

Floor plan of the exhibition:

Room 1 was consistently ignored, pass through it and begin in Room 2!

Here you find an untitled installation by Philipp Simon with drawings, a faux leather wall, a curious trunk of a tree wrapped in textiles, an old couch and also various pieces of clothing and finds.

Following the installation you reach Room 4 that goes by the title:

*I have walked through everything that was said. Which should have been said, which could have been said differently, which could have been said better. I know that I can't change anything and yet: The bodies are lurking, everything craves for money.*

This is a collaborative work, conceived jointly by the artists for the exhibition, that forms a framework for the exhibition, metaphorically speaking. Just as the exhibition text on the back of this page.

Your visit has yet to take you to Room 3.

Here you can see six barn doors and paintings (gouache on canvas) by Lukas Quietzsch, individually titled from left to right when facing them:

- *tief emotional in Angriff auf Wahrheit und Wirklichkeit*
- *gemeine Absichten aus alter Ferne (auf der A9)*
- *Verniedlichung der Probleme*
- *die Grenzen zwischen Glaubhaftem und Unglaublichem, Wunderbarem und Tatsächlichem*
- *o.T. (the durruti column: obey the time/ 1990)*

Many thanks for your visit.

Every year, when the trees shed their leaves and it gets colder, I look forward to the first snow. I can hardly wait and long for the holidays. Once again, this candied layer coats my skin, it settles between myself and my childhood, between the joy of reunion and domestic reality, it's a kind of therapeutic shell. Mother calls everyone to the table and, actually, this is the feeling that I mean, this sitting together at a table and the delight in my family, this whole constructedness, this layer between myself and us – as sticky as sugar. I cling to it, even though I quarrel with it, because, more

and more, it is taking on a life of its own. Later on during Gottesdienst, on the street or in the restaurant, I think *it has to be clear, privily, to everyone.*

I am drifting. I mean, I live in stratified spaces with extensive entryways. I move in these spaces, in synthetic spaces, in strata of artificial order. And for there to be strata and boundaries throughout, I, too, am stratified.

And bounded. [*here, take this*] I take on the next trifle and thereby plug a finger in the navel, because the only thing that counts is the account of something. There are simply perspectives you have to permit yourself. But altogether, this has little to do with reality, and, on the other hand, you can't get rid of them entirely, it sticks like resin. So, on to another layer, my brother hands me the bread basket. The hedge at the bottom of the garden and every new notion underlines the mismatch between myself and us. Going on, I am drifting as the distance expands further. I am standing on the boundary. From here on, everything floats in a puree of perspectives and perceptions. [*don't think negatively, be undeterred*] I should be fully devoted and say yes, that is actually much more beautiful and harmonious. I want to be at the center of my complacency, a hole that is warm with a rough and steep passage that leads upward behind me – such is my world, par excellence.

Translation by Lian Rangkutty

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