in your art you deal with change, with processes. this change can be seen by comparing different moments in time. for me, seeing this change is actually one of the arguments for thinking that time does exist.

it seems that with the same argumentation, both of us come to a totally different conclusion.

hdv: time is an idea. it is a construction that is visible through these processes, but it exists only now. our existence is only now. we only expect that the process of our existence is also there after this moment. but that is really only an expectation. maybe what i try to indicate with these processes, is what other people call ‘time’. but time does not exist in the way that a tree exists.

kdj: this expectation seems to have a lot to do with relying on the future: trusting that i will still be alive tomorrow.

hdv: yes, but until now it was always the case. ‘until now’ is also a notion of time. we always work with terms related to time. the only thing that exists is this instant. i always like how huxley put it: “this timeless moment.”

kdj: when we are looking at, for example, this stone here, it has a past. in your opinion, is this past also present within this moment?

hdv: the stone exists and we know that it comes from the past. we can expect that it will also exist later on. but this part of the process is coming to an end. but we can also expect that if we would return here tomorrow, the stone will look approximately the same. maybe it will look a little different, if it rains tonight, or if there will be wind and a tree falls on top of it, the stone will look different tomorrow. it will always be slightly different. it is not the case, that everything will be the same.

we humans like to keep everything the same, in order to function and be able to count with things we actually have no real influence on. present is



the process. that is the only thing that exists. you could say this process runs in time. that is a method to gain control over this process. however, essentially we are always only here. we are only within this instance. we can only hope that we will also be there in the next instance.

maybe, one day or another, i will get a heart attack and suddenly i will be gone. once i was in a botanical garden in the netherlands. the weather was quiet, but all of a sudden i heard an enormous noise: a tree trunk was hit and fell down only 50 meters away from where i was standing. if i would have been sitting there, i would probably not have survived. it was unexpected. or something can happen here in this forest. maybe a hunter mistakenly confuses me with a deer. these things are unlikely, but for sure they can happen. then the process (in this case my life) will end.

our future is predictable on our expectations. i live in the security of my expectation. but they are only chances, no security. it is only an image which i use in order to exist. the security does not exist. actually, i live in insecurity.

kdj: you have chosen a tranquil place to live and you spend a lot of your time in nature. the village in which you live, there does not seem to happen much. was it a conscious choice to live here? does that bring you a certain security?

hdv: that only incidentally has something to do with it. actually, i need a quiet place to ponder and to peacefully make my work. i need to think about my work and quietly reduce it to what i consider to be essential, nothing superfluous. it is nice when you can do that on your own, in all quietness. of course, you can also work within a team, but a situation where you are constantly in contact with all sorts of people through telephone and internet, that is a situation in which i do not really like to live. i like to live on a relative distance, and to concentrate on the things that are essential for me. this attitude can also have negative consequences, financial consequences. once, i had shut down my telephone, because i wanted to have more peace and quietness. after two years, i had to reconnect my telephone, because i noticed that my earnings had dropped to a level where i would no longer be able to survive. in that period, i received telegrams saying "please, call me".

kdj: that seems to show also a wish to freedom. free from everything...

hdv: yes, freedom! the freedom to do and not do what you think is necessary. not the freedom to do nothing—although that would of course also be allowed, every human has his own importances.

kdj: one of the words out of the title of this book is 'joy'. are you happy or satisfied with your life?

hdv: yes, most of the time. most of the time the choices that i made were the right ones for me.

sarah gold: when i hear your stories, it seems that you have always gone through life in a very delightful way, enjoying every moment, sometimes with the use of drugs.

hdv: originally mainly with medicines, later in a delightful way. cannabis for example, helps me to set my thoughts free from all these everyday things. it helped me to set my mind free to develop new ideas for my art. its downside comes the next day, when you still remember your ideas—which is not always the case—you also have to think about whether they are really what you wanted. you can think many things that are useless, or not realizable. but cannabis helped me a lot in bringing myself to new ideas and thoughts and to develop a philosophy.

back then, i sat behind my small desk and read all sorts of texts that interested me, especially upanishads, this indian philosophical literature, the books about forest. i never studied in a systematic way. i am not a person who works systematically. i always go back and forth and orientate myself on everything. i always have to find my way through this chaos of information. this way of working also opens possibilities.

ludwig wittgenstein describes this in his "philosophische bemerkungen": when he focusses his thoughts on a particular subject, he comes to a standstill. he always has to go back and forth. that is random research, i would say. one has to come across a certain thought. when you look for it, you cannot find it. that is also what i liked so much about the story lee ufan told you, which i read in your book "lee ufan: encounters": when he was searching for a stone for an exhibition many years ago, he could not find any stones; you have to come across a stone.



kdj: you have described your work as an act of presenting. this reminded me also of wittgenstein, when he speaks about ostensive definitions: defining what a tree is, by showing or presenting a tree.

hdv: yes, he is asking the question “what is a tree?” and if it is at all possible to define something. our language is a dualistic system. it is always this and that, yes and no. that is our language. and through our words we divide our experience into unities, so that we can speak about it. at the same time, that is a separation.

sg: because you describe your experience, you leave parts out?

hdv: yes, i always have this problem when i want to give something a title. i give a title, but then i think of another title which could also very well be possible. it happened that i had eight different titles for one and the same work. then you can better leave it. then you realize how limited you are. you give a possibility to understand something, but at the same time you exclude something else. that is why it is much better to just say: “look, here.”

of course, i do use language.

kdj: in a way, with your work you also seem to make a selection: this leaf i show and that one i keep lying in the forest. or, for example, with your grass works “part”, you make a selection: you take this particular cut and not another piece of grass.

hdv: yes, that is where i saw it. that is where i perceived it. now i give others the possibility to also perceive it. i say only very little about it.

i make a selection. that is my perception. that is my choice. that is private, personal. it is something that i cannot go around, something that i cannot escape. you cannot select a part out of reality, without it being a personal choice. or it has to be a random choice. i have also made works like that. the grey book “a random sample of the seeings of my beings” [2010] is an example of the random sampling of our being, and of that what we perceive. my perception and therewith the world in which we are operating, is part of my being. it belongs to my ‘i’. when i look at this here, this is part of my ‘i-moment’ [ich augenblick]. this biotope i like more than a city

biotope. why do i go there? that is where the museums and galleries are. they provide me with communication!

kdj: many artists who we meet for our project “personal structures” speak about life-time. it seems that you speak more about life-space, as you did for example in your book “to be” where you make a connection between your identity and your “life-space”. i thought this was interesting, as you seem to identify yourself more with space than with time.

hdv: life-space is the space in which i operate. life-space. life-time is something else. i used to be a heavy asthma patient. i lost this asthma in an lsd-trip. i used to have a life expectancy of 50 years. thanks to lsd, i will now be able to represent the netherlands at the 2015 venice biennale.

with a life expectation of 50 years, i never believed in a long future for myself. i always thought of a short term future, always looking ahead for a maximum of a few years. i never thought: “i will do that when i retire.” that is a thought that never occurred to me, because i never looked ahead that far. because i never looked so far ahead, my feeling for time intervals is probably different than for other people.

this stone “all in one one in all” is almost totally covered by algae now. it is very beautiful. i like it that it disappears like that. “one in all” almost totally blends into the world of mosses.

kdj: in thirty years from now this text will probably be totally covered. your text may no longer be visible and the work may be forgotten. how do you see the future of your artworks?

hdv: yes, most likely. you have to make a decision: do i want to keep it free? or do i let it develop the way it is doing now, that nature takes over? when i see the work like this, i cannot free it from these mosses. i have to let it be. i know that soon the text will be gone. maybe in two or three hundred years there will be some archeologists here in the steigerwald, and they discover my work. and they will be surprised: a text in english in the steigerwald! if there would be any archeologists then...



Iris Dostal

Iris Dostal's works move in a space-time continuum wherein they deny a specific beginning or end of physical and temporal perception and address questions concerning the artistic process—questions overarching artistic spaces. Her work cancels out the two-dimensionality of painting, using abstraction mechanisms to make a transition into the third dimension.

When Iris Dostal paints, she seizes upon personal moments of a reality derived from experiences along the frontiers of perception—experiences demanding expressive articulation. Her painterly gesture refers to accumulating strata of consciousness, to levels of awareness and sensation; on the canvas, these strata visualise moments of the non-visual. Layers of monochrome two-dimensional repartition beg the question of where reality borders on illusion.

Walter Seidl

Moments of transition from one to the other, from that which is shapeless or chaotic to that which has shape; from that which is diffuse and unknown to that which is tangible and can be experienced and felt—and vice versa, without any claim to completeness or truth. The thresholds and limits of our realities are transformed into spaces that can be consciously perceived as the product of a highly concentrated state of awareness and intense examination. Thus, Iris Dostal creates places formed by the artistic process per se. Her condensation of information and time confronts the viewer with a spectrum of possibilities rather than with pre-defined meanings.

Amorphous and geometrical structures: For Iris Dostal, rectilinear and curved shapes are basic structures which she juxtaposes or interweaves in order to create spaces characterised by either contrast or dissolution. Her work is characterised by interdependent poles retaining their independent shapes.

Sabrina Möller



Jayne Dyer & Wayne Warren

It's closing time for gardens of the west

Never yield to remorse, but at once tell yourself: remorse would simply mean adding to the first act of stupidity a second.¹

*The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*² follows the protagonist's attempts to correct his mistakes when given a chance to relive his past. He discovers that human choices tend to be mechanical, and to change the outcome of one's actions is extremely difficult. Are we doomed to repeat the same mistakes over and over? In the final chapter the shocking realization of the nature of existence, and its consequences, alludes to Nietzsche's theory of eternal recurrence, and is the platform for *It's closing time for gardens of the west*.

It's closing time for gardens of the west presents a blueprint to a possible future world... We are taken out of the everyday and enter into a disruptive phenomenological space, that offers a reflection on the long term effects of human behavior in relation to a global environment with dwindling natural resources.

Our installation is ironic and evasive, reflecting on the underlying dualities and ambivalences that influence decisions and actions. It has both associative utopian and dystopia references, and presents conflicting notions of continuity and rupture, stability, collapse, suspension, preservation, transience, time and materiality.

We have a working relationship that shares a curiosity in archetypes that have an aspirational historical context and precedent; and are particularly interested in the currency of the tower, the wing and the knot.

To Matthew Wells tall towers are built with an idealism and a symbolic value; an aspect of the sublime.³ Historically the tower,

minaret and spire have stretched buildings skyward. The contemporary version, a seemingly weightless skyscraper, can simultaneously invoke contrary senses of timelessness, awe and progress. But skyscrapers are greedy. Supported on massive foundations; they are resource heavy monoliths that use vast amounts of steel, concrete and glass, with a high end utilities upkeep that suck resources dry.

The wing is an irresistible motif, it propels us into the future, whatever that future might be. Rapture? Apocalypse? the wing plunges us headlong somewhere, and time, progress, history are forces that we cannot halt or perhaps even adequately represent.

Think of an intractable problem. Imagine ways to disentangle this impossible knot. To 'cut the Gordian knot' means discovering a bold solution to a complicated problem. What if the knot remains steadfastly intact....?

This century has a peculiar resonance, akin to a discordant music score. Notions of pure form that embody the fundamental characteristics of a thing; or a collectively-inherited unconscious idea or pattern of thought just don't hold water as structures are built to fall apart, borders are increasingly ambiguous and nature is pushed to the point of dissolution, and at its extreme, destruction. We ask: is human endeavour engineered to fail? Consider a skewed tower, an odd, almost mutant wing form, an inexplicable sliver of pure white light, an unwieldy knot, strange tubes that spew unidentified but darkly uncomfortable things—as we reflect on our implicated relationship with an increasingly frail environment.

1. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Wanderer and his Shadow*, 1880, p323

2. P. D. Ouspensky, *The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*, 1915

3. Matthew Wells, *Skyscrapers: structure and design*, 2005





Carole A. Feuerman

Durga Ma

The Hindu goddess Durga inspired me to create my monumental painted bronze sculpture called *Durga-Ma*. Timeless in many cultures, she is revered as the mother of the universe. In my sculpture I portray her sitting in complete tranquility upon the sacred Lotus Flower. I present her with balance, power, and determination. She is a figure with immense presence. Durga's symbolism, coupled with the flower, which opens in the morning after three days of being closed, is the story of life. The flower triumphs above murky waters and blossoms into a symbol of elegance and beauty. Through life's repetition, the lotus flower tells the story of birth and rebirth. A single lotus has the potential to live for over a thousand years, blossoming into life as the seasons come and go. Withstanding that which Mother Nature throws its way, the Lotus Flower also represents survival, a theme I sculpt repeatedly.

Leda and the Swan

For over forty years I have been making sculptures of the figure. Their stories are my stories, sometimes autobiographical and sometimes stories I just need to tell. While their outward appearance is often of beauty and tranquility, these elegant sculptures have a common thread that touches all of us and masks time and space.

With my sculpture *Leda and the Swan*, we see a figure embellished with gold and crystals lounging on a painted swan. Upon further contemplation, the piece really embraces the eroticism associated with much of Greek mythology, while telling the story of deceit and treachery. Leda is portrayed in a 1920's bathing suit, but was really influenced by a Greek fable going back in time. In the story, the God Zeus, who was disguised as a swan, seduces Leda who then bore Helen of Troy.



Marc Fromm

In my work I deal with the artistic transformation of motifs from everyday life as well as the social phenomena of our time. I am interested in how human beings, with their standards and basic values, behave, present themselves and move within the social fabric. In the tension between its qualities and shortcomings, the human figure is often the starting point for my reliefs and sculptures. The respective relationship of the human being towards him or herself or towards nature can be read in the current forms of presentation and in those of the last decades. The archetype of society, the smallest nuclear of a social life, is the image of "father, mother, child", an image that not least due to the long and very loaded visual tradition of the "holy family", is deeply rooted in our society. (*Nativity Scene*, 2011).

Fragments of images and sculptures from past epochs and periods constantly recur in the motifs. This results in hybrids containing images of what is occurring in the currently omnipresent multimedia world. Through the realization of the images using the archaic technique of carving, motifs and visual language, which seemed to have long been discarded, they reveal themselves to be unexpectedly topical and controversial. Particularly with regard to the topics and images of mundane everyday life, the iconic aspect of today's culture with its often century-old symbolism, emerges.

At first glance, I frequently use the same effects as the media and internet images we are surrounded by: a superficially-oriented, slick wrapping that is appealing yet often turns out to be soulless hollowness. As a result, there is a confounding break between

traditional appearance and the images of digital modernism, which at best leads to a deceleration of images in our fast-paced age.

Contemporary representations, which in their iconographic visual language are for example reminiscent of medieval saints, are frequently produced. They are sometimes joined by animals, which are not only symbols for the human psyche but also references to the long-felt guilt-ridden relationship between humans and nature.

In order to orientate themselves in the present and to interpret it, the viewers must be aware of the past and things that have passed. The examination of the political challenges of our present and future often leads to a composition that is characterized by a feeling of perplexity and powerlessness. This frequently results in super-elevations and ironic metaphors. The works, which often appear to hover weightlessly, deal with nothing less than the questions of our time, existence and perishability.



Daniele Galliano

The Fall. The light and darkness

In *The Fall*, I wanted to address the issue of crowds on a large surface, with characters in real scale. The work, made up of eight canvases, has been painted with oil pigments. The signature style of the work is dictated by the speed of execution, which always started from the luminescence of hairstyles, made with quick definitive strokes using a brush with sparse, widely-spaced bristles. Then I go on to paint the clothes and bodies, using flat brushes in a clean and precise manner, without any second thoughts nor further refinements, that then disappear into the dark.

The crowding of people in *The Fall* generates a feeling of vertigo and alienation. The characters are as if suspended, yet slowly and imperceptibly sinking into a thick black muck which encompasses and surrounds them in a whirling motion. The perspective is distorted by these centripetal forces.

The scene is pervaded by a ritual conventionality, despite the informal nature of the meeting. The subjects are young adults involved in their social role, convinced that they are moving in complete freedom and self-determination. In this sense, for the crowd, the fall is that of effortlessly abandoning oneself to any revelry. It is a diminution of individuality, a renunciation of the solitude, meditation, and quiet contemplation that brings a person closer to their true self.

What interests me, however, is to portray this scene as an observer and admirer of beauty with a particular passion for the light reflecting on humanity in its collective dimension. For years, in fact, I have been

exploring the aesthetics of crowds, in their most diverse and controversial forms. My intent is to describe the infinite variety of wonderful and radiant creatures, all sacred in that they are concrete, each with their own personality and their own shining light. They say that for Whitman “every human look, every human characteristic, would become the subject for mystically poetizing, like a torch that randomly lights the scattered faces of a crowd”.





Kristaps Ģelzis

“Artificial Peace”

Contemporary landscape. Episode V. 2015

I often find myself in the role of a visual detective, investigating and contemplating what I've observed. It's my artistic “time machine.” At the same time, it could become the cemetery of my illusions. That makes me somewhat uneasy—the changing perspective is so obvious from a long experienced distance. Everything must change at some point. It does not help someone to be smart and capture impressions in the way you like. It is even harder to observe large forms changed by time, without your personal participation and in a frozen mood. More often there is nothing you can do to rearrange the flow.

I feel that is the way the landscape works. You can leave it alone and trust it. It is always open to merge with your personal human voice. That is its beauty.

One can be sure, that the sand castle you made in your childhood on your favorite beach will soon be blown away by the sea wind, grain by grain. The transparent structure of a metal fence can appear and disappear as an artifact to the strong illusion of human activity fighting for personal spaces.

In my means of expression I engage in the search for and exploration of texture of recent times that surrounds us. I like to replace the whole material structure of traditional “painting” with an obviously artificial, synthetic package. It is an updated eternal repair process so typical of today.

Black polyethylene plastic for greenhouse structures to rationalize and speed up the expected growth process, or a disposable rubbish sack as canvas. Household adhesive that covers up and repairs all the carelessness of modern man, both brown and transparent. Double-sided sticky, tape to remove and transfer the arty acryl pigment fingerprints like the forensic investigators do.

Someone will say, it is so temporary! No. I will say it is not.

It is as temporary as the environment we live and work in now. My painting may be described as packing my troubled observations in a big box ready for moving to the next possible place.



Beatriz Gerenstein

Since the world is world, there is space and time. Space and time are two characteristics that define reality, the “material” universe.

When the human being back in the caves started to think and dream, he quickly realized that the space-time continuum sets inexorable limits to his desires, needs and wishes. The human being’s desire to transcend these limits and get completeness epitomizes the pursuit of happiness.

People seek happiness by many means. Sometimes, we just try to escape for a few moments from the limiting reality that surrounds us. Other times we look for happiness by simply adapting to the world as is around us, accepting its limitations. We could struggle a lifetime attempting to change reality, to modify it, trying to break and transcend the limits imposed by the space-time.

At the core of my sculptures, I intend to represent the constant journey of the human being in the struggle to seek happiness.

The golden-brown chrysalis-like structure that I use in my sculpture series titled *Circle light* resembles the space around us, which places boundaries and limits to the complete existence of human beings. These circles are beautiful, bright and reflect plenty of light, but they are also broken and torn, like life. The human being leans out of the cocoon, grasping just a glimpse of the universe out there. Sometimes he breaks the inner limits of his surrounding reality trying to escape from its limitations and climbs high, looking into the free space, trying to find an answer to the mysteries of existence, his own anguish. Other times, even for seconds, he gets a feeling of

achievement, sits in the top of the cocoon with the faux believe that was able to disrupt the duality of his earthly, often times mundane existence and be finally free, happy.

In the series *Connections*, tubes and knots show a dialogue between the individual and the surrounding space. The tubes act as conduits and the knots as obstacles, epitomizing both the hurdle and the opportunity of the free flow of positive energy. The subtle patinas, many times red, turquoise or golden brown, show the inner, natural optimism and desire for spiritual freedom.

Sometimes I use spiral structures symbolizing the limiting space around us and a human figure trying to untie himself from the oppressive reality.

The third partner, my sculpture exhibited at Personal Structures, was designed as a knot with three ends, not the obvious two. The additional third end looks up to the sky, suggesting the presence of an unknown source of universal energy, the strength that makes everything possible. In addition, the highly reflective surface of stainless steel reflects all the light it receives. It is the paradigm of the desire to share with the others.

May the happiness we all are looking for be found not at the end of the journey, but through the process that takes getting there.



Valerie Ghossaini

The painting *Landmarks* is a four panel mural that illustrates the theme of time, space, and existence. It offers an alternative view of recognizable landscapes. The focus is on the natural movement and impermanence that is inherent to the various cycles of existence: the cycle of extinction, of human rituals, and of the seasons.

The repetition of patterns and motifs in nature are demonstrated in the scenes depicting immense numbers of wildebeest struggling to cross the treacherous waters of the Mara river; bright, incandescent hues of cherry blossoms bursting into life on a rainy afternoon in Kyoto; individuals gathered outside China's Forbidden City in an unpredicted snow storm; and the olive groves in Lebanon surrounded by astonishing red poppies. Nature in all its glory defines the seasons better than any calendar can. These fleeting moments affirm the temporary existence of life. Familiar landmarks are redefined and represented as places of activity and transience and no longer portrayed as stagnant tourist attractions or unchanging scenery.

These seasonal images can be viewed as one large painting or divided into 4 iconic scenes. Inspired by David Hockney's latest series of outdoor paintings, these particular moments in time stand still, and are shown in one space, with nature and mankind existing together in harmony.

These fleeting moments, affirm the temporary existence of life, and for me as an artist redefine their meaning into a unique portrayal of landmarks, where they are no longer seen as stagnant, tourist attractions or unchanging scenery, but represent landscapes as places of movement and transience.



Andrea Guastavino

Navigare necesse est

According to legend, Diogenes walked the streets holding aloft a lamp to light his way, even when the sun was shining. Whenever curious passersby asked what he was looking for, the philosopher of extreme self-denial answered: "I'm looking for an honest man."

Andrea Guastavino has walked plenty. Along his way, he's crossed a field sown with lanterns. He's bartered the price of those blind, rusty eyes for the flame of burning memory, in search of the fire of those who went before. His imperfect, backward journey is an attempt to recover memories which don't belong to him, a time already past which would like to repeat itself, or simply to continue to exist in the present.

"Life's an experimental journey, involuntarily undertaken, a spirit-voyage through material. Since it's the spirit that travels, we live in spirit."

Sometimes life takes the name destiny. At other times it's like a lost letter, one that arrives after many years. Occasionally boxes of negatives wind up beside garbage dumpsters. They're glass bones, images from the late 20th century, a fragile dismembered treasure of a soldier-photographer, who documented the conflict zone from aboard his airplane, as well as the goodbye smiles of his fellow-soldiers. In repeated poses, to be left with their families.

What better destination for photographs who've been orphaned of eyes, abandoned to obloquy and not yet printed, than to wind up in the hands of a photographer who still loves to prepare acid baths, and to sail in the darkness within the infinite folds of a timeless reality.

Maybe time finds a way to nurse its own wounds. Time collects bags full of space in which to stop and revive, and this is the same thought

which constantly attracts and nourishes Guastavino's artistic research, where the image revealed in the darkroom arises from the chemical fluids like Venus, and marries the wounds of history with the forgetfulness of the everyday, with the fortuitous beauties of chance, and the forced cohabitations of objects which don't resemble each other, but which nonetheless desire the same gaze.

Guastavino assembles machines that are both celibate and desirous, sui generis "photographic" machines, able to fly through space and time, intent on sailing through the darkness of a waxen sea, moved by the vital breath of restless memory.

Sabrina Foschini

"Navigating is necessary, living is not accurate."

I want the spirit to me transformed the way for marriage as I am:

Living is not necessary, what is needed is created.

Do not enjoy my life story, nor enjoy it I think.

I just want to make it big,

even though it has to be my body and (my soul) of the wood fire.

I just want to make it to all mankind;

though to have to lose it as my own. Increasingly, well napkin.

Increasingly put the essence of my soul blood impersonal purpose of

enhancing the nation and contribute to the evolution of humanity.

It is the way that I took in the mysticism of our race.

Fernando Pessoa



Kimberley Gundle

A Reflection on Preservation Maasai tribes of East Africa

I reflect upon the fragile existence of the Maasai, seminomadic pastoralists of East Africa. These bold and dignified people captivate me.

In 2009 I followed in the footsteps of the Maasai across the floor of the Great Rift Valley. Since then I have resided in many remote settlements, making drawings and taking photographs of Maasai communities in both Kenya and Tanzania. Absorbing the culture photographing and drawing women, swathed in brightly coloured cloths and adorned in ornate beadwork. Young girls bedeck themselves in their best necklaces to greet the warriors. Young men, in full regalia: ornate headdresses, colourful beads, buttons and ochre make-up, which seem to convey magical powers. In contrast the etched faces of the Elders, echo their daily confrontation with the arid landscape. The Maasai are under threat from the harsh physical elements and the changing world around them.

In my current work I use cameos to encapsulate Maasai culture and heritage. In my approach to the individual portraits I liken myself to an anthropologist studying and protecting a people an environment and an atmosphere. By placing each oval portrait in a golden frame enclosed in domed capsule, I shelter a culture and tradition from the encroaching fangs of modernisation that threaten its erosion.

I have specifically chosen to depict each member of the Maasai community within this oval shape to reference historical miniature paintings. Traditional cameos often depicted royalty, and could be presented within a locket. The oval shaped portrait makes each work

feel small and loved, a keepsake. I wanted each portrait to feel special and preserved within this cameo; likened to a loved one, worn close to the skin, kept warm, shielded and protected.

The mixed media ovals are meditation; an immersion into Maasai culture. Each portrait is built up of layers of watercolour, gouache collage and inks. I depict the elaborately decorated Maasai Warriors in their prime, brave and fearless. These men rule their land and are entrusted with the protection of their community and their territory are in full warrior costume, standing tall and proud. The adolescent girls I place against a mythical landscape of dreams and aspirations. The silkscreen scene is printed on very fine handmade Japanese paper, redolent of fragility and femininity. The young girls wearing elaborate necklaces exude youthful sensuality and vulnerability.

The portraits of the Maasai women I have placed against opaque background colours influenced by the colours used in the early miniaturist style. The Maasai women also take special care with their personal ornamentation; their beadwork relies on contrast and balance to create very ornate, elaborate jewelry where colour carries symbolic meaning.

Portrait miniatures reflected the social history of the times. Whilst my portraits may not be in miniature form they encapsulate the essence of the miniature. Like a loved one, the existence of the Maasai people, their culture and tradition needs to be preserved, protected and cherished.



Mau Harrison

Assemblages: A Palette After Storms

As Rene Rietmeyer once said, “we should not only ‘feel’ art, we should also ‘think’ art.” To this one might add, feel and think about the associations and references in relation to art; celebrate the freedom to think about personal associations in relation to art in the microcosm and to life in the larger context.

Why do this; is it only to lend meaning to our own unique paths? ‘Real’/authentic, or contrived?

In the most aware/mindful moments we may notice associations, elements joining, and find meaning. It is there in the various ‘glues’ of life, including love, and oneness. Ironically, it is often the artist, the “Other” who facilitates this awareness.

Such associations can be so strong that they feel like signposts along the way. How to determine when one is on the ‘right path’? When collecting material for these pieces it felt like when fragments of blue and white, the colours of serenity, showed up... What are your ‘signposts’?

This art seeks to “live in the question” (Rilke) in order to produce the most unique possible contribution to this time, to engage in a way which feels most authentic/like breathing. After first exploring soapstone, oils, poetry and photography, their genesis is the Cote d’Azur; in the wake of those art Gods... from that light.

As if arranged by tidal forces, each is collected and dated from a single day. Assembled after storms, they form a unique evocation of time. Metal, fiberglass, glass, plastic, wood; the remains of boats. CALM after storm. Move, float, be alone on a sea. Reflect on what is left behind.

Each element is placed with a certain discipline in the order it is touched, and titled with longitude-latitude. There is a perceived or real tension if one considers how new or ancient each is, from how far away it has travelled, over how much time. Paint or artifice of any kind is not added. Time and weather have added patina. Each is an individual expression of time, where strength, perseverance, and endurance were required. Each exists because of a search. It is as if the tide was capable of composition and taking care, and the human element can almost be ignored.

Ruskin once said, “Composition is the arrangement of unequal things.” Is our path random or ordered. Is it thoughtful and disciplined, or random and free. Do we care if it is authentic, or do we settle for something else.

In each piece exists production, destruction and re-construction. Many elements are deeply ordinary and humble, but as shown may achieve an aspect of elevation, “that universal eligibility to be noble” (Saul Bellow)

Perseverance. The artist chooses to, or is compelled to, leave a mark on the path. To play God.

If a piece exists because the will to create exists, then one has persevered. To what end? To show and feel association; to communicate meaning through what is unexpected, through something that begs new eyes, since art at its best is an all-encompassing joining together in human moments that move in a spectrum from simple delight to reverent sartori.

Enjoy. In the wake. Think feel or be. With art, as with truth, in the end our dreams win. Andiamo.



Xenia Hausner

A Puzzle to Myself

My pictures tell stories that elude a straightforward reading. West and East: what at first seems to be a snapshot of daily life is actually a multiply refracted and reflected perspective on life in a world where cultures are interwoven. An Asian and a European girl in school uniforms, connected via a global symbol of capitalism, three young women from the West standing in front of a North Korean propaganda billboard, people between tangles of cables and neon lights, between nature and big city life.

Seismographic recognition is the issue, reciprocal curiosity and attraction—scenes that are not realistically readable. In my work people play roles in the biographies of others. They are like actors cast in a play. I write the play and then look for the characters for material located within myself. Often the reconstruction is labor intensive. My paintings live from the incarnate moment, from the automatization of drives, the sensual relining of vision and of its implementation.

It is not my objective to present clear solutions, only a precision of the fragment at hand. There is a more pointed, a distilled message in these fragments, and I find no solution to the puzzle. Still, I try to capture an inner substance. The situations are ambiguous, but the viewer understands them nevertheless because he or she is moved by them. The viewer interprets the pictures through his or her own collection of experience. The more questions a picture triggers in the viewer due to its visual inconsistencies, the closer I come to my goal. I remain a puzzle to myself.



Dieter Huber

By Dr. Jörg Restorff

On the Wing

Dieter Huber's Work *AIRBORN* Creates a Sense of Mental Buoyancy

Conspicuously plausible metamorphoses

Metamorphoses are the turf on which Dieter Huber has been putting his virtuoso shape-shifting skills to the test for more than two decades. Born in 1962 in Schladming, he studied at the Mozarteum University in Salzburg, achieving international renown in the mid Nineties with his *Klones*. These digitally alienated photographs show all sorts of conspicuously plausible hermaphroditic bodies, hybrid plants and landscapes—a spot-on reaction to the development of genetic engineering.

Dreams of flying, nightmares of crashing

With the *AIRBORN* cycle, Dieter Huber is blazing new trails—on the one hand in terms of content, by steering our imaginations above the clouds like some sort of air-traffic controller, on the other hand technologically, since his computer-aided paintings (CAPs)—note the metamorphosis here as well!—add an exciting chapter to the venerable book of painting. 'Painting per se is obsolete, photography is antiquated, and computer works are standard' Huber opines. His logical conclusion: a procedure of considerable complexity. Sketches and photos are the starting points on the computer sketchpad which are nurtured to artistic maturity with the aid of a pressure-sensitive pen. Once this intermediate digital stage is completed, Huber prints out the image as a work in progress—with non-fade acrylic paints on canvas. But he doesn't stop here: this "rough version" undergoes a further reworking in oil paints and special pigments, and—to crown it

all—a dammar-resin varnish in the "Renaissance style", as the artist explains. Huber even speaks of a 'classic panel, which shimmers iridescently back and forth between a computer work, photograph, and painting'.

Indeed, the large-format *AIRBORN* works are testament to a striking pictorial handwriting and a flamboyancy completely lacking in the majority of what is termed "media art". Should the self-appointed guardians of traditional panel painting object that Dieter Huber, shrewd manipulator of images who has (partially) traded in his easel for a computer, wrongly ranks himself in the tradition of the Old Masters, this reproach can be easily rebutted: even in the past, full-blooded painters such as Jan Vermeer or Canaletto availed themselves of technical aids in order to perfect their compositions—think of the camera obscura, for example. Those who bear in mind the gradual process of creating these computer-aided paintings will not be surprised that all 60 *AIRBORN* pictures are one-offs.

Take-off interface

The artist confronts the viewer with notions that cannot easily be pigeonholed in conventional schemes of flight. Even if an interior view of the Pantheon in Rome maintains physical contact with the sky because of its dome, which is open at the top, even if the blazing volumes of a seemingly apocalyptic book-burning fly every which way through the air, a dead hare, or a bleak shopping arcade still give the public some tough riddles to crack. Where heaven and earth meet, Dieter Huber seems to imply, there is always enough leeway for flights of fancy. *AIRBORN* will help you lift off.



Manfred Kielnhofer

By Martina Gansterer

Guardians of Time

The sculptures *Guardians of Time* are created by Manfred Kielnhofer. The Austrian artist is sure that mankind is watched and protected by strange characters. The previous and further existence of the human race belongs to those creatures taking care of mankind. Nobody knows where these guardians of time come from. They suddenly appear and also disappear at once, and sometimes they are around you but you cannot see them. They are always taking care of you. Some may think about a religion, but it is not. Prophets and religions come and go, but the “Guardians of Time” stay with us, independent of time or space. Independent whether your religion, your nationality, the colour of your skin.

Kielnhofer once had a skiing accident dangerous to life. He was bedfast for a long period and was not able to work. During the time of rehabilitation he began to think things over. What happened to me and who paid attention to me? Who rescued me? What is that good for? Why did I survive? He was asking himself. And then, suddenly, the shape of the guardians appeared in the dark, inside his brain, becoming more and more concrete. Immediately he knew: That’s the answer. These creatures have rescued him. They have taken care of him.

Since that time Kielnhofer is creating these sculptures. He named them *Guardians of Time*, in German “*Wächter*”. He travels around the world, showing these Sculptures and telling people not to be afraid, but also to be careful. Because if you do something that harms other people, you are watched by the “Guardians of Time” and you will be called to account.

The message says that people should never forget that they are always watched by a power that is stronger than mankind. Just lean back and have a good time, you are always sheltered. And stop dark doings, because you can never cheat the “Guardians of Time”.



Joseph Kosuth

'Eighteen Locations of Meaning (for Venice)', 2015

If the project of every work is to produce meaning, what do we see and learn, if we use several locations representing different linguistic and cultural locales that, in fact, signify meaning itself? Obviously needing to avoid simply 'difference' or the exotic for its own sake and to establish multiple locations, the work itself nonetheless is formed between the chosen words. When the 'subject' of a work is meaning itself, is it not instructive to see that the meaning of the work, as art, locates itself on yet another level? Here we see, eighteen languages, but the work itself seems to constitute a nineteenth 'language'—one comprised of the relationship of the eighteen. The question becomes 'what is the location of the viewer/reader to this work'? That is the question which precedes another one: how does this work produce its own meaning? How is it that there is a level of meaning independent of our knowledge of the various languages that comprises this work? That is, we find a level of meaning which is specific to art while transcending our knowledge of any of the eighteen languages used in the work's construction.

As it always is with language, context becomes an important material in the work, whether we are speaking of a word in a sentence or a word on the wall. That element which organizes meaning—even the meaning around the word 'meaning' itself—utilizes and makes dynamic all aspects of its location, (this is even true when it doesn't through showing how it doesn't). Although the first, smaller version of this work (with eight elements) was exhibited in Rome at the Castel Sant'Angello, the present larger manifestation of the

work is another, different work for an important reason: Venice. It is more than to simply say the given and altered architecture becomes appropriated as part of the work, and they thereby form each other, but also that the cultural and linguistic context of Venice itself becomes part of the material which organizes the experience, and meaning, of the work in the way that all of the other locations of this work have been similarly affected. Additionally, in ways which are both very simple and quite complex, those of you that come and see this work participate and become collaborators as the givers of a cultural context and the producers of a discourse. That is what forms and articulates this context and, one can say, finally completes the work.

As I have explained at the time 'Fourteen Locations of Meaning' was installed on the facade of the Centro Atlantico de Arte Moderno, in the Canary Islands: "There is an interior and exterior to a work such as this one, and when understood together it completes the work. What this work has as its subject is, in fact, what it calls into question: it manifests cultural and linguistic difference as the true subject of the issue of 'meaning' which is made visible within the presentation of difference of the nominal subject constant to each element. 'Locations of Meaning' began in an exhibition and having eight components at the Castello Sant'Angelo in Rome, for an exhibition which was originally titled 'God' (with support from the Archdiocese of Rome and the Chief Rabbi of Rome) and for this reason the color chosen for the work was Giotto's blue, the first color which humans can distinguish as infants. In the Canary Islands the choice was yellow, as a reference

to the bird known internationally that carries its name, while that 'meaning' is a given one only, considering that the actual foundation of the name could equally be connected through the Guanche to the 'Canarii' tribe of Morocco, or that of the island of canes, Latin for dogs. Such 'difference' as a subject in Rome was my elliptical way of approaching religious difference—'God' being the most problematic of terms—and the impact of that difference on the world historically and, specifically, today. After that, as the work was exhibited in other cultural-linguistic contexts, the word for meaning in each context was added. For example because the work has been exhibited in the Arab Emirates and Sarajevo, it contains both Arabic and Serbo-Croatian. Since both Spanish and Portuguese was already included in the work (the original installation began with the languages of the Castello Sant'Angelo's visitors which included Spanish and Portuguese) in the Canary Island installation the I've added Wolof, the most common language of recent visitors from Africa." From the installations beginning with the Castello Sant'Angelo in Rome to the others in Sarjah, Sarajevo, Molfetta (on the Adriatic coast of Italy), Canary Islands, Trento-Roverato, and to most recently, Oostende, Belgium, the work has grown as I've added languages relevant to the local location of the work.





Jarosław Kozłowski

By Bożena Czubak

Time Archive

There are many generic kinds of time. Each field of gravity in the Universe has its own specific time, determined by the mass contained in that field. There are no two points on Earth which at the same moment of astronomical time would remain in the same relation to the Sun, even though the practical convention of time zones imposes consistency on all local clocks.

These thoughts formulated by Jarosław Kozłowski in 1978 amazingly correspond with many of his installations. The artist's obsession with time is present both in his utterances and in specific actions. Alarm clocks, watches, temporal manipulation—that's a frequent motif in his practice. He used watches for the first time in 1968 in his environment *Situation*. Then they returned in the eighties when he started smashing alarm clocks in *Continuum*, series of drawing performances. During the nineties Kozłowski began to create large-scale installations, in which he deconstructs time and space as a basic categories of description of the world.

Time Archive is a site-specific installation, inscribed in given space. Row of shelves is filled with clocks previously owned by real people and indicating different times of day. Going each by their own time, with references to their owners/users, the clocks represent personal time or, in other words, history in its individual dimension. In this archive, the hundreds of alarm clocks—individual meters of time—drown out the authority of 'monumental time', associated with symbols of power and compared to Nietzsche's 'monumental history'.

Indicating different hours, minutes and seconds, the clocks relativise official measures of time and divisions into geographical zones. As a space of experiencing time, the archive becomes a place of cultural experiences, where the simple question about time (what time is it?) refers to questions about the philosophical and political foundations of the place of its presentation.

The sound of the ticking clocks is an integral part of the project. The accumulative aesthetics of a collection of alarm clocks, each looking differently and showing a different time, have an extension in the ticking sounds, overlapping and merging into a drone. Despite the proverbial silence of archives, the space of the *Time Archive* is enlivened with its sounds.

The *Time Archive* project expands on themes tackled in many of Jarosław Kozłowski's earlier works, including in spectacular installations such as *Personal Files* (1993) in a former archive in the Hague, *Personal Files II* (1997) at the National Museum in Poznań, *Time Vacuum* (1999) at the Arbäaer Museum in Reykjavik, *Time Cistern* (2006) at the CCA Ujazdowski Castle in Warsaw, or *Time Library* (2007) in the Kalisz Museum, previously the municipal archive. In all those projects, time was considered in its various categories: biological, existential, metaphysical, astronomic, institutional, and in relation to the given place, its history, philosophy and politics.



Lee Nam Lee

Reborn the TV

Life, Death and Resurrection

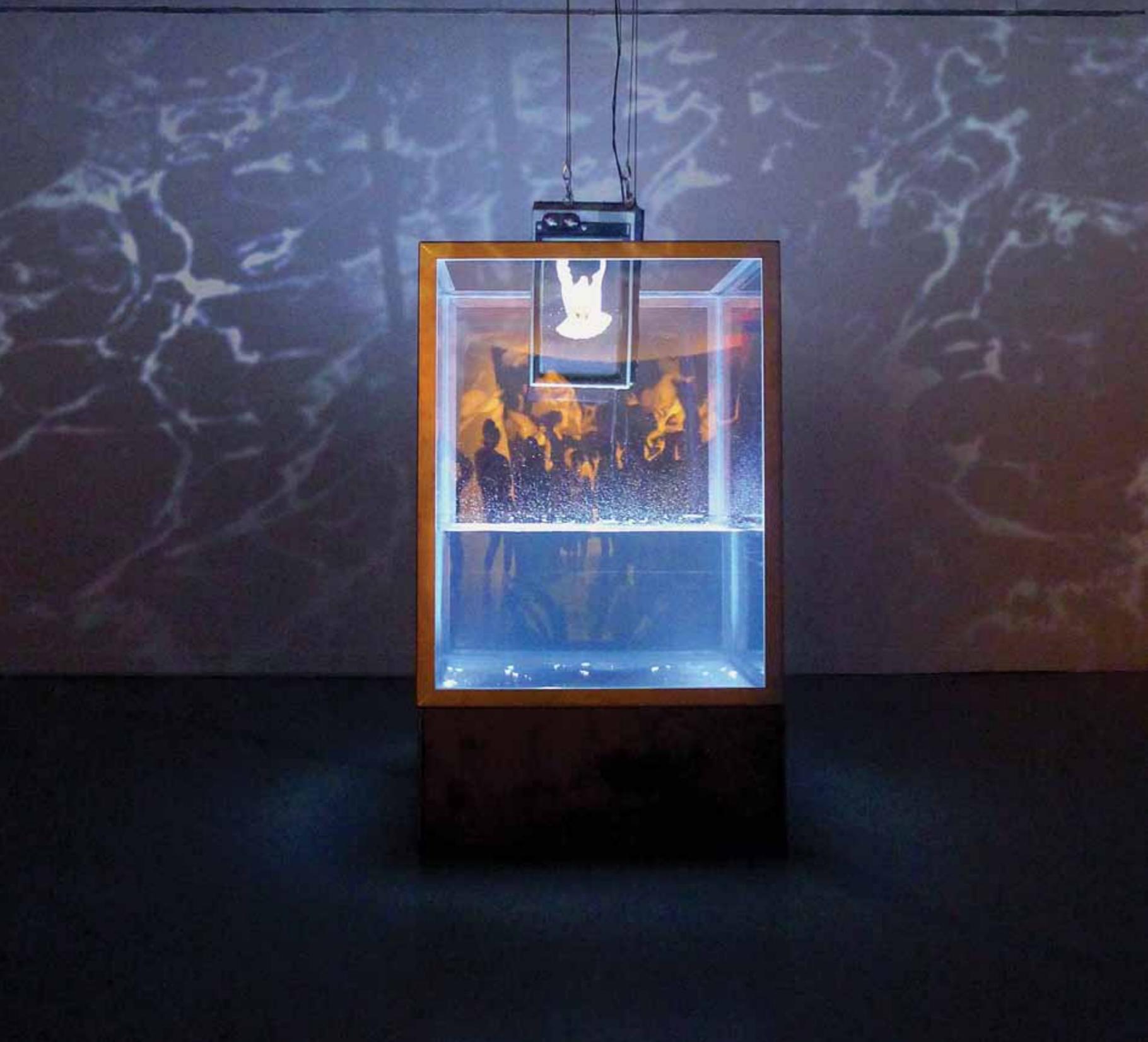
Lee Nam LEE examines a subject matter fundamental to human nature through the usage of nonhuman objects—machines and digital devices. To these machines, water signifies death. Household electrical appliances cease to function when they come in contact with water. In this regard, Lee drew a connection between life in its seemingly destined journey towards death and the time duration for a machine to descend and eventually hit the water. He imagined the vibration and the sound produced by a rotating motor evoking the cries of pain reverberating from our daily struggles.

The tireless movement of the dove inside the TV screen symbolizes the human heart and the will to live. Through the display of the TV on its descent to death followed by its resurrection from the water in an unexpected twist of fate, Lee sought to express one of man's fundamental desires, the inextinguishable thirst for immortality.

Why a TV?

TVs and humans are similar in their structure. Humans are made up of body and spirit, as is TV of body (frame) and light (digital content). In other words, if a human body is a vessel for holding spirit, then TV is a vessel for holding light—spirit and mind. Lee believed that if there were a medium that could embody spirits, it would have to be none other than televisions.





Norma E. Lopez

The essence of my work is inspired by the human spirit: its simplicity, its complexity, and its ubiquity. The great variety that can be derived from the three basic primary colors parallels the variety found in the human spirit. This allows me to express the subtleties, the rawness, and the honesty that defines who and what we are as human beings.

My artistic concept, for this installation, was to showcase the duality of chaos and order and how the duality is interdependent. The very birth of the known universe is believed to have come from the violent expansion of a singularity spewing particles into space in complete disorder and confusion. With the passing of time, this event yielded stars, planets, galaxies, and ultimately the existence of life. It is also believed the expansion will reverse itself and the universe will contract back into a singularity extinguishing life.

In this work, I mirror the crashing of subatomic particles into atoms with the creation of colors on my canvases. The violence of these interactions can create, for an observer, something where there was nothing as well as turn something into nothing. This duality is the driving force behind these pieces.

The scale of my work imposes on the observer to step back and see a large static image. The texture of the medium used invites the same observer to collapse towards the canvas and imagine the movement of paint bleeding into each other. This use of space engages the observer to expand and contract with the hopes that order can be seen juxtaposed amongst the chaos on the canvases. Regardless of perspective, the possibility of beauty and ugliness is ever present.



MANIFOLD

Time, Space and Existence are universal abstract principles embodying most Work. Sincere consideration of the fundamental elements, Time and Space, unify them as properties of physical Existence and lend thought to further development of position and sequences in making. Mechanics of the arrangement, as in music, suggest exposition, development and redefinition.

Sequence

Time can be measured when patterned sequences are formed. These cycles in Time are expressed through an Existence. Material characteristics of dichroics and mirroring transmit and reflect. Movements and light undulate through the Work.

The Work is also an additive process of unit grouping and organization. The orchestration is reflected durations of the assembled components.

Time is a quality that can be manipulated like other dimensions of Space; Mirrored, folded and cyclically repeated. Time divisions are the day, season, year and era.

Position

The assemblage of mirrored and dichroic acrylic units is an interpretation of 'Time Space Existence' through geometric and spatial constructs. In using basic geometric forms, translated color and unit orientation, complexity and less inherent rhythms emerge. It develops a landscape grounded in mathematical concepts of symmetry operations.

Orientation

Generated upon reflection about a datum line, the Work establishes a translated reflected pattern. The construction of the units account for change in orientation and environment.

MANIFOLD was established by Karen Lemmert and David Naill as a collaborative practice engaged in the development of conceptual work within the physical landscape. They believe the dialog of material properties to systems of construction takes place within organized fields of energy that can be utilized by alignment of tectonic constructions with manifolds of distillations and dispersals.



Louise Manzon

By Achille Bonito Oliva

Yes... Sculpture!

Art?... Art! Sculpture?... Sculpture! Two questions and two exclamatory and emphatic statements. Both having a resplendent and fortuitous confirmation in Louise Manzon's artistic practice. If technology has given rise to a production and consumption of images marked by automation—and thus, by indifference—art, through the recovery of manual adeptness, has restored the values of discontinuity and difference. Technology advances a visual world that is two-dimensional. Sculpture re-establishes resonance and gives duration to the images.

Whether fired clay ceramic or terracotta, the use of the material, in its viscous sedimentary quality, responds to Manzon's need to bring back to art the ancient dream of images that continue and endure, and which, in terms of expectations, means reasserting the hope of possible immortality.

So, this could well be the reaffirmed value for making art today, a nomadic and eclectic approach that draws from art history and from myth, recasting it in the present and remodelling it in the unhurried material of sculpture. Duration set against obsolescence, matter in opposition to surface, all within a frame constructed to go beyond boundaries.

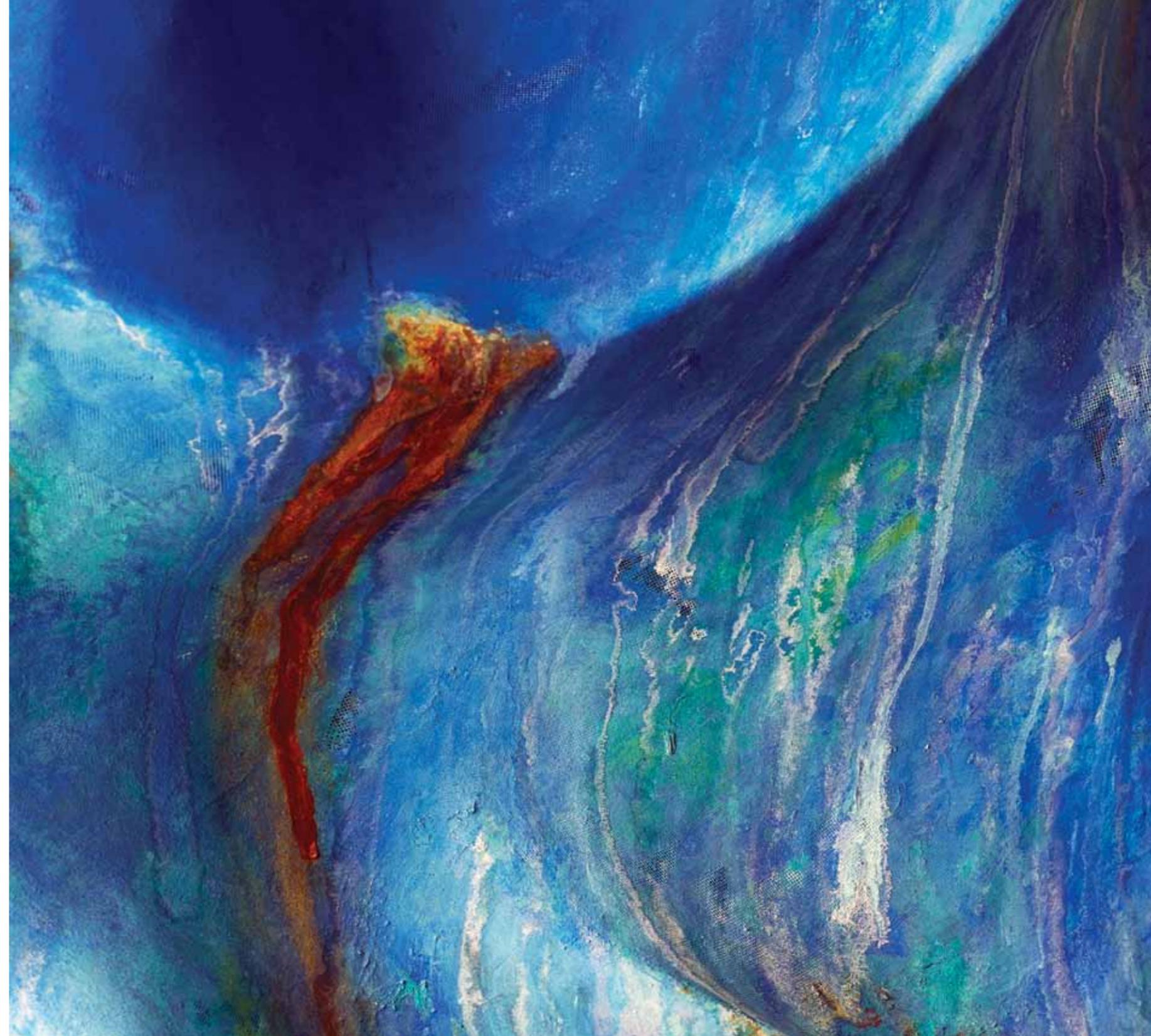
In this instance, reinstating sculpture means to re-establish the intensity of art, the possibility to charge the image with the power of seduction, capable of transmitting messages that even involve ecology.

Manzon's sculpture enfolds itself in the narrative iconography of myths, of both human and animalistic nature. Sculpture is what causes

the artist's phantasms to become real, transmuting the illusions into a concrete vision of works of art asking to be let into the world.

The sculptural language, however, is not utilized as an antiquarian means to fetishistically bring back the art of times past, but as a tool capable of giving substance to images that exist on three levels: below the earth, on the earth, in the air. Images that develop in both ascending and descending movement, each time corresponding with the motivations underlying the inspiration and the resulting composition.

The level below the earth is expressed through fish images that evoke water, moisture and plants. The undersea fauna, formed using terracotta, seem to gulp for air in a search for a survival that is clearly threatened by man. The level of the earth is conjured up through the presence and configuration of a feminine essence that seemingly lives on the surface of the earth, arranged through complexly posed characters. This female figure is Tethys, with the self-evident narcissism of a body depicted with extreme resonance. The third level, the air, is alluded to by a sort of fan adorning the mythical sea goddess' head. A baroque structure supports the sculptural framework, the volumes of the body and the garments articulated within the enveloping shape. The curved line hints at an upward movement, climbing towards aerial settings and wondrous vertical ascents that liberate Tethys from the laws of gravity.



Marcello Martinez-Vega

By Annette Pehnt

I embody Don Quixote set in the Black Forest.

In the Black Forest there are no windmills and I have no desire to be charging at them. Neither am I the best poet ever seen...

In a historically and culturally sheltered area, I'm often seen as foreign, based on my artistic existence and my South American heritage. This sense of alienation and of being different has become part of my self-perception and is a gift at the same time. It allows me the freedom to examine motives from a fresh perspective and forge them in an unexpected manner.

"Black Forest" is a composition with traditional local origins. The installation consists of objects and templates made for the creation of brushes of all kinds. Wießler, a company from Todtnau ceased using their stock of templates made of wood and metal more than 10 Years ago. I managed to purchase some of these 200 year old objects. In each template is the writing of the owner engraved; secret codes which can only be interpreted by the owner and craftsmen themselves and in this regard may be seen as a metaphor for the anonymity of present day industry. However, once translated they explain the identification of the craftsmen with their work and their products.

In my opinion, these objects are surprisingly complex and well designed and yet were produced even under circumstances of poverty and icy weather. Archiving and combining the objects with modern ideas bring new perspectives to the table. For instance, the Codices from Todtnau are a prime example of historical preservation.

This self-projection carries its own particular beauty which underlines the aesthetic composition of the objects.

I have entitled this installation *Eros*.

The base of *Eros* is human life in its purest form. However, today the *Eros* human sheds tears. It's natural for him to possess tears of disappointment, but in this day and age he cries perpetually. He cries over the influence of commerce, the corset of pornographic templates and the dispossession of the human body by multimedia. The omnipresent marketing machine devours beastlike every human emotion and restricts every individual to their template, treating them as nothing more than goods.

So in turn, *Eros* becomes just a product.

The product becomes purchasable.

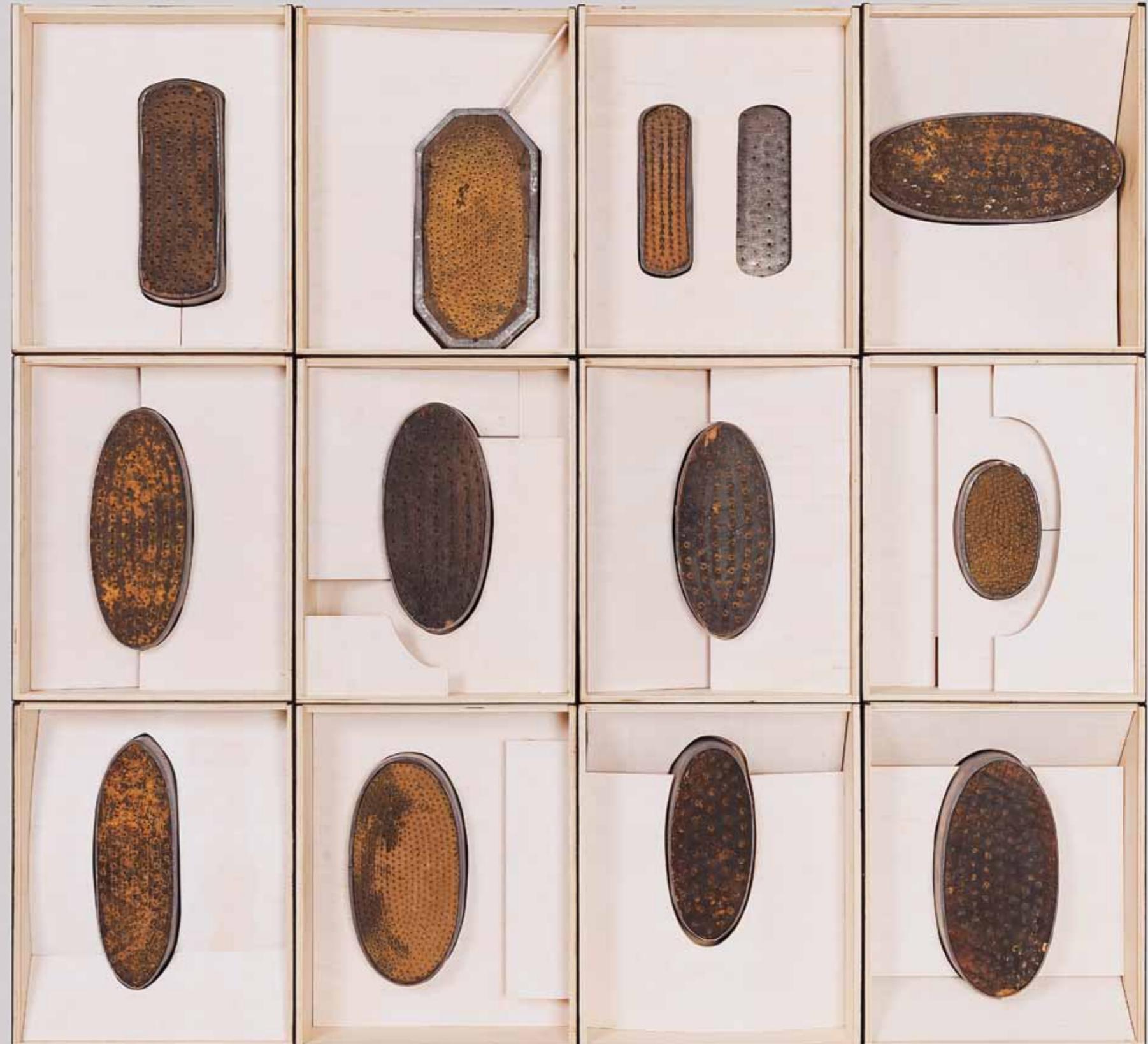
Buying and selling is arbitrary.

The remainders are eaten. The installation 'Eros' relates to this feast and its damage to the self-perception of the human. The installation 'Eros' takes inventory: The template and the beast, its ravaged object and the destructive machine all align.

From this operation stems a continuing tale of past efforts to establish self-definition on the one hand—and the loss of erotic humanity on the other.

Don Quixote from the Black Forest.





François Morellet

By Dorothea van der Koelen

The potential of the line in concrete art

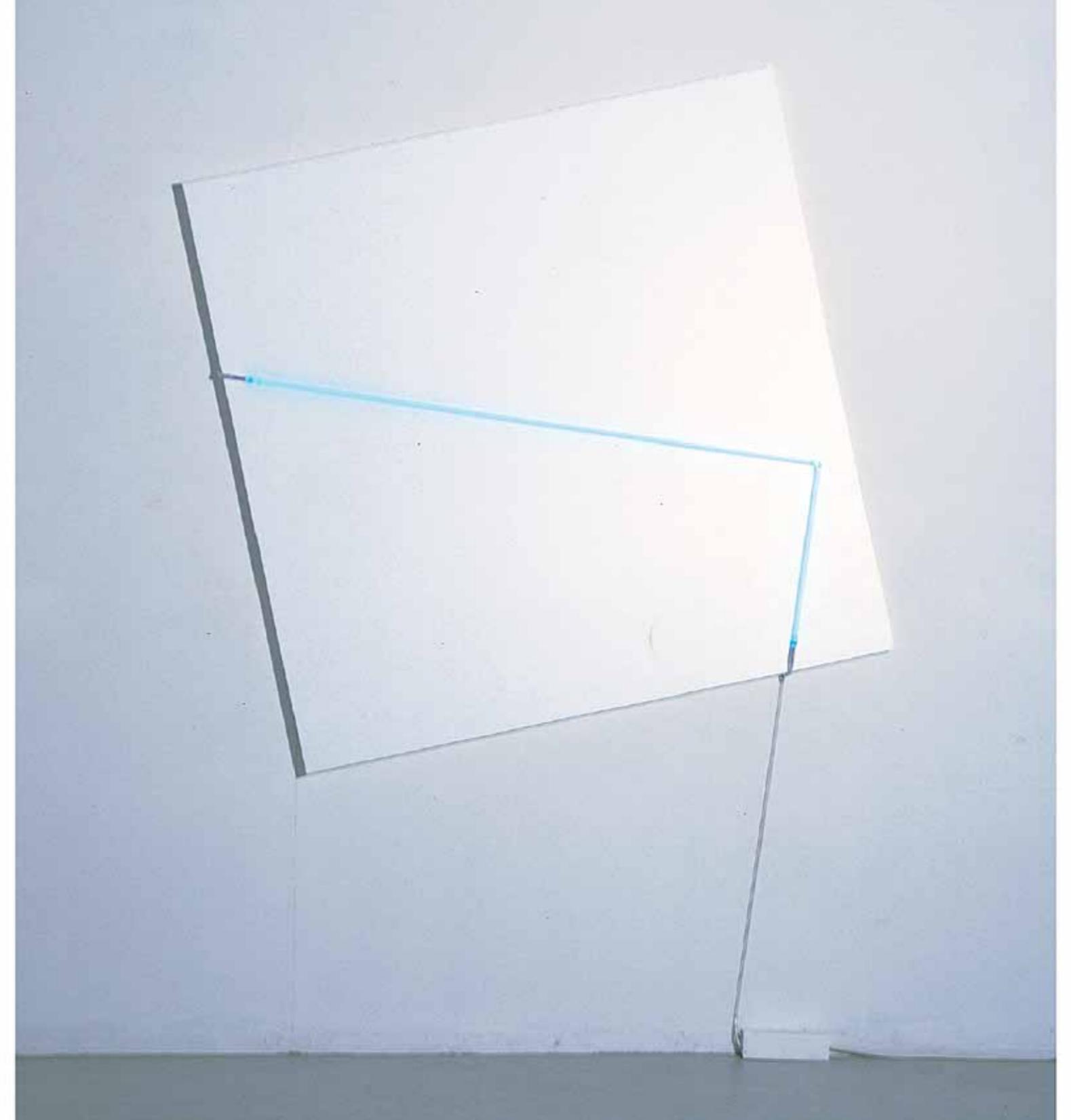
François Morellet's *Senile Lines*

Born in 1926, Morellet still painted more or less figurative up in his 40s, to then at least since 1950, only make abstract work. From that moment on, he has made the line to the actual topic, content and essence of his art.

In his catalogue *Senile Lines*, Morellet says: "It happened in 1952 that these lines, which can only be described as 'geometric', have suddenly appeared and over the following years have gradually spread to almost all my works. They were the foundations of my four main systems: juxtaposition and superimposition in 1952, interference in 1953, fragmentation in 1954 and chance in 1958, this time in connection with squares and triangles. For them, for 54 years, I have given up other undecided, spontaneous, tortured lines, which I had naively loved so much in the 40s. ... They are fragments of straight lines or circles that were drawn with a ruler or a compass." The line—and more precisely the geometric line—thus becomes determinant and significant for the work of Morellet. When asked about his relationship to geometry Morellet stated: "I admit, I have a tendency to very simple things to 'almost nothings', which can often take on geometric forms," and emphasized his "for more than 40 years, never-ending predilection for systems and precision." Also, it contains an important note, which is significant for understanding the work of Morellet, namely the fact that he always classifies the lines he uses into systems, and that these systems modify and quantify, like a perpetual motion machine if you will. A single image idea, one and the same construction principle, thus leads to many—sometimes

very different—visual image results, and it is clear that an idea can appear in many different ways, although at first glance it may appear very simple.

In addition, it must be emphasized that for François Morellet, the lines do not have meaning, nor do they represent relationships or want to tell stories. In his view, the objective art, is the true art, because it does not depend on the person of the artist, his personal feelings, his emotions, his passions, his preference, and certainly not on his tragedies. This is most important to him, so over the years he tries to reduce his personal intervention or his personal decisions to a minimum in order to achieve the greatest possible neutrality. Because his pictorial inventions are not precisely predictable, as a result and logical consequence, he then involved chance to create compositions that are well understood, but were not foreseeable. I think therein lies an important component to understand the work of Morellet, to understand why triangles, rectangles, etc. can be so different in their constellation or presentation, and why structural relationships that only exist of one line or similar lines or forms, can fascinate the viewer. In this respect, he is particularly proud of a work from 1953 entitled *16 squares*. It is a neutral white square, which is divided by lines into 16 square fields, and, as he says, only includes 11 subjective decisions: the size of the fields, the thickness of the lines, etc. From the artist's perspective, the maximum neutrality is reached here. The picture could be copied by anybody immediately—otherwise of great importance to him is the fact that at least since the 60s several of his works are not produced by him personally in order to



avoid subjective hand and to achieve neutrality. And often, he even gives away the design principle in the title.

In the following years, Morellet more and more extended the use of lines in his work. He has worked with drawn and glued lines (*Trames de tirets*), included metal lines in his work (*Steel-Life*), removed lines from nature (*Geometree*) and set lines on architectures, and often he has created neon lines to act quite freely in space or enter into a dialogue with space.

At the very beginning of the development of his system, François Morellet is hardly less radical than Descartes. Because of his tendency to the 'almost nothings', in his art he eliminated not only the 'negligent' or the 'failure', but he tries already in the 50s to reduce the subjective decisions to a minimum. Similar to Descartes, also Morellet tries to remove all 'doubtful' in favor of objective visibility. Also this systematic 'playing through' of an idea or visual concept, has much to do with the analytical approach of the philosopher.

For this, mathematics is ideal and, as both have recognized, especially geometry. And although Morellet in using mathematical numbers (Pi) or principles and is less interested in a particular result or proof of axioms, he can thus investigate formal relations between individual elements, without any distraction of a specific content, meaning, metaphor or similar interpretable.

Through mathematics, also Descartes tries "to seek the true method, to become aware of all the things that my (his) mind could grasp", and in his youth has therefore been focused with logic, geometric analysis and algebra. He wanted, as they say, to make his mind "get used to nourish itself with truths and not be satisfied for the wrong reasons", and so turned to the mathematical sciences. In order to avoid the mathematical complexity, Descartes decided "to accept only such objects that would help me most to the recognition of the same" ... and "to observe them better in single, to take straight lines as a carrier ... because I found nothing easier and my imagination or

my senses could not imagine anything more clearly." It is these 'simple objects', the lines, that have become the significant basic element in Morellet's work.

"I love dead end streets. I remember to have been fascinated already in my childhood days, by these strange roads that one could not pass through ... Now I have the feeling to be at an impasse, where I feel very comfortable, far from any agitation, traffic jams, bottleneck, barricades, rodeos and other airy currents of the great arteries. And there one is also protected from the desire to want to overtake, and or from shame of being overtaken; ... We, the Up-to-the-end-pull-througher, with our little nostalgic art lovers remain in reserve at the end of this current (of figurative art). ... For more than half a century, I have great interest and also a lot of pleasure in creating radically non-figurative images. ... So here I am in my elitist dead end, ready to welcome you, and still incredibly fascinated of the same modernist and absurd challenge. Since fifty years I have imposed on myself to forever (which incidentally will not bind me for much longer) use exclusively geometric elements in order to realize my works in a neutral and accurate manner, after prefabricated systems that want to be simple and clear. I hope that after I eliminated figuration, spontaneity, sensitivity, ego, in short everything you usually look for in a work of art, have left something for these oblique and specialized art lover, who I like so much. ... "

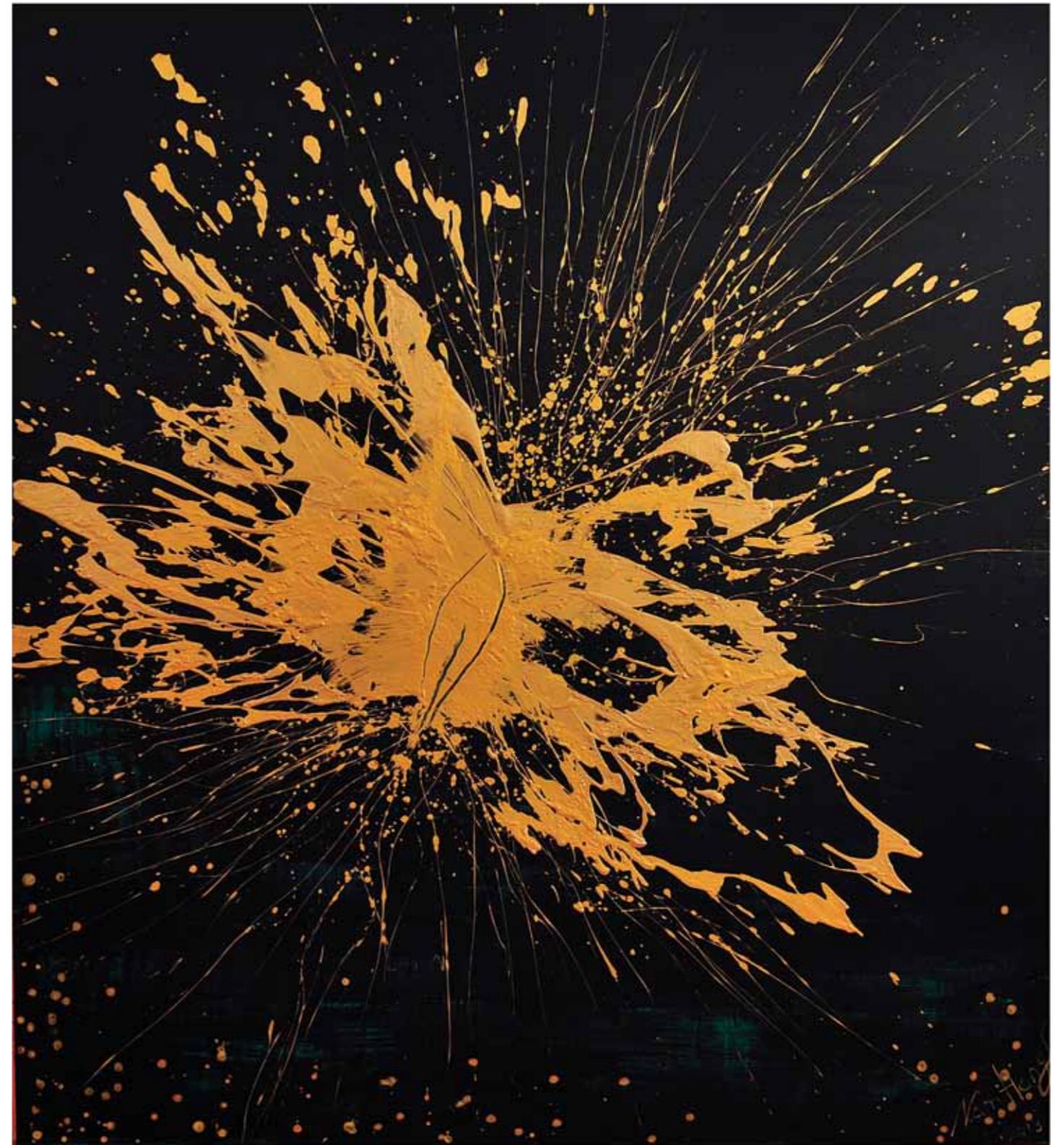


Nam Hong

I was born and raised in Korea and moved to France many years ago where I have since lived. My art—whether in the paintings, mixed media works or performances—comes from the ideas of suffering and nurturing and embraces both the cycles of life and death, through some form of unending collision and it combines Korean Shamanic traditions with contemporary issues.

My current ink and acrylic paintings from 2013 onwards have a spontaneous, lyrical gesture to them and are inspired by the majesty of Asian calligraphy. Acrylic allows for a certain velocity of execution. Then I add glue and burned pieces of paper on the canvas. The images of butterflies, candlelight and paper fragments reduced to ashes such as in *Le papillon*, reveal the mysterious cycle of life and death, the origins of existence that eventually lead to extinction. I make no distinction or hierarchy between the different art forms and I use all means of expression: paint, design, performance. My whole being, body and soul, works in this way. I praise the act of painting and want to live with all my might through art, to forget the sadness of life and take off, like a butterfly in my painting. Beyond the fire and ash, an inner voice has always guided me, a voice that comes from a multi-thousand year old rich Korean Shamanic tradition. My paintings, installations and performances create a bridge between the East and West. The ancient sounds of the drums during my performances and the fire overlapping objects and destroying the collage, present a contemporary artistic language which also looks at aspects such as the ancient poetry of nature, the painful concern for natural resources and ecological sensitivity. The passion for life and the poetry in the ashes are the only true theatre of existence, while life seems just a dream.

My recurring themes do not represent the human being, however both my childhood is fundamental for my artistic thought processes (my young years were deeply rooted in a family mystery and the death of my beloved grandmother) as is my own body. I am however much more interested in space and nature; in the repetitive cycle of life and death of the trees, the butterflies and birds that attempt to break free from the canvas limits or the physical enormity of space around the mountains, such as in *La Montagne*. I concentrate, for example, on the metamorphosis of a butterfly, the alternation of the seasons, and my dance and performance reveals these processes that generate a rotational motion. By abolishing the boundaries between art and life, when I am singing, dancing, throwing ink and acrylic, glue, and burned pieces of paper on the canvas, dressed in traditional Korean costume, I exalt the act of painting. My whole being, body and soul, is engaged in this act and in turn I invite the viewer to participate in the cycle with me and embrace life and death through the emblematic rose petals. Indeed, in the performance where I start to add burnt rice paper to the canvas, I summon the distress of death or separation and thus look back to my childhood but also beyond to new life: the debris and ash from the burnt paper become a new material, a promise of resurrection.



Houria Niati

Delirium London 1982 Poem: I offer to myself the world in a phantasmagoria Effort of critical transformation. What is it?

Most of my work is intimately self-referential, documenting my own multicultural history. It was a need that began in 1983 in London. Family photos, snippets of the past are hidden behind a veil of calligraphy written in English, French and Arabic and based on my own poetry, questioning the process of integration and what it means to live with several languages simultaneously. My work is idiosyncratic, based on identity/dichotomy, displacement/multicultural environments and experiencing war. I am passionate about how people adapt themselves to their environment, how they become one with it.

It is the outcome of a mysterious delirium that contracts my fingers on the multi-coloured pastels which trace the words and the shapes that burst on the paper like a retarded fusion of "pachidermic" frustrations of transcendental relationships.

Although I continue to develop work in forms such as painting, poetry, performance and music, in recent years my artistic practice has expanded to include digital media, where I continue to explore notions of identity and displacement. "Haunted...Selfportrait with a Difference" is about all this.

My biggest adventure in the international art scene came when I move to London in 1977. In some ways I came to find an answer to my identity questions. But it made it worst!

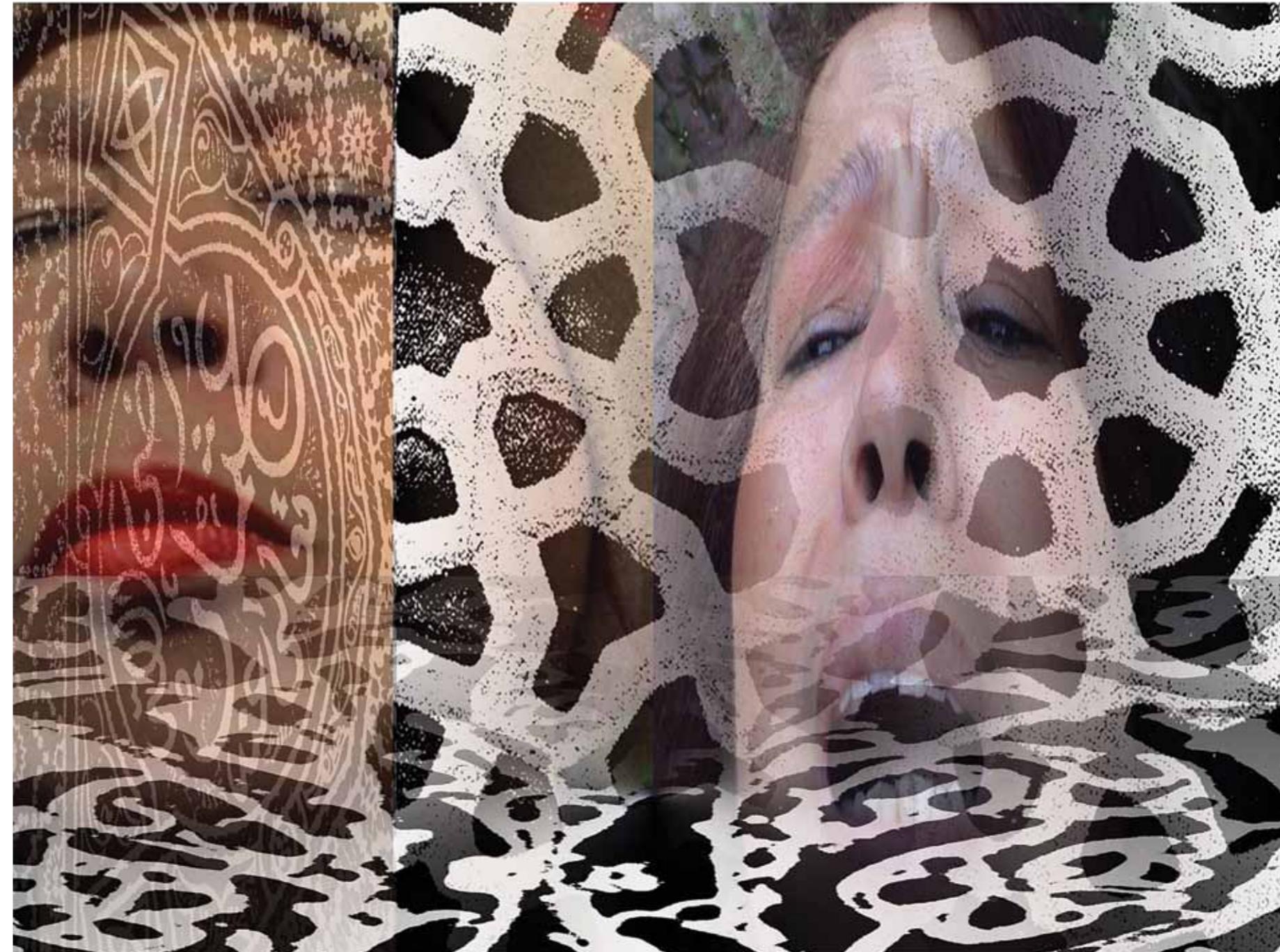
The ramifications degenerate themselves. The stories are no longer listened to. The tales are not anymore tackled.

In a warm and re-comforting impetus, we do not listen, we look haggard.

The political issues have been always in my life as I lived the Algerian war for liberation. I don't escape from my engagement as an artist to the challenges that the world is facing now: wars, more wars! Global warming (is it?), immigration/refugees, gap between poor and rich....etc. The nineties are haunting me as so many Algerian men, women and children were assassinated in the name of obscure beliefs. My "Personal Structures" are layers of experience of wars and political coups which affect me deeply in many ways. It never ends up. My 38 years in London witnessed several wars in Middle East and brought the big era of Terrorism based on hatred and discrimination. We accept with infected eyes swollen by the resignation and the renunciation.

I am interested in signs and "traces" of past civilisations like lines seen from the sky. From macrocosm to microcosm, being a speck of dust which moves around. Stones, sand, plasters or drawing in the dust express the past with no beginning. Also living in London helped me to discover Buddhism and to grasp the Past, Present and Future together, understanding more about my "Time, Space, Existence". Painting is my magical tool but I used camera, camcorder, computer for this installation. I used Photos from the past which I fused with my recent portraits, going deeper into grasping who am I and what I am living for.

Even the last judgment will not happen. Even the weekly crisis will manifest itself into a deluge of smashed glass, of lost tapestries in the labyrinth of the infertile towers. The gardens will disperse in the frontiers. And the arcades will come to life. Of fervour. Of grief. Of unexpected change.



hermann nitsch

by karlyn de jongh & sarah gold

in may 2010, karlyn and sarah were 'crucified' in hermann nitsch's 130th aktion, in naples, italy. in the week before the actual event, they took part in the rehearsals and met nitsch every day to talk with him about experiencing life and his orgien mysterien theater. on the day of the aktion, karlyn and sarah were blindfolded, naked, bound to their crosses, to feel, hear, taste and smell all that was happening to them in the museo hermann nitsch.

sarah gold: now it is up to us to report how we experience this week with you and as a bonus, we hope that we get to hear from you how you experience it. because, after all the literature that is written about you and all the thoughts we have, we believe there is even much more inside of nitsch.

hermann nitsch: i hope there is. i have no secondary education, because i was thrown out of every school, but even so, i became a professor and doctor, even without taking the civil and academic efforts i reached it anyway and i am proud of that, but it was life itself which made me who i am today. unfortunately, i have achieved all this after my mother died, she would have loved to see it.

karlyn de jongh: but perhaps she knew that you would be able to do it.

hn: she knew it exactly. she always scolded me and asked, "why are you doing this nonsense? why don't you go to a bank, or become a schoolteacher? but, whenever i had visitors in my mother's apartment and i was, for example, on the toilet, she expressed her pride to these people. under the bed, she kept old drawings of me, which she then

showed to them. if i had not done my work anymore, my work that she so hated, then my mother would have been bitterly disappointed. basically, she believed in me.

sg: do you have any idea why you made this so called 'nonsense'?

hn: in a positive way, you come very close to me now. now i will not answer you with academic rubbish, but i made it because i was convinced that it was necessary and still is. to work in this way and to question the world in this way. christ said: "what is truth?" it was pontius pilate and pilate makes an incredibly great figure in the new testament. the fact that he washed his hands and really did not want to have anything to do with politics and, then plainly asks: "what is truth?" i want that too. i have always fought for the truth. one cannot reach the truth, but you can move in the direction of the truth. i never wanted to improve the world as a whole for that, the world is far too great, too difficult, too complex. you can only extract great moments from the world, in terms of large deep experiences that penetrate into being. but being is actually the thing in itself. since everything is inside of it: the terrible abyss, and the glorious splendor, the greatest moments of joy and the deepest holes. and yes, i have always fought. i would say, it was for the truth of being.

sg: have you fought for us, for the other, or more for yourself?

hn: that is all in one round. for example, it is the nature of art that she is altruistic, that she is there for others. if beethoven would be sitting here now, with his last string quartet, then that is transferable. art is a language in which moments of joy and deep experiences of being



can be transferred to thousands of people. would that not be the case, then art would be without purpose and not socially intimate and it would to a large extent not be useful, which art really is.

kdj: now you have been creating your work for about 50 years. having lived in vienna i am of the opinion that the viennese actionism was destined to arise there, have you been able to change something? have you in your environment, or perhaps even to a larger extent, made a difference?

hn: look, a great example for me is freud. whether the therapeutic success of freud was really so great is a question i do not want and even cannot answer. but he had a great influence on our whole culture, even on mythology and theology. actually, he preventively has eliminated dispositions towards the classic freud neurosis through his educational work. in this sense, he was therapeutic in insight therapy and that is for me also the case. i do not believe in an improvement of human beings, or an improvement of nature. but i think that we can use the conditions that we have better and more intense and that everyone by himself, can intensively develop his being.

sg: now, from today on, you will live maybe 10 years more...

hn: i would like to live another 10 years. but you have to have good partners who can endure that you are not so fast anymore. they have to be able to deal with my wisdom, just like with the great painters, just like with titian.

sg: these last 10 years, what can you still give us as a final accord?

hn: i would like to make the most beautiful thing i am perhaps still able to make. i would like my work to become more colorful in every respect, and more undogmatic, unspeakably a message of being. that being says: "come to me," you are created to be and experience it. you do not experience it in hell, not in distress and not in pain, but you experience it in the greatest joy. just look the suffering and the cross, the tragedy, the tragic and death, in the eye. the images of wars and holocaust unfortunately, that all belongs to being. i would

like to be on the side, just because i have intimately and altruistically experienced being. in that moment i am then fully there, when i am completely in luck, then i do not understand humanity. i do not believe in isolation that is so awful now, that people grow up in big cities. they have lost contact to the whole, they are really isolated. they are really narcissistic and have a poor existence. but there are also those who can enjoy honestly, in great pleasure there are no restrains. another 10 years? visions for the future, i am not really as interested in them as i am in experiencing the moment, the now, the experience.

sg: do you not have the feeling that, for the younger generation, enjoying honestly moved to the background?

hn: i think this was so at all times. at all times, it has always given prophets who preached. he used to be called the good lord or something like that. there were always those who called for intensity, the essential. perhaps it was a ridiculous figure, but there were always people who have called for such a thing.

kdj: a few weeks ago you met the two of us for the first time. now we are here. what do you think now?

hn: i cannot tell you, this is however not against you; rather these are social considerations which i must take. you will write it down then and that would not be good. please do not think anything negative at all, and that i am not saying it yet, should not limit the intimacy of our cooperation.

sg: but i think we are very open. so, you cannot shock us, whatever thoughts you might have, we are simply very interested.

hn: it is only positive. maybe we come to the moment that i let out anyway, but i would like to say that we will not continue this direction for now, now it is still a bit early.

i am nitsch, but in reference to our conversation, do not think, firstly, that i am infallible, and secondly that i have a desire to be infallible. we artists would of course like to become famous and now



that i am 71, and have been an artist for more than 50 years, what is important to me is that i can say: "i am capable to do that." it has developed in such a way, that today young people like you come to me. of course that pleases me; it should indeed be like that. with regard to this, i have been spoiled my whole life. i was known fairly quickly, perhaps notoriously, always polarized and always questioned. i believe that my work will never stop to be questionable, but i only show the world as she is.

sg: karlyn and i have talked together a lot about you and your aktionen and it seems that a lot of people do not understand you, even though you explain it often and so clearly that i had thought many people should be able to relate to what you say.

hn: you are absolutely right. bankers, lawyers, and many others like that, are often not able to really read my art, and that is sad. i can only teach them to a certain extent, and i can teach them best through my work itself. i know that perhaps 80% of the people, who have kept me alive, in the sense that they buy my art, do not understand it.

kdj: why is that, do you think?

hn: a very drastic example: there is the second viennese school, the schoenberg school. schoenberg is the one who has determined the music of the 20th century. once there was a day of death, or something like that, of one of the composers of this school, anton webern, and then the best musicians came to vienna. he had only written for small ensembles, that is, the best soloists were there. nevertheless, only a few listeners came. the work is so great but nonetheless is discarded in the world. it is so unbelievable that something may go away empty-handed like that. for me it is not considered empty and for the music and for those who know, he has been essential and still is essential. also for example, like with bach, someone who has made the most wonderful things, but when his work is played in a concert hall, perhaps only 1000 people will and can come, there are soccer stadiums that can contain 100,000 people.

sg: does that hurt you?

hn: well, an enemy that can not be overcome, one should simply join. of course, these sports fights have also a lot to do with art, football is dramatic, and it has a lot to do with drama. today, sadly enough, it is like that, but on the other hand, it is so that we have a say in it ourselves as well. this may be something one does perhaps not notice, but indirectly we together decide a lot.

kdj: you seem to be a very intellectually oriented person, but at the same time also a very emotional person.

hn: yes, i am very much at the border of the intellect. and precisely for that reason, because i know i am on the border and move at the frontier of science, i am not against emotionality. many are always against the intellect and say that nothing can be achieved with the intellect. but i also believe that i am passionate. in the past i seem to have been much more terrible. and now i do not know, but my work has always been a plea for sensuality. that is, however, done in such a way, that i always say, "sensibility is a mental thing", it is dealt with by consciousness. so, with this platonic thing however, mind separated from body, i do not play along with that. this is out of christianity, that is no longer my world. my work is an apologia for sensuousness. we no longer live in the middle ages, when the mind was everything and the body was condemned, and our life was only the preparation for the beyond. my life is no preparation for the beyond. the beyond is there, when i am intensely present.

kdj: do you believe that you are always intensely present?

hn: yes, but of course i must die, but when i look around, when i look at the universe, it is always moving, always recurring. everything that is destroyed comes back. i actually carry the whole universe really deep into my heart.



ACT PEACE

THINK PEACE
ACT PEACE
SPREAD PEACE
IMAGINE PEACE

Write IMAGINE PEACE
on the walls
in every bathroom
that you enter.

Yoko Ono
March 18, 2015

You may photograph yourself or what you have written,
and send it to us, if you wish, with the specifics of
where the bathroom was, how old you are, etc.



Yoko Ono

By Karlyn De Jongh, Sarah Gold & Valeria Romagnini

KDJ: This year, you will exhibit Act Peace, an interactive work which calls for people to write IMAGINE PEACE on the walls of every bathroom that they enter. When you yourself imagine peace, what does it look like? How does it feel? Is there a certain smell that comes to mind? A certain sound or taste?

YO: When I imagine Peace, I smell great medicinal herbs of the world, and let my hair float in the ocean wind.

KDJ: What do you hope to trigger in people when they write IMAGINE PEACE? Do you think they will reach a more intense state of awareness when they repeat it several times?

YO: I think they will communicate with the others by writing IMAGINE PEACE which is now a sign all of us share.

KDJ: Being who you are, I can imagine that your reach in Act Peace is much wider than many of the people who visit this exhibition. How do you think, we, as 'normal' people can contribute in acting peace? Where do we start?

YO: Don't be shy about your inspiration. When it comes to you, just share it with others.

VR: With Act Peace you invite people to write IMAGINE PEACE on toilet walls, a private space, but at the same time a space that is visited by all people, regardless of their status, age, culture. It looks to me as if you are asking for a physical participation of the individual to express a conceptual thought. What do you expect with Act Peace by encouraging people to spread a message in places such as toilets?

YO: We are connected in so many ways... even with a public toilet we all use.

SG: With this interaction, the audience becomes the performer but also your artwork. To you, what has more importance, the idea or the interactive practice with the visitors?

YO: The idea that we can share, 1) and perform together, 2) Without the two it is not complete.

SG: Have you ever had the feeling that this immersive experience has made the visitor become the artist? If so, how do you feel about that?

YO: That is precisely what I am wishing to happen! All of us will uncover our creativity through such participation.

KDJ: In 2013 we did an interview with you, in which I asked you about peace. You answered by saying that "Numerologically, it has been calculated that by 2050, all of us will be living in heaven on earth." Of course, it would be more than fantastic, if this would really happen. Do you believe in this numerological prediction? Or is it something that gives you hope to think this way, that after devoting your life to peace, one day you may be able to experience what it feels like?

YO: What we believe in will eventually become reality.

KDJ: We recently published your book YOKO ONO: ARISING, in which you gave women of all parts of the world the chance to express their pain, which they experienced because of their womanhood. The stories were often horrifying. What people do to each other, even at home, even out of love. When I was reading these stories, 'peace' felt



very far away. In what way do you think that Arising can contribute in reaching world peace?

YO: By sharing pain, erase pain eventually.

KDJ: Have you not been afraid that by presenting the experiences of women in Arising, that more hatred is spread?

YO: We will arise above our pain together. No hatred can reach that high.

VR: Although your initiative of anti-violence is a very ambitious thought, how can you communicate the message of Act Peace to that part of humanity which still practices this (what we consider) violence and may consider it 'normal'? How do you try to reach their brain?

YO: It will reach their brain without us trying to.

VR: Looking at some images of your project Imagine Peace, you decided to set the written sign of Imagine Piece onto a blue sky background. Specifically for your presentation at the Times Square in New York, how did you decide to have such a background?

YO: All backgrounds are backgrounds for peace.

VR: Your project Imagine Peace has been presented in many parts of the world including in New York, Reykjavik, Las Vegas, Houston, London, and many more. Do you have any other place in the world that is on your list where you wish to present your project? Would you like to try to create the possibility of presenting it in places such as Firdaus Square in Baghdad, in Gezi Park in Istanbul or Maidan Nezalezhnosti in Kiev?

YO: We don't have to make an effort to present it. It will present itself in time.

SG: Having had the unique opportunity of meeting you in person, I feel your work much more; the sincerity in which it deals with the complexity of human emotions. What do emotions mean to you, since they can be of so much joy and at the same time bring so much destruction?

YO: The true emotion we have is love. Love will conquer all.

SG: Since the fifties your work has been very conceptual. You were an absolute pioneer and even still today (at 82) you break boundaries and dogmas. Where do you think this avant-garde comes from?

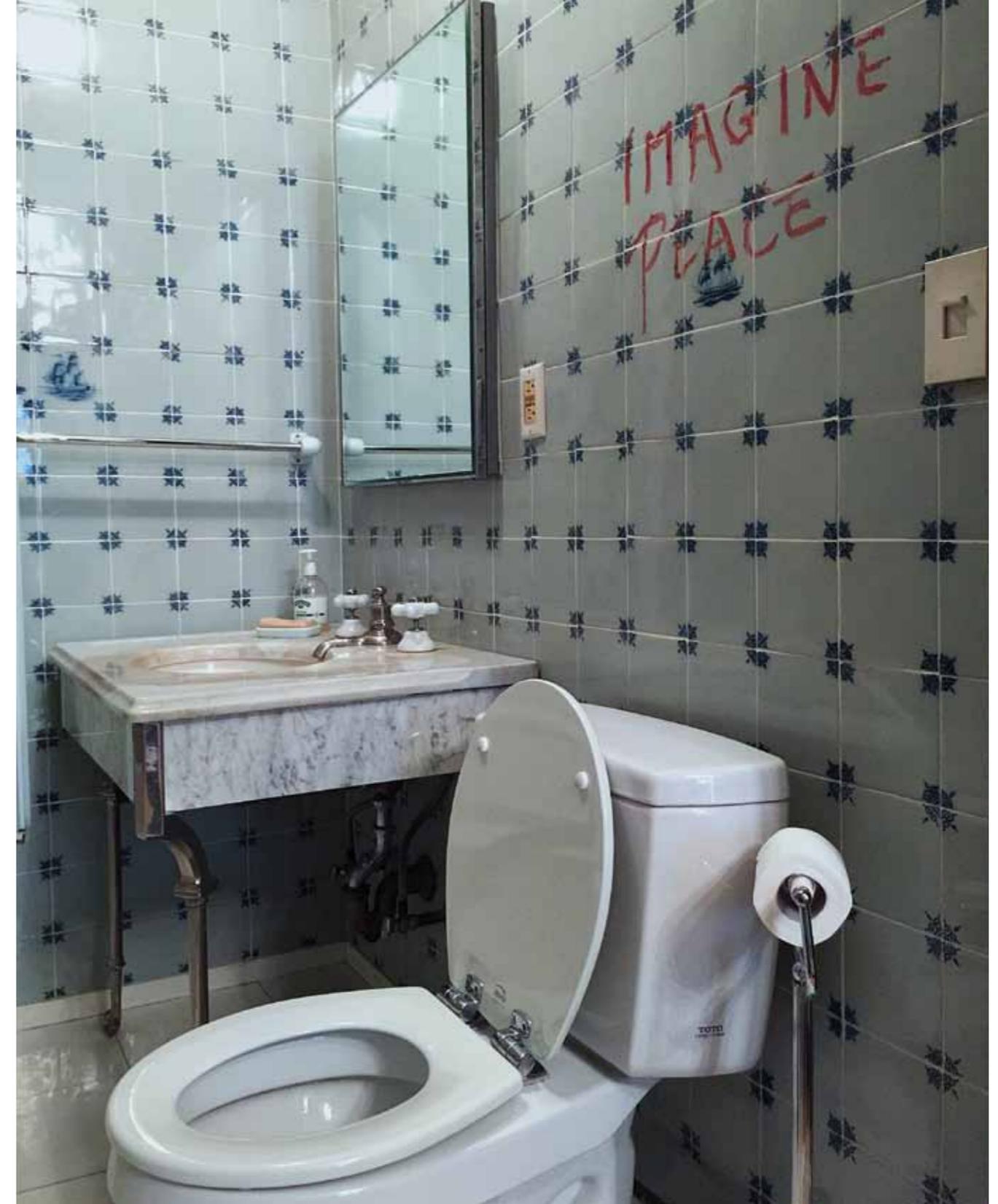
YO: From the truth of the world.

SG: Act Peace can be seen as taken from your instruction series which you started in the fifties. Although this work initiates the creation of a new artwork, you are at the same time experimenting with the audience, their conception of art and beyond. The awareness which you are trying to create in other people seems to me the most important message you want to convey. Do I see that correct? And if so, what was the most special moment you remember where you knew that the encounter of your work was a major breakthrough in someone's awareness/life?

YO: Every day in every way, the awareness is rising in everybody in the world.

VR: Could you explain more about the relation between the upcoming Act Peace for Venice 2015 and John Lennon's historic anthem Imagine from 1971?

YO: The song IMAGINE is the song for this action. ActPeace!



Roman Opalka

By Karlyn De Jongh & Sarah Gold

Roman Opalka died on August 6, 2011. On that day came an end to the program he started in 1965: documenting time passing, by painting the numbers from 1 - ∞. The fundamental basis of Opalka's work, to which he has dedicated his life, manifests itself in showing "Time Passing". His work is a process of recording a progression of numbers that both documents time and also defines it. This year, 2015, it is 50 years ago that Opalka started his program, which continued until his death in 2011. The last number he painted was 5607249.

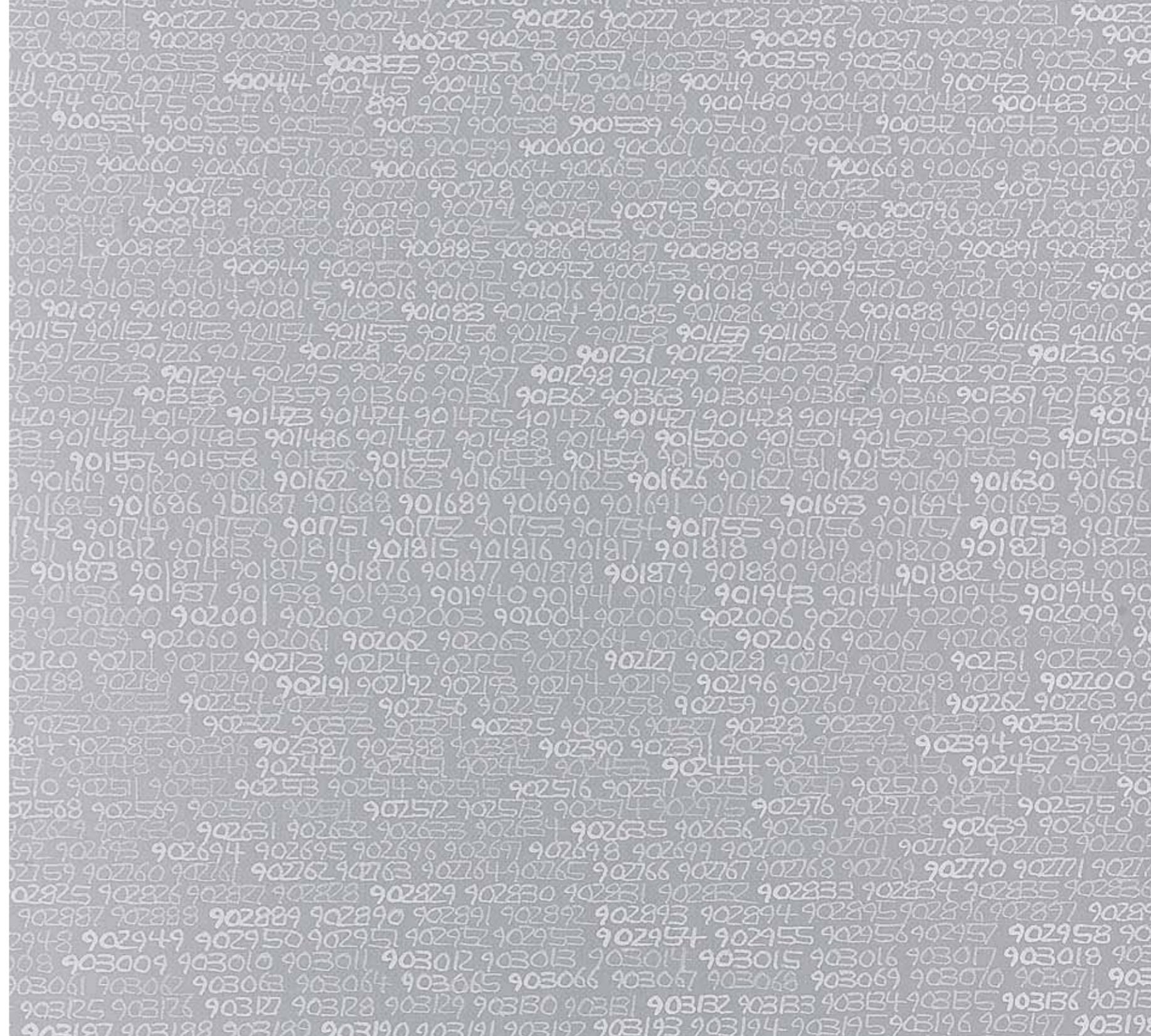
The following text is a small excerpt of the Personal Structures Art Project ROMAN OPALKA: TIME PASSING, that was documented at Opalka's house and studio in Beaumont-sur-Sarthe, France, on 9 June 2010.

Karlyn De Jongh: Do you think about the time that you yourself will not be there anymore?

Roman Opalka: It is also important to say this: death has a certain period of time, it is so that you never know that you have died. This bad news, which we always carry with us in our existence, is so scary. We are afraid of death and we have the right to be afraid, because death is unaesthetic. The physical condition of the body and so on. But death, in the sense of how it is mentally, in the head, is a certain gift of nature, perhaps from God, because you never can reach that point where you say "I am dead." We can only know that we are damned, for example when you know you will get the electric chair or guillotine. But that also is just an idea. The moment itself cannot be determined, not by the person who himself has died. When are you dead? Only the family of the dying person can experience death. That is very, very wonderful.

KDJ: Is that not also a hope, to be able to close ones eyes for death? Not having to experience that moment of death is also something pleasant, isn't it?

RO: Yes, yes, this is a gift from nature. Only human beings know that they will die. In our era, that is the biggest problem we have: we have to die. That is also the case in my work: I use this bad news as something positive for the finishing of my program. That is why my work is always completed. And human beings will die and are in that sense complete as well. Throughout the entire history of painting, even in the realistic works, an artist like Rembrandt for example, says: "The picture is finished." I say, "That is not true." The picture is never finished. Every time I have an exhibition coming up, I have to send a painting at some point in time. In my case, the painting is always finished. But this is dangerous because the painting can perhaps get damaged through transportation. But a work, in my case, is completed totally. Because it belongs to my Being. If the author dies... That means: when I die, the end is perfect! I repeat, it is no good news that I have to die. Every person has problems with his death, of course. Always in bed when you cannot sleep, you have problems, because of having to die. But this problem is liberated in my case through my work. Like any human being, I leave a certain trace. Some people leave a child behind or, in case of the Rockefeller family, a bank. It is a good aspect of life that you can leave something behind. What I as a person leave behind after my death, is very specific, especially as it is a sacrifice for other people. I could not have asked another person to do what I have



realized as a program. I was the one who could still do it, because it was my idea, my program. It is meant very Christian, too. My blood is my body; it communicates to say it like that. But if one would have told Christ: "I will do this for you," that does not work. This transformation cannot be done, and especially not in my work. In my work the numbers are always deeper and deeper, and also more objective in order to rationalize this depth. I can say I have gone deeper, because today I have painted a few more numbers. This is the depth that I am talking about.

KDJ: Roman, you have told us that death is a gift..

RO: For everybody, in general. Why people often commit suicide? They want to free themselves from life.

KDJ: But when you lie in bed at night, do you fear death?

RO: Yes, like everybody else. But I however, have certain thoughts that come with it: I leave a work behind. But of course, almost everyone can say that, for example if he has children. Especially in this context, if I had children, then I possibly would not have come to such an extreme idea. Because a human being who has a child, is already saved. The trace of his existence continues.

Sarah Gold: What would you like to happen with your work after you die?

RO: As with any artwork that has a certain historical significance to the history of art, I want to save my work, because otherwise you could have tried many other things in your existence as an artist. The work can be saved by authors who write about my work, even in posthumous editions. A book. They say: "A book can be written without having a publisher." That is not correct. Every writer has the hope that once it will be printed. My paintings are everywhere in the world, you could say. Australia, the United States. Not in South America, because that is a different world. My work and the history of art, the first handprint in a cave until the work of Duchamp, it is a way to better understand art and to experience it. We do not need to go to a museum when we already have information about art history. It is enough if you know:

Duchamp was there and he did something like this, Rembrandt was present, and Opalka was there. This is always a unit. One single artist would not be possible. It is art history that makes the artist. The artist alone in the air, that is not possible. Only this message of that what happened in Altamira with this hand, which was already a desire to leave a trace. We do this to this present day. I make this trace.



Mike Parr

By Anthony Bond

The Ghost Who Talks

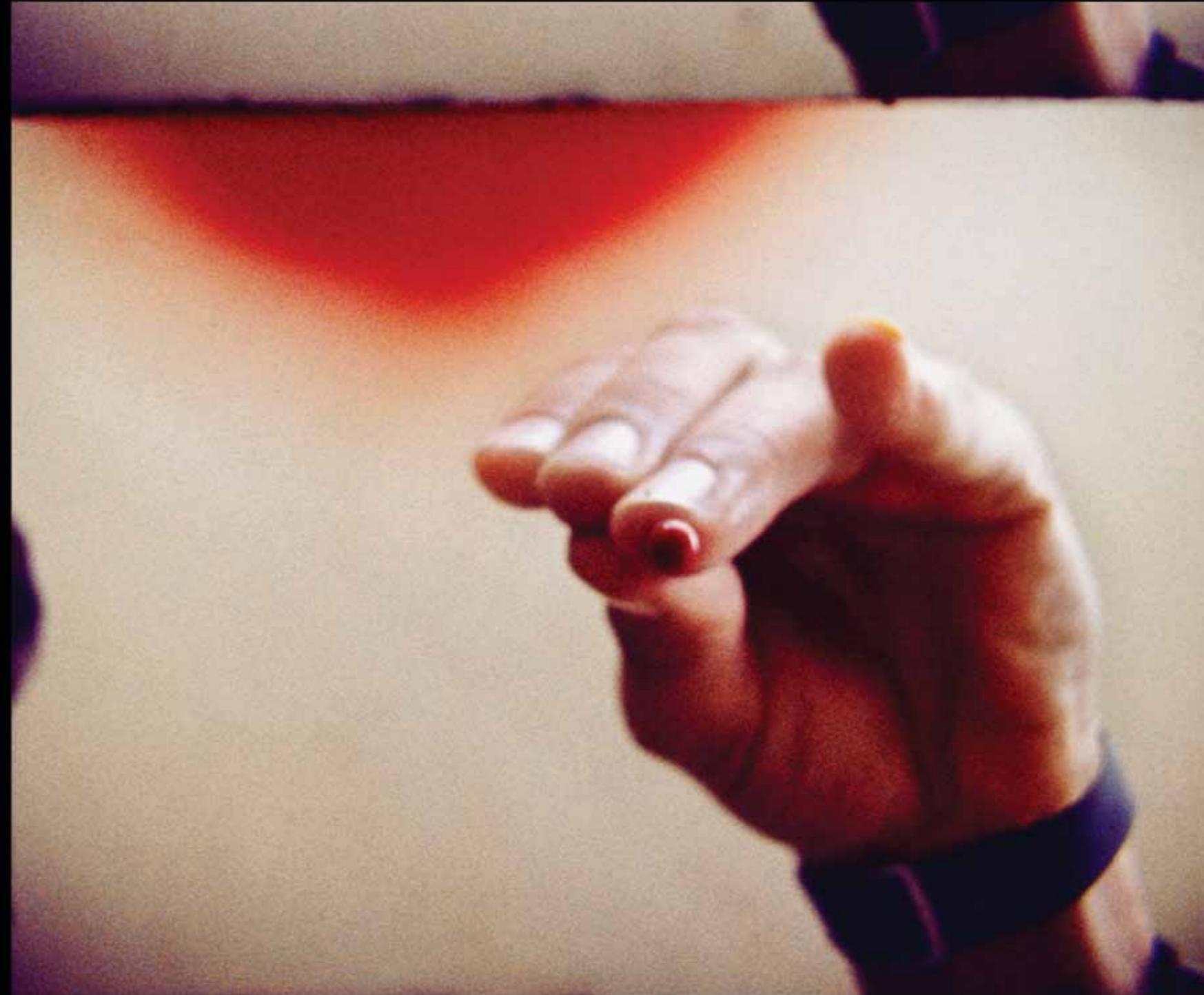
Mike Parr's Performances and by extension his self-portrait projects are visceral and disturbing but it is essential to distinguish them from expressionism. The performances make the artist's body the medium rather than the subject of the expression. Disrupting the margins of the body, opening wounds or distorting the face with sutures agitates that boundary between self and other, interior and the world beyond. It is impossible not to react to the images he presents us with. At some point our wincing as the needle penetrates his skin is an expression of empathy. If we go to the next step with him we will find a coherent and desperate struggle being waged against the barbarity of institutional and personal ideologies that permit violence against others.

Everything Parr does is intensely political, specifically striking out at all brands of ideology and the distortions its representations engender. When Parr reads an ideological tract whether of the right or of the left he reads it backwards. In this way the narrative becomes incomprehensible but certain words and phrases stand out starkly against the background nonsense. These words that may otherwise lie hidden in the text are invariably the Pavlovian triggers that incite anti social behavior. Parr's project is to tear apart the representations of ideology to reveal these triggers.

The representations of ideology both visual and verbal have always employed such triggers although it seems to have become more and more prevalent in recent decades as the truths they seek to occlude become more extreme. This is as true of state acts of barbarism such

as the use of Manus island, Cluster bombs and drones sent into civilian populations as it is for the deranged individual who transforms himself into a walking bomb. Each is delusional but tragically the tricks of the Third Reich still seem to be able to turn normal people into barbaric zombies. When language is used in this way the age of reason is disrupted to admit the iron in the soul. Parr rages against this deception perhaps our only defense against it is to try and see the beam in our eye before being persuaded to hate the mote in the eye of the other.

Parr has a conflicted relationship to modernism that is a language or set of languages that are equally vulnerable to manipulation and deception. When Parr uses a scalpel to reproduce a Malevich monochrome in red on his thigh or when he has his face sewn into a distorted vision of analytic cubism he is both identifying with the modernist project and violently abusing it. Like other languages Modernism is subject to abuse by ideologues and has been used to support National Socialism and Stalinism in different contexts. Making this visible through scathing attacks using the body of the artist as a virulent site may just be one way of reclaiming the ground.



Mike Parr

The following text is Mike Parr's personal description of his work, while walking through the rooms on the third floor of Palazzo Mora:

Room 1

La Triviata/Bad Son, 2010-14. Blu-ray disk, looped play, 16:9, 11:45, colour, sound. 16mm camera: Gotaro Uematsu, co-performer: Garry Manson, make-up: Linda Jefferyes.

I performed this action in a closed session at my studio in Sydney in 2010. In one day I performed the “de-humanization of the performer” by repeatedly having my face sewed into a knot. The cathartic real is the basis for all these actions, the schemata though is relentlessly analytical and even bureaucratically detached. In the case of “The Fresh Skin” series in 2010, the sordid reduction of the performer becomes a ground and with the help of my make-up artist and team, each violation of the face was re-created as an Ur moment of Modernism. There was the Fauvist moment, the Cubist reconstruction and the Return to Order. I performed six actions in succession that day with the last, *Bad Son* [Malevich], being performed as an impromptu event at the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

La Triviata/Bad Son shows the last face sewing [though art historically it is the first in the series]. I am at the end of my tether as the sutures are pushed through my lips, nose, cheeks and ears and as the threads are pulled tight to deform my face. My make-up artist begins the work of transforming this distortion into Henri Matisse's, *Femme au chapeau* of 1905, one of the iconic works of Fauvism and an Ur

moment of Modernism. The documentation of this piece extends to include the final performance in the series, *Bad Son* [a literal translation of Malevich's name], which was done in the Victorian/early Modern galleries at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. I am seated in these rooms, dressed in a replica of my father's World War II military uniform, surrounded by pictures of an incipient Australian nationalism, in the context of a late 19th C, early 20th C English Imperialism; a colonial stalemate that still neuters my country. I am reading backwards from *The Australian National Dictionary: A Dictionary of Australianisms on Historical Principles*, published on the occasion of our Bi-Centenary in 1988, by the Oxford University Press; an inevitable quagmire of argotic distortions, xenophobia, racism, sexism, homophobia and barbaric opinion of uninhibited vitality. This litany begins as Madame Matisse's hat is put in place on my head, looped again & again, rising to a crescendo over the final scenes of the film as the performance-scene begins to dissolve in the miasma of my mother's glassware.

The soundtrack is particularly significant. Ambient sounds in deep space have been lifted into the foreground adding to the complexity of associations that the film intends to set in motion.

Room 2

Eye, Eye Captain, 2010-14. Blu-ray disk, looped play, 16:9, 5:45, black/white, sound. 16mm camera: Gotaro Uematsu, co-performer: Garry Manson.



The second of the face sewing works performed April 10, 2010 in the studio at 108 Henderson Road, Alexandria. Until recently all my performance had been filmed in 16mm. The 2010 performances were the last of my performances filmed in this 20th C film medium. We pushed the stock a couple of stops and the image buzzes with grain. This disintegration is significantly part of the sense of the performance.

Room 3

Revolutionary Reading, 2008. DVD looped play, 16:9, 30:52, colour, sound. 50" Plasma screen.

On the 16 August 2008 I did a performance at the MCA, Sydney in the presence of a selection of Aleksandr Rodchenko's photcollages and "Hanging Spatial Constructions". I had been invited to do this reading from the catalogue for the 2008 Biennale of Sydney, *Forms that Turn*, by the Artistic Director, Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev. In the event I decided to read Jonathan Crary's *Spinning Histories: Displacement and reversal in the arts of perception backwards*. I seated myself at a small table on which the catalogue was placed, together with a wax casting of my head wearing an Australian World War II military cap adorned with a red star and I proceeded to read. I had instructed the cameraperson to adopt a fixed angle and area of view for the duration of the performance. One of Rodchenko's photomontages could be seen installed on the wall to my right and throughout the reading, the shadow of one of R's *Hanging Spatial Constructions* moved faintly on the white expanse of wall behind me.

Room 4 & 5

Sitting Member, 8 hour performance, 2005. Two loops from HD presented on two monitors [camera 1, camera 2], 4:3, 8hrs approx., colour and B/W, sound. 2-4 stainless steel buckets of human urine.

Performed in the Boiler Shop, Newcastle, Australia, 3 October 2005.

I performed inside a large wooden box positioned within the vast, disused industrial space of the Boiler Room. For 8 hours I sat in the box with the stump of my left arm protruding through the wall. It was unclear to the audience whether they were in the presence of my penis or the stump of my left arm. Throughout that time the audience heard the *Second Reading of the Occupational Health and Safety [Commonwealth Employment] Amendment Bill, 2005*, as it was read and debated by the House of Representatives of the Australian Federal Parliament. The reading and the vociferous debate that it produced, reverberated throughout the space. The buckets of urine add to the indelible impression of the piece.

Room 6

A Rose by Another Name, 2009. DVD looped play, 16:9, 1:42:06, B/W, silent. 50" Plasma screen set on a wall.

I first typed this piece in 1976. I regard my typing pieces of the early 1970's as my first performance scripts. Time & motion studies of the most Procrustean sort and a prolegomena that questions the order of the dictionary and its apparent grammatical suspension of the instinctual structure. In 1968 my father gave me the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary- International Edition and the instruction that I use it to bring order to my mind. This dictionary is still in my possession and it has been the basis for all my language works. *A Rose by Another Name* is the most recent form of a work completed in 1976, as *Abasex to Zymasex [Homage to Sigmund Freud]*. I went through the dictionary to select every word ending in "se" to which I added the letter "x"; simultaneously a tremendous plethora of polymorphous, perverse suggestions and their negation or blockage according to the logic of language and its symbolic extrapolation as sign. It's also a very amusing work. *Abasex to Zymasex* was exhibited in an art magazine rather than being shown like art in an art gallery, specifically *Art and Australia*, Vol.1, No.4, April 1976, Sydney. In 2009 I decided to animate the original as a succession of isolated words with lap dissolves



between them. I changed the title of this work having noticed that English lists the names of many species of rose in the same way that Eskimos reputedly name many different types of snow.

Room 7

A program of three works that follow one another in succession with the whole program looped to recur.

UnAustralian, 2003. 16:9, 19:36, B/W, sound, large projection Wall A. 16mm camera: Mark Bliss, co-performer: Garry Manson.

I did this work in direct protest at the Australian Government's policy towards asylum seekers. Specifically their election winning strategy aimed at convincing the Australian public that these people were "UnAustralian". I decided that if desperate refugees were UnAustralian, then I was UnAustralian too. I performed the work in closed session at Artspace. Garry Manson, a colleague of many years, set about sewing up my face with sutures. I arranged for my cameraman Mark Bliss to film the action in 16mm. My instruction was to film in close with a standard lens, pulling focus as the filming proceeded. The film is both a protest piece and an extreme example of the Modernist reduction that conflates and universalizes the extremity of all my performance work.

Breathless, 2008. 16:9, 8:00, B/W, sound, large projection mid-point of Wall B.

I animated this piece out of 16mm documentation of the performance 100 Breaths, which was first performed in 1992 and on a number of occasions since. In 1992 I went to Perth to produce 100 self-portrait etchings. I drew these images into hardground rolled onto copper plates. Towards the end of the session, I wondered how I might present this series of multifarious self-portraits, because my endless series of self-portraits over many years seem to me like leaves falling off trees. It occurred to me that I might be able to breathe each sheet of A4 sized, 350gsm paper, directly onto my face and that I could

continue until all 100 had been presented in this way. In the event I became hyper-ventilated and my expression became more extreme as I proceeded. This seemed like an amusing example of the irrelevance of self-portraiture in the age of the moving image.

Black Book: Memory of a Monochrome [Bloodhouse Blow], 1992, 4:3, 17:42, colour, sound. Large projection Wall A. Performance assistant: Derek Kreckler.

This is the one moving image work in the installation that is not 21st C and it forms a bridge between my performance work of the 1970's [which was a species of "body art" *an sich*] and the more recent, overtly political/ parodic pieces. Seated before an audience in a large, disordered warehouse space, lit by a single spotlight, I cut open a section of my trousers to reveal an area of my thigh. I was looking at a monitor which showed the video of the proceedings in real time. I had decided to recut the healed outlined of the original grid by crosshatching cut lines to produce a square of blood. Because of the disconnect between seeing and doing, the monochrome overlays the original scar in parallax and I seem to cut my leg in abstract detachment as if feeling my way. At the end of the action I sew the flap of my trouser back into place and the bloody monochrome is "disappeared". This disappearance of the image is both a displaced political protest and an invocation of the scar tissue of Modernism [of its patch over the hole of the vanishing point].

Room 8

Cartesian Corpse, 2008, HD to 50" Plasma screen on inclined floor plinth, 16:9, upwards of 34hours, colour, sound. Co-performer: Anthony Bond.

I did this exhibition on the occasion of my retrospective exhibitions in Hobart in the latter part of 2008. On the top floor of the Bond Stores, reportedly the oldest, original convict built stores in Australia, I decided to present *Cartesian Corpse*.. "a performance for as long as possible". I arranged for the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery,



which was hosting part of my exhibition, to build a large, beautifully proportioned timber floor, which sloped down from the low ceiling to create a wedge. I was incarcerated in the “stocks”, so that only my head was visible, floating at the centre of this floor. A chair was sited alongside the inclined floor and I was kept company by the curator, Anthony Bond, who continually recorded his impressions in a note book. The performance effectively extended to the whole space, which was animated by my ordeal. In the late 19th C this room had housed the “Female Factory”, an institution that coercively drafted the labour of female convicts. The inordinately low ceiling was matched by the few small square windows. These “monochromes” were covered with scrims so that by day they were white luminous monochromes and by night pitch black squares. In the event I managed to stay put for just over 34 hours.

Room 9

Major Minor, 2008. Blu-ray disk, looped play, 50" Plasma screen attached to wall, 16:9, 8:59, colour, silent. 16mm camera: Jackie Farkas.

I performed this piece at the Art Gallery of New South Wales in mid-2008. I arrived at the gallery dressed in a replica of my father's World War II uniform, complete with my father's moustache. I seated myself in the galleries of late 19th C early 20th C Australian art, a period of early Nationalism in a Colonial setting. My cameraperson and I had managed to secure the longest zoom lens in Australia. This was mounted on a 16mm camera. I was accompanied by my wax self-portrait head complete with an Australian World War I military cap. The wax casting was held to my chest by my right arm and my left arm, which had been completed by a prosthesis, dangled uselessly at my side. The piece was performed and finished in one long take. The zoom lens was used to continually conjoin the military portraits, alternately my portrait in big close up and the wax effigy, with details of the Australian paintings in deep space. This image on Plasma screen accompanied the performance of *Cartesian Corpse*.



Wolfgang Pavlik

YOU DON'T KNOW ME

Restraint and denial are instruments of my aesthetics, they are essential for the kind of painting I have been pursuing for years.

All my attention is dedicated to the self-restraint of a formal order of composition, and to the achievement of impact by withdrawing colours from the spectrum.

What captures me, are the fragments, the extracts of life and everything else that moves therein. I refer to those elements, which, at first impression, appear incoherent. It's not what one sees in the spur of the moment, but rather what remains concealed that creates mystery and magic.

As a result what remains is a restricted view, a selection of pre-existing inner images and their layout.

In our, times, the human is increasingly faceless, but in my paintings becomes visible again through the absence of a distinctive face.

Time and time again, I find myself surprised realising how much I love in a painting those things one cannot really see.

Wolfgang Pavlik, born in Vienna, lives and works in Vienna and Palermo.



Qin Chong

Culture territories

Different water and soil bring up different people—every region is special in terms of locality, climate, natural environment and especially in regard to the people living there. Different places produce different cultures, and the people from various places differ because their environment, habits and history, their thoughts and concepts are not the same. Culture changes from place to place, and so do intellectual expressions and artistic statements.

We can see these differences in the characteristics of the high cultures of the Maya, Egypt, the Greek and Roman, old India or China. But will differences in culture maintain in this globalized world? The 21st century sees how cultures melt and influence each other, due to the pace of change in society, research, the Internet and information technologies. Uniform thoughts emerge, leading to the conformity of concepts. But there are differing voices: the voice of those who do not care too much about traditions but jump onto the fast track train of global popular culture. Or the conservative voices of those who do cling to traditions, feeling great regret to abandon them. And in fact there are only a few who are able to manage the enormous amount of interfering information we are flooded with, who know how to efficiently and thoughtfully make use of it. In these times of “here, there and everywhere”, we experience an era that values superficial, popular trends, leading to monotonous equality instead of outstanding characteristics. We see emphasize on international conformity, just as if an artist only had one color left on his palette. A colorless world, though... Mere illusion?

Perhaps it is our modern times that produce this popular phenomenon of a uniform world, because of globalization and easy access to information and material. However many artists from different cultural background still manifest an independent language and different ways of expression, especially if we look at avant-garde thinkers, who really do research on culture.

Every extraordinary art piece results from accumulated, profound studies. Any remarkable culture is built not only on centuries but on sediment, a deep base of traditions. We cannot construct today's civilization like a machine or a computer by just assembling parts supplied from different origins all over the world. If we want to fly, we have to start from the ground. Leaves and sprouts need deep roots. Progress is based on history and traditions. Every artist uses his lifetime to aspire to his very own artistic language, to tell a different story. And of course everyone uses his native language to clearly and unmistakably convey his thoughts and messages.



Saad Qureshi

Dead Leaves Lie Still

Through various disciplines of sculpture, installation and drawing, Saad Qureshi's work probes issues of cultural belonging and separation—as well as universals that unite us beyond culture. Often creating large, multi-vocal objects that have resonances to differing faiths or cultures, and examine how relevant religion and ethnicity are in the contemporary world.

Fascinated by the relationships between matter and aura, the physical and the cultural and intrigued by how something—an object or a place—becomes significant and takes on an importance beyond its physical presence. Qureshi is particularly interested in how time affects landscapes—both internal and external—and in how some landscapes transcend time to become timeless.

In *Dead Leaves Lie Still*, Qureshi casted the central sections of palm branches in concrete, altering the physicality of the object and its mass. Symbolizing religion, the palm leaf is a powerfully redolent object in Christianity, Islam and in Judaism. Religion exists in the mind and the culture; it is not physically tangible in space. Here, the palm leaves profoundly occupy space. In being reminiscent of unearthed animal bones—dinosaur parts, ancient whalebones, fossils—they suggest the enduring nature of religion, that it is always there beneath the surface, that sacred stories are omnipresent. Stories—those intangible things that can never be owned like an object by a single individual—have hereby been made to bring their significance into the physical dimension, the realm of space and matter.



Jörg Remé

By Laurens Vancrevel

Hacking the firewalls of art – connecting incompatible traditions The “inner model”

It all began with Remé’s invention, in 1968, of the artificial creature, his “homunculus” and “inner model”, that gave his art a unique and distinctive feature. Its shape is a figuration of soft flowing forms, wrapped in a shining privacy, with a subtle radiance. Its presence is a marvelous strangeness, a disarming tenderness and vulnerability. In Remé’s work, daydreaming chooses exclusively the forms it prefers, protected against oppressive aesthetic laws. They evoke life mysteries such as growth, eroticism, procreation, and death. They show the indivisibility of the life of plants, the animal world and of human existence.

Jörg Remé does not take subjects from the external world nor does he represent objects from it: he finds these by association among his subconscious observations – they are the result of his intense research into the core of things, into the essence of feeling and of being, amalgamating the achievements of the masters of the past with those of the modern art movements.

Absorbing non-Western traditions

Remé’s frequent travels to the inlands of India and South America have introduced bright new colors and lush shapes into his imaginary universe. He aimed at connecting his highly personal post-romantic aesthetics to the sublime balanced order of non-Western art traditions.

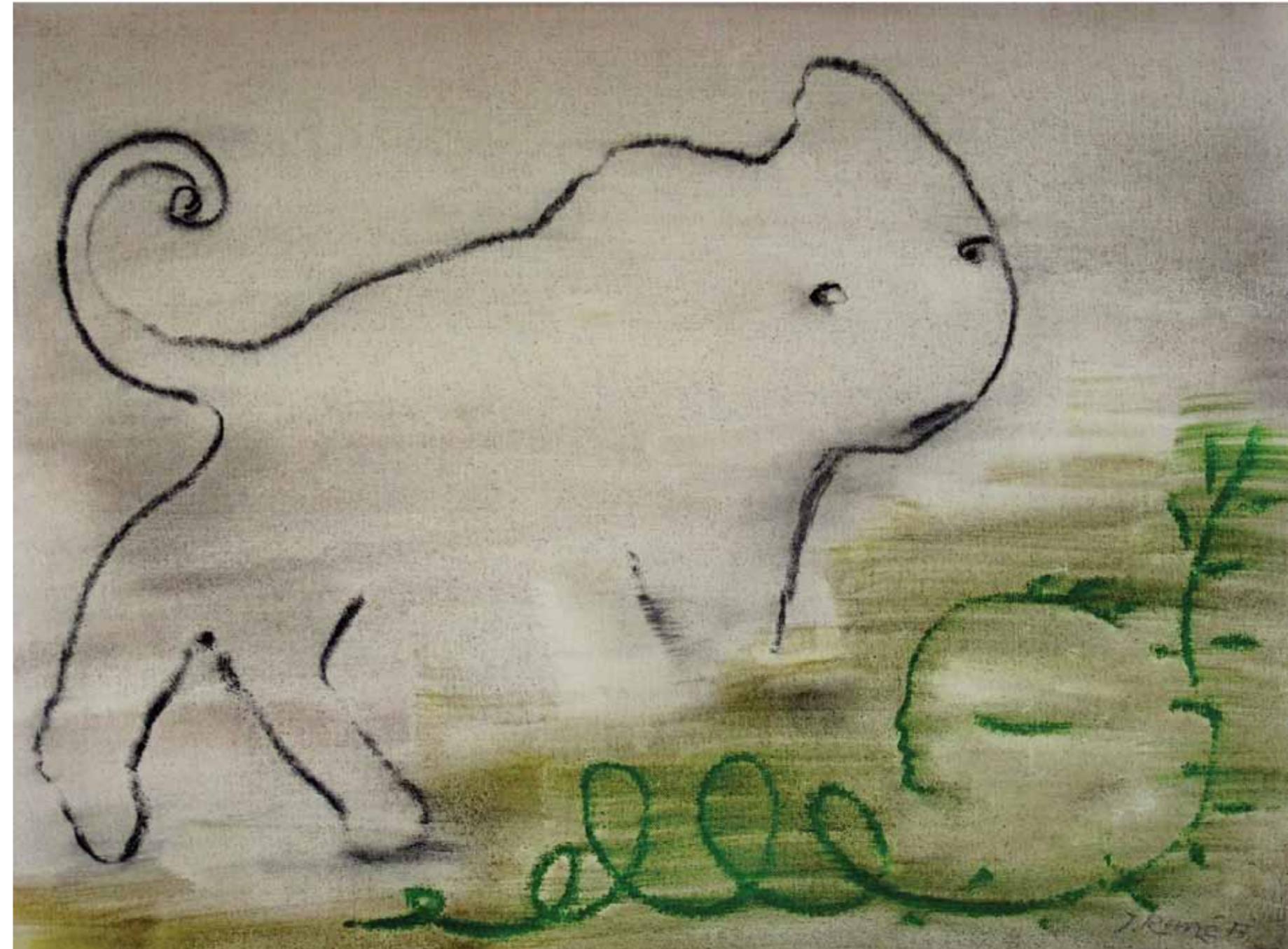
In the history of art, a constant flow of exotic influences has been manifest, both in subject matter and in composition, and also in the intensified expressiveness of the works of art.

Jörg Remé is among those contemporary artists who have succeeded to integrate the harmonizing powers of non-Western art with the passionate search of Western painting for the individual poetic experience.

Showing new perspectives

The intimate windows of the art of painting, that in recent decades were in serious danger to be covered by the lava flow of a brutal and numb void, are opened again to new light and fresh air.

Jörg Remé belongs to those painters of our time who show the many new perspectives for the never-ending, compelling vision of art.



Reko Rennie

Regalia

Reko Rennie (born 1974) lives and works in Melbourne, Australia and belongs to the Kamilaroi people of northern New South Wales. Rennie's art incorporates his association to the Kamilaroi people using traditional geometric patterning that represents his community. Through his practice, Rennie provokes discussion surrounding indigenous culture and identity in contemporary urban environments.

Regalia confronts our perception of 'royalty' by way of resistance, reclamation and symbolic reinterpretation, carried out through a branding of the artists hand and heritage, and is presented as a political statement about the original custodians of Australia—the Aboriginal people. It features the repetitive patterning of three symbols: the crown, the diamond and the Aboriginal flag.

The crown acts an homage to the origins of Rennie's practice, but most importantly signifies sovereign status. It prompts us to recognise Aboriginal people as the lawful sovereigns of Australia as opposed to the ideology of the Commonwealth, under which the country is currently ruled.

The diamond is the artist's emblematic acknowledgement of his Kamilaroi/Gamilaroi people. It is a representation of the ceremonial markings of his people, similar to a family crest. It is a part of his makeup.

The Aboriginal flag, drawn in the form of a graffiti tag, honours all Aboriginal people, from environments both urban and remote and anywhere in between.



Rene Rietmeyer

By Karlyn De Jongh, Sarah Gold & Valeria Romagnini

Rene Rietmeyer (1957, 's Hertogenbosch, Netherlands) is the initiator of PERSONAL STRUCTURES. His 'Boxes' express himself and his awareness of Time, Space and Existence in relation to his surroundings.

Sarah Gold: After you had 'established' yourself as an artist you initiated PERSONAL STRUCTURES. Knowing how much of your time, energy and money you invest in this project, could you tell why and how you came to creating this 'open platform'?

Rene Rietmeyer: I felt that if I would continue to focus only upon my own personal career as an artist that, with my own 'unspectacular' art, I would never be able to reach a lot of people. It is my goal to reach as many people as possible with a message about consciously living a life, and at the same time somehow financially survive myself, while having an interesting life. Bringing many different artists together creates a certain dynamic and by doing so I will be able to reach many more people than by being alone. I might therefore myself not become very well known as an artist, but I will reach the maximum possible regarding my main goals.

Valeria Romagnini: You started the project in 2002, over time the group of artists involved has changed and has grown until now. After 11 years what do you think of the development of the project as a total at this point and what would you need to get further in your attempt to heighten your own and other people's awareness through your project?

RR: Remembering how unknowingly I started and seeing where the project stands today I can only be pleased that somehow we came so

far. Although it took me over 11 years to get this far, I still think that the project is only at its beginning. The project has now a strong base from which it can continue to grow. Now it is important to keep working on the quality of the contents, the symposia, the exhibitions and the publications, and most importantly, not to stop. Therefore I am now already supporting the people who hopefully one day will continue what I have started. The project is planned as a very long term project because I believe that the larger it grows, the longer it lasts, the larger the impact will be upon society.

Karlyn De Jongh: Recently we went to visit Michelangelo Pistoletto in Biella, Italy, and spoke about his project 'Love Difference'. With initiating PERSONAL STRUCTURES as an artists' platform, thereby documenting different opinions, you seem to be a living 'model' for someone who loves difference. What do you hope to find or hope to achieve with PERSONAL STRUCTURES?

RR: So many different humans, with so many different points of view, often believing that they are the only ones who see it right. Documenting as many as possible well fundamented visions about the subjects Time-Space and Existence, by trying to stimulate the discussion and awareness about these topics. In addition I would like to try to make more people see that beauty is in the difference and not necessarily in that what reflexes one's own opinion.

VR: Looking at your work from your early career until your recent works, it seems as if you have created a personal inventory of your experiences. One can travel the world and perceive different atmospheres as suggested by your series. Your works are reactions upon a particular



space in a particular moment in time, which could possibly also be seen as sequences of different moments following one other over time. However, having lived these moments, the perception probably will be different and these moments have become part of your memory, your consciousness, your awareness. How do you consciously perceive time?

RR: Looking back I remember the many homes in the Netherlands where you sat in the totally silent living room and you could hear the clock loudly ticking the seconds away. This feelings has not left me ever since, I feel the seconds that I am alive ticking away. It is a linear passing of time, sometimes it feels to tick faster, sometimes slower, but it does not stop, my life time keeps ticking away, in seconds, days, years. It is not a nice feeling, but that consciousness is the driving thought behind my restlessness to achieve, to experience, just as long as I am still alive. Fortunately thereby creating an accumulation of memories, consciously lived moments of time passing expressed in my works.

VR: In your work you express your point of view and thoughts after an experience at a certain moment in time and space, by giving shape to your emotions and feelings of it in a specific moment. The actual moment of the creation of your work is then different from the moment of the experience you refer to. You express and present your work to your public as a proof of your existence and of your awareness at that moment in time. By time passing, you become more and more aware of your life as a total and your emotions and feelings about certain experiences probably could change, you could perhaps add more reflections or change your mind upon it. In this case, have you ever thought of expressing your renewed feelings and perceptions upon the same experience that you once already described?

RR: Normally, once I made a series of a certain experience I never return later to that same experience anymore, even if I do not like the outcome of my artworks. I move on. However, I have made very few exceptions, one of them is a series I made about my encounter with Nobuyoshi Araki in Tokyo May 1999. This was a very unusual encounter and at first I had made a series of blue Boxes with yellow lines over it, but after making them I really did not think that they express

my experiences well, I started a new series and was pleased with the result. My feelings and perceptions had not changed, but in my early years I was not yet so sure about the formal means in which to express myself in the way I thought that was needed.

VR: In 2012 you showed me the wall in Antibes, where Nicolas de Staël might have jumped to his death, and the place where you lived in Vallauris, next to the Picasso Museum. While spending time in the South of France you started to have more freedom and courage in the use of colors and soon after your works became more 3 dimensional, they really became your Boxes. Also for Matisse the South of France had a very important impact on his work. The brightness and the strong powerful saturated colors impressed him and he started to use blocks of color, therefore he stated, “the kilogram of green is greener than half a kilogram of green”. What does color mean to you and why do you create often such a very material surface?

RR: Yes, Matisse was right, it is not only the color itself which has an enormous impact upon how we perceive, but also the amount of color, the opaque presents of the material color can add an enormous power in expressing emotions. Whenever I have the financial means and it “fits” to the subject, I like creating an opaque surface, it is a lot of me in there.

VR: When looking at your works since the beginning of your career, while it seems that oil paint and wood are your favorite materials to work with, you have used so far a wide range of different materials: glass, wood, concrete, silicon, acrylic, glue, steel, ceramic. What are the characteristics that bring you to the choice of a certain material? Are there other materials you would like to try out and use?

RR: I am not so sure about how personal or how universal my emotional response to certain materials are but, it is obvious for me that each material has very specific qualities which I can use in order to achieve a certain perception. So has for example acrylic paint for me a more superficial, artificial character than oil paint and glass a colder feeling than corten steel. Unfortunately, I lately did not have

the right circumstances to experiment with new materials, but I hope that I will once have the opportunity and subject by which I can use lead in combination with oil paint and wood.

KDJ: The last few years, except for your glass-Boxes, you have always made your works with the same materials. Although the ‘subjects’ that are indicated with the titles seem so very different, your series Oman 2012, El Hierro 2011 and your 2010 Kosuth-Boxes are all ‘oil paint on wood’ and are also very close to each other in their shape and size. Am I right in thinking there is a shift of focus taking place? That in expressing your relation to a certain subject, ‘you’ are becoming more and more present in your works rather than ‘your subjects’?

RR: I do not think that it is to a great extend my own personality who shows more and more, also not in the choice of oil paint as material. One of the main reasons why I have mainly worked with oil paint in the last years is unfortunately that, since I left Miami and the Netherlands, I do not have the same two large studios anymore. Since the last 4 years I focused mainly on establishing a home for my project here in Venice, Italy. I could hardly work and my studio here is only 20 square meter. For the glass and ceramic works I used assistances, and these works were not made in my studio. But, it is how it is, my works become according who I am on that particular moment in time, with the resources and within the possibilities that I have. I continuously change, my works will fortunately change again.

VR: In one interview, speaking about your artistic practice, you defined that the fine-tuning in your concept, you cannot call that a development. You exist as a human being, and therefore you change. Development is mostly seen as a linear development, like an improving; you express yourself as you are at this point in time. These days you are a different person from whom you were years ago. How does the development of you as a person reflects in your work?

RR: Many young artists are always looking for something that has never been done before and when they find something they think that they found art. I do not have to find a new technique, a new gimmick, I

just express myself while my concept basically stays the same. It is the way in which I express myself that changes. I always try to look inside myself and inside the experienced moments of my life as consciously as I can. When I am in my studio I try to express myself as consciously as I can in my artworks. Reflecting my personal development, my personal status of that specific moment in combination with the previously experienced moments being the subject matter of my artworks, is in the choice of my formal elements, such as size, color, material etc. As in my personal development there is no “linear progress” I am just always changing, always moving, seemingly existing without a clear direction. Whereby I do hope that I continuously become a better human, without knowing exactly what that might be.

SG: You are a person who wants to make ‘a difference’. I know that in your daily life, you do have a tremendous (positive) influence on the people in your immediate surroundings. Also to me, your art is a result of your desire to express yourself and consequently has an influence on the spectator. Living today, in a world which seems never to have been so ‘fast’, where there is a constant overload of information and people seem difficult to “reach”; do you think you are able to achieve this positive influence through your art?

RR: Unfortunately, I am aware that I will only be able to reach very few people, but if I would do nothing, I would reach nobody. I try to reach as many as possible people with my art, with my project, with me, even while knowing that all this might only have a limited influence upon a few people.

SG: As a person, you are all about Awareness; Awareness of our own existence, our surroundings, and our life-time. Why do you think, you developed this special heightened consciousness?

RR: Seeing so many people dying around me and at the same time knowing that there will be no life after death, forces you to take being alive very serious. Knowing that a life-time is very short makes you realize that every day alive is an important day and therefore should be an interesting beautiful day.



Veronique Rischard

Representative of the theme TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, is Veronique Rischard's obsessional subject of work: the TREE.

It is rooted time, conquered space and space to be conquered, consequently a manifestation of existence!

My work originated from the desire to retain a memory, or rather an imprint, of a particular tree, a tree that had to be cut down, a tree in which I had spent a great part of my childhood.

Thus I started drawing, not to represent the tree itself, but in order to materialize the way I felt inside that tree. The tree had swallowed me in its swarming little world, and I felt at home. It was a place of moments, I was entirely immersed in it, whilst fully aware that I was somehow sitting on the past, and surrounded by the future.

I had to find a way to express this feeling using an accumulation of shapes—no quick color spots, but rather the creation of airy entanglements.

Progressively, as I was growing up, maybe I took some distance and started perceiving trees as a whole, I saw in them those dancers who can work tirelessly on the detail of a single move, until they reach exactly their intention, until their move is so perfect that it naturally becomes the sketch of a new world.

A tree is an allegory of the world and of the feeling of awareness.

This theme is so rich, I would need a whole life to discover its potential.

It is a source of freedom within the frame of an abundant structure, this has filled me with some sort of vegetal enthusiasm.

However you may choose to cut or divide it, it always contains the possibility of a work of art.

I will have fully met my ambition if the viewer understands it as a way to explore his own inner self, whichever part of it he chooses according to his wish, his desire, his mood, his aspirations, his dreams...

Thus this subject has no limit.



Nicolas V Sanchez

By Francesca Carol Rolla

A short, dense meditation on memory and oblivion, on what is lost and what is revealed in the territory of identity.

Nicolas V Sanchez. Family pictures, landscapes and animals, fragments of lives fixed in time, notes of travel and experiences. A childhood spent among Mexican rural landscapes and the American Midwest is that sense of familiarity and uncertainty with which, together, space and its elements are configured; with which Sanchez returns memories that, slipping through fingers, ask to be fixed, vulnerable, in time and on paper.

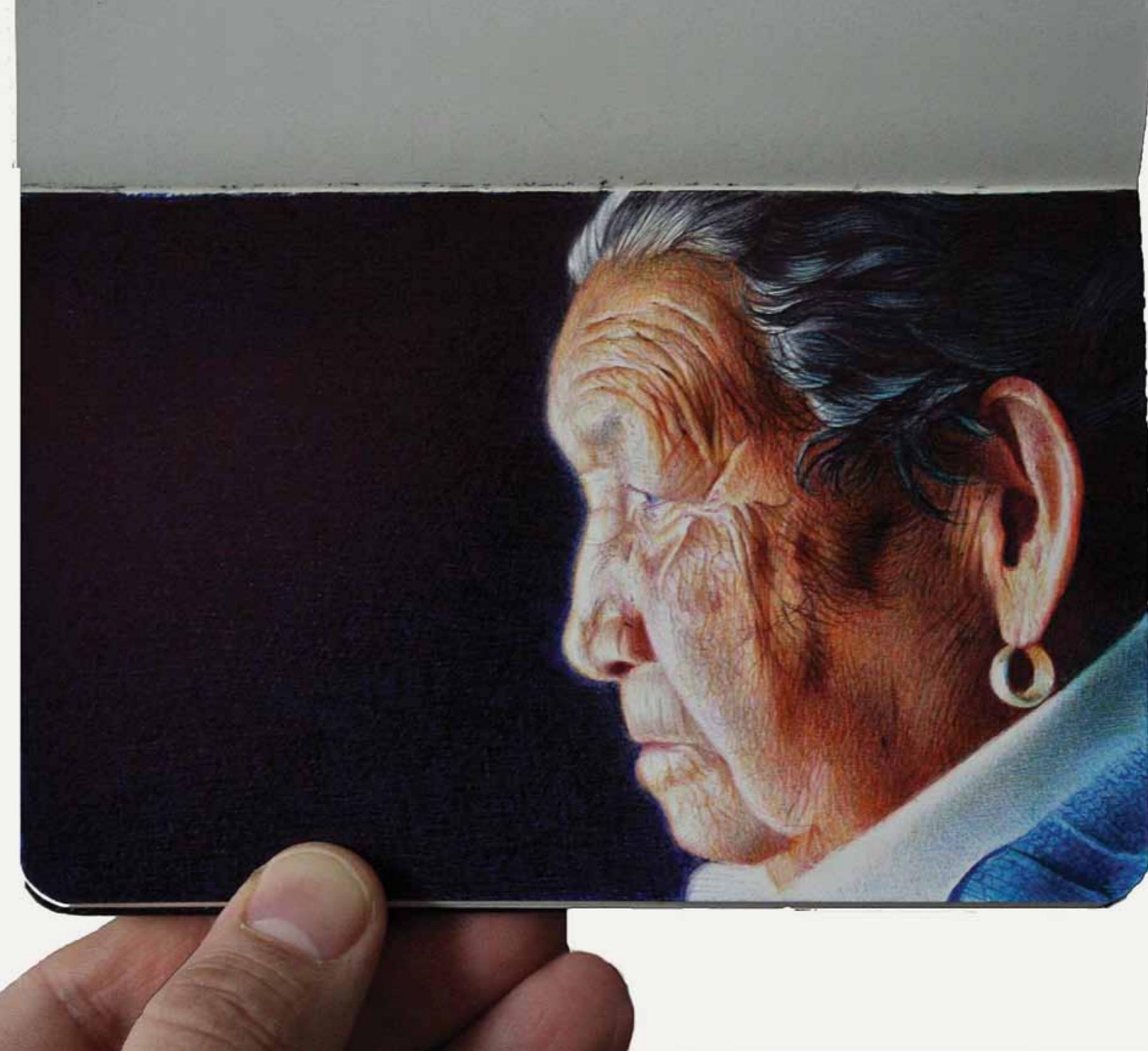
This is the path of a story, this is the story, for which Sanchez raises reality from the opaque flowing of things. Telling a story means describing its faces, walking along environments, pushing the memory to the possibility of its representation. The identity arises and we become witness to a tradition, a different culture. Because, irreducible proximity, among stories we do recognize ourselves and we, curious, are willing to discover the different shades of the other. The search for identity. Here then is where the different stories become a collective story, narrated, interpreted, accessible to everyone. A story that belongs to neither past nor future.

But when we manage to condense memory, to compose it into a work, then we only have an incomplete picture, dense, made of light and shadow, of presence and omission. Because when you face it, the distance between our present and us is an inevitable fact. We will have certainly gained something, in terms of a legacy that spreads, but we will have lost some of the pieces of an archaeological dig that consists of time, space and existence.

Insecure, we will have reached the same complexity that the artist has tried to discover and reconstruct.

Sanchez is witness to such attempt; he would like the story to withstand time and an existence that is always too short. He describes himself within a meditative process, urban and suburban, intimate and necessary, which, sinking family roots, focuses to escape the pressure of his everyday life. But this redemption, Sanchez seems to be aware of, is only possible in the very instant, and his gift is a story that, when occurring, is already sunk in its past. The territory of Sanchez is therefore a border territory, narrative and micrologic, because making history is perhaps building a weave of stories. And the artist is their guardian, he protects what in them is told, he takes them upon himself, aware of the space of existence that in them is contained.

On the edge of silence of Nicolas V Sanchez's notebooks, these questions seem to arise. And there we are, among such subjects, involved in the weave of a common present, that, each, we are called to hand down. To ourselves, to the others.



Sebastian Schrader

In my works and in my thinking, man plays a vital role. It is important to me to create an identification that does not only rely on formal aspects. The observer is to find himself or herself in his or her present. To become present.

I am interested in terms like freedom and happiness—what do they mean to my generation? What is it that our living together consists of and that keeps it together? Because every day we are reminded of the defence of our fundamental western values of freedom and democracy. A verbal armament can be felt.

My heroes are tired and exhausted by their constant self-questioning. They are looking for orientation and hold in a time falling into the future without recognisable aim. They resist by pausing, waiting and not accepting that there is no alternative to simply going on. However, they remain captives and sceptics, eventually also ridiculous figures. They fall into a time hole which absorbs them like death does.

This is not about satisfying individual needs; it is no sabbatical they are on, but the deep uneasiness they feel about the human existence.

Constantly information beat down on us. We are notified about the crises in the world or taught a healthier way of living. Where does this endless being lead to, though? Is it the way to the “last man”¹, who ekes out a miserable existence and who was feared so much by Nietzsche once?

In the mythical world, there were the gods bearing sense and meaning. They were the master of time and the ordering principle. Events stood in a set relation and meaningful catenation. Acceleration was needless in this world of eternal returning.

Historical time on the other hand moves in a linear way. It is no longer fixated on a picture reproducing itself. Man designs and frees himself from being God’s subject. Nothing is destiny anymore; everything is possible. There is no time to linger. Problems occur only when time is swept away into a senseless future, as Byung-Chul Han outlines in his essay:

“Time starts to become olfactory when it obtains duration, when it obtains narrative tension or in-depth tension, if it grows in depth and width, in space. Time loses its scent when it is stripped bare of all structure of sense and depth, when it is atomized or when it becomes flat, thin, or short. If it completely comes loose from the holding grasp of its anchoring, it becomes unsteady. Released from its fastening, it falls away. The acceleration which is mentioned so often nowadays is not a primary process, which led to different posterior changes in life, but a symptom, a secondary process, i.e., a result of time become unsteady and atomized, time without any holding gravitation. Time is fleeting, falling, to compensate for a significant lack of being, which it cannot achieve because acceleration alone provides no stability. Instead, it lets the existing lack of being appear all the more penetrating.”²

In this sense, my figures remain in the “atomized time”. They are in between the events which no longer add up to a meaningful entirety. But who knows—maybe they will get up some day and do something.

1. Friedrich Nietzsche: Zarathustras Vorrede. Werke in drei Bänden. Munich 1954, volume 2, pages 277-293.

2. Byung-Chul Han: Duft der Zeit. Ein philosophischer Essay zur Kunst des Verweilens. transcript Bielefeld 2014, page 24.



Amber Sena

By Francesca Carol Rolla

It is as if the work of Amber Sena wanted to resist the temptation of indifference that often characterizes the contemporary forms, and where the issue of proximity, of urgency as regards to instances precisely related to the environment and to the human, emerges as an edge of the modern. The work of Sena deals with one of the capital issues of our time, and not only in the name of defense of animals. The artist focuses on the traces of a sense that perhaps can snatch us from such indifference, stating the responsibility of art, once again called to participate in a present we should take charge of.

Nightwatch, *the Chased into the Dark* series, *Nightingale* represent the enigma, and a question not asking for an answer. The size of the work implies that narrative impose itself, beyond artistic classification, as an unavoidable need to think about what one does not want to see. We are both attracted and repelled, we curiously approach, and the work stands before us in the form of a vision questioning the human and the subjectivity. First and last issue.

The story is therefore tripartite. South Africa, at nightfall the moaning of a wounded rhinoceros breaks the silence of plains. The cub, near the body of a dying mother, sees his destiny fulfilled and added to a tragic statistic. As a solitary mountain in the moonlight, the silhouette of the animal is witness to danger and extinction. The slaughtered head of the rhinoceros cannot be thrown back without carrying the task of art itself. As in the chorus of the ancient tragedy, the dull and demanding roar of the animal vibrates, voice of that witness. In such voice, the story of Amber Sena goes beyond the inhuman silence of death.

The notion of surface is also central in the work of the artist. On it, the issues of time are engraved. The acrylic paint, polished, glazed, vivid, protects the reflection of an opaque and detailed reality. Mirror of depth, it is a film that has no thickness, but that only opens the space of thought. And the Ark is not empty: in it, Sena's maze of cracks and scales, map of existences that risk being deleted, in the hands of human will, slave of its own time, that acts according to the sad logic of sale and commodity.

As regards the existence, never before it has been exposed to death and destruction. Yet Sena's accuracy and gestural density condense a reflection about the indomitable proximity of the human to this dying world. The animal, in fact, is a symbol of impotence, of inability to communicate and insufficiency of words.

If originally the sense of community was based on sharing the experience of the animal, sacrificed in the name of the higher instance of the soul, now, today, the world seems to have given up on such responsibility, insensitive in front of a complex and problematic reality. For this reason, Sena's space is an invitation to approach, trail and hope for a more aware existence. That is what we should answer for, to ourselves, to the others. And from such trail we should start again.





Justin Orvis Steimer

at this moment exists the energy of every thought and dream of every person
plant and animal that has ever lived or ever will live
the energy of every soul
every spirit
every possibility ever forgotten and yet to be considered
the energy of every star of every galaxy
every atom of every cell and
the energy of our being here right now
everything is connected
my paintings are an exploration of this physical and metaphysical energy

communing with venice
an energetic portrait in three parts
is a series of three paintings completed in venice italy during the months january through march 2015
painted on pieces of an antique boat sail
each work is a visual manifestation of the energy present at the time and location of its creation
taking into account the belief that the same energy existed 100 years ago and will continue to exist 100 years from now
time loses its significance giving way only to the present moment

piacere, the first painting, is an introduction to venice
both for the viewer and the artist
its energetic focus is broad, taking in the city as a whole
allowing one to become familiar with their surroundings before diving in deeper

carnevale, the second painting, focuses on the event of carnevale
it began on the first night of the festival with the majority of the work occurring until is closing on february 17

palazzo mora, the final painting, was created in the same location as it will be exhibited
enabling the viewer to exist in the same time and space as the painting
the ever changing present moment



Karl Stengel

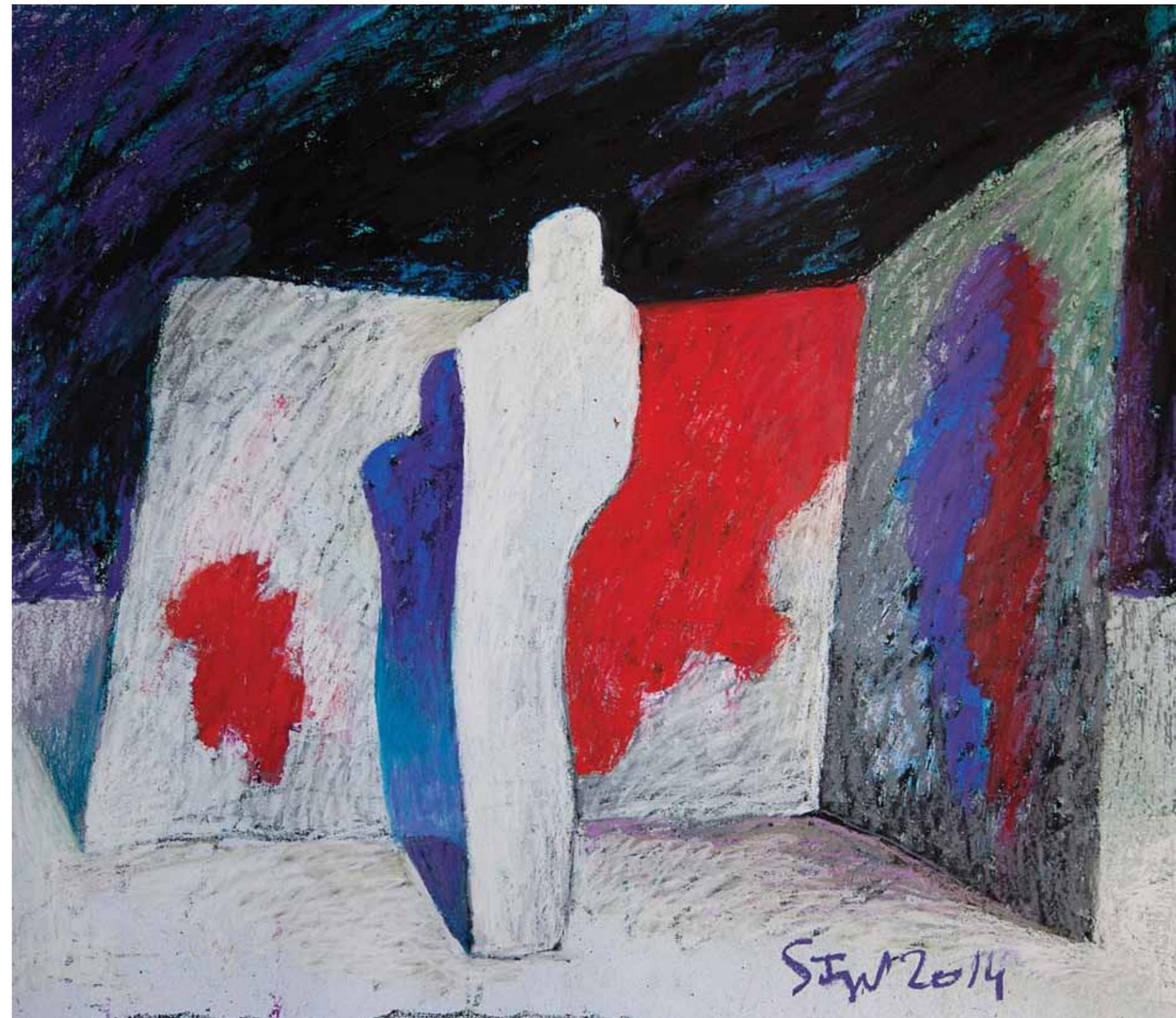
The most important aspect that I remember from my early childhood was the impulse to “have to” draw and being strongly attracted by the contrast between black and white. I was born in 1925 in Neusatz, on the banks of the Danube, in the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Music also allured me—as it still does today—but my piano lessons were soon to come to an end. My physique was suited for sport, so much so that I neglected drawing from between the age of sixteen and eighteen. Then came the war and the years in the Russian prison camp. My body was no longer suitable for any kind of sport and thus my first love reappeared. After being released from the Russian lager, a long time passed before a middle class child could be admitted to an art academy. It was the period of Socialist Realism, a style imposed by the Soviet Communist Party.

There was no room for artistic individualism, or to seek one’s own possibilities, expressive style, or creativity. Upon the arrival of the Soviet tanks with the occupation of Hungary in 1956, I fled to Monaco in Germany. Studying at the Akademie der Schönen Künste, I was surprised—and not in a positive way—by the lightness with which my young colleagues took to abstract modernism, especially after the dominant artistic expression extorted by Hitler. Again, I could not see a space for me, space to follow my own path with sincerity, where I was true to myself, both in drawing, but above all, in painting. I was unable to follow my impulse “to have to paint” for almost two decades. Then the strong call of the voices that wanted to be expressed and painted, resurfaced, together with the desire to see and hear what others hadn’t seen, even if it was in front of them. The restlessness and the desire to give “existence” not only to my feelings,

but to those of many others, started to re-emerge overwhelmingly, not only to show the beauty of colours but their meaning for our inner, most intimate space. With one’s eyes open, looking both inwardly and outwardly, the tangled nature of our existence could be better understood.

An existence that, in the artworks that I am exhibiting in Venice on the occasion of the fifty-sixth Biennale, emerges on a theatrical stage, creating its own space thanks to the strength of the oil pastel colours. Unlike most of my series of abstract works inspired by and dedicated to music, these drawings reveal a human figure, almost fixed in a snapshot, suspended in time. Music has returned and is now always present, so that this surreal, haunted human figure may be a baritone, sometimes an actor or in other paintings, a tenor.

To be able to better explain my art and let something about me be left to the intuition, I would invite the observer to carefully and attentively, put him or herself in front of my paintings and drawings to reflect on their very existence.



Martin Stommel

Martin Stommel was born in 1969 in Bonn, Germany. He began early with painting and had his first exposition at the age of 16 years. His artistic education he received 1993 – 2001 by the Russian painter Boris Birger and studied at the stately academies of Munich and Berlin with Prof. Weißhaar and Prof. Fußmann.

From the 1980's on his working range has been painting in oil, drawing and etching, he treated classical themes like portrait, landscape, nude and illustration.

In the year 2000 he became acquainted with the arts theoretician Sir Ernst Gombrich, who encouraged the artist in his affection to figurative working.

During a couple of years until about 2007 Stommel worked on figures and scenes of Circus artistry. In the sphere of Circus he established contacts, portrayed some of the most famous clowns and presented these works on invitation of Prince Rainier III at the Monaco Circus festival.

In the same course of time the artist completed his large series of illustrations on the Divine Comedy, consisting of about 70 etchings and mezzotintos. The expositions of this work were supported by the Deutsche Dante Gesellschaft.

In the middle of this decade Stommel started painting at large sizes, choosing his subjects more and more in the field of Greek and Christian mythology.

Regarding his technique and process of working, Stommel shows all tendencies to typical Renaissance values, emphasising draftsmanship, nature and proportion. For his large canvases, he produces sketches and bozzettos, working with models and studying the incidence of light. Even doing so, his paintings are executed in a fast and expressive manner, made *a la prima* and rarely reworked.



Josephine Turalba

I am continuously intrigued by the struggle of wealth and power brought about by war and peace, in particular how victims of violence are only 'collateral damage' in the race for control, whether one is for or against a 'gun culture' that continues to proliferate. I investigate notions of crossing boundaries, private property, disparities in power and technology amongst human societies. The violence that claimed the lives of 12 French journalists early in 2015, ostensibly in the name of religion, is anathema to these universally held values of liberty, equality and brotherhood—concepts which are part of the fundamental tenets of all Abrahamic religions. Such repeated acts of radicalism instigate research questions that link very much to Okui Enwezor's proposition of proposed futures of our world, questions that direct my work: How are we to exist today? Do we not live in the age of reason? Are those acts due to the subjection to impunity for centuries, that today one ought to raise the level of humanity and take personal grievances to democratic processes? After all, does democracy offer solutions better than any other?

In my two-part installation *Scandals III: Walk With Me*, I explore some of these questions. Indoor slippers in many Asian cultures, better known in its local term as *Alfombra*, (derived from Spanish) are most comfortable, durable and colorful footwear when inside one's home. The Asian practice of leaving outdoor shoes at the door is still observed today, psychologically conscious and symbolic of stepping into an altered level of someone's private space and perhaps even psychosomatically an invitation to restore and relax. The concepts of the 'interior' versus 'exterior' communicate boundaries of space within the social, cultural, psychological and political spectrum.

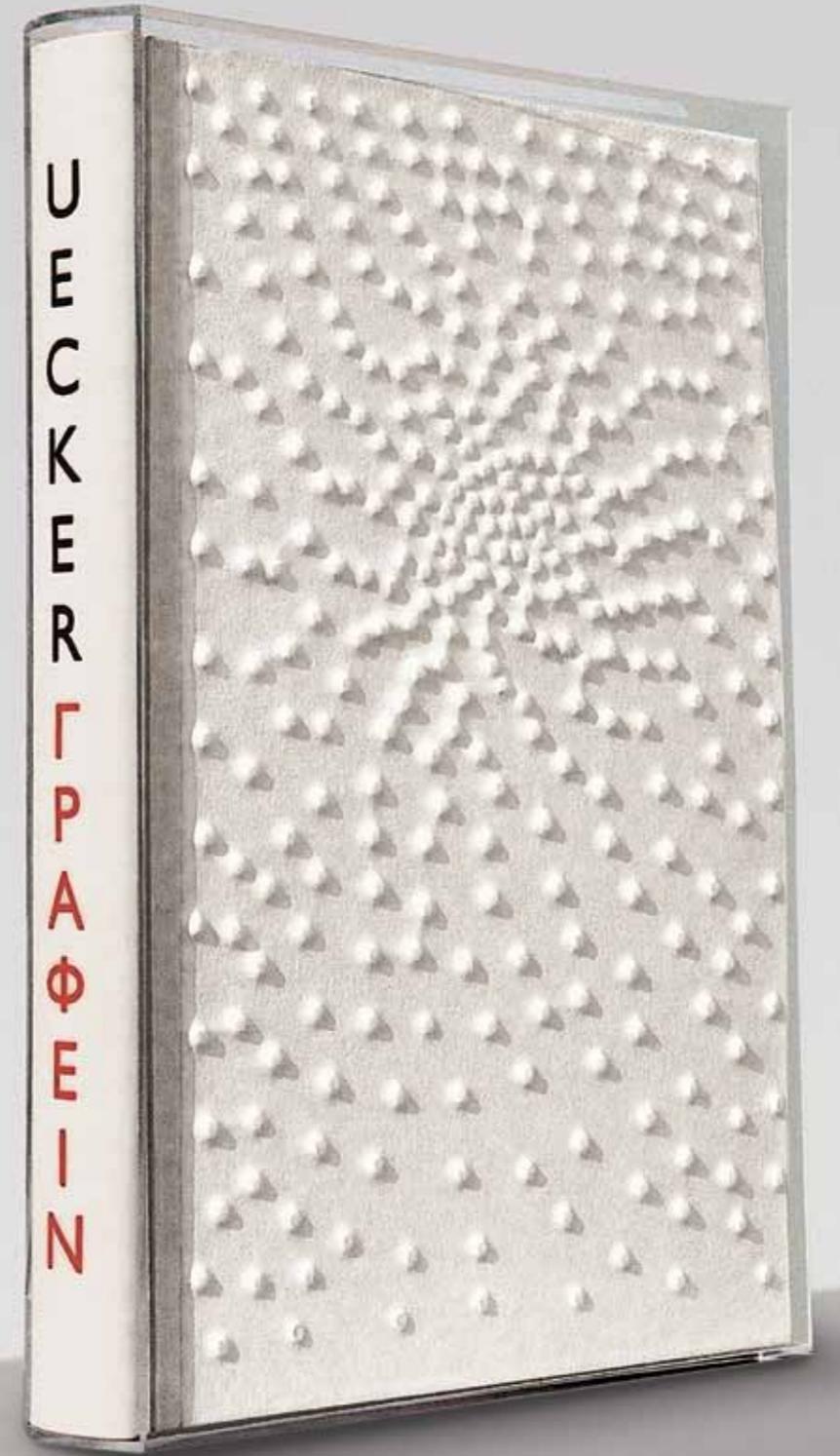
During a research period at the Lopez Memorial Museum, I worked with a collection of 4 x 5 inch glass photo negatives of the Philippines in the 1930s. They document Filipinos in this period. The collection consisting of anthropological photographs clearly recognized the 'colonial gaze,' as well as trade along the Pasig River, coming to and from Laguna de Bay and the Manila Bay. This is reminiscent of *Pag-daong*, a colloquial term referring to docking of a boat. The 'docking' of foreigners in our islands echoes on, as it did once upon a time in Colonial history as these pictures illustrate.

Scandals III: Walk With Me offers an experiential happening episode for the viewer. I invite them to 'walk with me', by wearing a pair of sandals offered at a particular choreographed point of the space. This act of walking, or sharing the walk, is hence simulating a moment that sheds a partial regard on a colonial strategy, an integral part of the history of the Philippines, a space/land that hosted some indigenous people who are the actual owners of the land, and who have been exploited by colonial powers for centuries. The symbol of the sandals has different influences from colonizers—Spanish, Japanese, American and/or Chinese—, as well as those who engaged with trade with South East Asia, the Philippines included.

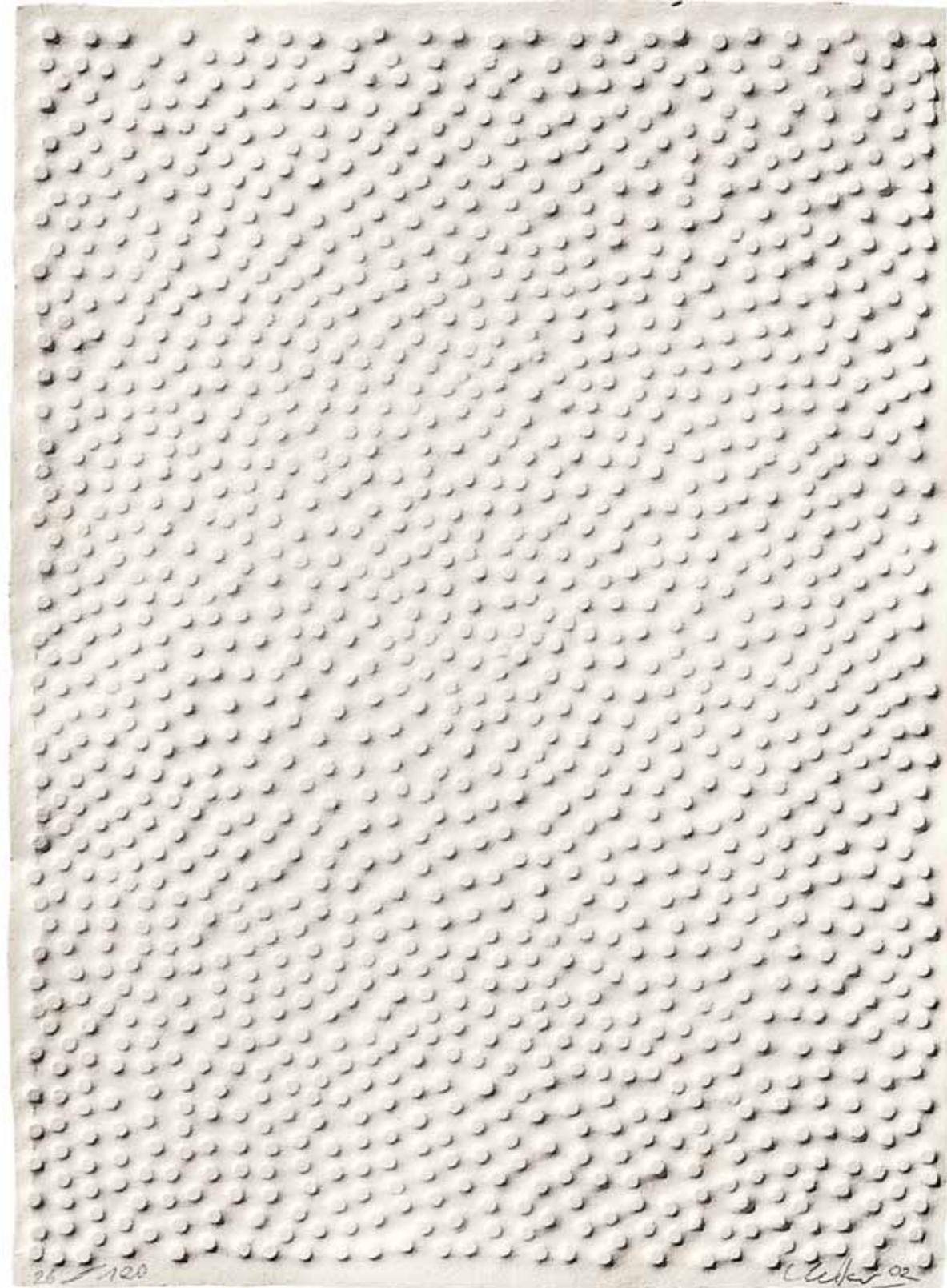


Günther Uecker

Die Zeichen, Chiffren
geistiger Wirklichkeit
des Menschen, gelesen,
einverleibt, bewahrt
in der unbewußten
Erinnerung, lebens-
bewahrend in ihrer
Wirkung, gestammelt,
gesprochen, besungen.



Zum Schweigen der Schrift, oder
die Sprachlosigkeit,
Schweigend Lesen
Das Schweigen wird zur
plastischen Empfindung,
in Strükturen fließend
wahrgenommen, als
geheimnis empfindend,
die Kunst des Lesens,
als innerlich beobachteter
Vorgang erlebt.



Gegenwärtige Strukturen
können als Sprache
unserer geistigen Existenz
verstampen werden, als
die unmittelbarsten
Äußerungen des Geistes.

Das Wahrnehmen der
Schrift als Stille
überkommt den
Lesenden unhörbar.

Guy Van den Bulcke

By Ernest Van Buynder

Guy Van den Bulcke (Antwerp 1931) lives and works in Schoten, a suburb of Antwerp, Belgium. In his paintings you are confronted with natural landscapes from all continents, stunning birds (ranging across a wide gamut from the legendary Dodo to the sea gull and the barn owl), wild animals (tigers, leopards...), young girls, young and elderly women from all continents, still lifes and abstract backgrounds, paintings within a painting, subliminal references to the relationship of nature vs. culture as well as to the diverse systems of civilisation. This is the general trend of his work, where the artist plays explicitly with a “displacement” of reality as found in the globalizing world around us. An artist like Guy Van den Bulcke is capable of tackling broad issues, keeping his finger on the pulse of society. Elements of the surrounding world converge, creating a new pictorial experience. He shapes this realism by a special choice of image, composition, framing, form and colour. For him, paintings are not only means to represent and interpret fragments of reality, but also to conserve them, fix them in time. This desire for the image is overriding.

His work is rooted in the European and American tradition of realistic painting, but occupies a position of its own by virtue of the aforementioned displacements, of a distinctive application of mimesis, the representation of reality in the work of art. His paintings are well-reasoned both in their spirit and in their materials. When he paints women, his aim is not “the woman” in art, but the whole human image, not unconnected to space and time. We also see an impeccable technique. After all he spent formative years at the venerable Academy of Fine Arts and the National Higher Institute in Antwerp. These are works of art that

enable us to leave behind the hectic life for a while. To listen to the silence of the world.

For Guy Van den Bulcke the range of colours is very important. The viewer is attracted by the colours, which make visible what he wants to represent. But those colours depend on the light, which in turn is determined by both the factor time, more specifically the moment, and by space, the spot. Light therefore plays a special role in his paintings, often resulting in wonder and unsettling effects. Guy Van den Bulcke tries to get control of the process of looking at the global world and of painting the result of this perception to boot. In a period when we are inundated with images this is no small merit. A painting by Guy Van den Bulcke is a window with a view to a piece of the world, but concurrently also to human existence. It offers a pictorial cultural and historical comment on features of our era, and also on the way in which human beings experience existence. In Guy Van den Bulcke’s art one feels the presence of existential time experience. “Existential time” signifies an experience of time by the artist and the viewer alike which is located at the deeper level of an existential experience of our existence as a whole, in the spirit of thinkers such as Martin Heidegger. However, the complexity of all things converging in Guy Van den Bulcke’s oeuvre lends itself more to viewing than to describing.





Lawrence Weiner

By Karlyn De Jongh & Sarah Gold

Lawrence Weiner (1942, Bronx USA) creates what he calls ‘sculptures’: wall installations consisting of words, often in bright colors. The basis for his installations is the idea that language is material. Weiner’s installations are flexible: size, language and color are variable; how they are depends on the location. Weiner maintains that: “ART IS THE EMPIRICAL FACT OF THE RELATIONSHIPS OF OBJECTS TO OBJECTS IN RELATION TO HUMAN BEINGS & NOT DEPENDENT UPON HISTORICAL PRECEDENT FOR EITHER USE OR LEGITIMACY.”—Weiner lives in New York and Amsterdam.

Sarah Gold: Where you stand, you reflect upon your life today.

Lawrence Weiner: It’s almost impossible for me to do it. That’s why I was thinking to take today, when there would be anything in it for me, to get to that point where you may be able to reflect, without having to sit quietly with somebody in a bar all night. I don’t have a picture of myself that is very clear, I really don’t.

Karlyn De Jongh: How do you feel about the art world today?

LW: Yes, I am extremely disappointed in the art world. It turned into continuation of art school. With the same fights and the same stupid ideas. They complain about not fitting into the system and then they fit in and then they make sure nobody else will fit in. Why didn’t they change the system? But I’m also embarrassed by the failure of the opportunity everybody had. When you speak now, let’s talk rationality. Why is it that in music, in science and mathematics we are still basically talking about the same problems, while everything else has gone ahead?

KDJ: What is it you would like to talk about?

LW: Don’t you think it is really rather strange that we are living in this world where there are people who cannot accept digital morality? And yet they use it to impose reactionary morality. That’s the whole Taliban thing.

Analogue is related to the world we live in. It’s anthropomorphic, digital is not. It has been what I have been trying to use most of my adult life. In the simultaneous reality there is no such thing as hierarchy. There can’t be a hierarchy, it just can’t exist. Now if you build anything that’s based on a hierarchy, you are already going backwards. And I don’t know why nobody made this leap. There are artists who are able to handle the idea of simultaneous realities; they don’t have to be the only ones who are right. I don’t mean on a personal level. We tend to personalize things. Don’t personalize it. But I mean it politically: I am not a humanist. I will fight for somebody’s right to be who they are, but I’m also going to fight the person who forces me to sit through one family evening.

KDJ: Are you disappointed that for all your hopes only little has changed?

LW: No. Hey, you’re only one human being. There are billions of people. No, I’m not disappointed at all. I’m not disappointed personally. Maybe dissatisfied. I’m not pleased with the extent of the result. And I’m not pleased sometimes with what’s come about, what’s come out of it all. But that doesn’t mean anything. I mean, who cares whether I’m happy or not?

KDJ: Well, you maybe care.

LW: Do I? I wouldn’t know what to do about it. I care. Yes, I care. But again: That’s stages in your life where you’ve done well, you’ve done

SET AT THE POINT JUST BEFORE THE
POINT OF NO RETURN FISSATO NEL
PUNTO IMMEDIATAMENTE PRECEDENTE
IL NON RITORNO

good for people. And you continue to do good for people. But you're not terribly happy with what it means to you. But you have accepted all these responsibilities, it's this problem: you have to figure it all out. It's all very nice to be existentially free, but existential also means taking responsibility for what you do. You can't balance it, I can't figure it all out.

SG: Would you have done anything different in your life? If you would have a chance now, looking back?

LW: Looking back, no. Looking forward, yes. And if I intend to be able to do it, there's no way I can talk about it in public. That's something where it's not about honesty, it's about, it's not part of the game. Looking back, no. Yes okay, I regret I have hurt so-and-so's feelings and I should have been nicer to people, but that is nothing. Because you cannot even say you will do it better in the future, because it's not the same situation. Looking forward, I see things I would like to be doing differently. Then I'm put into the position of where I am. And I'm trying to change it radically. But again, that's not the kind of thing you can change. It's a hegemony, it's an imposition on you: You don't call up the culture which is your adversary at the moment and tell them what you intend to do. Because they are in a position to build up all the barricades possible.

It's a major question. The bullshit that happened in the last 20 years, that art is about a career, that wasn't what it was about. It was about making these things that people fell over, and they had to get up and decide whether they were worth walking around or throw them away. You know better, you do better. If you don't know better, you can't do better. And the whole point of artists is to develop up not as themselves, but develop up in their practice with a relationship to the world as it's changing. But that doesn't necessarily mean being on mode. That might just mean getting better in relationship to the world. Too many things we use today are made by people who were willing to take the chance that what they were doing was not going to work. All the ones that didn't work, you never heard of. That doesn't mean they didn't make the right choice, does it? [...] I'm sorry, it sounds so heavy, but it's the truth. I don't know what is expected of artists. Yes, we're stuck with it. Not mom and pop people. Opalka is a good example. I'm sorry, I really don't get it. It's

this idea that the artist who believes... This is quotable... that their own self-development is the whole reason for the existence of art. It doesn't have a fucking thing to do with self-development. Almost everything is science, philosophy, mathematics, art, cinema, music and cooking; it only functions in the stream of life. There are accidents and other things, but this self-involvement really gets to me. [...] But it's work, it's not you. And every omelet isn't great. I've read it somewhere: it's called profundity. You want somebody to look at it if you want to hear more than *O, wat moo!* [How beautiful]. *Dat is niet genoeg* [That's not enough].

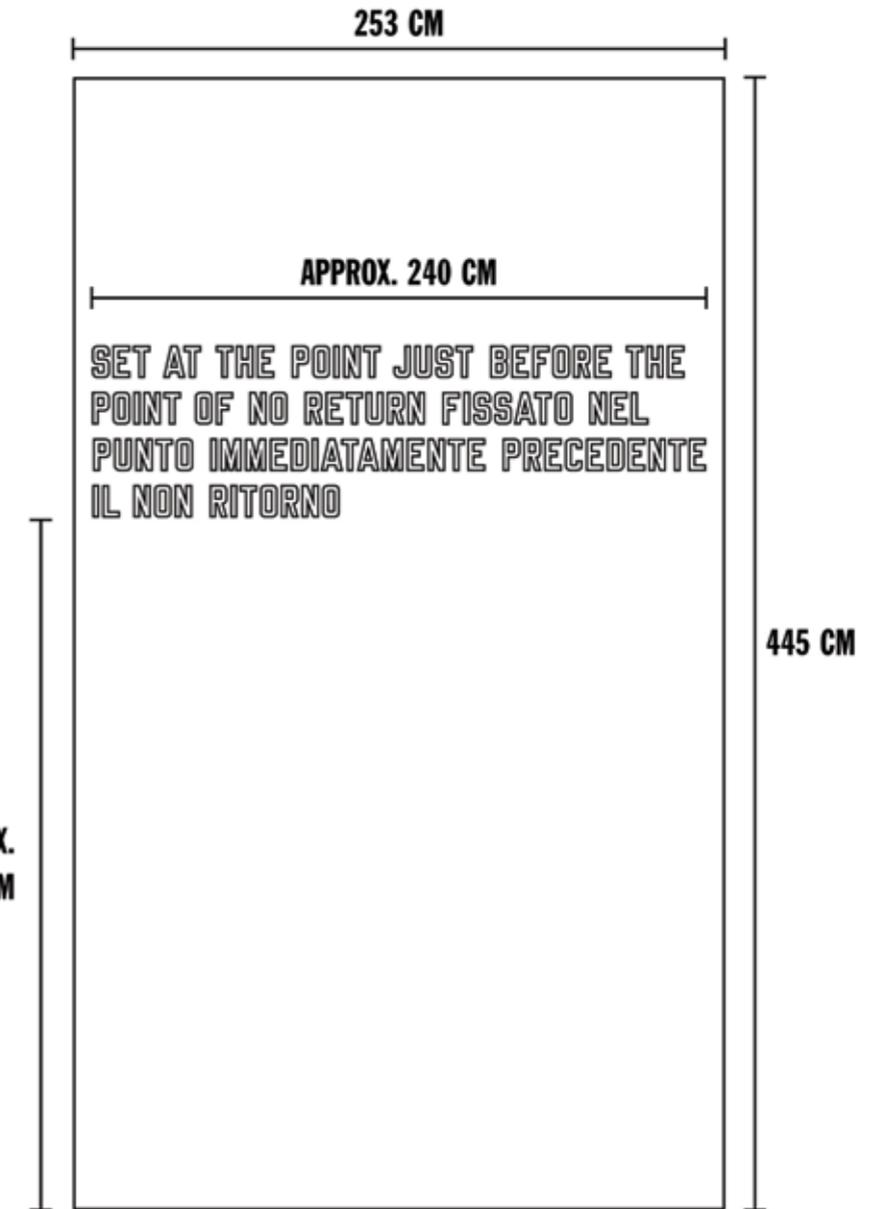
KDJ: When you say it's your work and not you, is there a difference for you between yourself and your work?

LW: Yes, there is. But if I fuck up, my feelings get hurt just as much as another person's. I have feelings and things, but it's not me. It's not a reflection of me. How I deal with it in the world is a reflection of me. But it's not me. It's not a representation of me.

Things are made by people for other people. But being a person, you also have your own feelings and your own existence and everything. I don't see the work as me. It's not me. I'm very proud of it, I like it when it works. I like getting compliments, just like anybody else. But if it doesn't work, and it was a good shot, I can be upset, I can be depressed. But I don't feel I am *verminderd* [reduced]. If the second time it doesn't work, then I am *verminderd*. Then I'm not functioning. But there's also this other thing, it's not going to work all the time. Somebody can say: "It should have been green". I have to listen. But it's not you. That's the problem that people with celebrity have. It can lead to embarrassing situations, but that's life. At least you know that there is something left in you that has a certain charm. You forget sometimes, you lose it. You begin to think that you are just another kind of presence. It's the same problem with some of the earlier artists we have been talking about. They forgot that it has to be them outside of the uniform, outside of who they are in the world. Just every once in a while. That's different. That's personal. You wanted personal? That's personal. And that's a major problem. You like it. You like the idea that you have access to the entire world, practically. Because the art world is international.

INSTALLATION INSTRUCTIONS FOR PARTICIPATION IN PERSONAL STRUCTURES - CROSSING BORDERS PALAZZO MORA, VENICE 9 MAY - 22 NOVEMBER 2015

PLEASE USE THE FOLLOWING COLOR OR AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE:
GLOSS BLACK: PANTONE PROCESS BLACK





Palazzo Bembo

Lore Bert

Paper is a thin material produced by pressing together moist fibers, typically cellulose pulp derived from wood, rags or grasses, and drying them into flexible sheets. It is a versatile material with many uses, for writing and printing upon, it is a packaging material, it is used in a number of industrial and construction processes, and even as a food ingredient.¹

The work of German artist Lore Bert (1936, Gießen, Germany) is mainly characterized by paper. Her art is with paper, from paper and on paper. Her varied oeuvre consists of a.o. sculptures, room installations, and relief-objects. The diversity in meaning and use of this fragile, but at the same time very strong material is important to her. It is already through the material itself (papyrus, rice paper, handmade paper, paper from Nepal as well as other countries she has travelled) that her work refers to other times and spaces. Using the various connotations, Lore Bert highlights her main concepts of Truth and Beauty, which to her are based upon a search for equality, balance, peace and quiet.

As the paper is created by countless fibers, also Lore Bert's artworks are created by countless pieces of folded paper. It is especially the formability of the paper and the possibilities that it generates, that she likes. For example in her relief-objects, she combines small pieces of folded paper to create large, coherent surfaces. It is a special collage technique, that one would possibly rather expect in Eastern cultures. This time consuming act of creation is almost meditative and in many ways, touches upon the cultures that the paper originate from.

Although her work in the past has been characterized as Conceptual Art, or Concrete Art, Lore Bert's art seems to go beyond these art movements, in the sense that for the artist there is always a duality. As in life, there are always more sides to a story. This duality—or better: multiplicity—is reflected in Lore Bert's work. For instance, when she creates a space, an environment, by transforming the flat, 2-dimensional paper, into a 3-dimensional object. Through this process, she aims to create a balance. It is this symbiosis between abstraction and reality, between perception and imagination, and between thinking and feeling that she strives for.

1. Source: Wikipedia, 7 April 2015



Simon Bilodeau

By Sophie Lynch

Montréal-based artist Simon Bilodeau's installations are mise-en-scènes of invented worlds that are at once familiar and threatening, near and elsewhere. Raised platforms, paintings, drawings and sculptures on plinths demarcate the boundaries of disquieting spaces that seem to have been re-imagined or demolished. Bilodeau employs a muted palette of black, white, and shades of grey to conjure landscapes haunted by the vestiges of far-reaching occurrences such as failed ideologies, industrialization, or the lingering remnants of the Fukushima Daiichi disaster, a site that appears frozen in a post-apocalyptic state of dismal emptiness. From uninhabitable lands to the effects of exploitation, Bilodeau renders tangible unassimilable events that affect the here and now.

While images of disasters that permeate mass media may lead us to imagine distant geographies, they feel like alarmingly proximate recurrences in Bilodeau's drawings of deteriorating structures. Protected by dark tinted glass, the works confront viewers with the inexorable violence that often remains obscured to frame and conceal the crumbling foundations of larger social, political and economic structures. The viewer's reflection in the glass might eclipse the tinted image; perhaps it is only through the acknowledgement of our responsibility that we can perceive the violence that happens elsewhere.

A recent series comprises square paintings, weighed down by stratified layers of residual paint, that evoke satellite images of desolate places, fissured and fragmented by territorial scars. Some are overlaid with networks of lines that suggest efficient military grids or abstract painter Agnes Martin's barely perceptible horizontal

and vertical lines, which were hand drawn across square canvases. These views from above also bring to mind the scrutinizing perspective of a surveillance camera, observing undefined spaces at a distance between the earth and its end, at the edge of the world.

Appropriated satellite and drone footage of barren landscapes are interwoven in a video projection that scans sites that seem to have been devastated by nuclear catastrophes. The pilotless aircrafts struggle to detect often imperceptible repercussions of large-scale disasters that are impossible to ignore. Are they at an unreachable distance, or are we unable to see what is in front of our eyes? Clusters of artificial mirrored rocks surround the work and form a mountain on the ground below, as though they had overflowed from an industrial container. The dispersed merchandise exposes the destroyed terrains concealed behind their lustre. Bilodeau's fabricated rocks seem to suggest a metamorphosed relationship between the natural and built worlds; indeed, a political economy devoted to exploitation and overconsumption causes inevitable environmental degradation. While the earth's surface reflects our interferences, Bilodeau's polished gems present us with reflections of ourselves. Can we stare into the blinding glare?



Maartje Blans

By Manuela Lietti

Reflections Unfolding

The works of Blans are “unusual” paintings, endowed with a highly sculptural nature: white wooden panels on which alluring abstract forms (Fleeting and Fugace), made of transparent material, fabric, black ink and other media, stand as on a stage waiting to be activated by the light, be it natural or artificial. Once projected onto the artwork, the light reveals the existence of a secret world hidden just beneath the surface of the visible and physical dimension. The viewer is thus intrigued by the existence of multiple layers encapsulated within the works of Blans, both from a physical and ontological point of view. The first layer visible is the actual scene dominating the outer surface of the piece with its physicality and illuminated by natural light: the realm of reality perceived and recorded by the viewer’s eye, unveiled even to the casual observer. The second layer corresponds to a more secluded dimension, disclosed within and at the same time thanks to the presence of the empty spaces left on the wooden panels employed and that become alive only under certain lighting conditions. This dimension is the site where the ethereal shadows projected by the physical shapes portrayed in the piece intermingle with each other and merge with the inward reflections produced by the viewer’s eye of the mind: it is the point where the mental and the physical converge. By contemplating a work endowed with evocative rather than mimetic qualities, the observer engages into a process of inspection that soon leads towards unexplored emotional yet physical realms. Therefore, Blans’ works find their ultimate reason for being in the gaze of the beholder that completes them and,

from a certain point of view, even undermines the possibility of a unique, preferential visual solution.

The use of virtuosic yet extemporaneous lines to shape images along with the insightful intermingling of full and empty spaces in artworks like Fleeting convey a sense of rhythm to the compositions and bears affinities to the iconography of traditional Chinese painting. Also in Blans’ pieces the void rises to a dynamic role being far more than a mere backdrop, a non-space or the site of emptiness: it is the crucial element allowing movement and action, both physically and psychically. By being complementary to the solid sculptural parts in the composition, the void creates a ground for experience, a space for one to live in, and to loose oneself within. The powerful connection between the filled and the empty spaces is made possible by the particular use of a comprehensive visual vocabulary made of fabric, thread, transparent material, sand, tree branches, rooted once again in Blans’ enamourment with the feeling conveyed by each specific material. Despite their extreme concreteness, each of these elements vividly grasps and puts forth the transient nature of all natural phenomena, their fragility and temporariness.

In this way Blans’ works invite the viewer to confront not just what lies bare in front of one’s eyes, but also what lies beyond the physical limits of the gaze. They are visual reminders of the fact that what one sees is a fragment of a larger continuum perceivable both physically and psychically.





Riana HW Chow

Time: 2014

Space: 2-3 city blocks in Hong Kong (China)

Existence: The world came together in support of the protesters in Hong Kong in their demand for the right to vote.

The subject matter of my painting was based on the 2014 protest for democracy (also known as the Yellow Umbrella Movement because protesters put up yellow color umbrellas to protect themselves from pepper sprays.) in Hong Kong. A protest spearheaded by a small advocacy group for the right to vote. This protest lasted for about 2 months, occupying a mere 2 to 3 city blocks, it stirred up a world wide support.

I used different levels of red to represent China's continuous change to the ideology of communism. Red peonies in the painting suggested the blooming of a more liberal communist country. The time is right in the formation of this new ideology in China, therefore there is hope (White color) for an eventual democratic China. However, the past (Black color) still holds many Chinese back from trusting their government. The uncertainty is palpable because there are so many grey areas (Grey color) to clear. Democracy takes time to develop and patience is the key for the future of China.

CHINA UNPLUGGED

The EST of Everything: Cluster of Present, Future, Past

Yellow Hong Kong "Occupy Central" umbrellas are runaway yearning for a new canvas of life. Red blooms whisper the new dawning as we Chinese cross our ink chasms of a storied past. A past with a storied uncertainty... An uncertainty of black abyss crescendoing into luminous grey silvery white of hope. Just as EST develops potential through inten-

sive collective awareness, so the world's longest, most peaceful Occupy movement in my home city grew within me a new prism on

my Being,
our Chinese Existence,
the inter-generation Space
our planet's shared Time...

"BEST" "EST" being one "B" short of "B'EST".

Light is just white. Rain is just water. Together... they prism into stunning rainbows. As Hong Kong protests paralyzed our city life and traffic core, new arteries of locomotive landscape grew; as chums un-friended chums in stiffening dissent, new bridges of conversations and space coursed through six degrees of separation; as livelihoods disintegrated from the decaying chain of retail life, new dimensions of unintended and collective consequences struggled to surface.

Trio's catalyze my EST:

Who we are, Where we choose to be, When we act and not act...

Demonstrator, Contra-demonstrator, Observer;

Child, Parent, Friend;

Bridge builder, Toll taker...Darth Vader;

Painterly stroke, Nuanced tone, Oxygenating current;

Yes, Maybe, No;

Present, Future, Past.

This canvas is my prism of Sunburst Future, Ruby Present and Charcoal Past. My home on world stage where a communal movement whipped up frothing Being, Existence, Space and Time – a BEST in the swirl of Amber Hope, flushed Titian Progress, dissipating Shadowed Turbulence.



Antonio Freiles

The *Chartae* have been called “the most authentic embodiment of the metaphysical concept of painting-substance, indistinct matter within which any difference between colour and support, between the composition and time of realization, between structure and space, is lost”.

For many years now I have also been making books, giving them the role of “pages”. These have gradually led me to achieve a kind of “total experience”, in that as an artist I have become by turns editor, page designer, graphic artist, printer and inventor.

The *Chartae* as a memory/imagination relationship

Paper, “the storage place of the world, of communication and of the imagination”, was and still is the indispensable support of remembering, for the deposition of memory.

The surfaces of paper, in my case, are not clearly distinct or contrasting but penetrate, overlap, and become infected with the complicity of light. They are nuclei, stains, filaments, canopies, bundles, fringes, with surface bloodred hues and flesh tones, darker colours and revealing whites. Intense lyrical emotion is generated and takes place in the womb of the paper. Not after or on, but in; the sign, the trace, the stain are consubstantial, of one being, in the paper, the result of a mutual operation between the project and chance.

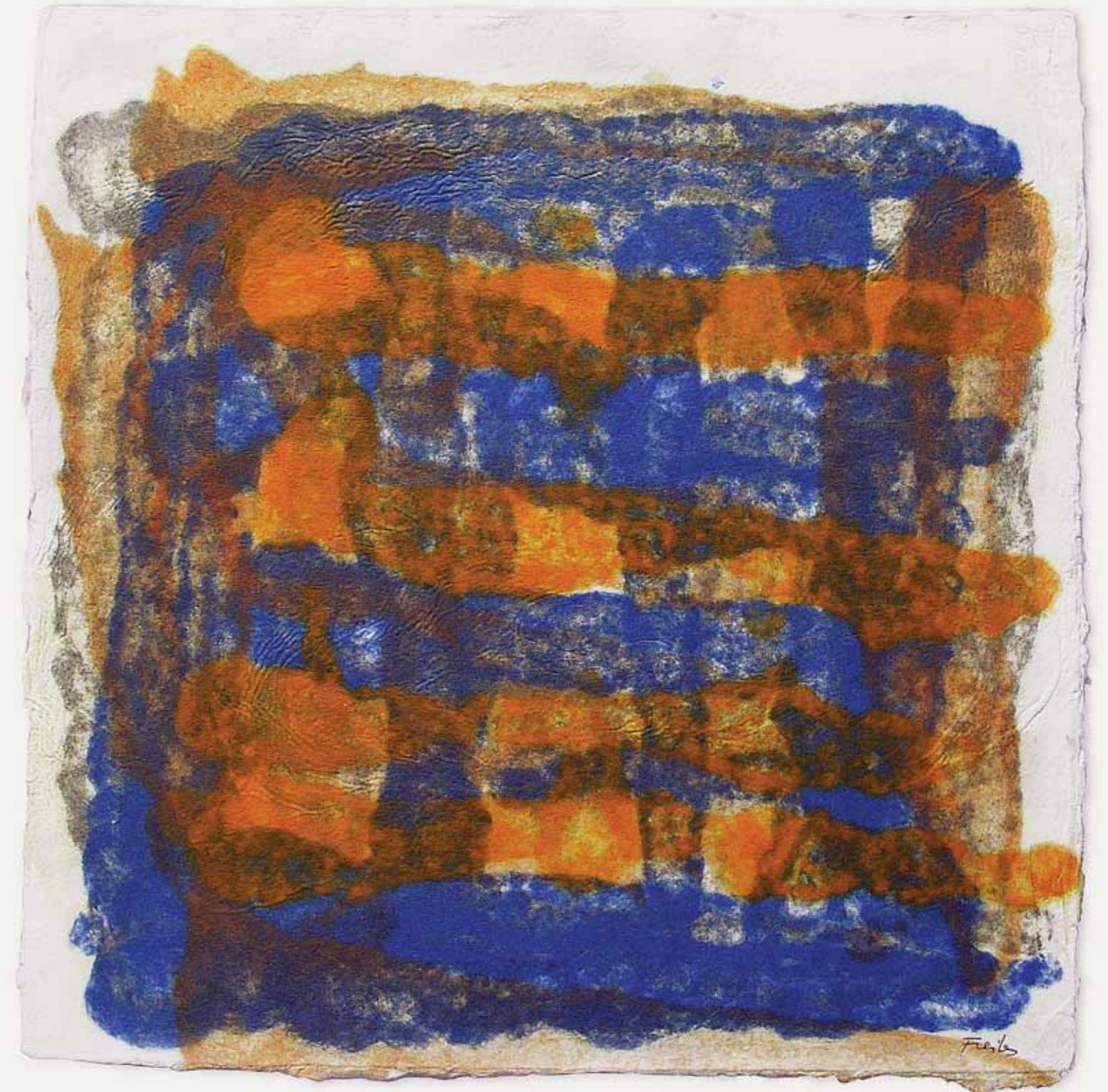
Creating painting with cellulose

I chose pure cellulose as the base material and ancient handicraft procedures to create the paper sheets by sedimentation and drying of the layered fibres on grid frames. I use various coloured mixtures that

are purpose-blended on the surface, with techniques ranging from juxtaposing layers to dripping traces of various colours. I proceed by liquid mixtures, dissolving cellulose fibres and colour pigments in a vat, then leaving layers of this mixture to sediment by adding layers of colour at intervals, or, more recently, by pouring the colour from above, like an arabesque, until everything is then left to dry.

The time, the place

By this procedure, each sheet of paper is a plane that becomes structured by itself: it consists of millions of small cellulose fibres held together without glue. Before each sheet is completed, the cellulose fibres are dispersed chaotically in water, an element is then dispersed, emerging on the surface of a filter frame, to then “exist in the air”. The colour drenched liquid cellulose becomes paper and at the same time the “painting” itself. With this horizontal technical process, similar to the way action painting artists used to work, the brush and the typical tools of painting are excluded. And it is precisely such a construction of the painting which gives the sheets a more pronounced stamp of authenticity compared to other representations of Abstract Expressionism that are instead made with palettes and brushes. For this reason, I felt it appropriate to name the sheets in Latin, calling them *Chartae*, perhaps with a desire to lend them an antique purity.



Katrin Fridriks

Within human experience, time and space are inextricably entangled. Together they form the basis of our everyday life, and moreover, link it to the very beginning of life and thus existence itself, that is to the origin of the evolution of the universe from a singularity, the big bang. It is this interdependence of the two concepts and their initial genesis that I focus on in my artistic practice.

The expansive installation *Perception of the Stendhal Syndrome* represents my conception to approach existential questions through the means of aesthetic experience. By means of developing a specific set of techniques, I aim to overcome the limits of the medium of painting and to expand it by the category of time.

With this work, I hope to engage the visitor on all levels, instantaneously: *Perception of the Stendhal Syndrome* comprises one of my large-scale white-on-black paintings from the series *Gene&Ethics – Master Prism* (1,80 x 2,80 m) and a custom-made, sculptural magnifying glass, measuring 1,58 m in height, which is hung from the ceiling at distance to the canvas. Each visitor will perceive a completely unique series of images when approaching the work, as every slightest move generates an entirely new impression. The installation thus aims to provide an experience of my work that simultaneously allows for a macro perspective and micro perspective of the painting, thereby revealing my different painting techniques, which are the result of a long-term synthesizing process of conceptual practices and technical-chemical explorations.

I have been experimenting with the constitutive elements of painting, that is the quality of the paint, its support, as well as a range of

unconventional painting techniques, to attain this effect. Through the interplay between the medium, the timing and my body, physically moving around a canvas on the floor, I seek to derive a specific fluid and organic quality in my paintings.

The literally puzzling and elusive nature of the experience of approaching *Gene&Ethics – Master Prism* while looking through a magnifying glass, lies at the center of my interest: each beholder is forced to reverberate his/her own position in regard to the work and within the actual space, instinctively. At the beginning of every philosophical reflection stands the question of the point of view. With this installation, I would like to take an explicit stance towards this issue, as it is each individual human being that stands at the center of the art: My work only exists when being experienced!

However, it not only deals with perception, on the contrary, with the strategy of providing sensual experiences, I seek to sharpen the senses for societal and environmental issues. I have drawn inspiration from sculptors, such as Anish Kapoor and Tony Cragg, but also the architect Frank Gehry, who are all known for providing unique spatial experiences that trigger reflections about one's existence.

The installation thus literally reaches out, in order to encompass the viewer on a bodily, psychological and self-reflexive level. By way of providing this engaging experience, I try to raise the viewers' awareness of space-time, opening up the possibility to relate this perception to the 'bigger picture' of our existence.





Andras Gal

By Andras Renyi

Grey. Grey just has a clear-cut character, it does not unleash emotions or associations, grey is neither visible nor invisible... And it is better than any other colour for clarifying 'nothingness'. — Gerhard Richter

Andras Gal's paintings are colourful only in the ordinary sense of the word, insofar as everything that has a material, from walls to roads, has a colour. Gal himself said a few years ago: "whatever colour I have worked with, I have always seen grey behind it." Which is a radical position for a painter. It is claiming that the colour of the paint that covers the canvas makes no difference. Gal has invented painterly colourlessness. Colourless: one way of saying we do not care what colour a thing, a paint, a material is. Gal is less interested in the richness of the optical spectrum, the inner order of colours, the dynamics of complementary contrasts, and other matters so familiar and dear to the painters of millennia, than in the gravitation of all colours to colourlessness, to grey. This is not the colourlessness of grey in the optical sense, the colour-lessness of light or want of light; it is the dullness of the urban environment, of the layers upon layers of shabby plaster. Gal has invented the kind of painting that can divide the viewer's attention between paint-material and optical colour. As a matter of fact, what he is interested in is our everyday blindness, the grey area of jaded, careless routine—and perhaps no worthier subject for painting can be imagined.



Han Ho

Eternal Light – Different Dreams in the Same Place

If there is a psychological trauma of the potential ego, an escape from that reality is a dream. A dream regenerates one's own body, mind, and memory. I can do anything in a dream, and I am the director, the protagonist, the dead one, and also the teacher in the dream.

Repetitive phantom of the dream...Is the fear a reflection of or an appeal to my weakness?

The worlds hung across the horizontal line's space of light, which is spread infinitely in a dream, is human history, and is also an expression of each one's life that is neither beautiful nor grand. Separation, waiting, and tears. I close my eyes to the sadness of the emotions inside a human being's essential ego, and I fall asleep while dreaming. I enter into a space where time and space exist, and where nobody exists at the end of the world. There is a girl, a soldier, a woman who got hurt, and a boy coming from an unknown time in the space. If light exists within the quadrangle landscape in the space, that light must be the voice that represents the ego in reality.

A faint memory of childhood gives me comfort in the space of light. Lost things and vanished traces torture me. A spray of sunset, the shade of a spindle tree under the sun, and a song of stars heard in a cliff cave make me happy and paralyze me in the painful reality. The light. The light that I see in the distance as I pass through a path of darkness. The light that finally touches me in the hill of the labyrinth after staying alone in the forest for days. That is the comfort, consolation, and friends of my ego. I am laughing in the hill of light.

It is we or I who are living in different dreams and ideals in one space. Both have reality and unreality. A song of joy, anger, sorrow, and happiness happening in one space begins from the study of light, which everybody is looking at. The story of me that I see through fragments of memory seems like the story of us, namely, the story of this world. There is misfortune and hardship given to a person from one's birth, and separation, rendezvous, and many stories in between all these. I find a connection to the reality of ethnicity.

Through the story of me shown in the space of a dream, I am able to sympathize with our reality that is full of division, ideology, and an embarrassing past, like my story, and I cry at the stories. These expressions are the shapes of the lessons that I have learned from my experience and the agony in my life.

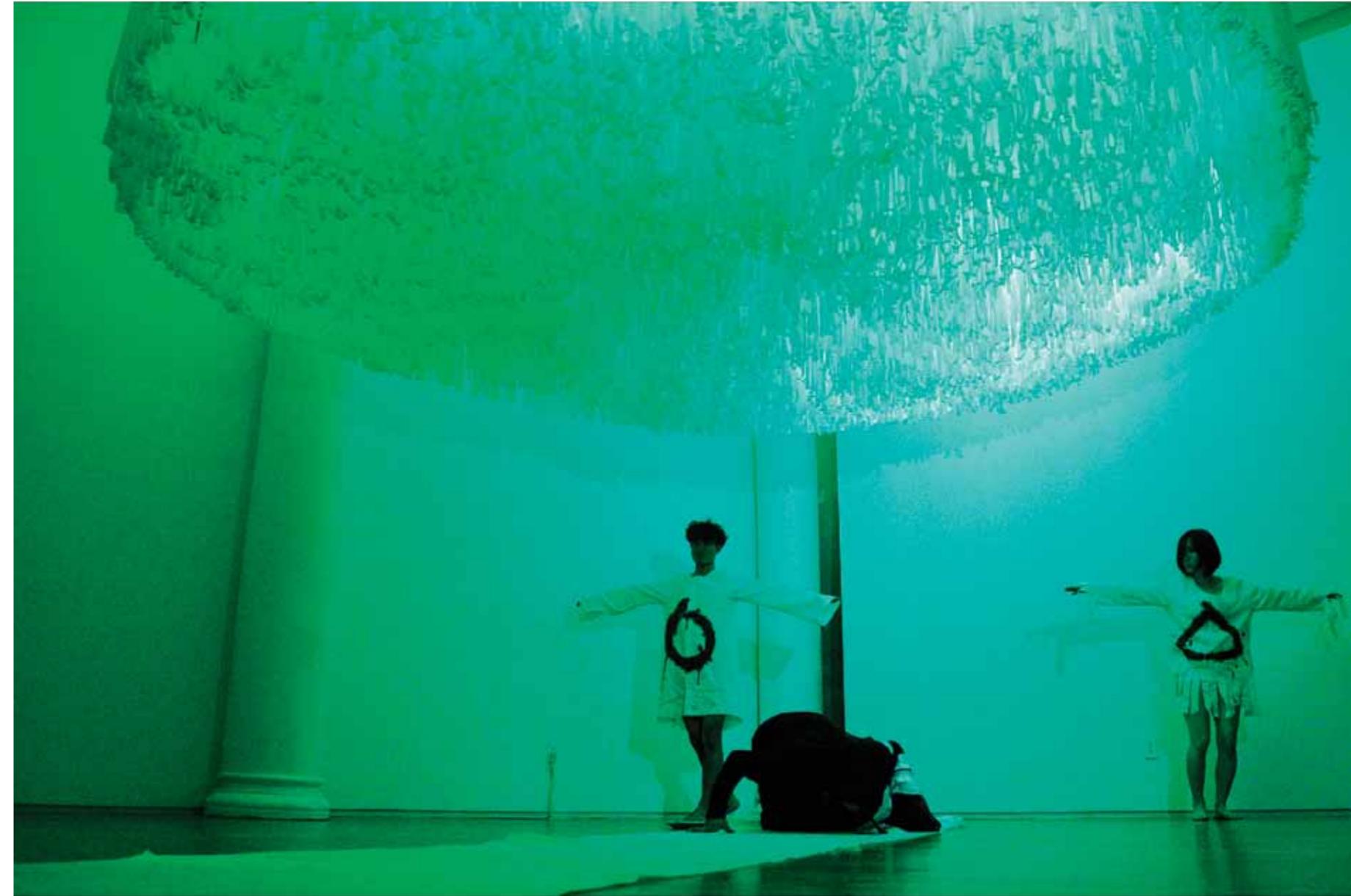
Such expressions of agony create a new space, and let you experience a glimpse of the ecstasy that comes from heartbreaking trials.

Light is a key and a result of this ecstasy. Eternity also means finiteness.

The meaning of eternal light is the pursuit of new light, the comfort of an imperfect ego, and a fruit of the ideals that humans seek through the spiritual world of ego, which illustrates the reality, ideals, and dreams transcending time and space.

Aesthetic side

Rembrandt's light focuses on emphasizing the subject more, showing temporality, and presenting how important light is in paintings. Light creates a form of space, tone, and darkness in this way. As natural light is important, we have created new civilizations by chasing



primitive light. The direction and interpretation of light changes as the tools of light and its artistic expressions vary over time. Monet studied the continuity of light and left the best masterpiece of Impressionism in the 20th century. That is the Rouen Cathedral series. Monet expressed the change of light in one day, all differently, so that it shows how the subject changes its tone and color depending on the amount of sunshine and on the intensity of the light.

The light lives on inside the paintings in classical oil paintings in this way. Its artistic value cannot be compared to a color motion picture or color photos. The 21st century's science has developed with light, and digital media has become a light for the world. In other words, the environment, nature, and now science have become the light of the era. The authenticity of paintings, a combination of the media, and the artist's reinterpretation and convergence, makes a new form of media painting instead of leaving the media as a result of its time. If you look at Lucio Fontana's work, you can see that he created a new "ism", with the space and form of certain behaviors.

Thus, the "isms" of all paintings, and moving paintings that are newly created by new media in analytic and insightful perspectives, a so-called combination of the digital and painting, is an alternative to new art and to the problems of both centuries. The answer to how to make a noble work by blending the boundary in terms of expressing the millennial brushstroke made by the primitive hand and its power is inside my work.

I make a hole of light between the wall of the painting and the media. The light that shines through this hole travels through the canvas and the ink lines on the paper, and finally becomes a new media painting. I keep punching the holes inside and outside, and this highly labor-intensive repetitive and irregular punching creates a complete result of light. Therefore, it is a drawing of light. Countless punched holes shine like the light of stars, and distance exists in the painting just like cosmic space.

The size of the holes displays the brightness of light.

Convergence is a way of complexity, showing each object with perfect definition and effectiveness, and my work also perceives a painting

as an installation work in space rather than just a painting. A painting with the lights reincarnates in space via videos, instead of just being an effect on a screen.

Thus, it means the cohesion of media painting and videos, and it interprets a space with a new form of art in the post-genre era of cohesion.

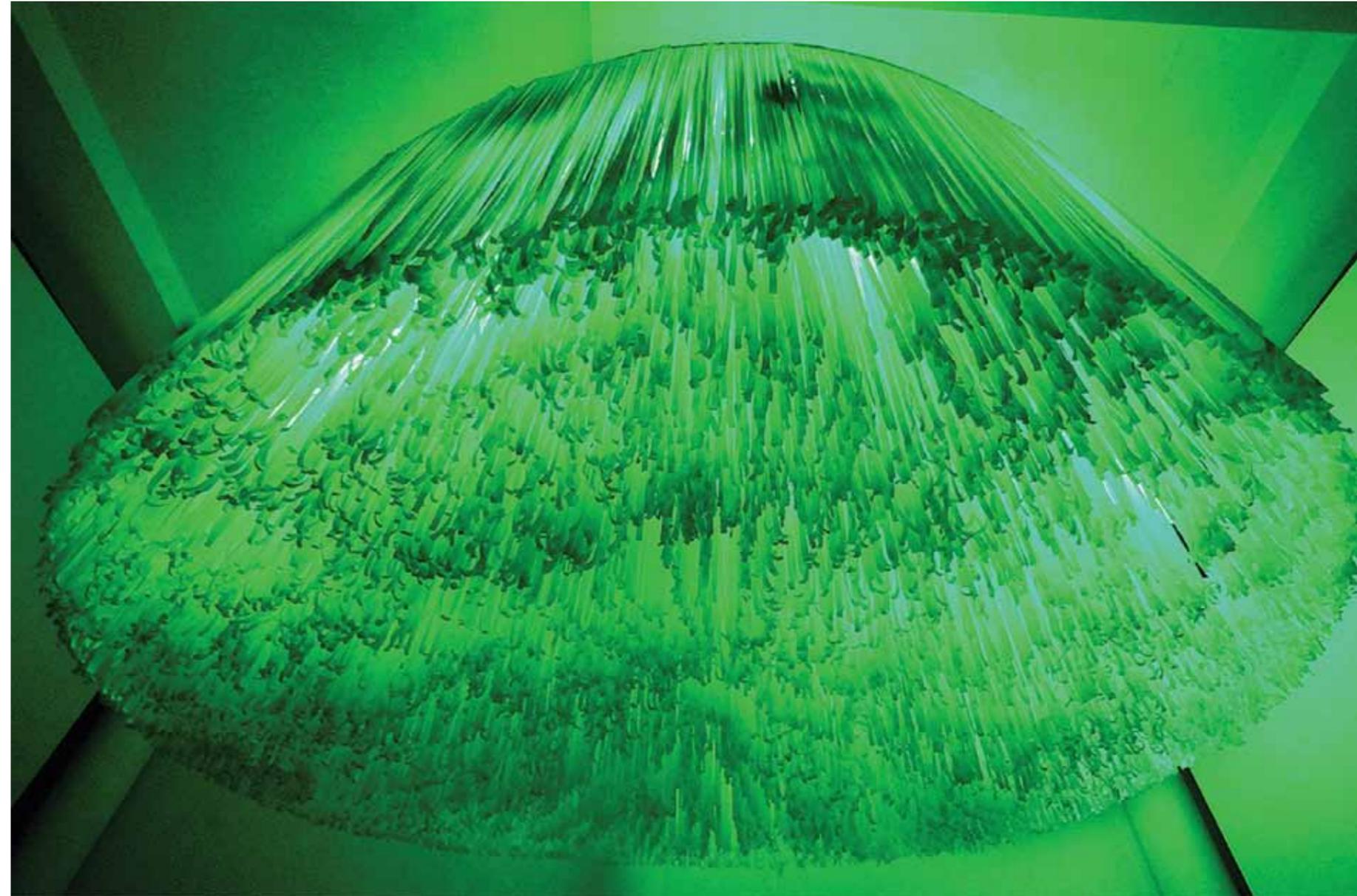
Hence, I put all the areas of the visual arts, such as painting, media, installation, and videos, into one space to make an amalgamation of them so that it might create an illusion so that the viewers themselves can become the object in that space.

Viewers restructure the work as participants by transcending their own realm as viewers. This work expresses the axis of aesthetic expression and the reinterpretation of space at the same time, via changes of light. Picasso's simultaneity to Windows' window and digital's integral simultaneity is reproduced in a new perspective through the times and through the changes of the times.

I express my opinions and definitions of the aesthetic expression in my work, creating qualified aesthetic analogies and the periodical moderation of combination and convergence by reviewing the history of human beings in a new perspective via the humanistic expression of light and by understanding the phenomenological light of media.

Conclusion

All humans contemplate deeply their own life and death. Humans agonize and play games between this reality and unreality. Light makes the value of existence both meaningful and futile in the course of those contemplations. However, as humans, as imperfect beings, a look at infinite eternity shown through light can make humans become philosophical, even in front of death. In front of nature, with its infinite orbit that is untouchable and cannot be possessed, humans cannot help but adapt themselves to nature. This space we are living in and feeling, namely, Different Dreams in the Same Place, makes the appreciation of the simultaneous movements of humans via lights possible, because this infinity is called the instrument of hope.



Ariel Hassan & Felix Larreta

Iterations From The Original Model

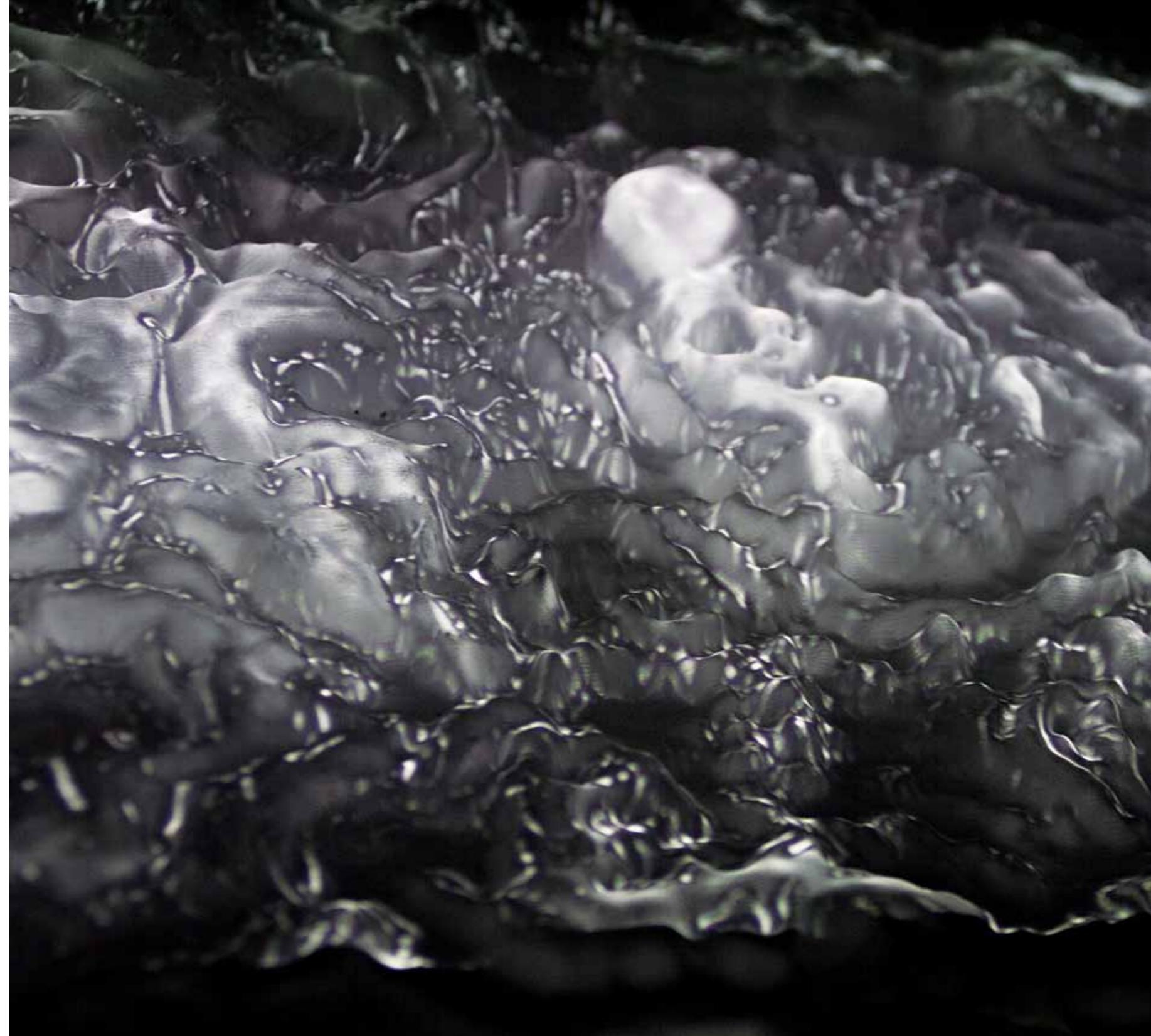
Conceived as a multi-sensorial space, *Iterations From The Original Model* is an investigation that brings together references of natural chaotic formations with the universal precision of mathematical principles. The work suggests a journey—an expedition into unexplored lands from unknown times, where psychoactive images and sound allow the viewer to dive around and within a space beyond thought, of meditation and communion.

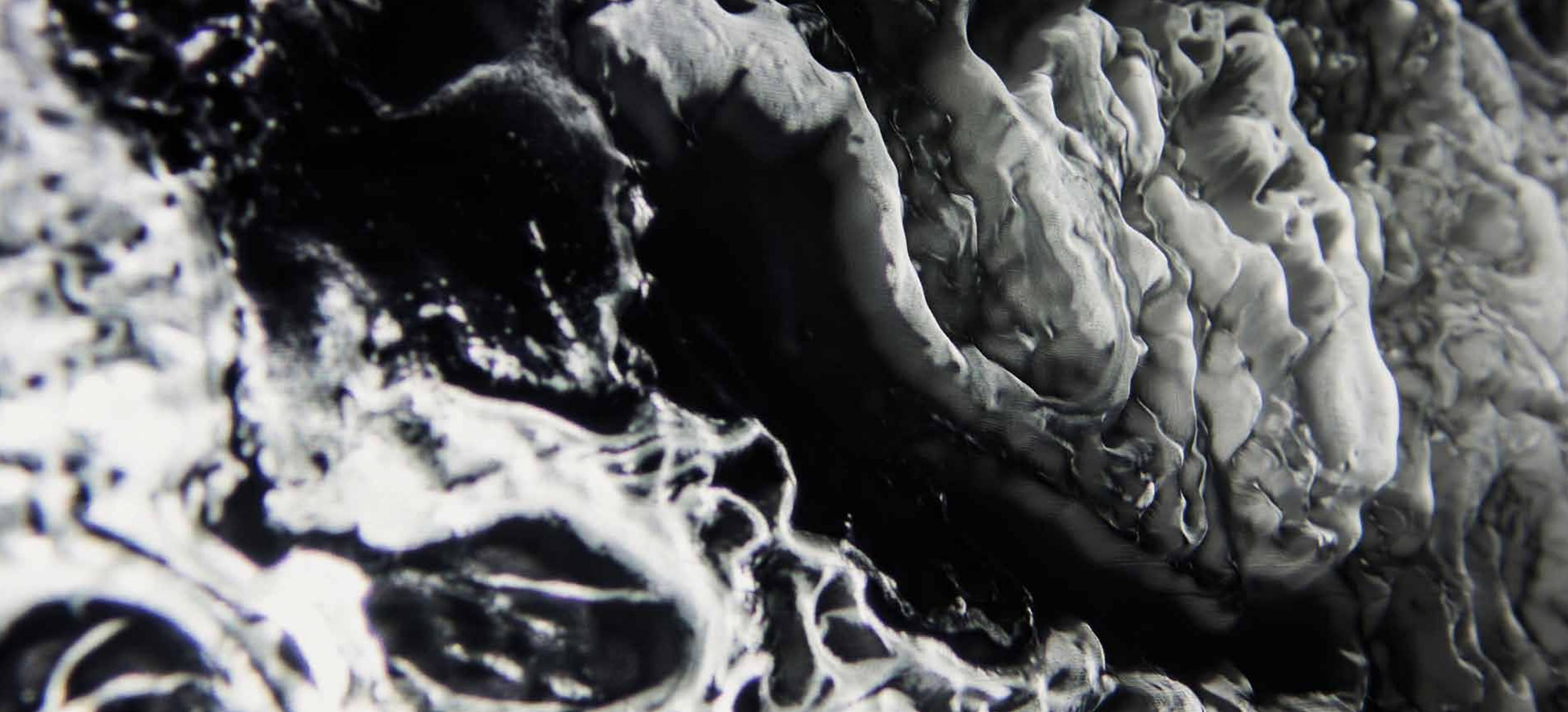
In the visual component of the work, chaotic images originating from incidental flows of paint have been transformed into topographical foci—two crystalline three-dimensional terrains of 1 x 1.618 m. Over these irregular landscapes, animations of the original images illustrate and illuminate the topology. Tones change and iterate within geometric sections that refract light over and across the valleys and mountains; the event invites visitors to explore the fundamental properties of an image that seems to exist without being fully revealed. The geometric tilings, like satellite scanning interpreting the terrain, provoke the viewer into a symbiosis with the work through its various stages and phases.

These same movements activate atmospheric melodies that aim to conduct the visitor through a further dimension. Both images and sounds ebb, flow and follow as we orbit around the works. The music is concerned with psychoacoustic phenomena, but it is the private encounter between the visitors and the work, which triggers and generates it. The sound follows Phi through Fibonacci spirals held within a hyper-dodecahedron structure composed by software;

each visitor activates a specific melodic spiral that perpetually moves, never repeating, hereby adding to the complexity and harmony of the encounter.

The virtual fourth-dimensional space, much like an organism that can feel our presence, directs the visual-acoustic relation towards a place of intimate personal awareness.





Lisette Huizenga

Deconstructing/Reconstructing Mondrian

One cannot say I create beauty, because the experience of beauty cannot be imposed upon someone else, but my intention is to express the beauty of life that I am being allowed to experience more and more.

Ever since I started painting, I have been fascinated with the different kinds of spaces in which we exist and more recently with the evolution that time adds to space. This urged me, first of all, to study the history of the Western art of painting. Here, I saw the evolution from Renaissance paintings, which represent windows through which we see creative imitations of reality, to the abstract paintings of the early twentieth century, which are self-referring constructions of lines, forms and colours. It was from this giant leap, from Michelangelo to Mondrian, that I wanted to proceed.

Soon I put brushes and paint aside and started painting with the latest digital techniques. This gave me new possibilities of challenging the spectator to look again at the relationship between illusion and reality. I still call all my works paintings but now they are placed not only in space but also in time. What I exhibit here in Venice is a painting, *Deconstructing/Reconstructing Mondrian*, in a space in which all the walls become as moving and seamlessly intermingling displays.

In much of my work, I show transitions between 'perceivable spaces', like a town, a building, people, objects or a landscape, and 'thinkable' or illusionary spaces, like fantasies and ideas. I am balancing on a tightrope, where illusion becomes reality and reality illusion, trying to portray life in a wider context.

There is only one struggle, one real art: to create universal beauty. (Mondrian)

I feel that this work, based on a painting of Mondrian, is an organic continuation of this process. In Mondrian's time a new, abstract art, which he called 'Neo-plasticism', had to be realized in order to express universal balance and beauty, and he courageously achieved this. I believe that, in our time, we need to explore and depict evolutionary processes. Therefore, I use moving pictures and dare to think that Mondrian wouldn't have been displeased with my attempts to continue 'exploring new realms of spatial expression', as he called it, but now with all the new virtual techniques available today. Mondrian aimed at pure balance and a 'dynamic movement in equilibrium'. For me, expressing an inner harmony through digital means and depicting 'evolution' have become the core principles of my practice.

There is another element, which shows itself explicitly in *Deconstructing/Reconstructing Mondrian*, namely the never-ending cycle of forms and relationships: forms create relationships, relationships create forms, and so on, and thus the forms evolve. In the same light, I see the relationship between illusion and reality. In *Deconstructing/Reconstructing Mondrian*, this cycle is visible. It ends as it began but, at the same time, because of the intermediate processes, everything has changed and evolved.

Together with Kerry Woodward, who composed the musical soundscape for my painting, we have tried to evoke a sensuous experience and it is up to the visitor how deeply he wants to become immersed in it.





Rosale Hazzop

Helen Kirwan

FRAGMENT AND TRACE

“Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future
And time future contained in time past.”¹

The recurring themes in my conceptual practice are: memory and memorial and fragment and trace.

This digital video *Fragment and trace* concerns a woman whose husband died: suddenly. Her lament includes pacing and measuring. During these activities she summons him back to her consciousness and the remembrance of times past develops into time present. She knows the futility of this process; it's absurdity and its exquisite agony. But it's the futility which generates the activity and which lies at its core.

All deaths presage other deaths and sudden death does so with particular acuity. As the widow awaits her own, she traces with infinite futility and pointlessness, the finitude of human existence. The work questions time, space and existence through an enquiry into what is memory and how might it function and be represented. Central to this is the question of how is time in itself memorial and memory?

The idea of the trace is explored in a fascination with the question of the mark that has barely been made or that may disappear, and asks, was something there? And, was something left behind? Memory and

memorial are not necessarily the same, but also, are not exclusive. The fragments acknowledge and explore the partial nature of the fragment as a shard of memory.

The memorial function of the work is not directly representative, in the commemorative sense—that events or persons are remembered with an object that is their equivalent—but rather asks what action can be done, and what objects can be assembled and what journeys can be taken as memorial.

The themes suggested by my interest in the fragment and the trace involve the pursuit of that which is apparently elusive; this is not necessarily in order to achieve a goal at the end but to consider the thing that cannot be held. Hence an exploration of what practices can be undertaken that are in the service of memory. Broadly, my work includes installation, assemblage, drawing, moving image, photography and mapping. There is an attempt towards the subtle, thoughtful and thought provoking. All is underpinned by my inquiry into the concept of the philosophical fragment especially as suggested by such thinkers as Frederich Schlegel.

¹ T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets* (Burnt Norton): *The Complete Poems and Plays of T.S. Eliot*, Faber and Faber, London 1969 p.171



Seema Kohli

The Golden Womb

Seema Kohli through this three-part installation explores the concept of the Golden Womb or Hiranyagarbha, which according to ancient India scriptures of Yajur Veda is the primordial and eternal cosmic womb that nourishes, generates, and revives the cosmic order. It is that receptacle in which all the becoming takes place. As a space within a space, the Hiranyagarbha encompasses the suns, moons, stars, and all universes, and also the five elements—earth, water, fire, air, and ether. The Hiranyagarbha pervades all creation as it transcends time and space by expanding and advancing infinitely in the cosmos. Kohli became interested in representing the idea of the Golden Womb about two decades ago after visiting the holy towns of Haridwar and Rishikesh in northern Indian where she saw cavities on the sand banks of the river Ganga. Formed as a result of the river changing its course over time, these cavities instantly reminded Kohli of a womb. This sight provoked her to think more about the source of life and its course. Kohli has created several works that loosely reflect various facets of creation of space and time. While subjects of her works may be inspired from Hindu philosophical thoughts, they are certainly not religious in treatment because of her phenomenological mode of inquiry and presentation. For the past six years, Kohli has been invested in portraying the organic and continuously evolving processes of all beings and matter using various media and materials.

In this installation, Kohli thoughtfully juxtaposes two different media to create a visual assemblage that is kaleidoscopic in character and meaning. In order to illustrate dynamism and simultaneous existences, Kohli uses the wall and ground surfaces to create a space

within a space. Her video *Swayamsiddha* is projected onto the floor and inside a circular ring of natural rocks, which is designed to signify an abstract representation of a womb. In the video, by combining Vedic chants along with images and sounds of the womb and interstellar space, Kohli invite visitors to symbolically experience the cosmic womb. Overlooking the *Swayamsiddha* video are two large paper scrolls from the *Chausat Yogini* series and the second video *Unending Dance of Life*, which is shown on the wall. Through her evocative rendering of the figures of yogini or scared feminine force, Kohli subtly depicts the essence of feminine energy and its vitality in the procreation process. In these two scrolls, you get to see a complex, yet fluid composition in which Kohli intersperse feminine figures, home appliances, and other mundane objects to share her understanding of stories from the Hindu mythology pertaining to narratives on the mother goddess, tree of life, and the primordial source of energy. Like in the scrolls, Kohli in her video *Unending Dance of Life* shows the cycle of life through her sensitive body movements, gestures, and actions that are beautifully choreographed. She takes the audience on a journey to witness realities of life such as a burning funeral pyre on the banks of the river Ganga in Varanasi. Kohli suggests to her audience that while genesis and death are fundamental facts of existence, there is never an ultimate end.



Beat Kuert

FaultLine/TimeLine

Personal considerations on time, space and existence

I don't wear a watch; I refuse to be subjected to time. Not that it makes much of a difference, unfortunately. Time pressures me anyway. As a remedy for this there are various philosophies and religions, but they don't work well for me.

Time implies moving in an established direction, which in my spherical universe—as I imagine it—doesn't exist. An artifice: that's what time is. Since we are unable to perceive everything in the same instant, we place events one after the other along a time line, in chronological order. This is a boring, exhausting and wrong expedient. In my sphere everything is ever-present, without a beginning or an end. Depending on which way I look, I see a part of it. In my sphere there is no future or past, but a total coexistence of different things: birth and death, beginning and end.

For the *Wunderkammer* exhibition I took video frames lasting about 3 minutes and arranged them on square surfaces, allowing the observer to see the beginning and end of a story all at the same time, capturing the 3 minutes in a second. It is a way to make time irrelevant—or even erase it. In one of the first versions these “general pictures” were frames set alongside each other, all in sequence, their edges evoking the time line of my editing system. As I worked on the sequences, however, the boundaries disappeared. The individual images lost their framing and converged to create chaos, a sea of forms and colours as in the last works.

When I was eight I received a camera as a birthday present and immediately tried time-exposure photography of moving car lights. This was my first attempt to make time less frightening, to transform

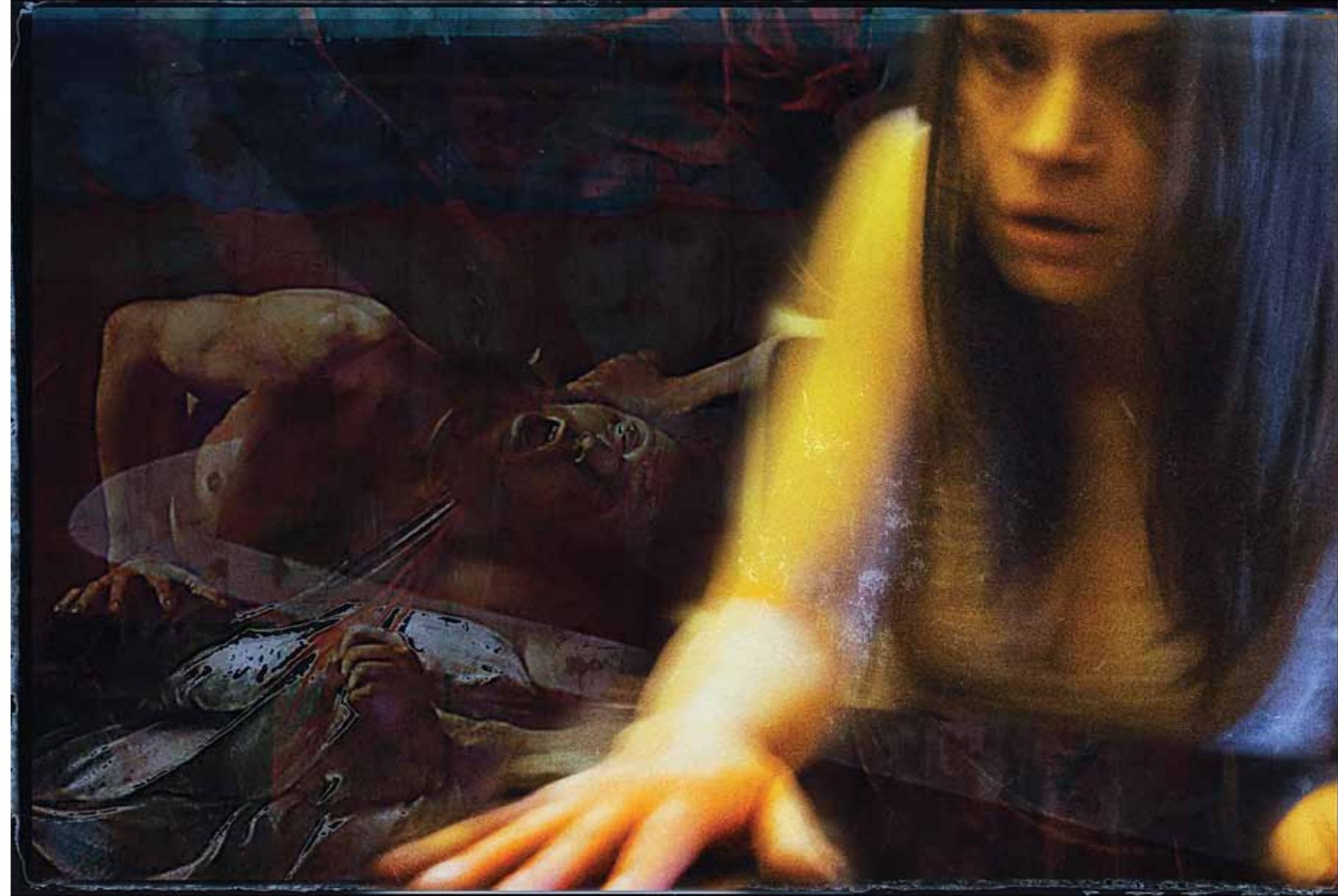
it from a destructor of the present into a creator, thanks to an image that combined dissolution of form with eternal change.

In the area of film directing, one of my greatest idols is the Greek Theodoros Angelopoulos. I haven't seen a single film of his in its entirety. His works create a world in which I feel perfectly at ease. Beginning and end hold no importance for me; I don't seek the continuity of images. Angelopoulos's world is present in every single frame and, like a sun, it fills me with energy. When I feel that I have been filled completely, I rest and let it act inside me.

I come from a small family in a small city in a small country. At the age of seventeen, when I decided to make my first 16-mm film, I bought a wide-angle lens that would let me expand the world. A few years later, to make my first feature film (*Mulungu*) I went to the Alps, the only place in Switzerland with something big. Vastness, air, light: they are essential for me to reflect and work. Nothing must limit my gaze.

I made over 100 films in the mountains. There are probably no summits in the Alps that I haven't seen. Yet the biggest mountain rises deep within me. A mountain that is gigantic and the deepest black, a “mountain-in-itself”. From whichever angle I observe it, it always stands out between the sun and me. This is why many of my images are dark and this is why I yearn for other light ones, in pastel tones. It would be even better to have an image of light alone.

As much as I would like this to be so, my images are not—nor can they be—symbols of eternity and of everything. They are the result of a moment, a setting and a given technique; they thus testify to a well-defined situation within the whole.



On the other hand, each of my works is also the beginning of a new time, a primordial explosion, the zero hour of a new world, the reason I would like to accompany each image with the words *Et sic in infinitum*. Just as Robert Fludd did on every side of his black square depicting the moment immediately preceding the Big Bang, the instant before Creation!

I remember an experience that, at the age of about four, led me to enter the world. I was playing with friends and suddenly, in front of my moving hands, I understood that I was not only a spectator, but also an individual with a body that, in motion in this world, could always be a participant in it. This awareness brought with it a combination of warmth, anxiety and completeness. It was a vague sensation similar to what comes over me today when I see an incredible work of art or when, by the sea, I feel the wind on my skin and perceive eternity.

At the time I would have liked to share my discovery with everyone, but I felt that I didn't have the right words to express such a complex and stratified truth. This inability has remained over the years, so I have become a picture-maker.

Images create indispensable space for my existence. When I don't work, the world stops breathing. The generator stops, the light goes out. I like the story about the violinist who repeated the same note continuously. When his wife asked him why he didn't play pleasant melodies like all the rest of his colleagues, he responded that, as opposed to the others, he no longer needed to search. He had already found.

Videos are my attempt at finding but I doubt that someday I will make one with only one image. When I isolate a frame and develop it, this doesn't mean that I've found what I'm seeking. In fact, it's almost the opposite. In my images, in my stills, you won't find eternal restfulness, nirvana, but an energy that can set something in motion. The greater the amount of energy, the stronger the motion triggered by observation. The question naturally comes to mind: What is the point of contact between the restfulness I seek and this energy being set in motion? Is the feeling of restfulness perhaps generated by a particular rhythm? There is no question that restfulness and immobility are not the same thing. Getting back to the violinist I mentioned before, his note comes from a movement of

the bow that makes the right string vibrate. And so my videos, like my images and installations, can be understood as strings that I vibrate.

I dream of a big building with lots of rooms full of images, objects, sounds and lights. Depending on the mode and the moment, those who visit these rooms discover a different world, an ever different story. Even if one enters over and over, there is never a story that repeats itself. The same space can be viewed as a sort of data cloud, where information is stored permanently, available to visitors so they can interact with it.

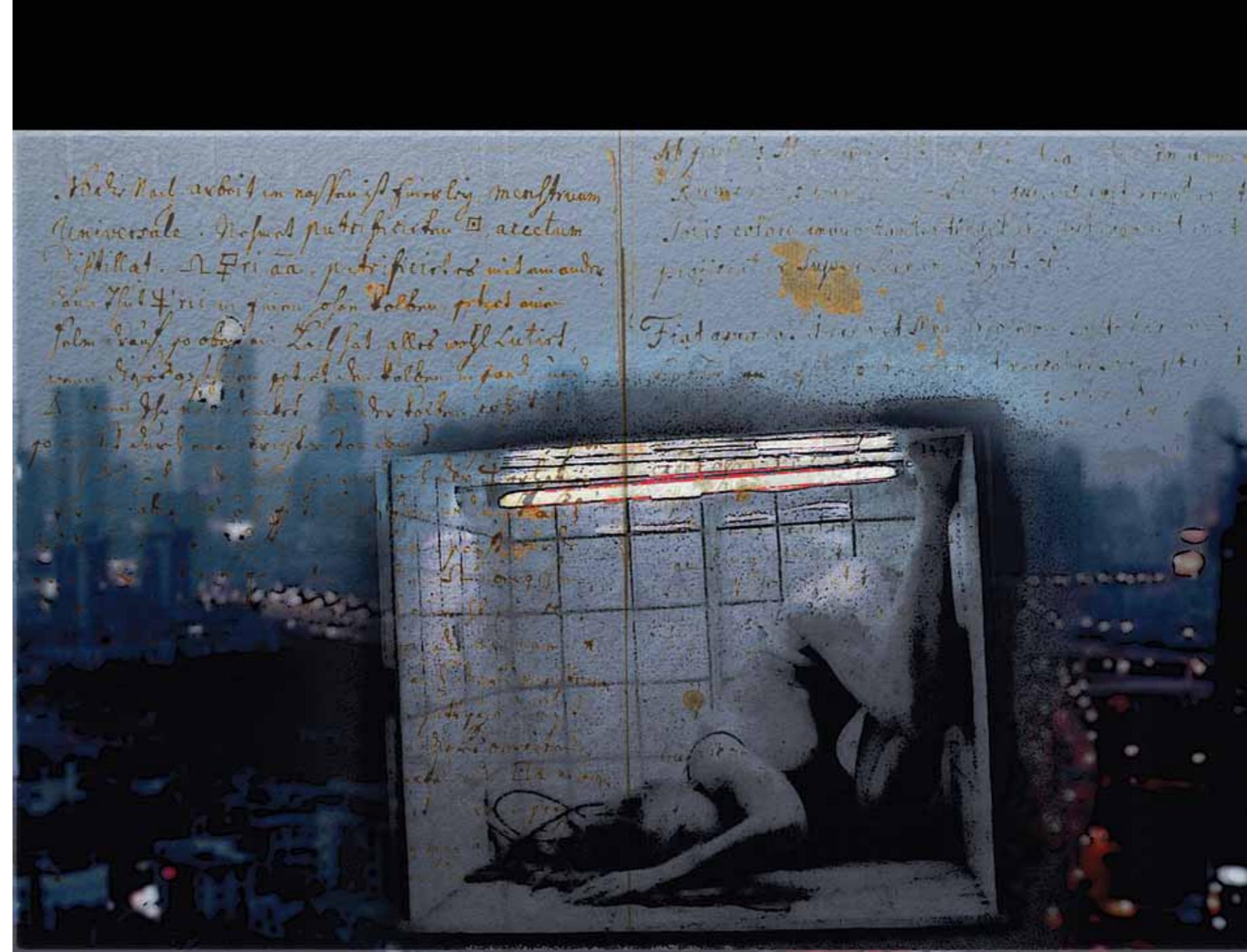
These ideas converge in *FaultLine/TimeLine*, the installation hosted in Palazzo Bembo. Here the observer has the chance to rediscover the world thanks to movement and changes in perspective that produce new associations. The images all around are "immobile", the installation always the same, but the fracture (FaultLine) that splits the latter in two creates restlessness. The observer knows that the earth can move, that the crack could widen and swallow up every life form: like Gaia, the Great Mother who gives birth to her children, only to devour them.

Arranged to form a ninety-degree angle with respect to *FaultLine*, three monitors represent three "windows" onto the *Heart Machine*, the machine from the film *Metropolis*, which operates below the surface and keeps the city alive. It is the underground inhabitants who make this powerful generator work.

The urban landscape in the installation resembles that of New York: a dark, chaotic and sinister city. While on the one hand it evokes Moloch in *Metropolis*, a monster that swallows its human victims, on the other it is also fascinating and endowed with singular beauty that is hard to resist.

At the end, *The Mouth of Beauty* serves as a counterpart to *FaultLine*. Amidst verdant bushes, the road seems to lead directly to paradise, the quintessential land we dream of. This idea is reinforced by a large image on the wall. The title: *Smart Paradise*. It is a collage of selfies in pastel colours, light and luminous, made with a smartphone.

When one finally turns around, everything is visible again: Moloch, the *Heart Machine*, *FaultLine*, the entrance to the exhibition, which is also the exit . . . And so once again, beginning and end coincide.



Guillaume Lachapelle

By Anaïs Castro

One should not perceive Guillaume Lachapelle's sculptures as external objects, but rather as internal spaces. His work offers introversion; it becomes part of the viewer but rarely the opposite. Over the years, Guillaume Lachapelle has amassed symbols that constitute a library from which he draws items to assemble worlds he skilfully composes. Libraries, beds, stairs—the banality of objects selected by the artist allows for a certain universal response. These motifs offer him an endless number of possible combinations in which the imagination of the beholder can navigate, get lost, or wander. In Marie-Eve Charron's words, Lachapelle's pieces are “metaphors for journeys through the imagination and the unconscious.”¹ They are worlds of their own, split into a series of things all at once and rich in the variety of their significance, in the seemingly inexhaustible readings possible.

Systems of pipes, scaffoldings, façades, and machinery cohabit with books, urinals, lamp posts, balconies, and windows opening onto nothing. The world according to Guillaume Lachapelle is unlike that in which the objects in his fascinating pieces exist around us. In *Nuit étoilée* a banal car park becomes a threatening scene, the beholder almost feels captive in its illusory infinite vastness. Endlessness is the common threat to most of Lachapelle's works produced in the last years. It is present in the never-ending rows of desks of *Dernier étage* and in *The Cell* a vertigo inducing industrial structure spreading in every direction.

Since 2009 Lachapelle predominantly uses accessible software to author his sculptures and was among the first artists to rely on sophisticated 3D printers to render the detailed intricacy of his

original designs. The artist also masters the use of single-sided mirrors and knows that each reflection attenuates the brightness of the lights to produce an uninterrupted perspective. Within the confines of glass boxes of various dimensions, Lachapelle contains immense worlds. His stratagem achieves to make familiar objects appear somewhat off-kilter and turns the domestic into something profoundly uncanny.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Sigmund Freud used the German word *unheimlich* (literally “unhomelike”) to propose his theory of the uncanny, objects simultaneously familiar and strange. The uncanny, at least in Freudian terms, is inextricably linked to the visual; it is experienced by the eye and the mind but never by the body as such. There is in Lachapelle's oeuvre a stubborn reluctance to allow the viewer's body into the worlds he so carefully designs. While the eye is always permitted entry, the viewer's physical presence is relentlessly denied. In front of Lachapelle's work one has to rely on their imagination to construct a narrative in a manner that is not unlike a child playing with toys such as dollhouses and trucks. This is becoming increasingly apparent in his more recent works using reflection. While stuck at the centre of a play of mirrors, the body of the viewer remains absent. In the face of infinity, Lachapelle shows that we are ostensibly insignificant. Thus Lachapelle's sculptures reconfigure the world as a place where presence is always intended in absence, where the present is always a consequence of the past.

1. Marie-Eve Charron, “Dreamy Wanderings Through Heterotopias” in *esse arts + opinions* vol. 70 (Fall 2010): 29.



Sam Leach

By Andrew Frost

Time Space Existence

Every painting is a form of compression. Time and space fold into every image: there is the physical and emotional aspects of the creation of a work, the artist spending hundreds of hours at the canvas working to achieve the final painting, and then there are the hours spent in research, looking back over old works and searching for new sources of inspiration, all the while contemplating potential outcomes. Sam Leach's work has yet another aspect of the representation of time held within its field, a hetrochronicity where references to Baroque and Romantic art are mixed together with imagery that suggests a future-oriented science fictional space. Where space and time are often only suggested in visual art, there is in a very real sense a process of conflation that marks the passage of time and the compression of space in Leach's work.

The key elements of Leach's paintings present the viewer with a kind of puzzle. Leach quotes historical landscape paintings, often appropriating or reworking elements of Dutch landscape pictures, then overlaying them with elements taken from geometric abstraction such as dots or angled stripes, but also featuring figures sourced from images of the fabrication of space probes and satellites in the clean rooms of NASA labs.

Into these spaces Leach introduces another element—animals that includes tigers and lions, seen fighting, sleeping or eating. The immediate effect of this combination of imagery, all sourced from Leach's online research project, presents a visual and conceptual conundrum: how can all of these elements exist together? The slight

surrealist frisson of the image is created by Leach's skill with colour and composition but rather than seeming shocking one is left pondering the circumstances that led to this moment.

On one level, contemporary audiences are so used to the juxtaposition of improbable visual combinations that only the most savage combinations arrest our attention. Everything else seems commonplace now in a world of image manipulation, editing and generation, where even the marvellous is a part of the everyday. In the quiet fantasy spaces of Leach's paintings the compression of time and space in both literal and metaphoric ways suggests a more contemplative response. History seems locked in a way the future doesn't—everything that is past is determined whereas everything to come is ripe with possibility. In Leach's paintings, as in the real world, the future feels most alive to us when something of the past is remodelled and rebooted into the contemporary imagination, giving the viewer a sense of resonant meaning entirely absent from clichéd manifestations of the "future". Existence may be temporary but art feels eternal.



Myungil Lee

What is human existence? How do our emotions take shape? What are the images of desires that we feel? What are the differences between which are seen and which are felt?

Permanence of existence has an inseparable relation with impermanence. So is the relation between existence and non-existence. I find motifs of my works in the story of my own life as I strive to find value of human existence expressed in human desires such as in my mundane life and immanent world of emotions etc.

As Nietzsche pointed out, reason, body and desires are all integral parts of human existence. And I find inspiration of my works in Buddhist's Samsara, i.e. continual repetitive cycle of birth and death: all human beings are born, live the course of their lives and die; and we exist by living and sharing our own lives in organic relations with other existences.

Human existence cannot be fixed like something permanent as we are always bound to seek progress, betterment and empowerment. And as we commit a specific act to exist, desires that belong to the physical domain of human existence cannot be separated from our actions. Hence, my works are results of certain choices and actions of mine, as I seek to stay spiritually alert thus see the outcome of my inspiration displayed in my works.

I make efforts to weave such stories of organic human life in my works, hoping that they would reflect human existence, how they are maintained, how our basic instincts are expressed, how these essential elements coexist in harmony and communicate one another.

In these works of mine, I tried not to use figurative forms, so that they can be perceived as something abstract that can trigger viewers' curiosity and visual imagination.

Sometimes I work with objects (stainless steel) to express organic compositions of empty spaces and forms that I perceive, as reflections of intricate relations of all the elements in the world.

As for colors and forms, which are essentially codes of perceptions widely agreed upon, I try to stay away from commonly accepted boundaries, repeated cliché and prejudices, while constantly trying to go beyond the walls that I have built within myself so as to push the envelope into a new realm.

Our lives, emotions and values change from yesterday, today and tomorrow, and this is the very reason that I do my works: it is the purpose of my life and the very reason that I ever exist, and it is a journey to grope my way forward to find identities of human beings that include myself.



Zinaida Lihacheva

By Anna Milashevych

Possibly the most common piece of jewelry for Ukrainian women is the beaded necklace, called *namysto*. Traditional necklaces were fashioned from red beads, ideally from coral. To this day, ritualistic beliefs and superstitions of the healing powers of necklaces persist throughout cultures in the Eastern Hemisphere: in Ukraine, *namysto* were often fashioned into cascades of beads creating a near-breastplate, augmenting its supposed lucky or healthy properties as well as protection. For Ukrainian artist Zinaida Lihacheva tradition becomes not only present, but nearly burdensome for women seeking out new identities and paths within their culture.

Lihacheva's recent installation, called *Black Beads* (in Ukrainian: *Chorne Namysto*) is a synthesis of traditional cultural values posited in physical space and on a physical form. Projected onto a fabric backdrop is an image of a female model swathed in white dons an elaborate *vinok* (a Ukrainian headdress) with an oversized set of black beads strung about her. Within the gallery space, a super-life-sized strand of black beads scattered on the floor, resembling a barrier dividing the room. Symbology is heavily employed in Zinaida's project, with each color, each costume, each element of the multimedia presentation transmitting both ancient and modern meanings and messages.

It is important to note that the artist ably moves through multiple fields of creative work that culminates in a growing, swiftly developing visual oeuvre. Zinaida is well-known for her groundbreaking performances with meticulous attention to costumes and props. As an example, the wreath to be seen in *Black Beads* video was specially crafted for the project and required days of research and near work of

available samples and achieves. This way the artist is not just incorporating ancient traditions into contemporary art but also reviving them from oblivion. Her works reflect expectations and promises of marriage, love, and birth, and are all wrapped up in objects applied to a woman; whether or not she invites them, they are bestowed on her.

Politics, as concept, often seems to be safely hidden from view in Zinaida's works; however, in reality the destiny of the nation she belongs to is always present there. *Chorne Namysto* may seem to retain attachment to the artist's own circumstances as ethnic customs and rituals. However, it doesn't institute disconnect with a larger, more international audience—the symbolism of the installation is easily understandable as it's linked to eternal human values. White dress and bridal wreath, black necklace instead of traditional red one, dry land with no sign of life, charred wood of scattered beads ...Who is this young woman in white who puts black *namysto* on her neck? Is she a bride? Is she a widow? Is she a symbol of a young country with deep cultural roots which is now witnessing death and destruction? Is it reflection of Lihacheva's native Ukraine which is going through terrible and heartbreaking war? Like beads are strung on a thread, different levels of meaning, both local and widely understandable, come together to the viewer's mind and weave lace of this dramatic, and at the same time beautiful work.





Pep Llambías

THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT

Now: a simple word. It sets a time which encloses a space.

What is light? What is time? Matter, nanometer, circumstance, logarithm, window, error, location, theory... Man always wanted to know and, thus, shrouded himself in mystery, searching... Where to place thoughts? How to collect them? What is the matrix?—what's my mother's name—Mazes made of transparent hands seeking paths. Mazes of hanging lights that imprison something.

The light from objects, light colonizing us at all times, that very intimate presence, is the weight of matter. The light entailed in every object, in every way of generating shapes. Those bulbs are filled with matter, but not with an average brightness, but with the brightness of the matter itself, sustaining that weight from the deepest sense of the object, as if its weight in air was the way to contain time.

Time gives light to matter. One blink. Realising that the observation time is the time of belonging. We own our time because we can discern that, from the other side, another time goes by, another gaze that is not ours and makes us connect to each object. What better way than having a single object as a continuous reference in front of us, dealing with our tasks, facing the experience of living. Realising, then, that we are simply objects of passage. Elements observed by the elements themselves. We are, perhaps, the only ones who possess that static moment, the sense of weight, the perception that we are capable of hanging from that wire. Being still and say: I am here, here, in that feeling, in that alien transmitter that belongs to another, in my own sense of place and space.

The light you dwell in is the light through which you express yourself. By regaining the space, its entirety can be reached. The final result will be a reflection of the self, from the mood, from the innermost feeling. The desire to make that light shine out as an extraordinary event. The emanating glow should be a strong affirmation in this work, but it is nothing more than mere embers of a chill. The presence without its light becomes silence inviting to stop even if burnt out, keeping an opaque dimension. The opacity of the bulb cast as a reconquest; the light was lost, but its transmitter, its soul, is recovered. In all its essence, the desire to transform this lost—hung—object in an inhabited place, the habitat. I inhabit forgetfulness, there is a non-denial recollection.

I want to validate a past. An ascertained time slot, *reboost*¹, pantry of past thoughts, sensory cupboard of the gestation of any mood. Territory where preserving the words that invade us under this condition: confusion, affirmation/denial, doubt... the beginning and the end, from A to Z. What can be more beautiful than the shapes that store all matter, shapes that, only if they own themselves, can transmit the light that they will generate... Generating light of static matter, matter that by modulating the way of our walk, in view of, in the presence of, it does not really belong to us but to the installation in an exclusive way.

The beginning is the end.

We can go across it or ignore it.

1. *Reboost*: A word in Catalan meaning larder.





Michael Luther

The idea for a painting invariably marks the beginning of my work. It dictates the form of expression I use. It does not matter whether the result is abstract, representational, photorealistic or surrealistic, whether the motif is originary, cited, collaged or composed. Regardless of the subject I choose one of the many possibilities of different forms of expression—in the end the score is a minor matter, what I care about is the performance that is to say the execution of the work and ultimately its energetic impact. The impact always has to live up to the subject.

What does this mean when it comes to *Gallery (Desk)*? The painting, which in an exhibition at a Berlin gallery was hung on the very wall depicted in the painting, shows an arrangement I found on the spot: A gallery room between two exhibitions. Wrapped up paintings, leaning face against the wall, waiting to be collected. In front of them a table with a dark-green surface and on it a sheet of paper. In the right hand corner a flight of stairs is suggested—where it leads we do not know. The melancholic atmosphere and the suspenseful tranquility intrigued me. The old is drawing to a close, the new has not arrived yet—a vanitas motif.

In this image my everyday reality regarding the aspects of time, space and existence is reflected. Even though I was unaware of it at the time, in this everyday situation, so profane to me, a metaphor for my meaning of life was revealed: Who am I? Where do I come from? What do I do? This painting is—in the way that it is painted—a meditation on those questions. It is an attempt to create a maximum energetic impact that expresses my existential

situation and its emotional and spiritual connections by using the sensual means of painting.

Gallery (Desk) is on show in Palazzo Bembo together with the painting *Green* which is about half its size and the small scales (30 x 40 cm) *Atelier (24 pictures)*. *Green* with its almost monochromatic color, a plain, homogenous gradient from virtually black to dark-green, refers to the surface of the table depicted in *Gallery (Desk)*. *Atelier (24 pictures)* corresponds both in motif and painting technique to *Gallery (Desk)*. It shows my working situation in the studio and documents—with *Green* and *Gallery (Desk)* requoted in the painting—at the same time my preparation for the exhibition in Palazzo Bembo. *Green* fits in as an abstract painting between the two photorealistic works. They all share a meditative, melancholic mood and an expectant silence.



Steff Lüthi

We live in time, in space and in our existence.
We come from an infinite space, "polvere di stelle".
Time is relative. Space is infinite.
Space can be infinitely small.

Our existence is limited within time.
Birth and death are our framework.
In this context, our life unfolds.
We are.

Being, in all its forms, is the content of my work with people.
The sculptural representation of the human figure is a snapshot.
Frozen time.
Spaces between people can be infinitely small.
Our galaxy is fascinating, large, and when I create my sculpture,
I feel its driving force.
The Fountains galaxy plays with our existence.
Tiny figures on the edge of a large galaxy shell (female symbol).
Everyone is on their own, and yet connected to everything.

The tower (male symbol).
Architecture as an earthly representation of space and existence.
The individual is unique in its earthly and spiritual form.
Space, interstices, everyone connected with everything.
And this takes place in our head.



Una H. Moehrke

White—The Whole Cosmos of Color

White is dominant—the visible response of a surface to light, creating open floating images.

In my new work, I combine painting and drawing in such a way that paintings look like drawings and drawings like paintings—colors and lines reaching out from the walls into the room.

Void announces itself in the reduced lines found in the work, like fluorescent gestures between the colors, the shadows and the lines of each painting. Beyond all representational imagery, the pieces explore the possibility of that which can be seen and that which has being—standing poised on the balancing point between noumenon and phenomenon.

What is there to see when painting presents little more than silence, void and space? Perhaps it's the association of motion and the open horizontality of its meaning.

My interest as an artist is in a philosophical view of the image, which excludes reification, creating a sense of distance, while referencing universal questions. Set free from a fixed simulation of reality, these pictures are therefore IMAGES—in terms of their own individual emergence and not in terms of any reference to apparent reality in the external world. They oscillate within the image format and transcend it—developing visible presence as they are viewed, as they are beheld.

They are presence, a polarity of being and nothingness, scarcity without deprivation, density without overabundance—inside the

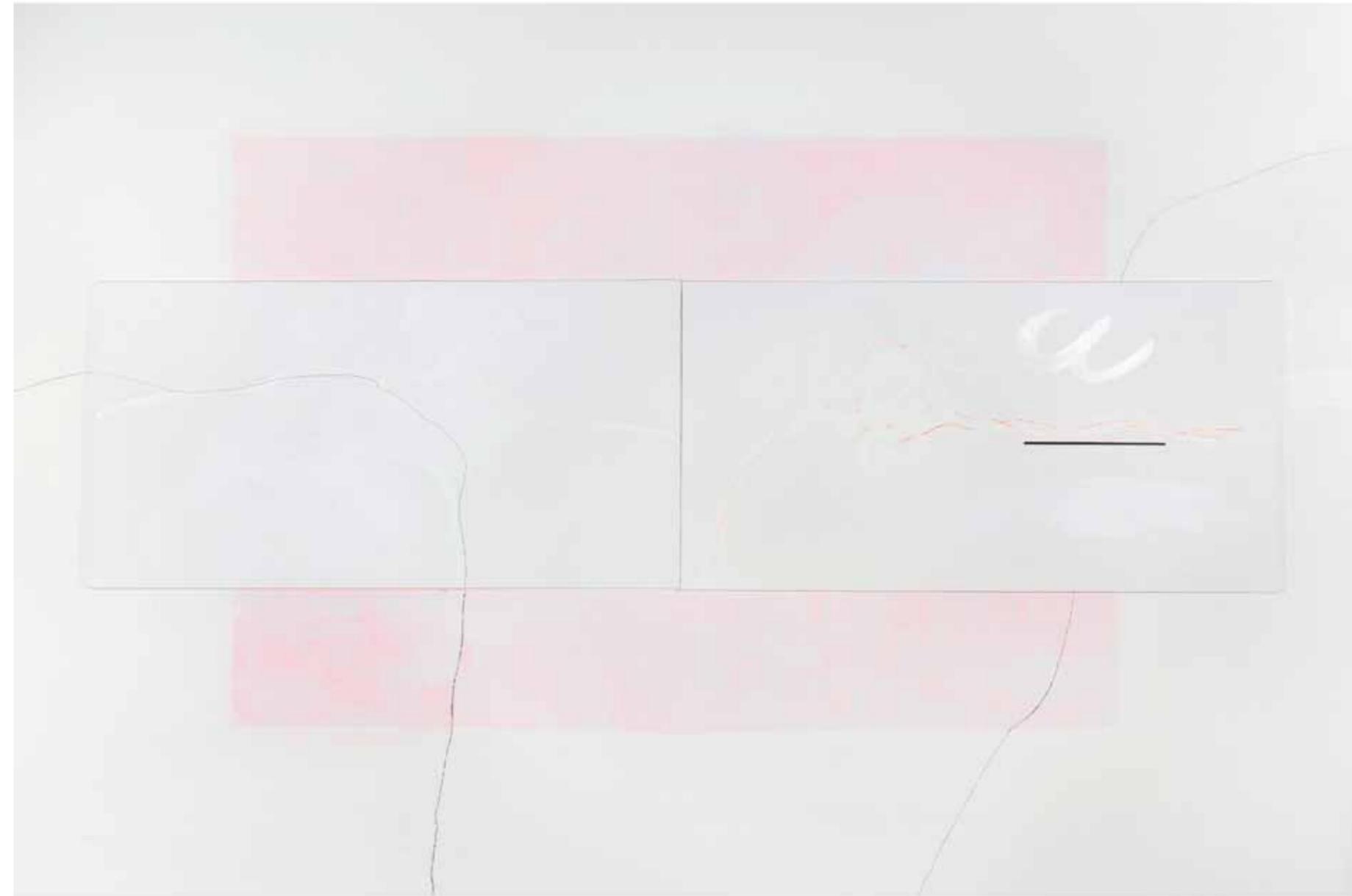
image space—and outside of it there is the perceptible passage and motion of time borne by lines.

Beauty—on the borderline between the visible and the invisible—consolidates the complexity of our world in abstract reduction, becoming a likeness to our own mental states.

I hear white, I see white, I see white disappear—in space, in nothingness, in being.

Color emerges as reflection.

Line is breath, gesture, trace—unburdened, free—anticipation and reduction—presence in time and space.





Munkhtsetseg Jalkhaajavin

By Uranchimeg Tsultemin

In Buddhism, one of the major religious belief traditions of Mongolia, the concept of reincarnation is based on the belief that death is not the final end point but another state in existence. Buddhism sees life is a wheel of existence, where humans and natural beings are reborn after death, and find their new life as a new being, either a human, a bird, or an animal. The concept of reincarnation is taken as a new exploration area by J. Munkhtsetseg (aka Mugi), Mongolia's premier woman artist, who works in various media including paper, oils, sculpture, mixed media, and collage. The exhibition here, titled Reincarnation, presents her most recent works and completely new pieces to invite viewers for another thinking of human existence: how does one thrive in a rapidly globalizing world that drives us further away from nature? Who are we in a macrocosm of the universe as part of, and in relation to, nature? These philosophical questions have a special meaning as they reflect the personal experiences of a woman artist living in modern-day Mongolia, a country of transformation from socialist system into a commercializing society driven by capitalist market and Western technology.

J. Munkhtsetseg, aka Mugi started her career during the years of socialism in Mongolia. Trained in oil painting in a local art college in Mongolia in 1980s, she also studied art in former Soviet Union. Her career began during the socialist regime when the taboo on privacy, freedom of speech and expression was prevailing in the entire socialist bloc. Yet, she was able to develop a style that is not only specific to Mugi's work, but also characteristic of a strong

independent approach, especially in relation to human body visualized in oils, and later in mixed media art. Opposed to any forced segregations based on issues of gender, race, and ethnicity, her works address humanity in general, and rather remind us about human fragility, both mental and physical, that necessitates the reincarnation process and rebirth.

The process of reincarnation ensues liberation and recovery, in her case, from trauma at societal and personal levels. Experiences of Mongolia's transition period were beyond her control and sometimes meant simple need for survival with ration cards, followed by influx of consumer goods and their rocketing prices. Trauma also meant in her case struggle through the lack of sufficient welfare and increasing threat of dangerous air pollution for a healthy pregnancy in Mongolia. Mugi seeks her recovery in her art, as a substitute for a traditional herbal medicine, a longtime ingredient of her everyday diet, here enriched with multifarious aspects of oral traditions, folklore and ancient mythology.

Her figures are not mythological hybrids, however. Nor do they represent any beliefs in afterlife. Mugi speculates that life does not exist in one form and one existence, as predicated in Buddhist world view. Here she specifically creates a gender-less body that is intrinsically bereft of its singularity—it is a body that is multiple, and continuously in an evolving process, free from restrictions and expectations. From her one personal focus, she moves to general ideas of existence and humanity, recalling what another woman of Mongolia, a well-known poetess Ülziitögs once wrote:



I want to be liberated,
I want to get void from my body and feelings,
From love, desire, greed, and cravings,
From dark ignorance and poisonous jealousy
I want to get void and be liberated.

I want my body is translucent
And me completely transparent and crystal clear
My speech, words, and feelings are lucid and pure
And I find peace...

Yes, I want to cut this chain off
And obtain my own rebirth.

As the artist herself states: "Spiritual healing in traditional medicine is a vital part of Mongolian therapy, and it is the source of my inspiration... The act of rebirth is a healing and mother is the source of healing. Our connection to what we have done in the past is just the same as the connection of mother and fetus...So my works are suggesting the healing of ones spiritual mind. In the heart of these ideas is the mother nature, which human body is tightly connected to. Spiritual healing through animals and nature allow human body to find healed state and wholeness for what was missing to keep the balance." As exemplified by her works, Mugi suggests any form of life is temporal, and existence is, in fact, a life-in-transition.



Lili Nalövi & Jesko Willert

Since 1990, when we met and fell in love, we are traveling and creating art together. As travelling artists, our art is inspired by impressions collected while exploring different countries and cultures. During our journeys, we move through TIME and SPACE, our minds and souls get impressed by what we see and experience. This always influences our own EXISTENCE in a wider context as every journey is also a journey inside or within. These experiences are like diving into the deep unknown.

Our TIME, SPACE, EXISTENCE environment at Palazzo Bembo, is connected to our travels. This theme appears in many different layers, forms and perspectives. Purposefully, we chose a room with an entrance and a separate exit, thus creating a SPACE which becomes a passage. Life itself is a passage and this SPACE expresses the passage of life.

Our main intention is to create MOODS. We work with layers in numerous ways. By covering all walls in our exhibitions with wall hangings, we give the SPACE a feeling of shelter and security, a feeling of being wrapped in a coat of colour, of sensations, of impressions. Likewise several hundred tattered textile strips, bearing a resemblance to seaweed or dried plants shed layers of shadow into our SPACE. Inbetween the fibres are small upcycled lampshades, like cocoons, creating a subtle, subdued lighting. Even the original sounds recorded while we traveled are a sound layer which is periodically accompanied by chants of the Buddhist nun Ani Choying Drolma, singing for freedom.

Our ENVIRONMENTS are often created with upcycled objects, on which TIME left its traces, thus we are giving things a new EXISTENCE. An upcycled VIDEO-SUITCASE shows our travel impressions. The loop is like a never ending trip through TIME and SPACE where the viewer can step in or out—like a journey without beginning nor ending.

The old iron folding BED is placed in our SPACE as a symbol of life, EXISTENCE a static passing of TIME, the BED as a place of birth, to rest, to sleep, to make love, to dream and a traditional place to die. Spread on the BED are archaic raw WOOL fibres, symbolizing the yearning for human warmth and tenderness.

The PORTRAITS show people of different ages, states of EXISTENCE and TIME of life— at the moment when the mask falls. They allow an impartial view of the person—stripped of status, role and function, reflecting their innermost self.

TIME seems to stand still in the contemplative WATER LANDSCAPES. SPACES are filled with tranquility and vastness. The BOAT, the most ancient transport vehicle of mankind—a symbol of EXISTENCE moving through TIME and SPACE, a floating TIMELESS sculpture. As one navigates out of this created SPACE, one experiences a different multi layer slice of EXISTENCE through TIME.

How do we want to continue this passage through life?





Phebe Parisia

To get something ... anything. To get off, to get high, to get less close to death ... or fly faster toward it. To be outside myself, if even just for a moment. To use whatever I can get my hands on to colour myself in. To work against the stark white light of the outside ... just give me an object to action so I can make it REAL.

Travelling to Iceland for a residency last year, I had chosen to go with no materials and find what I needed there, what I would react to in the place. It's a harsh environment, in an opposite yet similar way to Australia.

This is where I found the outdoor nylon material that is common and in general use. For me it combined the physical protection from outside elements, as well as psychological protection within isolation.

Before leaving, I had a revelation that every emotional blip can be described in a single line—all that intensity within a psychological radar working with the energies of the world, generating waves of patterns influenced by the movement that comes before.

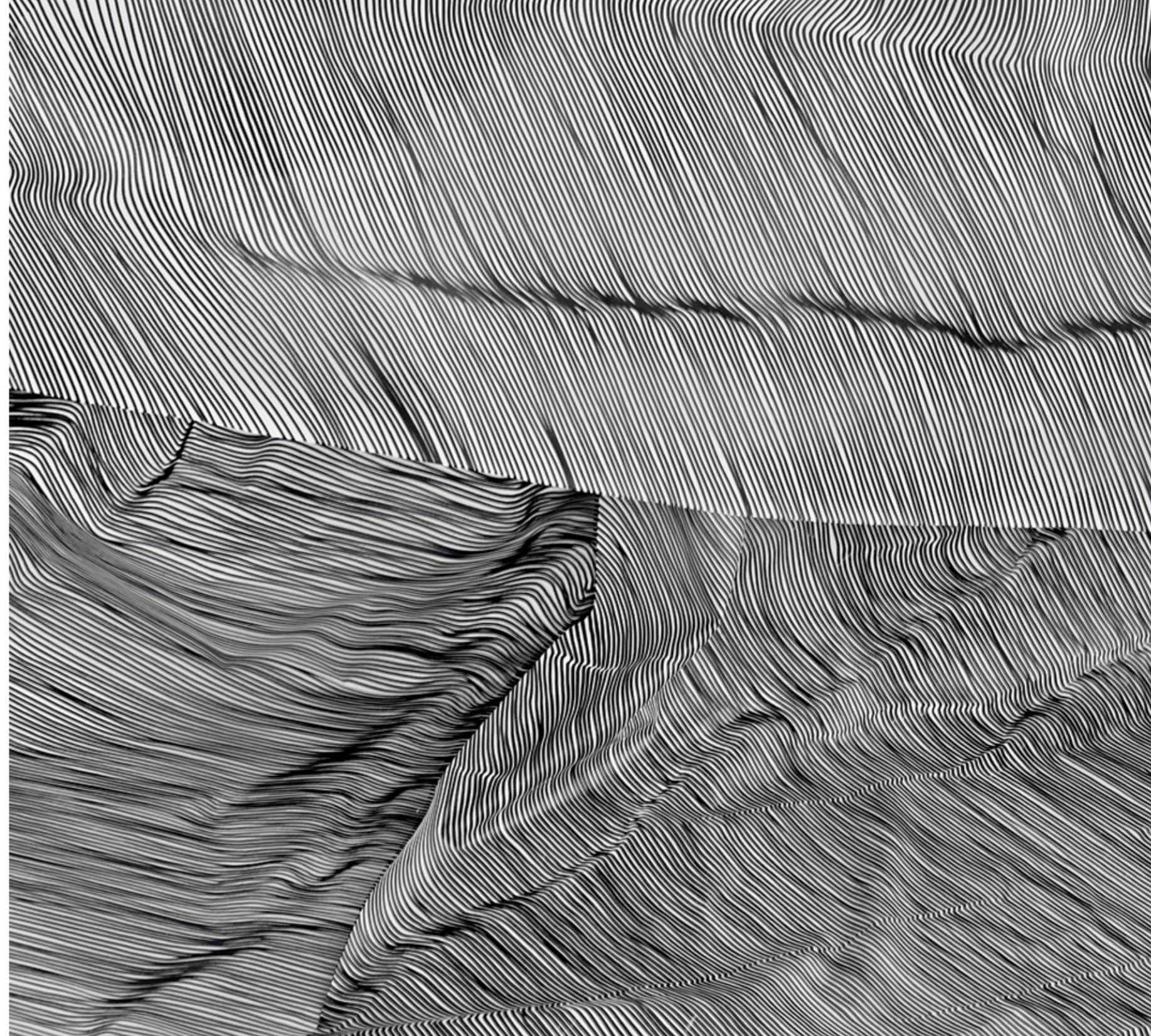
The choice of these materials was both deliberate and circumstantial. They are non-status items: white-coated nylon actioned by hand with black permanent marker. The work maps an internal topology, revealing the frustration of emotional disruption. Treating a line as a mark of time—the occasional blips of emotional experience—inward states and external stimuli become an embodiment of my own experience and a stream of unselfconsciousness.

Yet the actions within this work are not unique. Repetition and ritual is a universal human action. My actions are constructed within a

moment in time that does not describe the past or the future, only the present in which it was created. Each line encompasses all information, rendering representation obsolete. Each line records movement through the body, originating from both internal psychological states and influences from the outside environment.

INSTALLATION VARIABLE is a component of an ongoing project, *Embodied Object*, which works from the ontological role of the object in relation to materiality, the 'disrupted' self, the search for 'the real', an object-based *jouissance*, the use of materiality to mitigate the negative effects of anxiety, fear and radical behavior via the creation and sublimation into the 'embodied object'.

The body then is a tool, a conduit between anxiety and object. The work produced is non-static, experiential and immediate, able to be re-configured according to location and intent. Like the cycle of time, the line has no beginning and has no end—its continuous repetition is dependent on materiality of energetic interactions and the mark to become externalised—thinking as embodied process.



Ki-Woong Park

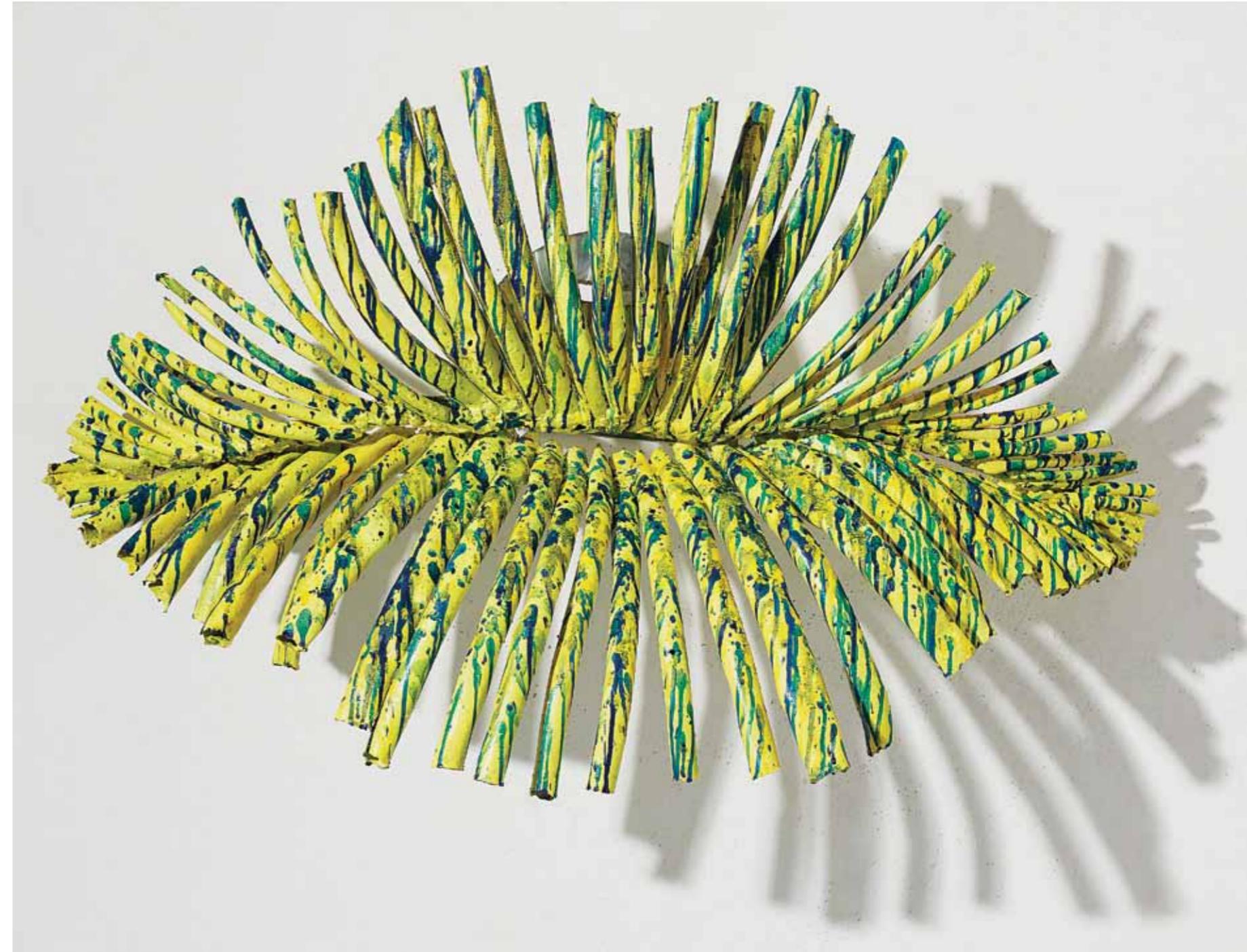
When I was a child, I have seen various shapes from the moving clouds in the sky. But sadly soon after, they have disappeared and changed to another images. Depended on my points of view, those are differently looking. Within in my heart, I know the truth that the shapes are composing what I see in the mass, gap or space. 2005, when I visited New York first time, I have seen that there are unbreathable spaces in-between numerous skyscrapers. Then, I have noticed the followings: multi-colorful lights, speedy movement of cars; unlimited vertical lines; and numerous people. Since 2007, with using these two memories, I have decided to recreate my arts. In the combination of the colors and stainless steel pipes, despite those are representative or abstract, I have decided to create new style for the extended line of my last series. Under postmodern ideologies, my arts should be philosophical and aesthetical.

To be philosophical, it should contain critical idea against contemporary anti-humanistic civilization; metaphor the complex living situation as mysterious; have cure heart or meditative feeling; emphasize true politics or the worth of nationalism; give fantasy, faith and soul (spirit) and others. Thus, I decide to look at my inner voice, because it makes my arts more widen to study the mysterious thinking of the people who are living in the day of 21st century. There are so many people in this century. But, I think majority of them do not have the real purpose of living. Give the lesson for them to make life important: Because 'Life is precious.'

To create more developed aesthetical shock, it should be visually clean, attractive, dramatic, colorful, reciprocal, delicate, slight, simple

in complex, stable, mysterious, high technical, avant-garde (seldom seen before) or unique, and romantic or sexual. Further for this purpose, it should give special fantasy to draw the mysterious images.

To be philosophical & aesthetical to satisfy spectators inner hearts' eye, I want to conceal several unexpected images like moving clouds in the art works. Delicately, to make ambiguous the importance of the outer lines and inner lines, I want to magnify the mysterious feeling. Furthermore, to study composition of mass and the curve-linear sketch, I want to get the meaningful double or multiful shapes. From the lines, holes, spaces or silhouettes of the gaps (remaining part or unfinished areas), it might be describing unexpected images, such as female sexual organs, animal's eye, and windows in the sky scrapers or archeological ruins in the grounds. Another word, in the creation of certain ambiguous images, I want to create certain meaningful arts. Through these methods: images to use symbolic lines, varieties of colors and different sizes of small rooms, I want to hide the philosophical message of Martin Heidegger's: 'I care so I am'. In my art, I solve the idiom as 'Let's love present people'. To satire various conditions of living in a tiny and complex spaces of my arts, let them notice their real quality of living in the megalopolis which symbolizes the whole mixture of today's high-technological civilization.



Daniel Pesta

I have been working on the open cycle of assemblages entitled *Nocturnal Head Records* continuously since 2012, deliberately choosing formats which allow me to accumulate as much energy as possible in a minimum of space. The main material used for the works is resin, a symbolically dense and compact substance, which I combine with paintings or photographs that are subsequently transformed into other shapes and associations. Old stories are painted over with new ones and recent stories are morphed into new contexts. Subsequently, these elements are arranged into 3D compositions and sealed, in several steps, in transparent or opaque matter. In this way, some beings come to the foreground, becoming clearer, while others begin to vanish into the matter, slowly sliding into oblivion. Some figures are smiling, others remain still and mute; some wear masks or embroidered muzzles, trying to shout something and, in doing so, swallowing the very material they are forever trapped in. Over time, the figures clearly grow more and more emancipated, showing expressions of confidence and freedom—the highest principle of human existence but also something that, even today, many doctrines and unscrupulous manipulators find unacceptable.

The thick and compact resin evokes the oppressive darkness perceived by sleepers—or the unfathomable dimensions of the depressively finite human existence. It is no coincidence that Hypnos, the Greek God of Sleep, was the twin brother of Thanatos, the God of Death. Nevertheless, I always try to see death as a symbolic new beginning, a new birth, a link to a higher plane of existence with a profound meaning.

The main themes of *Nocturnal Head Records* are night and its specific mood and dreaming. In creating these works, I strive to capture the essence released by our subconscious mind during nocturnal rest, a time when the brain operates in an entirely different way, following the loss of

consciousness after we succumb to sleep. During certain stages of sleep one can experience short periods of spontaneous, frenetic brain activity. Sometimes these visions—commonly known as nightmares—can be so intense that they rouse us from our sleep. In this state of sudden wakefulness, our brains often recall fragments of recent dreams, combining them chaotically with our actual experiences.

Whenever I wake up after a particularly strong and sometimes nearly psychedelic dream, I immediately make notes or sketches in my *Nocturnal Head Records* book, trying to capture these visions with the maximum possible authenticity. Later, I transform these notes into visual form. Here, childhood memories and past experiences mingle with fears, guilts and forgiveness as the only path towards liberating reconciliation. At other times, however, my records reflect euphoric internal oscillations, sometimes permeated with sexual energy or swelling with feelings of sheer joy and absolute safety.

The second part of the project is comprised of a conceptual large-format painting of a man—a man who may be sleeping or leaving this world, his bosom containing the spark of new life, waiting to be born. Here, the painting communicates with a wax sculpture resembling the torso of Jesus Christ, also awaiting rebirth. This constellation relativizes the question of what is divine and human. The complexity of this scene is further increased by the presence of a two-headed wax animal symbolically representing the schizophrenia of “night and dreams”. The beast’s mythical, anomalous anatomy arouses a sense of awe—a fear of nature and its almighty power that subliminally raises concerns regarding the potential implications of unbridled genetic engineering and its abuse. This triangularity, this connection between humanity, religion and science, may well be both the hope and nightmare of future generations—and possibly of entire civilisations.



Triny Prada

Triny Prada is a Franco-Colombian artist who lives and works in Paris. Her area of work is the fragility of life, pointing out certain societal questions, such as environmental issues, food in the world, and their negative consequences on the population. For the past several years, the theme of water has gradually emerged as a source of inspiration and reflection that is necessary to understand the genesis, essence, and mystery of life.

Her motto: “We are born, we die... meanwhile...!” Her videos, paintings, installations, sculptures or culinary performances underlie the continual idea that there is a “thread separating life from death.”

After an exhibition at the Biennial of Venice in 2013—with *PERSONAL STRUCTURES*, Time, Space, Existence,—the project *Before, Now and Then*, Triny Prada is presenting an installation entitled *Invisible powers* in 2015.

On year ago, I began researching illness, on how the cell functions and the water memory.

Invisible powers

This work is based on studies that I carried out on DNA and the cell system. I used the work of Luc Montagné, recipient of the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 2008, and that of the researcher and immunologist Jacques Benveniste, who discovered the existence of water memory. Water that is put into contact with macromolecules—constituents of DNA—can recreate the form and composition of these molecules in their absence, through transmitted electromagnetic fields.

Professor Marc Henry, researcher in chemistry, material science, and quantum physics, explains the process between water and light and the intimate relation they have in the process of diffusion.

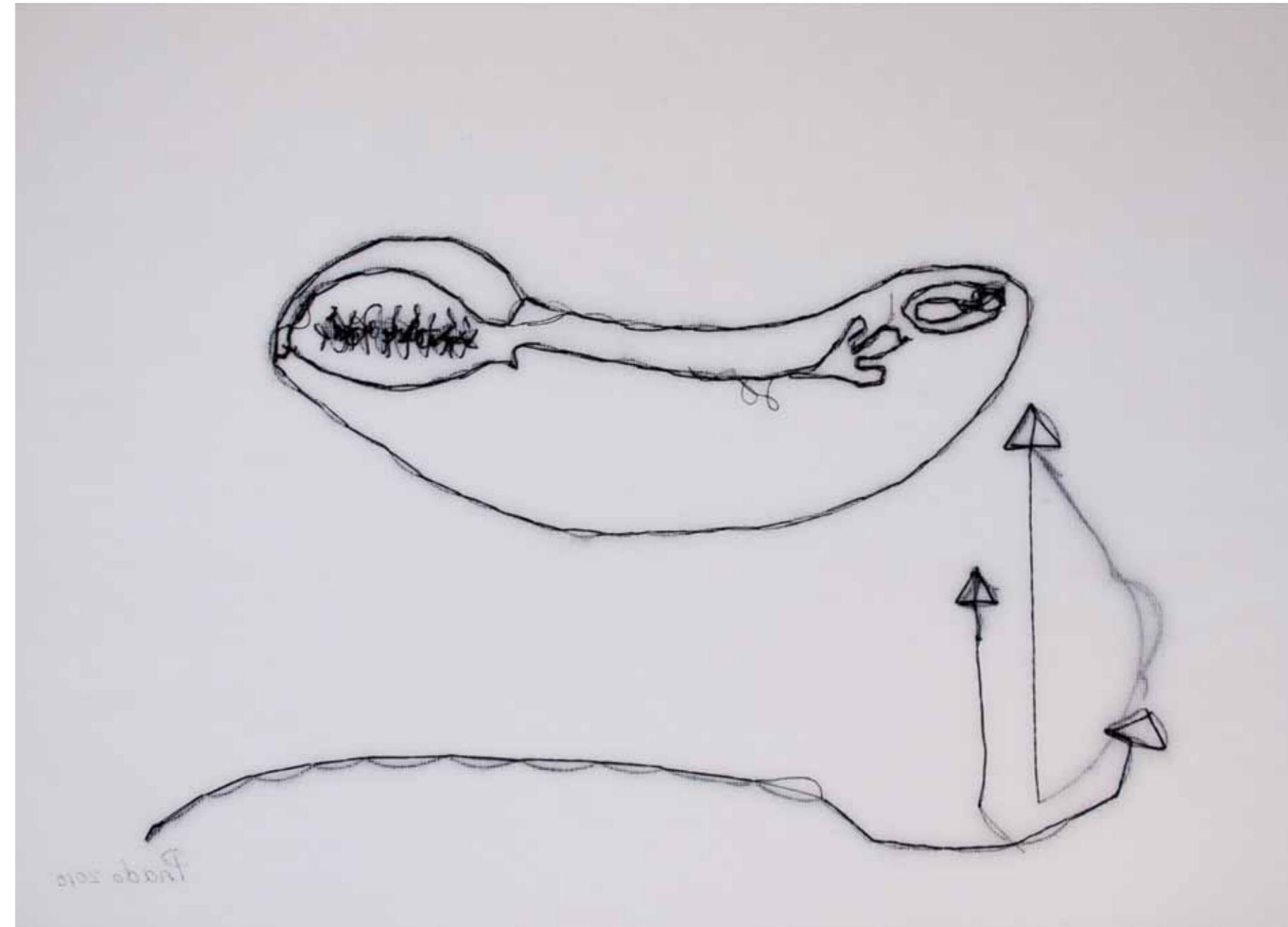
Living organisms emit light of very weak intensity. This emission is the universal property in biological organisms. DNA is both the source and the storage place of bio-photons.

All of the bio-photons of the organism constitute a field that conveys information, and which coordinates the development of the organism, directs its vital process, and maintains its integrity.

My installation, *Invisible powers*, like a refraction of this phenomenon, aims at bringing to light and to the attention of everyone, the possibilities of which life is driven. Through this meditation, I propose a deciphering, an emphasis on both the subconscious and collective biological process, which questions our relation with science.

Invisible powers is made up of 21 sculptures in Murano glass that are arranged along a 7-meter wall. At first glance, the works are identical, but in reality they have their own identity. Inside each piece/cell, a drop lights up and enters into resonance with the entire work.

Translated from French by Kevin Metz



Martina Reinhart

Beauty and Transitoriness

The body, beauty and its manifestations have been a central focus of Martina Reinhart's work since 2000. In reference to Plato's approach to transitoriness, Reinhart explores the human body and how our existence is shaped by. She finds that in our—what she calls—'supermodern' society with new technologies such as plastic surgery, internet, cyberpersonas, ect. beauty is no longer bound to the canon of anthropomorphic shapes. It's possible to manipulate and generate your own appearance.

Reinhart examines the transformation and perception of beauty, as well as the pressures and demands of society also with the cycles 'The Image of Woman', 'The Image of Man' and 'The Image of Children'. With various techniques like screen-printing, monotypes and photograms, in addition to purely painting she implements these aspects of reality-construction. Then she continues with the series 'Chimeras'—where she also brings back drawing into her oeuvre—still referring to the human being. In the cycle 'Dream-Creatures' she starts on one hand with stylized Barbie-Dolls and creates mixed entities referring to Greek mythology: Half doll; half animal. On the other hand she modifies the very essence of the human body through patterns of animals.

In her cycle 'Knowledge and its structures' in 2010 Reinhart takes up themes concerning structures and manifestations of the brain, written culture as a vessel of knowledge and she presents a contemporary reinterpretation of Descartes' philosophical thesis 'cogito ergo sum'. The next series 'Cities of Knowledge/Sites of

Knowledge' is the continuation of this subject. Our digital knowledge-society is mainly concerned with acquiring competencies. Reinhart thinks as well that knowledge is preserved in the experience of nature and the body. And therefore she reasserts the salience of the body in the the cycle which follows. In 'Energy' she again uses photograms; this time to portray the corpus as a bearer of chakras and channels of chi.

Martina Reinhart (born 1972) studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, Austria and completed her PhD in philosophy at the University Vienna. After living abroad (Los Angeles, Barcelona) she currently lives and works in Vienna and Klosterneuburg.

In this exhibition 'Personal Structures' the artist presents a selection of works of the series 'Model/Quasimodo', where she questions the currently dominant paradigm of the 'Plastic Imperativ' and its implications/effects.



Annina Roescheisen

Being a multimedia artist, Annina Roescheisen is working with video, photography, installation and sculpture in favor of an existential universality. Reflections on identity, awareness, conscience and spiritual growth are some key ideas to the understanding of her artwork. The question of identity as an embodiment of the self—as a subject, as a present or absent motif is subtly underlined.

A poetic, iconographic and singular aesthetic roots the artwork. A symbolic approach, inspired by Middle Age iconography, by German Romanticism and modern abstracts paintings.

Putting first the focus on words—results in visual metaphors for human relationships and patterns of social behaviors that reflect the power of communication through the image. A holistic approach is revealed wherein fields merge: thematic, aesthetic, permanent rebirth, the transgender image that is being sought is finally conceived and composed.

Sculpture that is not static, installative video, a photographic object, technical tools in rhythm with silent or contrapuntal melodies are as much interpretations of the cycle of life as they are unique breaths, reflecting a clear emphasis. Whatever the object or concept—the inclusion or overlaying of elements from one series to another, from flat surface to composition—duplicating the connection builds the projective narrative of Roescheisen's art.

“What are you Fishing for?” (videoart: 8.31min.)

Time - Space - Existence

Shared melancholy, orchestrated coldness, truth without a mask, Annina Roescheisen plunges us into the heart of the union between a

man and a woman, their simple existence as humans on Mother Earth. In a cinematic narrative, the mental landscape which is the synthesis of the artist's physical and symbolic inner sanctum projects a combination of two aesthetics.

Buried emotion, next to an assumed slowness and barely awakened nature, is pictorial, just as a piece of organic artwork reflects an inner fulfilment, synonymous with a liberated feeling. Time is counted and stands almost still, emphasized by the slow, volunteered movement of the artist. Evolution in awareness of time, space and existence: slowness, breathing, biographical anonymity, fleeting glances; a tension between existence and non-existence, death and life,... floating—existence below the surface towards a perpetual rebirth.

A salutary sense of peace, an emphasis on duality without obstruction, the purity of the youthful subject is depicted, white personified becoming one with the water, linked to the inner purpose of heavy earth, without gravity, awaiting a silent reverie which is sent out into space... throughout the course...

The beginnings of an imperceptible, tangible link that has been achieved, approaches to sculpture move closer to one another, they unravel the story and reconnect consciences, reconnect existence and evolution to the now, to the present moment.

While the image is silent, the bodies are shouting hope... Freedom regained...



Daniel Schaer

I do not want to depict, I express myself.

One of these days was one of the songs I discovered in the early 70s from the British Band Pink Floyd. While I was listening to this music I felt a power. I was deeply touched and a bit confused at the same time. It led to a dramatic, mysterious, hopeful, and yet painful and yearning experience.

Hints of my searching and discovering can be found in my works.

Inspired by music, I transform the impressions through the colours and compositions onto the canvas.

I paint rhythm, melodies, and sounds—this way I’m building some kind of “sound of colour”.

My paintings are created in the movement. Most of the time I paint quiet fast, trying to catch the fading tones and to visualize them into a form. So the area of tension forces me to find a new balance instead of sheer illustrating. My focus lies in movement, process and encountering. I do not want to depict, I express myself.

After working to the music of J.S. Bach for many years, I started a big series of paintings to the music of Pop and Jazz last year. Finally I plunged into the music of Pink Floyd. Very often I dwell on a theme for a longer time. So it happened last year. With the classic album *Meddle* from this British group I started a new cycle of paintings in oil.

One of the triptych is called *One of these days* which is now displayed at Palazzo Bembo.

During my work I’m listening to the music and paint until a feeling of intimacy sets in. Just before I completely embrace it, I let it go.

It is crucial to give myself and the music time to evolve. Listening to my inner voice, discovering and feeling spaces. I’m trying to create a sensual and emotional encounter. I want to express it with colours again and again and again.

To form tones—this one has to be changed, a little bit higher, louder, warm up, oh no—yet to go quiet— enter— increase— simplify— let go—come clean—name the lines

At the age of sixteen I discovered the power and strength of art as I was looking at pictures in a book of arts from Cézanne, Picasso and Braque. To see these compositions and colours, was like coming home, and at the same time touching divinity. I remember it as a revelation. My spirit, my soul, my feelings and thoughts were so deeply touched—since then, I never stopped looking for new compositions. It’s my passion to find combinations of colours between light and darkness, between appearance and reality. In a sense it’s a matter of life and death.

I’m fascinated of the possibility to express themes like power, energy, love of live, struggles and fights, security and hopelessness with colours and arrangements. It feels like a vocation.

Some time ago, a visitor stood in front of a big blue painting in my studio. After a while she told to me: “How curios. When I look at this painting, I can smell my favourite perfume.”



Greg Semu

By Rachael Vance

New Zealand born artist Greg Semu's exploration of his Samoan ancestral heritage transmits universal ideas concerning cultural displacement via figurative photography. Utilising a medium synonymous with presenting reality, Semu blurs the lines between fact and fiction by infusing a contemporary voice to stereotypical scenes depicting colonial 'first contact' and the Pacific 'noble savage'.

Paying tribute to the human form, Semu's cinematic focus on Samoan people extends to himself. Often featuring in his own compositions, Semu aims to isolate strong ethnological signatures—such as the recurring motif of the male *tatau* (tattoo)—in order to shift paradigms. In his work, the *tatau* serves as a catalyst for communicating cultural grievances and re-examining lost traditions.

As one of Samoa's few surviving genealogical legacies to predate the advent of Christianity, the *tatau* represents an honoured rite of passage for Samoan men. The extremely painful tattooing process was customarily carried out by a master with tools made from tortoise shell and boar tusk and applied with black ink from candlenut kernel. Offering a visual language of the Samoan dialect, the symmetrical, patterned design consists of dense organic lines and dark blocks of ink. Associated with the defence and ornamentation of the body, this potent symbol of Samoan identity symbolises an inner strength of the wearer and is illustrated in Semu's four photographs exhibited at the Palazzo Bembo.

Semu's works from the *SENTINEL ROAD, HERNE BAY, 2012* series were produced in unison. Cropped from the head and knee, a tattooed male body is in focus in three staged positions: a front, side and back

view. These intimate corporeal profiles belong to the artist. Thus, the creator assumes the role of subject and stamps the work with an iconic cultural emblem. On full display, the personalised *tatau* created by the late master tattooist (*tufuga ta tatau*) Sua Sulu'ape Paulo II comprises an armour of sorts, with the unique addition of two half arm sleeves.

Semu's suite of contemporary self-portraits stands as an historical archive. Redolent of anthropometric practices carried out by figures such as Carl Marquardt who published the 1899 book *The Tattooing of Both Sexes in Samoa*, the artist re-enacts these moments of capture. Exemplifying the re-creation and re-evaluation of a colonial past, the works signify an act of preservation and exist as the most detailed records of the Samoan *tatau* to date.

In a continuation of Semu's performative practice that maps historical lineages, his most recent work on display, *EARNING MY STRIPES, 2014*, completes a spiritual journey and overall vision. Twenty years after receiving his first *tatau*, Semu underwent the final component: a *tatau* across his back connecting the two sleeves. This photograph demonstrates a contemporary adaptation of the Samoan art of tattooing. Maintaining an assertion of cultural roots, Semu's *EARNING MY STRIPES, 2014* manifests the trials and possibility of failure inherent in this passage of initiation. Traversing empty space, the lines bridging the distance between shoulders are suggestive of ocean horizons leading to faraway lands, while also acting as a metaphorical protective cloak with military inference.



Jonathan Shimony

What do artists who choose traditional media in 2015 have left to express considering the aesthetic explosions of the 20th century? Exposing what is purposely ignored seems as necessary now as at the birth of the Avant-garde. With hidden figurative images in abstracted grounds as metaphors for the violence we do our best to occult and with visual onomatopoeia signifying disorder—smears, splashes, and scrapes—I try to distill what bombards us via mass media.

The outside world seems ever harder to keep separate from the inside world. Other people's reality invades us through a stream of virtual images. Clips with video game quality illuminate our retinæ due to tracer bullets used for increased kills and phosphorous bombs that melt skin upon contact. The Cyber Era inventions: drones equipped with Hellfire missiles, robotic weapons that choose their own targets, "invisible" military transport machines can all be found on the internet with a few clicks. What do we make of human interaction in the Computer Age when "viewer discretion" signs warn us of barbarity, seemingly without borders? CNN, Al Jazeera, Twitter, Facebook, Snapchat, even selfies in disaster areas flood our senses...

Dystopia presents legal and illegal opportunities while "defending ideologies." Military and civilian hardware can be sold; poppies and coca can be grown and transported; ballot boxes and brothels can be installed. Tracing the money from these ventures is difficult in the best of times. The number of those who profit must be considerable. Historical precedents exist: the British Opium Wars, the French "Operation X," and, of course, previous generations of Americans in Vietnam and Latin America. According to United Nations figures, this

decade's weapons sales, drug trafficking, and undeclared wars beat all precedents. Do the perpetrators, from the CIA to the Taliban, the Mafia to rulers of failed states, question their methods? Methods meant to eliminate adversaries but, because of "collateral damage," generate an unthinkable number of victims and new enemies. Perhaps this state of affairs suits the belligerents' purpose—this unfolding violence that shows no sign of amelioration? The worse things are the better for some...

The imagery I use comes from this filmed and photographed chaos. My impulse is to make what gets stuck in my mind palpable in the most emotive way possible. Hand-made, with ink, oil, encaustic, collage, applied to paper, linen, and wood, I create imperfect and unresolved works that are designed to pose questions. I strive to represent ugly realities with as much beauty as I can, in order to entice the spectator to pause, look, and consider. My work shows targets that are incomprehensible and therefore not viable, safe houses that offer no shelter, Triumphal Arches that show only the illusion of victory. Contradictions for a world filled with disinformation.

Why this approach in our age of technology? I have few illusions that my work will change anything. Denunciation, obsession, or catharsis concerning what is done? My hope is that our mutual fascination with the power of destruction can be harnessed so that you will ask why is this our nightly news and not just a video game and how can we bring peace and justice to our time, space, and existence?



Mihai Topescu

SACRIFICE

Being in time and space is not a notion that can be quantified either directly or implicitly. An artist's life and work bears the memory of the cultural space where he lived. My perspective upon this topic, being in time and space, by an artistic project, *Sacrifice* is due to these traditions, which marked my artistic creativity.

This personal approach may constitute an appropriate correlation to the generous syntagm of the Biennale. The presentation of the topic, now elaborated in a final form, does not have the initial protean character, but is closer to my sensibility, it is oriented by the coordinates of my spirituality and it is an anchor to a historic fact: the beheading of the Romanian Christian ruler Constantin Brancoveanu together with his four sons and his close counselor, in Istanbul, in 1714.

The sculptures through which I transmit the message were carefully selected and conceived with elements that enhance the symbolic value of my meanings. I started from six ovoid shapes made of wood, representing the martyrs' heads, covered with thousands of glass and metal nails, symbols of their suffering; gold is the only colour I used, for its symbolic value, with some of the heads. These heads are laid in polished bronze recipients—with a similar golden shade,—and the contrast between the glass and the rusty metal nails enhances the effect, the idea of Sacrifice, interpreted in the key of a spiritual conversion, as a process of suffering or being. Lastly, it is about *conditio humana*, about the relationship between being (life), passage (death) and becoming. The lack of spirituality

saddens me, in a time dominated by the quantitative and the material, and I try to send a message of spiritual regeneration of the society, invoking my experience that triggered this presentation, which has a symbolic value for me.



Vitaliy & Elena Vasilieva

“Prism Of Life”

A person's life takes place in a narrow tunnel to wonder, strictly limited by the existence conditions of the colloidal solutions in the protoplasm. You cannot exist without special equipment and devices outside of the tunnel, and, indeed, the time range of the life of every individual, to say the least, unworthy of the imagination, which constantly born in his mind. We see, of course, a formed thinking man's personality, which in one way or another crossed the step of an animal existence, and able to realize the range of the questions that we care. This is life and death of a person.

In our unconscious are constantly wandering images that at first sight have nothing to do with everyday life—we are anticipating that we will be in a completely different world that has neither the time nor the physical limitations. But, surprisingly, and in this new world, continue to apply the same moral laws which accompany all of our earthly life.

If we imagine—by analogy with the world of insects—that our physical presence on the ground is the condition of caterpillar (perhaps a cocoon), then everything falls into place. We are at a stage of transformation—completely new creatures come to us (of course after the death) to replace.

During the millennium of human history in different centuries and times, in different religions of the world have formed some stamps of perception of the nether (future) world, its aesthetic, mythological and mystical elements, and, paradoxically, these stamps continue to operate until now. However, there is nothing surprising in the survivability of these conceptions.

Mysticism, psychology of the unconscious in the first place are the attributes of the visual arts. Mystical and magical rituals accompany the development of humanity throughout the history of civilizations. Take the art of the Mayas and the Incas, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, secession early twentieth century, not to mention the imaginative, aesthetic and mystical principles of Eastern countries and Indo-China. Therefore, in the project *Aesthetics of the Unconscious* was decided to use well-established in world culture forms of visual images of supernatural forces (the same ones already above mentioned stamps), but give them a pronounced bodily substance by using its own aesthetic perceptions of the world.

This is a unique story about man's future through the prism of reflections and vibrations on the world around us. To describe it as simply beautiful and aesthetically, rather be described as ethical and aesthetic phantasmagoria a la Secession. This is parallel worlds and mystifications, it is a battle between good and evil, and it is the hope of immortality.





Walter & Zoniel

Presence, Reality, Survival

Walter & Zoniel, are a multi-disciplinary artist duo, creating entrancing expressions of beauty with the application of complex methodology or scientific processes. With a focus on enticing the viewer to momentary escape or reflect, their production processes can range from harnessing the ancient to broaching the most modern of methods.

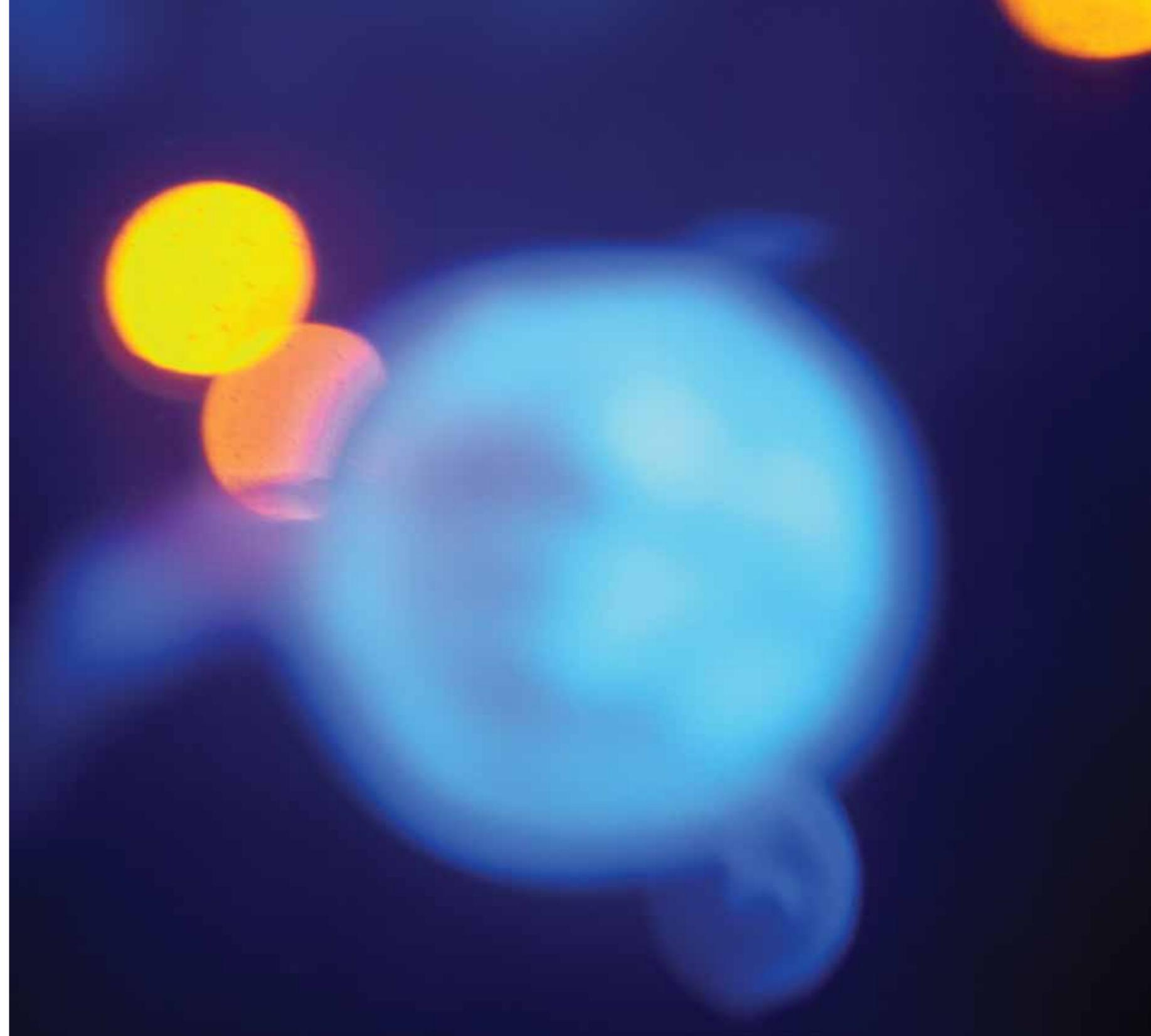
Their installation *Presence, Reality, Survival*, aims to allow the viewer a moment of immersion within the world captured by the artists on the streets of Liverpool & Miami, through their site specific installation *The Physical Possibility Of Inspiring Imagination In The Mind Of Somebody Living*. Giant tanks of live jellyfish were installed in disused buildings in each city, surreally juxtaposed against their residential surroundings and hidden behind an electronic shutter during the day, they were only exposed every evening, opening anonymously, once dusk had fallen.

Each night Walter & Zoniel filmed through the tanks and the Jellyfish to the streetscapes beyond. Capturing the space, calm, excitement and plethora of reactions as peoples' day to existence collided with the surrealism placed in their locality. Viewed close-up, the jellyfish mesmerized those who stumbled across the work, viewed as a whole work from afar, each building appeared to be housing constellations, nebular clouds, softly moving and entrancing those within site.

The artist duo's live, site specific installations impacted the everyday existence of the local communities creating an alternative perspective of the space within which those individuals lived and rippling out to the surrounding areas, naturally drawing others to view the surrealism and thus changing the space further in their doing so.

The relationships between those on the street viewing the jellyfish, and the live jellyfish existing in the street environment was captured by Walter & Zoniel on cameras housed within the tanks. The five films within this installation are the final digital incarnation of this project. Edited and scored to reflect upon those spaces that we see repetitively, which make up our everyday existence. They draw our focus to the worlds that exist within our day to day lives, highlighting the parallels of latency and potential that we each embody in every given moment and are the questions and callings which form our actions.

The installation *Presence, Reality, Survival* reverses the artists live installation and reveals those captured streetscapes, the space and intensity of the external world now housed within its own 'tank'. Viewers of the work at Palazzo Bembo can experience the sense of 'the reveal' that those on the street would have seen each evening, as the films are hidden behind a shutter until the room is entered, a potential environment hidden until realized. However, the films inside are a reflection of ourselves looking out, searching for more or mesmerized with what we each see.



Dörte Wehmeyer

We can understand time as a chronological coming of age of the individual, as a historic concept of political and cultural development, or as an artistic idea of a creative process open to change. All three are important to me, as I notice how through my work my attitude changes and I become more understanding of the „otherness.“ My political and cultural awareness also sharpens, by observing and expressing not only the symptoms of the conflicts of our time, but also by showing their cause and effect. This is to get a better understanding of the historic dimensions of our past, to accept the responsibility for the present, and to provide a better future of more equality between races, genders, religions, and material growth. And just as we are limited in time, we are also limited in space and resources, threatening the existence of millions of people every day, which leads to war and violence, migration and exile.

During the past 20 years, I have dedicated my work as a sculptor and installation artist to these topics, working predominantly with steel, stone, wood and lead, but also with glass and photos. I have been influenced by arte povera, conceptual art, Joseph Beuys' idea of the „soziale Plastik“, as well as land art. For the last 8 years I have worked on a permanent exhibition called TRACES 2010 - 2015, which has been constantly modified and enlarged as to present political, socio-economic and cultural developments of historic dimensions. A walk-in maze of 15 tons of steel with 6 inner and outer courtyards speaks of imprisonment of ideas, of prejudice and injustice and of enduring hope through escape. The Star of David, also as a walk-in installation, treats the many realities of „truth“, which change according to time, culture, race or religion. And finally, there is the

gigantic rock cave, in which I try to show East Germans' fight for survival and their illusion of freedom. Other topics are the „inflation of innocence“ by the perpetrators and our indifference to child abuse, slave labour and indigenous cultures. My work is first of all a personal reminder never to forget, but also an artistic attempt to make visible the effects of inhumanity to man. But most of all, I question my own attitude and responsibility as an individual. I also want to honour in my work the courage of all those people, who rise against dictatorship, injustice and exploitation all over the world today, by giving them a voice and making them visible, so that their fight for freedom and against injustice be not in vain.

The dignity of man is sacrosanct. This human principle must also hold for girls, who are forced into marriage, reduced to slave labour, or are subjected to genital mutilation, which is still practiced in many ethnic groups today. These innocent human beings often suffer unbearable pain or even death, and are denied any sexual pleasure and self-determination under complete male dominance. In this exhibition I tried to make their unheard screams visible and show their broken souls.

But my „Hommage to Daniel Barenboim“ (p...) proves how the artistic talent of one individual can influence so many lives, tear down walls of prejudice and lead to a better future. As hundreds of music sheets are floating in a sea of hope, they are multiplied in two huge mirrors and reflect the light of change in the glass plates below.





Arnix Wilnoudt

In regards to human existence, Arnix makes it clear that he is driven forward by the age-old question, 'why?' The artist is known to create confrontational objects in order to understand existence, but not draw conclusions, so as to leave a lingering question with the viewer of his work. Arnix is able to jumpstart a thought process to challenge our role in the world, and the power of institutions.

The theme of the pieces in this exhibition is the mental deformation of the brain, and the delusions of reality: his artwork confronts the provocative question of the role of the perpetrator vs. the victim. What's troublesome is the role that the viewer decides to adopt, the boundaries they set, and whether they defy this role: It is a visual game in which the viewer is subtly challenged to begin searching for hidden boundaries. Arnix states "my visual work must confront," suggesting how he does not provide the viewer with a solution but, instead, leaves them with a haunting question.

The underlying religious themes in his artwork are representative of the way in which, from his childhood experience of being brought up Roman Catholic, sexuality and institutional faith are strongly juxtaposed against each other. "What I really don't get is that institutions dealing with power turn away from justice," Arnix states, illustrating how he questions the power of social and political structures, and how they can contradict religious beliefs, and has used this to interpret the manipulation and hypocrisy in this controversial theme.

Arnix's use of visually representing the conflict between desire, power, conformism, honor, and self-respect, are evident in his depiction of traditional paradigms against elements such as the nude form. Each of his pieces is an allegorical exploration into the trauma of authority with maximum intensity, so as to create a long-lasting, almost disturbing, effect on the viewer.

Arnix Wilnoudt born in 1958 Amersfoort and lives in The Netherlands.





Zhang Yu

Occurrence 12 July 2014: Spatial Text of Notion-Thought

Occurrence 12 July 2014 is a relatively large-scale work. Twelve transparent acrylic tanks measuring 80x80x50cm were separately filled with sheets of Jingpi single-ply xuan paper from Anhui Province, each sheet of paper measuring 66x66cm. The stack of xuan paper in each tank was piled up to a height of about 42 cm, and in the twelve tanks there were approximately one thousand dao of about one hundred sheets each of xuan paper. Then water-and-ink was poured into the xuan-paper-filled acrylic tanks over several sessions at approximate planned intervals. On each occasion, the acrylic tanks were partly filled with water-and-ink to a height of about 12 cm. When the xuan paper had, over six or seven hours, completely absorbed the first dose of water-and-ink, a second dose was poured in. According to this basic logic, water-and-ink was added a third and a fourth time and so on, until by the tenth day, it had been added nine times, two of which occurred after intervals of more than twenty hours.

After pouring in nine doses of water, the twelve tankfuls of xuan paper, from being white, gradually took on an ink-stained outer appearance, but what might really be occurring inside the twelve stacks of xuan paper? The subject in the situation no longer takes part in any activity at all. I left the 'occurrence' within the twelve tankfuls of xuan paper to the objects and to the interaction between the various material media, as well as to the interactive relationships between the temperature and humidity inside and outside the museum. Although we could control the temperature within the museum by technical devices, these were in any case the interactive conditions that applied to them.

In the twenty-odd days from when I began exhibit *Occurrence 12 July 2014*, I observed, in the relatively moist state of the piled up xuan paper, a stack of some 10-20 cm of xuan paper that stood out. I was surprised to see that the surfaces of all the layers of xuan paper were not completely ink-stained. There were blank spaces, various depths, light and shade, bleeding, emptiness and fullness, as well as haloes of light, and any number of icons. It made me even more confident about the close relationship between the interactive uses of water, ink and paper as physical materials and the humidity of the space. Water vapour and ink vapour are dispersed into the air, and also evaporate onto the xuan paper. This is a gasification and mutual spatial permeation of water, ink and paper. It is not just a naturalistic pure spatial form, but rather, a materialized interactive imaging process.

After several months, the moisture in the upper half of every stack of paper had gradually evaporated and that part of the paper had dried out completely. Because the xuan paper was stacked in acrylic tanks, the lower half of the stacks of xuan paper was still moist even after half a year. Accordingly, micro-organisms began to be seen in the outer appearance of the xuan paper. When I opened up the uppermost layers of the xuan paper again, I discovered that there were great differences from the images manifested a number of months earlier. The changes were richer and more magical.

That it was possible to achieve this miracle was due to the interaction between the intimate relationship of permeation between water and xuan paper, and the humidity of the air. Water is a naturally flowing



and invasive body; and xuan paper is of a textile nature, mesh-like and perforated.

The idea for *Occurrence 12 July 2014* is stripping away the cultural baggage of ink-and-wash, regarding ink-and-wash as a medium, I had been attempting to change the traditional medium of ink-and-wash painting, namely 'the permeable relationships of the ink-and-wash medium operating on the two-dimensional plane surface by means of the calligraphy of the brush-pen', into three-dimensional physical relationships formed by the three elements of water, ink and paper only. There was also the fresh establishing of the purposive relationships between those three and space, by which water, ink and xuan paper were restored to being pure natural materials and the relationships that occurred between them and nature. This then was a process of presenting the natural characteristics of the materials as such, and in terms of this particular work in itself, it was a materialized 'occurrence'.

The reason why I emphasize the natural interactive relationships between the three elements of water, ink and paper in space, is that I think that the relationship between water and xuan paper far surpasses the relationship between ink and xuan paper. Water gives us many more possibilities, for within the relationships between these three, water occupies a dominant position. At the same time, I also discovered that while water occupies this dominant position in the interactive relationships between water, ink and xuan paper, the inherent power of control within the 'occurrence', as soon as those three have formed their three-dimensional interactive relationships, is wielded in the spatial relationships of the environment subject to natural constraints and of climatic influences.

The creative method of *Occurrence 12 July 2014* was an integrated morphological expression by means of an everyday performative format that transcended art as a whole. The creative process was extremely pure and simple. The process of 'occurrence', on the other hand, was protracted. This cognitive process from perceptual to rational is a process of handing matters over to nature.

If we regard this materialized space as a text, it would seem to be a naturalistic notion-thought space. By its planned repeated adding of water-and-ink, my performance formed a notion-thought subject, and at the same time was a medium within several natural media. The notion-thought subject was therefore a subject medium.

Notion-thought has achieved a state of true 'empty there-non-being'. Thus it has also realized a notion-thought relationship of the intercourse of water, ink and xuan paper. Although this relationship is for the greater part invisible, it still forms the spatial text of that even purer naturalism that is theirs, which lets natural materials themselves produce their own natural relationships. This is the connection through the work of the self-sufficiency of the medium. It is a naturalistic relationship of the materials that has been set up.

Upon the presentation of the spatial form within the framework set up by the work, another work is then generated on the basis of the work. The form itself presents, through performance, a notion-thought ritual, which completes the installation. Further, through the pure materialized process of pouring in water-and-ink, notion-thought is in fact only produced in the process and in cognitive understanding. Ultimately, the work and the work within the work are joined into one. It both transcends pure modernist self-sufficient form, and causes the work to become a materialized, extended expression of notion-thought.

The expression of *Occurrence 12 July 2014* has nothing to do with ink-and-wash. Nevertheless, this format that uses the core elements of the medium, has tended towards the form of the medium of environmental installation, and has formed a materialized spatial text. This lies not just in restoring brush-and-ink to the characteristics of water, of ink and of paper, but also in moving the spatial form of environmental installation towards an empty-there-non-being notion-thought installation with an absent subject, and thus to construct its own individual system.

translation by Wen Zai/AEMKenzie



Zheng Chongbin

Chimeric Landscape

Chimeric Landscape (2015) is a site-specific work comprised of video, light and space that have been carefully calibrated into an environmental installation. In the video, we observe matter in the process of generating forms and material in a state of flux. Space visually fragments into a multiplicity of landscapes that share common forms and shape-shift like the mythological creature, the Chimera.

Here imagery is less representational than it is a medium reflecting entropy (related to the amount of disorder, chaos and order in systems) in nature, such as energy dispersion caused by heat, light, gravity, expansion and contraction, as well as the dynamics of formation. We experience the visual grammar of both proximate and distant forces that not only respond to the spaces they act upon, but actively define these spaces as they change. Nature has its own form-giving elasticity, and a mode of growth that is also a mode of reduction through the forces of entropy. It is this dynamic form-giving process that is expressed through the medium of ink—the same form-giving process that animates the natural world into an astonishing array of homologous topologies—spatial relations and geometric properties that share a common logic in structure or shared ancestry in form.

This work is therefore not about image. Through resonances across imagery produced by nature and naturally emerging from the intrinsic qualities of ink, the viewer is offered entry into a dimension in which homologous fractal structures extend the visual and experiential qualities of space, which gains in clarity as it de-composes and is restructured anew.

These living micro-movements can be perceived in everything—they are the smallest building blocks of the visible world—physical, phenomenal, sprouting and expanding, as they act upon and fold into a particular space.

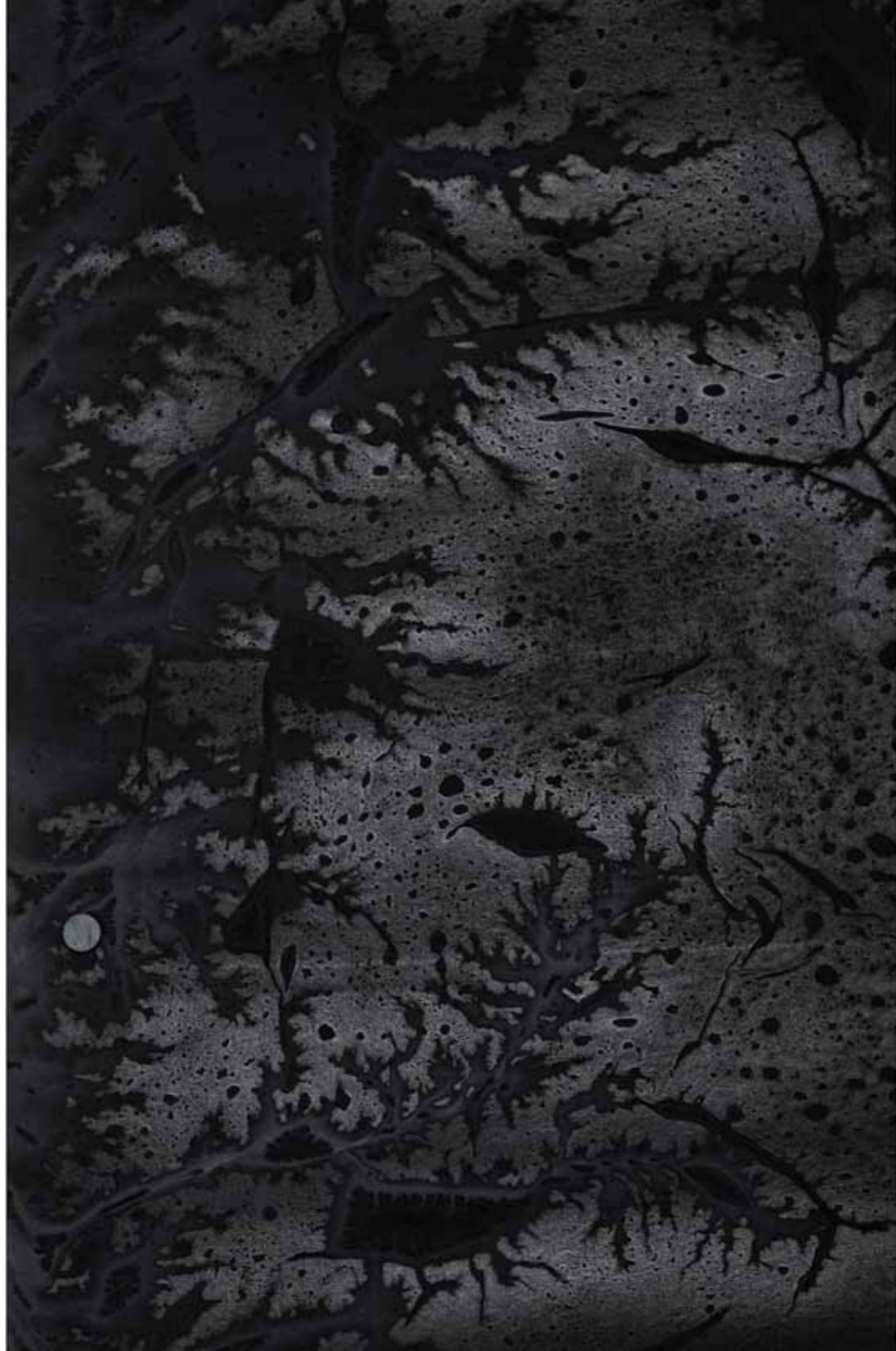
A vision of the void dissolves into poetic space, making way for an idealized interpretation of the living motion of transformation as we recognize how the biological structures elements of the spatial dimension in which we live. And to perceive the art process as a living entity itself, carrying out the bio-mechanisms that have made us, is to reclaim our perception and consciousness through engagement with that art.

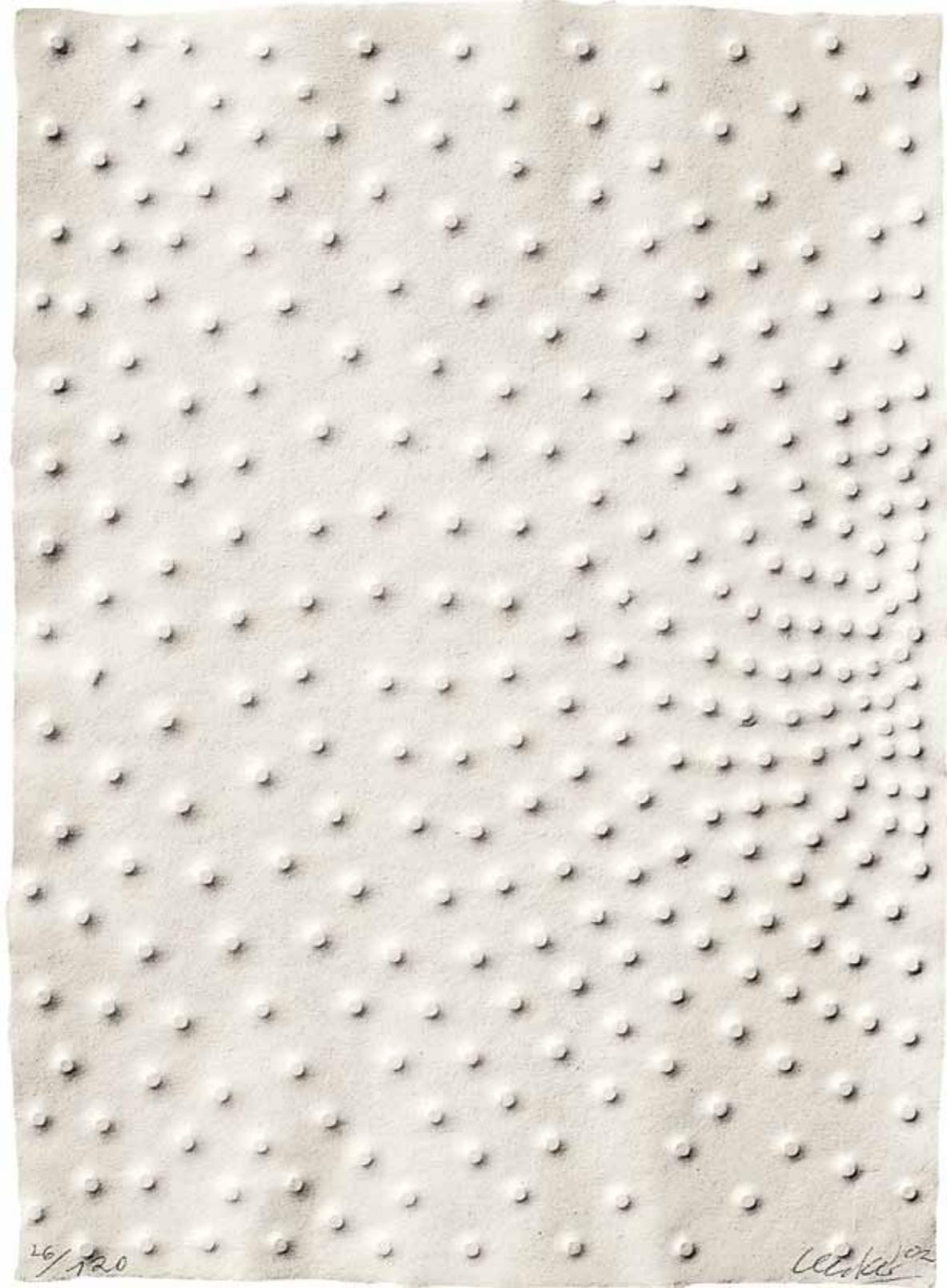
In my view, the movement from the natural to the abstract involves not only perception, but also the collision of material phenomena with time, producing transformation. Examining transformation offers a look at the logic of time, just like the anatomy of gesture and birth of formulation and formalization. Between time and space undergoing transformation is the viewer's personal experience of perception.

This environmental installation is offered to the viewers as a living painting. The objective is not so much to seek the visual grammar of organic imagery, but rather, to shift our understandings of the temporal form of the biological symbol in the context of space and time. The power of art lies, in part, in its ability to become the mental map that allows us reach beyond what we can see.

The processes of formation expressed through the watery medium of ink have the potential to dislocate our conventional logics. These flows become a kind of vectoral geometry formed with organic graphs. The images in this living painting are a mind-mapping beyond figurative representation. From wind to water, from wet to dry, from eruption to ripple, we see processes of disruption and reformation. Nature unsettled can reveal forces we could not see before: absorption, confrontation, atomization, blurring, and shape-shifting. In this way, these flows of process and transformation form a chimeric landscape resembling our own mental weather, and revealing a logic of topologies that unfold in both the mind and world of matter.







Curators



Karlyn De Jongh

Karlyn De Jongh (*1980, Netherlands), M.A. Philosophy and M.Phil. Art History, artist, independent curator and author. Since 2007, with Global Art Affairs Foundation, organizing symposia and exhibitions in a.o. Amsterdam, New York and Tokyo as well as at the 53rd, 54th and 55th Venice Art Biennale and 13th and 14th Architecture Biennale. For PERSONAL STRUCTURES, publishing books and documenting Art Projects.

[Photo: Berlin, Germany, 7 April 2015, 16:19]



Sarah Gold

Sarah Gold (1978, Netherlands), M.A. Art History, independent curator and author. Since 2005 with Global Art Affairs Foundation, organizing symposia and exhibitions in a.o. Amsterdam, New York and Tokyo as well as at the 53rd, 54th and 55th Venice Art Biennale and 13th and 14th Architecture Biennale. For PERSONAL STRUCTURES, publishing books and documenting Art Projects.

[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 7 April 2015, 15:17]



Valeria Romagnini

Valeria Romagnini (1987, Italy), independent curator and author. B.A. Cultural Heritage at University of Bari, Italy. M.A. Visual Arts at IUAV University of Venice, Italy. Co-curator of the Norwegian Pavilion 54th Venice Biennale. Organizer of Traces of Centuries & Future Steps, 13th Venice Architecture Biennale. Since 2011, organizing exhibitions with the Global Art Affairs Foundation.

[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 7 April 2015, 15:19]



Rachele De Stefano

Rachele De Stefano (1988, Italy), independent curator. Study of Western modern and contemporary languages and literatures at University Ca' Foscari, Venice, Italy. B.A. Management of Cultural Assets and Activities, University Ca' Foscari, Venice, Italy. Organizer of TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, 14th Venice Architecture Biennale. Since 2013, organizing exhibitions with the Global Art Affairs Foundation.

[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 7 April 2015, 15:13]



Lucia Pedrana

Lucia Pedrana (1986, Italy), exhibition organizer. B.A. Cultural Heritage at University of Pavia, Italy. M.A. History of Contemporary Art at Ca Foscari University of Venice, and M.A. in Management, IED Istituto Europeo di Design, Italy. Worked at Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice, Italy, and at Angola Pavilion of La Biennale di Venezia. Since 2014, organizing exhibitions with the Global Art Affairs Foundation.

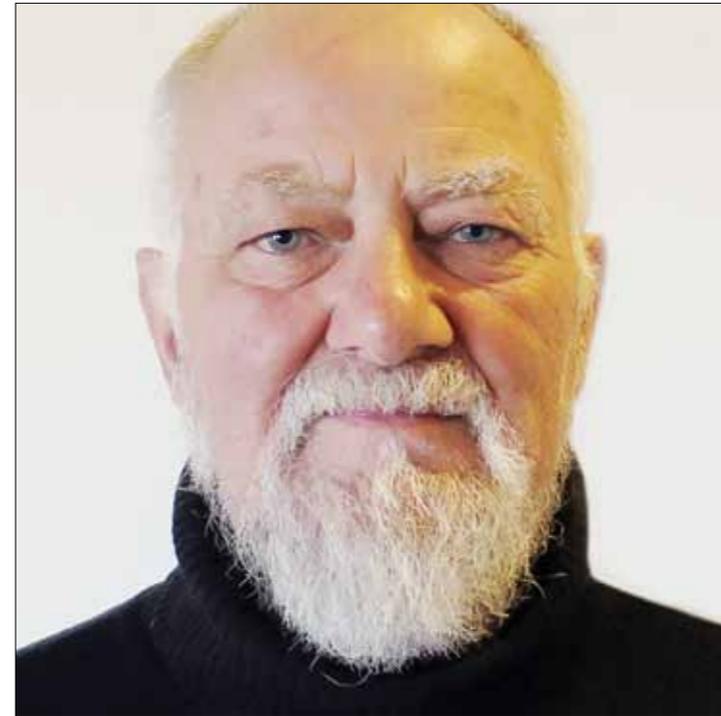
[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 7 April 2015, 15:24]



Carol Rolla

Carol Rolla (1986, Italy), independent curator and author. M.A. Visual Arts at IUAV University of Venice, Italy. Study of Aesthetics at Université de Vincennes, Paris, France. Worked at Lia Rumma gallery, Milan, Italy and as researcher at American Academy in Rome, New York City. Since 2012, organizing exhibitions with the Global Art Affairs Foundation.

[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 29 July 2014, 12:40]



Anthony Bond

Anthony Bond (1944, UK), freelance writer and curator. 1994-2013, Director Curatorial at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, responsible for collecting and displaying International contemporary art since 1984. Curator of two Biennales, Sydney 1992 and UK 1999. Publishing in journals and catalogues, worldwide.

[Photo: Blue Mountains, Australia, 3 February 2015, 14:00]



Rene Rietmeyer

Rene Rietmeyer (1957, Netherlands). Study of Psychology at the University of Innsbruck, Austria. Founding director of a private art academy in Greece (1986). Since 1996, creating artworks addressing Time, Space and Existence; in 2002 initiator of the International Art Project PERSONAL STRUCTURES.

[Photo: Palazzo Rossini, Venice, Italy, 7 April 2015, 15:16]



Captions

169 Rene Rietmeyer, Qatar, 2012. Oil on wood, 40x40x20 cm. Photo: Global Art Affairs Foundation

172 Rene Rietmeyer, 4700 San Marco, 2012. Oil on wood. Photo: Global Art Affairs Foundation

173 Rene Rietmeyer, 4700 San Marco (detail), 2012. Oil on wood. Photo: Global Art Affairs Foundation

175 Veronique Rischard, TRANQUILLO, 2013. Ink, acrylic on canvas, 60x60cm. Photo: Dimitri Schweizer

177 Nicolas V Sanchez, Herencia: Origins of Lineage, excerpt from Book 2/5, 2015. Colored ballpoint pen, 9 x 14 cm. Courtesy: Accesso Galleria. Photo: Nicolas V. Sanchez

179 Sebastian Schrader, Aufgeschoben 4, 2015. Oil on canvas, 150 x 120 cm. Courtesy: maerzalerie Leipzig . Berlin

181-183 Amber Sena, Nightwatch, 2014. Oil and acrylic on wood, 110x240 cm. Courtesy: Accesso Galleria. Photo: Peter Simon Mühlhäußer

185 Justin Orvis Steimer, Have you ever wondered what a soul looks like, 2014. Oil and acrylic on 1940s boat sail, 213 x 244 cm

187 Karl Stengel, Amleto, 2014. Oil pastel on paper, 112 x 99 cm

189 Martin Stommel, Palestra

191 Josephine Turalba, Scandals III: Walk With Me. Installation + Single-Channel Video (2:47 minutes)

192-197 Günther Uecker, Graphein, 2002. Mappenwerk, 42-parts, with 12 Uecker-embossments, 70 x 50 cm, Edition of 120 copies. Courtesy: Dorothea van der Koelen

199 Guy Van den Bulcke, Everything is bigger in Texas, 2005. Oil on canvas, 160x120 cm. Courtesy: Stichting Guy Van den Bulcke

200 Guy Van den Bulcke, La Cuisinière Impudique, 2010. Oil on canvas, 160x140 cm. Courtesy: Stichting Guy Van den Bulcke

201 Guy Van den Bulcke, La chevelure rouge, 2006. Oil on canvas, 120x80 cm. Courtesy: Stichting Guy Van den Bulcke

203 Lawrence Weiner, SET AT THE POINT JUST BEFORE THE POINT OF NO RETURN. Language & the materials referred to, dimensions variable. Courtesy: the artist & Giorgio Persano

205 Lawrence Weiner, SET AT THE POINT JUST BEFORE THE POINT OF NO RETURN. Description for the execution of the work

206 Palazzo Bembo in Venice, Italy. Photo: Global Art Affairs Foundation

209 Lore Bert, Zig-Zag, 2015. Relief-object with Japanese paper, gold leaf, 180 x 180

211 Simon Bilodeau, Le monde est un zombie/le monde est un zombie, 2012. Mirror, wood, latex and neon, 275cm x 640cm x 275 cm. Photo: Mike Patten

213 Maartje Blans, Fleeting V (detail), 2010. Installation; mixed media on wooden panel, 105 x 53 x 15 cm. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Yang Chao Photography Studio

214-215 Maartje Blans, No title (detail), 2011. Installation; mixed media on wooden panel, 180 x 105 x 15 cm. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Habanero

217 Riana HW Chow, CHARCOAL PAST, 2015. Acrylic on Canvas, 75x75cm. Photo: Tsai King Yan

219 Antonio Freiles, Charta #1, 2013. Handmade paper, 50x50 cm. ca. Photo: Studio Freiles

221 Katrin Fridriks, Portrait Dust of Galaxy, 2002. Photo performance

222 Katrin Fridriks, Stendhal Syndrome (detail), 2014. Acrylic on canvas, 150x230x10cm

223 Katrin Fridriks, Perception of the Stendhal Syndrome, 2014. Installation front view. Painting: „Gene&Ethics - Master Prism“, 2014. Acrylic on canvas, 180x280x10cm. Magnifying glass, 2014. Plexiglass & steel, D70x170x10cm

225 Andras Gal, Untitled Mauve, 2014. Oil on canvas, 110x110 cm. Courtesy: the artist

227 Han Ho, Eternal Light, 2012. Rice Paper, LED, 1500X200X500. Courtesy: Gallery Tableau

229 Han Ho, Eternal Light-ARK, 2011. Korean Paper, LED, 1500X200X500cm. Courtesy: Gallery Tableau

231-233 Ariel Hassan & Felix Larreta, Iterations From The Original Model - [I] (detail), 2015. Methacrylate, projectors, computer, TouchDesigner software, sensors and sound system, 160 x 100 x 160 cm. Courtesy of the artists and GAGProjects

235 Lisette Huizenga, Interquadro III, 2015. Digital painting, 40x42 cm, print on dibond. Courtesy: the artist

236 Lisette Huizenga, Caleidoscopia, 2009. Courtesy: the artist

237 Lisette Huizenga, Painting Studio, 2010. Digital painting, 60 x 60 cm, print on dibond. Courtesy: the artist

239 Helen Kirwan, Fragment and trace, 2015. Video still #03. 6K digital video, duration 20.35 minutes, loop. Photo: Szymon Pruciak.

241 Seema Kohli, the golden womb

243-245 Beat Kuert, Pictures from the video “Heart Machine”, 2015. HD Video

247 Guillaume Lachapelle, L'Heureux. Photo

249 Sam Leach, World as Object, 2014. Oil and resin on wood, 28 panels, each 50 x 50cm (200 x 350cm overall)

251 Myungil Lee, To Exist, or To Sustain?, 2014. Acrylic on canvas, 130.5 x 80.5 cm. Courtesy: Myungil Lee. Photo: Sangmo Koo

253-255 Zinaida Lihacheva, Black Beads, 2014. Installation and video

257-259 Pep Llambías, THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT, 2014/2015. Mixed media, variables measures

261 Michael Luther, Gallery (Desk), 2008. Oil on canvas, 150 x 200 cm. Courtesy: M. Luther. Photo: M. Luther

263 Steff Lüthi, Tower, 2014. Corten Steel, Bronze, LED light, 257 x 54.5 x 27.5 cm. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Roberto Pellegrini

265 Una H. Moehrke, White - The Whole Cosmos of Color, Diptych I, 2015. Oil, egg tempera, acrylic, lead on canvas, 39.4 x 149.6 inches. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Nikolaus Brade

266 Una H. Moehrke, White - The Visible Response of Surface, 2015. Egg tempera, acrylic on canvas, 74.8 x 94.5 inches. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Nikolaus Brade

267 Una H. Moehrke, Yellow Submarine, 2012. Acrylic on Canvas, 55.1 x 66.9 inches. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Nikolaus Brade

269 Mugi, Bird-Keeper of the Womb III, 2015. Paper, pen, brocade, collage. Photo: artist

271 Mugi, Caring, 2011. Stretch fabric, thread, sponge, 110x40x50cm. Photo: artist

273 Lili Nalövi and Jesko Willert, Detail of Environment TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, 2015. Coloured Wall-Hangings, Tattered Hand Dyed Strips, Iron Folding Bed/Car-ded Raw Wool Fibres. Painting: Lili Nalövi, Knitting Girls Sikkim, 2011. Tempera on Canvas, 120 x 160 cm. Photo: Lili Nalövi/Jesko Willert

274 Lili Nalövi and Jesko Willert, Detail of Environment TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, 2015. Coloured Wall-Hangings, Tattered Hand Dyed Strips. Painting: Lili Nalövi, Early Morning Cheeroot Burma, 2004. Oil, tempera on Canvas, 135 x 90 cm. Photo: Lili Nalövi/Jesko Willert

275 Lili Nalövi and Jesko Willert, Detail of Environment TIME SPACE EXISTENCE, 2015. Coloured Wall-Hangings/Tattered Hand Dyed Strips. Painting: Jesko Willert, Inle Lake Burma, 2014. Tempera on Canvas, 140 x 240 cm. Painting: Lili Nalövi, Mother and Daughter Swamimalai India, 2010. Tempera on Canvas 120 x 90 cm. Photo: Lili Nalövi/Jesko Willert

277 Phebe Parisia, INSTALLATION VARIABLE, 2015. Permanent black marker on white-coated heavyweight black nylon. Selected panels from series of nine, 250x250cm, variable. Photo: Lesley Turnbull

279 Ki-Woong Park, Female Lip 2013-111, 2013. Polyurethane pigment on Stainless Steel, 104x63x30cm

281 Daniel Pesta, Annunciation 1, 2014 - 2015. mixed media (wood, fabric, leather, wax), 18 x 70 cm. Courtesy: Daniel Pesta. Photo: Oto Palan

283 Triny Prada, Encrage, 2011. Thread on tarlatane, 60 x 70 cm. Photo: Triny Prada

285 Martina Reinhart, installation view

287 Annina Roescheisen, What are you Fishing for, 2014. Video. Photo: Fine Art Print, 58x87cm

289 Daniel Schaer, one of these days, 2014. Oil on canvas, 120x260

291 Greg Semu, Auto Portrait Earning My Stripes, 2014. Pigment print on Hahne-mühle Fine Art Baryta, 100 x 133 cm. © The Artist and Alcaston Gallery, Melbourne

293 Jonathan Shimony, Safehouse, 2015. Oil on Linen, 54x65cm

295 Mihai Topescu, Sacrifice, 2014. Bronze, wood, glass, metal, gold leaf, 140x120x30cm

297-299 Vitaliy & Elena Vasilieva, Prism of Life, 2007. Digital chromogenic print, Diasec mounted, 200 x 400 cm. Number 8 from an limited edition of 10. Accompanied by a signed Certificate of Authenticity.

301 Walter & Zoniel, Toki-4-Em/n (The impermanence of self), 2014. Digital print surface mounted on dibond, 100 x 140 cm

303 Dörte Wehmeyer, Broken 2014. Steel, photo, glass, light, cutting instruments, wood. Installation size 4.50m by 4.50 m. Photos courtesy of Christiane Willmann and Roswitha Lehmann.

304-305 Dörte Wehmeyer, Hommage to Daniel Barenboim, 2014. Mirror, glass, music sheets, white carton. Installation size 6m by 6m.

307-309 Arnix Wilnoudt, The Seven Deadly Sins” 2013. Installation print on plexiglass and silicone pigs, 490x45x150 cm. Courtesy: Arnix Wilnoudt and The McLoughlin Gallery, San Fransisco.

311-313 Zhang Yu, Occurrence2014.7.12-9.12, 2014. Acrylic, Xuan paper, Water, Ink, 80x80x50cm. Courtesy: Da Xiang Art Space

315 Zheng Chongbin, Volume (detail), 2011. Ink, acrylic on xuan paper, 180 x 290 cm

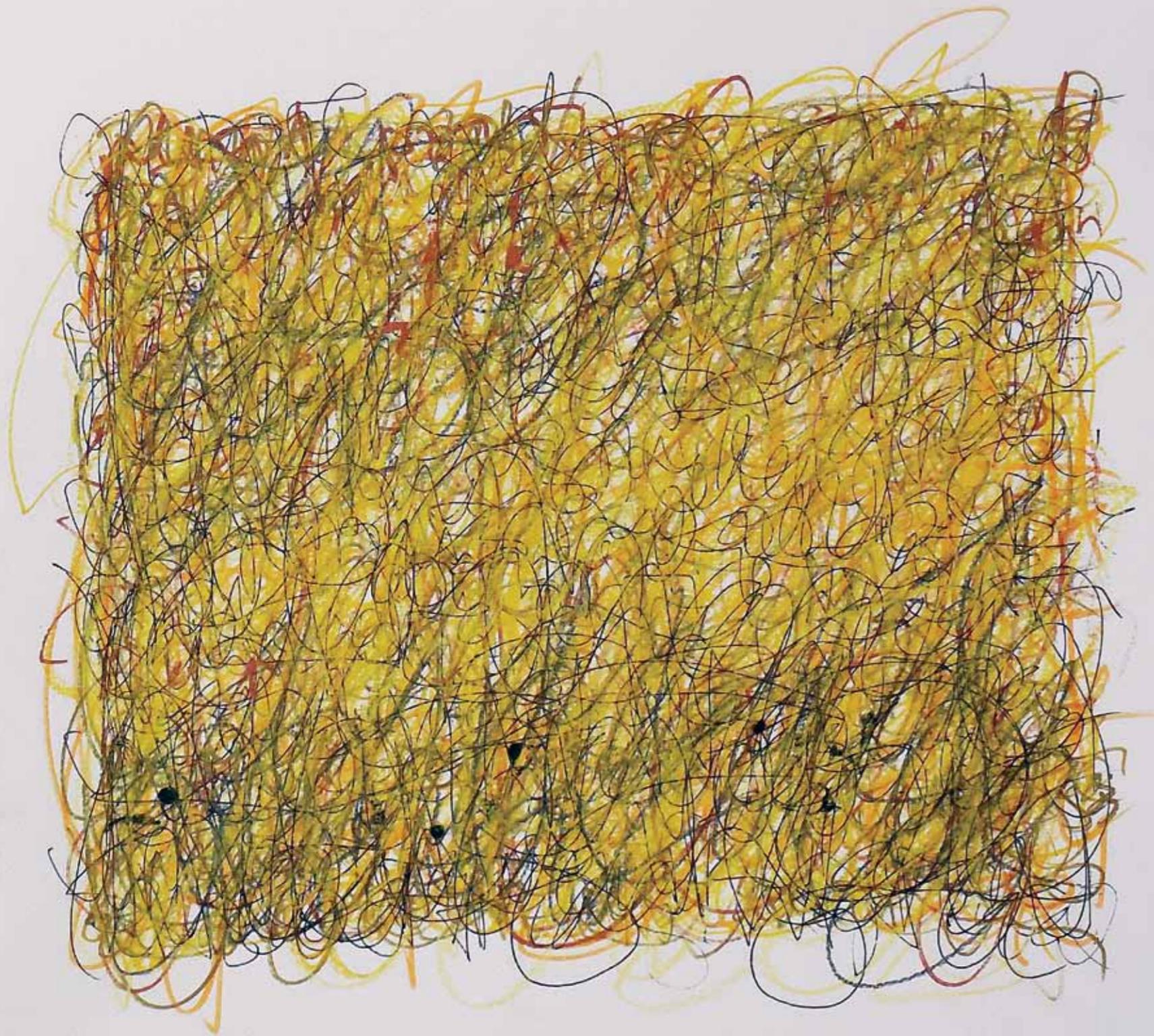
316 Zheng Chongbin, Dark Vein Nos. 1-2 (detail). Ink on xuan paper, 325 x 122 cm (each panel)

317 Zheng Chongbin, Four Definitions (detail), 2012. Ink and acrylic on xuan paper, 178 x 193 cm

318 Günther Uecker, Graphein, 2002. Mappenwerk, 42-parts, with 12 Uecker-embossments, 70 x 50 cm, Edition of 120 copies. Courtesy: Dorothea van der Koelen

324 herman de vries, karlyn de jongh & sarah gold, being this joy experience unity. steigerwald, germany, 28-30 july 2014. courtesy: the artist and global art affairs foundation. photos: katharina winterhalter

330 Karlyn De Jongh, 11 MARCH 2015 - BERLIN, 2015. Mixed media on paper, 40 x 44 cm. Photo: Global Art Affairs Foundation



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