

09 / Perth WA / November 2009 / Perth WA / November 2009 / Perth WA / November 2009

landscape No. 1202 Sand (remember, Bavaria rocks!)  
collage, ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm

selected images, 01.11. - 07.12.2009



**„white demon lovesong (remember „The Killers“)"**  
collage, ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm







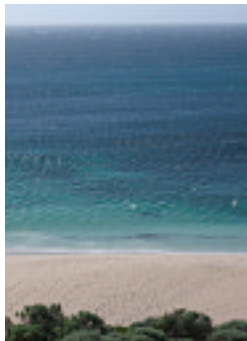
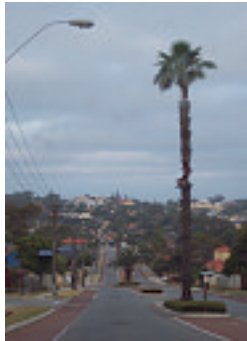
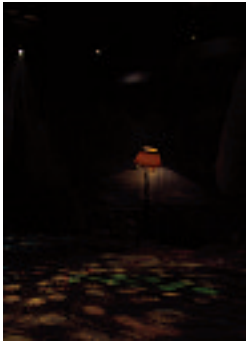
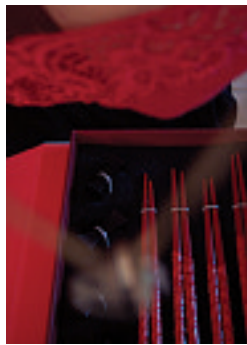
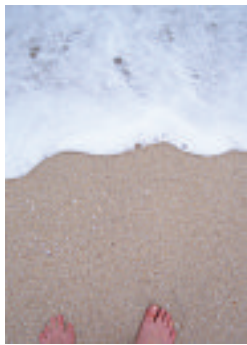
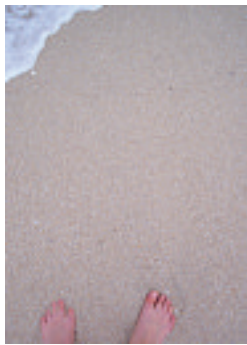
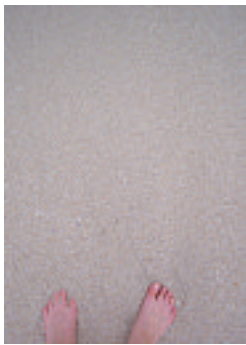
„pedestrian I & II“, ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm



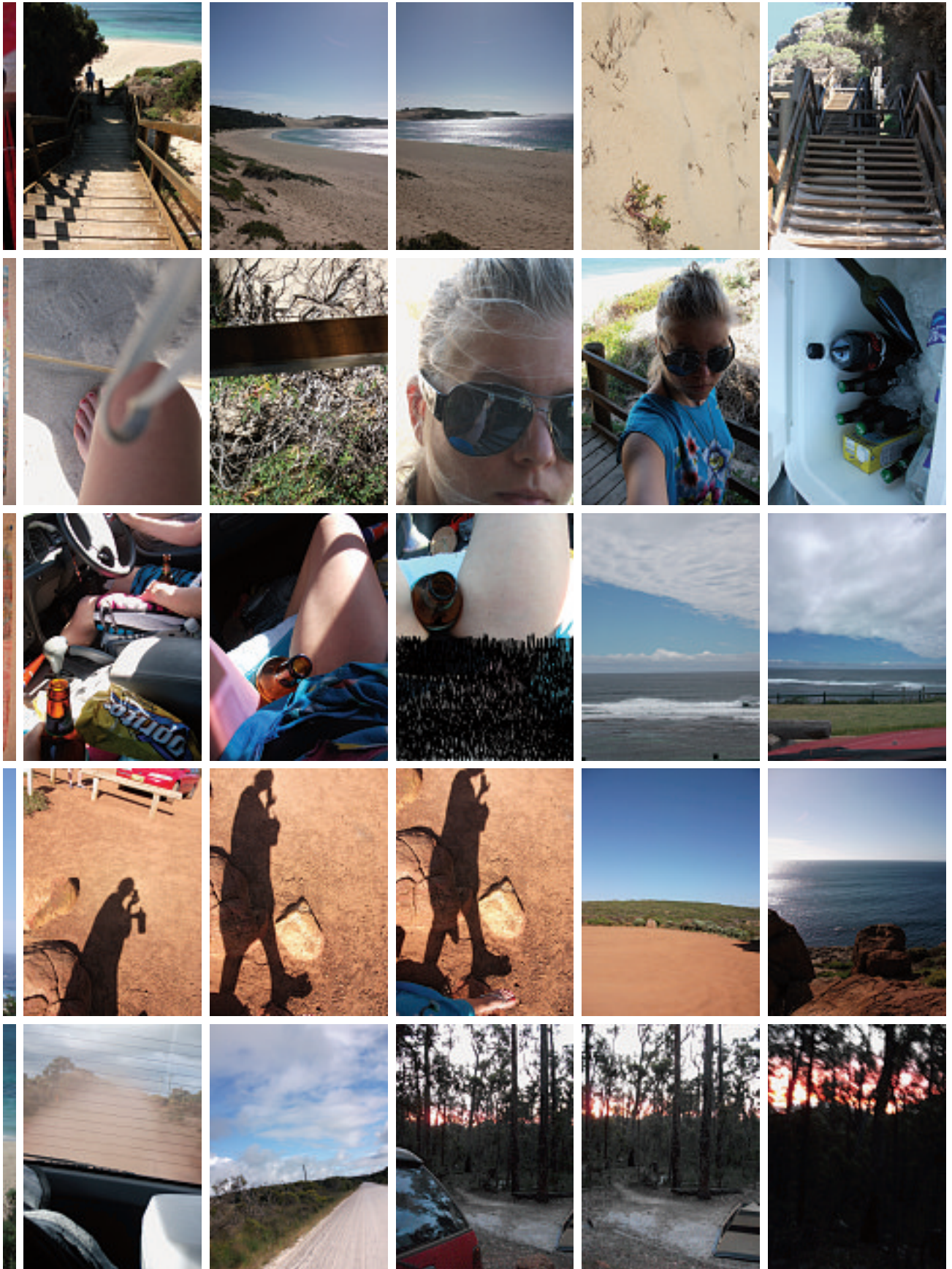




selected picture archive, 01.11. - 07.12.2009











## selected e-mail-text, 01.11. - 07.12.2009

Thu, 19.11.2009:

(...) here in Perth, I follow my "every day structures", again. There are the same structures, I use to live my life, no matter in what country nor continent I am. I wake and stand up, together with my partner at about 7-8am every morning, probably have sex (...), make coffee for 2, prepare his breakfast and lunchbox and do some necessary household things. As he left, I try to concentrate on Chinese for one hour. Then I go jogging - 4 laps at Hyde Park. Every second day, I buy fruits and vegetables at the local market; afterwards I go home, turn the radio on, do my yoga exercises and wait for imaginations ... usually they will come. I get this tickling, itchy feeling in my brain and fingers and want to move out of my own skin, because I am not sure where to start ... I have my shower and the feeling increases. I make a second coffee and sit down to write or draw down my thoughts that came into my mind, while repeating my daily routine ...

In the following I try to describe to you, how my work works; as an example for the way, how I start to create a drawing:

1.

I am in our bedroom now and listening to this song on the radio and from one second to the other my thoughts start bubbling in my head, inspired by some mainstream music (= surrounding). It's the song "Vanilla" by Australian band British India. The bubbling grows while I am standing naked under a semi-hot water shower.

2.

Meanwhile I sit on the computer, my cup of coffee next to the screen and do some research concerning the song I had heard. I google "Vanilla" ...

The first time, when I had heard the song, I only understood the title, but not the band's name. Google offers first: "Vanilla sex", referring to Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia:

*"The missionary position, a typical example for vanilla sex. Vanilla sex (or conventional sex) is a description of what a culture regards as standard or conventional sexual behavior. Different cultures, subcultures and individuals have different ideas about what constitutes this type of sex. Often, it is interpreted as sex which*

*does not involve such elements as BDSM, kink, or fetish activities. Among heterosexual couples in the Western world, vanilla sex often refers to the missionary position. (...)*

*The term "vanilla" derives from the use of vanilla extract as the basic flavouring for ice cream, and, by extension, meaning "plain" or "conventional". Thus, the term "vanilla" is sometimes used as an insult, to describe someone who is overly conventional, or unwilling to take risks, in both sexual and non-sexual contexts. (...)"*

Interesting! I think. "vanilla sex" is the "normal" thing ...  
Good to know. Funny title, though I can't imagine, they intended this!

3.

I copy and paste the Wiki-text into my diary:

"Perth, date from - to"; document 1., 2., 3., etc.

In these files I collect everything, almost everything, I read and find interesting. My research work about art and cultural stuff, my own musings and e-mails to friends, family, art people, galleries, institutions, organisations etc. business shit ... every single written text within a certain term (approximately one month), I copy into these files.

4.

Either I start drawing now, or I check my mails.

Sometimes I do not only copy and paste the text into the diary-file. Even better, instead, I just write an e-mail to somebody - for example, one of my friends - YOU.

I just choose one, who might be interested in the collected topic and wait for an answer. (...)

In a way, I burn my collection: I use the words to write my own texts. I put them into an "informational context", a mail about my every day life and / or the other persons life. Sometimes I receive responses by my counter-parts, sometimes I receive "art", because the quality of the response is so high that I can use / abuse the words again; resample them into my diary.

Sometimes I also receive no answer back, because I use to write what I am thinking and this can be quite private, too private for some peoples taste.

Often I may come too close and they feel a bit ashamed about my words. I don't know. I don't care too much. (...)

Anyway, I mostly recycle my own words, only rarely cite somebody elses. Everything is mixed together, floating and creating a network whit several references and connections. It's open for new imaginations; comparable with brainstorming.

But I am the one, who's finally controlling the selection!

Back to "vanilla"

Well, I also had copied the "real" lyrics into my diary file and passed them to A. in Berlin and another friend in London.

5.

About one week later, I heard the song again; lying on my back, doing my sit ups and yoga exercises ...

The lyrics say:

*Forget Prior engagements  
Cancel your plans  
Let's do something amazing  
Why we still can*

*I'm floating above you  
High on your kiss  
We're splashed like paint on the pavement  
A beautiful waste  
I'll drop bombs in the valley  
If he comes near you  
I'm gonna make something happen  
Watch what you do*

*I can't  
breathe underwater  
I can't stand in the air  
But I will tear up your whole world  
And not even care*

*So make lists of your lovers  
People you kiss  
Then tear them to pieces  
Forget they exist  
My hometown's a wasteland  
Frightened of ghosts  
We're splashed like paint on the pavement  
This isn't my home*

6.

I followed the instructions: "make lists of your lovers, people you kiss - then tear them into pieces".

That's what I did! I got an idea for a landscape. A landscape in Australian colors in red-orange and blue:

I took 3 sheets of Chinese handmade, thin and roughly-structured, each 30 x 20 cm and painted them blue, red-orange and orange.

I glued the blue and red-orange together like sky and ground; now I got a 30 x 40 cm format, where the horizon is the line, where sky and earth seemingly meet each other. Then I filled the entire format all over with one layer of black ball pen strokes.

Before I colored the orange piece, I had written down and composed the list of my lovers and people I kissed ...  
Then I tore it into pieces!

Not completely into pieces, though; the single parts yet stuck together, but there were gaps between my lovers now. Gaps, like the gaps on a dry desert soil surface ...

I glued this broken "soil", the orange torn layer, onto the red-orange ground & ball pen strokes layer. Afterwards, I painted the gaps even blacker to underline the darkness of the gap's depth. Finally I added another layer of lighter black ball pen strokes all over the entire image.

I laid my thoughts and experiences and secrets into the image; collaged and sampled them like a DJ; I brought past, present and future - because this is where my imaginations, wishes, desires are flying to - together.  
... so I'll never ever "forget they exist"!

I do a kind of research art. Yes, I definitely do conceptual art, because the thought, finally is and always used to be, at least as important for me as the "product" of the single image itself; though I love to do the drawing.

I love beautiful, fragile things, because they are able to move me. I try to breathe my soul into them; stroke them with a layer of ink or penetrate the paper with my ball pen. In return their breath makes me deeply feel alive.

In an optimum case, the viewer is able to feel this, too.  
(...)



**„Vanilla (remember „British India“)**  
collage, ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm



Perth WA & Bali, Indonesia / December 2009 / Perth WA & Bali, Indonesia / December 200

**Bali view I"**  
ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm

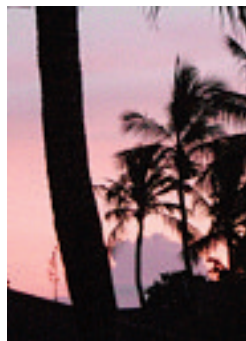
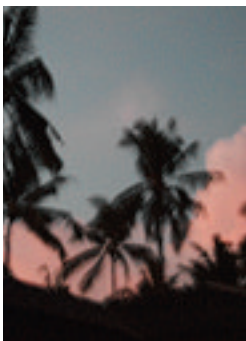
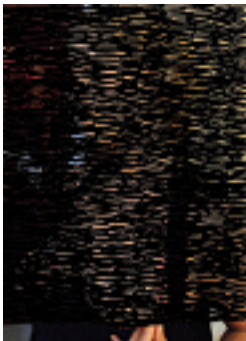
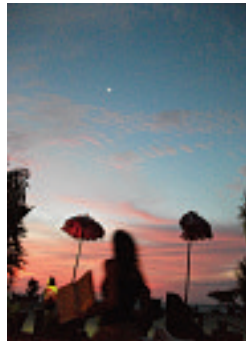
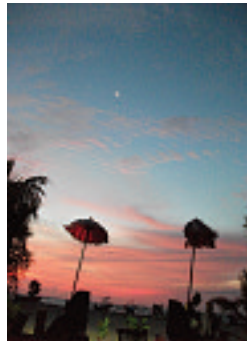
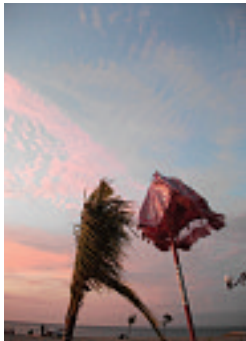


2009 / Perth WA & Bali, Indonesia / December 2009 / Perth WA & Bali, Indonesia / Pe

selected images, 07.12.2009 - 01.01.2010









#### selected e-mail-text, 07.12. - 01.01.2010

Wed, 16.12.2009:

Wir sind ein wenig im Süden von Perth getourt.

(...)die Landschaft ist schon gewaltig! Zauberhaft aber auch scary! Ich habe ständig das Gefühl, beobachtet zu werden, obwohl da eben gerade niemand ist! Alle Orte tragen die „ursprünglichen“ Namen, aber es ist einfach kein Mensch dazu übrig geblieben ... Dafür durchfurcht man den Wald mit irre breiten Strassen und erweitert die schon vorhandenen und ich fragte mich ständig, für wen die denn so breit sein müssen, wenn einem doch eh nur alle paar Stunden jemand begegnet?!

In Kombination mit meiner Erfahrung „draußen“, habe ich angefangen über „indigenous Art“ zu lesen und ich denke ich verstehe jetzt ein wenig besser, was Herr Lang damit meint, wenn er sagt, dass er „mit der Rezeption dieser „sogenannten Kunst“ ein Problem hat ... Man hat diese Menschen einfach entwurzelt. Wie sollte denn da noch etwas „echtes“ übrigbleiben? Tradition und Ritus transportiert werden, wenn man Menschen aus ihrem Land, das doch essentiell für ihr Leben und ihre geistiges Überleben ist, wegdeportiert hat? Und das was jetzt als „echt contemporary“ verkauft wird, ist mittlerweile vorrezipiert von „uns“ und damit nur scheinbar erhalten geblieben.

Als ob man so je wieder gut machen könnte, was man vorher verbrochen hat.

Als ob WIR etwas zurückgeben könnten“, weil wir es jetzt besser und „richtig“ verstünden ...



Jene Kunst ist eigen und man kann sie nicht einfach in Europäische Begrifflichkeiten pferchen. Genauso, wie man das mit der Chinesischen nicht kann! Nur waren die Chinesen nie so wehrlos. Ich krieg mittlerweile Ausschlag, wenn ich Kommentare von sogenannten Kunstkritikern und Experten lese, die Vergleiche mit „Abstraktion“ und „contemporary art“ ziehen. Warum versucht man nach wie vor mit einer Kunsttheorie, die AUSSCHLIESSLICH NUR von uns Europäern entwickelt worden ist, andere Kulturen zu lesen?

Warum konnten und können wir nicht einfach „lassen“ und akzeptieren, dass es noch etwas anderes gibt, als unser Denken? Man kann doch auch schauen und zuhören ohne alles gleich in Schubladen stecken zu wollen? Nebeneinander existieren lassen ohne zu verurteilen ...

Genauso, wie man ein Volk und seine Geschichte nicht einfach in ein Reservat umpflanzen konnte, um dann schließlich, nachdem Hunderttausende weggestorben bzw. ermordet worden sind, zu erkennen, dass es da etwas zu retten gegeben hätte!

Jetzt versteh ich auch besser, wieso der Zusammenhang zwischen Religion, Politik und Kunst nach wie vor so brisant ist, bzw. man auf diesen Zusammenhang wieder ganz neu aufmerksam machen muss! Weil die Welt immens „zusammengerückt“ ist! Weil somit die Frage, ob der Flügelschlag eines Schmetterlings einen Sturm auslösen könne, plötzlich überhaupt nicht mehr so unglaublich irrelevant ist. Dass ich Reisen und täglich mit Menschen in unterschiedlichen Kontinenten kommunizieren kann und beides zum Inhalt meiner Kunst wird, ist das schöne Gesicht der „Globalisierung“, Anschläge und Pandemien seine Fratze. Damit wird es um so wichtiger für mich (auch als Tourist, der ich in einem fremden Land nun einmal bin), mir die Tatsache vor Augen zu führen, dass die Armut, die wir verursachen, die Arroganz mit der wir (kulturell) vorgehen, ganz direkt auf uns selbst zurückfallen wird.

Respekt ist unerlässlich. Und ferner schließe ich - in Überzeugung - daraus, dass wir uns heute, umso dringender unserer eigenen Kultur widmen müssen; denn nur im Bewußtsein „der eigenen“, können wir erkennen, dass wir keine Angst vor „den anderen“ haben müssen, weil uns niemand „schlucken“ wird, solange wir nur unser eigenes Wissen pflegen werden ...  
(...)

Alles alles Liebe und frohes Fest!  
Alice

Ubud/Bali, Thu, 30.12.2009:  
Info handout „Popiler“ Batik Factory, translation in German & English



“POPILER”  
BATIK FACTORY  
Tohpati-Denpasar-Bali  
Telp.: (0361) 463597 Fax.: (0361) 462080  
INDONESIA

#### WIE WIRD GEBATIKT

- I. Das design wird auf dem weisse Stoff aufgetragen  
  - a. Durch “Zittieren” des urspruenglichen.
  - b. Direkt, ohne “Zittieren”
  - c. Bei gedruckten Batiken entfaellt dieser Arbeitsschritt
- II.
  - a. Die beiden Seiten des Stoffes werden mit Wachs abgedeckt
  - b. Das Muster wird mit ornamentos und kleinen Punkten aufgefuellt
  - c. Bestimmte Teile des Stoffes (Musters) werden zugedeckt, um eine zweite Farbe aufzutragen zu koennen (sawut)
  - d. Bestimmte Teile des Musters werden zugedeckt, um die weisse Farbe zu erhalten (tembokan)

Notiz: Bei gedruckten Batiken braucht man kein Muster zu machen, da jeder Stempel schon sein eigenes Muster hat.
- III. Eintauchen des Stoffes um die erste Farbe zu erhalten
- IV. Das Wachs wird an bestimmten Stellen mit einer Art Messer (cawuk) abgekratzt damit man die zweite Farbe erhalten kann. Durch Eintauchen in siedendes Wasser, wird das restliche Wachs herausgewaschen. Somit bekommt man zweite Farben blau und weisse
- V. Die Teile des Musters mit dem kleinen Punkten werden zugedeckt ( bironi)  
**Notiz:** Nach dem Fuenften Arbeitsschritt werden die Linien des Musters gewoehnlich mit Punkten versehen, damit es schoener aussieht
- VI. Eintauchen des Stoffes fuer die zweite Farbe fuer das weitere kann der Stoff beliebig, oft eingetaucht werden, das richtet sich nach der Anzahl der gewuenschten Farben. Jedermal mussen dann bestimmte Teile mit Wachs abgedeckt werden wenn man nicht wuenscht, dass sich die Farben vermischen
- VII. Alles Wachs wird durch Eintauchen in siedendes Wasser herausgewaschen
- VIII. Waschen.  
Wenn der Stoff schon sauber ist, wird er zum Troechnen an einen geschuetzten Platz aufgehuegt.

“POPILER”  
BATIK FACTORY  
Tohpati-Denpasar-Bali  
Telp.: (0361) 463597 Fax.: (0361) 462080  
INDONESIA

#### BATIK PROCESSING

- I. Making design on the white material  
  - a. Copying the original designs
  - b. Directly without copying before

There are not used for Stamp processing.
- II.
  - a. Covering designs with wax (klowong) on both sides
  - b. Filling designs with Ornaments and small dots
  - c. Covering some special parts of the designs to get the second colour (sawuk).
  - d. Covering some special parts of the designs to get white colour (tembokan)

- Notiz: For stamp processing we can directly do without making design before, for every stamp has its own designs.
- III. Dyeing before the first colour.  
Scraping some parts of the wax to get the second colour by using a kind of knife (cawuk)  
Omitting all the wax by putting the material in boiling water so that there are two colours, blue and white
  - IV. Covering some part of the designs where are dots to them.  
Note: After fifth processing we usually put dots on the lines of the designs to make them nicer.
  - V. Dyeing for the second colour, we can dye this many times if we want to have some more colour.
  - VI. Omitting all the wax by putting the material in boiling water.
  - VII. Washing if the material is clean then we dry this in the shade  
Note: The traditional colours are usually blue, brown and light yellow.  
It is said to be a live symbol.

Naiv, aber für einen ganz kurzen Augenblick stellte ich mir vor, ich könnte einfach bleiben und auf ewig mit jenen Frauen Wachspunkte und -muster auf Stoffe zeichnen, um mein Auskommen zu verdienen.

Fri, 01.01.2010:

(...)

Ever experienced New Year's Eve on a plane?

I have. They serve you free Champagne, they give you a whistle and a witch hat and while start and landing you can watch the pre- and after- fireworks from above!

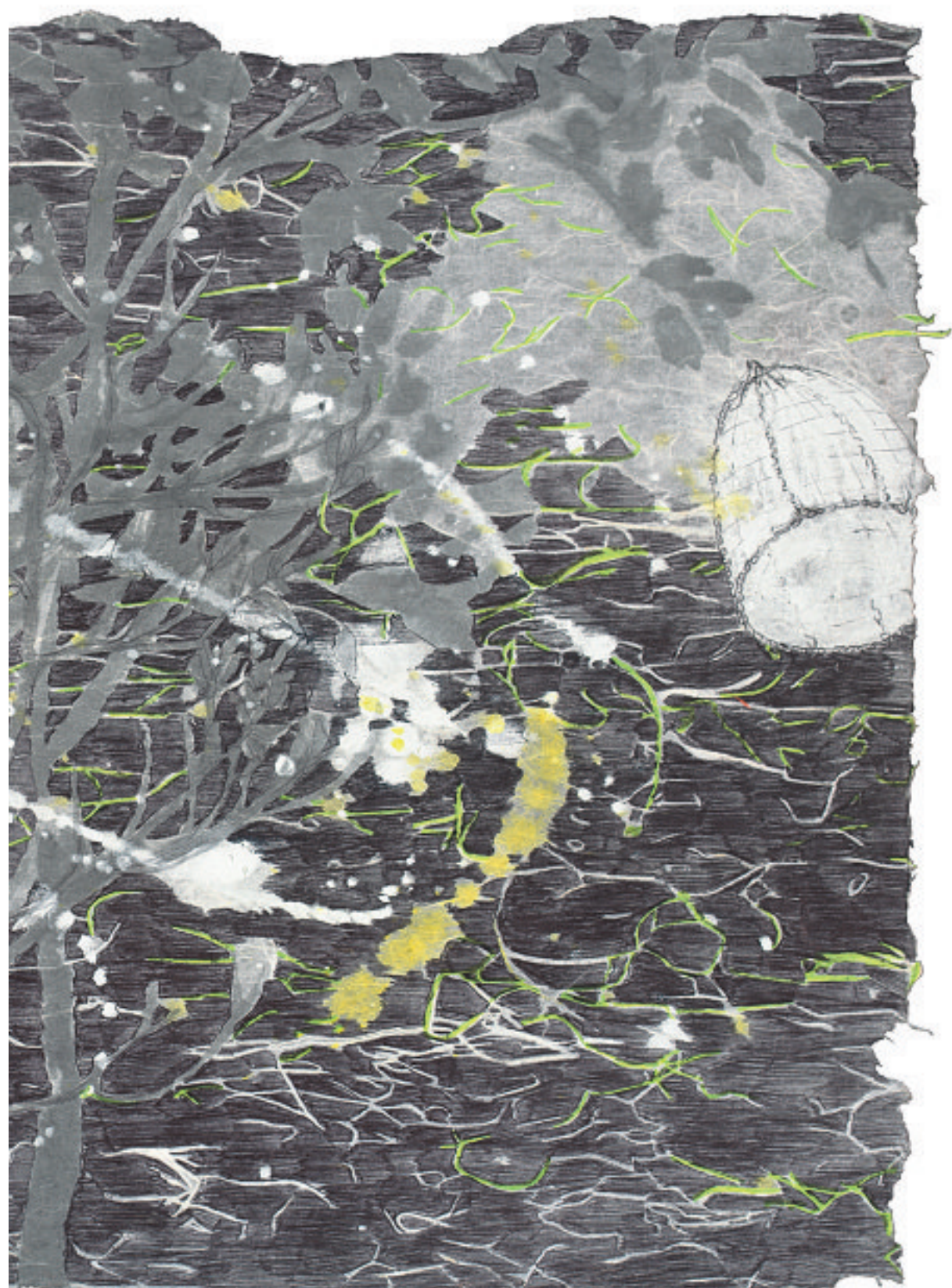
(...)

**„Bali lights“**  
ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 50 cm









January 2010 / Perth WA / January 2010 / Perth WA / January 2009 / Perth WA / January 2

„Cruxeses Tropicana (remember Bali)“  
ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm



selected images, 01.01.2009 - 02.02.2010



„at home? (RIP)“  
ink, ballpen, goldleaf on paper, 50 x 40 cm







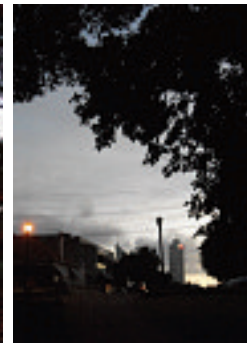
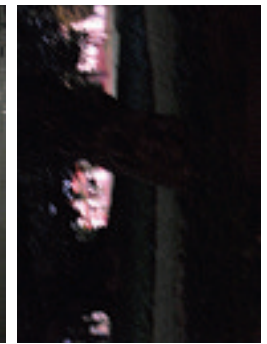
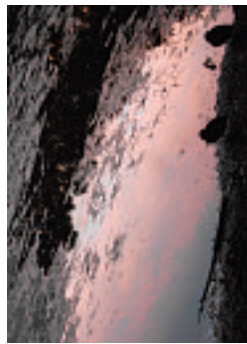
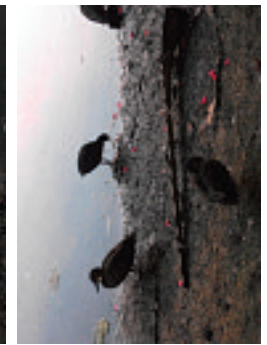
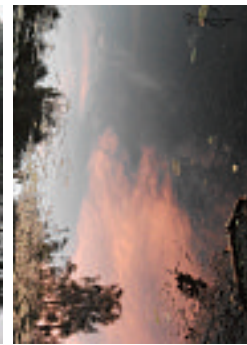
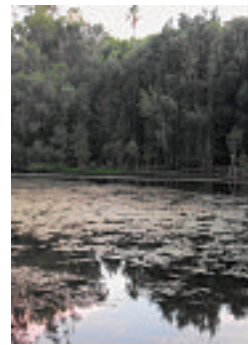
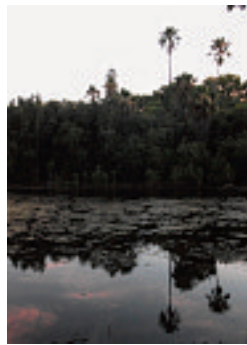


„Stardust (remember „farewell rocketship“ by „children collide“)“  
ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm  
„Erlkönig (Darwin hop)“, ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm

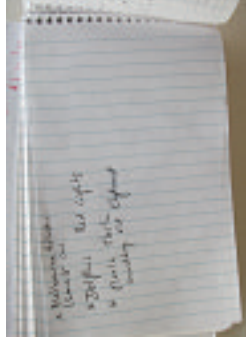
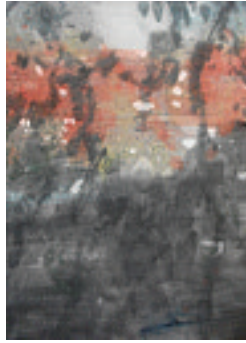
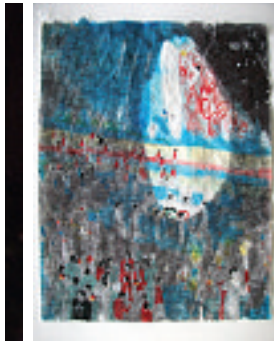
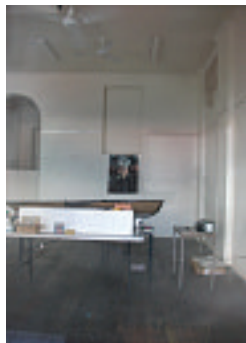




selected picture archive, 01.01. - 02.02.2010









#### **selected e-mail text, 01.01. - 02.02.2010**

Sat, 16.01.2010:

(...) I've been busy, too. Thursday, the 14th, I moved into my beautiful, new Artist-in-Residence-Studio, a great space, provided by CENTRAL Institute of Technology Perth, with a shop-window perspective; meaning, when I look up from my drawing table, I can see the people outside on the street and they can see me, working inside. Most just pass by; only some have a look inside. But I love watching them and I also like the fact that they could possibly watch me, too - if they were more perceptive ...

Tue, 19.01.2010:

(...) Hm, yes, it was bloody hot the last two days - 43° yesterday. It's so hot that you burn your fingers, when you touch a door handle and burn your arse when you ride your bike. (...)

I only tried to cycle from shade to shade or to stay inside, in the studio, where I have three huge fans, what makes work endurable. After my boyfriend's hospital action and spending the night there in an air-conditioned room (...) my nose is running though ... But I am fine, only a bit tired, because, yes, I get quite a bit of new work done. I've started some bigger sized pieces, but they aren't finished, yet. (...) It's not distracting at all to have people passing by, I don't think of them, nor feel exposed; I turn the music on and concentrate.

Amazing, how the bigger space influences the work. It completely changes the interaction between the image and my body. I can work standing and step back and compare images. Lay them next to each other ...



Thu, 28.01.2010:

(...)

*"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind/In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."*

(...)

Tue, 02.02.2010:

(...) Did you know Franz Schubert melodized „Erlkönig“?

I listened to it, but couldn't find it overly impressing.

They say, Schubert dedicated it to Goethe and sent it to him to win his grace, but G just returned it without ever having listened to it.

Once I got a first shy „try of a kiss“ under a weeping willow tree and bit the man. The poor bloke got confused and gave up for this night - but some weeks later he won me ...

Under a weeping willow tree, „Where the wild roses grow“ ...

„Murder ballads“, it's a compelling genre!

I did an image some years ago, entitled „thanks to Millais, Cave & Kylie“, inspired by Nick Caves and Kylie Minougues beautiful ballade and by Millais pre-raffaellitic painting „Ophelia“.

„Ophelia“ more generally became a strong symbol and, let's say, expression of a certain 19th century mysticism, but it still is a frequently cited image, that obviously was the source of their video clip.

(...) there also had been this strong revival of the so called „New Romantic“ in contemporary art - especially celebrated by some British artists! ... of course Saatchi caught that train ...

I remember me going on a pilgrimage to Frankfurt in 2005, to see this show at „Schirn-Kunsthalle“, entitled „Wunschwelten“, where they showed famous Peter Doig, David Thorpe or Christopher Orr.

I've been fascinated, indeed! Tangibly, there has been a „feeling in the air“. This feeling, that responds to our human needs for mysticism, maybe religious motivation, endless free love, that combines all our believes etc. - in the 19th Century as well as now. And these artists, they'd captured it.

But because I had seen the works of artists such as Karl Wilhelm Diefenbach at Konrads flat in Munich, who produced a quite similar aura - only even stronger, I knew that the contemporary pieces are meant to take the same line and in fact work really well ... I admire most of their works!

It's only, because I'd been quite familiar, with Caspar David Friedrichs or Runge's works, I always asked myself if the art theory people, who were responsible for the research work and in the following also the presswork, ever had looked and felt the aura of their paintings ...

The „contemporary pieces“, some of them, I couldn't find them romantically at all in a German Romantic period nor the French period (feelings-)sense ... and not just because they were „contemporary“, not simply because of their lack of religious motivation and Pathos



or their missing belief in mother nature as the only true source of divine creation.

I'd almost prefer to put them in a line with the works of Symbolism and think that the art theorists were just searching for the right expression to finally make the "mistake" to use "Romantic" in a superficial, colloquial way: oriental desires, sundowns etc.

To break it down, it's odd, but I believe in all these mystical things and I believe that there „are feelings in the air" in art, music, fashion etc. - worldwide. (...)

I doubt that there is any other purpose than ones love and ones passion!

(...) words are chasing me.

I started to turn around my words, but knew I should lay them into my images! So I went to the studio, where I firstly finished the two pieces, 110 x 80 cm, „history hunts I & II". Both refer to my experiences in the Australian forest, where I constantly felt watched.

Afterwards I started to draw on a couple of 50 x 40 cm pieces, also of an Australian landscape: one, called „stardust", shows two planets circling in the sky above orange sand. The open sight is affected by black tree silhouettes ... the other one , possibly entitled with „Darwin hop", shows a skull in a similar landscape setting; except that there's this huge neon yellow traffic sign - that also could be a moon, if you'd neglect the bar, sticking out in the middle of the desert.

Planet and skull are the trademarks for my favourite record- and bookstore in Perth - the „Planet" Perth, haha.

Yesterday, I copied the lyrics of „Farewell Rocketship" a song by Melbourne Band „Children Collide" all over "Stardust":

*This world it is not safe / We must make plans to leave this place  
We'll build a colony / On nearby planets known to me*

*Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye / Goodbye to all the ones I'll miss,  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye / Goodbye to war and politics,*

*No time to warn your friends / That they'll stay here and meet their  
ends*

*Sneak up without a trace And start a brand new human race*

*Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye / Goodbye to all the ones I'll miss,  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye / Goodbye to war and politics  
Farewell Rocketship ...*

*This world it is not safe / We must make plans to leave this place,  
We'll build a colony / On nearby planets known to me,*

*I tried, I tried, I tired, I tired / I tried to warn them it's too late  
I'll try, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try / I'll try my luck in outer  
space*

*Farewell Rocketship ...*

*We won't need a doctor / We won't need a scientist,  
We won't need an army or a TV we'll just need you and me  
Farewell Rocketship ...*

*We won't need an army, or a TV we'll just need you and me!*

„Darwin hop(s)“ moon might get dressed in a layer of „Erlkönig“-lyrics, before possibly veiled by the obligatory ball pen strokes. „Darwin hop“, a friend mentioned to me, is the expression for the, in Australia, life saving skill, to move as fast as possible from shade to shade. I wonder if they use it because it is even hotter in Darwin or if they really hint at the strategy of survival? Probably both.

Two days ago, just while I was working on all these images, my grandpa died with 98 years. When I came home after work, I called my mom, like every weekend and she said, she was just on her way to Austria. They did not have the final confirmation of his death yet, but his nurse had held him a mirror in front of his mouth and there was „nothing“ any more. She said, that, after lunch, he lied down for his nap as usual and then he slept in - and never woke up again. She also said „At least he didn't die hungry“ which made me laugh in tears.

Life is odd. Extraordinary odd, that the latest images I had finished before last Saturday's studio session, were two images of our graveyard „at home“, in Wernstein am Inn; where my grandmother is buried and where my grandfather will be buried next Saturday.

The graveyard ones, I had started in connection with the „Bali palms“ piece and planed to send the jpg.s home to the Austrian gallerist who already needed images for the obligatory press announcements. When he first asked some weeks ago, I found, I had no suitable ones and thought I'd like to give something more creepy.

It's a gift that, right now, to work in this studio enables me to lay the formats next to each other and get a view for the entire series. So, I can add a piece when I have the feeling that „the whole thing“ isn't yet right. It allows me to simultaneously work on three continents: Australia, China and Europe: Germany / Austria. Quite a good system and the first time that I, in fact, can combine everything with everything; because „everything“ is part of the whole story.

Now all this turned into a kind of strange reminiscence. There was something in the air - ha? Haha, I think, one shouldn't interpret too much. Makes life only harder ...

**„history hunts I&II“**  
ink, ballpen on paper, 104 x 80 cm







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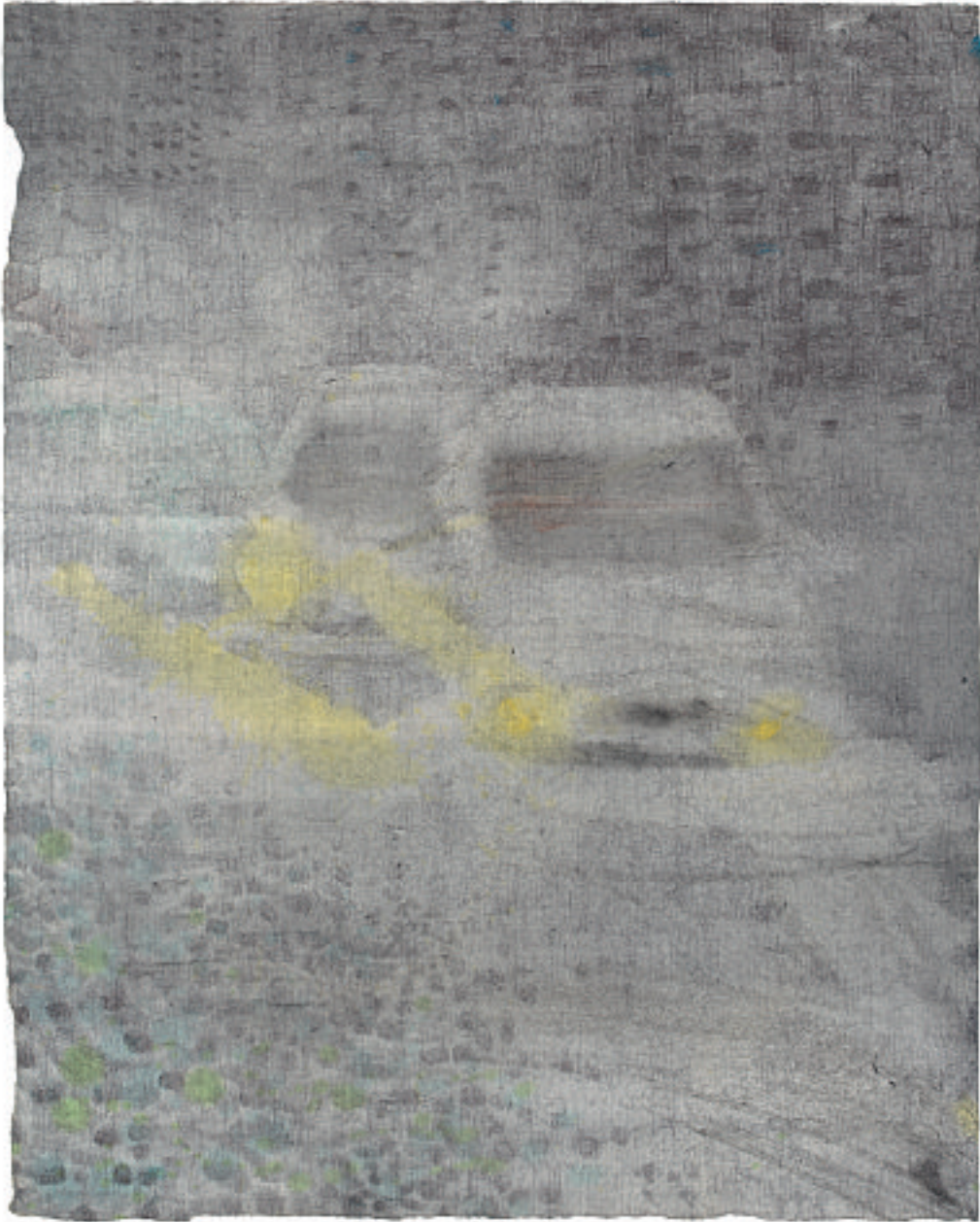
„LS No.8402 meets No.6202 (remember somewhere in BJ - where  
grey meets green)“  
ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm

h WA / February 2010 / Perth WA / February 2010 / Perth WA / February 2009 / Perth

selected images, 03.02.2009 - 01.03.2010







**„BJ lights - you're grey and beautiful (remember rainy days)“**

ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm

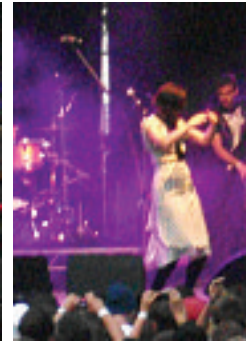
**„LS (No.6002 GREEN meets No.2002) GOLD“**

ink, ballpen, goldleaf on paper, 110 x 80 cm

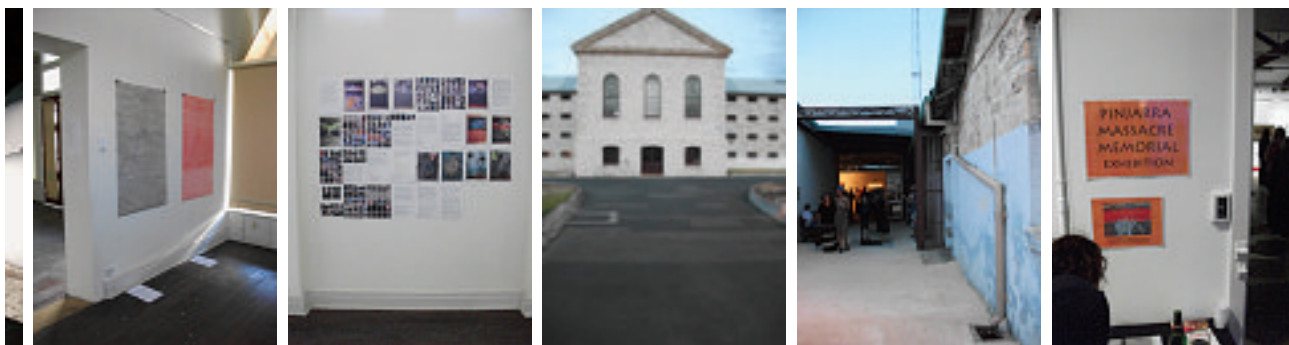
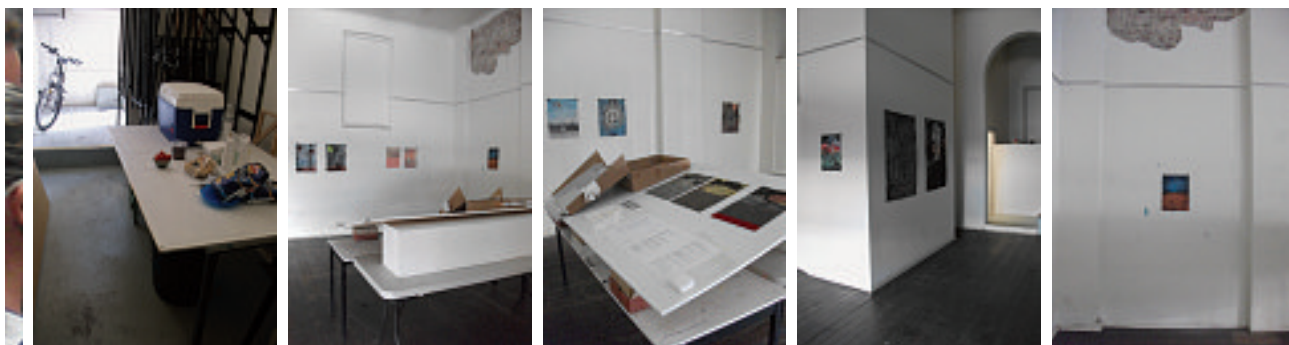
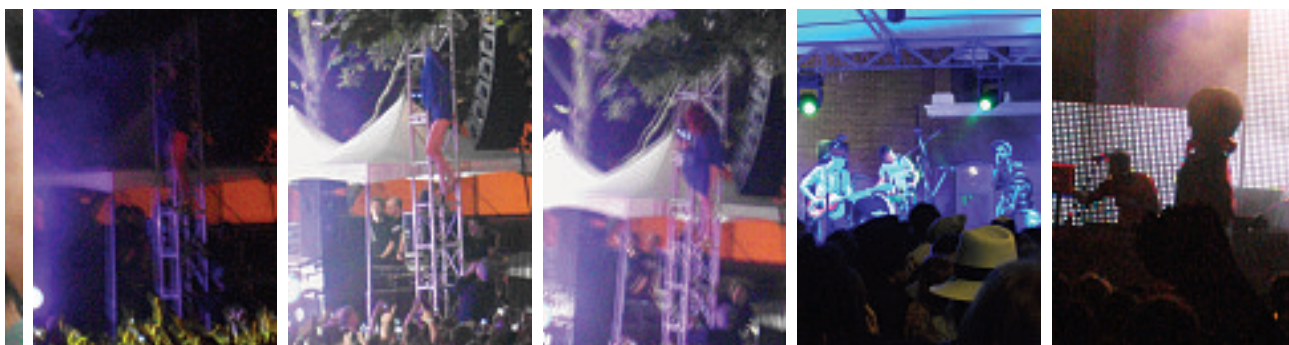
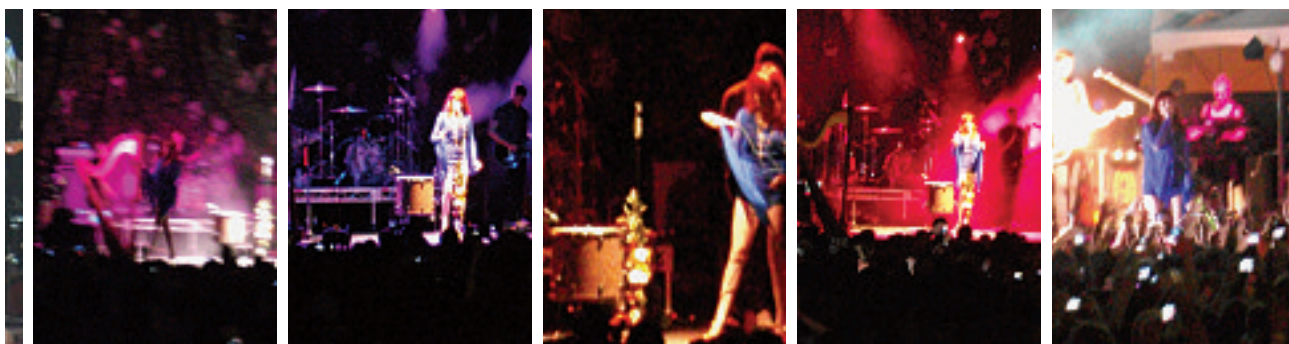




selected picture archive, 03.02. - 01.03.2010









**with pictures of** the "Laneway Festival" 2010: Whitley, Mumford & Sons, Sarah Blasko, Florence & the Machine, the Black Lips, N.A.S.A / exhibitions: Jeppe Hein, Pinjarra Massacre Memorial exhibition, Cecile Williams "contained" found objects / & concert: Fat Freddy's Drop

#### **selected e-mail text, 03.02. - 01.03.2010**

Tue, 16.02.2010:

Besides a little "Open Studio exhibition" last Thursday, another „highlight" was the „Laneway Festival" on Saturday, the 6<sup>th</sup>. They have these amazingly huge festivals here, where they invite international bands from all over the world. Half of UK seems to spend summer in Australia, touring from gig to gig, earning money, having fun and f...

I arrived early and had a great spot on top of a little stone wall - overlooking I suppose about 5000 people when the big acts were on. "Mumford and Sons" certainly attracted a massive crowd, following the success of their hit song "little lion man", which went to No.1 on the charts. I have never seen a band use a different drummer for each song before ... very unusual, hey? There were four stages with huge line ups, but having secured a spot in front of the main stage, I wasn't prepared to give it up by wandering from stage to stage, so I stayed put and tried to defend my spot from 2-11pm.

By far most the most fascinating act was "Florence and the machine". I have never, ever seen anybody perform like her! She seems to be a cross between a fairy and a witch! So beautiful and fragile that you wouldn't think she could have such power, and at the tender age of 21 - wow! She went stage diving and climbing the barricades with

such elegance, all the while singing with amazing control and power. I think everybody present found her magic! You just wish she'd never stop! So, if you can get to a full show, I can highly recommend it ... she's a talent!

The night eventually ended with a bit of outdoor "shaking that arse" to a N.A.S.A DJ set. Dancing under a sky filled with stars is just stunning!

Mon, 22.02.2010:

I don't know if you've ever heard of Paul Kelly? I had not before I came to Australia! But here, here he's kind of an idol for young musicians and enormously popular with audiences of all ages! He's a singer-songwriter and in his music he magically captures the soul of this country. His songs make me melancholic, but they have a resonance that renders one capable of feeling this unique Australian spirit. At least I feel it ... despite being the ignorant interloper I am.

Maybe it's all about music, you know?! Maybe music's much more true to life than fine art, because it touches our souls more immediately? Music touches us and moves us in the true sense of the word. We beat to the rhythm of its beat - it beats to our heartbeat! After all these concerts and witnessing the huge impact music has on this country, I am once again impressed by its power. It's so much closer to basic "day to day human life". It's probably closer to religion!

To make 5000 people scream and think that "these are the good times in your life, so put on a smile and it'll be alright" (remember "the rain" by Calvin Harris) is something that rarely happens in art. Even when it does, it is very different! Going on pilgrimages to museums and exhibitions, standing in lines queuing to view an image ... we wait, we visit, we watch. Maybe we're moved, maybe not. It's hard because fine art is almost always linked with an aspiration for intellectual enlightenment, almost never with an aspiration for enjoyment or celebration. It's far less social. Beyond doubt there exist examples in fine art history: especially in performing art, happenings ... but in the end, I guess, it's pretty hopeless to reach an approximately similar effect. The interaction between the viewers is too different to the interaction of the listeners. Let loose, let fall! I want to scream at the people I meet at openings. They so often look and behave as if they'd have a stick in their arse.

Nonetheless I believe in fine art: I love to reach people the way music reaches me; to try to touch a topics soul and touch the viewers heart and then their brains. It's possible, because certainly people are particularly evoked by the environment and landscape they live in. There's a beautiful diversity, but there's also something that unites all of us ... the warm smile of being human and alive - on our way to die.



They did this tribute to Paul Kelly in Melbourne some weeks ago, which caught my attention, because it was featured on the radio all the time. Then I saw the concert on TV on 'Australia Day' (what a weird event!) and I was fascinated at how deeply influenced all these young and talented Australian 'contemporary singers' were, who performed his most famous songs! I think it's, besides some really wonderful melodies, mainly because of the content: his lyrics. Few people would be able to say / sing, what he says / sings without being labelled cheesy, whereas he can and does - beautifully!

He expresses heartfelt feelings and I just hate that the showing of personal feelings is so often judged as cheesiness; but I adore clever and sophisticated cheesiness! It's a question of the right mixture - a balancing act to find the right dose, but if it works, it's calling on our intuition and we know - we all know, it's good.

#### FROM LITTLE THINGS BIG THINGS GROW

Gather round people let me tell you're a story  
An eight year long story of power and pride  
British Lord Vestey and Vincent Lingiarri  
Were opposite men on opposite sides

Vestey was fat with money and muscle  
Beef was his business, broad was his door  
Vincent was lean and spoke very little  
He had no bank balance, hard dirt was his floor  
[Chorus]  
From little things big things grow

Gurindji were working for nothing but rations  
Where once they had gathered the wealth of the land  
Daily the pressure got tighter and tighter  
Gurindju decided they must make a stand

They picked up their swags and started off walking  
At Wattie Creek they sat themselves down  
Now it don't sound like much but it sure got tongues talking  
Back at the homestead and then in the town

[Chorus]

Vestey man said I'll double your wages  
Seven quid a week you'll have in your hand  
Vincent said uhuh we're not talking about wages  
We're sitting right here till we get our land  
Vestey man roared and Vestey man thundered  
You don't stand the chance of a cinder in snow  
Vince said if we fall others are rising

[Chorus]

Then Vincent Lingiarri boarded an aeroplane  
Landed in Sydney, big city of lights  
And daily he went round softly speaking his story  
To all kinds of men from all walks of life

And Vincent sat down with big politicians  
This affair they told him is a matter of state  
Let us sort it out, your people are hungry  
Vincent said no thanks, we know how to wait

[Chorus]

Then Vincent Lingiarri returned in an aeroplane  
Back to his country once more to sit down  
And he told his people let the stars keep on turning  
We have friends in the south, in the cities and towns

Eight years went by, eight long years of waiting  
Till one day a tall stranger appeared in the land  
And he came with lawyers and he came with great ceremony  
And through Vincent's fingers poured a handful of sand

[Chorus]

That was the story of Vincent Lingairri  
But this is the story of something much more  
How power and privilege can not move a people  
Who know where they stand and stand in the law

[Chorus: x2]

Writer : KELLY, PAUL MAURICE / CARMODY, KEV  
Copyright : Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Siehe Wikipedia : The song is based on the story of [The Gurindji Strike](#) and [Vincent Lingiari](#).

It describes how the [Gurindji people's](#) claim sparked the Indigenous land rights movement. The protest led to the [Commonwealth Aboriginal Land Rights \(Northern Territory\) Act 1976](#). The Act gave Indigenous people freehold title to traditional lands in the [Northern Territory](#) and the power of veto over mining and development on those lands. In 1975, 3,236 km² of land was handed back to the Gurindji people.

**Vincent Lingiari**, AM (1908 - 21 January 1988), was an Aboriginal rights activist who was appointed as a Member of the Order of Australia for his services to the Aboriginal people. Lingiari was a member of the Gurindji people. In Vincent's earlier life he worked as

a stockman at Wave Hill Cattle. Vincent got elected and became the leader of the Gurindji communities in August 1966.

**The Gurindji Strike (or Wave Hill Walk-Off)** refers to the walk-off and strike by 200 Gurindji stockmen, house servants and their families in August 1966 at Wave Hill cattle station in Australia's Northern Territory. The Gurindji people's traditional lands are approximately 3,250 km<sup>2</sup> of the Northern Territory. Gurindji first encountered Europeans in the 1850s, when explorer Augustus Gregory crossed into their territory. Several other explorers traversed the area over the following decades until the 1880s, when large pastoral operations were established.

Wave Hill cattle station, which included the Kalkaringi and Daguragu area, was first stocked in 1883. Gurindji - along with all Aboriginal groups in this predicament - found their waterholes and soakages fenced off or fouled by cattle, which also ate or trampled fragile desert plant life, such as bush tomato. Dingo hunters regularly shot the people's invaluable hunting dogs, and kangaroo, a staple meat, was also routinely shot since it competed with cattle for water and grazing land. Gurindji suffered lethal "reprisals" for any attempt to eat the cattle - anything from a skirmish to a massacre.

The last recorded massacre in the area occurred at Coniston in 1928. There was little choice to stay alive but to move onto the cattle stations, receive rations, adopt a more sedentary life and, where possible, take work as stockmen and domestic help. If they couldn't continue their traditional way of life, then at least to be on their own land - the foundation for their religion and spiritual beliefs - was crucial. In 1914, Wave Hill Station was bought by Vestey's, a British pastoral company comprising a large conglomerate of cattle companies owned by Baron Vestey. Pastoralists were able to make use of the now landless Aboriginal people as extremely cheap labour. On stations across the north, Aboriginal people became the backbone of the cattle industry, working for little or no money, minimal food and appalling housing.

There had been complaints from Indigenous employees about conditions over many years. A Northern Territory government inquiry held in the 1930s said of Vestey's: *It was obvious that they had been ... quite ruthless in denying their Aboriginal labour proper access to basic human rights.* However, little was done over the decades leading up to the strike. While it was illegal up until 1968 to pay Aboriginal workers more than a specified amount in goods and money. Non-Indigenous males were receiving £2/8/- a week in 1945. Gurindji lived in corrugated iron humpies without floors, lighting, sanitation, furniture or cooking facilities. Billy Bunter Jampijinpa, who lived on Wave Hill Station at the time said: *We were treated just like dogs. We were lucky to get paid the 50 quid a month we were due, and we lived in tin humpies you had to crawl in and out on your knees. There was no running water. The food was bad - just flour, tea, sugar and bits of*



*beef like the head or feet of a bullock. The Vesteys mob were hard men. They didn't care about blackfellas. Gurindji who received minimal government benefits had these paid into pastoral company accounts over which they had no control. In contrast, non-Aboriginal workers enjoyed minimum wage security with no legal limit on the maximum they could be paid. They were housed in comfortable homes with gardens and had full control over their finances.*

*On 23 August 1966, led by spokesman Vincent Lingiari, the workers and families walked off Wave Hill and began their seven-year strike.*

*Lingiari led Gurindji, as well as Ngarinman, Bilinara, Warlpiri and Mudbara workers to an important sacred site nearby at Wattie Creek (Daguragu). Initially, the action was interpreted as purely a strike against work and living conditions. However, it soon became apparent that it was not just - or even primarily - improved conditions Gurindji were campaigning for. Their primary demand was for return of their land.*

*In 1975, the Labor government of Gough Whitlam finally negotiated with Vesteys to give the Gurindji back a portion of their land. This was a landmark in the land rights movement in Australia for Indigenous Australians. The handback took place on 16 August 1975 at Kalkaringi. Gough Whitlam addressed Vincent Lingiari and the Gurindji people, saying: On this great day, I, Prime Minister of Australia, speak to you on behalf of all Australian people - all those who honour and love this land we live in. For them I want to say to you: I want this to acknowledge that we Australians have still much to do to redress the injustice and oppression that has for so long been the lot of Black Australians.*

*Vincent Lingiari, I solemnly hand to you these deeds as proof, in Australian law, that these lands belong to the Gurindji people and I put into your hands part of the earth itself as a sign that this land will be the possession of you and your children forever. The photograph of Whitlam pouring sand into Lingiari's hand on that day, taken by Mervyn Bishop, has become an iconic one in Australian history.*

*While I am listening to "before too long", the P.K. Tribute Album, I am actually drawing on an image of Beijing. How exciting - and how sad ...*

th, WA & Beijing, China/ March 2010 / Perth, WA & Beijing, China/ March 2010 / Pert

"landscape No. 9820 (remember BJ lights - the SOLANA)"  
ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm

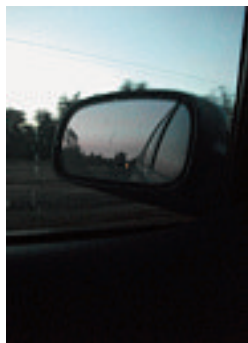
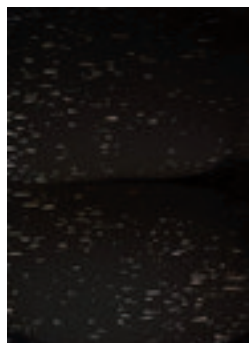
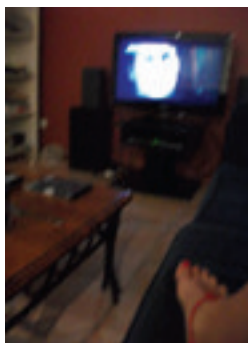
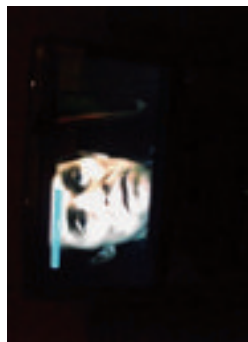
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selected images, 02.03.2009 - 02.04.2010

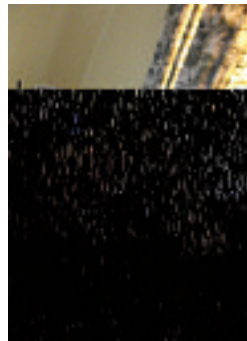
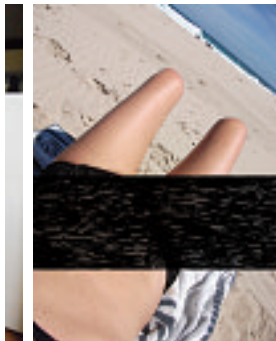
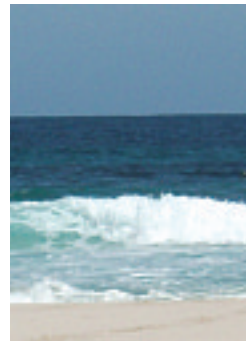
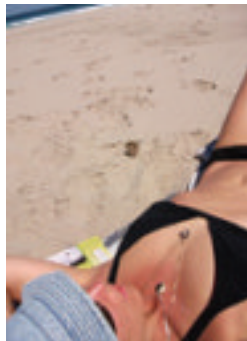
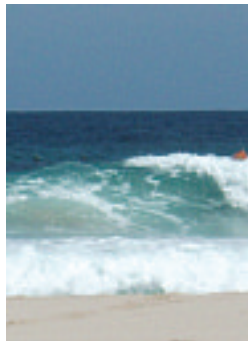
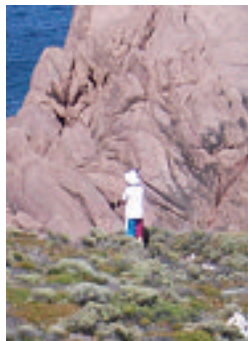
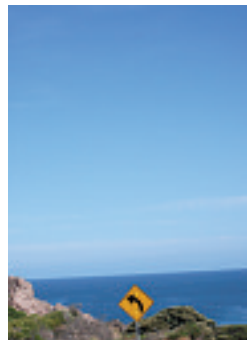




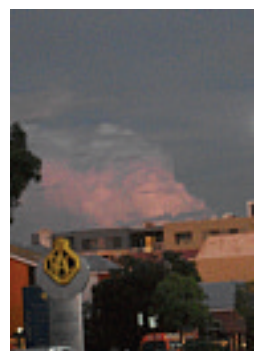
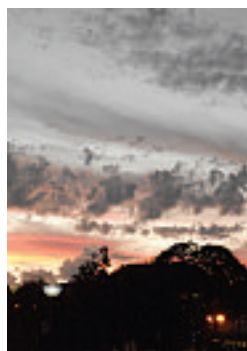
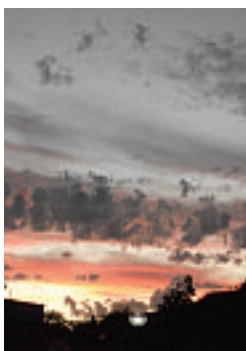
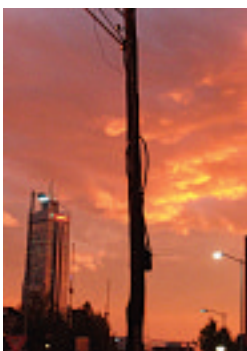
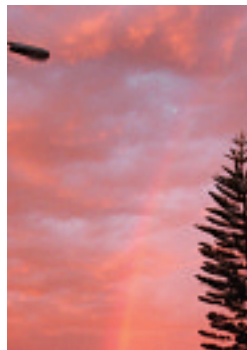
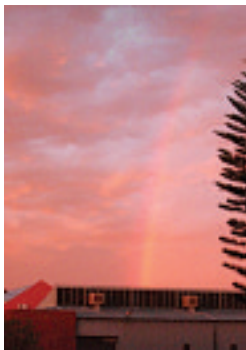
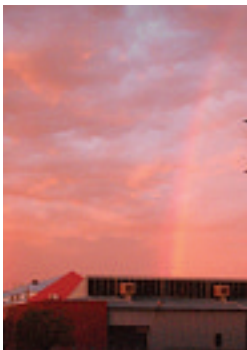
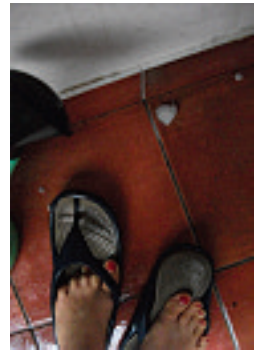
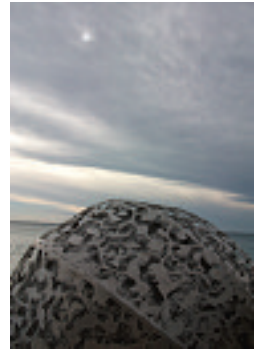
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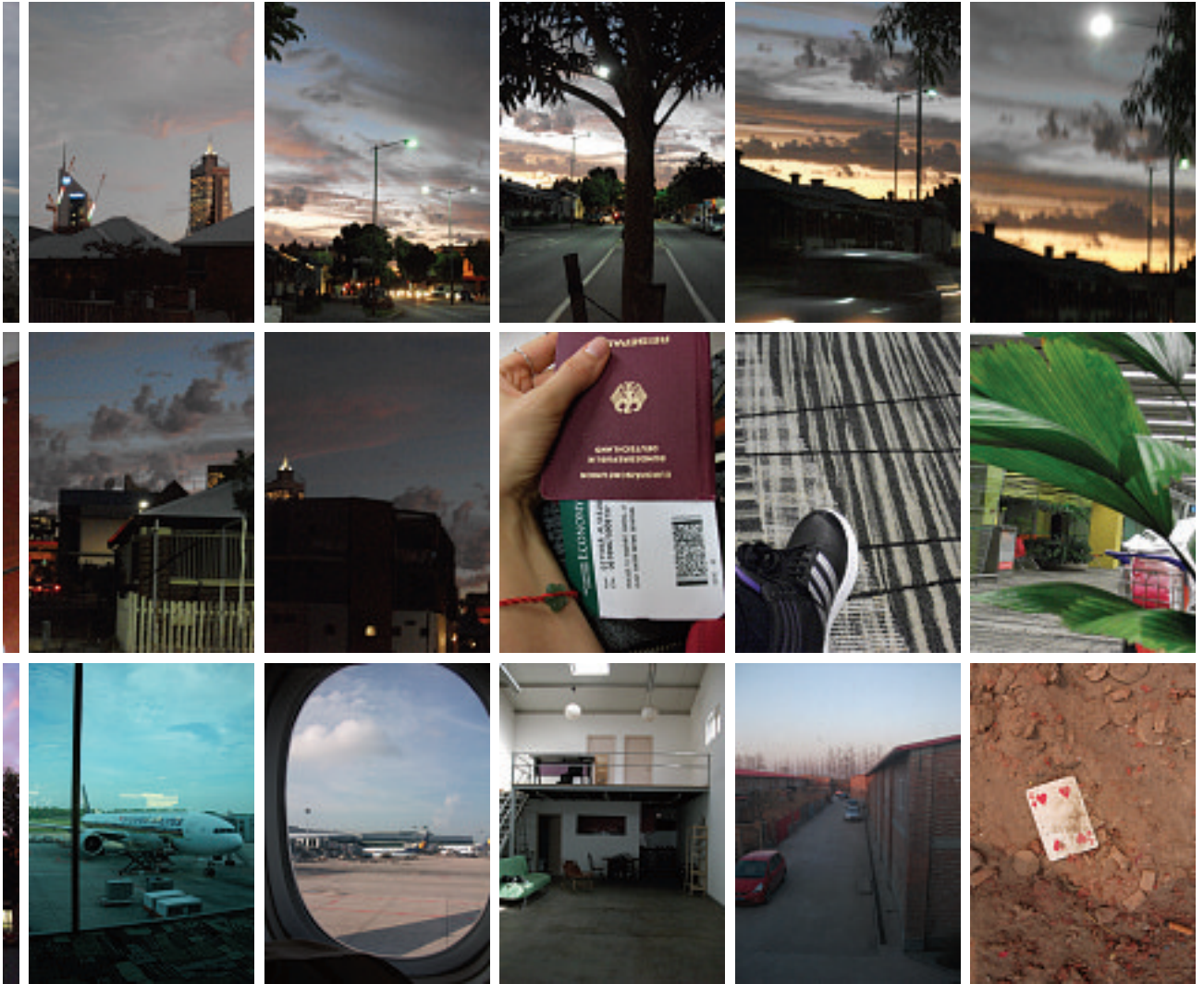












### selected text, 02.03. – 02.04.2010

Wed, 31.03.2010

What I miss:

the man, the sex, the coffee 4 2, the blue sky and the turquoise sea, his turquoise shirt, the sun, the heat, the stunning bright light, THE LAND, the red soil and the sunsets, the blackest shadows, the full moon, the stars (so close that one almost can harvest them), the clean air and the salty sea breeze, the Hyde Park exercises in the morning, cooking and dvd sessions in the evening, waking up and not being alone, feeling so safe, the music, the concerts, listening to the radio, while he's driving, the floor cleaning oil's strong Eukalyptus smell, his smell, Franjapanies

What I won't miss:

the most stupid laws – and heaps of them!, the drunken morons & the backpackers next door, who have so often stolen our sleep, the unaffordable prices, the slowest drivers

What I am carrying with me:

my love - whatever this sticky spongy thing is, our future, my wish to hold on, my memory, my desire, my fear to leave and loose and being lost and so my power, my work

I am heading to Beijing - with one crying and one smiling eye!

Since I was a child, in school or so, when we had a test the following day, I am thinking: tomorrow about the same time, it's over! in 24 hours, in 12 hours, in 6,5,4,3,2,1 and until now, Ive always survived it.

Also once, when I had a fever dream, I dreamed that I sat in a rocket and had started to count down the seconds til the start. When I eventually counted "one", I woke up, because I had realized that I would die at "zero". Screaming, I ran into my parents living room and told my Mum, that I almost had killed myself. But the fever was gone ...

Fri, 02.04.2010:

Gestern bin ich in Peking gelandet. Es ist eisig kalt. Das Atelier ist groß und noch kälter. Ich wohne im 318 studio compound, einer Künstleransiedlung hinter dem fünften Ring. Wer auch immer, baut hier neben den Ateliers eine riesige Ausstellungshalle nach der anderen - alle leer! Andernorts bulldozert man die Studios nieder. Daher habe ich eigentlich noch Glück gehabt, meines privat anmieten zu können. Seit meiner Anfrage im November kamen bereits unzählige Künstler auf den Besitzer zu.

Gefrierschock und Kulturschock vereinen sich und manchmal frage ich mich warum ich das mache? Die ganze Nacht läuft die Klimaanlage auf heiß, was ein Vermögen kosten wird, aber anders könnte ich es nicht aushalten.

Das Atelier ist nicht nur groß und kalt sondern auch sehr leer und sehr dreckig. Ich habe keine Bettdecke, nur ein Bettuch und eine kleine ausgeliehene Heizdecke. Ich leihe mir ferner eine Flasche Trinkwasser, zwei Minihandtücher und eine Rolle Klopapier.

Ehrlich gesagt war ich nicht ganz darauf eingestellt - NICHTS - vorzufinden. Nicht, dass ich das nicht irgendwie schon im Gespür gehabt hätte, aber bei zwanzig Kilogramm erlaubtem Fluggepäck inklusive Arbeitsmaterial und einer Rolle mit Zeichnungen, wäre nicht viel Platz übrig geblieben.

Den Vormittag verbringe ich damit, eingemummt in eine fette Wolljacke und eine Lederjacke, mit Wollmütze auf dem Kopf, Geld umzutauschen - mein Gott warum zählt die Bankangestellte die Scheine alle fünfmal einzeln durch und versucht dabei den Knick, der durch meine Mittelfaltung im Portemonais entstanden ist, zu glätten? Ich friere und ich frage mich wieder, warum ich das mache? Australien ist dagegen ein Honigschlecken. China ist schon "rough": die grundsätzlich andere Zeitlichkeit, die unberechenbare Langsamkeit oder aber Schnelligkeit,

das ewige Warten, die Möglich- und Unmöglichkeiten, das sich immense Distanzen weit bewegen müssen, der Verkehr, der Staub, der eisige Wind

...

Doch dann steht ein junger Mann im Bus auf und lässt eine Frau mit Baby sich setzen, man lacht gemeinsam, weil die Schaffnerin die Einstiegenden schon bevor sich die Türen öffnen, mit "Zaoshang hao!": "Guten Morgen!" anbrüllt, meine Nachbarn "teilen ihr Internet" for free mit mir und der Wind wird auch bald lauer werden ...

Die stark beklemmende Angst, die ich noch vor Abreise hatte, ist weg. Ich weiss, dass der Mensch schwimmen kann. Vielleicht ist es mitunter die "challenge", weshalb ich mich wohl fühle?

Der schlimmste Part beim Studioputz ist der Kühlschrank, in dem meine Vorgänger offensichtlich Fleisch aufgetaut haben. Das abgetaute Blut war in Rinnsalen an den Wänden entlang gelaufen und hatte sich in allen Ritzen festgesetzt. Seitdem siechten jene Reste ohne Strom vor sich hin.

Erneut frage ich mich, warum ich das mache?

Schließlich mache ich mich auf den Weg zur Polizeistation. Wie jeder brave Eingereiste lasse ich mich innerhalb von 24 Stunden nach Ankunft registrieren.

Es wird Abend als ich damit fertig bin den sauberen Kühlschrank aus Ekel noch einmal heiß durchzuwischen. Das warme Wasser ist vorerst weg und bis ich Duschen kann, verlege ich das Abendessen ins vorgeheizte Schlafzimmer. In meiner Klimaanlage nisten Vögel. Bei Musik vermisse ich meinen Mann und texte ihm.

Nachdem der unendliche Dreck weg ist, der mir nach dem super sauberen Oz doppelt ins Auge sticht, fühle ich mich wohl! Ich weiß, warum ich das mache, obwohl es anderswo bequemer, sauberer, glatter ist. Die Verbindung ist da und wenn die andere Liebe in Australien lebt, dann muss ich von jetzt an zu zweien zurückkehren? Oder die eine in die andere mitnehmen?

"At home?", so der Titel zu mehreren Zeichnungen ...

Was mach ich nur mit der dritten? "Zuhause", dort wo spürbar meine Wurzeln sind?

Sunday, 04.04.2010:

"Samstag, 04.04.2009

*Der Frühling ist eingekehrt und nach dem Joggen, Kaffee machen und ein paar unsäglichen aber notwendigen e-mails, begebe ich mich freudestrahlend an den Zeichentisch. Vielleicht werde ich sogar das Flugzeugformat retten, indem ich es mit einer Strichellaser aus weißer Tusche überlasiere? Wie unter einem Nebelschleier kommt es mir nun vor und zudem ahnen die Striche auch irgendwie die Luft nach, die an mir*



vorbeizieht und das Flirren und Flimmern, das man manchmal sieht, wenn man im Flieger aus dem Fenster guckt. Ich habe immer Fensterplätze. Alice will die Welt draußen von oben sehen! Und manchmal erscheinen mir dann so kleine „Lichtflirr - Punkte“ vor den Augen, wie die, wenn einem schwindelig wird. Sie sind draußen vor dem Fenster und glitzern in Regenbogenfarben! Aber vielleicht täusche ich mich auch und träume nur und kein anderer Mensch außer mir sieht diese Glühwürmchen? Ich hab noch nie jemanden gefragt, ob er sie kennt!?

Gegen 2.30 pm, nachdem die Galerie Chefin, Chen Ling Hui, noch kurz einen Blick ins Residency Atelier geworfen hatte, breche ich in die Innenstadt auf, um mir die Arbeiten von Xie Guoping, einem jungen Maler in der Red Gate Gallery anzugucken. Ein zauberhafter Spätnachmittag ist zu erwarten.  
Es hat nahezu 20 Grad und die Sonne strahlt vom milchigen Himmel.“

Today is the 4<sup>th</sup> of April 2010, it's Easter Sunday and like exactly one year ago, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of April 2009, it's the very first warm spring day. While I am writing these words, I am listening to 'Yeah Yeah Yeahs': 'heads will role'. 'Off with head!' said the Queen of the Wonderland to her soldier ...  
At home? I am back, still working on my 'Alice in Wonderland' drawing project and collecting "playing card soldiers" on the streets of BJ.

**"at home? (Inn landscape I-III / III)"**  
collage, ink, ballpen, goldleaf on paper, 40 x 30 cm, 2000-2010

2010 / Beijing / April 2010 / Beijing / April 2010 / Beijing / April 2010 / Beijin

selected images, 02.03.2009 - 02.04.2010



"at home? (Inn landscape, remember the winter)"  
ink, ballpen, goldleaf on paper, 30 x 40 cm





**"at home? (Passau I)"**

ink, ballpen on paper, 40 x 30 cm

**"at home? (Inn landscape - prisma)"**

ink, ballpen on paper, 50 x 40 cm







"A-line" t-shirt sketches, BJ 2009

"A-line" t-shirt III, BJ 2010

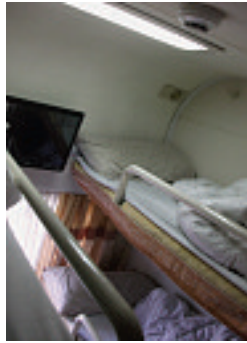
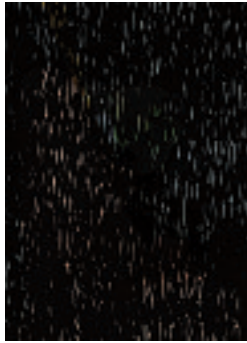
"A-line" boxershort & t-shirt I, BJ 2010

"A-line" trousers & t-shirt II, BJ 2010





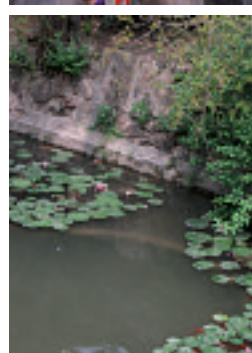
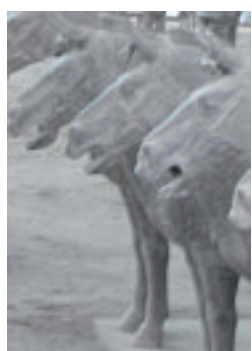
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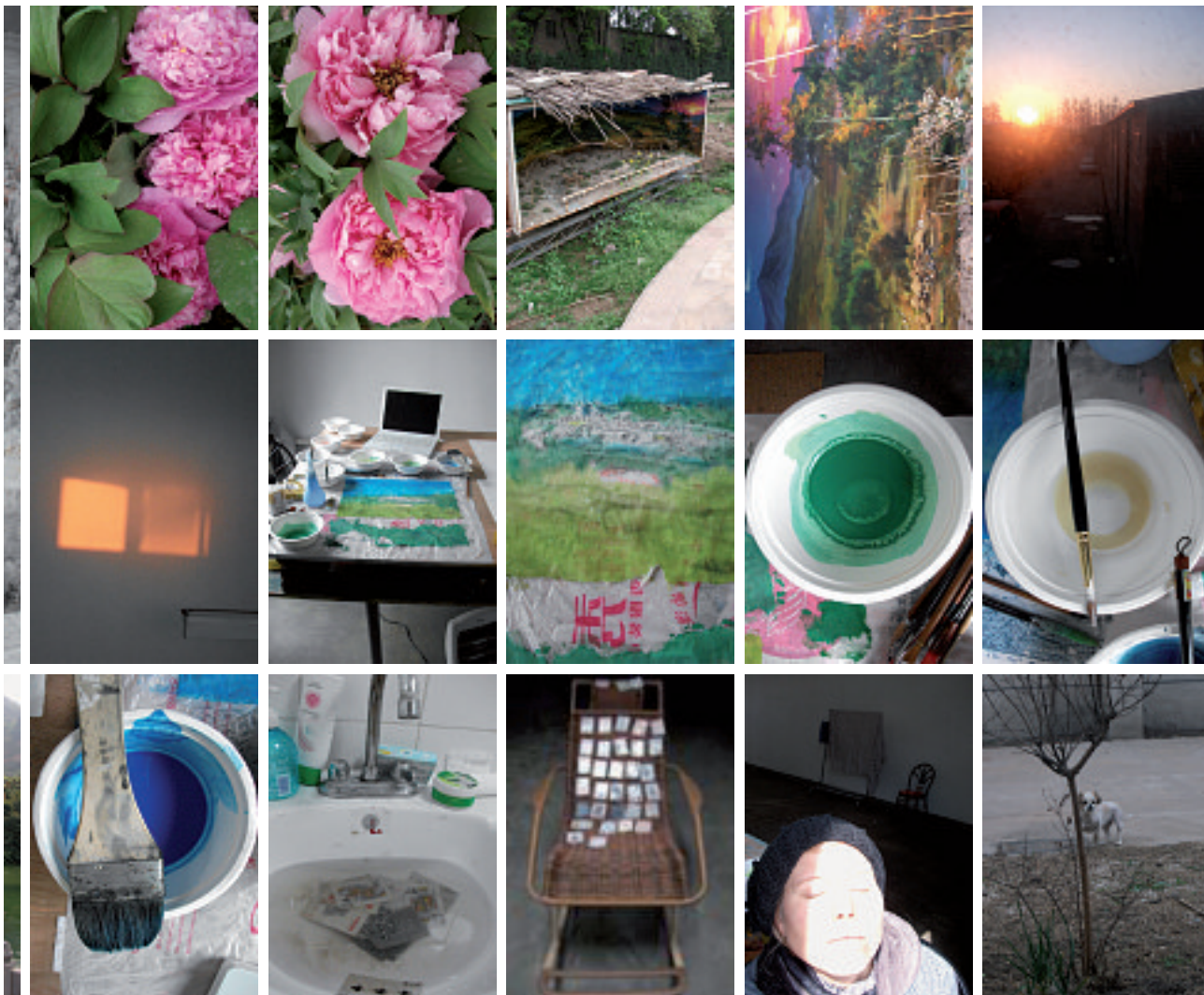












# **selected text, 02.04. – 02.05.2010**

Sun, 25.04.2010:

Two weeks in BJ already and for the first time in more than six months I don't really know what to write, so I'll keep it honest, and short - probably?

I mean, I could write that I was recently in Xi'an where, after a 7-year hiatus, I finally got to see the "Terracotta Warriors". I had wanted to see them since 2003, when I first planned to come to China, but unfortunately I broke my arm and had to cancel the whole trip. In hindsight, I may have been lucky because I would have massively struggled with getting around after a 3-week intensive Chinese language course and knowing less than nothing about this country and its people. I was absorbed in my theoretical research on ornamental styles, preparing for my First State Examination, when I saw a documentary on Xian that led "Alice" to conclude she must go there.



7 years later, and my forth visit to China, my Australian artist friend, Freda, got a job at the Technical University in Xian, so I took the chance. Besides, Xian is a pretty small town, with its 8 million inhabitants! It has quite a big Moslem population, which prepares extremely good food.

I found the Warriors incredibly impressive: on the one hand, because of the vast repetition, despite their detailed individual features, and questions concerning original versus set pieces, an issue constantly affecting me in my own artistic experience; on the other hand, because of the immense Ego of Qin Shi Huang, the Emperor. Though he reformed politics, economy and culture, and achieved his aim to unify China, the construction of the "Terracotta Army" and "the Great Wall" cost too many lives. At least, latter, it fulfilled a certain purpose: when Chinese do something, they do it properly!

After this megalomaniac view, I was very much fascinated by the 6000-year-old "Banpo Village" - an excavation site, where they found the remains of a Neolithic village. The houses were set semi-subterranean on a kind of island surrounded by a very wide and deep moat. The most enduring insight for me was that they buried their dead among the living, immediately alongside their houses, young children being revered in a kind of above ground vessel, while we bury our dead away (because of health effects and space, I know). It's just my weird imagination to look out of my studios window, into the rain, knowing that there, under this little green space with all the dog shit on it and this poor little tree growing in the middle, my grandfather could be buried. Anyway, that was a bit of Xian!

BJ is busy as usual and I decided to lock myself in the studio and concentrate on getting the remaining images for the exhibition in Austria this July done. So there I am now! "Love", by Air, 2 minutes 45 seconds ... Sometimes when the work works and I am listening to nice sounds, "sing sang sung", 3 minutes and 7 seconds, I believe that I have so much love inside of me that it hurts and I want to give it away to somebody. But nobody is there! Though they are very fulfilling and peaceful moments, we are very, very alone these times.

Outside the wind is blowing and the music can't really hide the noise of the tin roof. It's grey again outside after a lovely sunny spring day yesterday.

Yesterday, after a reminder call in the morning, I went downtown to see my tailor. I had ordered some clothes, all part of the "Alice in Wonderland" - "A-line" - fashion project. When I tried on the very short blue and red silk boxer shorts and turned around to look in the mirror, I could see three clients behind me staring at my arse! Another stop at the frame shop followed in the early afternoon. The 17 frames in different sizes were ready for collection after ordering them three days ago. If Chinese do something, they do it properly. On the reverse of the tailors business card, the sentence "Anything is

possible" is displayed. It's true in some ways in that you are told there is a (different or more expensive) way. "You can tell it to everybody", 4 minutes and 11 seconds, and the rain is still falling on the roof ...

My headache this morning was massive, though I have stopped drinking for a several months now - since Australia, I don't seem to tolerate alcohol anymore. First, it was too hot and I felt destroyed after a just a sip and now I don't miss it at all. It's like this with so many things. You stop and then once you have stopped, you don't really wanna start again: meat, cigarettes, alcohol, but unfortunately not SEX!

I miss my IIII so much and I miss having III. I am starving ... it been 25 days already! I want to IIII a IIII IIII IIIIII of me IIIIIIIIII my IIIII and I want to IIIIIII "him". Taste your III and have it all IIII my IIII. Let it III until it IIIIIIIIII like a second skin and we can start IIIIII each other again ...

A while ago, I started incorporating the ball pen structure into the photographic archive: meaning, I started to cover very private pictures with a "Photoshopped" layer of virtual "pen" strokes. Prior to that, I simply removed these pics from the archive, but then I thought they shouldn't be totally „invisible". Sex is one of the main impulses of my work and if I just „cancel it out" of the collection, nobody would ever question it.

I will always remember my mother, who used to cover my eyes with her hands when we were watching a violent movie or sex scenes. As a child I told her, she'd only worsen it. This sudden darkness intensified my imagination of what might be happening. Well, I suppose you only project what's already in your mind, anyway ... I found this a suitable effect and started to disguise my secrets with black stroke layers.

Spoken in fine art image construction, I'd compare it with what „Morandi" does in his images when he doesn't separate the bottles and bowls in his still-lives with outlines. Our eye finishes the lines and the expression of the entire image increases. Of course, this is a very simple rule of perception. You leave something unfulfilled, you cover something, you make it transparent, and your brain is confronted with this sublime "double attraction" that leaves you wondering and wanting even more.

Also I was searching for a way to bring the three seemingly divided parts: writing, photography and drawing formally closer together. It's all about the methodical approach that the three media, as three possibilities of depicting and seeing subjective reality, induce in each other. Meanwhile the writing became integral part of the drawing, but the pics were kind of stepchildren, always limping behind the rest ...

Eventually the idea emerged of suitably combining the three media by working on the digital photos "on the screen" as I had worked on paper with handwritten ball pen layers. In a next step, I will reduce the writing even more by printing out the text on A4 sheets and then partly covering it with a layer of "hand drawn strokes", or first substituting the words / the number of characters with I I I I I I I I I I I I ... so we would have "I want you I I I I I I I I I I I I!" for "I want you between my lips!"

Three pages later ... and I thought, I can't write anything, because I had just written a seven-page text on the origins of a particular way of drawing: the ballpen "stroke play", as an introduction for the second catalogue "Alice in Wonderland". So, what if I published excerpts of this text beforehand and forwarding it on to you? Then it would have to be printed once in the end of the book, where I am going to release all of my "newsletters", and once at the beginning of the book ... which, in ornamentation theory, would be a pretty clever move. But, then again, I also thought that, according to ornamental and perception theory concerning repeating styles, the potential reader might also get pretty bored - so I decided I better just leave it.

**„A-R-R-A censored/version I“**  
censored SMS conversation between A-R-R-A,  
ongoing from 28.09.2008 to 06.06.2009,  
selected text excerpts: Perth-„at home?“  
& Perth-Beijing, 19. - 26.03.2009



PERTH - "at home" (MUNICH, PASSAU, WERNSTEIN AM INN), MARCH 2009

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 19/03/2009 16:44:21

Tired now but still online in case ur close by. Not sure why but feel a bit sad now knowing ur leaving for china tomor xox

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 19/03/2009 17:09:03

Go to bed now! Think of you in my last hours in germany. Funny, freda, my former redgate neighbour is back in bj. She wrote me that shed heard the rumour that i d have a serious australian romance and would go to perth ...;-) kisses a

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 01:19:10

Hmmm, Freda seems to be reliably informed! Have a nice III III IIIII ,III' that's yours to play with - help u sleep & has own IIIII IIIIII! Love rxxx

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 19/03/2009 17:22:38

Mhm, yeah. I IIIII to have III IIIIIII my IIII and i already texted back that the rumour s right! Xxxa

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 01:27:27

I'd love to IIIIII your IIIII & IIII I IIII II IIII - IIIIIII!  
Will sleep again for a bit so we are together.  
Sweet dreams & lots of love-rxxx

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 19/03/2009 17:28:40

Dito, x a

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 20/03/2009 01:53:03

Dearest rod, on the train. Wo xue zhongwen, yinwei wo you duo de shijian ;- ) wo qinwen ni !

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 10:24:02

Dear Alice, hen gaoping ni zheme nuli zhuazhu jihui xue hanyu-hen peifu ni le! Wo ye qin ni yi ge changchang, shishi, wenwen rourou de wen!:-\*

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 20/03/2009 02:57:38

I am not sure abovt every word. Its hard without tones ... Bv thanks, yes i try again. Looking fwd now very much, bvt will miss u! A

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 11:06:45

Glad ur grasping every opportunity to learn chinese so diligently-i admire u! Give u a I III I III III (wenrou) kiss-wld like to try out airport I III III II II! X

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 20/03/2009 03:13:56

Hm, wd love to be I III I III in a german airport I III III. Think police wd have fun I III III II ... your III, I III I III III II III I III. Wd u please I III II III?

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 12:57:39

Not sure if ur air side or gone already?  
Tried to give u a quick call but cldn't get u! Will try again if i hear back from u rxxx

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 20/03/2009 05:00:29

Still train! We are late, cos of police action ... bvt flight at 2.40pm

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 20/03/2009 13:01:34

Ok, i'll call u later x

#### **PERTH - BEIJING, MARCH - MID JUNE 2009**

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 24/03/2009 17:22:52

Kisses back i got your love a

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 24/03/2009 18:18:28

You probably won't get this but it's worth a try! Hope u had a good day.  
Sleep now - thinking of u & 3 I III ! :-P Goodnight xxx

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 24/03/2009 17:47:09

I am on skype

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 24/03/2009 17:50:40

Know its late but miss u so much and just WANTED TO TELL U THAT FACT

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 24/03/2009 18:27:09

That's nice, i'm glad - hope your feet are snug & warm like my I III III II I III I III!  
Love rxxx

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 24/03/2009 18:52:01

Can't do skype but cld II I! Must sleep now my love cos another long day tomor.

Hold u close & tight! X

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 24/03/2009 17:55:35

Yes, i know. Came back from dinner before 1 sec. Sleep tight`IIII and IIII u too, a

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 24/03/2009 18:54:10

I miss u too!

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 25/03/2009 04:25:26

Good morning my love went jogging shopping and have coffee for 2 now. While WORKING MIND IS FREE AND I THINK OF U! Xxx a

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 25/03/2009 18:55:44

Clean, IIIIIIII & IIIIIIII after a lovely hot shower!

Sleep now - goodnight my darling

Alice x

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 25/03/2009 14:15:53

I am on skype. Invisible ...

Kisses a

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 25/03/2009 17:59:01

Yes and i will IIIIII what i IIIIIIII III IIIII IIIII

**Tel:** R-A

**Date:** 26/03/2009 03:25:25

Morning my love! On the train on my way to work! Wld love to be II I IIIIIIII IIIIIIII my III IIII IIIIIIII IIIIIIII II IIIIII how we like it!

Love & kisses-rxxx

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 26/03/2009 08:54:24

Can i make your afternoon sweat, if i tell you that i THINK of you while drawing and that i III I IIIIIIII IIIIII IIIIIIIIII IIIII?! Xxx a

**Tel:** A-R

**Date:** 26/03/2009 09:08:19

Ha ha i WANTED to write sweet, bvt fuckhaed freud knew it better ...

While looking for my text i found some sms from last year . `

yes i l`IIII it!



Beijing to Germany & Austria / May 2010 / Beijing to Germany & Austria / May 2010 / B

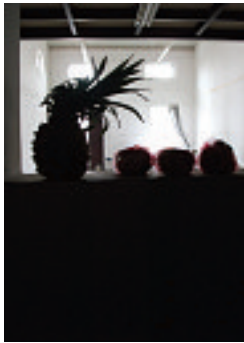
"at home? - the demon"  
ink, ballpen, goldleaf on paper, 40 x 30 cm

/ Beijing to Germany & Austria / May 2010 / Beijing to Germany & Austria / May 2010

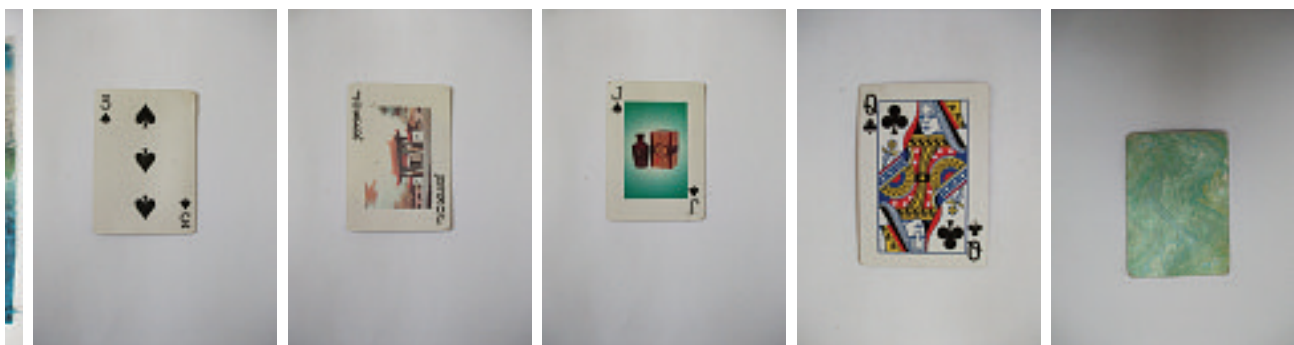
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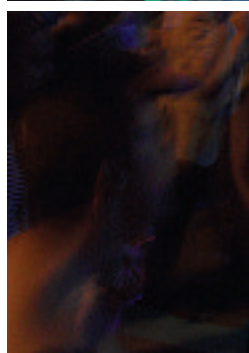
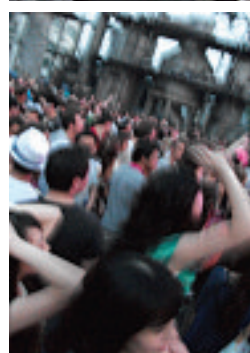
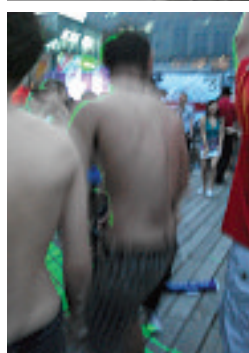
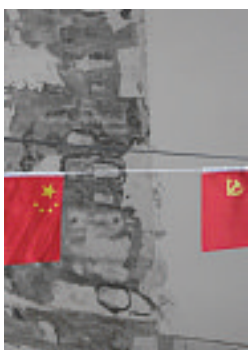
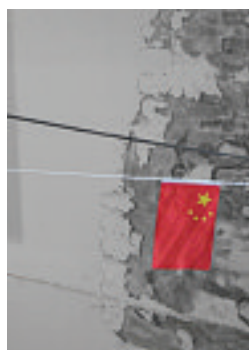




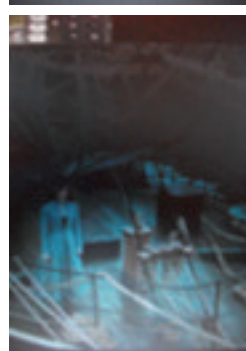
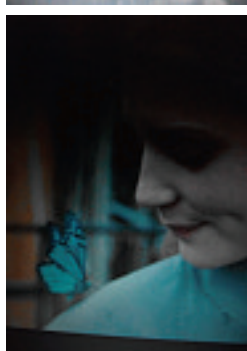
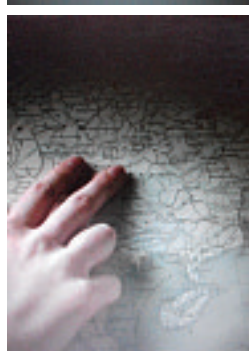
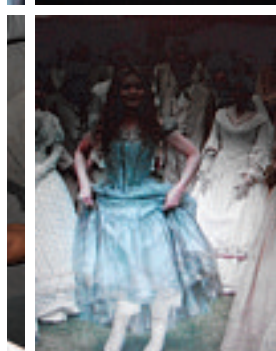
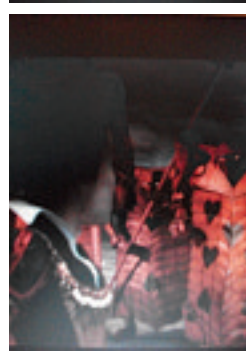
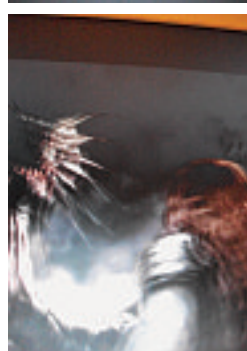
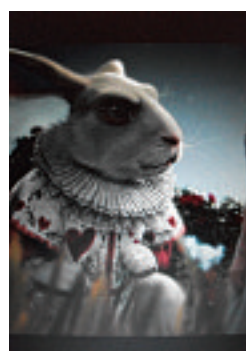
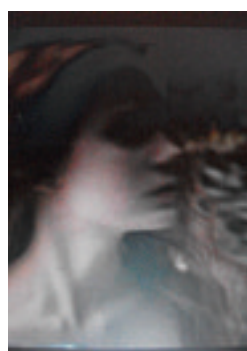
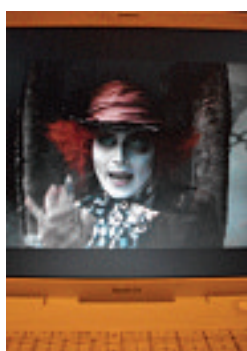
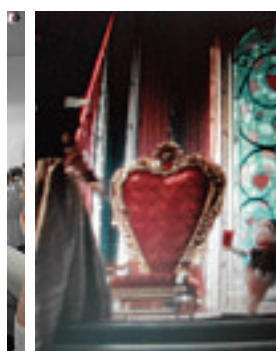
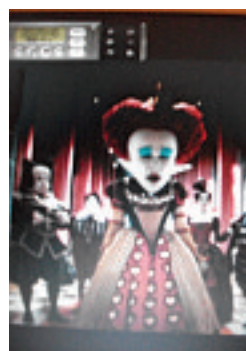
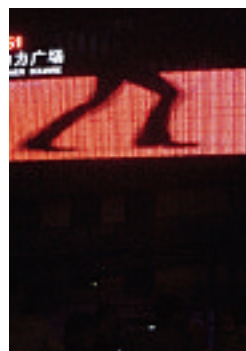
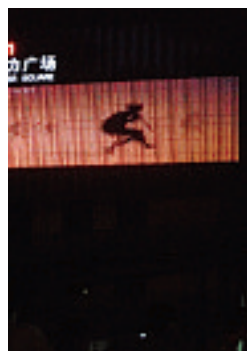
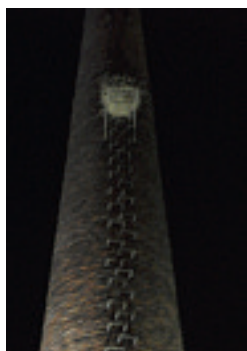
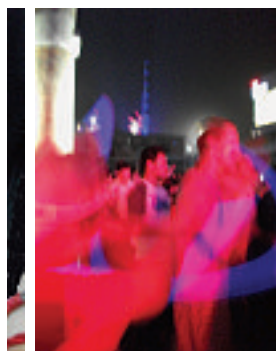




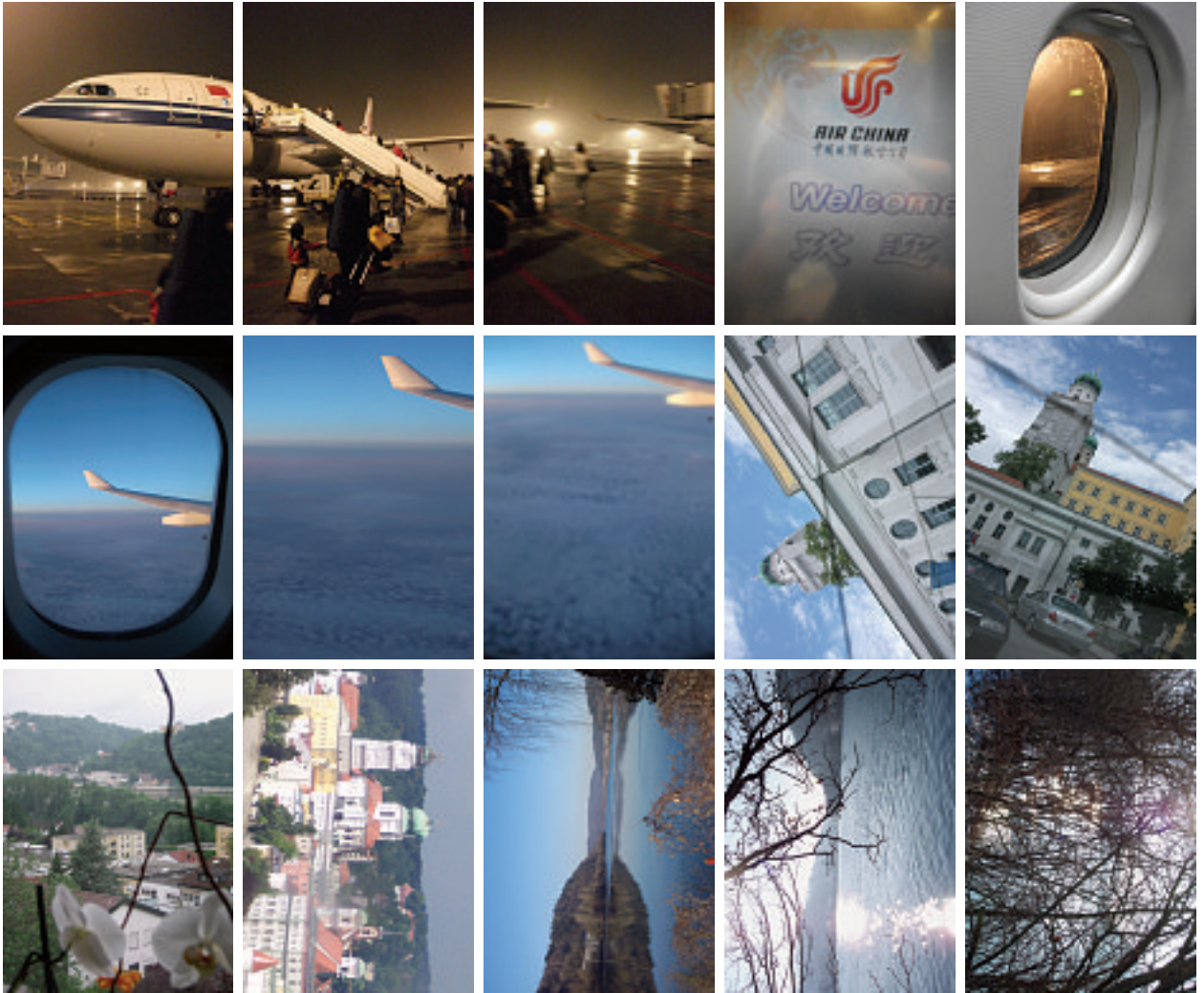
«---we suck every  
night fuckface  
and steve's  
tag @ ren's  
lavatory D-22











### **selected text, 05.05. – 03.06.2010**

Drum & Base @ the "White Rabbit Club", Elektropunk at "D-22" and the 2010 "INTRO Electronic-Music-Festival" at D-Park, "798" ...

After I had enjoyed myself in big B, on Wednesday, the 26<sup>th</sup>, we removed the exhibition, I unframed the works, pulled out the nails, wrapped up the empty frames, packed my stuff, cleaned the studio and caught the plane – back?

When I set foot on German soil again, 8 months after I had taken off, the first words I heard were: "Herr Dr. Schorsch, Herr Dr. Schorsch, bitte zum Eingang kommen! Zum Eiiiiingaaaang kommmmen!" Gosh – that hit me! German is such a wonderful language, but very edgy! And we are pretty complicated, too! It's a bummer, one adjusts so quickly to linearity and our lack of immediacy! I need to do many many things

NOW, before I lose pace! And again, after missing Australia in China, now I miss China in Germany and Austria! I especially long for the silence around me, caused by the simple fact that I don't understand everything: not just the language, but the thoughts ...

I participated in a forum on art criticism, on how China could develop its own art criticism based on its history and contexts more independently from Western art theory and our „common senses“. The conference was partly organized by Tsinghua University BJ (non-governmental sponsored, they had written in their ad) and the Chicago Research House for Asian Art.

The talks and discussions were lead by international and Chinese academics.

I went the first day to hear the introductions by the two invited Germans: A. Wege, curator and art critic, and D. Diederichsen, former music journalist and "Spex" editor - now Professor of Art Theory and Communication in Vienna.

Anyway, after their talks, I was left confused. Their addresses were certainly not the kind lacking content or substance; thankfully, they did make me think! They talked about art criticism in Europe, which, like fine art, must always be read or interpreted within its social and political context - otherwise it's just affirmative rubbish based on art market interests. Because fine art has no measurable value, fine art criticism, too, is a nebulous subject (this was the general consensus in this round). Both, though, can make things visible!

They discussed the distinction between criticism and judgement. In fact, we make judgements almost every minute. In fine art, we can judge quality with the aid of certain criteria we are taught to cling to and value. But in an "advanced state" of aesthetic criticism there is a fear of judgement amongst our intellectual elite, because philosophical thinking doesn't really allow us to judge!

In its highest form, this allows us to make an 'infinite judgement':

"I believe it to be so, but I am "open-minded" and so can't a priori eliminate the option of various other ways to think (and fuck my brain)."

Intellectuals shouldn't simply have just one final conclusion. But then we get a problem with so-called emerging art and youth culture, because we are frightened of emotions that might overwhelm us. We recognise there's a direct intuitive response in each of us, though. For example when we are at a concert and the masses are screaming and dancing, we experience this kind of implicit recognition, which we would prefer to purge, because we want to fall into the role of the critic and intellectualise on how sophisticated (or not) the music or the art is; BUT at the very same moment, we feel 'the love', so what the hell's going on there!?

My god, I've already made up my mind ... even worse, I have unselfconsciously revealed myself to others!?

Isn't this proof that this is art, because the sound simultaneously enveloped and unveiled us, yet at virtually the same moment it imperceptibly vanishes into the void forever, while the sound permeates or is infused into the consciousness of all present.

It was satisfying to be able to 'think' for a while, to fall back and let my mind wander freely. But, then again, when I 'fell back into the real' and we sat at one table for lunch, firstly, as is so often the case, I didn't really know what to say and, secondly, I realized that this was their very first time in China: they had come for the conference and, therefore, couldn't actually have a sufficient grasp of the 'contexts', they were attempting to talk about.

Finally, after the first day of this conference, there were two circles: the Chinese and the Westerners, both of whom had their prejudices about 'the other' pre-etched into their heads. I found it funny because it seemed that not only had these preconceptions (very untypical of intellectuals - ha?) been formed prior to the event by both sides, but also that this gulf between them became further entrenched as the forum went on.

I couldn't stop thinking about this for the rest of the afternoon and it disturbed me for several reasons.

Firstly, because I realized that spending time in this culture releases me from my language, far more radically than English does, as well as from the ballast of my 'ideological roots'. This 'otherness' gives me peace. It exists and its presence relaxes me, and calms me ... like my lover's voice.

Also, even if I spoke their language fluently, I would still never be able to completely grasp what's going on in their minds anyway. This enables me to concentrate on the practical aspects of my work and focus on its contents.

China with all its rich (and poor) diversity, its huge contrasts, allows me to break life down to the basic level of simple human existence and needs; and not until we satisfy those needs are we able to develop 'secondary' thoughts.

So, if art is tangible for a broad range of people, if indeed it touches our inner being, then it must be based on human life, because it must contain something quintessentially human in its qualities. It may sound 'romantic' (a word bandied around a lot at this conference), but only in this way can it become „ars longa" and stand the test of time.

The chance to go back to basics, and to escape the bourgeois world of intellectual thought, that's peace for me.



But 'unfortunately' we emanate from another background and experience has shown that some people expect me to express, or ultimately not to express, my opinion in a certain way. If you endeavour to speak their language, they won't understand you and you will have serious translation problems ... return to sender! Because they refuse, it might challenge me as an artist to find a way to enter their minds via a 'backdoor' - a very common Chinese notion in itself.

Maybe I should disregard it altogether and just be sleek, irrespective of the naive aim in (my) artistic work of wishing to convey a message, which is one of a number of reasons why I write as well as draw. For the same reason, I choose to write as well in English or German, depending on how I feel and where I am, and not in a scientific language, mainly just quoting others. Because I see the need to explicitly name where the images come from, or describe the process of how the different environments in which they are conceived generate friction or tension. Well, really, I see no deeper sense in merely touching the surface - neither the beauty of the pure abstract thought, nor the beauty of visual material - but there's a huge global need to show depth and breadth.

The reason why I found this conference so disturbing was that afterwards I felt conflicted by a sense of trepidation and excitement: on the one hand, I felt guilty for constantly running away, and seeking refuge from my own culture abroad (though for a reason); on the other hand, I felt incredible fascination towards its thought and verbal communication. But, perhaps even more, I felt defied to persuade others of the indispensability of occasionally escaping this world of mental realm, so as not to lose one's grounding with the earth, materiality and the haptic!\_ I wanted to recommend all participants to get lost in big BJ ... to get on a bus and vanish among the millions of people!

Commonly, such discussions eventually tend to make me angry - mainly angry at myself. Not because I can't understand, but because I understand too well. Usually that's the point when I feel affirmed once more; when I turn on the sound, go to the club and rely on instinct. It makes me feel blessed in time! Of course it's also fake ... but no more fake and at least it's as equally human!

I went to the conference on the fifth and final day to hear the conclusions and very surprisingly and conciliatorily for me, the two previously closed circles had apparently become porous. In the heat of the discussion, one could detect a hint of commonality - small but still an overlap due to the exchanging of ideas!

And now, can you imagine how strange this is? I am not so sure whether I like it here 'at home' or not. Undeniably a love has grown, ineradicably, because I have grown up in it ... and it has become even more acute through the distance! But at the same time, I must confess

that there's a very strong and deep connection to that complete 'otherness' offering me freedom.

As I mentioned, I adjust - easily, because I am born in this European context, breast-fed with humanist education. I actually bear a love-hate relation with my hometown, where I tend to develop the almost teenage-like trait of drawing an 'upside down crucifix' and assigning it the title of 'hypocritical cunts'. Ironically, though, I didn't like the drawn image in the end, and therefore I don't want to show it.

As well, I am undeniably connected with the tiny village in Austria, where I spent my childhood until I was three and every weekend until I was thirteen. Right now and until December I'll stay in my grandfather's house and I guess it's the first time that I have ever been alone in this place ... my parents and sister are in Passau and my grandfather is now dead!

When arrived, it felt sad, but also perfectly right to set up the studio in his old room. The room, where he died last February and where my grandmother had died years ago is empty now. Only a leather couch and chair, a dark wooden wall cabinet on one side and a huge window front to our green garden that, further down, offers the view across the river ... über den Inn!

"Die andere Seite", is a fantastic roman by Alfred Kubin, an Austrian graphic artist, who was born on the 10<sup>th</sup> of April 1877 in Leitmeritz, Böhmen and died on the 20<sup>th</sup> of August 1959 in Wernstein am Inn.

What a trip! "at home"?

Finally, in the very beginning and the end of this infinite loop called life, I seem to be "upside down, inside out and round and round", ups!, catapulted back to where I started.

OR?

It's time to quote (dialogue of the last scenes of "Alice in Wonderland" by Tim Burton, released in 2010):

Mother: "Good lord, what happened to you?"

Alice: "I fell down a hole in my head. (...) Don't worry mother, I'll find something useful to do with my life! (...) Why not going all the way to China? It's vast, the country is rich and we'd be the first in China!"

Family friend: "If anyone else would have said this to me, i'd have said you've lost your senses. But I have seen that look before ..."

On a ship to China, Alice says: "Hello Absolum!"  
The caterpillar had transformed to a butterfly, now sitting on her  
shoulder ...

"Once Zhuangzi dreamt he was a butterfly, a butterfly flitting and  
fluttering around, happy with itself and doing as it pleased. It didn't  
know it was Zhuangzi. Suddenly it woke up and there he was, solid and  
unmistakable - Zhuangzi. But he didn't know if he was Zhuangzi who  
had dreamt he was a butterfly or a butterfly which had dreamt it was  
Zhuangzi."

(Zhuangzi, Chinese philosopher, 4th century BCE)



„at home? (remember, Alice, „Die andere Seite“)  
ink, ballpen goldleaf, 50 x 40 cm







## **RÉSUMÉ**

### **Alice Dittmar**

German artist, lives and works in Germany & Austria / China / Australia

Born 22.07.1978, Ried im Innkreis (AUT)

1998 higher education qualification (Abitur)

#### **Artistic Professional Experience:**

1999 studies at Academy of Fine Art Munich, Professor Fridhelm Klein

2003 studies at Academy of Fine Art Munich, Professor Nikolaus Lang

2005 first state examination in „Art Education“, AdBK Munich

2005 student with bravura (Meisterschüler) in painting, Professor Nikolaus Lang, AdBK Munich

2006 diploma in painting, AdBK Munich

2008 May – July & November – December, Residency Program at Red Gate Gallery, Beijing

2008 lecture at UCCA, „798“ Beijing, on invitation by the Goethe Institute Beijing

2009 March – June, Artist Residency at ChenLingHui Gallery, Beijing

2009 July – August, Artist Residency at „pilot projekt“, Düsseldorf

2009 September – March based in Perth, Western Australia

2010 January – February, Artist Residency at CENTRAL University, Perth, WA

#### **Exhibitions:**

2000 „maps, art in public spaces“, HdK, Munich

2004 „Invasion II“, Pasinger Fabrik, Munich

2004 „Landschaftsverhältnisse“, AdBK, Munich

2005 „transgressing-systems“, Innsbruck

2005 „When the moon was falling in love with the sun“, Artothek, Munich

2005 non profit project space „CHAMÄLEON I“, Munich

2006 non profit project space „CHAMÄLEON II“, Munich

2007 „through“ at „apollo13“, lothringer13, Munich

2007 „4. Berliner Kunstsalon“, Berlin

2008 „tease“ Art Fair, Cologne

2008 „My daily Beijing diary“ at „798“ Dashanzi Art District, Beijing

2010 Guo Qi & Alice Dittmar at „German Centre for Industry and Trade“, Beijing

2010 Yvonne Simon & Alice Dittmar, Alfred Kubin Galerie, Wernstein am Inn, AUT

2010 „pilot projekt\_9 spaced“, pilot projekt, Düsseldorf

2010 „Alice in Wonderland“, debutante exhibition at „Kulturmodell Bräugasse“, Passau

#### **Grants / Awards:**

2005 student with bravura (Meisterschüler) in painting, Professor Nikolaus Lang, AdBK Munich

2009 „Erwin und Gisela von Steiner-Stiftung“ project grant, Munich

2010 „Debütantenförderung“ granted by the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, Bavaria

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此目录正是“爱丽丝梦游仙境”展览目录

展览由帕绍视觉艺术家协会和文化部于2010年在艺术之都帕绍举办

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