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SUN UP / SUN DOWN
13.9.–9.11.2013

Sun Up, Sun Down – Pencil of nature, template of artifice, the grids are drawn, the shapes are set, but the outlines blur. Boundaries become permeable, the colours declare their independence bidding farewell to the logic of form. The order of things is consumed by the haze of shades, overlays and reflections. At the onset of nightfall the dictatorship of identity is unhinged and replaced by the kingdom of similarities – a regime of transitions and resonances, a regiment of mimicry and camouflage.

Counting Sheep – It is no coincidence that the imagology (and practice) of falling asleep, as a cultural technique of transgression between waking and sleeping, cites the image of flocks of sheep jumping over a fence one by one: Again and again, jumping across the boundary to the other side. As a shepherd one must stay quite alert so as to not lose ones animals (or marbles): One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two... You stupid sheep, don't look at me like that: Mathematical reason as a medium that serves to institute its opposite – stupidity as destiny.

Being similar – The thing with the pioneer plant, occupying gaps and symbolically cultivating the spaces of opposition. The branch as sculpture, wood cast in bronze – actually even more fragile than before. The organic entailed in growth and the angular nature of the gallery space: The vinegar tree as anti-capitalistic flora – already sold and nevertheless remaining a valid monument of its own unfitness. Nature as mimicry: To propagate uselessness means here to seize the veil of apparent applicability to become useless beneath its guise. One could also speak of beauty, if only one were allowed to.

To become machine – These are all, of course, romantic dreams and historically well-known territories, bringing into position the conscious against the subconscious, similarity against identity, reason against its other along the lines of culture versus nature. Sleep produces monsters and so on, but who sleeps nowadays. One could act as if, escaping the machine by becoming the machine – camouflage.

The homophonia between CAPTURE and CAPTCHA, the catch as programme, the Turing Test as Ecriture Automatique, the poet at work. With the system against the system, is that even possible: natural intelligence posing as artificial intelligence.

And do androids really dream of electric sheep? What then would sheep, the animal, dream of? Odysseus and his men, however, did manage to escape from the blinded cyclops by hiding behind the mask of non-identity tied to the underbellies of a flock of sheep. From the myth into the myth: Dialectic of Enlightenment.

Daniel Pies